

mennonite mirror

volume 14/number 6
february, 1985



R2M256B0RM 8612
MR. M. BORN
71 ABBOTSFORD CRESCENT
MINNIEP
R2M 256

Manufacturer's Outlet
**Warehouse
Clearance**

BLAZER BONANZA

Hundreds To Choose From

19.⁹⁷ - 29.⁹⁷

For Affordable Business Fashion
For Juniors, Missy and Petites
Shop Factory Direct For
Everyday Savings.

Boys Jeans Only 7.97
Sizes 7-14 Selected Styles

Mens Jeans 14.97
Stretch Denim 30" - 42"

Transcona: 116 Regent Avenue West

Winnipeg: 167 Bannatyne Avenue — 669 Notre Dame Avenue

Store Hours: Monday - Saturday 10 am - 6 pm Thursday & Friday 10 am - 9 pm

ForeWord

For the past three issues the closing date for the Mix-up has been moved later to give you more time to enter. As well, the winner is announced a month later. We made the deadline later because so many of you complained that there was not enough time, and because many others of you also said there was at least one occasion when the *Mirror* was actually delivered after the closing date. The happy result of our decision to have a later closing date is reflected in the number of entries — they have increased.

This issue opens with the story of the trek to Canada of a family from El Salvador. In this country we take our freedom so much for granted that there are people who actually think that the Charter of Rights and Freedoms is not necessary. But the need for such a declaration of rights becomes obvious when you see the reason why the Lopez family fled their homeland — the father had the temerity to try to organize the workers for better working conditions.

The concept of "being provincial" can mean varied things, but in the case of Mary Barkman, the phrase is a way of exploring the difference between residents of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. For those who thought that we were all "Prairie people," provided we live in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, or Alberta, Mrs. Barkman's article may give you reasons to re-think that view.

There is a second excerpt in English of the Peter G. Epp novel, *Eine Mutter*, that was translated into English by Peter Pauls. In this episode the narrator tells part of the story of her daughter, Netchen, who with her family leaves home to settle in a new home, and the difficulty one person has in accepting this new way of life.

Again there are a number of reviews; two books on peace, a novel on village life in Pennsylvania late last century, a work of fiction by a Winnipeg writer, a theological book by Paul Hiebert, and a book about an itinerant minister, H. A. Neufeld.

One of the events this past month was the play, *Quiet in the Land* at the Manitoba Theatre Centre. The Amish theme of the play certainly had the effect of bringing many Mennonites to the centre who seldom if ever darken the MTC foyer (and after paying admission prices of up to \$18.50 per seat it will probably be an even longer time before they go again). Victor Doerksen writes two short observations on the play, one in German and one in English.

There are a few more letters in this issue than last. Letters are welcomed for two reasons. First, it is the one way we know that you are actually reading what we decide to publish. Second, and most important, your letters also demonstrate that you are thinking about what we write and publish. We value those thoughts, whether or not you agree or disagree.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MAY BE DUE

The Mennonite Mirror depends on paid-up subscriptions for support. At the same time, it has decided because of rising postal charges to not send notices of subscriptions due. This will be your reminder.

Please check the expiry date of your address label. The number indicates year and month of expiry. For example 8412 means your subscription expired December, 1984. The number 9912 indicates that you are a pensioner and therefore there is no charge. The absence of any figure means you have never paid. Names of those who do not pay will be deleted.

Subscriptions cost \$10 for one year, \$18 for two years; send your address label along with a cheque payable to Mennonite Mirror, 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4.

mennonite
mirror

inside **volume 14/number 6**
february 1985

Sanctuary secured after four-year
"pilgrimage" from El Salvador / 5
On being provincial / 6
The Klassens of Barventje / 9
Mirror mix-up / 12
Observed along the way / 13
Review: Mennonite and Catholic views
on peace / 14
Poet's word: Elmer Suderman / 15
Your word / 16
Quiet in the Land — a reflection / 17
Manitoba news / 18-20
Mediation as a way to reduce
conflict / 21
Review: Sharing the world of one's
youth / 23
Review: Fiction frayed at the seams / 24
Review: Robert Shaw triumph / 25
Review: All our children / 26
Oom Isaak Ditj en Onkel Joap
Happna / 27
Zur diskussion: Die Stillen im Lande?
Gedanken zum Theaterstück / 27
Die Mennonites / 29
Our word / 30

Mennonite Mirror

Publisher, Roy Vogt
Editor, Al Reimer
Managing Editor, Edward Unrau
Associate Editors: Ruth Vogt, Harry Loewen,
Victor Doerksen

Writing Staff: David Bergen, Mary Enns, Hilda Matsuo,
Peter Paetkau, Wilmer Penner, Mavis Reimer, Lora
Sawatsky and Mirror Mix-up: Bob Matsuo.

Business committee: Rudy Friesen, John Schroeder, Jack
Thiessen, and Leona Penner; advertising sales, Frieda
Unruh.

Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

President, Roy Vogt
Vice-President, Ed Unrau
Treasurer, Arkie Wiens
Secretary, David Unruh
Office Manager, Frieda Unruh

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

The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times
each year from September to June for the Mennonite
community of Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary So-
ciety, Inc.

All business and editorial correspondence should be ad-
dressed to 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4,
telephone 786-2289. The Mennonite Mirror observes
the following part-time office hours: Monday 1 to 4 p.m.,
Tuesday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Thursday 9 a.m. to noon.
Subscriptions \$10 for one year; \$18 for two years; and
no charge for those on pension.

Second class mail registration 2658



In 50 countries—the opportunity
to use your skills in education, health,
agriculture, social services, listening, caring.

Mennonite Central Committee.
People serving God and each other.

Service

21 South 12th Street, Box M
Akron, PA 17501

201-1483 Pembina Hwy.
Winnipeg, MB R3T 2C8





The Lopez family.

Sanctuary secured after four-year "pilgrimage" from El Salvador

by Peter H. Peters

"Welcome to Canada." These were the warm words the Lopez family heard from the Customs Officials at Emerson on a chilly evening in December. It was more than a dream come true. This event required a photograph and so the family of four children, aged 11-20, grouped themselves together with their parents. One of the customs officials took a polaroid picture, and here was instant proof that they had arrived. The picture was given to them as a reminder of the occasion and, there were more handshakes and congratulations.

Just half an hour before arriving at the Canadian-US border, as they drove in a van north on highway 29, they had become quiet and somewhat apprehensive. "Will there be any policemen? Is there a river to cross?"

Their questions were understandable. For the Lopez family this trek began some four years ago in El Salvador. The details are sketchy. The father, a sewing machine service man in a textile

factory, had been involved in organizing some workers. Such activities put him on a wanted list of the police and government forces. Knowing his life was endangered, he had to leave his country. His own brother and one nephew had been shot for similar activities. He first fled to Honduras where he remained alone for almost a year, and was eventually joined by his family. From here they walked north, crossing rivers on makeshift rafts and the borders of Guatemala and Mexico. Mexico was home for two years. The girls and mother of the family did household chores for others and the oldest son worked in a bakery.

Their movements continued northward until they came to the Rio Grande and the Mexico-US border. In Texas, the family found refuge in a home with people of the Overland Railroad. The Catholic Relief Service, Jubilee Partners of Atlanta, Georgia, and some Mennonite churches and families became part of the network that helped them as refugees and with immigration into Canada.

Later they found refuge, hospitality

and friendship in the Markham Mennonite church in Chicago.

In October of 1982, after studying the Mennonite Central Committee Central America Packet, the congregation of Markham declared itself a sanctuary for illegal central American refugees who were fleeing for their lives. The sanctuary movement began with some churches in the U.S. wanting to follow the Biblical mandate to provide refuge for people in trouble. Markham was the seventh church in the U.S. to make this decision; now there are more than 200 churches, Catholic worker houses and synagogues involved. The purpose of the sanctuary movement is threefold: to provide safety for refugees; to witness to the U.S. government to end its intervention in Central America, and to give education to the cause of justice in the churches.

Since its decision to become involved, Markham Mennonite Church has housed about 80 refugees, some for a few days and some, like the Lopez family, for almost a year. In so doing, the church members are practising civil disobedience — breaking U.S. law. If

charged, members would be subject to fines up to \$5,000, and imprisonment.

While in Chicago, all members of the Lopez family attended school and prepared themselves for GED exams. The children especially made excellent progress in English proficiency. However, their situation there was always precarious. The U.S. government does not acknowledge a state of war in the Central American countries, and therefore does not recognize refugees as such, but considers them as aliens, subject to deportation. The Canadian government does extend refugee status to these people. For this reason the Lopez family decided to emigrate to Canada. Charles Neufeld, son of pastor Abe and Irene Neufeld of Winnipeg, a worker with the General Conference Mennonite voluntary service in Chicago who has been actively involved in working with refugees for several years, agreed to provide the overland connection between Chicago and Winnipeg. He drove them, with all their worldly possessions strapped precariously to a carrier on the top of his small car, to Minneapolis, where they were met by Canadians who had agreed to help them with the border crossing.

Safely across the border, proudly holding their polaroid picture and marvelling that this time there had been no rivers to cross, the family relaxed as they drove to Winnipeg. They spent one night in a Winnipeg home before proceeding by VIA Rail to Calgary, their final destination.

Waiting for them before they boarded the train for Calgary were Abe and Irene Neufeld. Fifty years ago, Abe's family had arrived at the same station, bewildered refugees in a new and strange land. With warm hugs for another family seeking refuge, the Neufelds were able to convey, as established and settled Canadians, warmth and assurance to this family which was fleeing oppression and seeking a new start.

The faces of the Lopez family lit up when they were told that they would be met in Calgary by a Mennonite family — that a Mennonite church was prepared to welcome them and that they were being sponsored by a family. Despite the bitter cold, strange customs and language, they at least knew that they would be in the care of people they could trust.

The family is now installed in an apartment in Calgary. People who care could call MCC Canada in Winnipeg for information about sponsorship of other refugee families.

mm

*RRSP Consider The Benefits....

*(Registered Retirement Savings Plan)

Security

With a **Crosstown RRSP**, you're saving money during peak earning years in order to plan for a comfortable and secure retirement.

Money you would usually pay out for taxes is invested and tax payment on your **RRSP** earning is deferred.

Simplicity

Your contributions are tax deductible and earned income is sheltered.

Anyone with earned income can contribute to an **RRSP** including non-residents subject to Canadian tax.

You can even contribute to a plan for your spouse.



Crosstown Credit Union Limited

We always make it easier to manage your money better!

171 Donald Street Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1M4 947-1243	1250 Portage Avenue Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0T6 783-7081	1200 Henderson Hwy. Winnipeg, Manitoba R2G 1L6 338-0365
--	--	--

Over 40 Years of Service
to the Mennonite People of Manitoba.

On Being Provincial

by Mary Blondina Barkman

Several years after moving to Regina from Steinbach, I had the good fortune of attending the drama presentation, *Sarah Binks, the Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan*, a drama based on Paul Hiebert's book. I had first read this book as a teenager in Landmark, where I grew up, when someone in our family ordered it as a loan from the university extension library. It was one of my first experiences of laughing until I cried. When I heard that a Canadian drama group would be performing their version of this popular story at Darke Hall in Regina, I knew I had to see it.

In my mind, I had a few misgivings about seeing the play in Regina, the "big city" to which the travelling salesman in the story takes Sarah Binks, in her one and only trip away from the farm. Mildly, I surmised people in Regina might not see the humour directed toward them. Most of the characters in the book were backwoods characters with peculiar provincial attitudes, I thought. Actually, there was a misnomer in my thoughts, but I did not detect it at the time. Today, I would probably not use the term "backwoods." There are no backwoods in southern Saskatchewan. If one wanted to deride a place of origin, it might be more correct to say that someone came from an alkaline flat. During those first years in this province, I had not yet started to think like a Saskatchewanian. A little later I began picking up on indigenous differences between attitudes of people in Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

Since we left one newly-married daughter in Manitoba when we moved, we were favored fairly often those first years with visits from her and her husband. They said they liked to come to

our home in Regina but could hardly endure the barren landscape along the Trans-Canada Highway, the last 200 miles or so. Mavis actually confessed that there were times when the most exciting diversion they could think of while driving was to count the number of fence posts between two power poles. (We never say hydro poles in Saskatchewan; our power does not originate with water.) I could understand her thinking when she said it, but have since learned to lift up my eyes to the landscape. The way you do this is to sweep your eyes along the horizon and in every direction you see a panorama of clear, wind-swept prairie, majestic in its wide, unobstructed view of splendid, gently sloping, countless acres of grain and pastureland. These panoramic viewpoints are specially marked for the tourists when one travels in the mountains. In Saskatchewan you have an unobstructed view almost everywhere you travel.

The mentality of someone raised on the open prairies was best illustrated for me by the wife of a highway engineer. Her family had moved from southern Saskatchewan to the North Battleford area, where they had purchased a farm with a thick stand of evergreens surrounding the buildings. Immediately upon possession, her mother had insisted that the mature evergreen trees around the house had to be removed. A proper home had to have windows that one could look out in every direction to safely assess approaching company. This woman felt closed in and unsafe if she couldn't see for miles in all directions. One must also be able to observe sunrise and sunset and the approaching

storm on the horizon. If there are trees, they must be planted as windbreaks far enough down the road to be unobtrusive. Lilac shrubs and gnarled Russian olive trees are fine if they are low enough to look over. If one must have stately trees, it would be better to live in one of Saskatchewan's river valleys. Trees grow well there and don't stand around in the way of people living on the plains.

Coming back to the drama presentation, I need not have worried about its reception. The patrons were entertained with as much laughter as I had when I first read the book. While I was listening to the drama in this setting, it seemed to me that Paul Hiebert, a Manitoba writer, had used a common Shakespearean stratagem. Shakespeare often had his plays set in other European countries, such as Italy, rather than in England. It was easier to portray malevolence, greed or jealousy by putting words into the mouths of Malvolio or Antonio than having English characters saying these same words in an English setting. And yet, the situations portrayed were intended to convey a message to the Englishmen who would likely be among the audience of theatre goers. I think Paul Hiebert, who taught school briefly in Saskatchewan in his early years, found it easier to use a Saskatchewan setting than a Manitoba one, for reasons of his own.

Let me explain what it's like to grow up within less than an hour's drive from a metropolis like Winnipeg. It's an overwhelming experience of comparing yourself with other standards; a fascination of discovering department stores and sporting events and musical con-

certs and institutions of higher learning. It's a yearning to bring your raw talent to the city, have it refined and returned to your home community. That happened to some Manitobans, and they modified their new-found refinements to suit their own life-style. The cultural, political, economic roots of people living within a short distance of Winnipeg became intertwined with the life of the city, and the city absorbed some of the Mennonite culture in turn.

In Saskatchewan, the magnetism of one metropolis has not been felt. As one travels further west from Winnipeg, the strong attraction diminishes until it disappears, more or less, at the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border. In Saskatchewan, it has not been necessary to compare oneself with city-bred institutions and cultures, at least not to any great extent. Children have grown up into adults without experiencing "Winnipegitis!" Character is important; so is independent thinking. In Regina, citizens take their cue from the farm community and become involved in events at Agribition and the Winter Fair. Regina people scan the sky for rain and worry, not about their own weekends, but about the wheatfields drying in the sun. It is all right to know more about events at Agri-

bition than concerts at the Centre of the Arts.

How does all this relate to Sarah Binks? As you will remember if you read the book, Sarah is outrageously attracted to Henry Welkin, the city-slick salesman. The drama played this scene to its fullest degree, showing Sarah's overwhelming fascination with city life. She wanted more than anything to bring her raw talent to the city; she compared her own poem-writing with the city greats. A Saskatchewan girl with Sarah's personality would far more likely have fallen for a sun-bronzed farmer who had gained a reputation of winning prizes at the fair with his white-faced Herefords. She would have admired a man wearing cowboy boots with manure on them as he walked into a Regina hotel with all the swag confidence of a top salesman.

There is something else that reminded me of certain traits of young people with a Mennonite background in Manitoba. Sarah has some highly unusual poetry styles. She doesn't only write English poetry; she translates some of it in literal style from the original German. Just listen to these lines, attributed to her in the book, *Sarah Binks*:

The Laurel's Egg

I know not what shall it betoken,
That I so sorrowful seem,
A marklet from out of old spoken,
That comes me not out of the beam.

The loft is cool and it darkles,
And ruefully floweth the Clean,
The top of the mountain-top sparkles,
In evening sun-shine sheen.

Paul Hiebert's book has audiences for its satire, wherever it is read. Having lived in both Manitoba and Saskatchewan, I find it intriguing to analyze his sources. My contention after 11 years in Saskatchewan is that the characters seem more Manitoban than Saskatchewan.

No well-meaning and educated person wants to admit to being provincial in attitudes. It could be considered the sign of a closed mind. And yet, looking back, when new horizons have opened up for some time, that person may say, "Yes, I was thinking and acting 'provincially' at that time." Moving from Manitoba to Saskatchewan has been that type of experience for me.

Am I being provincial? Yes, I believe I am, but I'm not certain whether I reflect the Manitoba or the Saskatchewan variety. mm

MENNONITE LITERARY SOCIETY, INC.

Benefactors, \$1,000 or more; Sustaining members, \$100 to \$499; Patrons, \$50 to \$900; and donors \$25 to \$99.

Donors: Peter Barg, George Bergen, Nick Braun, Elvera Doerksen, Victor Doerksen, D. D. Duerksen, Edward Dyck, Frank E. Dyck, John A. Dyck, Peter Dyck, E. J. Enns, Peter B. Enns, S. J. Enns, Ed Epp, E. A. Friesen, Horst Friesen, Dr. Rhinehard Friesen, Dr. Gerd Froese, Jacob Hildebrand, Dr. Jacob Isaac, Alvin Giesbrecht, Frank Giesbrecht, Helena Giesbrecht, Heinz Kampen, Walter Kampen, Dick Klassen, Louisa Loeb, Margaret Nikkel, Harry Neufeld, Elisabeth Peters, Dr. Victor Peters, Dr. Ted Redekop, Mavis Reimer, Richard L. Reimer, Ken Riediger, Nicholas Riediger, Nettie Rogalsky, George Sawatsky, Roland Sawatsky, Frank Sawatzky, J. K. Schellenberg, Levi Schellenberg, Rita Schroeder, G. A. Schultz, John J. Siemens, Susie Stoesz, Frieda Unruh, Henry Unruh, Charlotte Wall, Margaret Warkentin, Anna Willms.

Sustaining Members: Margaret Albrecht, Peter Bergen, Geo. H. Enns, Dr. Peter Enns, Dr. B. B. Fast, George Fast, Ed J. Friesen, T. E. Friesen, Helen Johnson, Charles Loewen, Harry Loewen, Vern Penner, John C. Peters, Dr. Al Reimer, D. H. Reimer, Elizabeth Siemens, Jack Thiessen, E. L. Unrau, Roy Vogt, Dr. C. W. Wiebe, A. J. Wiens, John Winter.

Patrons: D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd., A. Jill Lhotka.

Benefactors: A. J. Thiessen.

Assiniboine Travel

Special Departures

CRUISE

February 16th 7 days

Host Dr. F. C. Peters

Lecture Series

PALM SPRINGS

February 16th 2 weeks or 3 weeks

Host Agnes Kroeker

CIRCLE THE GLOBE

May 1-June 29th

Host Dr. Bernie Wiebe

HONG KONG

March 21-March 28th

MENNONITE THEATRE TOUR

— NEW YORK

March 24-March 31

Host Ted Korol

CALL

Judy Dilk
Hilda Driedger
Darlene Kailer
Bonnie Minnick
Lori Neufeld
John Schroeder
Ruth Wiebe

HOLY LAND TOUR

May 12th-June 1st

Host Dr. John Unger

CATHOLIC HOLY LAND TOUR

March 21st-April 5th

Host Fr. Binette

(Wait list only)

RUSSIA TOUR

May 3rd-May 24th

Host Abe Penner

CHINA TOUR

July 7th-July 30th

Host Jack Regehr

SCANDINAVIA TOUR

August 2nd-August 19th

Host John Bergen

RUSSIA TOUR

July 1st to July 22nd

Host Bill Schroeder

ASSINIBOINE TRAVEL

219-818 Portage Ave.

Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

(1) (204) 775-0271 INWATS (1) (800) 262-8893

The Klassens of Barventje

by Peter G. Epp

Old Mr. Klassen was always a very sensible man, intelligent and very highly respected. Anyone who wanted to know what was going on in the world at large needed only to ask him. He was always reading books and newspapers. His sons were great readers also. One of his sons was the first student from our village to attend the *Hohe Schule* in Halbstadt. And so no one dared to criticize Mr. Klassen when he suddenly sold his beautiful farm. However, since his Hans had married my Netchen by this time, I thought I had a right to express my opinion. I asked him whether he thought it was God's will that he should sell his land. I asked this, I said, not because I thought I was wiser than he, no, Heaven forbid, but only because I was fearful about the future. Even the more intelligent person can't know the future.

"Yes, I have a fine farm here," he said smiling, "but I have six sons and I also have my brother and my mother living in the little *Nebenhäuschen* on my yard. With the capital I receive for this farm I am buying a much larger piece of land in that new region. I know the land is good there and it's not far from a railroad station. They are building a flour mill there also and that will mean good prices for our wheat. There I can build a house for myself and my mother, and my children can build their houses on either side of mine in a long row. In this way I can keep my children near me while others see theirs scattered to the four winds. Don't you like my plan, Agatchen?"

*In this second excerpt from Peter G. Epp's **Eine Mutter**, the narrator tells part of the story of her daughter, Netchen, Mrs. Klassen, who, together with her husband and twelve children left her home village to settle in Barventje where her husband had become a factory owner. Epp's "little grandmother" who was living with her children at the time, finds it difficult to accept this new way of life.*

Early in spring, the men set out in the *Leiterwagen* with the cattle, machinery and supplies to sow the first crop and begin the building of the houses. When I visited my children there, after my second husband had died, I found a flourishing new settlement. The houses these people had built were far handsomer than those in our village. As I walked along the poplar-lined avenue which ran through the village gardens I silently gave thanks for this prosperity, all the result of God's blessing. Old Mr. Klassen escorted me on a tour of the *Wirtschaft* and to the river where a boat lay anchored. Then, after he had taken me to see the windmill and the big new house he had built, he asked me, smiling, what I had to say about it all. What could I say? I could only tell him that the good Lord had been very gracious.

Each time I visited Netchen, usually every two or three years, there would be another little one in the family and her boys would be noticeably taller. Whenever I asked her boys if they were enjoying school, they always said, "Yes, very much!" But if I asked them how they

liked working on their father's farm they were much less enthusiastic. The two oldest boys didn't like horses, cows or field work. They were interested only in machines, especially motors which they liked to take apart, put back together, clean and repair. "We're mechanics," they would say, laughing, when they came in from their work, their hands, faces and *Beinkleider* so full of grease that I wondered if they would ever be clean again. They often travelled to the village of Barwenke, where I now live, because there was a small factory there where they made plows, wagons, threshing machines and mowers. There these boys felt more at home than on their beautiful farm. At the table they often used completely incomprehensible words — words which I had never seen in my spelling book, reader or Bible Story Book.

"Children, do you know what you are talking about?" I asked them.

"Grandma, Grandma," they laughed, "this is progress, the whole world is moving forward, changing, and we have to keep up. Don't worry, Grandma, we'll take you along with us!"

I had to admit that the world was changing — I could see that just by looking at my own grandsons. Sometimes they had terrible arguments with one another.

"Children, please," I would intervene, "won't you speak German? Can you talk only about machines? Can't you talk about cattle, gardens and fields?"

The contempt that these boys had for farming hurt my very deeply. I have always believed that we should never speak irreverently of the land. It was created by God. It nourishes and clothes all of us. Those who make their living on the land know how dependent we are on God's blessing. If He sends rain and sunshine at the right time their labour is not in vain and their barren fields turn miraculously into flowering gardens. It is on the land that we see man working hand in hand with God.

One evening I overheard a discussion which terrified me. My grandsons were advising their father to leave the farm altogether! Apparently, this factory owner in Barwentje, whose name had been mentioned in our house almost daily for a long time, was planning to expand his operation. This had been the main subject of conversation around the table on Sunday afternoons. The factory owner did not have sufficient capital, it was said, and he was looking for an associate or partner. I had heard this word "partner" many times even when my father was still living. I knew what it meant. A partner is someone whose debts one must pay when he suddenly declares bankruptcy. I knew that people sometimes lost all their

property and were reduced to beggars, as a result of such partnerships.

At first I felt only a great uneasiness because I did not yet know exactly where all this talk was leading. At last the plan was announced. When I heard it I realized it was even worse than I had feared. The proposal was to sell the farm, the land which had, through their hard work and God's blessing, become a little Paradise in an otherwise arid steppe. The capital from this sale was to be used to buy a share in the factory at Barwentje. For a long time I could not believe that they were seriously considering this.

"But why, why in the name of Heaven would you do such a thing?" I asked.

Their answer was that, first of all, they liked that kind of work much better and, secondly, they could make much more money there than in farming.

If you have ever worked for days or even weeks to fashion a gift for someone you love only to see the recipient discard it callously, indifferently, then you know how much ingratitude can hurt. I think God is hurt too when we reject His gifts. For the first time in my life I found myself in complete opposition to a proposed plan of action. My conscience told me it was clearly false. I

hadn't been so strongly opposed even to the great migration to America. I must admit that it hurt me very much to see my children go their own way in this matter without once asking my advice. I know that they loved me as much as ever but they obviously felt that I had little to offer them in the way of counsel.

Klassen's new home was located near the factory, not far from the railroad station. Trains raced past this station at all times of the day or night and with their rattling and whistling made my poor old head ache until I thought it would explode. My little room with its tiny Russian-style window was so close to the street that a passer-by could have reached out and put his hand in. There were two other houses on the factory yard. They were occupied by Klassen's two partners.

"Children," I asked, "where is the property you have bought?"

"This is it," they answered.

"And which part belongs to the Brauns and which to the Dicks?"

"All of this belongs to them too" they said. "Everything is owned jointly."

How they kept it all straight was a riddle to me. If a partner didn't know exactly which part of the property was his, how could he know just how much of the income was his? My grandsons tried to explain it all to me, but I can understand as much about such things as a cow can about a new barn door. They also tried to tell me just how the threshing machines, wagons and plows were assembled, as they took me on a tour of different areas of the factory. I had expected that it would be much like my father's smithy, that I would hear again the singing and the whistling of apprentices. But all I heard here was the angry roar of the machines and the noisy rattle of pulleys and belts which ran over and under and between one another. I couldn't make any sense out of that unbelievable clamour and confusion. Just how carefully designed things like threshing machines and wagons could come from all this disorder and chaos was completely beyond me. And yet these farm implements were being built daily in great numbers and were then loaded onto long lines of railway cars waiting at the station. I didn't visit all the areas of the factory; I was too frightened.

"No," I said, "I don't really care to see any more. Please take me home."

I had seen more than enough even during this short visit. It was a place where danger seemed to wait behind every machine, every wheel.

"It just means you have to be on your



Liberty Insurance Agency (1978) Ltd.

- AUTOPAC • HOMEOWNERS
- BLUE CROSS
- COMMERCIAL • BONDING
- TENANTS
- REAL ESTATE SALES
- AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR CANADIAN TRUST



George Kasdorf

TWO LOCATIONS

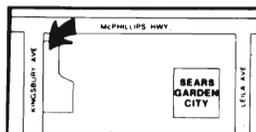
339-9231

1668 MAIN ST.
& JEFFERSON



338-7816

2211 C McPHILLIPS





Dedicated to excellence

Allen Kehler works with book publishers on a daily basis. As Book Publisher's Manager, he deals with publishers and their production people from across Canada. If there is anything you want to know about the printing and binding of books, Al Kehler is the man to talk to. His language is . . . books.

D. W. Friesen & Sons Ltd. is comprised of Friesen Printers, Friesen Wholesale Stationers, Friesen Yearbooks, Friesen Packaging, Friesen Business Machines and the Red River Valley Echo. Our head office is located in Altona, Manitoba and we have sales offices in Victoria, Vancouver, Kelowna, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, and Toronto. We are at your service.

 **DWFriesen & Sons Ltd.**

9 A X R A X X E V E R Y
C A B I N F E V E R

mm mirror mix-up

LILCH

CHOLL

TROFS

FROST

KLABE

BLEAK

JONEY

ENJOY

VITACE

ACTIVE



WINTER CAN BE BEAUTIFUL!

GET OUTDOORS. AVOID

CABIN FEVER

This edition we announce the winner of the contest published in the December edition: from the 78 entries, E. H. Groening of Winkler was selected the winner. A cash prize has been sent.

In the next edition (March) we will announce the winner for the December contest. We are giving extra time so that more of you can enter and not have to be concerned if the mail delays your edition of the *Mirror*.

The answers to December were light, peace, infant, tender, silent, and spirit.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by March, 1985.

Name

Address

City/Town

Postal Code

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

toes," the boys laughed, as they walked around among the machines as calmly, and as stooped, as I walk about under the fruit trees in my garden. But, to me, these machines were more frightening than ferocious, wild animals.

The thought that my son-in-law and my grandsons were exposed to such dangers every day, every hour, the thought that they could lose their limbs or even their lives, weighed heavily upon me. I would have been willing to leave all this in God's hands but I still felt that the whole undertaking had been wrong from the very beginning. How could I ask God to protect someone who had willfully made the wrong decision? Can someone like that expect God's protection and blessing?

I've always been an early riser and yet those Klassen boys were usually up and ready to go to the factory by the time I got out of bed. They hardly took time to wash some mornings, so great was their hurry to be off. With sleepy eyes and tousled hair they would come to me, to my *Sorgstuhl* in the corner where I would go whenever those busy people started running back and forth in the mornings. They would stop for a brief moment, these big, strong lads, towering over their wizened, little grandmother. And I would try to enclose their big hands in my little ones.

"Please be careful, my dear boys."

By noon I would be standing at the window, looking out, waiting for the factory whistle, watching the Russian workers with their sullen faces hastily walking out of the factory compound. Finally I would see my son-in-law and the two boys. Once they were gathered around me at the table I could relax somewhat.

The sight of all these workers, whose names the owners didn't even know, was a new experience for me. My father's associates and apprentices slept in a little room next to the workroom, in bunks erected one on top of the other along one of the walls. They ate at our table; they laughed and joked, and complimented me on the *Rollkuchen Pfannkuchen* and *Waffeln* which I made for them. I remember their smiling faces and their friendly greetings. The looks these people gave me, whenever I met any of them, threatened to pierce right through me.

"Why do those men look so dissatisfied?" I asked.

"Oh, that's just how they are," the boys laughed. "All workers are dissatisfied."

Why they should be so discontented was beyond me. None of my father's

apprentices, even after they had been with us for years, earned as much as the youngest employee in this factory. But that's the problem today. People are all in a hurry to join the mad race for riches. And what is their reward? They lose their peace of mind, their rest and even their souls!

I longed to speak with some of these factory workers. Surely, I thought, they must also have homes and children and so must know something of sickness and sorrow. Sometimes I would stand near the little fence which separated our yard from the factory compound, a spot the workers passed on their way home and I would say a few words to them like "Good afternoon" or some such greeting. One day I saw one of the workers in the compound, working on a machine. I decided I would go over to him and ask him a few questions, how he was and if he had a family and if they were all well. I approached him with a cheery "Good Morning!" He just stood there, frozen beside his machine.

"This Klassen here in the factory, he's my son-in-law and his two sons, they're my grandsons of course, and I'm their grandmother and I live in that house there in a little room which faces the street."

When the man didn't answer, I took hold of his sleeve, repeated what I had said and asked him if he had a wife and children, but he backed away from me, waving me away with his hand, like a policeman. When I went right on talking (my brother Gerhard says my tongue just becomes more limber with age) this man seized me by my arms and pushed me along, not rudely but firmly so that I found myself going back to the house against my will. His message was quite clear. I had no business being where he was and I had best get away from this machine and go to a safer place. And so I was ordered to leave, chased away, something I have never before experienced.

Something is wrong with the world today. It's all going to come to a terrible end. An old grandmother may not know very much and may not be able to do much but I am still sure of one thing — when a well meant loving word is no longer of any value, then something is very wrong. I am still sorry that my grandchildren gave up a quiet, blessed life on the land for such madness.

mm



observed along the way

THE FIRST WEEKS OF 1985

by Roy Vogt

• For years now we have watched with envy as friends have returned to Winnipeg in mid-Winter from exotic places like Hawaii and Mazatlan, looking tanned and relaxed. Our only consolation was that we had been saving money at home while they were spending it abroad. The last week of 1984 gives us a chance to spend some money in a warm climate. I have been invited to give a paper at a meeting of economists in Dallas, Texas, on the subject of Canada's competition policies.

It is, fortunately, a cold day when my wife and I leave Winnipeg for Dallas, via Minneapolis. We will enjoy the trip even more knowing our friends are freezing back home. During a brief stop-over in Minneapolis we are presented with a unique business proposition. We are told that the flight going on to Dallas is badly overbooked. Our seats are secure, but we will be given \$100 U.S. each if we will give them up for confirmed places on another flight four hours later. I do some quick calculations. In Canadian money that means we will together earn about \$70 for each hour of waiting time. How much is time worth? We are in no particular hurry to get there. Our rational instincts tell us to take the offer, but we refuse it. Later, in an even more rational moment, I ask myself why? I suppose it was one overriding psychological factor: we were on a trip to relax and enjoy ourselves. We weren't mentally prepared to make ourselves uncomfortable for the sake of money. At least not for \$70 an hour.

We aren't really sorry. Dallas is a more interesting and beautiful city than we had imagined. We know that the evil Ewings and their oil empires are all around us, but we enjoy the warm weather (80° one day), the good shop-

ping, and some excellent food. Every morning a stocky black lady brings us breakfast in our room, a courtesy of the hotel. She brightens up the whole place with her greeting and assures us in her booming voice that she would like nothing more than to visit Canada, "with all that wonderful white snow." The conference is also interesting. It is good to test one's ideas with economists from other universities, and to listen to their ideas. There are more than 5,000 economists present, including a few Nobel Prize winners of the past decade. When I ask some people in Winnipeg later whether it would have been a great disaster for the world if a bomb had fallen on the Dallas Convention Centre and removed 5,000 economists from our midst, I usually get a very disconcerting reply. It appears that economists are not very popular these days. Wisdom is not always appreciated by others.

• Though one gets used to the marvels of modern technology, I am still somewhat amazed to discover that it is possible to leave a city like Dallas one morning and spend that same evening celebrating the end of the year in Winnipeg. That is what we do in the home of some good friends. We enjoy the conversation so much, and they are so anxious to hear about our visit to the Southfork Ranch, that we don't even notice the arrival of 1985.

• The new year brings a dog with it, attached to our daughter. She (that is, our daughter) arrives from Edmonton one day, with a large Siberian husky. Alex doesn't bark, but does almost everything else around our place during the one-week visit. I have always loved dogs, from a distance. Alex manages to bridge some of that distance, though just when a bond of affection seems to be springing up between us I discover

that it is based largely on food. Without food in my hand I am of as little interest to Alex as the chair in which I am sitting. Some day I hope that Alex will discover the true beauty that lies within.

• The first few weeks of 1985 bring us into welcome contact with friends from all over the world. The curiosity and willingness of Mennonites to serve has made world travellers out of many of them. An enjoyable-sad evening is spent saying farewell to Peter and Greti Peters, who after a long delay have received permission to begin a three-year period of service in Calcutta, India. Ralph and Hanna Friesen are in town for a few weeks, before returning to Zimbabwe (former Rhodesia) on a teaching assignment. Loreen Reimer drops in after returning from a year of study in India, and Bill Klassen generously shares his most recent book with me before returning to his work in Israel. Truly, the Mennonites are everywhere.

• They say that a sucker is born every minute, and the new year is no exception. More than a year ago we asked Hovemand Gallery, a local auctioneer and estate assessor, to sell some furniture for us, including a prize oak desk that was too large for our new house. The desk was assessed a value of \$300 by Hovemand. Shortly before Christmas I call the gallery to ask if they have sold it. I am informed that it was indeed sold the previous week, not quite for the assessed value but for an amount which will be conveyed to us in writing within a week. Early in the New Year, more than a month after the call, I receive the following information: Desk sold for \$50. Sales Commission \$12.50. Cartage costs \$34. Net payment to seller: \$3.50. Sometimes in life you have only two options, to laugh or to cry. We decide to laugh, but once we start we can

hardly stop. A solid oak desk sold for \$3.50! I find it difficult to say glowing things about the capitalist system in my lectures the next day. But as Churchill once said, "Most of the alternatives seem to be even worse." My family expresses relief that I never tried to make my living in business.

- A better business deal follows the "sale" of our desk. Our 1969 Toyota has finally given up the ghost. Actually, it still runs quite well but repair costs are starting to exceed the value of the car so a change seems warranted. We spend a few days looking around and finally fall for a Pony, after being persuaded by a CBC broadcast that the South Koreans have produced a superior small car. We are also impressed by a superior salesman, Dave Manweiler, at Car-Town in Steinbach. Two gnawing questions remain: will the new car last 15 years like the Toyota, and will the Credit Union get tired of owning everything we purchase?

- On a blustery Sunday afternoon we drive out to Headingley to celebrate the 70th birthday of Herman Rempel, the editor of the new Low German dictionary. It is refreshing to observe the vitality of this couple. My wife notes that Herman Rempel is one of relatively few Mennonite men of his generation who is interested in talking to women; who sees a woman as a person.

- The Mennonite Book Club that was started in 1984 continues to attract new subscribers. We are not entirely surprised to discover that the best seller, by quite a margin, is *The Salvation of Jasch Siemens*, by Armin Wiebe. The music cassettes produced by MB Communications are also very popular. This says something about the remarkable diversity that exists in our Mennonite community. Our people would like to be earthy and spiritual at the same time — and why not?

- The deeply tragic side of life is brought home to us in mid-January by the announcement that the teen-age daughter of the Cliff Derksens has been found dead, likely murdered. All of our hearts were with the Derksens during the seven weeks that they sought their daughter, and now we are struck to the core with the tragic ending. The fragile nature of our life is brought home to us once more. We know the Derksens only slightly, through the drawings that Cliff did for several covers of this magazine, but as fellow Christians and fellow parents we feel as though it had happened to us. The best we can do is reaffirm that "nevertheless . . . underneath it all are the everlasting arms." ❦



Mennonite and Catholic Views on Peace

a review by Harry Loewen

Klassen's *Love of Enemies* is a popular survey of the peace tradition in western culture, beginning with the ancient Greeks and ending with the writings of the New Testament. After an Introduction, the book contains the following chapters: Peace and Victory Over the Enemy in Greek Thought; Love your Enemy and Peace in the Hebrew Bible; Judaism and the Quest for Peace; Jesus as Prince of Peace; Paul and the Good News of Peace. In a concluding chapter, Klassen encourages the reader "to walk the path of peace."

The author suggests that the content of this book may be too radical for some readers (p. 10). There is nothing radical nor anything all that new about the subject of peace in this book. Seeking to promote a spirit of ecumenism, the author selects passages from Greek, Jewish and Christian writings in an attempt to demonstrate that these traditions preferred peace to discord and war. In doing so, Klassen treats the gospel passages in some detail, but the references to Greek writings on peace are merely mentioned and briefly commented on.

The author is writing from a genuine Mennonite tradition, but the book lacks focus, incisive analysis, and convincing argumentation. It does, however, contain helpful suggestions for further reading and a useful index of biblical and other works cited in the study.

McSorley's *New Testament Basis of Peacemaking* was originally published in 1979. This new revised and expanded edition enlarges the gospel command to love one's enemies, treats more fully the Just-Unjust War Theory,

answers some new objections against Christian nonviolence, and adds a new chapter on the U.S. Catholic Bishops Peace Pastoral of 1983.

This popularly-written book by a Catholic scholar manifests a conviction and passion about peacemaking that any Anabaptist could be proud of and envy. Showing that the medieval church abandoned the peace message of early Christianity in favour of Augustine's "just war" theory, the author goes on to demonstrate that it is not only un-Christian to engage in warfare but also sheer madness to continue the nuclear arms race.

McSorley's sound scholarship includes focused argumentation and reasoned pleas for Christians and world readers to consider seriously the gospel message of nonviolence and peace as the only hope for disarmament and continued security.

Mennonite leaders and church workers will find that they can learn much from this Roman Catholic brother about what it means to be a Christian in a nuclear age. The book is also an excellent text for church and adult Sunday School groups who wish to study in depth the central message of the gospel and how it can be applied today.

William Klassen, Love of Enemies: The Way to Peace (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1984), 160 pages, Paperback.

Richard McSorley, New Testament Basis of Peacemaking. Third Ed., rev. and expanded (Scottsdale/Kitchener: Herald Press, 1985), 168 pages, \$7.95 (\$10.35 in Can.), Paperback.



the poet's word

WHEAT'S WHISPER

Buried in the back of harrowed mind
mute wheat still grows in big fields.
Babel's churn, choke, shriek, roar, rattle
can scream wheat's whisper away.
You can hear it on the Chicago Board of Trade.
What is one language, simple —
words in straight rows.
Leave Babel's tower.
Plough it up. Plant wheat
and hear its eloquent
wind-waving silence.

PUNCTUATION MARK

The windmill
frozen by time and photography
stands guard over my dream.
I am half-frightened, half-fascinated
but its age and indifference.
I try to run but,
held by its mocking dance
only tremble with it in the wind.
I watch its wheels turn, turn, turn
into my father's face
beside the sod walls.
Like an exclamation point,
turned upside down,
it punctuates the horizon.

BARBED WIRE FENCE

Barbed wire fence
drawing a straight line
toward sunset
separates wheat stubble
dizzy in sunshine and
loaps toward Winnipeg.
Now and then
black bird wings flicker.

FIGHTING WITH WINDMILLS

Sometimes Aeolus
who turns the blades
won't blow the windmill
into the poem.
Inspiration blows
windmills into mind,
spokes turning,
sunlight bouncing off blades,
its Aeolian harp
teasing me into music,
but before I catch the tune
Aeolus turns the tail.
Like Don Quixote
I fight with windmills —
and lose.

OUTDOOR CONCERT

Engulfed in strong perfume
of trumpet vine in evening,
the old artist windmill,
tunes his wheel,
gargling his throat in axel grease.
Crows loiter and gossip
in clear blue and gold sky
waiting for the performance.
The prairie swallows whirr
of windmill wheel,
blades gesturing in air,
rod humming softly,
pumping in light breeze.
No one else shows up.

— by Elmer Suderman

INTERESTING JANUARY

Thank you for an interesting January issue. We enjoyed reading Mary Enns' article about the Penner family. Since we are related to them, but can't go there ourselves, it's good to visit them this way. We're looking forward to the English version of the book *Eine Mutter*. We always enjoy Roy Vogt's ramblings, so keep up the good work.

It seems rather hilarious that in a world where the majority of Mennonites (so we were told) are non-whites, we, the Low German Mennonites and descendants have the audacity to think of them as an ethnic group. If our neighbors have come to think of us as an ethnic group that says to us that our customs have spoken louder than our faith for which many of our ancestors died a martyr's death.

We hope as we get more and more members into our churches with different sounding names and non-white skin, we will eventually get things straight again.

Even though we may call our children little or young Mennonites, we have never considered them full fledged Mennonites until they have accepted the faith of our church for their own.

As for the Wilhelm Busch cartoons, I enjoy cartoons but eight pages is a bit much. How about a pledge to keep it down to four at most.

H. P. Enns.

REMEMBERED CHURCH

I would like to express my heartfelt appreciation to Marlies Friesen for her article "A Memoir to the Alexander Church in Winnipeg." Upon reading her article memories just kept flooding over me of all the numerous occasions I had also spent in this Church. Having spent my childhood and youth in this church I was one of the children she mentions in the Sunday School, also many years a choir member and faithfully attended the Jugendvereins.

Thanks again Mrs. Friesen for this article.

Yours truly,
Louise (Peters) Wiebe,
Winkler.



HUMOR FAILS

Jack Thiessen's attempt at humour in "Dee Brell," October issue of your magazine, is disgusting. It demonstrated your apparent lack of awareness regarding the prevalence of familial assault. There is nothing funny about abuse. You may wish to familiarize yourself with Osborne House, a shelter for battered women, located in Winnipeg. The MM came to our house as a gift. We would like to renew it, but at this point have serious reservations.

Hank and Betty Neufeld

DISMAYED READER

It was with great dismay that I recently read one of the items in the October '84 issue of the *Mennonite Mirror*. The item I refer to is 'Dee Brell', by Jack Thiessen.

It may have been intended to be humorous, but it was not; quite frankly, it was rather disgusting. It may have been seen to be harmless, but it included references to wife battering and other family violence, and it depicted the woman as a manipulative shrew. It is beyond my comprehension that you have published such tripe, and that you have wasted three pages doing it.

You make reference, at the beginning of each issue, to the Mennonite Literary Society. What an amazing contradiction!

I am very disappointed that you chose to include this item, and am sorely tempted to discontinue my subscription.

Yours truly,
Margaret L. Dyck
Winnipeg

ONLY SOURCE

Please do not let anything happen to the *Mennonite Mirror*! I am writing for all of us, who, as I, are displaced Manitobans. Where, pray tell, would we find another source of the kind of news that you carry?

No, we cannot let anything happen to your paper. I wish I could send you more just to make it come for a long time yet.

Very sincerely,
Helen Brandt
Palm Harbor, Florida

NOT ALONE

Our renewed subscription is enclosed. Phyllis and I enjoy reading *Mennonite Mirror* immensely, particularly cousin Roy Vogt's columns. Receiving the *Mirror* is as good as receiving a letter from home. In the November issue, Mary Enns's article on the Black Forest Academy brought back pleasant memories of our family visit there this summer. It was unfortunate, however, that the article sounded as though I had come alone in my capacity as church administrator. In fact, this was one of our stops in our "once-in-a-lifetime" family visit to Europe. Families of "public" figures — church leaders included — frequently seem not to exist or if they do, only in the deep shadows. Some of this is inevitable but that makes it no less frustrating and even painful on occasion to the family members involved. Just a reminder.

Keep the *Mennonite Mirror* coming.

Sincerely,
Reg Toews
for the Toews family —
Reg, Phyllis, Lynne and Barb
Akron, Pennsylvania

Short Letters

Mit dem bestern grüssen

Zum Neuen Jahr wünschen ich allen *Mennonite Mirror* arbeitern. Wünsche dem MM auch weitere Erfolg. Schade dass so wenig in deutsche Sprache gegeben wird. Das Maerchen ist sehr schoen.

Olga Lepp,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir or Madam:

I enjoy reading your paper. It is very informative. I especially enjoy the low German articles. I think the low German language is "dumb" and "prost" but I love it, and I wouldn't want to forget it. Your paper helps me not to forget.

W. Kroeker,
Winnipeg.

... Ich schaezte den MM sehr und ich danke recht herzlich dass ich die Zeitschrift immer zugestellt bekommen habe. Als erster lese ich immer Ob-served along the Way.

Sara Willms,
St. Catharines, Ont.

Would you kindly send me extra copies of the October MM. I want to give them to some very good Catholic friends of mine. The article by Dr. Al Reimer on the Pope's visit is tremendous!

Mary Kornelsen,
Steinbach.

HIGH DISCOUNT

A traveller stopped at a historic old hotel and requested the nightly rates.

"A room on the first floor is \$60; on the second floor, \$50; and on the third floor, \$40," said the desk clerk.

The traveller said thank you and turned to go.

"Don't you like our hotel?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, it's beautiful," exclaimed the traveller. "It just isn't tall enough."

Come and enjoy

Franz Schubert's Song Cycle

"DIE WINTERREISE"

performed by

ARTHUR JANZEN, Tenor, and
IRMGARD BAERG, Pianist

Winnipeg Art Gallery
Auditorium

Tuesday and Thursday, February
19th and 21st, at 8:05 p.m.

Tickets \$6.00 available from
W.M.T. Members
or telephone 888-3408
or 775-6210

Sponsored by

The Winnipeg Mennonite
Theatre

And don't miss

"DIE EMIGRANTEN"

An original play by W.M.T.
Member Walter Schlichting, in
its premiere performance

March 21st, 22nd, and 23rd,
1985

At the Gas Station Theatre,
River at Osborne

Tickets available from W.M.T.
Members and from Heinz Janzen
— Tel: 783-5912

Quiet In The Land — A Reflection

by Victor Doerksen

The award winning play by Ann Chislett which took centre stage at the Manitoba Theatre Centre in January has received a number of reviews and has been discussed at length, both by Mennonites and the general public. In the *Mirror* the play book was reviewed several issues ago. In retrospect a few general comments may be in order, insofar as these have not been preempted by Jack Thiessen's sweeping article in the *Kanada Kurier*.

Upon seeing the splendid production I was troubled by a vague sense of disproportion, a problem of scale. To me the play itself was reminiscent of the "Gespräche" that used to be devised for the *Jugendvereine* of several decades ago. These playlets involved people familiar to us sitting around a table, waiting for the inevitable knock on the door, followed by the "Herein!" which would introduce the topic for discussion. These were usually familiar themes dealing with the relationship of church (us) and world (them) in more or less dramatic black and white.

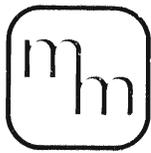
There is something of this in the play *Quiet in the Land*. The characters are all known to us (how does Ann Chislett know?) and the topics are not new, nor is the resulting action. True, all this is writ large on a vast stage, with two farmsteads, two kitchens (including two woodstoves) and two families. And

there is nothing amateur about the acting or the stage settings and machinery. But beneath all of that I had the feeling that there was a rather confined *Gespräch* trying to be heard. This is what gave the whole a very familiar ring which may not be heard by others. To us it recalls early Rudy Wiebe.

How this projects to a general audience is perhaps another matter altogether. Certainly there is a straightforward presentation here of a serious issue, acted with humanity and humor by an excellent ensemble. Certainly the time is right for problems of this kind, of war and peace and of tolerance, to be the stuff of the best art. Perhaps this is the place where a genuine contribution can be made to our community, whether by us or others.

The Mennonite community of Winnipeg is becoming used to expressing itself in the cosmopolitan surroundings of the Centennial Concert Hall. Before we become too comfortable with cultural self-congratulation, we should wish for more depictions of the Mennonite reality, of the problems as well as the potentials, of our situation within a larger world. Whether we deserve a good tragedy (or comedy) is perhaps a moot question. But it seems to me that there is plenty of room and scope for some richly deserved satire. . . .

mm



Members of the finance committee of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society met with the Hon. Eugene Kostyra, Minister of Culture for Manitoba to receive a cheque for \$1,500 in support of the society's activities. From left to right are John Dyck, Delbert Plett, MMHS president, Eugene Kostyra and Victor Doerksen.

The fund-raising dinner for the **Mennonite Village Museum** on November 17, 1984, was attended by over 300 people and \$15,000 was raised. The funds will provide support for a two-year, \$200,000 restoration and site improvement project on the museum grounds. Approximately 40,000 people visit the museum each year.

Ingrid Rimland's autobiography, *The Furies and the Flame*, has been selected for "Movie of the week" television adaptation. Rimland's book tells the story of her struggle to raise her brain-injured son, and give him an education. Rimland was born into a Mennonite home in the Ukraine, and moved to Paraguay as a youngster with her family after the second world war.

The Mennonite Foundation of Canada has appointed **Abe Poettcker** as its new stewardship consultant in the Winnipeg regional office. He replaces **Harold Paetkau**, who has served in the position for six years.

New chairmen have been selected to head school boards in several Manitoba communities. The Hanover school board selected **Art Rempel** to succeed long-time chairman Albert Loewen. **Art**

Cornelson was elected chairman of the Morris-Macdonald school board. **Shirley Loewen** is the new chairperson of the Seine River school board.

About 150 people were invited to participate in **Consultation '85** the annual meeting of Mennonite and Brethren in Christ Moderators and Secretaries. The meeting was held just prior to the MCC Canada annual meeting in Leamington, Ont. January 16 and 17. The theme was "Toward a Common Strategy for Church Planting in Canada." The theme was chosen due to the proliferation of church planting efforts that seem to be initiated with little co-ordination among conferences.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College and the committee on ministerial leadership of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada jointly sponsored a **leadership conference** at CMBC, February 7-9. The goal of the conference was to focus on several areas where youth come under stress, and to assist those working with young people.

Conference of Mennonites in Canada **council of boards** sessions were held in Winnipeg at CMBC on the weekend of January 30-February 2.

A special award for service was given to **Abe Peters** in early November by the Canadian Council for Multicultural and International Education. Peters is a consultant in the area of English as a second language with the Manitoba Department of Education. Abe and Anne Peters are members of the Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship.

Sarah Klassen, a junior high teacher and a member of the River East MB church, won first prize in a short story writing competition sponsored by the Manitoba chapter of the Canadian Authors Association.

The journals and sermon books of itinerant Russian Mennonite preacher **Herman A. Neufeld** have been donated to the Mennonite Brethren Archives in Winnipeg by his son Abram H. Neufeld. Neufeld was a travelling MB minister for more than 40 years in Russia and for nearly 10 years in North America.

Former Altonan **Daryl Braun** has been appointed news director of radio station CKRC in Winnipeg. His duties commenced January 1. He is the son of Bernie and Tina Braun of Altona. He and his wife Kim have a daughter Rachel.

Ben and Pat (Gerber) Pauls from Altona Mennonite Church have returned from a four-year assignment of the Evangelical Mennonite Theological Center in Asuncion, Paraguay. During their two-year North American assignment they will take graduate studies.

COMING EVENTS

February 15th: Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School Benefit Dinner, 7:00 p.m., Portage Ave. Mennonite Brethren Church.

February 19: Die Winterreise, Feb. 19th and 21st. 8:05 p.m., Winnipeg Art Gallery Auditorium.

February 20: Winnipeg Singers Joint concert with Manitoba Chamber Orchestra.

February 20: Westgate Fund-raising Banquet, 7:00 p.m., First Mennonite Church.

March 8-10: Peace-it-together. Youth conference C.M.B.C.

March 17: English Cathedral Music: Winnipeg Singers. Conductor: John Martens.

April 12th: Mennonite Children's Choir and Wpg. Mennonite Elementary School musical concert, Grant Memorial Church.

April 19th-21st: Christian Singles Conference.

Funeral services were held on December 30 for 16-year-old **Connie Friesen** of Altona, who died before transplant surgery for a second liver could begin. Connie had suffered from a liver ailment since she was a small child, and she entered University Hospital in London, Ontario, December 5, where she received a new liver, the youngest girl ever to receive a liver transplant at the hospital. On December 24 she became critically ill due to a massive liver rejection. A second liver was sought, but came too late. Connie was a grade 11 student at W. C. Miller Collegiate in Altona. She was the daughter of Menno and Jolanda Friesen.

Approximately 500 delegates and visitors attended the 21st annual meeting of MCC Manitoba in Altona on November 24. The meeting voted to purchase land and commence plans for a new single-storey building. The present building has now been sold. The meeting also voted to assume ownership of the El'dad program, a rural residential program for marginally retarded adults. The meeting approved a budget of almost \$2.2 million.

Colleen Schellenberg, 21, daughter of Ed and Romelda Schellenberg of Steinbach, has been touring the United States and Europe with a group, sponsored by World Vision, called Continental Singers. Colleen is a graduate of Steinbach Treble Teens and was a member of the Manitoba Youth Choir, Winnipeg Singers and the University Singers. The Continental Singers will give concerts to raise money for the hungry and destitute in Africa.

NEW PLAY

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre will present *Die Emigranten*, a new play written by Walter Schlichting at the Gas Station Theatre, River Avenue and Osborne Street, March 21, 22, and 23. Tickets from WMT members or call Heinz Janzen 783-5912.

FUND DINNER

Annual benefit dinner for the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School on Friday, February 15, at 7 p.m. at the Portage Avenue Mennonite Brethren church. Tickets are \$20 per person (\$19 tax receipt per ticket) available at the school 885-1032.



Michael Janzen



Michelle Janzen



Lucy Lehman

Three students of **Emmanuel Horch** won silver medals in the recent Toronto conservatory violin exams. **Michelle Janzen**, daughter of John and Ruth Janzen, won the award for Grade 5 violin, while her brother, **Michael Janzen**, won the award for Grade 4. He also won the Frederick Harris Scholarship for the second year in succession. **Lucy Lehmann**, daughter of Ernest and Irma Lehmann, won the Grade 3 silver medal.



Peter and Margaret Peters, after a four-month wait for visas, left early in January for Calcutta, where they will replace Al Doerksens as country representatives for MCC.

Wally Kroeker, of Fresno, will join the staff of MEDA next summer, with responsibilities for editing their magazine, "The Marketplace", and producing other educational resource material for the organization. Kroeker is currently editor of "The Christian Leader".

Peace-it-together, the annual **youth conference** held at Canadian Mennonite Bible College (CMBC), Winnipeg, will take place **March 8-10, 1985**. The theme for this year's conference is "Politics and Morality", dealing with issues such as capital punishment, abortion, and Canada's military spending. This focus of the conference will be on how we as Christians should respond to the Canadian government concerning these moral issues. Bill Janzen, director of the MCC Ottawa office, and Adolf Ens, a professor at CMBC, will be the main resource people. A Christian framework for dealing with political issues will be developed in the main addresses. Through the various workshops on social issues it is hoped that participants will learn how they can become peacemakers. The peace conference will also be a time of worship with Bible studies, choral music by various CMBC choirs, group singing, and a dramatic presentation by students. The Peace-it-together conference is planned for senior high and college age participants. The registration fee of \$15 includes meals and housing. Travel subsidies are available upon request. For more information, contact CMBC, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3P 0M4 (204) 888-6781.



Betty Martens of Steinbach, is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment at Winnipeg, Man. Martens will be working as receptionist at the MCC Canada office. Martens was last employed as factory worker at Loewen Millwork in Steinbach. Martens is a member of the Chortitzer Mennonite Church in Mitchell, Man. Her parents are John and Mary Rempel of Mitchell. Her child is Heidi Elaine.

mennonite mirror

A year-long look in The Mirror?

Your Gift Subscriptions
may be included on a
separate sheet.

Subscribe this week and you will receive the *Mirror* each month and see more of the magazine that tries to take a comprehensive look at what Mennonites in Manitoba are doing.

The *Mirror* is published 10 times each year from September to June.

The current annual subscription (10 issues) is

\$10 for one year
\$18 for two years

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

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

name

address

city/town

postal code

William Block has been named the director of the Committee on Ministerial Leadership (CML), of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada for a two-thirds time appointment. He will begin his duties in the summer of 1985. Block, currently leading minister at the Morden (Manitoba) Bergthaler Mennonite Church, will be the first staff person of the Committee on Ministerial Leadership. The Committee was established in its present format at the 1982 annual session of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada, replacing the Committee on the Ministry which functioned under the mandate of the Congregational Resources Board. Block has been the leading minister at the Morden Bergthaler Church since 1979. He was ordained to the Christian ministry in 1959 by the Vancouver Mennonite Mission Church, now Mountainview Mennonite Church. He served that congregation as pastor until mid-1967, when he accepted a call from Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Block and his family lived in Mussoorie, India from 1976-79, where he served as chaplain and teacher in Woodstock School under the Commission on Overseas Mission of the General Conference Mennonite Church. Block holds degrees from Canadian Mennonite Bible College (1955), Bethel College (1956), Mennonite Biblical Seminary (1959), and has studied at a graduate level at the University of Winnipeg.



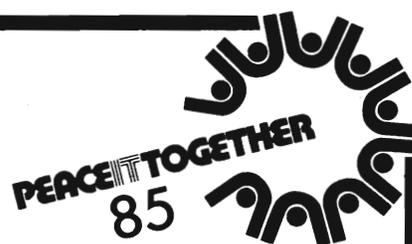
Arnold Dyck Subskription

Für die Neuausgabe der Werke Arnold Dycks ist eine Subskription bekanntgegeben worden. Für den ersten Band der Ausgabe, der im Frühling d.J. erscheinen soll, und der den Roman *Verloren in der Steppe* enthält, ist der Sonderpreis \$25.00. Der Band wird ca. 400 Seiten stark sein und ausserdem ein autobiographisches Manuskript und bisher unveröffentlichte Bilder erhalten. Die komplette Ausgabe, die in einer beschränkten Auflage erscheinen wird, kann mit \$100 (Can.) zugleich reserviert und bezahlt werden. Man wende sich an: Arnold Dyck edition, c/o Ken Reddig, M.B. Archives, 77 Henderson Hwy., Winnipeg.

Al Doerksen has joined the staff of MEDA in Winnipeg on a half-time basis. Al and his family returned to Winnipeg last August from a three-year term in Calcutta as country representative for Mennonite Central Committee. Al and his wife Agatha also operate Menno Travel Service in Winnipeg. They have two daughters, Susan and Alison.



Ed Franz of Boissevain, is beginning a one-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment at Winnipeg, Man. Franz will be working as the assistant director in MCC Canada's Mediation Services. Franz previously served with MCC in Warburg, Alta. He received a diploma in Christian education from Elim Bible Institute in Altona, where he was last employed as maintenance and residence resource person. Franz is a member of the Whitewater Mennonite Church in Boissevain. His parents are Margaret and Peter Franz of Boissevain.



"POLITICS and MORALITY"

Resources

- **ADOLF ENS**; Professor at
Canadian Mennonite Bible College

- **BILL JANZEN**; Director,
MCC Ottawa Office

- **An evening of DRAMA**

MARCH 8-10, 1985

*A Conference for Mennonite Youth
Senior High and College Age*

CMBC

CANADIAN MENNONITE BIBLE COLLEGE
600 Shaftesbury Blvd. Winnipeg, Man. R3P 0M4



Bach

**A GLORIOUS CELEBRATION
OF BACH'S MUSIC, WITH
350 PERFORMERS AND
OUTSTANDING SOLOISTS!**

Sunday, March 10, 8 PM

Winnipeg Youth Orchestra under Carlyle Wilson/Suites #2 in B Minor & #3 in D Major, plus smaller works. Young United Church

Friday, March 15, 8 PM

Chamber music, including Italian Concerto with Eric Lussier and selected lute pieces with Richard Burleson. Young United Church

Sunday, March 24, 8 PM

The Mass in B Minor Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir, Henry Engbrecht, conducting. Young United Church

Sunday, March 31, 3 PM

The Passion According to St. Matthew The Mennonite Oratorio Choir, George Wiebe, conducting. Centennial Concert Hall

PLUS:

Two public talks with musical examples. Wednesday, March 13, 8 PM, at St. Stephens' Broadway Church: Leonard Isaacs & Henry Engbrecht on The Mass in B Minor. Wednesday, March 27, 8 PM, at CMBC: George Wiebe on the St. Matthew Passion.

JOIN THE CELEBRATION!

Bach Pass to all 6 events:

Adults: \$24 - Senior/Student: \$18

Individual Tickets also available.

CBO: 475-9055 ATO: 942-2421

Information: The Swan 772-6747

1985 WINNIPEG
BACH FESTIVAL

Mediation as a way to reduce conflict

You get a phone call. "It's Ed, from Mediation Services". You remember Ed. You mediated with him one bitter cold January night. The case which we were to mediate that night involved two old friends who had had a falling out to the point where one had pressed assault charges against the other. The complainant arrived on time, but not the defendant. When you couldn't contact the latter by phone, the complainant offered to lead you to him. You agreed, and were soon lost in a maze of apartments along Grant Avenue, as this fellow led you from one apartment to another. You actually found the defendant, who informed you that he wasn't available for mediation on that night, thank you very much, but did agree to meet with the complainant on another night.

"Hi Ed, how are you?"

"Fine thanks, how are you Paul? Uhhhhhhhhh, say, Paul, how would you like to mediate tomorrow night?"

"I think I'm free, Ed. What's up?"

This time he tells you that it's a traffic case. One motorist felt that he'd been cut off by another, pulled him over to the side of the road, opened his car door, gave him a thorough shaking, and slugged him. Charges were laid. Now, both parties have agreed to come to mediation services.

Somehow, before you arrive, you always conjure up these images, of these people, on the basis of those brief descriptions of what has transpired. They must be rather large, and of a violent disposition; scarred perhaps. But they never quite live up to your expectations. In fact, they tend to seem all too human. Perhaps it's the setting. A quiet sort of room, with comfortable chairs, a tasteful hanging on one wall and bookshelves along two others. Coffee is brewing in a pot in the corner.

For whatever reason, the people to be mediated are always rather quiet when they first come in. You and your fellow

mediator introduce yourselves (Mediators always work in pairs). You get the people to make themselves comfortable; find themselves a place to sit. You offer them coffee. Make small talk for a few minutes, and then begin.

You explain the basic rules of mediation:

1. The mediators are there, not to pass judgment, not to decide who is right or wrong, not to reach an agreement for them . . . but to help **them** to reach an agreement. And you will remain neutral in the process.

2. Whatever is said in a mediation session is completely confidential. You will be taking notes during the meeting, but these will be destroyed as soon as it is over.

You go on to explain the procedure that will be followed: Each party will have the chance to tell his or her side of the story. Without interruption by the other. You will go on from there to try to identify the most important issues, and then work toward some kind of agreement.

You get someone to start. And then, after a moment's hesitation, the stories will usually come bursting forth. The one who has started blurts out his story. There is anger, righteousness, outrage, . . . defensiveness. When the stories have been told, the mediators ask the complainant and the perpetrator to go over what seem to be the most salient points. Once the key issues have been identified, the actual down-to-earth bargaining takes place until an agreement is reached.

All this is of course easier said than done. However, mediation services has a remarkable success rate. During one recent three-month period, agreements were achieved in 90 percent of the cases that were mediated. The real work is done by the regular staff. They must obtain referrals, from the police, the courts, and various other sources. Then

the people involved must be contacted, and a meeting arranged. Making these arrangements may take many phone calls, and much explaining, cajoling, encouraging and so on. So, it's the volunteers who come in once all this work and preparation has been done, and get the glory of seeing the case through to its successful conclusion; an agreement which leaves both complainants and perpetrators better off than they were when they arrived, and, more often than not, with a much better feeling toward one another than they came in with.

The fact is that there is a real need for something like mediation services in modern urban society. In the smaller communities, the towns and villages from which we've all come more or less recently, members of the community would resolve their differences in a very similar way. Often there would be a village elder to whom other members of the community could go for help with their disputes. Sometimes a neighbor would help out. If there was a police force in the community, its officers were usually members of the community themselves. If a crime was committed, they would know those involved, and would often themselves act to achieve some kind of reconciliation, rather than having to press formal charges.

In the modern urban environment, law enforcement has for the most part become highly impersonal. The police officer must "go by the book," as he arrests perpetrators who are strangers to

him, and proceeds to have charges laid. Both complainants and defendants find themselves in court, which operates on the basis of an adversarial model. If the defendant is found guilty, he will be fined or sent to prison. The complainant may get some small satisfaction from "seeing justice done," if by justice we mean only punishment. But the net result is a further rending in the fabric of the community. Certainly not a healing.

Mediation provides an alternative to this harsh and impersonal system. It offers people who find themselves in conflict with one another the chance to genuinely resolve their conflict and perhaps to gain a better understanding and respect for the person with whom they were in conflict. If a mediation is successful, then a contribution has been made toward the equilibrium of the community which, as has been amply demonstrated, is never achieved through the imposition of fines or prison terms.

mm



Stran
STEEL BUILDING SYSTEMS
AUTHORIZED
BUILDER

**CENTRAL CANADIAN
STRUCTURES LTD.**



**ON TIME
ON BUDGET**

FULL PROFESSIONAL SERVICE FOR
COMMERCIAL, RECREATIONAL &
INDUSTRIAL APPLICATIONS

**2245 MCGILLIVRAY BLVD.
FORT WHYTE, MANITOBA
WINNIPEG**

895-1200

KRAHN'S AUDIO & VIDEO LTD.

SALES — SERVICE — RENTALS

COLOR TV and VIDEO RCA — HITACHI

STEREO EQUIPMENT

VHS — MOVIE RENTALS

MICROWAVE OVENS

Phone: 338-0319
1143 Henderson Hwy.
Winnipeg, MB
R2G 1L5

****ANNUITIES**

***DISABILITY**

*** LIFE**

*** FIRE**

*** TRAVEL**



**P. J. THIESSEN
INSURANCE AGENCY**

1228-1660 Henderson
Winnipeg R2G 1H7
339-7302

OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT · SAVING YOU MORE

SHOP AT ECONOTEX FOR HOME-SEWING NEEDS

REMNANTS
By the Pound

FABRICS
By the Metre

PATTERNS

THREAD

ZIPPERS

WAREHOUSE DIRECT SAVINGS

Also conveniently located at
2044 NESS AVE.
388-1565

ECONOMY TEXTILE

Main Store 1021 PACIFIC **786-4081**



VISA

WINNIPEG



Sharing the world of one's youth with astonishing poetic intensity

a review by Andre Oberle

Sara Stambaugh. *I Hear the Reaper's Song: A Novel*. Intercourse: Good Books, 1984. Hardcover with Dust-jacket, 217 pages, \$12.95 (in Canada \$17.95).

In her promising first novel Sara Stambaugh skilfully tells the story of a small Mennonite community in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in 1896. The events are related by Silas Hershey, an old man now living in a home for the aged, who reminisces about some events in his youth. In his easygoing, unpretentious and often rambling manner, paying attention to every small detail, Silas informs us of the events that lead up to the terrible accident which kills his sister Barbie and her friend Enos when their buggy is hit by a train on a dangerous railway crossing. He tells us about the daily routine, the hard work and the small but cherished rewards, the family life and the spiritual activities on his father's farm. He does so in an evocative and poignant way that permits the reader to become part of the world he describes.

It is a troubled time with social and political change in the air that reaches even the Hersheys in their isolated community. There are serious problems in the church as well with new ideas of reform coming in from the outside which frighten and confuse many people and threaten to split up families. The revivalist movement, promoted by the "Western preachers" sweeps the small community. Preachers like Steiner, Coffman, Amos Wenger and Sam Yoder visit the church to give fiery sermons and often circumvent the cumbersome rules by preaching in private homes to urge the members of the flock to turn their backs on worldliness and commit themselves in Christ.

The movement really catches on locally after the train accident which kills Barbie and Enos. Neither Barbie nor her friend Enos had been received into the

church prior to their death. What makes the matter worse to the preachers is the fact that they were on their way home from a party. The local bishop and the visiting preachers all capitalize on these facts to show their flocks what worldliness and a lack of piety will lead to. Much to the disgust of Silas and to the agony of his family, the clergy vividly paint a gruesome picture of Barbie and Enos burning in the flames of hell. In a surge of emotionalism, of fear and guilt, a huge wave of conversions takes place causing unrest and stress within the families. The question of the "right way" to find salvation becomes an everyday conversation topic and the source of many violent arguments.

Silas' story, to be sure, is not a romantic one. His reminiscences are full of irony and dominated by his disapproval of the hypocrisy he sees around him. His thoughts are reproduced in the conversational tone of an old-timer who is little concerned with impeccable grammar and good style. He simply has an important story to tell that has become quite clear to him. He delights in lovingly examining the smallest detail from every angle. The author is to be

especially lauded for the fact that the atmosphere of the place and the emotions of the people involved reach us with a startling immediacy. Silas observes simply through his senses and appeals to ours. He does not preach because he feels that the story's morals are obvious. Yet, even his simple style is capable of reaching astonishing poetic intensity. It must be admitted that the story is often sentimental. But the reader will readily forgive the author for this, grateful for having been allowed to share the world of Silas Hershey so vividly.

I Hear the Reaper's Song is a most interesting story, well told, and certainly worthwhile reading. The novel deals with issues that are as important today as they were nearly a hundred years ago while permitting us to witness life in a small Mennonite community in the past. It is sure to appeal to a wide audience.

Andre Oberle is Associate Professor of German at the University of Winnipeg.

Tours Available From Menno Travel Service

1. **CBMC Tours to London/Peebles, Scotland/Europe** in conjunction with international CBMC Convention. April 12-22, 1985 or April 12-May 3, 1985. Hosts: David E. Redekop and Marvin Wall.
2. **Inside China** including Hong Kong, Beijing, Inner Mongolia, Lanzhou. May 24-June 15, 1985 with Garnet Jenkins.
3. **USSR** including Moscow, Kiev, Kharkov, Zaporozhye, Alma Ata, Leningrad. June 30-July 24, 1985 with Wm. Dueck.
4. **Eastern Europe** including Poland, Hungary, Austria and Czechoslovakia with C. J. Rempel — July 1985.

Plus numerous other tour and holiday packages.

Contact:



MENNO TRAVEL SERVICE (1984) LTD

305-171 Donald St
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3C 1M4 Ph. (204) 943-9935

A work of fiction with frayed seams

a review by Helmut-Harry Loewen

Maurice Mierau, known in Winnipeg for his poetry readings and performances, attempts in his first published book to recreate fictionally the life and art of Charles Parker, Jr. (1920-1955), the famous black American jazz musician. The "novella," as the booklet is subtitled, is loosely structured into five parts, each of which is further subdivided into brief chapters. Each part of the book offers stories recounted by various narrators. Parts I and V are told by a fellow jazz player, "Dizzy" Gillespie, who, in tones much like those of the accompanying narrators, spends an inordinate amount of time telling of Parker's many flights of intoxication, seductions of innumerable women, and his general contempt for the conventions of white, bourgeois America. Part II, told by Parker himself, attempts "to expose the pack of lies my friend Dizzy told you" (p. 30). Part III, potentially the most interesting section of the book, offers a fictional account of the friendship between Parker and the Spanish writer Federico Garcia Lorca. Part IV, entitled "My Story," offers a brief, two-page chapter of musings, presumably those of the author.

While it is clear that what this novella presents is not an historically accurate biography of Parker (and indeed, this need not be the case, since writers often refashion facts in accordance with some artistic aim), it is not clear to readers to what extent Mierau's piece even constitutes a work of fiction. The style in which this booklet is written rarely leaves the level of a rather mundane and monochrome discursive tone. In describing Parker's personality, Gillespie says: "He was happy and happy-go-lucky, most of the time; musicians are friendly people, and naturally there are a lot of temptations on the road for a happy, friendly, extremely talented, ex-

tremely horny young black man who's never seen the city." (p. 24) The prolific use of profane expletives will also not do the trick of correcting the one-dimensionality in which this story is cast.

In terms of the booklet's structure it is often unclear how the various pieces are conjoined, save by the univocal narrative voice that is present in each section. Surely a piece of writing which utilizes various narrators must somehow, from the structure of the sentences to the resonance of its fictional tone, distinguish one narrative position from the other. The story told by Lorca, however, sounds very much like the diction of the other narrators. No attempt has been made to give cues to the reader that different voices are at work in this piece.

Finally, it is not evident to what extent this work constitutes a "novella," as its author claims. Does he mean by that designation that his piece is merely a short novel? This clearly cannot be the case, for length has never been a decisive determinant in the classification of a literary piece as a "novella." Indeed, a novella is usually understood in terms of structural features and especially with reference to some sudden shift (*Wendepunkt*) in the course of the narrated ac-

tion. The features that characterize a novella are not evident in this piece with its linear, though multiply narrated storylines.

The book thus frustrates what could have been fruitful and aesthetically satisfying theme. It will disappoint readers who expected more and surely deserve better writing from the pen of one who has written and published some significant poetry (see *Prairie Fire*, Winter 1985, pp. 75-76). The book leaves the impression of having been hastily patched together from the thinnest of threads. At least ten typographical errors and a missing word (p. 58) add to the sense of an all-too-quick execution. A literary text is something more than diverse shreds of narrative pieced together in an *ad hoc* manner. Successful texts are woven in such a manner as to convey to readers that a writer, sure of his craft and in control of his otherwise interesting material, was at work, that from disparate strands some kind of artistic unity will emerge. *Charlie Parker's Birdland*, however, comes apart at the seams, leaving both it and its readers frayed.

Maurice Mierau, *Charlie Parker's Birdland: A Novella* (Winnipeg: Boke Books, 1984), 68 pages, Paperback.

It's **FAST** Insurance Services Ltd.

1115 St. Mary's Rd. at Beliveau Ave.

Telephone: 256-4051 257-1969

Move into the **FAST** Lane for
Your 1985  Renewal
Easy to Find — Easy to Park

Special Autopac Hours

8:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. — Monday to Friday

February 15-28, 1985 Saturday 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

You Will Enjoy Dealing With Us —
If You Haven't Been Here Before — Try US!

Meet the Staff



Marion Fast



Harry Fast
Authorized Autopac Agent



Joan Friesen

Think **AUTOPAC**

Think **FAST**

THIS ADVERTISING MATERIAL ISSUED BY THE ABOVE AGENT

Robert Shaw Concert a Triumph

a review by Al Reimer

Seminar Festival Chorus and Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, Robert Shaw conducting, in a choral concert at Centennial Concert Hall, January 25, 1985.

Every once in a while a concert audience is rewarded with a performance that soars beyond the usual plateaus of aesthetic enjoyment to a more rarified level, a performance that reaches the mountaintop, the summit of musical experience. That rare experience was afforded to almost 2,000 lucky listeners at the choral concert conducted by the eminent choral conductor Robert Shaw in late January at Winnipeg's Centennial Concert Hall. This reviewer has seen standing ovations at the Concert Hall before, but never accompanied by such enthusiastic shouting and cheering. And from what was, presumably, a sedate, largely Mennonite audience at that!

Implausibly, at the invitation of Winnipeg's two Mennonite colleges, the legendary choral maestro had come to Winnipeg in the dead of winter to conduct a mass student choir (augmented by singers from several other provinces) in two of the great religious choral works — Bach's Cantata No. 4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, and Brahms' *German Requiem*. It was almost as unlikely an event as the Pope coming to Winnipeg, or as wishfulfilling as Wayne Gretzky leading the Winnipeg Jets to a Stanley Cup.

If Maestro Shaw had any reservations before he came about putting his reputation on the line in this northern outpost, he certainly didn't seem to have any once he began rehearsals. In a press conference before the concert he expressed the opinion that he had never worked with a finer-sounding group of amateur singers anywhere, that their voices blended so homogeneously they sounded as though they were all "cousins," and that he was impressed with the "seamless" range of sound they produced.

A touch of gracious flattery from a generous conductor — yes. But the youthful choir did in fact sing as though

they were one multi-faceted voice and musical soul for the unassuming but authoritative giant of a man who conducted them. They sang as if they had been singing for Robert Shaw all their lives. The seamless garment of sound they produced shimmered with a subtle range of colors and textures. Never have I heard this Mennonite college choir perform with such a smoothly integrated range of dynamics and shading.

Shaw is not an overpowering conductor, but he was clearly in command every second. And his authority had been established in the rehearsal hall, one felt. His attention to nuances of interpretation and close detail work is legendary, and he demonstrated it again here. The opening Bach cantata was given a carefully etched performance by a choir of 70 voices accompanied by a small string section.

The all-around purity of tone in the choir was remarkable, with the pace solemn and deliberate but never lax or nerveless. It was perhaps a little subdued in mood, but that may be a matter of personal taste. The women's section showed particularly good balance and sustained legato singing in Verse 2. The men came into their own with some fine work in Verses 3 and 5, the latter bringing out some resonant low bass sound. And it certainly did not hurt the men's section to have accomplished solo singers like Victor Engbrecht and Phil Enns Jr. standing in the front row.

The Bach, good as it was, only heightened expectations for the Brahms Requiem with full mass choir and orchestra in the second half. And the massive choir of over 250 singers more than met those expectations. The sheer massed volume of sound — without any forcing or high-voice distortion whatever — was breathtaking from beginning to end of this deeply moving oratorio. The German Requiem has none of the traditional "Dies Irae" drama, the excruciating agony of the last judgment, in it. Instead it has a sombre, profoundly moving evocation of the mystery and ephemerality of human life in "Denn alles Fleisch ist wie

Gras," and the compassionate consolation of the soprano solo "Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit," completed by the hushed, triumphant acceptance of the final "Selig sind die Toten."

There were many other splendid effects in this exemplary reading of the Brahms work. The winsome and beautifully controlled singing, for example, of "Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen," with its graceful melody, supported here by some fine playing in the strings. And the overwhelming forte exultation of "Tod, wo ist dein Stachel?" and the rest of that mighty chorus. Seldom have I heard the WSO so perfectly integrated with the choral sound as on this occasion. It was deeply satisfying ensemble work throughout.

The soloists — Henriette Schellenberg, soprano, and William Reimer, baritone — added further lustre to this great performance. William Reimer's bright well-focused baritone is in superb estate still, although I seem to recall that years ago it had a deeper bass-baritone quality. Reimer's style is warm, intense and worshipful, and he sang his two solos faultlessly. This fine artist was well worth importing from Germany for this special performance. And how proud we should be that we can claim Henriette Schellenberg as one of our own. The velvety sheen of her voice seems to get richer with time and the passionate sincerity of her singing carries ever more conviction. Her singing of "Ihr habt nun Traurigkeit" went straight to the heart and formed a special moment in this memorable concert.

A great deal of preliminary work had been put into this concert by local conductors George Wiebe, John Martens and Bill Baerg, and Maestro Shaw showed his gratitude by bringing them onstage for several curtain calls. The orchestra and organist also shared the honors with the choir and soloists.

No one who was there is likely to forget the evening Robert Shaw inspired a Mennonite choir to heights it had not scaled before and that few amateur choirs ever achieve. **mm**

A tragedy that touched all, and reminded us that they are all our children

by Leslie Hughes

It was not, even for a moment, a big story. The national media never noticed it. As far as the rest of the country was concerned, you could even say Candace Derksen was "just another missing kid."

But from the first day Candace went missing . . . a little girl carrying her books and her clarinet home from school . . . everybody in Winnipeg cared. The little girl to whom Cliff and Wilma Derksen have said goodbye was, for the last eight weeks, everybody's daughter.

But why? After all, as we learned with some shock, there were 76 other children already missing in Winnipeg and 1,200 across Canada. We scarcely knew their names or stories. Why did this one child touch us so deeply?

Some will say because she went missing at Christmas, easily the most emotional time of year. We all identified and rued the misery of a family broken and confused at such a time.

The cynics will explain that Candace Derksen was white and middle class, so the police and media were more interested.

Perhaps. But perhaps the explanation is more complex and more simple.

Certainly we did respond to the season, and to the sheer symbolism of an innocent child wandering . . . who knew where? . . . lost in what can be a brutal society.

But I think this city of half a million people reacted to the disappearance and anguished search for Candace as one large family because her smaller community did it first.

On November 30, when her footsteps simply disappeared in the snow, the reaction was intense and immediate. The search was on within two hours. Classmates at MBCI knocked on doors and thousands of bright orange posters asked us at the gas station, the dry cleaners, the pizza place, "Have you seen Candace?"

There was the reward of \$2,000; her name was added to the list of missing kids on North American alert; and Mennonite congregations across western Canada prayed for her.

And all the time, we waited with the family. And waited. And waited.

And then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the hope, the tenacity, the superhuman search was over. Our lost child was found dead, just 500 meters from her own front door. Like thousands of other Winnipeggers, I breathed a sorrowful sigh of relief. At least she'd been found, and throughout it all, it had been so bitterly cold.

For the seven missing weeks, a touching picture of Candace Derksen's community had developed. It was clear that where she lived, one young life was desperately important. The family cared, the school cared, the church, the police. No one was willing to give up or let go. Here was a quiet world so peacefully intact that innocent death seemed even more cruel, and so even the normally uncaring have paid attention.

The Derksen family has expressed heartfelt thanks for that attention, but they have asked for much more. Even in their new grief, they have stunned many by saying no to bitterness and tears.

They've asked us to remember one lost child by caring about all the other missing sons and daughters, to help them establish a Child Find organiza-

tion in Winnipeg. They've asked us to love our children and keep our families strong. They believe, somehow, this will ease their pain.

Yesterday, when Candace Derksen was buried, this was hard to understand, though in time, it may prove to be true. But even yesterday, we in Winnipeg knew one thing better than we knew it before, and we cannot know it too well.

Every child in our lives is invaluable, and they are all our sons and daughters. Yes, every one.

Prepared for CBC Radio and reprinted from the *Winnipeg Sun*.



CAMBRIAN EXCAVATORS

EXCAVATION
SEWER + WATER
CONCRETE BREAKING

EQUIPMENT RENTALS

233-8033
1333 DUGALD RD.

Pembina Insurance Services

Fast Friendly
AUTOPAK Renewal

284 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, MB
R3L 2P5
Ph: 452-4913

Offering Quality Insurance

Oom Isaak Ditjen

fonn Victor Peters

Onkel Joap Happna

Enn Russlaunt wea Oom Isaak Eltesta. Etj docht donn daud Oom Isaak ojefää toodjlitj mett'm leewen Gott opp'e Welt jekoamen wea, enn aus de leewe Gott säd "Dass alle Welt getauft werde,"

donn meend hee daud wea Oom Isaak sien Job. Awahaupt docht etj de leewe Gott litjent Oom Isaak. Se wearen beid groot enn stoatj, kunnen earnest sennen oba uck goot Spos fedroagen.

Wann Oom Isaak derjch Nie-Chortitz nom Nippa jintj, dann wearen soogoa de Goaschthammels opp'e Gauss ontlijch. Fäle Manna enn Nie-Chortitz wearen Eewafoarasch. Doa wearen aum Nippa Eewa ene gauntse Reaj Lomme, groote Kons, enn wann irjent wää no Staut wull, dann feade se dem äwa dem Nippa. Wann Lied mett'm Foatijch no Staut wullen, dann foare see bat daud groote Russedarp Rosmowstje enn naumen de Dub (soo nand wie den Proam). Oba de measchte Lied jinjen too Foot bat'm Nippa, enn foaren mett eenem Eewafoare opp siene Lomm.

Wann soo'ne Eewafoarasch nijch kratjt opp'm Riwa wearen, dann saute se aum Eewa enne Rund, spälden Koaten, hauden auf enn too enn Schnaups, enn fetalde sijch Jeschijchten. Miene Mutta säd dann too mie: "Du kaunst boaden goanen, oba nijch doa mett de Eewafoarasch setten. Dee äre Räd ess nuscht fe junge Junges."

Oba bie die Eewafoarasch setten enn oppschnacken jintj mie kratjt goot. Natierlijch enn Enjstje auf fonn an. Wann wie Benjels to dijchbie kaumen, dann säde de Eewafoarasch: "Na waut well jie junge Schnätjasch!" Daud wea oba tjeene Froag. Daud meend: "Wajch met jünt!" Wann wie dann nijch riemden, dann kunn uck eena fonn an sajen: "Saul etj metthalpen!"

Oba wann Oom Isaak febiekaum, leete se ons toch; enn fetalden Oom Isaak wowa daud Wota aum deepsten wea, wowa de baste Fesch wearen, enn woo schwind Wellm Rampel äwasatten kunn. Wellm Rampel wea soo groot aus Oom Isaak selwst. Wann dee sijch enne Roadels läd enn eena enne Loom saut enn de Haund em Wota stoak, dann reet de Nippa eanem bie heptjeshoa (soo wudd Hermaun Rampel sajen) de Haund auf, soo ruscheld Wellm Rampel mett'm Kon äwarem Woata.

Soo aus etj säd, wann Oom Isaak doabie wea, dann räde de Eewafoarasch soo aus wann se donn aul fonn Billy Graham jeheat hauden.

Oom Isaak kaum han enn hea uck no ons, wiels miene Grootmutta haud aulahaund Bätja jeläsen. Fonn Lavata, Bettex, Thomas a Kempis, John Bunjan en Milton mett sienem Paradies. Wann

Zur Diskussion

Die Stillen im Lande? Gedanken zum Theaterstück

von Victor Doerksen

Als Student in Deutschland erlebte ich einen Vortrag des MCC Vertreters, Peter Dyck, der mit der oben erwähnten Frage begann. Sozusagen als Antwort auf die Frage nahm Dyck den Märtyrerspiegel in die Hand und liess das dicke Buch auf den Fussboden fallen. Der Knall blieb nicht aus, auch beim Publikum (man stelle sich ein deutsches Gemeindepublikum vor!), und damit hatte Peter Dyck auch seine Frage beantwortet: die „Stillen im Lande“ seien eben nicht still gewesen, wenigstens nicht am Anfang.

Das Stück, *Quiet In The Land*, zeigt auch auf seine Art eine Ironie auf, wenn der Zuschauer miterleben muss, wie die friedliebende und suchende kleine Gruppe das Gegenteil findet, eben deshalb, weil sie sich so sehr auf die Absonderung ausrichtet. Aber zwischen beiden Fällen ist ein grosser Unterschied!

Die Täufer des 16. Jahrhunderts wurden verfolgt, weil sie alles andere als ‚still‘ waren. Sie sprachen vor und mit, in Zürich und anderswo, auch in sogenannten ‚politischen‘ Angelegenheiten. Aber, es dauerte nicht lange und die Überlebenden mussten sich aus dem Gefecht ziehen und sehen, dass sie womöglich noch mit dem Leben davorkämen. Dann allerdings sind sie in

vielen Fällen zu ‚Stille im Lande‘ (wenn überhaupt auffindbar) geworden.

Nun sehen wir, wie eine solche Gruppe, die schon von lange her nichts als Absonderung kennt, mit einer ein- und zudringlichen Welt fertigzuwerden sucht. Sehr gekonnt und vielleicht etwas überwältigend hat das Manitoba Theater Centre uns diese kleine Welt dargeboten. Man muss dankbar anerkennen, dass das Stück von Ann Chislett nicht im Klischee aufgeht, sondern eine lebende, lachende und weinende Wirklichkeit zeigt, wenn auch begrenzt.

Aber das Hauptanliegen ist klar: das Problem steht im Vordergrund. Wie soll eine kleine Gruppe sich halten, auch wenn sie für ein grosses Prinzip steht? Steht ihr die Absonderung nicht gerade bei dieser grossen Aufgabe im Wege? Darüber werden wir Mennoniten, die wir meistens schon von einer solchen Problematik mehr oder weniger weit entfernt sind, verschiedene Gedanken haben. Im Stück macht sich Ann Chislett (durch ihre Amishleute) über die Mennoniten lustig. Zu recht! Wir sind vielleicht der beste Beweis für die These des Stückes, *Quiet In The Land*, nämlich, dass ein solcher Versuch letztenendes scheitern muss.

mm

Oom Isaak enn miene Grootmutta sijch doräwa fetalden schlitjt etj mie rüt. Daut wea lang nijch soo interessaunt aus aum Nippa.

Jenoach, eeja wie no Amerikau reisen, besocht wie noch Oom Isaak. Dee wond enn Oolt-Chortitz. Oolt-Chortitz haud Schoolen enn Fabritjen, daut wea nijch soon Darp aus Nie-Chortitz, wowa wie bloss eene Windmäl enn eene Eelprass hauden.

Enn Amerikau aunjekoamen reisid wie auf no Winjkla, wiels doa Grootmutta äre jingste Dochta wond. Dee wearen doa aul aune 23 häjekoamen. Mien Onkel oabeid emm Stua enn haud sijch een Hüstje jekoft. (Too dee Tiet haud uck jieda Hüstje enn Hiestje, oba daut jeheat nijch too de Jeschijcht.) Foats äware Mestgauss wond Onkel Joap Happna.

Too dee Tiet haud Jiedamaun enn Winjkla wenijstens eene Koo, etj jleew sogoa Dokta Wiebe. Jieda Hoff haud uck eanen Staul, enn doa musst jieda Dach ütjemest woaren. Die Mest wort opp'e Mestgauss jeschmäten. Dee Mestgauss wea eene kjeene Gauss teschen twee groote Gaussen.

Onkel Happna wond hinjen äware Mestgauss. Wie wearen noch mau groats aujekoamen, donn kaum uck aul

Onkel Happna ons too bejreesen. Doabie gauf hee miene Grootmutta eenen Kuss.

Daut wea oba nijch wiels miene Grootmutta Wätfrü wea, enn Onkel Happna schlapte se uck nijch ferre Jemeent. Daut wea wiels miene Grootmutta Kaumpna wea.

Miene Grootmutta wea eene Hilbrauntsdochta, oba nijch billewautfäre Hilbraunts. See wea fonn dee Happnaschlienje. De Happnaschlienje kaum fonn dem Deputäden Happna, dee de Mennonieten fonn Preissen no Russlaunt jetobbat haud. Dee haud sijch dann eene Wirtschoft opp'e Kaump jebüt. Dee Kaump wea eene Insel medden emm Nippa, 7 Miel lang enn 2 Miel breed. Enn kratjt opp disse Insel wea miene Grootmutta jeboren. Enn lota sogoa enn Kanada wull see Friedach Feschsupp haben, kratjt soo aus se daut opp'e Kaump jehaut hauden. Enn Onkel Joap Happna wea uck enn Kaumpna; hee wea uck opp'e Insel jeboren, haud aus Benjel emm Nippa jefesch; en hilt uck noch emma opp Feschsupp. Enn nü wort fomm Nippa fetalt. Doa fejeit nijch een Dach, säd Onkel Happna, woo etj nijch aum Nippa dentj, en doabie wea hee aul 50 Joa wajch.

Ferreacht wear etj fonn Onkel Happna enn bät enteischt. Hee sach gaunts aundasch üt aus Oom Isaak. He wea een tjleena Maun. Wann hee enne Kjotj eene Predijcht aunfong dann säd hee daut uck: "Ich bin nur ein kleines

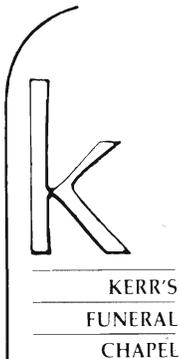
Männlein, ein geringer Diener des Herrn." Oba daut diad nijch lang donn kjreach etj Respatjt fe Onkel Happna.

Wann Oom Isaak en Russlaunt Eltesta wea äwa aule dietsche Menschen (büta de Moloschna, Breedajemeenta enn Hoagdietsche), dann wea Onkel Joap Happna Eltesta äwa gaunts Manitoba (büta Jantsieda, Breedejemeenta enn dee Lutherauna enn Roosenfeld). Too dee Tiet wearen aule dietsche Mensche fonn Haulfstaut enn Strassburg bat Morden, en felleijcht sogoa wieda, aules Barjchtola.

Freeja wea Onkel Happna de gauntse Jemeent mett'm Buggy befoaren. Enn diss kjeena Maun hilt gaunts Sied-Manitoba enn Schach. Woarom etj oba fe Onkel Happna Respatjt kjreach wea daut hee sijch eenen niejen Ford toojelajcht haud, eene Gardinenkoa. Enn wann etj am dann soo hoach hinjarem Stia sach dann docht etj: De rusche Kjaisa ess doot, Lenin lijcht uck müstjestell enn reat sijch nijch, oba Onkel Happna sett steil aus enn Heista enn kijtjt enne Welt nenn.

Winjkla haft eenen schmocken Kjotjhoff. Nijch wiet auf fonnenaunda lidjen doa twee Kaumpna begroft. Opp eenem Steen sajcht't: Sarah Siemens, geb. Hildebrandt, von der Insel Chortitza, 1860-1934; opp'm aunden sajchtet: Ältester Jakob Hoepfner, 1850-1936. Oom Isaak Dyck (1847-1929) lijcht oba wiet auf fonn siene Frind. Dee ess enn Russlaunt emm Oolen-Chortitz begroft.

**Kerr
owned and
managed since
1887**



120 ADELAIDE STREET
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3A 0W4
CHAPEL OFFICE 943-6688

Lovers of Low German! You Can't Be Without

The second, greatly enlarged and enriched edition of
Herman Rempel's Low German Dictionary

For the first time:

- **More than 12,000 entries**
- **Double language:** Plautdietsch to English and English to Plautdietsch
- Following the new standardized orthography.



Order now from: your local bookstore

or Herman Rempel, Box 901, Morden, Manitoba R0G 1J0
or The Mennonite Literary Society, Inc., 203-818 Portage Ave., Winnipeg,
Manitoba R3G 0N4 Ph. 786-2289

Individual Price: \$13.95 (add \$1.00 for postage and handling). \$11.00 (U.S.)

Die Mennonites

Vor ein paar Jahren erschien im deutschsprachigen *Kanada Kurier* ein eigentümliches Gedicht mit dem Titel: „Die Mennonites“ und dieses geniale Gemisch aus Deutsch/Englisch wurde irgendeinem unbekanntem Autor zugeschrieben, der es angeblich vor etwa zehn Jahren geschrieben haben sollte.

Dieser Druck gibt Anlass darauf hinzuweisen, dass es schon immer solche ‚Randerscheinungen‘ gegeben hat, d.h. Gedichte oder andere Texte, die einen Gegenstand beschreiben — manchmal auch sehr genau — aber von nirgends herkommen scheinen. Sie heissen dann ‚Anonym‘.

Aber für diesen Fall gibt es eine Aufklärung. Das Gedicht „Die Mennonites“ wurde von dem bekannten Chirurg, Helmut T. Huebert, ‚gedichtet‘ und in seinem Blatt AION (Journal of Cogitation) in der Zweiten Nummer, August, 1960, veröffentlicht. Diese Zeitschrift erhielt sich einige Jahre lang und in ihr sind Aufsätze von verschiedensten Autoren erschienen. (Z.B. Frank H. Epp, Herbert Giesbrecht, John E. Toews, David D. Duerksen, Abraham Friesen, uam.)

Im Original erschien der Gedichttext wie folgt:

Die Mennonites

Wo immer man nur looked und geht
Der Mennonite vor einem steht;
Zur right und left und up and down
Man sieht die Mennonites in town.

Die Mennonites sind everywhere,
Sind auf die ground und in die air;
Der eine travelt auf die train,
Der eine fliegt in eine plane.
Und einer faehrt ein Model T,
Der andre sitzt in Headingly.

Die Mennonites sind auch nicht gleich,
Denn some sind arm und some sind reich;
Und some sind smart und some sind dumb,
While some sind schlecht und andre fromm.

Von Holland comen diese Leut,
Nun sind sie in die World zerstreut.
Ihr father, Menno, ist lang tot,
But yet sie tun was er gebot.
Jetzt liven sie in Canada,
In Deutschland und Siberia,
In Paraguay und auch Brazil,
Und Kansas sie schon nearly fill.

Die Mennonites, die liebt man sehr —
Some places less, und andre mehr.
In Canada und USA

Die Mennonites gehn where they may;
Doch Bruder Krushchev und his boys
Gibt viele Mennonites viel joys.

Doch eins ist sure as A B C
Das if no Mennonites should be,
Die alte World would turn no more
Weil es would lose its very core.

Bigh Lyngual.

NICK A. HILDEBRAND

B. Comm., C.A., R.I.A.

NICK A. HILDEBRAND
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT

(204) 224-3204

145 Fairview Rd.
Box 13, Group 535, RR 5
Winnipeg, Man.
R2C 2Z2



OLYMPIC BUILDING SYSTEMS LTD.

1755 DUGALD RD., WINNIPEG, MB R2J 0H3



**CALL: Henry Enns
or Peter Siemens**

BUS. PHONE: 224-4287

TOLL FREE: 1-800-665-8666

HOUSES, COTTAGES AND
WOOD BASEMENTS

Telephone: 957-0050

David G. Unruh

B.A., LL.B.

Aikins, MacAulay & Thorvaldson
Barristers & Solicitors
30th Floor, 360 Main Street
Commodity Exchange Building
Winnipeg R3C 4G1

Your Personal Financial Advisor

OFFERING YOU:

- ★ Retirement and Estate Planning
- ★ Investment for Capital Growth
- ★ Income Tax Counselling
- ★ Brokered Annuities
- ★ Life and Disability Insurance



ART KROEKER
204 Grant Park Plaza
Bus: 284-0570
Res: 269-7467

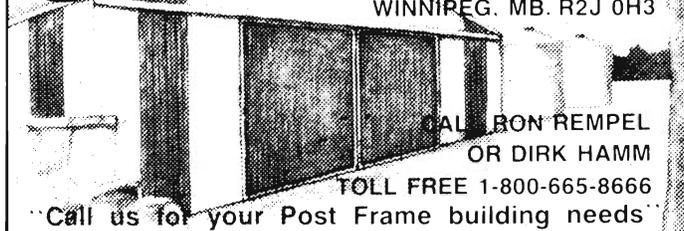
Investors

PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE



OLYMPIC BUILDING SYSTEMS LTD.

1755 DUGALD RD.
WINNIPEG, MB. R2J 0H3



**CALL: RON REMPEL
OR DIRK HAMM**

TOLL FREE 1-800-665-8666

Call us for your Post Frame building needs



MUSINGS ON MENNONITE THEOLOGY

The Mennonite sage Johannes Harder has coined the word *Theolunken* to express his feelings about those who misuse theology. For a long time, perhaps centuries, we Mennonites have had a very uneasy relationship with the "queen of the sciences," and, not knowing how to use it properly, have at times made *Theolunken* of ourselves.

Years ago this took the form of potshots which were taken at recognizable theological names, like Karl Barth or Bultmann. Even then, as a student of literary criticism, it interested me to see how such attacks were always made by means of asides or suggestions and never by a confrontation with issues.

In the last several decades there have been some important changes and several of our theological brothers have published books which not only challenge their colleagues but also their brotherhood. John Howard Yoder has argued for a radical application of the teachings of Jesus on the basis of his Anabaptist tradition. And Gordon D. Kaufman has applied his radical tradition to the methodology of the theological discipline.

Through these theological projects (as theologians refer to them) Yoder and Kaufman have entered into conversation with the other churches and the ecumenical discussion that is ongoing. They are working where, as one might say, Mennonite Avenue and Main Street converge.

What is our response to this? Well, for one thing, it is not taking long for other Mennonite theologians to come onto the scene, and already there is a lively and very encouraging inter-Mennonite discussion going on. Those of us who are not theologians can benefit much by reading these dialogues and monologues, in order to grow in our own understanding.

But it seems that in some cases the appearance of these Mennonite theologians has just allowed them to replace Barth and Bultmann as targets for innuendo. The recent paper on Mennonite Brethren and General Conference theology by Walter Unger contains some of the same kind of invective, directed at critical theology and Gordon Kaufman in particular.

What is most unfortunate in such a case (and in a paper which had some very good analysis) is that Kaufman is nei-

ther ignored nor properly addressed. Rather, he is prominently named several times, along with the fact that he holds membership in the Mennonite Church (with what that is supposed to suggest). Also, several items of traditional doctrine are specifically referred to, with a negative comment. But neither these specifics, nor the larger questions about his frame of reference are given any attention. Unger seems to think that suggestion and innuendo are sufficient to "deal with" Kaufman.

It may be that Gordon Kaufman is unpalatable to much of his brotherhood because he has, like Yoder, a radical streak in him. In his case this shows itself in his thoroughgoing critique of religious language. The Reformation removed some of the religious crutches that had been used to bolster the faith of the masses. But, as Kaufman has pointed out, idolatry is very persistent and can be a subtle and insidious sin. Kaufman's attacks on bibliolatry and other harmful attachments to comfortable but outworn language, have not been well received. Indeed, the evangelical church is very nervous about this kind of theological activity and would do well, perhaps, to reconsider the Lutheran cry: *sola fide*, by faith alone.

Even within the text of the Bible it is possible to see how the writers talk about God in the language of their own times and circumstances. There is certainly a discernible difference between the religious language of Jesus and Paul, though they are speaking about the same God.

The twentieth-century world is very different from the first century. The way we think about things is very different, as Hans Kung has recently pointed out again — our paradigm is not that of Paul, nor of Thomas Aquinas, nor Luther. We do live in a "post-critical" world, and our thinking about God and our relationship to Him should be honest in this regard.

Many persons growing up in a pietistic milieu only confront such questions rather late and often prefer to become silent non-participants rather than to "make trouble." But that is to deny the radical truth of the Gospel and its radical rediscovery by the Anabaptists. We owe a great debt to theologians like Yoder and Kaufman, whether we agree with them or not.

— Victor Doerksen

**THORNE
RIDDELL**

Chartered Accountants

Offices throughout Canada



Suite 300-386 Broadway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0A9
Telephone (204) 957-1770

International Firm:
Klynveld Main Goerdeler & Co.

William Martens

Barrister and Solicitor

137 Scott Street
(Stradbrook and Scott, 1 Block east of
Osborne)

Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3L 0K9

Telephone
475-9420



WINNIPEG WELDING SUPPLIES LTD.

45 ARCHIBALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R2J 0V7

PETER W. DOERKSEN

Business 233-3434
Residence 269-3877

Garth P. Reimer

Barrister and Solicitor

CAMPBELL, MAXWELL, and Associates

400-208 Edmonton Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1R7

Telephone 942-3311

Residence 475-5655

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

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

● A COMPLETE REMODELLING SERVICE ●

DONALD T. MacANGUS — HENRY THIESSEN

56 Ellen St., Winnipeg, Man. — 942-6121

ONE STOP SERVICE CENTRE

SIMCOE MOTORS LTD.

Owner: Henry Suderman

850 Notre Dame Ave.

786-6506

"Quality Work at Fair Prices — Over 25 Years"

Domestic and Foreign Cars and Light Trucks

Courtesy Car Available

G. K. BRAUN INSURANCE SERVICES LTD.



LIFE AND GENERAL INSURANCE

INCLUDING



For service, phone or come to:

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

WINTER'S AUTO BODY LTD.

SPECIALIZING IN
ALL MAKES OF CARS



• AUTO BODY
REPAIRS
& PAINTING



• EFFICIENT
SERVICE
ASSURED

786-6695

1010 ARLINGTON
(1 Blk. North of William)
Winnipeg, Manitoba



FEHR-WAY TOURS

Escorted Coach Holidays

1050 Henderson Hwy.
Winnipeg, Man. R2K 2M5

John Fehr
President
Phone (204) 338-7011

Fehr-Way is the Fun-Way



Ken Peters

JOHN FEHR INSURANCE

1050 Henderson Highway
Phone: 338-7811

HOMEOWNERS PACKAGE
COMMERCIAL • FIRE • LIFE

AUTHORIZED  AGENT

Courteous Professional Service

Call us for a Quotation for all your Insurance needs

Guaranteed!



Our regular
economic rates include
our on Time or Money Back
guarantee.*

REIMER
EXPRESS LINES LTD.

Call 633-8131
Pick up 633-8111

*As detailed in the Reimer Express Guaranteed Service Guide