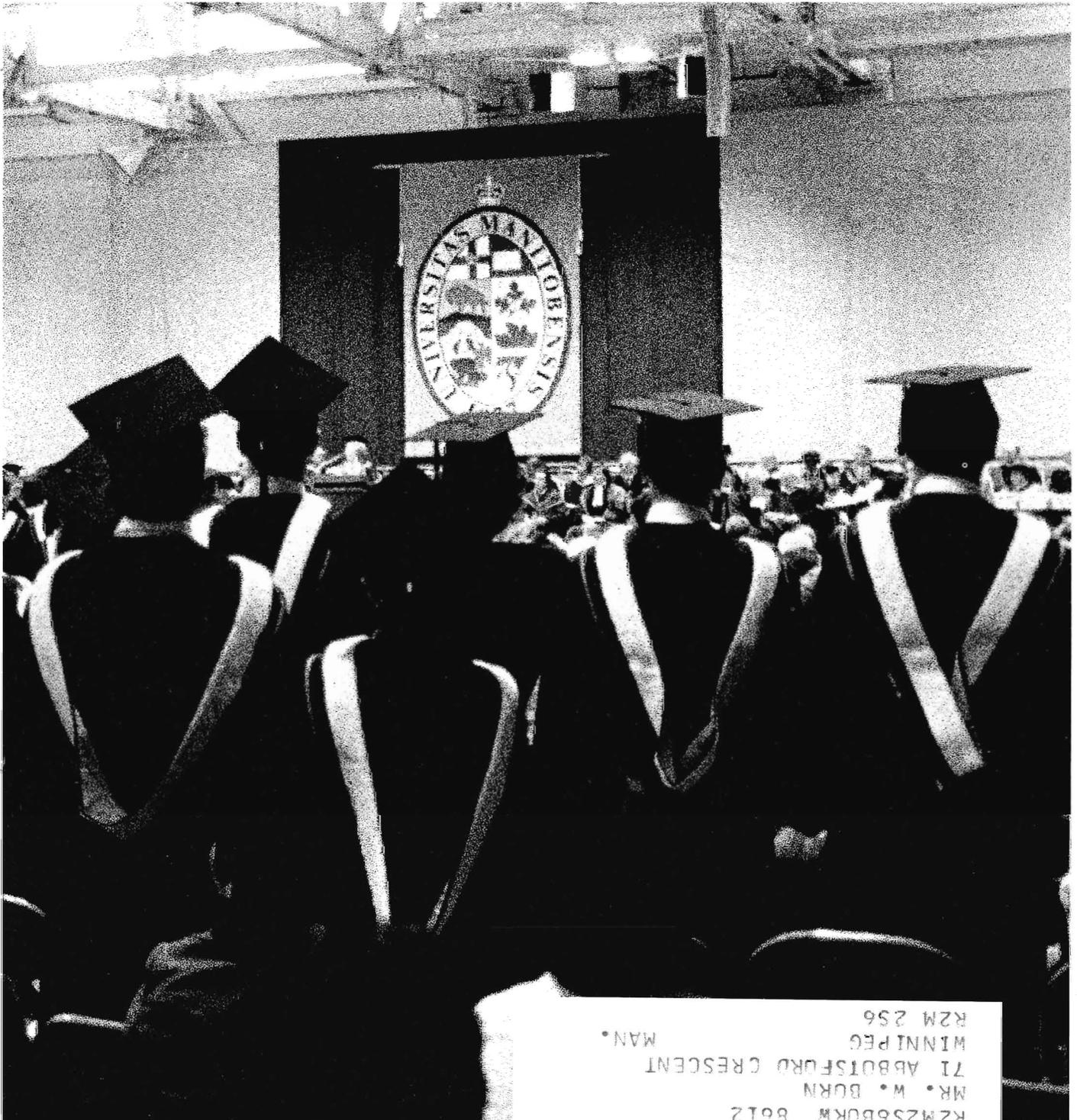


mennonite mirror

volume 14/number 10

june, 1985



R2M256B0RM 8612
MR. W. BORN
71 ARBOISFORD CRESCENT
MINNIEPEG
R2M 256
MAN.

“a second language speaks for itself”



WHY

have over 500 southern Manitoba parents indicated they would like to enroll the Kindergarten and Grade I children into an English-German Bilingual Program?

BECAUSE

the English-German Bilingual Program offers an opportunity for children to become fluently bilingual by Grade VI by studying in both English and German as follows:

Half-Days Subjects in English

Science
Arithmetic
English Language Arts

Half-Days Subjects in German

Art — Physical Education
Music — Social Studies
German Language Arts
Health

Studies have shown that most students of second languages consistently do better in most other subject areas, as has been experienced in studying French as the third language.

Heritage Language training in the elementary school system tends to make the learning of English easier and promote a favourable outlook on one's ethnocultural background and the cultural differences of others.

WHERE

Presently approximately 400 students are enrolled in the very successful English-German Bilingual Programs in North Kildonan and Grunthal in the following schools:

South Oaks School
Grunthal, MB R0A 0R0
Principal, Garry Giesbrecht
Ph: 434-6165

Donwood School
400 Donwood Drive
Winnipeg, MB R2G 0X4
Principal, Guenther Strempler
Ph: 668-9438

Princess Margaret School
367 Hawthorne Ave.
Winnipeg, MB R2G 0H6
Principal, Joe Degen
Ph: 339-2045

Note: The English-German Bilingual Program is available province-wide at the discretion of individual school boards.

For more information contact:



BRUNO DYCK, Director

Manitoba Parents for German Education Inc.

15-1110 HENDERSON HIGHWAY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R2G 1L1

TELEPHONE (204) 338-7405

Fore Word

This edition opens with an article on the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School by an author whose work graces our pages for the first time. The WMES was initially a project that many thought would falter, even though these same people thought it was a "good idea." Overall, the school has been more successful than expected, and it looks as if it is well on its way to becoming a "pillar" in our educational community.

There are many forms of religious expression; some are specific to specific groups within the larger frame of Christianity, while others cut across denominational lines. From time-to-time the *Mirror* examines such a movement, and in this issue Women's Aglow becomes the focus of a report. This movement was selected partly because of the rather high incidence of Mennonite participation in its ranks.

Graduation from university or college is an achievement that is worthy of note. Once again we are publishing names of graduates from the major post-secondary institutions in Manitoba. Because the lists of graduates from the "secular" institutions were compiled on the basis of "Mennonite" names, we apologize to those Mennonites we have left out.

This issue contains part two of Ralph Friesen's safari in Zimbabwe in which he realizes that nature is larger than all of us and that there are times when man is the intruder in an alien environment.

Also included are three poems, two by Di Brandt and one by Jeff Loewen; the Observed Along the Way column is again in its place; Manitoba News, the Mix-up, and the German section are there too.

This issue brings to a close our 14th year of publishing. We will begin our 15th year with the September issue. In the meantime, make sure you patronize the firms who advertise in the *Mirror*. Without their advertising, there would be no *Mirror*. And that would be a dreadful thought to reflect on.

inside

Columbus: A school for youth / 5
Is there a glow in Women's Aglow / 9
Graduates of 1985 / 12
Three poems / 15
Mennonite book club / 16
Observed along the way / 17
Review: U.S. nuclear strategy / 19
Mirror mix-up / 19
Manitoba news / 7, 20
Your word / 21
Part two: a human intruder in Zimbabwe / 23
Machno / 25
Arnold Dyck: Aus Meinem Leben / 26
Nie Wada / 27
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
John Schroeder.

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



Liberty Insurance Agency (1978) Ltd.

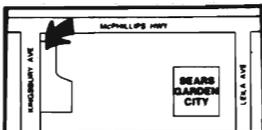
- AUTOPAC • HOMEOWNERS
- BLUE CROSS
- COMMERCIAL • BONDING
- TENANTS
- REAL ESTATE SALES
- AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR CANADIAN TRUST

338-7816

2211 C McPHILLIPS



George Kasdorf



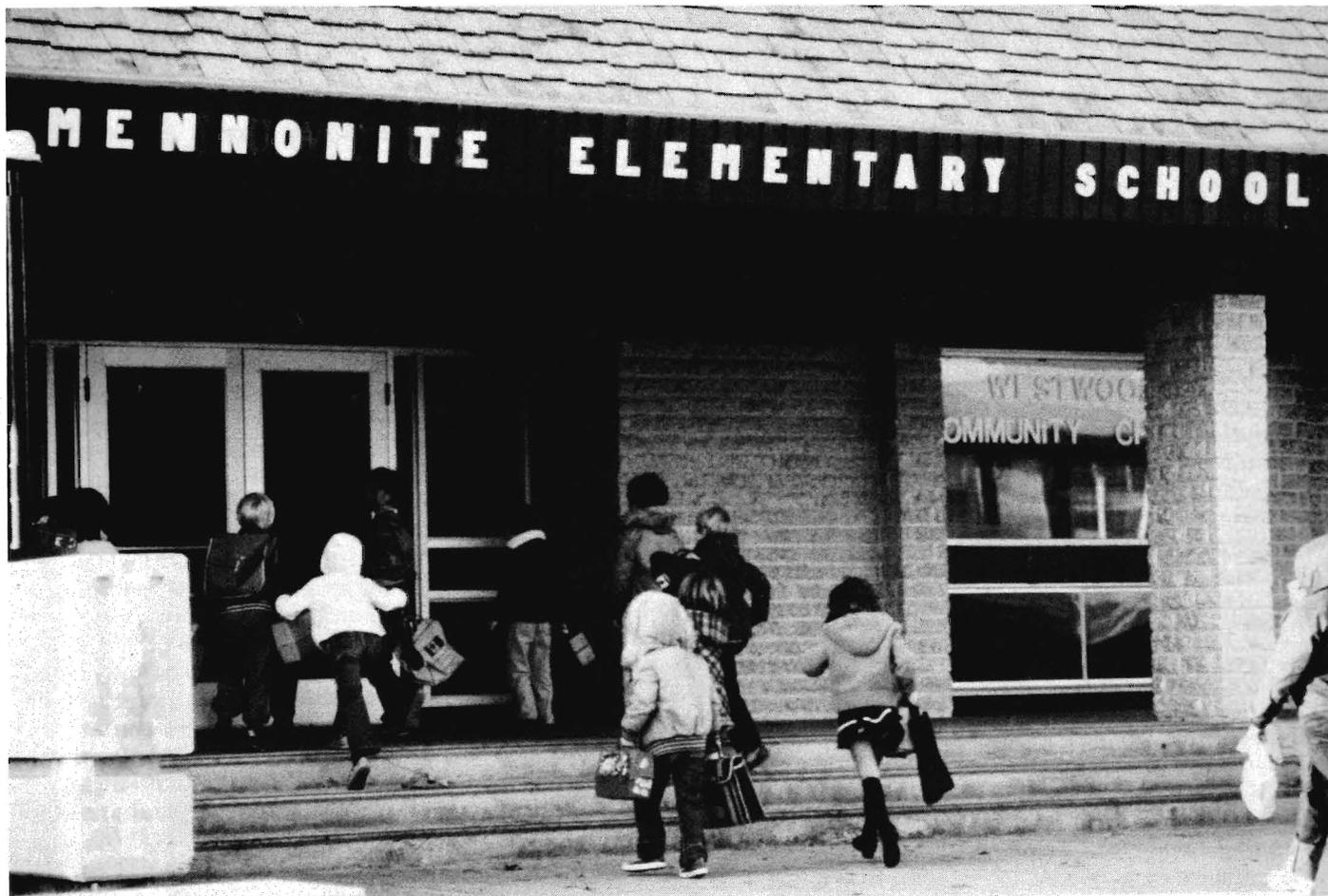


A well in a dry place.
A nutrition class.
A school.
A neighborhood club.

Mennonite Central Committee.
Programs helping children
toward a healthy future.

21 South 12th Street, Box M, Akron, PA 17501
201-1483 Pembina Hwy., Winnipeg, MB R3T 2C8

Children



Columbus a School for Youth

by Kerstin Roger

"The biggest difference was that the teachers really cared about you," said the grade six student who had come from public school system four years ago to witness the birth of the Mennonite Elementary School. She immediately felt the close student/teacher relationship which generated out of it. For several years it had occurred to concerned parents and teachers that there was a need for an elementary school which could foster such a learning-caring environment and lead into the already existing Mennonite high schools.

Dr. David Friesen actualized this dream of a Mennonite Elementary School, through his intense energy, and as one founding member says — by "putting his money where his mouth was." Several other people put many hours of work into the organization, setting up and finding the proper facilities before the school was opened in September, 1980. The beginning was discouraging for some contributors. One founding member suggested that a "lack of support was a problem . . . and

finding teachers on such short notice was another."

Columbus School actually started in a small wing of a North End building, having only sixty students. As with all institutions, this one had growing pains. A complete cycle of teachers and principals passed through the doors before the present staff evolved, with Len Barkman as principal since 1982, and soon the North End building no longer served the purposes of a school which was expanding and in need of its own environment. At this time the old Columbus School was no longer being used and the school division suggested that the Mennonite Elementary School could lease the building and use it for their purposes. Because of the need to spend as little as possible the Mennonite Elementary School decided to sub-lease part of the building to the Westwood Community Church, which currently uses the school for its meetings also.

When I arrived on a visit, one blue-skied May morning, the children were just bounding out of the school buses, lunch boxes in hand, and I followed

them in to receive a tour with Len Barkman. The school reminded me of an open-area school, but although the classrooms have no doors and the walls are free-standing structures, each classroom is separated and private. There is a small library which has been growing through donations and is headed by a professional librarian with the help of volunteers. "Reading is accented heavily, because it is the foundation for all future studies," says one enthusiastic grade two teacher. As might be expected in a Mennonite school program, there is compulsory German, while French is also available.

There is currently a music room, which may become another classroom as enrollment increases. Along with the usual focus on recorder and percussive instruments (the Orff program), there is a nine-student string ensemble, something that very few elementary schools have. One must also mention the choir, which is the main source of music here. At present there is only one choir for the whole school, but this may change as the need for diversification rises. The

standard of the choir is quite high they sang with the Mennonite Children's Choir.

Though this MES was originally planned to be one in a series of schools attended mainly by Mennonite students, it is presently attended by many non-Mennonites also.

One of the students said "it is neat to have friends who understand about going to church and reading the Bible;" however, at the same time Len Barkman feels that "the ratio of non-Mennonites to Mennonites has basic positive effect on the students."

With more than half of the 170 students from non-Mennonite homes, one must ask why those parents have preferred a Mennonite school. After talking to several parents one Saturday afternoon, the answer was overwhelmingly positive and clear cut. One of the parents had been a member of the school board, with two children in the public school system. In this particular school there had been constant battles concerning the discipline, respect and the general involvement of the teachers with the students. In retrospect this parent felt that she had "given the public school a child with great potential and they had ruined her."

Columbus School seemed to offer discipline, respect ("even for the left-handed child") and a very needed accent on the three R's, not to mention social graces which are "not always taught and help the child for the rest of his life." Though some parents feel the financial burden they also see an incredible change in their children when they are taken out of the public school system. As one parent adds, "Len Barkman is committed to a cause . . . when I enter the school I feel like it is one big family and I know this feeling is being transmitted to my children. I have not yet come across any discrepancies between school and home . . . it is a beautiful school." Needless to say, the public school system need not always create a negative atmosphere, but for those who want the private school alternative, the possibility exists. Increasing enrollment suggests that a need for select teaching methods exists and while maintaining the expected academic standard of the public school, Len Barkman observes that this school can also "add the teaching dimension of Christ's ideals."

Every day there are 15 minutes of devotions after the opening exercises, and half an hour of religion every day. In this way the teachers integrate high expectations of attitudes into all subject areas.

The goal of the teachers is to present an awareness of Christ in all facets of daily life as the only way to fully understand life as a Christian.

We exist in a world where children are faced with the phenomenon of the computer age, the space age, and pressures to become a part of a fast moving society. These shape the individual in new ways at an earlier age. Therefore, the Christian must be able to adjust to this world, which extends past the familiar limits of home and church, while still maintaining a sense of values and a Christian way of life.

The main issue which has confronted parents for many years is whether the influence of home and church can override the influence of a public school, or is it necessary to provide an alternative school at such an early age. Enrollment has grown from 60 to 170 students in four years, but Mennonite support seems to come slowly and there are still some hesitations. It may be that the parents feel the church and home provide enough influences for the children.

In talking to the teachers, the students and some of the parents I sensed a positive energy which must be stimulating for those who work there. Though a school which is still so young certainly has many obstacles to overcome, there is an essential ingredient which is not easily found elsewhere and this is encouraging for its growth. Through individual energies and time put into the future of the school, it should continue to flourish on an already firm foundation.

mm

Theology for a Nuclear Age

With nuclear weapons poised for the destruction of all life on this planet, comes the awesome possibility of the murder of God. Never before in history has humankind had such knowledge or power or responsibility. The Biblical writers and theologians have come unprepared, even in their imaginings, for this new and devastating human plight. *Theology for a Nuclear Age* answers with a new way of doing theology that considers the inter-connectedness of God and the fate of humankind, and what the impact of the nuclear threat is on faith and life.

Gordon D. Kaufman outlines specific proposals for reconceiving the central concerns and symbols of Christian faith based on historical experience and the work of the imagination. He examines human nature and its negative and positive capabilities and re-examines the problems of evil and sin.

In the context of today's nuclear crisis, the author, who sees the expression of God's will in the potential of humanity, urges a reconception of God and Christ in new understandings that will lead to Christians taking God as a partner in the promise and peace of a tomorrow.

Gordon D. Kaufman is the Edward Mallinckrodt, Jr., Professor of Divinity at Harvard Divinity School. He is the author of *The Theological Imagination: Constructing the Concept of God*.

Gordon D. Kaufman, *Theology for a Nuclear Age* (Philadelphia: The Westminster Press, 1985). Hardcover, \$12.95 US; Paper, \$7.95 US. 95 pages.

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



manitoba news



Prof. Jacob P. Redekopp, Faculty of Education; University of Manitoba, received the Olive Beatrice Stanton Award for excellence in teaching this spring. Prof. Redekopp was described by a student as "one of the most understanding and concerned teachers I have ever met." Prof. Redekopp joined the Faculty of Education in 1965 after 19 years as a teacher in the public school system. He is a three-time U of M graduate with bachelor's degrees in arts and education, and a master's in education. In the faculty he teaches undergraduate courses in music education, is a member of the committee that oversees the joint program with the Faculty of Education and the School of Music, and teaches a graduate course in esthetic education.

Wilma Derksen, a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster, begins a term as western associate editor for the *Mennonite Reporter* in late August. She is a recent graduate of the communications program of Red River Community College and for the past 18 months has produced *In Touch With Today* for CKRC and CKWG. She succeeds Allan Siebert who held the post since 1979.

Dr. Dietrich Bartel, currently music director at St. John's (Shaughnessy) Anglican Church, will become an assistant professor of music at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College this year. He is a graduate of UBC who went on to graduate studies in Europe, earning his Ph.D. in musicology at the Albert-Ludwigs Universitat in Freiburg. As a performer he is an organ and harpsichord recitalist.

Looking for the Lost Children

On May 24 there was a press conference for the first Child Find organization in Manitoba which was started on April 12, 1985. The first such office was opened in New York in 1980 and has become a nation-wide program to locate missing children and to reunite them with their parents. Of the thousands of missing children each year only five percent are runaways or stranger abductions. Parental abductions account for 90-95 percent of all missing children. This number is rising because of incidents but also because more children are being reported missing.

The organization provides a link so that a nation-wide search can occur for each missing child. Recently the two Bikoulis children, who had been missing for more than two years, were located in the United States and returned to their mother in Calgary. After an extremely emotional film, *Adam*, 55 pictures of missing children were shown and 23 of these were located through people calling in. Such publicity heightens the awareness of the public to aid in the search for these children.

Though its main purpose is to locate missing children, the Child Find organization also wants to teach prevention so that the rate of abductions will decrease. Common approaches of abductors are discussed in pamphlets available at Child Find. Abductors can place a child into a position of vulnerability through a request for help, or saying "your mommy is badly hurt — come with me," or by calling them by a name written on their clothes. Through educational programs Child Find hopes to teach children to be aware of such lures.

Because Candace Derksen was an immediate member of our community the issue has received a good amount of publicity; however, abductions continue to occur even when they are not

front page news. Now that Manitoba has its own chapter of Child Find there is a need for volunteers, financial help and community support.

The members of the Manitoba group as follows: Gord Stewart is the president. David Langtry, a lawyer, is the vice-president. Wilma Derksen, mother of Candace Derksen and free-lance writer, is the secretary. The treasurer is Lynn Grant, a homemaker. Also on the committee are Patti Loche Lekowich, Esther DeFehr, Len DeFehr and Bill Ash-down.

Any further information on the Manitoba chapter of Child Find can be found at the following address: Child Find Manitoba, INC., P.O. Box 3189, Winnipeg, R3C 4E7.



CAMBRIAN EXCAVATORS

EXCAVATION
SEWER + WATER
CONCRETE BREAKING

EQUIPMENT RENTALS

233-8033
1333 DUGALD RD.

**Introduction to
Mennonite Low German
Language and Literature
at the University of Winnipeg
1985/86**



Scholarships of \$1000 and \$500 will be awarded for excellence. Students are invited to contact Jack Thiessen, Dept. of German, the University of Winnipeg, 515 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 2E9. Telephone (204) 786-9254 or 453-3052.

MENNONITE LITERARY SOCIETY, INC.

Benefactors, \$1,000 or more; Sustaining members, \$100 to \$499; Patrons, \$500 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, E. H. Groening, Robert Saunders.

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. J. Wiens, John Winter.

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

Benefactors: A. J. Thiessen, Ernst Hansch.

NORITAKE china and stoneware, all patterns available, excellent prices.

Phone 888-1302 evenings or weekends.

Available Limited Edition Prints (30" x 17") of

A Mennonite Farm in Russia

a painting by Mennonite artist Woldemar Neufeld

Call Neil Janzen at 944-1995 (bus) or 661-2135 (res)

JOB OPPORTUNITY
Immediate opening for a meals coordinator. Part-time work. HOME HELP PROJECT INC. is starting a meal program for interested residents of three senior citizen homes. For more information contact:
Victor Bock — 489-8219

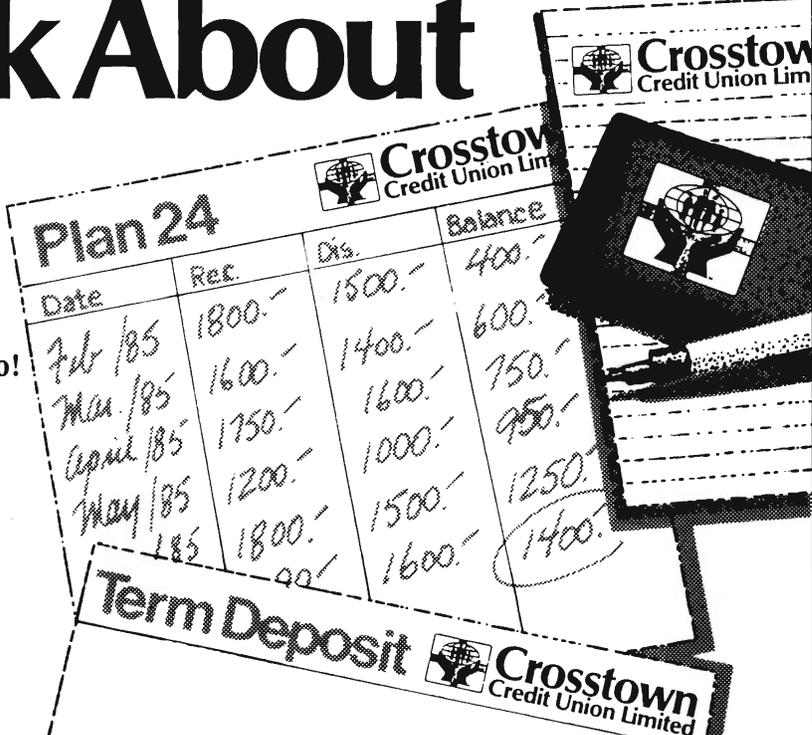
Let's Talk About Money

It Has To Be Earned Before It Can Be Spent... But Some Money Should Be Saved Too! When You're Talking About Saving - You're Talking About Crosstown.

4 WAYS TO SAVE AT CROSTOWN

- Regular Savings Account
- Plan 24
- Term Deposit
- RRSP

See us today and let's talk about saving money for you!



Crosstown Credit Union Limited

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

Serving the Mennonite People of Manitoba for over 40 years

Aglow

Is there a glow in Women's Aglow?

by Mavis Reimer

It could have been a perfectly ordinary mid-week afternoon. But for several things. Winter, on the threshold of retirement, had just delivered its parting shot. When I stepped out of the car, it was into an ankle-deep puddle. Sloshing toward the church with a peevish baby dangling from one hip and a reluctant preschooler trailing behind me, I reflected that people had been created to stay home on days such as this. Inside the church, I met the two friends who had agreed, along with me, to go on assignment for the *Mirror*. Our primary qualification for this job was our femaleness, for we were to observe a "praise and worship" meeting of Women's Aglow.

Aglow is an international and interdenominational Christian organization who avowed purpose is to bring together and meet the needs of "spiritually hungry women around the world." Founded in Seattle in 1967, the group is charismatic in style. Included among its nine statements of faith is the belief "in the baptism in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking with tongues." And the group explicitly states in its introductory pamphlets that specific "forms of praise" are encouraged at Aglow meetings. Such praise includes the raising of hands and clapping. However, Aglow attracts not only women from Pentecostal or "full gospel" churches, but also women from every mainline church.

In Manitoba, Aglow has been operating since 1976. In that year, a small group of women led by Mennonites Mary Kroeger and Helen Huebner began meeting monthly to pray. During the gatherings that winter, the group agreed to put themselves under the banner of Women's Aglow. In 1985, nine years later, there are 18 affiliated chapters of Aglow in Manitoba, each chapter involving between 50 and 100 women.

In total, an estimated 1,500 women across the province are connected to an Aglow group.

An Aglow chapter is typically made up of several small Bible study groups. These meet weekly in the homes of participants. Once a month, the various groups of a chapter meet for a "praise and worship" session. There are also a variety of opportunities to become involved in provincial, national, or international retreats and conferences.

Mennonite women are highly visible among the membership of Aglow in Manitoba. Not only are there large numbers of Mennonite participants, but many Mennonite women are involved in leadership roles within the organization. Four out of five workshops at the 1984 provincial conference (a conference that drew some 600 women) were directed by Mennonite women. Several other Mennonite names appeared on the list of the provincial executive. A former president of the Kildonan chapter suggests that, typically, three-quarters of the Bible study leaders in her area are from Mennonite backgrounds, most, it seems, specifically from Mennonite Brethren backgrounds.

An Aglow member from another church background suggested to me that Mennonite participants are often chosen leaders because of their strong heritage of adult Christian education and their knowledge and experience of church music.

The primary attraction of Women's Aglow to Mennonite participants seems to be what they identify as the freedom and joy of the worship. One woman suggested that in Aglow she finds a willingness to express emotion in worship which she feels is often missing in Mennonite church services. Another described her initial response to the "praise and worship" sessions as one of relief: "Here I'm not afraid of what the

person next to me thinks." The Mennonite women I spoke to agreed that, since joining Aglow, they found the centre of their worship experiences at these meetings, although many do continue to attend local Mennonite churches. This seems to be the case in part because the group is all female. There is a "loving and caring atmosphere" in Aglow, commented one woman, that is the result of it being a "fellowship of like-minded women."

Two other reasons were identified by several women for their involvement with Aglow. One is the full gospel teaching of the organization. This teaching focuses not only on the "gifts of the Spirit" such as speaking with tongues, but also on "being led by the Spirit," explained one woman. According to her, Aglow differs from Mennonite and mainstream churches in its willingness to be explicit about what a "spirit-filled life" means. For example she suggested that "the church may tell us that we have an enemy, but not how to fight it. In Aglow, we are told how to disarm the enemy. We are given instruction in using such weapons as praise, the blood, and the name." Commented another, "The teachings are vital. They are applicable to my personal life."

The "how-to" approach to teaching certainly predominates in the literature of the organization. A typical article in *Aglow*, the magazine of the organization, was written by a teacher confronted with what she described as a "hellish classroom." Her ability to break through to her undisciplined and rebellious students came, she claimed, when she began to pray each morning, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, I bind you, foul spirits, and I forbid you to operate within . . . this school." Another article in a different issue of the magazine was entitled "Nine Steps Toward Effective Intercession" and outlined the specific attitudes and actions

which are the marks of effective prayer. The third attraction of Aglow for the women I spoke to was what they called the "opportunities for ministry." The interdenominational nature of the organi-

zation, suggested several Mennonite women, made it possible to reach out to many different types of women within the community. One woman commented that it was not so much the structure as the attitude of Aglow that made it a place of ministry: "There is in Aglow the expectation that God will do something, the expectation of power."

Several also noted that Aglow provides excellent training for women in Christian leadership, by giving them opportunities to direct Bible studies, to organize the music for the "praise" sessions, to lead worship sessions, or to speak at worship sessions. Certainly for most of the Mennonite women at Aglow, such feminine leadership in worship is significantly different from their experiences in their home congregations.

Mennonite ministers concede that a group such as Women's Aglow seems to meet a need in worship that most Mennonite churches would not meet. One Mennonite Brethren minister suggested that, while he would regard "gifts of the Spirit" such as speaking with tongues to be "peripheral expressions" of faith, he could understand that the worship style of Aglow would appeal to some people.

A General Conference minister suggested that positive aspects of Aglow, to his mind, included the interdenominational nature of the group and the openness and freedom of the interaction among members.

Another minister commented that, from his conversations with women involved in Aglow, he concluded that most Mennonite women seemed to find that the charismatic experience provided a balance to the worship of their churches rather than a contradiction of it. "After all," he pointed out, "we all move out into a variety of other experiences from our church experience." Women involved in Aglow, he found, remained conscientious workers in their home congregations as well.

While a number of churches seem to have found it possible to accommodate the different perspectives women involved in Aglow have brought with them, such has not been the case in all congregations. Two ministers cited instances where members involved with Aglow had been divisive forces within their churches. Commented one, "The church seemed to become a place of outreach, a mission field, to them." The problem, both agreed, was that these

****ANNUITIES**

***DISABILITY**

*** LIFE**

*** FIRE**

*** TRAVEL**



**P. J. THIESSEN
INSURANCE AGENCY**

1228-1660 Henderson
Winnipeg R2G 1H7
339-7302

The Winkler Credit Union

IS HERE TO SERVE
YOUR FINANCIAL NEEDS!

CREDIT UNIONING
Manitoba! Try the Alternative!



Ph. 325-4351

Wpg. 452-6902

women seemed to feel that they had achieved a superior form of Christianity, an attitude other members found intimidating. In both cases, the Aglow members eventually left their Mennonite congregations to join full gospel churches.

Another minister suggested that the emphasis on particular forms of worship was not so much a problem for the larger church as for the women participating in Aglow. "There is something very coercive about the group. Speaking with tongues, for example, is seen as a specific goal. If you can't worship fully, as they understand worship, there is something wrong with you."

Hesitations were expressed by ministers too about the teachings of Aglow. Some were uneasy with the emphasis given to teachings on "the enemy" and "the devil." "It is very dangerous," commented one, "to identify too glibly this thing or that person as being 'of the devil.'" From the traditional prayer to be delivered from "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil," the Mennonite church would probably focus on "the World," speculated another. "I think our churches would prefer to have congregations confront a whole range of questions on what it means to live in the world, but not be of the world."

The problem with the simplistic attitude toward doctrine represented by Women's Aglow, summarized one minister, is "the lack of a sense of historical perspective or accuracy. There is too much of the 'from the page to my life' attitude."

The "praise and worship" session we attended for the *Mennonite Mirror* was, for the three of us, alternatively interesting and disturbing. Running to 2½ hours, the session seemed at times designed to smother any questions rising in our minds by the sheer weight of words coming at us. The worship service was a combination of song, prayer (including a number of women speaking with tongues), reports from a recent

conference, and a meditation.

The form of the service itself seemed to one of my friends manipulative. "The meeting was orchestrated by the people in charge, so that it became increasingly intense and emotional." Prayers, often accompanied by background music, became longer and more impassioned as the service progressed.

During one of the extended prayer sessions, a woman prophesying in an unintelligible language happened to be next to one of us. After the service, she was surrounded by friends congratulating her on her experience. "Like an initiation?" we wondered.

The group dynamics in general were fascinating to observe. Without exception, the women at the head table were smartly dressed and well-spoken. But, commented one of my friends, glancing around the room, she had spotted many apparently poor and rather sad-looking women. "I think this group gets to people who are vulnerable." The three of us felt conspicuous, if not vulnerable, when the song leader promised, with a smile pointed in our direction, that we would find raising our hands in song a liberating experience. And certainly the singing was more enthusiastic and joyful than much congregational singing I have heard.

Most disturbing for the three of us was the meditation. The speaker related a vision she had seen of dying babies to the emigration of Jews and Christians from Communist block countries and concluded that there was "a special place today for women in intercession and prayer." The talk my friends labelled "far-fetched" and "just not rational." I was more put off by the speaker's promise that the concentrated prayer of women would "move God's hand on earth." God as marionette has never appealed to me as religious metaphor.

Equally distressing, however, was the fact that this promise of power was ad-

ressed to a group of powerless people, women, many of them bound to traditional ideas of their roles as homemakers and wives. Most of the women I spoke to denied that they had ever heard any emphasis given to the notion of feminine submission to male authority in Women's Aglow. But the literature of the group is peppered by suggestions that "once we step out into the role-reversal so common in our society today, we are in disharmony with ourselves, with our family, and in our relationship to God." A Christian woman, according to the first Bible study guide of Aglow, is to "realize that there is a great source of peace in not having to make the final and vital decisions in her life" and to use her energy "to shield [her husband's] heart from undue pressure and harsh blows." Taking away a woman's right to real competence and substituting for it such illusory power seemed somewhat insidious to me.

Sitting in that church basement on that early day in spring, I could see the joy on the faces of many of the women around me. But my hands remained resolutely at my sides. My tongue spoke only English. My overwhelming memory of that long afternoon is of my wet feet getting colder and colder.

mm

Mennonite Your Way DIRECTORY IV

a travel directory for 1984, 1985, 1986

Featuring:

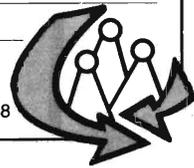
- 2300 North American Hosts • Food & Culture
- Mennonite World Conference Memories
 - Enlarged European Listing
- Mennonite Pilots List • Children's Specials
 - What To See in 36 Communities
 - Centerfold Map of Important Places

Single copy \$7.50*
 2 copies (to same address) \$12.00*
 3-11 each \$5.50*
 12 or more copies-wholesale list available
 *U.S. funds only, price includes postage (4th class) to one address.

_____ copies at \$ _____
 _____ total due _____
 6% tax-PA residents _____
 TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

Name _____
 Address _____

Mail to:
 Mennonite Your Way
 Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538



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
 2086 NESS AVE.
 888-1565

ECONOMY TEXTILE

Main Store 1021 PACIFIC 786-4081

PORTAGE **VISA**
WINNIPEG

Graduation the class of 1985

The following is a list of those who have graduated this spring from the major post-secondary institutions in Manitoba. In the case of the two universities, Manitoba and Winnipeg, the selection of graduates was based largely on whether the last name was typically Mennonite and our knowledge of graduates having non-Mennonite names. Accordingly, we are first to admit that the list below is not complete and we are prepared to publish a supplementary list provided someone tells us who has been left out. In addition, the *Mirror* will publish the names of Manitoba Mennonites who have graduated from institutions outside the province — please let us know.

Graduation is a milestone in every person's life and it is an event that is worthy of recognition. The list below is our way of providing that recognition.

University of Manitoba

Doctor of Philosophy

Peter Allan Buhr

Doctor of Dental Medicine

Randall Kenneth Warkentin

Doctor of Medicine

Gordon Henry Dyck
Kenneth Bruce Fehr
Mark Andrew Janzen
Faye Elaine Kehler
Norman Lawrence Klippenstein
Eleanor Joyce Reimer
Garry Conrad Benjamin Schroeder
Jennifer Allison Wiebe

Master of Arts

Bradley Allan Loewen
Leigh Douglas Reimer
James Gordon Suderman

Master of Science

Norman Frank Goertzen

Master of Education

William John Dueck
Hans John Werner Janzen
Theodore John Klassen
Waldo Edwin Klassen

Master of Architecture

Herbert Leslie Enns
David Paul Penner

Master of Business Administration

Silvanus Theodore Enns
Gordon James Epp-Fransen
Jonathan Paul Janz
Raymond Jacob Wiebe

Bachelor of Arts (Advanced)

Cheryl Victoria Friesen

12/mennonite mirror/june 1985

Bachelor of Laws

John Richard Braun
Robert Marvin Heinrichs
Terry Brian Loewen
Glen Robert Peters
Margaret Louise Wiebe

Bachelor of Arts (Honours)

Brenda Denise Elias
James Jonathan Fehr
Ernest Paul Janzen
John Byron Loewen

Bachelor of Science (Honours)

Robert Clyde Loewen
Robert Glen Loewen
John Cornelius Martens
Katherine Lenore Schroeder

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours)

William Charles Friesen
Carolyn Gaye Neufeld

Bachelor of Computer Science (Honours)

Dale Kevin Giesbrecht
Reinhard Kampen
David Blair Neufeld
Steven Michael Reimer
Timothy Ralph Siemens
Marvin Jake Wiebe

Bachelor of Commerce (Honours)

Nola Joyce Buhr
Janelle Leane Doerksen
Harvey Grant Enns
Douglas Jeffrey Epp
Kenneth John Friesen
Michael James Friesen
Richard Carl Hamm
Brent Ernest Janzen
Linda Marlene Janzen
Bradley Jacob Klassen
Kevin Douglas Klassen
Heidi Rosemarie Krahn
Richard David Olfert
Patricia Ann Penner
Richard Byron Reimer
Laureen Joy Schroeder
David Grant Suderman
Norman Sukkau
Randall Laverne Wiebe

Bachelor of Science (Major)

Shelley Anne Derksen
David Erle Friesen
David Clarence Martens
Stewart Wayne Neufeld
Noreen Cheryl Schroeder
Paul Brian Warkentin

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture

James Arnold Dyck
Josephine Linda Marie Enns
Marvin Daniel Hildebrand
Douglas Erwin Janzen
Robert Abram Janzen
Kimberly Marie Klassen
Stanley John Reimer
Dale Bradley Rempel
David Allen Thiessen

Bachelor of Environmental Studies

Eric Mitchell Schroeder

Bachelor of Science

Margaret Katherine Schroeder
Darren Blaine Thiessen
Ricky Ivan Wiebe

Bachelor of Arts

Terence Grant Bergmann
Cathy Elizabeth Dyck
Timothy John Elias
Jocelyn Janet Enns
Frances Eleanor Fast
David Herman Froese
Trudy Anne Froese
Sheryl Ann Hildebrand
Norma Jean Hildebrandt
Constance May Jantz
Gordon Leonard Janzen
Tammy Roslyn Klippenstein
Russell James Loewen
Brian Albert Paetkau
Marvin Werner Retzlaff
Jeffrey Mark Schellenberg
Karen Ann Schmidt
Carol Ann Wiebe

Bachelor of Fine Arts

Yvonne Irene Joy Rempel
Tammy Jeannette Wiebe

Bachelor of Music (Performance)

Joanne Christine Dyck

Bachelor of Social Work

Theodore Frank Ens
Kathryn Jean Epps
Karen Louise Fast
Neta Friesen
Conrad Wayne Harder
Dawn Arlene Penner
Carolyn Janzen Peters

Bachelor of Education

Linda Maureen Blatz
Dolores Ellen Braun
Brian Donald Dyck
Karen Lynn Enns
Wescelia Kathryn Enns
Waldemar Siegfried Ens
Sandra Margaret Ann Fast
Sandra Marie Giesbrecht
Susie Giesbrecht
Carolyn Ruth Hamm
Geraldine June Harder-Robson
Henry Merle Hiebert
Reginald Dean Klassen
Eva Hilda Loewen
Herbert Henry Loewen
Tamera Wynne Loewen
Carla Elaine Neudorf
Arlie Crystal Neufeld
Brenda Helen Penner
Christine Ruth Penner
Ruby Plett
Loretta Louise Sawatsky
Allan Mark Thiessen
David Lyle Thiessen
Rodney James Thiessen
Gail Maureen Voth
Daryl Brian Wiebe

Bachelor of Human Ecology

Karen Lynn Enns
Wanda Susan Kehler
Viola Ruth Klassen

**Bachelor of Human Ecology
(Family Studies)**

Judith Luise Koop
Karen Anne Reimer
Joyce Anne Schellenberg
Del-Marie Susan Toews

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Agricultural)**

Donald Stanley Petkau
Roger Michael Sawatzky

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Civil)**

Kurtis Neal Henry Sawatzky

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Computer)**

Paul Gerhard Dyck

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Electrical)**

Daniel Albert Enns

Jonathan David Loewen
Timothy Otto Erwin Penner

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Geological)**

Timothy Charles Doerksen

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Industrial)**

Frank Walter Loewen

**Bachelor of Science in Engineering
(Mechanical)**

Edward Henry Enns
Robert John Friesen

Bachelor of Science in Medicine

Gordon Henry Dyck
Faye Elaine Kehler

**Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation
(Physical Therapy)**

Gayle Eileen Reimer

Bachelor of Occupational Therapy

Corinne Elizabeth Hildebrandt

Bachelor of Nursing

Risa Anna Derksen
Beverly Anne Enns

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy

Anna Irma Friesen
Beverly Anne Friesen

Bachelor of Physical Education

Reynold John Loewen

Bachelor of Physical Education

Gordon Grant Giesbrecht
Cornelius Goertzen

Certificate in Management

Darryl David Penner
Eileen Lois Reimer

Diploma in Dental Hygiene

Reginald Dale Siemens
George Bernhard Elias
Reinhard Willie Penner
Cynthia Ann Friesen
Lisa Marie Loepky

**University
of Winnipeg**

Bachelor of Science

James Neil Bergman
Mark Giesbrecht

Bachelor of Education

David Jacob Bergen
Dennis Gordon Braun

Beverly Jane Derksen
Anita Dora Dyck

Karen Joan Enns
Sharon Lynette Goertzen

Herbert Henry Guenther
Lois Anne Hamm

Marilyn Beth Kroeker
Larry George Paetkau

Valerie Anne Pankratz
Lois Anne Penner

Lydia Helga Penner
James David Rempel

Lori Ramona Rempel
Elaine Marie Schultz

Magdalena Thiessen
Valorie Donna Voth

Cheryl Lee Wiebe
Marlene Shirley Wiebe

Mary-Ann Wiebe
Gerald Robert Loewen

Colleen Beverly Penner

Bachelor of Arts

Wanda Wilhelmina Andres
Patrick John Charles Braun

Ernie Walter Bueckert
Rudi John Dick

Daniel Jacob Driedger
Kenneth John Dueck

Brian Edward Dyck
David Glenn Dyck

Rita Enns
Lillian Ruth Esau

Tannis Julayne Friesen
Judith Marie Goertzen

Ingo Gerhard Heinrich Heyer
James David Hiebert

Kimberly Ann Hiebert
Richard Leonard Jansen

Mary Ruth Klassen
Randolph Harold Klassen

Paul Wayne Koop
Lorena Elaine Loewen

Mark Allan Loewen
Herbert Erich Martens

Lyle Glen Penner
Ross William Penner

Kenneth Michael Peters
Phyllis Debra Peters

Linda Innett Redekop
Carl Leon Reimer

Gerhard Reimer
Willy Reimer
Lester Allan Schellenberg
Donald Wayne Schroeder
Colleen Susan Warkentin
Calvin Dean Wiebe
David Wiebe

Brandon University

Bachelor of Education (5-year)

Dolores Marie Klassen

Bachelor of Education (4-year)

Harold David Driedger
Brenda Lee Dyck

Irene Lynn Dyck
Shirley Irene Friesen

Debra Delanie Thiessen

Bachelor of Music

Connie Laverne Braun
Carol Anne Nickel

Wesley Dale Nickel
Peter David Wiebe

Bachelor of General Studies

Brenda Joyce Bergman

Bachelor of Arts

Garith Peter Brandt
Selene Annette Fehr

Audrey Jane Barkman Hill

Bachelor of Science

Randal Gerald Neufeld
Alvin Larry Rempel

Bachelor of Science (4-year General)

Kelly Joe Braun

Canadian Mennonite Bible College

Bachelor of Theology

Donald Bruce Bergen
Robert James Crosland

Margot Elke Deininger
Daryl J. Dyck

Gerald Keith Enns
Johann Esau

Ronald Paul Falk
Arnold Victor Fast

Albert Friesen
Rodney Dale Froese

Trudy Anne Froese
Edward Peter Goerzen

Kenneth David Grove
Patricia Faith Harms

George Ronald Hoepfner
Arthur Klassen

Peter Gerhard Klassen
Ella May Irene Kroeker

Lori Renee Kroeker
Julian Li

Robert George Nickel
Trudy Rosina Nicolle

Anne Nikkel
Ryan George Rempel

Jeffrey Alan Schellenberg
Harold Ray Schlegel

Evan Monte Schulz
Herman Stahl

Patricia Ann Steinmann
Monica Lorraine Strempler

Marilyn Kay Stucky
David Tam

Rebecca Leela Thomas
Janet Louise Tiessen

Frazer Allan Whyte
Janice Kathleen Wideman

Omar Freeman
Timothy Paul Snider

Bachelor of Church Music

Carilee Lynette Braun
Irene Sylvia Crosland

Lucille Marianne Dueck
Rita Annie Dyck

Janene Ellen Froehlich
Lorraine Fern Janzen

Patricia June Reimer
Jane Marie Schultz

Certificate in Theology

Edith Ens
Lori Mae Harder

Valerie Anne Klassen

Certificate in Church Music

Lottie Giesbrecht-Falk
Wilhelm Falk

Revor Rudolf Wiens
Lori Renee Willems

Leona Darlene Zacharias
Hildegard Anne Strempler

Mennonite Brethren Bible College

Bachelor of Religious Education

Music
Rudi John Dick

Henry Peter Klassen
William Edward Hamm

(Theology/Music)
Bonnie Anne Loewen-Guenther

Contemporary Ministries

Carole Grace Boschman
Corry Owen Gibson

Stephen Leonard Huebner
Karen Elaine Lenzmann

Federick Allan Leonard
Carla Darlene Ronald

Theology

Roger P. Friesen
Robert Duane Froese

Craig Warryn Clifford Ginn
Joyce Goertzen

Rhonda Laurie Goertzen
Pat Houmphan

Manfred Theodor Janssen
Glenn Stephen Murphy

Ken Michael Peters
Jennifer Lynn Reimer

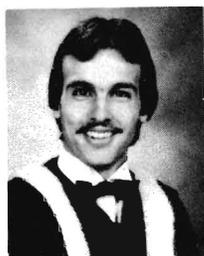
Vivienne Joy Renaud
Lester Allan Schellenberg

Kurt Arthur Schwarz
Terry Michael Smith

Ernest Philip Thiessen
Walter James Thiessen



Peter David Wiebe graduated with a Bachelor of Music degree from Brandon University at recent services, winning both a university gold medal for highest standing in the final two years of the Bachelor of Music program and a university silver medal for highest overall standing in the four-year applied music program. Peter, a cellist, has been studying the instrument with Professor Malcolm Tait while at Brandon. He expects to begin a master's program in September, either at Brandon or at the University of Western Ontario. This summer Peter will spend eight weeks rehearsing and performing with the National Youth Orchestra in Fredericton and Kingston. He is the son of George and Esther Wiebe of Winnipeg.



Gordon Grant Giesbrecht, graduating with a Bachelor of Physical Education at the recent University of Manitoba Convocation, was awarded the university gold medal for highest standing in physical education. Gordon expects to begin graduate studies at UM next September, specializing in exercise physiology. He is married to Debbie Balzer and the son of Dennis and Bernice Giesbrecht of Winnipeg.

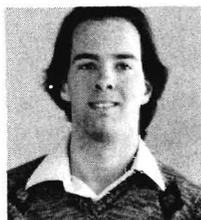
John Cornelius Martens graduated from UM with a Bachelor of Science (Honours) and was joint recipient of the Allen Medal for highest standing in the final two years of honours physics. John, awarded a Bachelor of Religious Education from Briercrest Bible School in 1981, sees his physics degree as an excellent grounding in analytical thought and the scientific method, but considers his first priority for the future to be teaching the gospel. John is a member of the Gospel Light Mennonite Brethren Church in Carman. His parents are Henry and Sara Martens of Carman.

James David Rempel, awarded a Bachelor of Education from UW, won the university silver medal for the second highest standing in Education, secondary pattern. James is married to **Sharon Linda Allan**, who also graduated with a B.Ed. from UW and won the Board of Regents gold medal for the highest standing in education, elementary pattern.



At the recent Brandon University graduation program, **Melanie Reimer** was awarded the lieutenant-governor's gold medal for highest standing in the first two years of undergraduate studies in Arts. Melanie expects to begin studies in law at UM in September. This summer she is studying French in Chicoutami, Quebec. Her parents are Bill and June Reimer of Virden.

Herbert Erich Martens, graduated from UW with a B.A., was awarded the Swiss Ambassador Book Prize for distinction in German studies. Herbert has begun studies in education in the summer session at UW and hopes to complete a B.Ed. next spring. He is the son of John and Dorothy Martens of Winnipeg.



At University of Winnipeg convocation services, **Donald James Loewen** was awarded the university gold medal in English. Donald, who completed studies for his B.A. in October, 1984, has been working with Mennonite Brethren Missions in the communications and media office. Donald was previously awarded a Bachelor of Religious Studies graduate of Mennonite Brethren Bible College in 1984. His parents are Victor and Marian Loewen of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

Other award winners at university graduations in Manitoba included **Leonard John Guenther**, B.A. (Hons.), UW, winning the UW gold medal in honours sociology; **Donald Wayne Schroeder**, B.A., UW, winning the university gold medal in religious studies; **Cornelius Ramsy Unruh**, winning the UW gold medal in music; **Marvin Daniel Hildebrand**, graduated in agriculture from UM and the Co-operative Promotion Board gold medal in agricultural economics; **Raymond Jacob Wiebe**, Master of Business Administration, UM, winning the Alberta Award—Administrative Studies for best combining the spirit of sportsmanship with academic achievement; **John Richard Braun**, Bachelor of Laws, UM, winning the Canada Permanent Trust Company Prize for highest standing in Commercial Law; and **Lisa Marie Loeppky**, Diploma in Dental Hygiene, UM, winning three prizes for high academic achievement.

Dr. John K. Friesen, formerly of Alberta and now resident in Vancouver, was awarded an honorary degree this spring from Simon Fraser University in B.C. His professional career has focused on the concept of life-long learning and he is well known for his contributions to continuing education. He is a 1936 graduate of the University of Manitoba; he was a teacher, high school principal, active in agricultural education before going on to graduate studies at Columbia University; in 1953 he became director of university extension at the University of British Columbia.



At Brandon University Convocation, **Audrey Jane Barkman Hill** was awarded a B.A. and the university silver medal for highest standing in religious studies. Audrey, a certified elementary school teacher, more recently owned and operated a nursery school in Virden. Her immediate plans are to complete her B.Ed. in psychology and counselling, with graduate work in religious studies a possibility in the future. Audrey is married to John Hill of Virden and the mother of four children between the ages of four and 11.



the poet's word

MOTHER

my mother found herself one late summer
afternoon lying in grass under the wild
yellow plum tree jewelled with sunlight
she was forgotten there in spring picking
rhubarb for pie & the children home from
school hungry & her new dress half hemmed
for Sunday the wind & rain made her skin
ruddy like a peach her hair was covered
with wet fallen crab apple blossoms she
didn't know what to do with her so she put
her up in the pantry among glass jars of
jellied fruit she might have stayed there
all winter except we were playing robbers
& the pantry was jail & every caught thief
of us heard her soft moan she made her
escape while we argued over who broke the
pickled watermelon jar scattering cubes
of pale pink flesh in vinegar over the
basement floor my mother didn't mind she
handed us mop & broom smiling & went back
upstairs i think she was listening to
herself in the wind singing

— by Di Brandt

Father

legs astride arms akimbo
my father tilts his cap back
mops his black forehead
leaving streaks of sweat
on wet glistening skin
his teeth when he laughs
are incredibly white
the inside of his lips bright red
later when he washes off the grain dust
i will see the line between
his smooth white biceps
& the red brown leather
of his arms
he carried me once
across this golden field
on his shoulders
the stubble had scratched a thousand
red welts in my skin
the swathe was too wide to jump
anyway
our shadow stretched across
two rows of ripe cut wheat
the ft ft of his lithesome feet
measured the red gold of the burning
sun across the long
distance of my yearning

— by Di Brandt

sunday afternoon

- (i) i'm digging for words
beneath a church pew
a song reminiscent of days
spent under a copper sun
in the song a burning hunger
for the place where we began
alas! my hands are too slender
the palms too articulate
my back hurts —
i'll never break the ground this way
too many fathers cling to me
their weight is too great
and my brethren smell
too much of concrete, mourning breath
too many words words words
hang idly in too familiar foyers
too many souls converted to silence
left to wander, blessed with conviction.
- (ii) my brethren placed a sign
in the church parking lot
yellow background, black letters
prominent to all passersby
driving to and from work
the words on it read:
"The Psalms in a nutshell:
Life is tough, God is good."
(i only describe when my judgements
are laughed into anonymity.)
poet!
(poet?)
over too much concrete, knife-sharp greetings
memories are inscribed, cut, the guilt dispersed
groping with my hand under a pew
i find a wad of gum
and no words to express
or conceal my smile
only an intrusion, pink and warm
and hope that if i remove it
everything will fall apart.

— Jeff Loewen

Mennonite Book Club off to good start

by Kerstin Roger

At 818 Portage Avenue, in Winnipeg, it is up the stairs and to the left, in the first door and one enters a world of stories. This is the home of the Mennonite Book Club. Here are gathered tales of courageous believers who lived through a reign of terror, diaries written by people who helped structure the early life of Mennonites in Canada, poetry, novels, photographic essays, tape recordings, as well as recipe and the children's books. All of these make Mennonite life a passionate and interesting affair.

Most of the books tell not only of the great and the famous but also of the people behind the scenes. One can delve into the life of the farmer, the local Mennonite doctor, the couple from the village, or the young girl overseas. There are also captivating books on issues which pertain to all people: nuclear war, violence, and living more with less.

The book club was first thought of on a grandiose scale many years ago, but was laid on the shelf to gather dust before the idea was rediscovered in a more modest form in 1984. Its current objective is to provide books and cassettes to readers and listeners who may find it difficult to locate such material. Though the building up of memberships started slowly, the club can still bloom into a full-scale organization. Al Reimer has predicted that the membership will rise to 500 by 1986. We will have to wait and see!



Susan Froese

The office itself began in the home of Lora Sawatsky, who drafted the initial organizational form. When she accepted a full-time teaching position, the office was moved to Portage Avenue, where Susan Froese is now in charge of promotion and distribution. "It hasn't been easy," says Susan, "to direct a book club which still needs some organization;" but her love of books made her willing to accept the challenge. The enthusiasm of Susan and others has helped the club to get underway.

Most members live in Manitoba, especially the rural communities, but there are subscribers all the way from Yellowknife to California! There have not been any great advertising schemes to bring the book club into the fast lane, mainly because of finances; but in spite of this, people have begun to hear about the non-profit organization and to enjoy

a membership with it. In mid-May there was a membership of 130.

Some of the fastest selling novels have been *The Salvation of Yasch Siemens* by Armin Wiebe, *A Sackful of Plautdietsch* by Al Reimer, Anne Reimer and Jack Thiessen and *Predicht fier Haite* by Jack Thiessen. Other authors are Rudy Wiebe, Gerald Friesen, and Mavis Reimer, to name only a few. Not only novels, but cassettes have been popular. Of the cassettes most in demand are the Christmas Carols and the Mennonite music. The newest addition is *Readings from Koop enn Buhr*, which is enjoying healthy sales. In the last few decades Mennonite authors have blossomed as never before. Writing novels has now become an accepted form of communication to document history and culture. The book club illustrates this growth in Mennonite literature and provides a convenient method of distribution for these books.

If you wish to become a member of the Mennonite Book Club there is no fee for the membership, just an agreement to buy a minimum of five books or cassettes each year for a period of two years. For your order form write to: Mennonite Book Club, 203-818 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3G 0N4.

Assiniboine Travel

Special Departures

FALL '85 TOURS

1. MIDDLE EAST
Departure: October
2. FIJI
Departure: Dec. 25, 10 days
3. EGYPT
Departure: Dec. 23, 14 days
4. HONG KONG
Departure: Mid Term Break

CALL John Schroeder
Hilda Driedger

ASSINIBOINE TRAVEL

219-818 Portage Ave.
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

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



observed along the way

by Roy Vogt

by Roy Vogt

INTO SUMMER 1985

• This issue marks the end of our 14th publishing year. After our usual July and August break our 15th year will begin with the September issue. When a few of us got together in 1971 to give birth to the Mirror we knew that the chances for success were quite slim. Now, after 140 issues, we occasionally feel a little bit tired, but thanks to your support and interest we are even more hopeful about the future than we were at the beginning.

• Early summer is, of course, a good time for the renewal of hope. A part of one Saturday is spent at the annual Westgate cyclathon in Birds Hill Park. This year we are content to watch the others suffer, 14 times around the seven mile track. As usual, the weather is almost ideal. Also ideal at this time of the year are the conditions on the Pine Ridge Golf Club. I look forward each week to the four hours of pure relaxation on this course. Even the occasional loss to duffers like the editor of this magazine does not destroy the feeling of contentment, though I must admit in all honesty that it awakens dark feelings of revenge. What galls me most of all is that I can no longer beat another friend whom I taught to golf about 15 years ago. He obviously had a good teacher.

• Things are quiet at the university, a chance to catch up on some long-delayed reading. It's important to keep at least ten steps ahead of your best students. This is also the time of the year

when advanced students are examined on the theses they have written. It takes several days to read what turns out to be a very interesting master's thesis by a student in history. I have been asked to be one of the examiners, and for a few hours one afternoon we fire questions at this student to determine how well she understands her own work. Her thesis describes how one of the most respectable lawyers in Winnipeg bilked the University of Manitoba of several million dollars in the first few decades of this century. When the scandal was uncovered in 1932 and the lawyer was sent to jail he insisted on reminding the judge that he was, after all, no "ordinary criminal." That surely is one of the great lessons of human history: a respectable facade tells you next to nothing about the true heart of a man.

• This is also the time of year for weddings. I seldom perform marriage ceremonies now — there just isn't time — but I enjoy such occasions very much. Especially enjoyable are the meetings with the couple before the wedding, when we explore how they met, what they hope for from their life together, and how they propose to make their vows to each other. I usually try to extract one promise from them: that if something should go wrong in their marriage they will call me before they call a lawyer. I don't pretend to be a great counsellor, but I know that people often benefit from a neutral, sympathetic ear. In my experience, the more dramatic or sudden the blow up, the easier it is solved. The most difficult thing to reverse is a loss of respect of one partner for the other — a loss which is ultimately expressed not by anger but by indifference. I can think of nothing

more exciting, though, than two people setting out on the adventure of a shared life.

• In preparation for some of the special events this summer my wife persuades me to buy a new suit, the first in several years. Well, this turns out to be much more difficult than I had anticipated. Let me be specific. One morning in May I arrive at the Kildonan Place Bay store, to take advantage of a summer suit special. It doesn't take long to find the kind of suit I want, in the right size. But who will do the fitting, and where do I pay? There is no clerk anywhere in sight. I walk around and look, but no luck. Finally I go to the women's clothing department and ask the lone clerk there whether she can locate someone for the men's department. She makes a phone call, and reports that the staff person in charge of men's clothing is having coffee and won't be back for about 10 minutes. It is 10:15 a.m. The store opened 15 minutes ago and already they are having coffee. I decide to leave this store and drive over to the St. Vital Bay. Here exactly the same thing happens. There is absolutely no one around. I leave after five fruitless minutes. At home I call the Manitoba manager of the Bay to register a complaint. I am told that the manager is on vacation, and the assistant manager is having coffee. Ten minutes later the latter calls me and I tell him what happened. He says that he will have the individual store managers call me. One of them eventually does, but it seems that his main concern is to shift the blame to me. "Why," he asks, "didn't you go to one of the central cash register depots and ask for help?" I inform him that there was a lineup at the nearest depot, and besides

it wasn't related to the men's clothing department. Then I ask myself, why do I have to explain to him what I was doing? Where was **he**? The incredible thing is that he never offers to sell me the suit. If he simply said: "I am sorry that I wasn't there. If you can come down at your earliest convenience I will personally look after you," I would have gone down and made the purchase. Because he was more interested in defending his actions than in correcting them I ultimately go to another store, in a different chain, to get satisfaction. I am not surprised that some of these retail giants are in financial trouble. I wonder, is anyone else having these experiences?

• One of the joys of early summer is to open the cottage. It is a beautiful Saturday morning in May. The birds are chirping all around, the sun is shining above, and underneath the cottage the sewage pipe has come apart. But never mind, by that evening the pipe is fixed, with the help of good friends the water system is also functioning, and all is really well with the world. Next day even the silent dropping from a bird somewhere above cannot spoil the feeling that this is indeed God's world.

• Back in Winnipeg, an evening in May takes me to a concert at the Art Gallery, one of the featured artists being Irmgard Baerg. The music of the trio this evening, involving the horn, violin, and piano, is extremely enjoyable.

• Another evening is spent at the Manitoba Theatre Centre, observing Moliere's witty attack on religious con artistry. The play reminds me of a story told by a Mennonite who arrived in a Manitoba Mennonite community from Russia in 1924. The very first evening he and his brother were sleeping in the hayloft of their host's barn when they heard a rustle below. My friend's brother, who had an unusually low and authoritative voice, opened the barn-loft door and directing his voice below, asked: "Who is there? What are you doing?" Through the darkness he saw a figure below fall to its knees, and a man's voice shouted pleadingly toward heaven, "O Lord, forgive me for stealing horses." However, the man below quickly recovered from this act of contrition and darted out of the barn. My friend now says of that experience: "I learned something very valuable that evening: it is possible to be a religious horse thief." Moliere knew that centuries earlier.

• I am always amazed at what one can discover in the remote parts of Manitoba. A Sunday afternoon visit to Eu-

gene Derksen's Holiday Ranch in the bush land between Steinbach and Grunthal brings us face to face not with ordinary horses and cows but with giant buffalo, sheep, and a host of exotic birds and animals. I recall that years ago Eugene visited Hamburg, Germany, and later in his report in the *Carillon* he expressed regret that he had not visited the famous Hagenbeck Zoo in that city, which his father had strongly recommended. He is now creating his own Hagenbeck, with a Manitoba flavour.

• A breakfast meeting in Winnipeg involves a number of us in the planning of a trip next February to places like Japan, Hong Kong, and Thailand. The purpose is to acquaint Mennonite busi-

ness and professional people with the technology and management-labor practices of some highly and some less developed countries in the Far East. The trip is to be sponsored by MEDA. Anyone interested in going?

• Early June finds me on the way to Minneapolis, where I will use their superior university library for a week and visit a few close friends. I decide to drive via Kenora and International Falls, which should be much more interesting than the shorter route over Grand Forks and Fargo. With that I wish you all a good summer, with time enough to relax and relapse. We hope to be back in September.

mm



steinbach credit union limited

BOX 2200, STEINBACH, MANITOBA R0A 2A0
TEL. (204) 326-3495

wishes to advise the following generous interest rates:

| | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Standard Loan Rate | 9½% |
| Savings | 9½% |
| RRSP | 10% |
| | (Variable Rate) |

Interest on Deposits
(Chequing Accounts)

On minimum monthly balance 7%

All rates subject to change

Steinbach Credit Union Limited
Box 2200
Steinbach, Manitoba
R0A 2A0

Phone: 326-4451

Understanding U.S. Nuclear Strategy

reviewed by Harry Loewen

Normally we do not review journals or articles published in journals and magazines. However, the special 1984 issue of *Philosophy and Social Criticism* deserves, in my view, at least a few comments in a magazine which deals with Mennonite faith and life.

The special issue of *Philosophy and Social Criticism* is devoted to the subject of "philosophy and the debate on nuclear weapons systems and policies." Edited by William C. Gay, this issue includes fifteen articles on many aspects of the nuclear weapons debate. In reading the well-written and often convincingly argued essays, the reader is both informed about the reality of the nuclear arms race and frightened by the possibility of a nuclear war.

I wish to comment on just two articles in this issue.

Ronald E. Santon, in his article "The Arms Race, Genocidal Intent and Individual Responsibility," agrees with those who believe that the immediate cause of World War III is the preparation for it. Manufacturing nuclear weapons for the purpose of deterrence should be seen as an aspect of preparation for war.

"What we must see clearly is that, in the name of securing or maintaining peace, this doctrine of deterrence leads both superpowers deliberately to prepare and over-prepare for a nuclear exchange that would leave both of them — and perhaps the rest of civilization — in a state of nuclear incineration" (p. 12).

Louis René Beres, in his "Vain Hopes and a Fool's Fancy: Understanding U.S. Nuclear Strategy," asks how supposedly intelligent persons like the U.S. policymakers fail to see where their course of action is leading them and the world. At the outset of his paper the author comes to the conclusion that the "essence of the Reagan administration's strategic universe is . . . a vast intellectual and ethical emptiness" (p. 36).

The rest of the essay attempts to answer the question: "How can we explain the form and direction of current U.S. nuclear strategy?" (p. 39). Among

the answers given, the following stand out: (1) The Reagan administration is guided by *opportunism*, giving in to powerful manufacturers for short-term economic gain; (2) the Reagan administration is characterized by *thoughtlessness* and an incapability to deal with complex issues; (3) there is in the Reagan administration a certain *psychopathology* — mental illness — at work, which prevents the policy makers from recognizing the terrible reality which threatens the world; and (4) there is an infatuation within the Reagan circle with *apocalyptic symbolization* which sees a nuclear war as a war between "the sons of light and sons of darkness." Thus, according to the author, the U.S. administration causes evil by wanting to overcome it.

Referring to Ecclesiasticus 34:1 — "Vain hopes delude the senseless and dreams give wings to a fool's fancy" — Beres concludes: "The United States has been thinking against itself. To survive into the future, it will require leaders who can open their minds to ways of thinking not yet their own. Instead of advancing arguments that are nothing more than the product of artifice, these leaders will need to establish a clear perspective on our current policy failures. Only then can we hope to escape the predatory embrace of vain hopes and a fool's fancy" (p. 51).

It is hoped that these essays will be read not only by politicians but also by lay persons who are genuinely concerned about the superpowers' nuclear strategies. Ordinary citizens should know something about the political leaders' decisions and actions which affect all of life on earth.

Philosophy and Social Criticism. An international, inter-disciplinary quarterly journal (Winter 1984), n 3/4 Vol. 10.



This edition we announce the winner of the contest published in the April edition: from the 87 entries, Tina Froese, of Niverville, was selected the winner. A cash prize has been sent.

We can also announce the winner of the May contest: from among the 17 entries, John Bergman of Virgil, Ontario, was selected for the cash prize.

Answers to the May contest were lame, severe, anger, risen, and learning.

The answers to March were react, parse, glean, trial, panel, and spring.

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 July 15, 1985.

Name

Address

City/Town

Postal Code

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

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



manitoba news

Ken Loewen has resigned as principal of the Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna, effective June 30. He has accepted the position of principal at Garden Valley Collegiate in Winkler.

Victor Kliewer, currently pastor at First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, will become principal of Elim Bible School in August, 1986. He has taught at the school and was principal from 1975-78. Kliewer is currently a Doctor of Ministries candidate at Bethany Theological Seminary, Illinois. **Ike Froese** will serve as interim principal for the 1985-86 school year.

Monica Wiebe, currently resident director of Camp Moose Lake, will become the new executive director of the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba camping program in September. She succeeds Terry Burkhalter. She has taught high school and Bible school and has been involved with Manitoba camps since 1979.

An "appreciation evening" in honour of **Harold Jantz**, retiring editor of the Mennonite Brethren Herald, was held at MBBC on June 6. Jantz, who has served as editor for the past two decades, will be pursuing other interests in the field of publishing after June 30.

Sydney J. Reimer has been appointed to the Canadian Multiculturalism Council. He is president of G. K. Braun Insurance Services in Rosenort and Winnipeg; and a financial consultant for Great Pacific Management. He is chairman of the Canadian branch of the Mennonite Disaster Service, and of the bi-national MDS organization.

Don Bergen, a 1984 CMBC graduate, will take up duties as assistant pastor of the Sherbrooke Mennonite Church in Vancouver, in June. He is a member of the Sargent Ave. Church in Winnipeg.

Paul Dyck will become assistant pastor of Steinbach Mennonite Church this fall. During the past year he served as interim pastor of the Mount Royal Mennonite Church in Saskatoon.

Ed Martens was recently elected president of the Winnipeg Chamber of Commerce. Ed is the son of Mrs. Agatha Martens, a member of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

Included in the list of plays to be presented by **Prairie Theatre Exchange** in Winnipeg in the fall and winter season

will be an adaptation of the narrative poem *The Shunning*, by Patrick Friesen; and *Night Travellers*, by Sandra Birdsell.

Mennonite Central Committee is once again seeking homes and work assignments for 90 trainees who came from over 30 countries in Latin America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Those interested in assisting should contact MCC Canada, 201-1483 Pembina Hwy., Winnipeg.

The Carillon, of Steinbach, Manitoba, picked up three first place and six second place awards at the annual presentation of Better Newspaper Competition Awards in Winnipeg. The first place awards were for best editorial, written by Peter Dyck; best editorial page; and best news story. The winning news story was also written by Peter Dyck and it concerned the French language issue and the difficulties posed for Andy Anstett by his constituents.

A film on the Mennonite World Conference, held last year in Strasbourg, France, is being prepared by **Max Wiedmer**, a young French film-maker. Wiedmer has been attending the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg, and has worked together with freelance writer Doreen Martens, who prepared the script. Wiedmer is presently in need of financial assistance for the final work of mixing, printing and distributing the film.

Peter and Leona Penner, presently serving as MCC country representatives in Swaziland, have been appointed Co-ordinators of MCC Canada's Peace and Social Concerns program. MCC Canada interim-Executive Director Waldo Neufeld says that "MCC Canada is pleased that they have made themselves available for this important task. Their 12 years of service with MCC makes them well-suited to address peace and justice issues." The Penners, members of the Aberdeen Evangelical Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, Man., have served with MCC in Swaziland, Zambia, and as Voluntary Service Coordinators for MCC Manitoba. "Their experience in Africa will allow them to bring an international perspective to peace and justice concerns," Neufeld says. They will assume their new responsibilities in late summer.



your word

Why so many men?

It was with interest that I read your recent article on two fine, up-coming Winnipeg musicians, Tom Wiebe and Phil Ens. With all respect to these two talented fellows, it seems to me that here, as elsewhere, the Mennonite Mirror is more interested in the accomplishments of male musicians than female ones. When will we see an article on someone like Henriette Schellenberg, or is she totally taken for granted? Not only is she a rarely gifted singer, but as a singing *teacher* she has had a hand with either the Tudor Bowl or the Rose Bowl winners for the last number of years. She has had a decisive role in the shaping of a number of these young voices.

Yours truly, Justina Wiens, Winnipeg.

They are Real Mennonites

In reference to the article "Eating Borscht . . ." by David Bergen in MM issue of April 1985, the author writes, "I became friends with the Amish people living near the farm and this was near the town of Emo . . ." in reference to the summer he worked on a dairy farm in northwestern Ontario. He is mistaken in that these people he is referring to are *definitely not* Amish but Mennonites; he is referring to the conservative Mennonites who belong to the Pineview Mennonite Church at Barwick — Emo, Ontario. They are a member congregation of the "Fellowship Churches," having joined this conference in the late 1970's. Until that time they are affiliated with the so called "Black Bumper" Mennonites; most of the families in this congregation originate from the "Black Bumper" Mennonites of Ohio and Southern Ontario and a few families originate from Mexico. It should be noted the "Fellowship Churches" are a group of 25 congregations, adhering to what they call, "the historic doctrine of the (Old) Mennonite Church." They are scattered from East Paraguay to British Columbia to Ontario plus many states in the U.S. Manitoba has two "Fellowship" Churches; one established congregation at Arborg, Manitoba, and a new smaller one at Winkler. I assure David Bergen these fine folks are not Amish; I have been there and know them personally.

Sincerely,
Robert Loewen, Blumenort

Anything left to read?

I can't help but notice that in many of your letters people are really speaking their minds. It makes we wonder what is left for people to read after they cancel all the subscriptions of papers they don't agree with.

I would like to commend you for carrying all the material of Dr. Harry Loewen, and Dr. Victor Doerksen. With the recent appointment of Dr. George Epp, I look forward to good material from him also. It should concern us that people who are paid by our churches and colleges are silent on a lot of the contemporary issues of the day.

It has been brought to my attention through some research in a family tree that both John Schroeder and Dr. Roy Vogt are distant relatives of mine. Hopefully, they will share my exhilaration of this discovery. Actually I was more excited by the fact that we now have a genuine hockey star among our relatives, even if the connection is rather remote.

I continue to be amused at the general reaction to Armin Wiebe's book and to Rudy Wiebe's latest production. Why does it seem that we "Mennonites" would prefer to blindly hammer at our reflections rather than openly look at ourselves in the mirror?

Sincerely,
Paul Klassen
Carman.

Valued tribute

I hadn't read of the passing of 'Onkel Wedel' until I came across your tribute to him in the Mirror.

I want to thank you for expressing what this man meant to me and I'm sure to many others. I've always thought of him as the consummate gentleman, above prejudice and pettiness. As a child I sensed these things, but as a Sunday School teacher under his direction I knew it well as he steered us through some minor and major crises — such as the language change, for instance. Through it all he worked his quiet diplomacy and drew the best out of one.

As you said, they have buried a good man. It would be fitting to have some kind of memorial to him. On the other hand, a far better tribute to a quiet, unassuming man would be that somewhere in our lives there would be quiet, unassuming words and deeds for having known such a person.

Mary Dyck,
Edmonton

READER DARES TO WRITE

Your oft repeated invitation for comment on the articles in your publication has prompted or dared me to put forth my humble thoughts.

Reading (or trying to read) the 'Poet's Word' in the last few editions of the *Mirror* causes one to agonize over the eager, but meager, attempts at this art; as if a compassionate hand should be offered to assist in making something of these valiant endeavors.

I love poetry, I really do, but I mean *poetry*, like that of the 'grand old masters', or the 'bards sublime' as well as the 'humbler poets whose songs gush from the heart,' as Longfellow, as well as others, has said it so neatly. But when it comes to what in today's world (at least the *Mirror's* world) is named (or misnamed) poetry . . . sans rhyme, sans rhythm, sans meter, sans cadence, sans punctuation, sans ad finitum . . . well, that is different story, a horse of another color, as the saying goes. A ditty thrown in here and there among other items can be tolerated . . . , overlooked, or even ignored if need be; but when whole pages are devoted to these 'poems' . . . well, that does tax the patience. Then one starts wondering how well this bodes for the contributors as well as those responsible for the selection of what is to be included in the contents of your otherwise worthy magazines. . . .

I am often bemused, and sometimes also amused, by the somewhat stereotyped reviews of books and theatrical or other performances offered in the *Mirror*. When reading them one gets the strange feeling of paramnesia, the odd sensation that somehow or other all this has been seen or experienced before, only the names have been changed. And almost invariably nothing but good is mentioned about the things evaluated. Or if an untoward word occasionally needs to be expressed, it is usually neutralized or even negated with some rather expansive plaudits at the end. Why backtrack? The damage has already been done. Why try to ease the pain with sweettalk? Then, on the other hand, is it that only the best is chosen for review? In that case no comment is necessary — the pieces speak for themselves. . . .

I am always intrigued by the monthly meanderings of Mr. Vogt's 'Observed along the way.' It is gratifying to note that one from the higher echelons has the benevolence to reach down and share his occupational as well as social hazards, reversals and good fortunes

with us earthlings here below. I am forever non-plussed by his ability to keep up with the hectic pace, as it certainly must be, what with all the rapid and constant change and increase of knowledge nowadays, so that it would be extremely difficult for a professor to store a lecture computer-like and deliver it on short notice where and when required. I recall one professor at the university who, at the beginning of the lecture, would position himself on the podium with his hands resting on the lectern, crank up his face to look directly at the students in semi-circular tiered seats, and in that immovable stance race relentlessly through his speech without any interruption whatsoever throughout the full forty-five minute period. You would almost get the feeling you were listening to a gramophone record playing non-stop. I cannot remember that he ever paused to breathe. But that, of course, was forty-five years ago when the world and time stood relatively still

and one lecture could be repeated verbatim day after day, perhaps even year after year. Whatever, keep up the good work!

Equally fascinating are the stories of Mary M. Enns' globe trotting adventures. Although also with a wee trace of repetition in structure, this is richly compensated for by each anecdote never failing to introduce excitingly fresh characters and totally new environments. Again I say: How do you manage? Here one month, there the other, and somewhere else next! I assume you are of Mennonite stock. They are normally accepted or destined to be lethargic, immobile. How dare you flout and contravene this tradition so recklessly! Just kiddin'. I also like movement and action, but mostly only in others. I have lived in the same house for forty years. This, too, has become a tradition. Sorry for any offence I may possibly have created in speaking so bluntly. But then, having diligently read your articles so often, I feel as if I have known you personally for years. Just carry on!

It is very heartening to see so many young people, some even not quite so young, have the ambition and courage to strike out into the wide, wide world for the sake of service to others in most instances, but also, perhaps, for some to seek adventure or their fortune, and for still others just to break the tedium of home life. At any rate, it must take some gut and gumption to leave the sanctuary of the maternal apron to go it on your own, especially when we think of 'our world' some three score years ago, on the southern Manitoba prairie. Our world consisted mostly of a flat piece of earth approximately twenty miles in diameter, and it was only in the annual trek to Winnipeg for 'buying in' after the harvest was cashed in, that we actually risked the danger of falling over the edge. Not that we were dumb and unlearned, not by any means. We were taught about the first sin and all the others that followed in its track; we were told not to tell lies or steal; we knew about Israel's struggles in Egypt and in the desert and all the wars they always fought and won, and how, when they finally, after forty years, arrived in their promised homeland with milk and honey galore, they killed off all the people that lived there who didn't want to give up their land. And at the yearly 'Missionsfest' we heard about the poor people in India (mostly) who did not have enough to eat and didn't know about God and Jesus. But all those things did not bother us very much.

They were to us more or less like the fairy tales we read about in the school library. . . .

I am a firm believer in "Alle gute dinge drei mal." This is now my third attempt to 'get into the Mirror.' I can only hope that no loss of manuscript or outright rejection is in the offing, perhaps due to some 'edgy' words that did not jibe with the powers that be. But if all else fails, the best, or maybe the worst, I can do is dare you to put this in print.

*Excerpts from a long letter from:
Henry J. Funk
Winnipeg*

P.S. Just one more word: Funny how ideas can be twisted every which way. Dr. Peter Lorenz Neufeld, by his very title, and writing, appears to be a fully erudite person. Yet he fiercely defends his status as an ethnic Mennonite. Can there be such an 'animal?' Good old Webster defines ethnic as gentile, neither Christian or Jewish, heathen, even. Or if you go by the second definition, 'A group of people with common traits and customs.' We have always been taught that Mennonitism centres around faith only, 'belief and trust in and loyalty to God.' (Webster again) Traits and customs are outward expressions or characteristics. Faith is strictly intrinsic. You can have myriads of traits and customs and yet not believe in God. Can someone explain his reasoning?

Letter Redeems

A word of thanks for your very interesting periodical. My wife and I always look forward to getting it. We find many interesting and enlightening material in it. But now and then, we are also somewhat alarmed by some of the material. One such article was Ed Unrau's editorial, in the April issue. That was a very disturbing editorial. I was about to write you about it, but I hesitated because I do not have the scholastic background to really wade into that subject. But I know what I believe. In Hebrews 11; we read a statement that we cannot ignore, namely this: "By faith we understand (know) that the universe was formed at God's command, so that what is seen was not made out of what was visible."

But I was so glad to read Al Hiebert's letter in reply to Unrau's writing in your May issue. It expressed what I would have liked to say so much better than I could have said it.

Keep the little paper coming, we enjoy it and read it from cover to cover.

Yours truly,
A. H. Born
Altona.

**Arthur
Driedger**



David J. Epp, President of Kona Enterprises Ltd. and Kona Properties Ltd. is pleased to announce the appointment of Arthur Driedger as a Real Estate Investment Consultant with the Kona Group.

Prior to joining the Kona Group Mr. Driedger spent 14 years as an Administrator with the Mennonite Central Committee Canada, in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Kona Group is involved in the marketing and management of commercial real estate and offers a wide range of real estate investment opportunities and services. Mr. Driedger can be contacted at:

The Kona Group
1695 Henderson Hwy.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Canada, R2G 1P1
or (204) 586-9791

KONA

PART TWO

Adventures of a Canadian in Zimbabwe

Human intruders awed by animals in their own home

by Ralph Friesen

The next morning we woke up to a terrific wind that tore through the tall trees and whipped up the dusty ground. "I've never seen it this windy," said Rob. "It's too windy to canoe; we'll wait for a bit, have some breakfast, and see what it looks like then."

The wind, depositing grit into our breakfast cereal, nevertheless did die down enough for us to set off, in the truck, pulling a trailer stacked with five canoes. Our destination was a point a few kilometres downstream, from where we would board our canoes and paddle further downstream to the second camp. Soon we reached some sand flats and waited, a bit guiltily, while the two African employees took the canoes off the trailer and down to the water.

"This is the first time I haven't carried my own canoe," said George. There was no reply to this. This is a country where a lot of people are in need of jobs, and quite a lot of those jobs have the objective of making other people comfortable. If you do things for yourself, you take their work away. Also, there is a long tradition of Africans — waiters, cooks, garden boys, nannies, cleaning ladies — who serve white people, and if you're white, Canadian or not, like it or not, you are frequently going to be served.

"Have you all canoed before?" said Rob.

We all declared that we had. George even said something about having done "some white-water canoeing." I wished he'd keep it to himself; I didn't want Rob to get any false impressions. The wind still blew hard, and paddling against it was going to be something of a struggle even though we would be going downstream on the powerful Zambezi cur-

rent.

The canoes each had two seats, with back-rests. Besides looking rather sophisticated, this arrangement seemed precariously tippy. We had, in fact, put our cameras into plastic bags which were tied tightly shut and then connected by a short rope to the canoe. Rob had his rifle similarly tied. What did he expect, that we were going to pitch into the river? It wasn't an appealing prospect: besides the current, there were hippos, and besides the hippos, there were crocodiles.

We had each been presented with a double-bladed paddle of the type used for kayaks. These were metal, and detachable, so Leroy and I, partners in one canoe, used a half each, a paddler on each side of the canoe in traditional Canadian fashion. We forged ahead into the wind. Behind us trailed Rick and George, who somehow had found themselves going in the wrong direction — looking for white water, maybe.

Ahead of us, paddling fearlessly out toward the middle of the river, were Wilf and Dave. Rob shouted from behind: "Keep close to the right bank! The hippos like it out in the middle." Wilf and Dave veered right, just avoiding a pod of hippos which had emerged where a moment before there had been only the empty river. One made a fake charge in the path of their departing canoe. Fat and blubbery as it was, it moved with alarming speed. Walt Disney has given us the impression that hippos are contented and cow-like; in fact, mostly by upsetting boats and throwing people into the water, they cause more fatalities than any other animal in Zimbabwe.

In shallower waters, our canoe passed over something dark and smooth

and humped, and a small thrill of terror passed through me, until I recognized, in the next second, that they were only rocks.

Coming around a bend in the river we saw a large sand bar directly in front of us, with two rugged-looking logs lying at the water's edge. Moments later the "logs" slid into the water with a soft, menacing splash — crocodiles, big ones. We paddled with meticulous care. "What I hate about crocodiles," I told Leroy, "is that they don't chew. They just rip and swallow. It's indecent." We strained our eyes studying the river's shining surface, but the crocs did not reappear.

Towards evening, a little worn from up-wind paddling, we landed our canoes on a sandy beach. In-shore, we saw that our tents had been set up and a meal was being cooked by the two faithful helpers, who had got there in the truck, overland. Any trace of self-contempt at not doing our own camp preparations vanished at the sight of the neatly pitched tents and the smell of sausage meat.

Sweaty, and gritty with the sand that had blown off the river banks during our journey, we shed our clothes, grabbed bars of soap, and plunged into the river. We swam a little — not too far; the current was unpredictable — and bathed, delighting in the cool water on our sun-burned bodies. Rob had assured us that the crocodiles would not be a danger here; that they frequent those places where animals or humans regularly come to drink or wash, until one day they make a grab for their unsuspecting victim. Still, naked and tenderfleshed animals that we were, we didn't feel entirely at ease, and didn't

stay in long.

After supper we sat gazing quietly into the campfire, now and then glancing over our shoulders into the darkness which had gathered all around us. "Will animals come into the camp?" someone asked. "They usually do," said Rob.

It was hot, and we left our tent-flaps open when we went to bed. I wouldn't have minded closing them, but no one else did, and I knew in any case that no serious-minded lion or elephant would be put off by a little triangle of canvas. For his part, Rob settled into his sleeping bag next to the fire, under the pavilion of stars, his rifle at his side.

Weariness overcame anxiety, and I was soon asleep. I was awakened, I did not know how long after, by a loud animal noise, something between a cough and a roar. Though I had never heard such a sound before, I knew instantly what it was. Leroy was sitting bolt upright in his sleeping bag. "Did you hear that?" he said, "Lion!"

Rob was up, calling for us to come and see. Dry-mouthed, we crawled out of our tent, and saw other white naked shapes crawling out of the other tents. Rob held a powerful searchlight which ran off the truck battery; he was directing its beam down toward the river. Our eyes followed the beam. There, maybe fifty metres away, were several lions. One female stood still, staring back at us, her yellow eyes like twin fires, her tail twitching. "They were just at the edge of camp," said Rob. "Fighting." The lions looked at us and we looked at them, until, one by one, they were swallowed by the darkness. When Rob switched off the searchlight the night made a sudden advance, transforming our tents into faint, alien shapes. Nevertheless we hurriedly crawled back into them, grateful for the illusion of security provided by being able to slide into our sleeping bags. Oddly, contrary to reason, I fell asleep immediately, oblivious to whatever went on for the rest of the night.

Paddling further down-river the next morning, we noticed a storage shed, some huts, and a tall metal windmill reflecting the sun, over on the Zambian shore. We decided to make an unscheduled stop and check it out. It turned out to be quite a set-up: the shed contained several late-model tractors and farm implements; one of the huts had a sunken stone bath in the middle, and what looked like a water bed; and in the yard stood two new 4-wheel-drive trucks. Inside the main hut was a rifle rack full of guns, and an array of expensive-looking fishing equipment.

All this in the African bush, miles from any decent road.

The workers who were tending the place said that the "baas" was gone but would be back soon. Sure enough, a tall, blond, very tanned young man in shorts soon roared up in a boat driven by a big Mercury outboard. We judged him at first to be an American, because of his accent, and because he said he'd lived in Dallas, but then it came out that he was originally from Zimbabwe, and was carrying on a project begun by his father, who, evidently, was a man of some means. The Zambian government was interested in promoting riverside gardening in the villages along the Zambezi, and this was a pilot project.

The windmill was for pumping river water into the garden. It worked fine, but there was another problem: keeping the elephants and hippos out. A few nights before the young man had heard noises and discovered three hippos happily munching his young maize plants. "I got out my rifle and fired a warning shot. They didn't move. So I killed one of them — I don't like to do it, but I thought it might have some effect — but the other two just stood there. What can you do?"

We lingered while Rob and the young man talked guns and fishing and poaching. They were different men altogether — the young man looked like he belonged on a California beach whereas there was something grizzled and tough about Rob that seemed an appropriate adaptation to life in the bush. Yet, like many white men before them, they both seemed to prefer the bush life to civilization, both enthralled with the raw beauty of the wilderness.

Rob knew and respected and loved the animals. "It's never the same," he said on one occasion as we watched a bull elephant slowly descend from the bank into the water, hesitate, then swim toward the opposite shore. "You always see something you haven't seen before."

He was less impressed with people. "Sometimes they give me problems," he admitted. "More than the animals do, anyway." There was the Italian film crew who had insisted on getting as close as possible to a pride of lions and had ended up with a thousand metres of film dropped in the dust, while they took refuge in the trees for a few hours. There were husbands and wives who got into domestic disputes. There were Europeans who got together a group for the safari but couldn't speak each others' languages. There were pleasure-lovers who preferred to sit in camp and

drink. Still, Rob was a true professional and obviously derived satisfaction from his work.

Leaving the Zambian entrepreneur, we raced for the Zimbabwean side. By this time we were using our paddles kayak-fashion, and had long ago acknowledged that the canoes' back-rests were saving us from cramped legs and housemaid's knee. We began a hike over yellow grassland, toward the bush. For a time we strolled in the shade at the edge of the bush while Rob pointed out trees and plants and their uses: a tree with giant, cucumber-like fruit hanging from vines, which, sliced open and rubbed onto the skin, was said to be curative of skin cancer. A tangled bush with very sharp curved thorns, used for marking faces and bodies with traditional scars. A weedy looking tuft of grass which elephants would dig up for the tender root system underneath. The elephants, in their giant hunger during the drought, had torn the bark off baobab trees, leaving some with gaping holes in them.

There were skulls and bones of wild boars and kudu and cape buffalo scattered here and there. A few times we came upon carcasses which seemed whole, until you got closer and could see they were hollow, just skin around bone. "Drought victims," said Rob. "The lions kill them, or sometimes they just drop. There's not much to eat, because, without food, their systems have actually been feeding on themselves. So the lions just take the vital parts — the womb, the liver — and hyenas take whatever's left."

He broke open a thigh bone. It was dry inside. "You see, even the bones have no marrow left; it's consumed by the body in the last stages of starvation."

We walked on in the late afternoon. Rob pointed to a sparse clump of trees in the yellow grass, about a hundred metres distant. "There are lions there," he said.

"There are?" said someone.

"They've been watching us for some time," said Rob.

"They have?" I said.

"Come on, we should be able to get a good view from this anthill." Rob clambered up onto one of the giant hills that jutted up here and there on the plain. He took his binoculars out. "A female and some cubs . . . no, some more adults . . . five, six, maybe seven." The lions had been escaping the afternoon heat in the shade; now, with evening drawing on, the half-grown cubs were playful, bothering their mother and wrestling with each other.

We walked on a short distance, reaching a pool completely covered with green algae. "Let's wait here and see what we can see," said Rob. "Those lions haven't eaten all day; they should be hungry."

A herd of cape buffalo grazed quietly off to the left of the lions. Their grazing seemed to be taking them slowly in the direction of the lions, who were alert now, no longer playing. "Watch," said Rob. "The lions are going to try and surround the buffs. See there, to the left of the herd?" There was, in fact, a male lion, who had materialized magically out of the grass, while some females approached the herd from the right.

"Do the buffalo know what's happening?"

"They know," said Rob, "and they're preparing themselves. All the bulls are on the outside of the circle and behind them is a calf that the lions are interested in. If the lions manage to panic the herd and get them to run we could see a kill right here in this pool. Lions like to make a kill in the mud."

The green algae carpet on the pool lay uncreased, still. A grey bump in the middle, which I had taken to be a piece of mud but which Rob said was part of a hippo, had changed its position slightly. Otherwise, nothing moved.

Then one of the lions made a rush at the circle of buffalo, but the bulls lowered their thick, curved, sharp-pointed horns and the lion stopped. This was repeated once or twice, but the herd stayed together, gradually moving off, leaving the lions still hungry. "Lions are terrible hunters," said Rob. "They miss most of their chances."

In the mean time, three zebras appeared amongst the trees to our right, apparently wanting to come down to the pool to drink, but restrained by our presence, and that of the distant lions, dissatisfied now after their failure with the buffalo. If the zebras came down to drink the lions might try an attack. For a long time all of us were very still — the lions watching both in the hope that something would happen; and the hippo, blissfully asleep in the tepid green pool, watching nothing.

As the sun sank lower it became apparent that the hoped-for drama would not take place. But we were not discontented, having been privileged to enter, for a time, a world essentially unchanged from what it must have been for uncounted years gone by, the home of graceful, powerful wild animals who had noted our presence, and let us pass through.

mm

Arnold Dyck Aus Meinem Leben

*In diesen Tagen soll der erste Band der WERKE Arnold Dycks erscheinen. Dieser erste Band (vier sind geplant) enthält den Roman **Verloren in der Steppe** und eine unveröffentlichte autobiographische 'Skizze', wie sie Dyck nennt die 1966 abgeschlossen wurde. Aus diesem Manuskript veröffentlichen wir hier zwei kurze Abschnitte, die Dycks Erfahrungen in der Forstei und seine Begegnung mit Machno reflektieren.*

Forstei

... Nur drei Kinder hatten meine Eltern; drei Söhne. Der Älteste von uns, Peter, kam vom Dienst frei, hatte „erste Begünstigung“ also einziger Helfer in Vaters Wirtschaft. Bernhard aber, der Zweitälteste, musste schon auf die Forstei, weil ich doch für die Wirtschaft da war. Und dann musste auch ich in den Vaterlandsdienst, weil Bruder Bernhard doch schon wieder da war für die Wirtschaft.

Ich ging gerne auf die Forstei und hatte mir dabei vorgenommen, alles mitzumachen, was da meine anderen Dienstbrüder durchzumachen hatten, einschliesslich der schweren „Rippenarbeit“ im Walde. Zwar war ich ein „Jegrommda“ und hatte Anspruch auf leichtere Arbeit, ich wollte aber, wie gesagt, alles auskosten, um dann überall auch mitreden zu können und zu dürfen. Als ich dann aber erst ein paar Wochen den Marsch zum und vom Arbeitsplatz, der einigemal in einer Entfernung von 10 Werst und mehr von unserer Kaserne weg lag, mitgemacht

und dort dann den ganzen Tag Baumstämme geschleppt hatte — das war nämlich die Aufgabe der Einjährigen (Scheefpanze), während die Zwei- und Dreijährigen, die „Alten“, das Fällen der Bäume besorgten, also nach ein paar Wochen hatte ich von diesem Mitmachen gerade genug. Ich sagte das meinem direkten Vorgesetzten, dem Starschij (Ältester), der meldete es dem Förster, unserer höchsten Instanz auf der Forstei, und setzte sich für mich ein, und ich wurde nun Gärtner (Sadownik), der mit zwei anderen Kollegen den Obstgarten und die Baumschule der Försterei zu betreuen hatte. Das aber nur für die Dauer des Frühlings.

Ich bekam dann andere Ämter und stieg immer höher. Zunächst mal wurde ich Nachtwächter. Bald dann aber Krankenwärter, da unsere Forstei um diese Zeit einen Feldscher und auch ein kleines Krankenhaus mit Feldscherwohnung dabei erhalten hatte. Also Krankenwärter wurde ich und gleichzeitig Feldschergehilfe, oder wenn man will Krankenschwester, drehte Pillen, mass den sich krank Meldenden die Temperatur, dabei achtgebend, dass diese Kranken dem Thermometer unter dem Arm durch daran Knipsen nicht nachhalfen. Weiter dann wurde ich noch Kommandoschreiber und schliesslich zu allem anderen auch noch Postbote, der täglich die Post für die Försterkanzlei und auch für das „Kommando“ von der 10 Werst entfernten Eisenbahnstation Snamenka holen musste. Das war ja nun das Schönste, was mir auf der Forstei hätte passieren können — Postbote zu sein! Täglich machte ich mit dem Fahrrad, das ich

mir aus Deutschland bestellt hatte, die Fahrt nach Snamenka und zurück, lieferte in der Försterkanzlei, etwa eine Werst von unserer Kaserne entfernt, die Post ab und händigte zu Hause den Kerls dann ihre Briefe aus. An beiden Plätzen wurde ich gern gesehen. Allerdings, wenn die Briefe für die Kerls mal länger ausblieben, wurde ich dafür verantwortlich gemacht und mit allerhand unschönen Namen belegt. Ich redete mich dann damit aus, dass die Briefe noch nicht ganz fertig seien, aber schon geschrieben würden.

Mein Krankenwärteramt brachte es mit sich, dass ich im Krankenhaus neben dem Patientenraum ein separates Zimmer bekam. Nur der Starschij hatte einen Raum für sich allein, der jedoch gleichzeitig die Kasernenkanzlei war. Dieses mein eigenes Zimmer, das meistens leere Krankenzimmer daneben, meine viele freie Zeit, die mir meine Ämter liessen und über die ich frei verfügte, dazu mein Fahrrad, das alles machte es mir möglich, auch die andere Seite unseres russischen Schwarzwaldes zu geniessen. Wohl keine andere unserer Forsteien hatte einen Urwald aufzuweisen, wie wir ihn hatten. Und was bin ich da mit meinem Rad herumgestrichen, wobei ich das Rad dann oft genug schieben, ja gelegentlich auch tragen musste.

Aber nicht allein die Natur meiner Forstei hat es mir angetan. Sie hatte auch ihre andere Seite — die Forsteier selber, die Kerls. Damals schon und heute hier in Kanada wird unseren Forsteien und den Forsteiern viel Übles nachgeredet. Geschieht das mit Recht oder ist es mehr nur, weil man zu überflächlich an diesen Fragenkomplex herangeht! Ich war auf der Forstei gerne, nicht nur meiner bevorzugten Stellung wegen, sondern der Kerls wegen und der Gelegenheit wegen, hier unsere jungen Menschen kennenzulernen, wie sie wirklich sind, und nicht wie sie sonstwo viel zu oft gezwungen werden, sich vor ihren Mitmenschen zu zeigen. Nein unsere Forsteier waren nicht schlechter als ihre damaligen und heutigen Kritischerer, nur unverfälschter waren sie. . . .

Machno

Eine Zeitlang blieb es tatsächlich auch ruhig. Und dann kam Machno, Batjko Machno, der grösste Räuberhauptmann aller Zeiten. Es kam nun dazu, dass ich für den Traindienst dieses Batjko Machno eingespannt wurde und als Fuhrmann mit eigenem Gespann,

mit schweren Granaten beladen, seinen Feldzug gegen die Weissen eine Woche lang mitzumachen hatte. Es wurde den Weissen die Stadt Jekaterinoslaw abgenommen und ihre Truppen hinter den Dnjepr geworfen. Hier nun, in Jekaterinoslaw, während eines heftigen Geschützfeuers, wobei ich bei meiner Kanone zu bleiben hatte, bekam ich Gelgenheit, Machno zu sehen und mir ihn anzusehen. Er war plötzlich da, neben unserem Geschütz und gab dem Kanonier Anweisungen. Ja, so dürfte schon jemand aussehen, der es fertiggebracht hatte, eine Bande von 100,000 (oder mehr?) zu sammeln und sich gefügig zu machen.

Als die Machnowzy die Stadt erst sicher in den Händen hatten, wurden wir Hochfelder Fuhrleute, etwa zwölf an der Zahl, entlassen, und wir machten uns auch schleunigst auf den Weg nach Hause, eine Strecke von etwa 50 Kilometern. Da ich meine müden Pferdchen schonen wollte, blieb ich weit hinter den anderen zurück und verlor sie schliesslich ganz aus dem Auge. Da begegnete ich einem russischen Fuhrmann, der mir in ein paar Worten das Schreckliche mitteilte, das während meines das Wegseins in unserer Kolonie von der Machnobande verübt worden war: in Eichenfeld, No. 4, seien alle Männer, 75 Personen, hingemordet worden und in Hochfeld 25. Es wurde eine qualvolle Stunde, in der ich die letzten 6 Kilometer zurücklegte. Es waren dann bei mir zu Hause aber doch alle am Leben. Wahrscheinlich aber wäre es anders ausgefallen, hätte ich meine Fahrt nicht machen müssen, denn man habe durchaus den „Offizier“ finden wollen, den es in Hochfeld doch gegeben habe.

mm

Job Opportunity

Large jewellery store is looking for a career-oriented salesperson; retail sales experience an asset; enthusiasm and out-going personality a must. Apply to the manager, Independent Jewellers, 493 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg.

SITE ANALYSIS
 ENERGY AUDITS
 OSBORNE LIBRARY
 PROJECT PLANNING
 CHURCH OF THE WAY
 FEASIBILITY STUDIES
 MANAGEMENT SERVICES
 ALTONA CREDIT UNION
 WASAGAMING FIRE HALL
 ALTONA HEALTH CENTRE
 SHOAL LAKE #40 SCHOOL
 WINNIPEG SUPPLY & FUEL
 PINE FALLS SWIMMING POOL
 SANDY BAY SCHOOL COMPLEX
 GREYNA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
 MENNONITE VILLAGE MUSEUM
 UKRAINIAN FOLK ARTS CENTRE
 MAPLES PERSONAL CARE HOME
 ATTO BOCK ORTHOPEDIC INDUSTRIES
 PROJECT & CONSTRUCTION MANAGEMENT
 E RIDGE VILLAS—SEBRING, FLOR.
 INTERIOR DESIGN SERVICE
 HARLESWOOD LIBRARY
 RADIO STATION CFRM
 CANADIAN BRONZE
 JOB / CHMM

Serving Manitoba with a continually broadening client base and range of services.

**rudy p.
architects friesen
& associates**

100-1835 Sargent Avenue
Winnipeg, Canada R3H 0E2
(204) 775-8254

An approved teaching centre of the University of Manitoba.

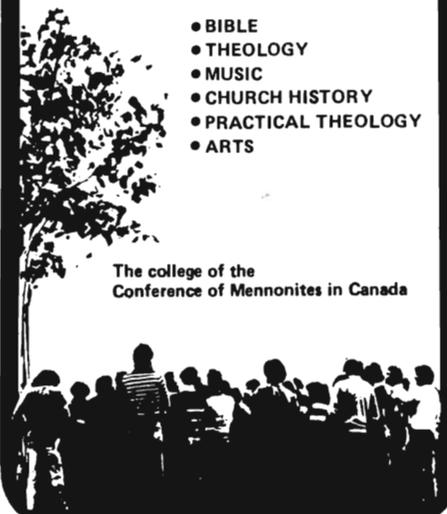
CMBC
CANADIAN
MENNONITE
BIBLE
COLLEGE

600 Shaftesbury Blvd.
Winnipeg Canada R3P 0M4
(204) 888-6781

WE INVITE YOU
TO EXPERIENCE CHRISTIAN, POST-SECONDARY EDUCATION WITH US.

- BIBLE
- THEOLOGY
- MUSIC
- CHURCH HISTORY
- PRACTICAL THEOLOGY
- ARTS

The college of the
Conference of Mennonites in Canada



Nie Wada

Fonn Jack Thiessen

Wie haude ons fesproake daut gaunse niemols, oba niemols nijch, jo, never nijch too fetalle. Wiels, jo wiels daut gaunse grölje Sind wea, enn tweedens wiels daut goastrijch enn hasslijch wea, enn butadäm een bät eene Schaund, enn wann daut gaunse rutkome sull, dann heet'et wada, "Oba, oba, waut woare de Lied bloos saje, waut woare de Lied bloos dentje?" Schratlijch, schratlijch. So schratlijch daut mie uck noch fondoag no fiewentwintijch Joa aunfangt too flautre enn too schweete, wann etj doaraun dentj. Enn mie woat daut Mul dann so dreajch, oba soo dreajch, daut etj daut mett'em Kjwiel moake goanijch no-kome kaun.

Wie haude ons aul donn faust fesproake, daut wie daut niemols nijch fetale wudde, oba no fiewentwintijch Joa lat dee strenja Strank doch een bätje no, daut gaunse woat een bätje schlaupa enn eena kaun aul wada doaräwa schmüstre — wann uck nijch läche — aunstaut bloos too hiele enn too wuje.

Waut wea? Jo, waut wea? Dree Prädjasch enn een Kjrist (enn daut wea mol wada etj) haude emma wada enne feftja Joare jeheat, daut'et enne Stäts doll häa jintj. Jo, sea doll. Toom Biespell weare Peeta Brün, Bruno Wiebe, Johaun Reima enn Jaunes Willie emm Winta aune fiewefeftijch tian Doag wajch, enn aus'e tridj kaume kofte Wiebe enn Brün sijch noch een Section Laund enn Reima fekoft schwind sien Feadel Laund enn fong bie an aun uttooschafe. Enn Willie, de Lawyer, fong tseowens aun pienijch aus Bartenda too oabeide, wiels sien Jehault aus Lawyer reatjt opp eenmol nijch mea too, omm

siene Femielle too feede. Mensche fruage, dee Kjoatjefoadasch säde, wauts hia loos?" enn läde loos, oba see kaume boold tridj enn sommde daut Leed, "Muss ich gehn mit leeren Händen?" "Toom Donna uck emol!" säd oole Schwuat, enn Gersteen, ons jüdscha Stooamaun, säd bloos, "Dos wird woll gebe a Hupe Tsorres," enn lacht.

Aulso jinje de Prädjasch enn etj no Johaun Reime enn kaume am soo bie enn fruage, "Johaun, kjenn wie onsmol fetale?" Oba Johaun dreid sich eene Tsigarett enn daubad pienijch enn säd bloos, "Nie wada, oba nie wada." Enn jintj aune Oabeit. Enn de aundree? Brün, Wiebe enn Willie haude daut soo drock, daut see goanijch Tiet haude, doafonn too räde. Enn Willie? Well Willie tald nijch besondasch, wiels hee nich too Jemeend jehead; däm kunn wie nijch biekome, däm Bädel.

Aulso beschloote de Prädjasch enn etj ons, wie wudde mol de gaunse Sach fomm Boddem opp unjaseatje. Daut sennt nu aul fiewentwintijch Joa tridj, oba daut gaunse ess noch emma wertlijch soo. Jo, jo. . . .

Aulso fua wie feea loos, nom Siede, no de Stäts opptoo. Medden emm Winta jintj'et loos. Wie leete onse Mamesch enn de Kjinja Tus toom besorje enn de Eia utnäme enn utmeste enn no School gone, enn een bät aum Partie-LeinPhoon oppschnacke, enn Hose schlenje, enn no Kjoatj gone, enn wie fuare loos. Oba woahan? Jo, woahan, "No Kaunes ons Frindschauft beseatje," säd wie, daut heet, säd etj, wiels etj jeneew wist, woahan wie wulle; daut haud Johaun Reima, de Kanädja mie jesajcht. Enn donn fuscheld Reima noch lie-

seltjes, "Lot doch dee Ooms auleen foare, waut west Du die de Henj ennschiene? Blied doch hia!" "Nä," säd etj. "Johaun west Du nijch mett?" "Mensch, nie wada, oba nie wada!" Enn hee jintj stoake, dreid sich enn siene Burrsteewle omm enn jintj stoake. Etj sach, hee schmeatjt nijch mea, oba hee haud een Tānepoake emm Mul, enn hee oabeid fe siene Bause aus een Willa. . . .

Aulso, wie feea enne Koa enn'en enn donn jintj'et loos. Eascht Sehnee enn les, donn les enn Schnee, oba den dreden Dach leet'et uck doamett no, enn tseowens wearet scheen enn woam enn wie sage soogoa eenen Robin, ooda "eene Rootbuck" soo's de ooltkolnische Prädja Netjel säd, aus wie twee Dusent Miel hinja ons haude. "Woa wea wie?" frog jie? Aus wann jie daut nijch weete — wie weare enn Sun enn Sin City.

"Oba ea wie Tus enne Jemeend opprieme kjenne mott wie ons hia omm-tijtje enn hard evidence saumle," säd de barjchtolscha Prädja SSee Eff Friese." Jo, daut mott wie woll," meend Oom Heinritj Peetasch, woona ons Junges emma femone deed. "Junges, jie motte niemols nijch doll woare, dauts nijch bieblisch." "Oba See woare je uck earemole doll," säd wie. Enn donn stald Oom Peetasch ut Gortiets sijch breetbeensch enn een bät äwabrestijch han enn säd mett de Uage enn dän Paussoff-Finja nohejcht jedreit, "Mein Zorn aber ist der gerechte Zorn!"

Jo, enn Prädja Korneljeus Faust woon't emma säd, "Etj heet nijch ommsonst KORNEELJEUSS," meend "Dem Gerechten ist alles gerecht, dem Reinen

ist alles rein," enn kreaich dee Wrang aune Gambling-Maschien too hoole, schmeete mette aundre Haund sas Kuartasch doa nenn, trock dee Wrang rauf enn donn dreid daut doa benne, dreid enn dreid, bleef stone, enn waut wea doa too seene? Feea aunjeschnädne roode Arbuse stunde doa mett eenmol enn eene Reaj ferr am, fresch aunjeschnäde meddem derch daut Obraumtje enn mett schwoaate Kjänatjes, stunde doa enne Reaj hinjrem Glaus enn donn jintjet loos! Daut roode Licht bowre Maschien blitst opp enn dreid, dee Maschien word läwendijch enn juld enn schreajch enn donn kijlinjad daut enn donn burrd enn buscheld'ett kuartasch. Dee Kuartasch spretste enn kijlinjade, dee rätade enn ruschelde, dee fluage enn rollde, dee schoowe enn dreide sijch enn kijlätade enn schnerrde enn porrde sijch bie de Dusende ut'e Maschien rut. Biem Buschel. Toom Jletj wea ons stellsta Prädja Oom Netjel — een Ooltkolniescha Oom mett lange, schwoaate Steewle. Enn dee trock hee sijch nu flucke ut enn schedd dee foll Kuartasch. Toom Jletj haud etj ons Biedel mett Reatjaworscht enn Tsiipple enn Koffe enn Reesche-tweeback enn jekoakte Eia enn ons Febietsel mettjebrocht. Etj läd daut gaunse Frätsel schwind oppe Ambu-

lance-Maschien enn hild dän Sack unja. Daut schedd enn schedd, tiandusend Kuartasch kaume doa jenietsch rutjeschnertst enn rutjebuscheld.

Enn donn platslich wort'ett wada stell. Twee fonn onse Ooms lage doa noch oppe Kjneees enn pickte de latste Feadels opp enn schmeete dee bie mie emm Sack nenn enn donn weare aule Farsh fonn dem scheenen Leed too Enj, enn donn fong dee greiwa Auldach wada aun. Etj wull noch een bät Sposs moake enn stemmd daut Leed, "Von der Erde reiss mich los, mache meinen Beutel gross," oppe Städ aun. Oba donn kijtj Oom Peetasch mie mett sien-en Broschkutt enn sienen Paussopp-Finja aun enn säd, "Schweig still" enn donn festommd mien Leed

Enn donn läd wie loos, leete de hollbuckje Jeldmaschien eensomm mett aul dee aunjeschnädne Arbuse stone enn jinje no onse Koa opptoo. Ferropp jintj Oom Faust mett siene utjebüde Rockfuppe, hinja am schibbeld Oom Peetasch mett folle Fuppe enn eene Japs foll Selwa enn donn foljd Oom Netjel boaft — dee Footkodre weifelde am ute Fuppe — ooba mett siene Steewle enne Grauje: "soo's Drankamasch foll mett Feadels," enn etj kaum aus latsta mett mienem Biedel folla Jeld, enn mett de Worscht enn jekoakte Eia undsoweiter undsofort enne Windbreaka Fuppe.

Oom Faust hold dän Schlätel ute Fupp, schloot dän Tronk op, hold eenen heltanen Eiakauste fäa enn säd, "Na dann mol hää mett mien Jeld." Sien Jeld? Sien Jeld? Bloos Faust sien Jeld? Aule tiandusend Kuartasch jeheare Oom Faust? Enn am gauns auleen? Wie stunde nu doa hinjre Koa one een Wuat oppe Leepe, soo's de Oss ferrem Boaj enn säde kjeen Wuat. Etj wull aul mien Hupe Mammon doa bie Faust emm Eikauste nenndompe, aus Oom Netjel sijch mett eenmol malde deed. "Du, Korneeljeus, west also nuscht nijch kjristisch deele?" frug hee. "Waut mient ess, ess mient. Waut heet hia deele? Enn nu jicha!" kommendead Prädja Faust. Enn donn? Jo, enn donn säd de Ooltkolniescha Oom Netjel too mie, "Du paust opp miene Steewle opp enn lot nijch eenen Pennie rutjlepe. Wiels waut mient ess daut ess mient, enn wannet folle Steewle sent. Etj go mie nu niee Schoo kjeepe." Enn donn tald hee sijch tachtentijch Kuartasch enn siene Haund. Well, donn jintj ons daut doch een bätje soo's janem sienem Schwoaga Harry waut bie soone Loage emma meend, "Hia mott wie woll aundre Seiden opplajen."

Jenoach, wie muste ons nu woll lang-somm eenijch woare. Oba Prädja Faust

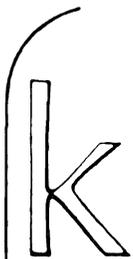
stiepad sijch enn deed enn hee haud weens tian Bibelfarsh fe sien Kase reed, enn Prädja Peetasch haud kratjt soo fäl Kounter-Farsh reed, wärend etj doa enne Sonn oppem Bompasaut mett folle Steewle enn een Biedel foll Jeld. Enn etj plintjad enn docht. . . . Enn mett eenmol wea Oom Netjel uck aul tridj enn donn säd hee, "Nu's jenuach. Wann daut soo wieda jeit woa etj boold 'Schiet' saje! Wann wie ons nijch fuats oppe Städ eenijch woare kjenne, nijch fuats eenijch woare kjenne, dann schedde mien Steeweltjnacht enn etj den gaunsen Hupe Feadels doa hinje enne Ritsch nenn. Brooda Kornusch, west Du ooda west Du nijch?" Enn nu säde uck Oom Peetasch enn Oom Friese "Aumen." Enn donn word enjedellt. Twintijch Minute lota haud jieda twee enn haulf Dusend Feadels, enn eene Stund lota haude drie fonn ons daut Hupe Jeld enn Papia-Jeld ommjewatjselt. Buta Oom Faust dee hild siene Feadels faust.

Jo, enn waut deed wie dann? Wie febeete ons enn dann schleep wie ons ut, natiedlich no de mennische Oat, einfach enne Koa. . . .

Jo, jo, enn donn jintj'et tridj no Hus, no Jrienthol, no Kanada opptoo. . . . Fetalt daut mau nijch wieda, oba dee eensja fonn ons woona mett gauns ladje Fuppe no Hus kaum wea Oom Korneeljeus Faust. Däm dretjte de Feadels enn dretjte de Feadels bett hee daut nijch mea uthoole kunn enn donn stund hee de Nacht opp enn feleet de Koa enn ons enn aus hee tridjkaum, fleijcht twee Stund lota, haud Korneeljeus weens tian Pund aufjenome. . . .

Aus wie wada Tus aunkaume gauf'ett boold wada eene niee mennische Jemeend. Lied brochte Opfa enn Homasch enn Soage mett, enn boold stund dee niee Kjoatj. Dee niee Jemeend heet "Gerechtigkeits-Gemeinde," enn doa word foaken enn jewaultijch enn mette Fust jäen "Spiel und Tanz" jeprädict; dee Eltesta word Prädja Korneeljeus Faust. Aus etj Johaun Reima wada sach, wea hee een bät läwendja, enn hee haud dochwoll wada jenoach Kepietje omm sijch Tobbak too leiste. Oba hee schauft noch emma bie Brün enn Wiebe (Wiebe wea uck Prädja jeworde) ut, enn hee fetald een bät wellja. "Etj hab eenen New Diel," säd hee, "noch säwen Joa enn dann sie etj frie. Oba weetst uck waut etj meen woo se Faust siene niee Jemeend haude nanne sullt? 'Lost Wages, Nie-Wada'," enn donn schmüstad hee, enn dreid sijch eene Poppeross enn donn dreid hee sijch enn siene Burrsteewle omm enn jintj stoake. . . .

Kerr
owned and
managed since
1887



KERR'S
FUNERAL
CHAPEL

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

more **Your Word**

lifestyle coupled, in many cases, with a German linguistic and cultural orientation. Conversely, traditional Mennonites see the new, assimilated Mennonites as virtually indistinguishable from non-Mennonites. As Ruth Vogt points out, this radical difference in style often seems more significant to these two groups than the substantive matters that ought to concern them.

Can these two Mennonite solitudes ever learn to communicate and draw closer together? There are at least some encouraging signs. Some of our most talented assimilated artists are going back to their cultural and religious roots, examining them critically, trying in their art to preserve and transform the traditional values and life experience into vigorous new hybrid forms that bring the two worlds together, make them illuminate each other with compassionate irony and the light of shared truth. Such brave attempts include the Mennonite novels of Rudy Wiebe, the poetry of Patrick Friesen and David Waltner-Toews, the comic novel *The Salvation of Jasch Siemens*, as well as the pictorial art and sculpture of a growing number of exciting young Mennonite artists.

Elsewhere in this issue we are once again carrying long

lists of names of Mennonite graduates from our Manitoba universities and colleges. These young people are the latest members of the new Mennonite elite. We cannot afford to let them drift away from our community because they cannot see themselves fitting into a Mennonite world half of which is so culturally narrow and parochial that they cannot relate to it at all. We must somehow convince them that their cultural sophistication does have genuine Mennonite roots, grows out of a Mennonite tradition that for all its peasant simplicity and cultural naiveté is vital and sound and worth plugging into psychically. And older, more conservative Mennonites must learn that cultural forms and styles can change and evolve while still preserving what is best and most sacred in our values and beliefs.

In the words of one brilliant young Mennonite artist, "... by the presence within us of the incarnate Lord, to wrestle with the universal themes and questions raised by artistic expression, we can better equip ourselves to lives as complete and compassionate human beings in the service of God's kingdom."

If all Mennonites shared that credo, the two solitudes would crumble faster than the walls of Jericho.

— Al Reimer

Business and professional directory

Clip and save for quick reference

James Peters

Chartered Accountant

Garden City Place Shopping Centre
Suite 207-2211 McPhillips Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R2V 3M9

Bus. 338-9354

Res. 452-1393



MAYTAG

SAWATZKY'S APPLIANCES LTD.

DEALERS FOR MAYTAG, HOTPOINT & KELVINATOR
"WE SERVICE WHAT WE SELL"



HOTPOINT

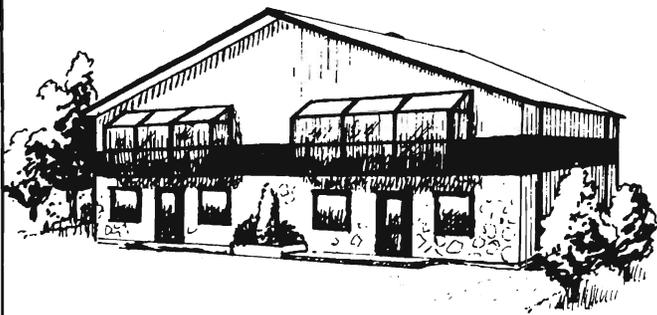
HENRY SAWATZKY
PETE SAWATZKY
BILL SAWATZKY
DAVE SAWATZKY

57 - 4th AVENUE N.E.
ALTONA, MANITOBA R0G 0B0
PHONE 324-8476



OLYMPIC
BUILDING SYSTEMS LTD.

1755 DUGALD RD.
WINNIPEG, MB R2J 0H3



**Commercial and
Agricultural Buildings**

PHONE : 224-4287

TOLL FREE : 1-800-665-8666

**Your Personal
Financial Advisor**



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

OFFERING YOU:

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

Investors

PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

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

**Two Solitudes:
Mennonite Version**

In last month's *MM* Ruth Vogt wrote a challenging editorial on the lamentable tendency among our people to confuse cultural style with Christian faith, and to criticize the person rather than his/her ideas. She made an eloquent plea for more positive, constructive criticism and less personal condemnation. "Our Word" this month would like to build on this theme along slightly different lines and with a more general focus.

We note that our Mennonite community, quite apart from its congregational and conference divisions, is split into two worlds — two solitudes, if you like — that in a cultural sense, at least, have little contact with each other, that speak entirely different cultural languages, have radically different cultural values, and distrust each other as only two alienated groups can distrust each other. Oh, they may have social contact at the family and clan levels, sit beside each other in church, even share the main Anabaptist beliefs and Christian values: but — and it is a big but — they don't really make contact where it counts and fail to communicate with each other because they have opposing cultural styles and levels of sophistication and speak different languages. And the rift seems to be getting steadily wider. A cause for concern.

One saw these two Mennonite solitudes in their most extreme forms at the Mennonite World Conference in Strassbourg last summer. There were the ultra-conservative, pietistical Russian-Mennonite *Umsiedler* with their fervent faith but narrow cultural traditions, and there were the radical, culturally sophisticated Dutch Mennonites with their ultra-liberal, almost faddish, political and social concerns and activist style. These two groups looked at each other aghast, neither able to believe that the other could exist and call itself Mennonite. The *Umsiedler* seemed to peer with pious suspicion out of a lost nineteenth-century Russian-Mennonite world; the Dutch, in turn, looked down on them with utter contempt from their lofty, radicalized, late 20th-century world. Neither group could find a common language of sympathy and understanding for the other.

In less extreme form, similar solitudes can be found in Canadian-Mennonite communities, including our own. The problem, as we see it, is that the cultural explosion among Mennonites in this generation, especially in the urban environment of Winnipeg, has been so spectacular that it has actually outdistanced itself. That is, it has left a large segment — perhaps a majority — of Mennonites behind and for all intents and purposes out of sight — perhaps even out of mind. A generation ago we were still largely an agrarian, village-oriented community in which school teachers, ministers and a handful of small businessmen were looked up to as forming the professional and entrepreneurial elite, with the rest still largely *Plautdietsch*-speaking farmers, day-laborers and domestics.

All that has changed dramatically. In our cities and towns we have scores of highly visible businessmen competing

successfully in a non-Mennonite economic world, and we have Mennonite lawyers, physicians, engineers, professors, artists and politicians by the dozens. This group of Mennonites is well-educated and culturally at home in mainstream society to a degree hardly dreamt of by their parents and grandparents. And with a middle-class lifestyle that is becoming increasingly difficult to relate to the traditional forms of living and worshipping as practised for centuries by *die Stillen im Lande*.

Part of our problem is the very speed with which this cultural transformation has come about. The cultural leap we have made in one generation took our American counterparts several. As a result they have a longer more mature tradition of cultural assimilation than we have. And the process seems on the whole to have been less wrenching for them than it has been for us. Except for the Old Order and Amish, American Mennonites seem to have developed a greater cultural homogeneity than Canadian Mennonites have managed so far.

Some of the practical consequences of this inability to share a common cultural and spiritual milieu on the part of the two Mennonite solitudes are identified by Ruth Vogt. Firstly, there is the crucial problem of sophisticated Mennonite artists who are misunderstood and rejected by the more traditionalist Mennonites, who thus deprive themselves of the artistic insights and cultural models that would give them a truer, deeper view of themselves and the world. On the other hand, Mennonite artists who think they can only function creatively by separating themselves from what they consider to be a suffocating Mennonite atmosphere may also be paying a high price by depriving themselves of the vitality, inspiration and truth to be found in the church and in the ethnic experience that nurtured them.

Thus, by remaining alienated from each other, the two solitudes are both retreating from the common ground they ought to share as Mennonites, the unique ethnic and religious identity that shaped itself through four and a half centuries of Dutch-Russian-Canadian life experience. Granted, other ethnic groups and society generally also have sharp divisions between a cultural elite and the masses who are indifferent even hostile to the more refined levels of culture and art. For a relatively small ethnic minority like ours, however, cultural disunity and social stratification may in the long run be more threatening to our survival than the religious fragmentation that has plagued our history.

A Mennonite sociologist recently tried to justify the deep rift between the two Mennonite solitudes by claiming that "the progressives are the accelerators and the conservatives the brakes." But surely that is an over-simplified and misleading answer. Our progressive leaders, artists and professionals are now so completely assimilated that most of them feel far more comfortable with non-Mennonites than they do with those Mennonites who still favor a traditional Mennonite

continued page 29

**THORNE
RIDDELL**

Offices throughout Canada

Chartered Accountants



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 Blok North of William)
Winnipeg, Manitoba



FEHR-WAY TOURS

Escorted Coach Holidays

1050 Henderson Hwy. John Fehr
Winnipeg, Man. R2K 2M5 President
Phone (204) 338-7011

Fehr-Way is the Fun-Way



Ken Peters

JOHN FEHR INSURANCE

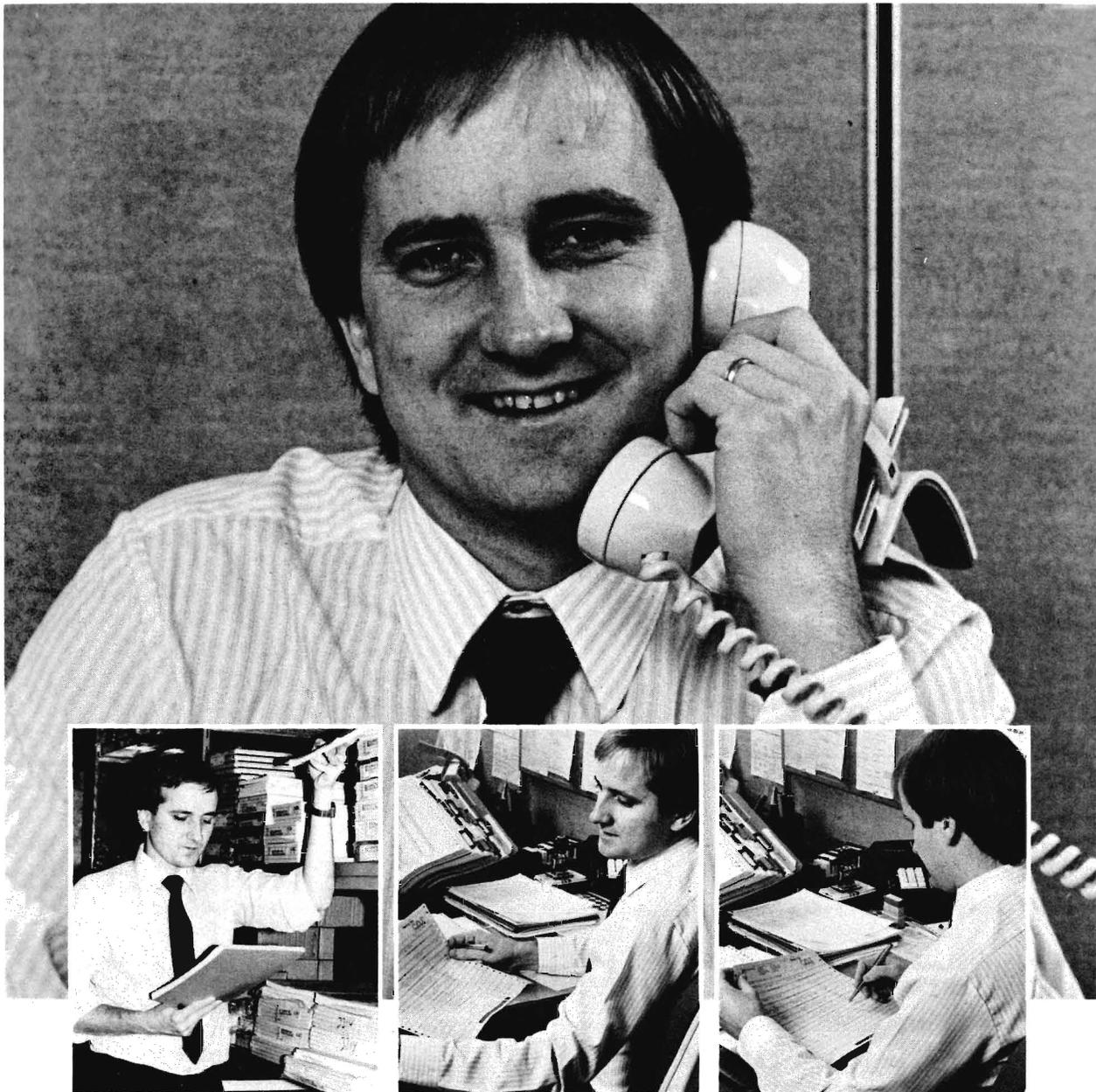
1050 Henderson Highway
Phone: 338-7811

HOMEOWNERS PACKAGE
COMMERCIAL • FIRE • LIFE

AUTHORIZED  AGENT

Courteous Professional Service

Call us for a Quotation for all your Insurance needs



Dedicated to excellence

Gerry Hinds works on the order desk in the wholesale stationery division. Phone in a request for stationery or school supplies, and you'll likely speak to Gerry or one of the other people on the order desk. In their friendly courteous way, they will assist you with your order, and make certain that the goods get to you just as fast as possible.

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, Toronto, and the Maritimes.

 **DWFriesen & Sons Ltd.**

"Where people make the difference"
