

Mennonite MIRROR

volume 17/number 4/december 1987



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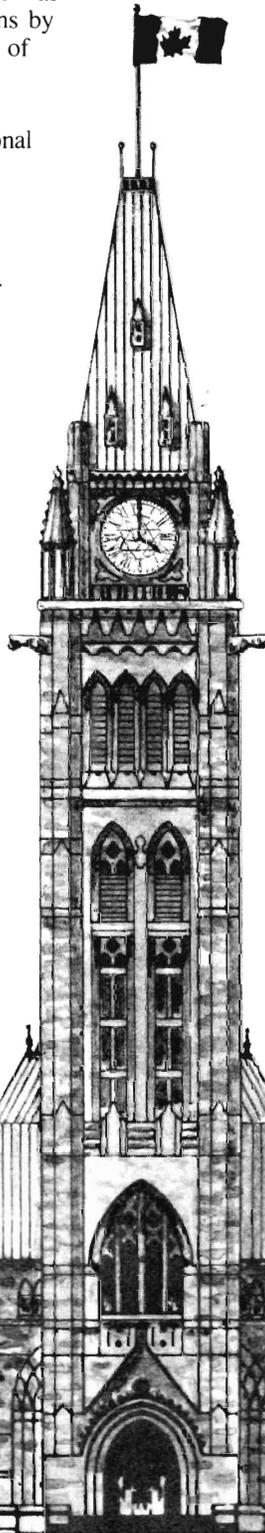
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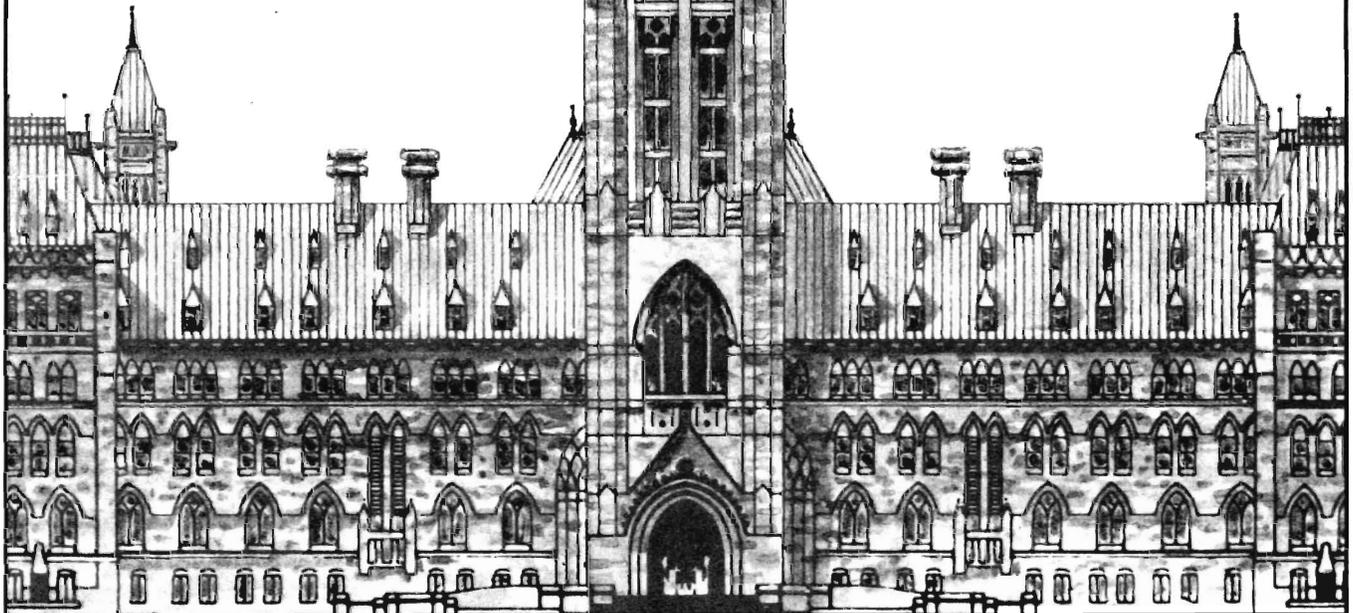
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Fore Word

The question of whether *Glasnost*, the so-called freeing of personal expression in the Soviet Union is making any difference is a hotly debated topic among those who are observing recent events in that country. Certainly, one is seeing the expression of opinions under its current leadership that would have been unthinkable a few short years ago. George K. Epp is a keen observer of the Soviet Union and he believes that we are beginning to see the winds of real change in that country. In his article he illustrates his observations with examples from current newspapers.

Elsa Redekopp, whose stories have appeared previously on these pages and whose recent book is also reviewed in this issue, has contributed this year's Christmas feature. The story that begins on page 8 will be part of a forthcoming book that continues her exploration of early Mennonite life through the eyes of a child. In this story she writes about how a family made their limited material resources and abundant resources of innovation go a long way at Christmas.

Anyone who has gone to the home show at the Convention Centre in the past few years, or has shopped around for a new kitchen job, will eventually end up looking at what Jake Klassen has to offer. His kitchen gallery has a well-earned reputation for quality and good design. Dana Mohr, whose work first appeared last edition, gives us a small insight into Winnipeg's kitchen expert.

This edition contains more reviews, of books and concerts, than the typical edition. While it may seem a little overwhelming, the reviews are necessary. Obviously concert reviews must be published as soon after the event as possible, while book reviews can be very helpful to those Christmas shoppers who want to buy someone a book. As well, this edition contains reports on two lecture series — Abe Friesen at the University of Winnipeg, and Walter Klassen at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College.

Frank C. Peters was a teacher, preacher, and academic administrator of strong opinions who was well-known inside and outside Mennonite circles. In this edition friend and colleague Harry Loewen pays a personal tribute.

In this edition, there is poetry, German and Low German, the Mix-up, and Roy Vogt's *Observed Along the Way*.

The edition concludes with what has become something of a tradition, a Christmas meditation by Roy Vogt.

The cover: A Christmas theme, by Steve and Kristi Penner.

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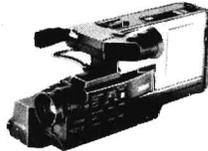
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Mennonite MIRROR

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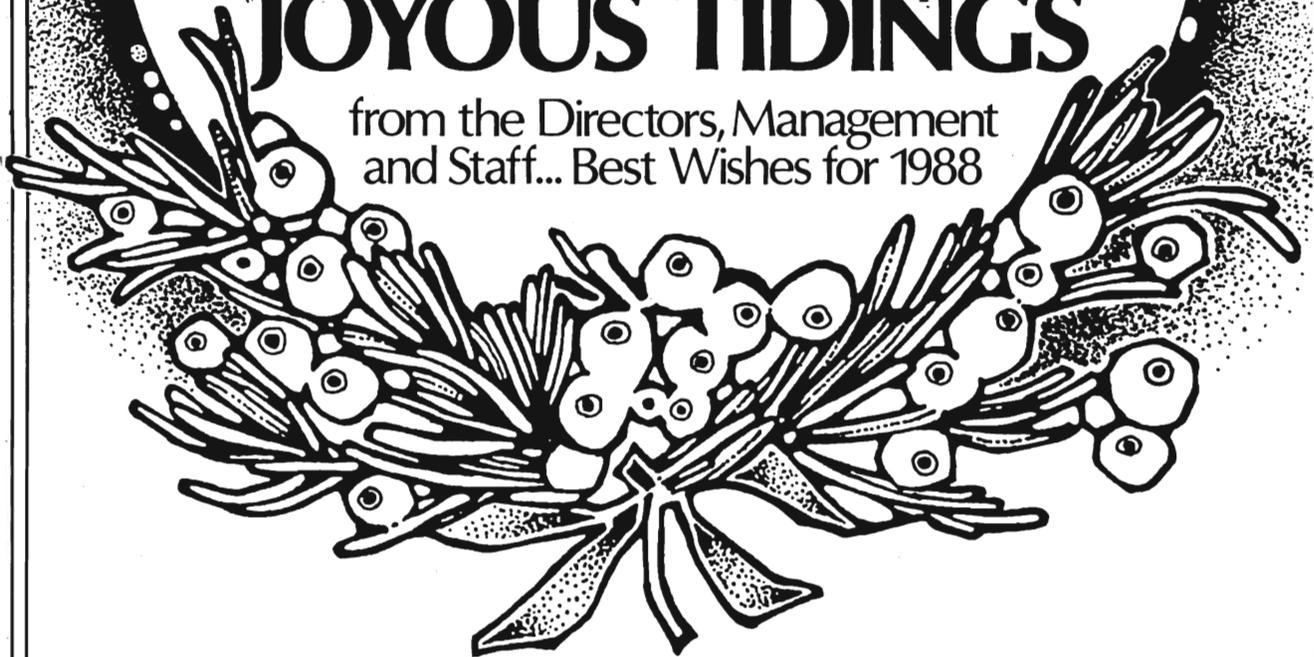


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Perestroika

Khrushchov—Gorbachov—Yeltsin

by G. K. Epp

Many of us are following Soviet history with great interest, and the reasons vary from concern for relatives to prospects for the wheat market. But whatever our own line of thinking may be, we realize that developments in one of the Super Powers do affect the whole world. And Mennonites cannot help but also remember their history. For some the decade of the Stalin terror blocks out all the rest, but the more I reflect on the past the more I also think of Ivan and Petia, Yufim and Tamara. . . . And the system loses much of its spell over me as I think of the people, Mennonites, Ukrainians, Russians and many others whom we met.

Thus I have followed Russian and Soviet history not only as a subject for academic pursuits, but also as a matter of concern for people. What is happening in the Soviet Union today affects 280 million people directly and all of us indirectly. The question that I would like to focus on is: How do the people over there respond to *Perestroika*?

The present attempt by Soviet leaders, especially Gorbachov, to give Soviet society a more human face has often been compared with the Khrushchov era. But a closer look quickly reveals the very significant difference between the Khrushchov attempt and the effort of the present leadership. Both are trying to break with the painful errors of the past, and Khrushchov's daring act of de-Stalinization was the necessary first stage of change, but that is where the attempt got stuck in the obstinate resistance of the old system. The brief period of liberalization affected some Soviet writers, but the system ran scared of the Pasternaks, the Solzhenitsyns, and the Sakharovs, and

soon the rebel Khrushchov was removed and the attempt to return to "business as usual" became very obvious, although it proved to be impossible to undo the damage suffered by Stalinism.

The most striking difference between the Khrushchov stage of change in Soviet society and the Gorbachov era can be found in the Soviet press. I have followed the two major Soviet papers, *Pravda* (truth), and *Izvestiia* (news) for many years. The two papers were dull and repetitious, there was no room for creative journalism, and the articles seemed to be nothing but approved brainwashing prescriptions. And thus, a reader would check from time to time, but as the Russian saying went: "There was no news in the *truth* (*Pravda*), and no truth in the *news* (*Izvestiia*)." After Khrushchov's dramatic speech at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, Stalin retreated from the honoured spot beside Lenin to a modest grave at the Cremlin wall, some Stalin monuments were demolished (not all), and a fairly significant amnesty and rehabilitation of victims of the Stalin era climaxed Khrushchov's achievement. However, in spite of the brief era of hope in the 1950s, Khrushchov's accomplishments are very significant. Yet, there is one thing Khrushchov did not dare to change, or maybe failed to see the need for — he never tampered with the accepted vocabulary of the system. Even when he blasted Stalin for all the crimes "against the party" (not against the people), he used only standard vocabulary of the old system: "enemies of the people," "party loyalty," "crimes against the party," etc. Therefore, when we read *Pravda* and *Izvestiia* of the Khrushchov

era, there is nothing new in the reporting, except the anti-Stalin line, and even that comes through somewhat timidly, because who could know how long Khrushchov would last. And even though Tvardovsky would publish Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in Moscow, the Writers Union would soon be lectured on "party loyalty," and the vocabulary of *Pravda* and *Izvestiia* remained standard. There were no aftershocks after the first serious tremor. But Khrushchov made Andropov possible, and Andropov made Gorbachov possible.

Maybe we can describe the present developments in the Soviet Union as the somewhat belated aftershocks of the Khrushchov earthquake. The tremors seem to continue and visiting Soviet citizens do not rule out the possibility of another major shock, especially if the hopes created by Mikhail Gorbachov would somehow be destroyed by the opposition. But Mr. Gorbachov chose to approach the drive for major reform from the other end of the nation's spectrum — from day one he informed the Soviet citizen that something was in the making and that he should have a voice in this matter. When he announced *Glasnost'* — *Freedom of Speech* (from the Russian word *Golos*, voice, and *Glasnost'* translates literally as "having a voice") — he meant precisely that. Freedom of speech allows for an effective sounding board, but not yet for direct influence on decision-making. However, the indirect influence on the bureaucracy is significant — the people have in effect become Gorbachov's partners (there is of course a segment that is afraid of the change). But *Glasnost'*, like many other good Russian

expressions, was almost obliterated from Russian vocabulary. Now these old Russian expressions are given a special meaning because these words have become synonymous with "hope for a better future." The vocabulary in *Pravda*, *Moskovskii Novosti* (Moscow News), *Literaturnaia Gazeta* (paper of the Writers Union), *Izvestiia*, and *Ekonomicheskaiia Gazeta* (paper of the new generation of technocrats) now includes a number of terms which could never have been used two years ago. *Glasnost'* (Freedom of Speech) which is not yet Freedom of the Press, has changed the press almost beyond recognition. *Perestroika* (restructuring the economy) is the most frequently used term in all of these papers. Over the last three months the most daring articles appear always first in *Izvestiia*, and in *Ekonomicheskaiia Gazeta*, but then they are usually reprinted by other papers. Analyzing Gorbachov's latest speeches, one in Murmansk, and one in Moscow, in October 1987, the reader cannot escape the new vocabulary now in print. Besides *Glasnost'*, and *Perestroika*, the most frequently used terms are: *Uskoreniie* (speeding up the change), *Khozraschot* (accountability), *Samofinansirovaniie* (self-financing), *Demokratizatsiia* (democratization), and there are other but less loaded words.

But it is not only slogans that are noticeable in print. *Glasnost'* is picking up, regardless of the occasional casualties like Yeltsin (the impatient party chief in Moscow). The first signs of trouble for Mr. Gorbachov would be noticed in the press, and that's where I went to check when Gorbachov disappeared in August. The September 21 issue was disturbing, because *Glasnost'* and *Perestroika* seemed to have gone into hiding, but after that it picked up again, and it was almost safe to bet that he was okay. In the September and October issues of *Ekonomicheskaiia Gazeta*, and of *Izvestiia* the new style of reporting is obvious. Gorbachov's speech of January 27, 1987 has sunk in: "the party is not infallible." The reporting is cautious, by our standards, but by Soviet standards it is incredibly open. In *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, September 18, 1987, there is a report on a disastrous military mission in Afghanistan. *Ekonomicheskaiia Gazeta* has an article on the dangerous consequences of pollution through uncontrolled industrial practices. The same paper also features an article and a photograph of the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, Pat Carney (Soviet women must be impressed by the possibility of a woman minister). In *Pravda* there is an article defending a Soviet citizen who has been called a new "Kulak." "This comrade is not a new

'Kulak'; he is just more diligent than the rest of the community. . . . He has not exploited anybody in his effort to create a better life for himself." (This must sound like heresy to the old guard.) In *Moskovskii Novosti*, August 16, 1987, there is an article deploring the sad fact that in the city of Kirov an Orthodox Church attempted to register "for 25 years without success." *Pravda*, Sept. 14, 1987 has an article titled "Canadian Journal: Somewhere Near Toronto." Two Soviet journalists visit Canadian farmers and report on their excellent farm machinery and their amazing success in farming. "Do farmers use Soviet machinery?" — "I tried," said the Canadian farmer, "but I had problems and could not get the replacement parts . . . I had to give up . . ." And then follows advice for Soviet producers.

The most interesting article for readers of the *Mirror* was probably in the journal, *Voprosy Filosofii* (Philosophical Issues), March 1987. In a published interview the Soviet professor of Marxist Philosophy at the Academy of Sciences in Moscow, Dr. W. G. Fedotova, commented on the state of religion and atheism in the Soviet Union: ". . . We cannot ignore the search for spiritual values in our society; the number of believers in our country simply proves this point . . . (compared with the religious feeling of these believers) the scientific atheism of many experts in this field is simply beggarly theoretical rhetoric (Theorismus), and its weakness is not in the lack of knowledge but rather in the fact that it (atheism) lacks the alternative of a rich and impressive spirituality." Fedotova goes on to say that of course she does not suggest that religion is an alternative for the healing of society, but perhaps one could learn from religion . . . (Quoted in *Osteuropa*, August 1987). That is a new and significant admission by a representative of the Soviet intellectual establishment (Fedotova is not a dissident).

There is no question that *Glasnost'* has had a very significant impact in the short period of its experimentation. The press is learning fast and seems to stretch the limits beyond my imagination. Perhaps there will be a few more Yeltsins who will have to be fired because they are too impatient, but they too help Gorbachov. That Yeltsin had been fired by Gorbachov himself was clear from the moment it happened. After all, Gorbachov wants evolution, not revolution, and we can only wish him well, for the sake of 280 million people in the Soviet Union. And as we realize, *Perestroika* will affect the Global Village. A happy nation is a better partner in the international arena. **mm**

40 YEARS CELEBRATED BY SHIP'S PASSENGERS

In mid-October, 40 fellow passengers of the *USAT Heinzelman* met in the McIvor Mennonite Brethren church with their families to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of their arrival in Canada. Some of them had not seen each other since the day they arrived in Halifax in October, 1947. A spirit of camaraderie and excitement pervaded this get-together.

As a group they gave thanks through songs, prayer and messages. Master of ceremonies was Jake Wiebe who was a teenager when he came to Canada. In fact, most of the people assembled were under 20 when they travelled together on the ship. They reminisced about seasickness, working on the ship and playing pranks on each other. The contrast between then and now was vividly illustrated by comments such as, "My one ambition was to own a pair of shoes . . ." or "My highest ambition was to own a bicycle."

They didn't take time to enumerate all they have now. But the contrast was illustrated in the comment, "Then we were hungry and now we are fighting the battle of the bulge."

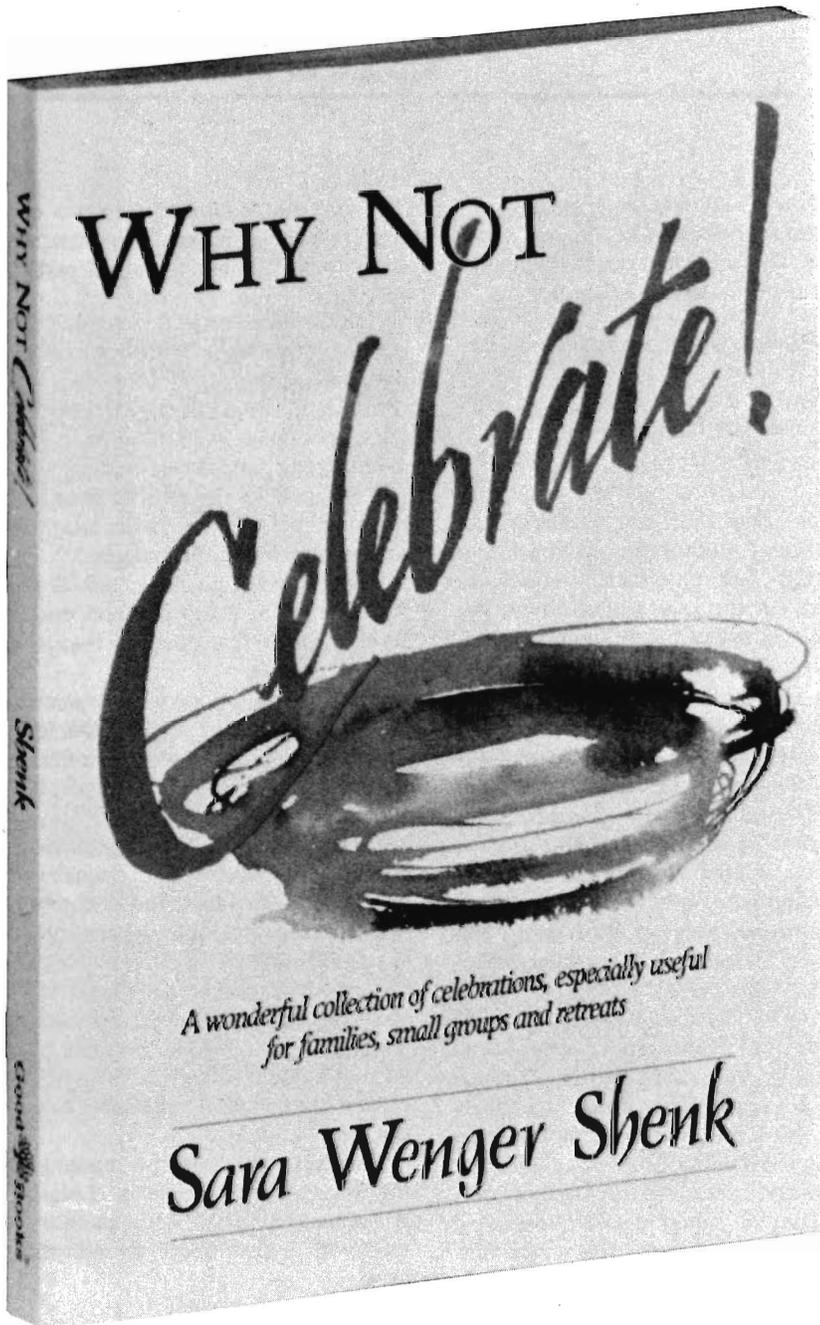
The people responsible for organizing this anniversary were George Teichrieb, Abe Reimer, Henry Bergen and Jake Wiebe.

Messages by Gerhard Friesen and J. M. Klassen challenged them to share what they have. And share they did! The donation of \$604 for MCC towards their refugee program was a small token of their appreciation to God for the prosperity they have experienced in Canada.

They also said "thanks" to Canada for the opportunities and freedom they have experienced. Bill Norrie, mayor of Winnipeg, was there to give greetings from the city. Vic Schroeder, Manitoba attorney general, advised the group on how they could continue to say 'thankyou' for the freedom they enjoy: "The plight of our brothers and sisters around the world has not changed, and that is why our doors must remain open. The death squads are simply killing other mothers' children today. . . . But keeping our doors open is not enough. We must involve ourselves in a constructive way to find solutions to the international problems which create refugees.

. . . In each generation in our country it is the immigrant who has been the willing worker, the yeast which has raised our economy and given us new insights into ourselves and into society."

Why Not Celebrate!



Why Not Celebrate!

by Sara Wenger Shenk

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—**Duane M. Sider** in *Festival Quarterly*

Why Not Celebrate! includes 150 celebrations for daily, weekly and occasional events. These activities, readings and songs are designed for use by Christians from a variety of traditions, in families, small groups or retreat settings.

Items include "Lunch Box Surprises," a play for St. Patrick's Day, how to make an Advent calendar, ideas for moving day and an assortment of birthday celebrations. There are also suggestions for graduations, weddings and funerals.

Many of the book's activities grow out of the life of Reba Place Church in Evanston, Illinois, of which Shenk is an affiliate member.

"Without a history, without a tradition on which to stand, we are shallow folk indeed," Shenk writes.

" . . . it is a creative compilation well worth careful reading by parents and by all those who wish to increase the recognition of the spiritual significance of all of life."

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Christmas

Christmas was coming. As always the children started their wishing games. Margaret and Mary were not too old to wish for dolls and story books. Gerd asked for a new sled, since his old one had mysteriously disappeared. Arn hoped for a new team of wooden horses, shiny black ones. Ma and Pa listened quietly to all these expectations. How could they create any kind of a Christmas celebration in these difficult times?

Jash wished for only one thing, a pair of skates. He did not even express his wish. Ma and Pa had enough to deal with, especially Ma so pale and drawn, unshed tears in her eyes as she looked at her hungry children. What wouldn't he give to put food on the table and see her face brighten!

Gerd and Arn were already fast asleep on the straw mattress when Jash heard whispering:

"If only I could wake up in the morning to give food to the children," Ma sighed.

"These days I think about Canada a great deal. If times do not change we must leave to save the children. Even now I wonder how we will survive the winter if help does not come. If only I could get horses again to work the land! Yet we must trust God to see us through," Pa responded.

Jash could not hear their silent prayer. With hunger the body grew weak and with weakness came sleep. It was a mercy to sleep and escape for awhile. That night Jash dreamt he was on board a great oceanliner on the way to Canada and there was enough food for everyone.

Preparations for Christmas were visibly absent. The new regime had closed the churches and forbade Christmas celebrations, public or private.

Every day Mary took little Arn aside to teach him the Christmas Wish for Ma and Pa. Before the Revolution they were taught these wishes in school but the communists did not allow such instruction anymore. But Mary remembered the easy ones. She would teach one to Arn to surprise Ma and Pa on Christmas

*Heut zu diesem Weihnachtsfeste
Wunsch ich euch das Allerbeste;
Gluck, Gesundheit, langes Leben
Mog der liebe Gott euch geben!*

For this special Christmas day
I wish for you the very best
Of joy, good health, long years of life
That the dear Lord may give to you!

Margaret and Mary chose recitations from the books they had copied in previous years. Together they coaxed Jash to learn one. Jash protested, claiming he was too old for this. But then he had nothing to give Ma and Pa, unless he kept trying his secret plan again.

Jash did not go skating this day. Instead, he went to explore the bushes in the far field near the ravine. It was difficult to walk any great distance in the deep snow. He kept losing his schlorren in the deep drifts, causing his woollen socks to turn soaking wet. He did not even feel hungry anymore, only weak and at times dizzy. He dared not sit down to rest; it was important to reach that far field before dark.

Christmas Eve in the village was strangely quiet. There was no festive program, no joyous carolling as in other years. Instead, with shutters safely closed, the family gathered at the oven bench in the *Kleine Stube*.

Pa started humming the familiar carol tunes. They all joined in softly; even Arn remembered the words. The weary look left Ma's face as she joined in with her clear soprano. *Stille Nacht* brought even Jash and Gerd into voice, although they claimed to be too old to sing. The glorious last refrain *Christ der Retter ist da!*, brought a ray of hope to all. And from each heart rose the same unspoken prayer.

"And now we can set the plates for the *Weihnachtsmann*?" Arn's high voice broke the silence.

Ma looked at Pa. How could she tell Arn that there was nothing to fill the Christmas plates?

"Arn, the *Weihnachtsmann* cannot bring anything this year. He is too poor, as we all are. We won't set out plates this year Arn."

"*Weihnachtsmann* is not poor! He will come and bring something!" cried Arn, resolutely heading for the pantry. The children laughed as they followed him. Each set a plate in the usual place so the *Weihnachtsmann* would not be confused. Arn came from the pantry bearing Ma's big soup pot. The children laughed and teased him. Ma did not laugh.

That night Ma stayed up late. She asked Pa to bring in a jug of sand and a dry branch from the garden hedge for a Christmas tree.

She got a tiny portion of precious flour that she had saved for thickening when the millet ran out. It was not enough to bake anything; besides there was no sugar or shortening.

From the woodshed she got stripped corncobs stored for fuel. Breaking them up she ground them in the coffeemill. The grey substance would give enough bulk to the small amount of flour to fill the iron frypan. Ma added enough water to make a heavy batter. She sprinkled the hot pan with salt and poured in the thick mixture, patting it down smoothly. When done she turned the colorless mass over to cook on the other side.

Carefully she cut the cooled round shape into small wedges and placed one on each child's plate. Each plate she covered with a clean cloth to hide the surprise.

Now she could sleep.

Exhausted from his efforts in the snowy fields, Jash slept soundly. Early stirrings in the kitchen woke him with a start. It was Christmas morning! He laughed out loud as he remembered his surprise for Ma and Pa. Shivering he pulled on his clothes and tiptoed over the cold wooden floor to the kitchen.

Jash caught his breath. There on the kitchen table stood a little Christmas tree. It was only a dry branch in a jug trimmed with bits of paper and dry leaves. But in



the gentle lamplight it looked festive.

"A Christmas tree! Look! Look!" Arn shouted in great delight. The children circled the table.

"Oh, the *Weihnachtsmann* did come Ma! He did! He did! Look what's in my soup pot, a piece of bread, a piece of bread! Let me see yours," exclaimed Arn as each child uncovered a plate. It was too good to be true, a slim brown wedge in each plate. Not even Arn touched his; it was too special to eat right away, although his mouth watered.

But there was more. Arn found a whole new team of horses. They looked exactly like his old brown pair, but these were shiny and black. Gerd's present was not on the table and he almost fell over it. His

eyes shone at the glossy brown sled much nicer than his old one that had disappeared recently. They did not know that Pa had simply repaired and painted the horses and sled. Nothing could dull their joy. Margaret and Mary were surprised at their woollen mitts. The soft color reminded them of that old blue moth-eaten sweater in the attic. Ma must have secretly reworked the remnants. They thanked her warmly.

Jash alone was quiet. He seemed stunned, staring at his plate in disbelief. For once he had no words.

Could this be possible? It was a pair of skates, rather unusual ones: metal blades grooved into wooden soles firmly held with screws. Perfect! But where could

such an impossible thing come from in these times?

With a shout he picked them up. Jash turned to Pa who was smiling quietly. Then he understood. The blades were old metal files, discarded at the blacksmith shop. These Pa had attached to wooden undersoles. Amazing! What joy! He must try them at once. Then he remembered his secret. He had a special gift for Ma and Pa. Quietly he slipped into the barn and returned bearing his precious offering of food — a big white rabbit that he had snared the day before in the bushes of the far field after days of waiting.

Christmas dinner for the whole family! Ma's face shone through the tears in her eyes.

mm



Jake Klassen

With Jake Klassen, quality is built in

by Dana Mohr

I don't know a lot about kitchens, I'll be the first to admit it. Oh, I know I have one, but that is about the extent of my expertise in the area. As the most underutilized room in my home, I have rarely given my kitchen fixtures (or lack thereof) a second thought. Now, thanks to Jake Klassen, president of the Kitchen Gallery, I know more about kitchen options than one person ought to, and I am seriously considering a major kitchen overhaul for the very near future. Can cooking and domesticity be far behind?

The Kitchen Gallery, located at 944½ Portage Avenue, is celebrating a decade of highly successful business, and Jake Klassen is one of the main reasons behind the gallery's present prominence. Growing up in Plum Coulee, and later in Carman, Mr. Klassen was a born salesman. "I always won the school competition to sell tickets", Mr. Klassen recalls. "I'd walk three or four miles to neighbouring communities just to get the advantage and people rarely turned me down."

This dedication and hard work has served Klassen well his entire career. Mr. Klassen brings 30 years of experience in the building supplies industry, and in a world where often only the big sale counts, Klassen prefers to cultivate people's trust. Mr. Klassen proudly admits, "When I gain a client, I also gain a friend." He adds, "People place an overwhelming amount of confidence in me." Mr. Klassen cannot emphasize enough — he takes his obligation to service the customer to the

best of his ability very seriously, as does his staff of 10 dedicated employees. Jake's son, Lorne, and son-in-law, Dan Enns, work with him in the business.

Not only will all clientele be well-looked after by the team at the Kitchen Gallery, but they will be given the opportunity to choose from European-style kitchens and bathrooms of the Beckermann line, a line "recognized as one of the top kitchen manufacturers in Europe." Mr. Klassen warns potential customers to be cautious when they are shopping around for "European-style" kitchens. "Just because people call it "European-style" it doesn't mean it is quality. There are some very poorly constructed units on the market — the craftsmanship is missing." This is not the case with the Beckermann products.

As a "total design and information centre for kitchens and bathrooms," Mr. Klassen enjoys sitting down with customers in their home discussing their wants and needs, tossing around ideas, and literally designing the kitchen as they speak. The customer must be involved in, and excited about, the design process, for it is the customer who ultimately must live with the end result. There is virtually nothing that a client cannot have done to their kitchen, and Mr. Klassen and his staff will do as much or as little as desired. If a client is handy with renovations and wants to participate in the work, great! If on the other hand the customer has never successfully hammered a nail, Mr. Klassen sees to it that all the work is taken care of from start to finish.

While Mr. Klassen contracts out many of the services; for example, plumbing, he does so with the utmost of confidence — all his contractors are long-time business associates who care as much about the quality as Mr. Klassen and his customers do. "The end result is very important to us. We want to ensure the customer is always pleased," Mr. Klassen stresses. Perhaps the sign displayed in the Kitchen Gallery's window best summarizes Mr. Klassen's philosophy: The bitterness of poor quality lasts long after the sweetness of the low price is gone.

Mr. Klassen's high standards are the result of his strong Mennonite upbringing combined with a constant source of inspiration, his 91-year-old mother. Mr. Klassen adds, "the Reverend D. K. Doerksen has had a great influence on me. He, together with my parents, shaped my Christian faith." A member of the Home Street Mennonite Church, Mr. Klassen places great emphasis on the importance of his religious beliefs. "Being a Mennonite has helped me to sort out my life and to define what is important."

Most important in business is customer satisfaction. And, what could possibly make a person happier than a sparkling new kitchen with appliances, gadgets and assorted options that made this writer's head spin? Choose (if you can) from a high-tech laminated look or cozy built-in knife and spice racks, pot hangers, bottle storage drawers, fridges five times the size of the one I'm told I have in my kitchen, microwave cabinets, pantries with swinging corners and Lazy Susans, three different lighting styles . . . the list goes on and on.

The point to be made is whichever option or options you desire can be incorporated into your dream kitchen. I'd also like to add that I now must have each and every option available in a kitchen. When I have achieved this goal I will do two things. First I will relocate my bed to the kitchen because I sense a great bond will develop between me and my new kitchen. Second, I will be conducting guided tours to friends and strangers alike through MY kitchen, formerly referred to as "that mess off the living room."

When I do go ahead with my renovation plans, I want Jake Klassen and his Kitchen Gallery staff to be there, guiding me every step of the way.

Mr. Klassen's final words? "I want to give God a lot of credit for having given me the opportunity to serve people at the Kitchen Gallery. My first and foremost priority is to please people."

I know I will certainly be one pleased little writer when I acquire my new kitchen. Four times and location to follow!

mm

Good Books for Young Readers

Mrs. Tibbles and the Special Someone written and illustrated by Jeanine Wine



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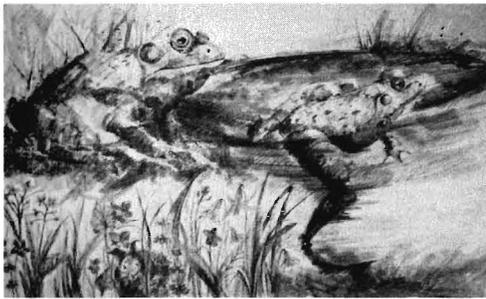
—*Laura Draper in Festival Quarterly*

Mrs. Tibbles worked in a large department store. Every day she would run back and forth helping shoppers find shoes that fit. One evening, just as she was getting ready to go home, the boss came to speak with her. "Mrs. Tibbles," she said, "a very special person will be in the store tomorrow." Who would the special someone be?

For ages 4–8.

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That's What Happens When It's Spring! Elaine W. Good, illustrated by Susie Shenk



When is it spring? a child wonders. "Come, I'll show you," Mommy answers. Out in the flower bed tiny green knobs are peeping out of the ground. "That will be a tulip and this a crocus!" Mommy says. That's what happens when it's spring!

"Shenk's dazzling illustrations explode in confetti-colored streaks and washes, with a variety of close-ups... The text has a genuine innocence to its praises; in the same way that spring unfolds and leads to summer, so does the book look to the future."

—*Publishers Weekly*

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YOUR WORD

OBSERVANT READER

Just a note to let you know how very much I appreciate your paper, *Mennonite Mirror*. I find the variety of articles educational, interesting, stimulating and informative. It was especially exciting to see our own son's name, Myron Neufeld, listed under Bachelor of Arts Graduates from U. of W.

Always look forward to "Observed Along The Way" by Roy Vogt. Though the articles are usually of informative nature, there's always plenty of humour blended in. It warms the soul.

Wish you the very best Ruth Vogt, as you continue to provide for us as readers all the above mentioned. Congratulations on the new position as editor of the paper. Linda Neufeld Winkler.

FORGIVING BLESSINGS

Most of us have, at some time, suffered injustices, both individually and collectively, and due to this we are able to sympathize with the Jewish people.

As Christians we try to cope with problems of injustice by overcoming and forgiving. And many of us have felt that deep sense of blessing which comes to us when we have truly forgiven those that wronged us.

To try to lessen the continuing bitterness about the holocaust, might it not be helpful to have an independent, emotionally uninvolved party investigate what really happened. The facts might clarify and modify the overall impression, and make it easier for those who have suffered unjustly to come to terms with life and find inner peace.

If there is validity in the teaching that we shall be forgiven as we forgive others, then surely we should endeavour to make our fellow-men understand the need of forgiving, so that they, too, may benefit from it.

Otto Dyck
British Columbia

NEW CONFERENCE ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND

"United Kingdom Conference of Mennonites" is the name chosen here for a new umbrella organization for Mennonite activity in the United Kingdom. The inaugural meeting of the UKCM took place on July 17.

The organizations represented in the UKCM at present include the London Mennonite Fellowship, a congregation which has now been established for six years and numbers 33 members and novices, and the Evangelical Mennonite Association, which is the legal trust of the London Mennonite Centre, directing its ministry of teaching and providing the resource center and library.

Robert Buchan serves as chair of the new organization. Said Buchan, "Reasons for forming the conference include the prospect of growth in numbers of Mennonites and eventually of congregations. As a distinctively British Mennonite movement grows up, we also wish to be in conversation with Mennonite groups internationally, using our conference as the appropriate channel of communication."



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OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt

• This is being written on a quiet, rainy Sunday afternoon in mid-November. By the time you read this there should be snow on the ground, and Christmas will be staring you in the face. There is much to look forward to. However, I find that the past month has once again given me a lot to look back on.

• An event that brings on a rush of mixed feelings occurs in Young United Church on October 25. It is the long-awaited concert by Karin Redekopp Edwards and Ingrid Suderman. The concert itself is a pleasure from beginning to end. We are able to get seats from which you can observe the piano keyboard and I marvel again and again how the slender and graceful Ms. Edwards both teases and overpowers the keys in her beautiful playing. Ingrid Suderman has a lovely voice and we particularly enjoy some of her opera solos. Those feelings of pure pleasure are mixed on this occasion, however, by an undercurrent of nostalgia — a sense of the rapid passing of time. We first heard Karin Redekopp on stage 16 years ago. In fact, she became only the second person to be featured on the cover of this magazine in October, 1971. She hasn't aged that much, but oh, how the time has gone! As my wife and I sit in the pew of Young United Church we also think back to that special occasion 31 years ago when, at a Reynold Siemens cello recital in this very church, we spotted each other "across a crowded room." Concerts like this can change one's whole world. I wonder whether there are any young lovers at this afternoon performance who are prompted by the magic of the moment to speak to each other with their eyes.

• Around this same time my mind is stimulated by a morning lecture at CMBC by Dr. Walter Klaassen. It is a privilege to hear his discourse on Mennonite attitudes toward scripture and tradition. The questions he raises are so fundamental, and yet so difficult to answer. How can we speak with certainty about phenomena that are beyond our normal senses (e.g. God) or are partly hidden in the mists of time (e.g. the person of Jesus)? Mennonites have traditionally found such "certainty" in the scriptures alone, while many other Christians add the authority of church tradition to that of the scriptures. Klaassen points out the irony that our forefathers in attributing authority to Scripture alone were doing so on the basis of church tradition. It was the church, in the development of its traditions, that decided which books could actually be called "scripture." This illustrates a problem faced by all those who feel that it is absolutely vital to be able to assert the infallible truth about something. In the end it is always fallible beings who make the assertions. My conviction that something is certain, or that a particular written source is "infallible," rests ultimately on *my* conviction. We cannot escape the necessity of giving our human, fallible assent to the statements of certainty that others make or to the things that we ourselves observe. Therefore, as Klaassen affirms, we can live with faith and with hope, but not with complete certainty — whether we appeal to Scripture, to tradition, or to both. (This month's editorial deals further with this theme.)

• Living with hope is the message that a MEDA luncheon conveys to us in late October. About 70 Mennonite business and professional people hear two excellent presentations on work being done in Winnipeg and Winkler to improve the living conditions of those too poor to afford adequate housing. We now have two groups, working through MURP and HABITAT, who are building and renovating homes and apartments for low-income people.

• While my colleagues at the university are busy teaching, I am trying to devote most of my sabbatical year to research and writing. In mid-October I finally put the finishing touches to the 3rd edition of a first-year text in economics which will be published by the Holt Rinehart company in Toronto in March. This book was first published almost 10 years ago, but because of many changes in our economy, and the development of new economic theories, it has to be rewritten about every four years. The final stage of proofreading takes almost a week to complete. The publisher informs me with pleasure that the book is now being used by more than 40 universities and colleges in Canada.

Other interesting projects can now be tackled. I am drafting a manuscript on several leading socialist economies in the world. Given the changes now taking place in such socialist countries as China and the Soviet Union this is once again an exciting field of study. Quite a bit of time is also spent researching and writing on the topic of property rights. There will be a debate in Canada shortly on the possible inclusion of private property rights in our new constitution. Is this a good thing? Is it necessary? These are just a few of the questions that I am trying to examine.

• Research in such fields requires the use of books and other written sources that go much beyond the materials available in our university library. So in late October I travel to some of the leading universities in the eastern United States to make use of their resources. Almost a week is spent in the Firestone library at Princeton University. A computer search enables me to find dozens of important articles, which I copy for future use, and hundreds of books which shed some light on my subjects. I love combing through the library stacks discovering ideas and information that may improve my own work. The new computers in the Princeton library are useful. For example, I just type, FIND PROPERTY, in the computer, and within a second it provides me with the authors, books, and articles of 483 works that deal with this subject. All I have to do then is find these items in the library and decide which are most important for my work. This, unfortunately, takes several days.

- You might ask how one can afford this kind of research. Well, part of it is covered by a research grant made possible by you, the taxpayer. Thank you. I try, however, to minimize the cost by staying in Princeton at the home of my son and daughter-in-law. It is good to have a few children scattered across the country, though it is also nice to have them at home. Our married children in Princeton live just off the campus and in the evenings and on the weekend it is very rewarding to explore both the campus and the surrounding area with them. Our son is continuing his studies in politics and it is enjoyable to exchange ideas with him and his fellow students over pizza and beer. Our daughter (I hate to say "in-law," because she is much more than that) is working as a graphic designer in the town of Hopewell, New Jersey, just outside of Princeton, the town where Lindbergh's baby was kidnapped in the 1930s.

- On the Halloween weekend in October my wife is able to join us for a few days and we celebrate our son's birthday in New York, which is an hour's drive away. On Saturday afternoon we are treated by our children to a Broadway play, *Fences*, a moving portrayal, with James Earl Jones, of a troubled father-son relationship. I wonder whether my own son is trying to tell me that I didn't encourage him enough to play baseball — which is the source of some of the tension in the play.

After a delightful stroll down Broadway, and a good dinner across the Hudson River in Hoboken, we proceed to the Meadowlands Arena in New Jersey to watch a hockey game between the New Jersey Devils and the Edmonton Oilers. Between periods I am standing in the lineup for coffee when suddenly a stranger taps me on the shoulder and asks, "Aren't you from Steinbach?" I can't believe it. Here we are in the swamps of New Jersey and someone asks me about Steinbach. After a moment of stunned silence I say that I am, and the man offers me his hand and with a big grin replies, "I thought so. I'm Ed Penner from Steinbach and I believe you are Roy Vogt." It turns out that Ed has a brother Wilmer whom I know well — but we are both amazed at the coincidence of meeting here. I suppose that the combination of wanderlust and a love for hockey were bound to have us meet sometime, somewhere, even in New Jersey.

- Sunday we take a car-tour through the Amish country of Pennsylvania, only a two-hour's drive from Princeton. We have lunch at the Akron Restaurant in Akron, where we have our first taste of

Shoofly pie — a little heavy and sweet but quite delicious. This small town, as any Mennonite knows, is the world headquarters of the Mennonite Central Committee. We drive to the main building and are not surprised to discover that it is quite unpretentious. We then drop in at my cousins, Reg and Phyllis Toews, who have been active with MCC and SelfHelp crafts for many years. Luckily they have just had their Sunday afternoon nap and generously offer to drive us around the countryside. We enjoy the visit with them as we drive and the shimmering landscape around Akron with Amish buggies meandering down country roads as far as the eye could see. We are impressed with the People's Place complex in Intercourse and are sorry that we can't go in on Sundays. With all the Mennonite bureaus growing up in this area we feel sure that the name of this town will eventually be changed to Interface, or something like that. Next to it is the town of Paradise, followed by Bird-in-Hand, and eventually King of Prussia. A countryside like this does stimulate the imagination.

- In the middle of the following week I spend a day in New York digging through several bookstores, observing the haunted look of stock brokers in the New York Stock Exchange on Wall Street (two weeks after the crash they still look stunned), and catching a beautiful view of the Manhattan skyline from the Staaten Island ferry. Then it is on to Harvard University and a conference on Soviet-East European economics in Boston. About 300 scholars from all over the world have gathered here to share their most recent research on developments in eastern Europe. The largest sessions are devoted to changes being initiated by Gorbachev in the Soviet Union. There seems to be a general consensus that he sincerely wants to change things, but that so far little in Soviet economic planning has actually been changed. Every participant in this conference wears a badge giving name and institutions, and it is amusing to see several persons openly identified as CIA personnel. They too are interested in what scholars know about the Soviet Union.

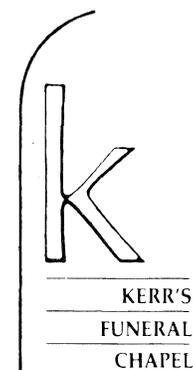
- On a Saturday afternoon a student friend from Winnipeg, who is now at the Harvard Law School, kindly shows me around the famous Harvard campus. It is not nearly as attractive as Princeton University but is filled with so much history and a palpable sense of importance. Late Saturday afternoon many students and professors are still hard at work in libraries and offices.

- At dinner on the last evening a few of us have an interesting exchange with

the manager of a Boston restaurant. We linger on in discussion after paying our bill and the manager approaches to ask whether we were unhappy with the service of the waiter. "No", we reply, "why do you ask?" "Well, he felt that your tip was so low that you must be dissatisfied with him." We quickly calculate how much we actually did tip and it turns out to be a little more than 10 per cent. Apparently the standard local practice is 15 percent. I am a little startled by the bold approach of the manager and say to him, "You asked us a rather frank question and we gave you an answer. Now I would like to ask you a question." "What is it?" he asks. "How much do you pay the waiter per hour?" "Oh," the manager replies, "he gets \$2.12 an hour." We suggest, of course, that if he was paid a better wage he might be satisfied with the tip that we had given him.

- The next morning I leave the beautiful city of Boston and return to Winnipeg. The next few months promise to be quiet ones — time to get into reading and writing, and visits with family and friends. We wish you all a very merry Christmas and a blessed New Year. mm

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Dr. George Epp, Mennonite Studies Center, University of Winnipeg.

July 6th-July 28

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Al Reimer and James Urry;

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October 4

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POET'S WORD

Thanks be to God

No need for glitter.

This gift glows

with its own glory.

A tree is necessary

unadorned

except for nails

to hold this offering

in place. My place

is on my knees with shepherds

speechless, empty-handed.

The angels' jubilant glorias

pierced

with a solitary cry: my God

my God.

— Sarah Klassen

In the bleak mid-winter

This Christmas

I stood at the manger

looking down at the closed eyes

of the child. The perfect

hands helpless and so soft

in the straw.

The animals

instead of kneeling

munched hay

shifted uneasily

in the half-dark.

The angels having already

returned to the sky

the shepherds to their sheep

I found myself

without one candle

alone

in the stable.

There should be bells

I thought, scent of pine trees

twinkling lights

and maybe the Boney M singing

Feliz Navidad.

Instead, this half-dark

cradling a child

too young for trees

and my own uncertain yearnings

scattered like silent birds

in mid-winter.

— Sarah Klassen

Incarnation after Hiroshima

In the silent epicentre

of celebration

the pure in heart perceive clearly

the child. This year

strips of charred skin hang from thin shoulders

face burned black

and in the outstretched hand

a small white ball of rice the size of ornaments

one hangs from a tree.

— Sarah Klassen, August 1987

The magi and the dragon

Camel-weary and counting

the cost of a hard journey

the wise men find

a more-or-less suitable inn. One last

look at the star

and they sleep. They dream

a blazing dragon tossing horns

and heads. He's out to get the world

in the manner of all dragons.

Fire and flood pour from his throat

his thick tail sweeps stars from the sky

hurls them at a quaking woman

caught in childbirth. At that mad moment

a boy is born and the earth

catches its breath

all the shepherds helpless

with wonder. The woman

rides to the sky on eagle wings

stars nest in her hair, her crown

catches their light. Delighted

angels shout glory

glory.

The dragon's shadow rolls

like oceans over the blue Judean hills.

The wise men waking

face unexpected complications.

Detours, delays

they hadn't counted on.

They were only following a star.

Only delivering gifts and dredging

the long way back.

— Sarah Klassen



Exploring how Anabaptists freed the laity from clerical control

by John Friesen

Dr. Walter Klaassen delivered the J. J. Thiessen Lectures at CMBC on October 20 and 21 this fall. The J. J. Thiessen Lectures have been held annually since 1978, and have brought to Winnipeg significant Mennonite and non-Mennonite scholars. The lectureship was established in honour of the first and long-time CMBC Board-chair, J. J. Thiessen.

Dr. Walter Klaassen is now retired from teaching and resides near Vernon, British Columbia. For more than 20 years prior to his retirement he taught Anabaptist history and theology and church history at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario.

The general theme of Klaassen's lectures at CMBC this fall was "The Emancipated Laity: Anabaptism in its Time." Rather than viewing the Anabaptist movement as completing the reformation begun by Luther and Zwingli, or as a movement which had its roots in the medieval monastic movements, he argued that Anabaptism had its roots in late medieval anti-clericalism. He showed that in the latter middle ages in the Holy Roman Empire there was a broad movement opposed to the control which the clergy exercised over the lives of the lay people. The Anabaptist movement, Klaassen contended, gave expression to a number of dimensions of this anti-clerical movement.

The theme of anti-clericalism also helped Walter Klaassen distinguish the Anabaptist movement from the reform-

ers Luther and Zwingli. When these two reformers initially broke with the Catholic church, both were perceived as allies by the anti-clerical movement. The programs of both, namely Luther's theology of faith and Zwingli's Biblicism, seemed to provide a basis for freeing people from the control of the clergy. Both Luther and Zwingli, however, turned their back on the concerns of the laity. Luther decided he could not ally himself with the concerns of the common people in the peasants' wars. Zwingli made his choice when he tied the pace of his reform to the wishes of the Zurich town council. The yearnings of the anti-clerical movement were thus left frustrated and unfulfilled. These yearnings, Klaassen contended in his lectures, were given expression in the Anabaptist movement.

In the four lectures Klaassen discussed four issues in which he felt the Anabaptist movement could be shown to have freed the people from clerical control. In lecture one he showed that the Anabaptist movement freed people to interpret scripture apart from clerical control. It is usually said that Anabaptists were Biblicists. In addition to freeing people to read and follow the scriptures more fully, Anabaptism also allowed people freedom to accept tradition. In lecture two Klaassen indicated that the Anabaptist movement freed people from the ethical example of the clergy, and allowed them to develop a higher ethic. In lecture three he argued that the Anabaptist movement broke the hold the clergy had exercised over the

people through infant baptism. Adult baptism allowed people to become responsible adults who could make significant decisions about the direction of their lives. In lecture four Klaassen showed that through the peasants' wars and the Zwinglian reformers people had become thoroughly disillusioned about the ability of the state to free people from clerical control. Because of these disappointing experiences the people in the Anabaptist movement gradually evolved a sharp dichotomy between the state and the church.

Walter Klaassen admitted that the methodology and approach in these lectures was controversial. For almost 20 years, he noted, scholars of 16th century Anabaptism had used the social science methodology to show that there was not one unified Anabaptist movement, but rather numerous movements with only varying degrees of agreement among them. This research had dispelled the idea of one source for Anabaptism, and of one pure early period which could be seen as normative for subsequent generations. Klaassen acknowledged that this era of social science research had been very helpful for understanding the complexities, varieties and social backgrounds of the Anabaptist groups.

The social science approach failed to emphasize one basic fact, though, Klaassen argued. Anabaptism was initially a church. Now that the variety of Anabaptist groups had been carefully differentiated, the common theological issues could again be studied. Therefore he felt it was again appropriate to refer to the movement as "Anabaptist" on the assumption that there were some common issues, characteristics and assumptions which could be identified. Klaassen recognized that he might well be criticized for this approach but he felt that it was an important corrective to make.

Both scholars of 16th century Anabaptist movements, and churchmen who look to Anabaptism for direction for renewing 20th century Mennonitism were challenged by Walter Klaassen's approach. Klaassen's approach was not merely a return to an earlier era when unity in the Anabaptist movement could be assumed easily. It was a challenge to those who would argue that the differentiations have made Anabaptism irrelevant for present day Mennonitism. In his presentations on Anabaptism Klaassen was combining scholarly integrity and prophetic vision.

John Friesen, Associate Professor of History and Theology Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



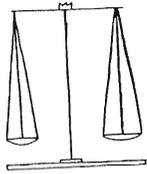
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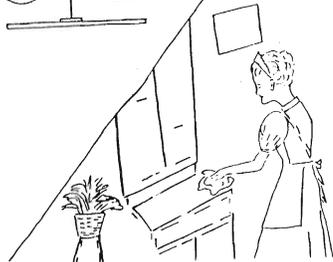
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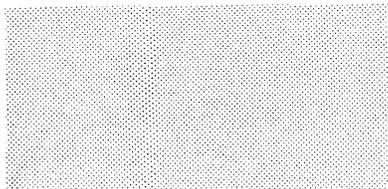


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REVIEW

More than meets the eye: a story for adults too

Friesen, Rhinehart. *Almost an Elephant*.
Illus. Stefan Czernecki. Winnipeg: Hyperion Press, 1987. n.p.

Reviewed by Mavis Reimer

Since his retirement as an obstetrician in 1982, Winnipegger Rhinehart Friesen has been hard at work on his second career as a writer. Readers of the *Mirror* may recall the series of sketches of pioneer life Friesen published in this magazine. Now, just in time for the pre-Christmas buying season, Hyperion Press has issued the picture book *Almost an Elephant*.

Friesen's story concerns a little lump of clay that wishes to be made into something beautiful. By the time the potter begins to work on the small piece, however, he is tired and decides to create an elephant, since the production of something "lumpish" and "stumpy" will require little energy. The lump of clay, unwilling to accept such a diminution of its vision of itself, puts up a struggle. Eventually thoroughly frustrated by his unyielding material, the potter sends the misshapen piece to be fired. When he retrieves it the next morning, it has become a "beautiful," "slender," "dainty" deer.

Friesen's text is, for the most part, carefully crafted. The repetition of set phrases and key words makes this successful as a text to be heard, as well as read. And, despite the economy of words the genre of the picture book imposes on writers, Friesen has succeeded in suggesting that there may be more to this story than meets the eye. The description of the elephant as having a "round lumpish body," for example, hints that to become an elephant might be an appropriate expectation for a lump of clay. The reader with some knowledge of the Greek language will recognize, too, that the exotic setting of the book is not a whimsical choice: "elaphos" in Greek means "deer," so that the metamorphosis of the lump of clay turns in part on the confusion of language. Perhaps the elephant was always at heart an "elaphos" and the lump of clay's rebellion only a just struggle to claim an identity rightly his.

For readers reared on gospel songs, there may be another irony here. Floating behind this story, I hear the words to one of the verses of *Have Thine Own Way*,

Lord. In that song, of course, the clay waits "trembling and still" to be moulded and made after the potter's will. The feisty lump of clay in Friesen's story stands such a model of authority on its head and insists on its right to express itself.

Illustrator Stefan Czernecki has created an atmosphere at once exotic and comfortable for Friesen's story. Both the rich, warm palette of reds, blues, and yellows and the motifs painted on the ceramic ware are distinctively Greek. The flat primitive style of the pictures evokes nicely the static domesticity of the small pottery shop. In the opening illustration, the choice of style allows the illustrator to extend this sense of coziness to the back-drop setting: because of the lack of depth, the small houses of the village seem to be growing out of the side of the shop in the foreground of the picture.

The central conflict of Friesen's story is made visual metaphor by Czernecki. During the introductory section, the reader sees only the potter's hands and the table on which he is working. The table itself is bedecked with a flowered cloth, the flowers all standing properly upright. During the middle of the narrative, however, the reader's perspective shifts. We now look across the table at the potter's face as he tries to wrestle the lump of clay into a sensible shape. The shift in the reader's stance means that the flowers on the tablecloth appear upside down. The stems of the flowers point straight up and are one element of the increased tension of line in these pictures.

I have a few quarrels with this book. The lack of pagination is annoying and the use of Friesen's medical title in the brief biography on the back cover seems superfluous, since he has evidently chosen not to use the Dr. as part of his pen name. In several cases, the choice of text division is somewhat awkward. Depicting a sympathetic character that is, for most of the story, a lump of clay must have been a perplexing problem. The solution is rather too cute for my taste and seems something of a misstep given the sophistication and wit of these illustrations. But, in general, *Almost an Elephant* is a pleasure to hear and to look at. And to think about.

mm

HUMANIST AND MONASTIC INFLUENCES AFFECT ANABAPTISTS

A typical modern image of the Anabaptists of the 15th and 16th century is of a movement whose leaders and members fearlessly confronted church and political authority with a new vision of Christian truth. At the same time, the Anabaptists also drew on theological influences consistent with their vision of the Christian church and also became part of a historical pattern.

In a series of three lectures that comprised this year's offering of the chair in Mennonite studies at the University of Winnipeg, Dr. Abraham Friesen developed three quite different views of Anabaptism. Dr. Friesen, who teaches history at the University of California, Santa Barbara, is in Winnipeg until the end of December as the senior research scholar at the Mennonite Studies Centre.

In the first lecture, Dr. Friesen described the early Anabaptists in terms of how they confronted church and political authorities of the time with their radical interpretation of the "truth." In the second, Dr. Friesen described how Christian humanism, as represented by Eras-

mus, influenced Anabaptist theology. In the final lecture, he explored the considerable parallels between the monastic movement and the Anabaptists.

The *Mirror* was able to attend the last two of the three-part series.

Dr. Friesen titled his second lecture Humanism and Anabaptism: Paradigmatic Similarities, and at the outset he explained he would be using Erasmus, who died in 1536 and was recognized then as a leading humanist philosopher, as the personality around which he would be building his argument. Dr. Friesen went on to say that the concept "Christian humanism" is not the apparent contradiction it appears today; he pointed out that until the 19th century "humanism" was always linked to God, the creator of Man in his image.

Erasmus was a trenchant critic of the Catholic church, describing it as an institution that was "alien" to the teachings of Christ in theology and practice. Nevertheless, Erasmus stayed within the church hoping to reform it from within.

According to Dr. Friesen, Erasmus also wrote about concepts that Anabaptists held as core beliefs. For example, Erasmus made a case for Christian pacifism "as good as any that has been made." Erasmus emphasized the importance of Christian baptism as something the Christian does as the result of a deliberate decision. As well, Erasmus stressed the importance of the teachings of Christ and that the church and its people must try to live by them.

Dr. Friesen said the influence Erasmus had on Anabaptist thinking is obvious. For example, Menno Simons and other Anabaptist writers not only read Erasmus' works, but quote favorably from them.

Dr. Friesen said a project for an Anabaptist historian is to catalogue the known references within Anabaptist writings to Erasmus and other Christian humanists to paint a more complete picture of the influence of Christian humanist thought on Anabaptism.

In his third lecture, Dr. Friesen described the Anabaptists as the "monks of the 16th century."

Dr. Friesen said a consistent theme of Christian history has been the idea of a "pure" church, a concept that has usually found expression in separatist efforts in that members of this "pure" church withdraw from the world or stand apart from the mainstream church.

Monastic orders can be seen as part of this tradition. By extending salvation to all through infant baptism, the church cast its net too widely creating the conditions for a separatist purifying movement.

These separatists built their concept on Christ's encounter with the Rich Young Ruler, where Christ says that "to be perfect" he had to sell all his possessions, give the money to the poor, and follow Him. In this story lies the concept of a higher level of Christian obedience, to which the monastic orders gave expression. Put another way, monastic orders were initially a way to recover the purity of the church, and as such were instruments of renewal. Similarly, Anabaptists saw themselves as a "purifying" agent by setting themselves apart from the corrupt Catholic church of their time.

The similarities, however, don't end there according to Dr. Friesen. Both saw the rationale for the existence of their groups as a way of recovering the purity and vision of the early apostolic church. The monastic orders and the Anabaptists saw entry to their groups as an adult decision and as a decision to repent and be different. Where monastic orders described the taking of their final vows in terms of a second baptism, so the Anabaptists required a second, but adult baptism.

Dr. Friesen concluded his lecture by observing that the concept of a "pure church" was and remains an ideal within Christendom, and "is an ideal that refuses to die."

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Frank C. Peters (1920–1987)

Personal Tribute to a Friend and Colleague

by Harry Loewen

On his way to another preaching engagement in southern Ontario, Frank C. Peters was stopped by a policeman for speeding. Surprised, Peters said: "How do you know I was speeding? I didn't see you following me." The policeman grinned, pointed his finger to the sky, and said: "The eye in the sky." Peters convinced, said with a smile: "Then you must be right. I never quarrel with whatever comes from above!"

The story is characteristic of Peters' life. He lived his life to the full, enjoyed his various activities, and never seemed to quarrel with what God had in store for him. And when his life's journey came to an end so suddenly and for all of us so unexpectedly, he accepted *that* no doubt out of God's hand too. While we mourn his passing, Peters' death in the midst of a full life is to be envied.

I first got to know Peters many years ago in Coaldale, Alberta, during a Mennonite Brethren conference. In preparation for the deliberations, as I remember, the delegates had decided to fast and pray. Late in the afternoon Peters asked some of us local young people whether there was a restaurant nearby. He was hungry and required a good meal with meat in it. When we told him that Lethbridge, some ten miles away, had good restaurants, he drove there to dine!

It was also in Coaldale where I heard Peters preach for the first time. He began by saying that he had overheard some men asking whether the "old Peters" (C. C. Peters, his father) would be preaching or the "younger one." When told that it was the young Peters, the men seemed disappointed. I, for one, was not disappointed. I do not remember the subject of his sermon, but I do remember his voice,

his enthusiasm, his humour, and his conviction as he preached. I was spell-bound by his personality. He seemed so human and so Christian at the same time.

It seems to me that whatever else Peters was or did — and he was and did so many things — he was above all a teacher and preacher. He loved to teach or preach to large audiences, at conferences, Bible study gatherings, and mission fields. If he was not invited to preach at a conference, he did not like to attend, he told me. Even at Wilfrid Laurier University where he served for many years as professor, dean, and president, he loved to lecture to large freshmen psychology classes rather than to small senior seminars. He was a good orator and a bit of an actor. His teaching and preaching sessions were also good entertainment.

While Peters was highly educated (he held doctoral degrees in theology and psychology) and had published a few articles in his area of specialty, he lacked the patience to spend much time on "scholarly work." Colleagues encouraged him to write and publish more, arguing that through his writings he would continue to teach and influence readers far beyond his immediate audiences. Peters believed, however, that his gifts and abilities lay in communicating the Gospel through the spoken word and in person-to-person counseling.

Although Peters was a model preacher and much-loved pastor, I never thought of him as "Rev. Peters," but as a colleague, friend and brother. This may have been due to his humanness and involvement in many areas of life. For example, as president of Wilfrid Laurier University or as chair of Senate he was the respected authority that went with those positions.

At receptions or parties his colleagues would crowd around him to listen to his humorous stories and enjoy his hearty laughter. On his way to the library he would often drop in at my office "just to chat a bit" and exchange news or concerns with regard to church or conference matters. In discussing issues or views, he was as much a learner as he was a teacher or adviser. Nor was he reluctant to test his ideas for papers and sermons he was working on with younger colleagues. On several occasions he asked me to read his manuscripts, encouraging me to be "as critical as possible."

While Peters was conciliatory by nature and had a truly pastor's heart, he was by no means a "yes person." He held strong views on important issues and he was not afraid to voice opinions that were not popular. On one occasion he said to me: "It would love to support you, but in this case I don't want to become involved. I'll remain in the bleachers this time." I was disappointed but I also respected Peters for telling me straight what he thought.

If I have one regret about Peters, it was his apparent withdrawal from greater involvement in Mennonite conference work. My feeling was — and I shared this with him — that his leadership role would have helped the Mennonite Brethren to chart their course more clearly had he worked more closely with the conference. For some reason he remained somewhat aloof from conference activities. Did he feel that he was not sufficiently appreciated there? Did he believe that younger leaders should assume greater responsibilities? Or did he find that his love of preaching, both at home and abroad, outweighed his desire to do committee and

conference work? Be that as it may, a "prophetic word" from Peters would have gone a long way to set the direction for the Mennonite brotherhood and beyond.

Peters may not have had "a word" for every question the church faces today — who does? — but he did model a truly Christian life in many areas, including family life. Long before Mennonites became more aware of the role of women in society, Peters encouraged his wife Melita to pursue a university education, appeared with her at public functions, and accepted his share of domestic responsibilities. He was a wise and loving father and he spoke proudly of his grandchildren. He had an open heart and hand for the needy. Being financially independent, he preached the Gospel and counseled persons free of charge. And his overriding concern and love was the mission of the church.

We often lament the fact that there are so few leaders today who can match such former personalities as A. H. Unruh, J. H. Janzen, J. J. Thiessen, H. H. Janzen and others. For our complex society and church life leaders like Gerhard Lohrenz, Frank Epp, Henry Krahn, and Frank C. Peters worked faithfully toward realizing a Christian-Mennonite witness in our time. With the passing of Peters we are reminded again of what our leaders have meant to us and we are encouraged to follow their example of faithfulness to their Master and love for their people.

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REVIEW

Henriette Schellenberg Sings Lieder

A review by Al Reimer

Henriette Schellenberg, soprano, in An Evening of Lieder presented by Prairie Performances (Manitoba) Inc., October 22-23, 1987, at the Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg Art Gallery

This was the first concert in a new series sponsored by Prairie Performances, and a sparkling debut it was. Soprano Henriette Schellenberg and her accompanist Judith Kehler Siebert are two of Winnipeg's finest artists, and they did themselves proud in this "Evening of Lieder," which covered the gamut of the German lied from Mozart in the eighteenth century to Richard Strauss in the twentieth. While the Muriel Richardson Auditorium wasn't filled to capacity, there was a good audience on hand and I suspect that when the word gets around there will be even larger audiences for future concerts. The intimate, informal recitals with local artists planned for this series should fill a definite gap in this city's musical menu.

More than once in these pages I have expressed my admiration for Henriette Schellenberg's voice and artistry. Quite apart from her impressive interpretive skills, I find the warm velvet of her voice irresistible, the sheer timbre of the instrument itself. That lovely sound has become familiar to us in oratorio and sacred music, but in this, her first solo lieder recital, she gave a sterling demonstration of what she can do with the smaller, more delicate form of the art song. Singing always well within herself (which operatically trained singers often fail to do when they turn to lieder) she wove a complex tapestry of moods and vocal textures that made for sumptuous listening.

While Ms. Schellenberg's program was artfully designed and contained sombre and soulful songs as well as light-hearted and playful ones, I particularly enjoyed her quieter, more tender and reflective offerings such as Mendelssohn's *Bei der Wiege* and *Nachtlied*, Schubert's *An den Mond* and *Heidenröslein*, and Richard

Strauss' *Nacht* and *Zueignung*. She produced a finely focussed mezza voice and just enough of a dark-velvet sheen in her voice to transform long, subdued legato lines into poignant moments of beauty one wanted to hold in the ears forever. That is not to say that her comic songs didn't come off: they did, and splendidly so in songs by Mahler and Wolf in the second half. Only in the earlier Mozart did I sense a slight inhibition, a self-conscious holding back from the emotional fire and spontaneity of the comic mood. Her artistic flair and natural sense of humor will no doubt come to the fore in this kind of repertoire as she does more of it.

Judith Kehler Siebert is a fine artist in her own right, a pianist who has demonstrated her spirited technique and interpretive brilliance numerous times as a soloist. She is also a sensitive and carefully controlled accompanist, as she proved once again in this recital. What I admire in her as an accompanist is her ability to assert her own musical personality while at the same time bringing out the best in the artist she's accompanying. Only very good accompanists are able to do that consistently. And she had at least one solo moment in this recital that brought her spontaneous approval from the audience.

As the new musical entrepreneurs in town, Prairie Performances are off to an impressive beginning with this recital. My guess is that they are aiming at a general audience rather than a specifically Mennonite one, but they can surely count on solid support from the latter. The rest of PP's first "season" will consist of the well-known Enns clan once again presenting English and German folk songs in their inimitable style February 11-12, 1988, and "An Evening of Viennese Songs" with various artists on April 28-29, 1988. They promise to offer musical *Gemütlichkeit* as a relief from the more formal demands of symphony concerts and operas. mm

REVIEW

Mennonite Life As Seen Through a Child's Eye Brightly

a review by Al Reimer

Elsa Redekopp, *Dream and Wonder* (Winnipeg, MB/Hillsboro, KS: Kindred Press, 1986). Paperback, 119 pages, \$5.50.

Elsa Redekopp's first book — *Wish and Wonder* — a little girl's view of life in an old-fashioned Mennonite village in southern Manitoba, was such a hit with readers of all ages that Mrs. Redekopp was encouraged to write a sequel. Now literary sequels can be tricky. They often fail because their authors try too hard to top the book that inspired them. Well, here is a sequel that works splendidly. Good as *Wish and Wonder* was, *Dream and Wonder* is even better: it is not only bigger but has a greater narrative variety and a richer texture of writing. Little Lisa, a pre-schooler in the earlier book, is now a sensitive eleven-year-old "dreamer" who is busy exploring her village world and already storing up personal experiences she can shape into the artistic "dreams" that give her such inner joy and satisfaction. The younger Lisa was still a self-centered "wisher" who greedily wanted many things for herself. This older Lisa, still innocent on the brink of adolescence, already knows that dreaming rich dreams is far more important than wishing for things that can only come true.

Along with Lisa, we explore her village world as refracted through the clear prism of her observing mind and imagination. We watch her watching wide-eyed as her brothers, desperate for a violin they can learn to play but can't afford to buy, try to make one out of scrapwood and a crude pattern. While she can't help them build, she can exult over the secret that they will get a violin for Christmas from the Eaton's catalogue — if Ma can save enough egg money. But Lisa the budding artist finds her own glory. She secretly enters a Free Press story contest on pure faith and is awestruck when she wins and receives her prizes — a shining bracelet and a "crisp green dollar bill, brand new."

Lisa loves school, and no sooner has she learned to read herself than she starts teaching her Pa, who can read Dostoyevsky in Russian but can't read any English. And the artist in her is thrilled to ecstasy when she receives a set of water colors for Christmas and realizes that the paint brush "was like holding a promise in her hand . . . Maybe now she could even paint sunsets." By the end of the book Lisa the artist dares to come out of the closet by becoming the first girl in the village to play the violin, in spite of disapproving headshakes and the dire prediction of Mrs. Krohn that, "She will never get a husband, just you wait and see."

Dream and Wonder has little by way of linear plot; instead it is structured on such routine activities as church and school and on special events such as hog-butchering, Christmas, New Year's, Valentine's Day, Easter, and on stories about life in Russia, that mystical homeland to which Ma and Pa are still so deeply attached. Not exactly the stuff of suspense and drama, to be sure. But Elsa Redekopp knows how to invest these ordinary experiences with a rare mystery and wonder, as though they are being discovered for the first time. We all create harmonious and nostalgic inner worlds out of our real-life experiences, but it takes a writer of skill and integrity to bring alive that inner world on the printed page so as to make it compelling to others as well. And that includes the ethical values and spiritual nuances that give depth and meaning to Lisa's village world.

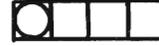
Dream and Wonder is an ideal gift to give your own little dreamer(s) this Christmas. And while the children are still busy playing with their new Christmas toys, get yourself a bowl of peanuts, sit down amidst the discarded wrappings, and read this book through quickly before the child you gave it to starts reading it. You won't regret it; nor will your child.

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In this edition we announce the winner of the October puzzle. From among the 60 entries, J. M. Driedger of Saskatoon was selected the winner.

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.

Answers to the October puzzle are silo, grain, store, wheat, baker and thanks.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by December 22, 1987.

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REVIEW

Karin Edwards and Ingrid Suderman Music-making Cousins in Winnipeg and Winkler

Manitoba music lovers have had a rich offering of concerts this fall, which may be one of the reasons that a rather small audience (in Winnipeg) turned out to hear two fine musicians who were "returning" to Manitoba in this joint concert: Karin Redekop Edwards and Ingrid Sawatzky Suderman, a pianist and a lyric soprano.

The program they offered was a delightful combination of lieder, old and new, and piano works by Chopin and Liszt.

Karin Edwards, who formerly accompanied the Mennonite Children's Choir, showed a mature talent in accompanying the songs, from Hayden and Schubert to Hugo Wolf and Steven Foster. Her finest moments came in the Bacarolle of Chopin, in which feeling and control merged to give a beautiful explosion of sound, both dramatic and lyrical.

Ingrid Suderman is known locally

through her successful recording of mostly religious music. She now delighted the audience with a warm and knowledgeable rendition of some of the finest Schubert and Wolf Lieder. In my opinion her performance of Mörrike's "Lass o Welt, o lass mich sein, Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben . . ." was the highlight of the afternoon. As she has done before with "Come, ye disconsolate . . ." she here poured a great intensity into this "slight" song, realizing the goal of both poet and composer to a high degree.

The coming together of these two artists was in itself a happy occasion in which the audience was able to participate; concerts of this kind have an intimacy which brings with it a particular enjoyment. In this vein Karin Edwards addressed a few words to the audience and Ingrid Suderman recited several of the songs whose

texts were not to be found in the program notes.

It is to be hoped that a quality recording could result from this co-operative effort so that many who were not able to attend the concert would be able to hear these fine artists at their leisure.

— Victor G. Doerksen

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The Diary of Anna Baerg 7.95
Gerry Peters, trans. & ed. An eye-witness account of the turbulent revolution and civil war years (1916-24) in Russia from the pen of a young woman. 1985; 160 pp.; with photos; pb.



Gesammelte Gedichte und Prosa 17.50
Fritz Senn. Herausgegeben von Victor G. Doerksen. A collection of poetry and prose of the Mennonite poet and author, Fritz Senn (Gerhard Friesen). 1987; 230 pp.; pb.



Heritage Remembered 25.00
Gerhard Lohrenz. New photos and maps, with index; short essays on Mennonite life in Russia and Prussia. 2nd & revised edition; 1977; 282 pp.; hc. (also available in German)



Songs of Faith and Life 6.00
Esther Wiebe. CMBC Music Series no. 4. Twenty-five hymns and songs, some in both English and German, arranged for male choir. 1987; 48 pp.; pb.

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REVIEW

A transition dominated by years in Zaire

From Africa to Canada, works by Ray Dirks at the Mennonite Heritage Centre Until December 17.

Reviewed by Jim Suderman

"From Africa to Canada" is an expression of Ray Dirks's feelings after having made that transition himself. He spent three years in Zaire, working for MCC, illustrating local schoolbooks in an effort to make them more appealing to their African audience. The vivid impressions left in the aftermath of his African experience dominate Dirks's subject matter in his exhibit — 13 of the 20 works are of African subjects.

Dirks has chosen people as the main theme for his exhibit, "From Africa to Canada." These are people Dirks met in Zaire and Winnipeg. Consistent with his theme he has selected faces as the leit-motif that runs through all the exhibited works, save one. His works vary in style from painstaking detail (e.g. "A helping hand," "Climbing") to a more impressionistic form of realism (e.g. "Kikwit turkey boy," "Vanga #1"). The medium for most of the works is watercolour on watercolour board. Offsetting the generally realistic tone is "Looking back, wondering forward," a detailed work on an intangible subject.

Dirks's declared intent is to select subjects so commonplace "that nobody sees them, or, if they do, they don't endure in the viewer's mind." He then paints these subjects, emphasizing the commonplace in each scene, thus compelling us to notice scenes that would otherwise not make any impression on us. In "Waiting" Dirks captures a moment at a bus stop,

complete with tired shoppers, newspaper vending boxes and long, winter afternoon shadows — a scene many of us may pass one or more times every day. Such an everyday scene, taken out of context and put into a gallery, becomes quite arresting.

"From Africa to Canada" is not organized as an exhibit to make a political statement, but "Isn't life grand(?)" has a political message. This work portrays, in stark lines, a black woman with an infant at her breast in the foreground, while in the background white women in bikinis (whose outlines are blurred as though a wall of shimmering heat separated them from the woman in the foreground) can be seen. There is an additional contrast besides the black and the white, and the clear and the hazy, and that is the image of the black woman as a mother, as a woman who cannot afford to indulge herself in the leisurely and beautifying activities of the other women.

Ray's African subjects are not scenes as much as portraits. One of the portraits is unique in that it portrays a village, Vanga, where Dirks lived for a time and in that it is contained in six works — "Vanga #1" through "Vanga #4," "Vanga bathers" and "Vanga tractor pull." "Vanga #1" through "Vanga #4" contain individual portraits. "Vanga #1" through "#4" are painted with broader brush strokes than Dirks's more detailed works. Being portraits, the background is insubstantial, but in every case emphasis has been drawn to the head by a back-lighting effect. Of these six parts, only "Vanga tractor pull" includes any men, the other five portray women and children.

The sharply contrasted subjects in "From Africa to Canada" may, at first, seem unlikely to relate to each other in any meaningful way — the black and the white, rich and poor, the scenes and the portraits — but the emphasis on people forms a strong common denominator in the exhibit. That emphasis provides depth and significance to Dirks's exhibit, by proclaiming that geographical distance, skin colour, and different lifestyles do not change the fact that people are people. It may also seem that displaying works of exquisite detail alongside works painted with a broader brush is incongruous. I think it adds a desirable contrast, refreshing our eyes as we move from one work to the next.

"From Africa to Canada" is on display at the Mennonite Heritage Centre Gallery, 600 Shaftesbury Boulevard, Winnipeg. It can be viewed between 8:30 a.m. and 9 p.m. weekdays: 1 p.m. to 6 p.m. weekends. Arrangements for purchasing a painting can be made during regular business hours, Monday to Friday, and on weekends during the hours the exhibit is open.

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COMING EVENTS

Until December 31: Art exhibit by Ray Dirks at the Mennonite Heritage Centre.

December 17: The choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; at Holy Trinity Anglican Church, 8 p.m., sponsored by the Winnipeg Singers.

December 28 to January 3: Family snow camp at Camp Arnes; for information call 338-4647.

January 4-7, 12-17: *Josef and Maria*, by Peter Turrini, in English and German, a presentation by the Max Reinhardt Theatre; Kiwanis Centre for the Deaf, 285 Pembina Highway; call 943-1897 between 8:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. weekdays for tickets.

January 8 and 9: Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre presents three one-act plays at the Kiwanis Centre for the Deaf.

January 10: Festival Male Choir Concert; Centennial Concert Hall, 3 p.m.

February 4-6: Conference of Mennonites in Canada, annual meetings of the council of boards, at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College.

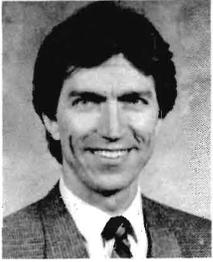
February 11 and 12: Prairie Performances presents the Ends Family and Friends at the Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg Art Gallery.

*Christmas
and
New Year's
greetings from . . .*

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MANITOBA NEWS



Peter Dueck was appointed director, financial aid and awards, at the University of Manitoba as of July, 1987. He was awards officer for the past three and a half years at the University of Winnipeg. Previous employment included terms as executive director, Churchill Northern Studies Centre; writer-editor of corporate communications at the Great-West Life Assurance Company; and a high school teacher of biology and English at the Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna. He is also a board member and singer with the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir.



Gwen Klassen, a Winnipeg flute player and University of Manitoba student, in her third year of studies in the School of Music, has received a \$1,500 scholarship to the University of Minnesota from the Women's Association of the Minnesota Orchestra. During her career, Gwen has won a scholarship to the Winnipeg Youth Orchestra, played a concerto with the same orchestra, and performed two concerts with the University of Manitoba orchestra. Her present teacher is Laurel Ridd and past teacher was Jan Kocman. Gwen is a graduate of Westgate Collegiate and is the daughter of Al and Norma Klassen. They are members of the Fort Garry Mennonite Brethren Church.

Ken Derksen of Winnipeg is beginning a two-year assignment working in the personnel office of MCC as a data manager/secretary in Akron, Pennsylvania. He is a member of the Sargent Avenue Church in Winnipeg. His parents are John and Martha Derksen.

Dr. Abram Friesen, formerly of Oak Bluff, Manitoba, and professor of renaissance and reformation history at the University of California, Santa Barbara, is working on the first full-length biography of Menno Simons. He is spending fall and early winter in Winnipeg on sabbatical leave, using office space provided at the Mennonite Studies Centre on the University of Winnipeg campus.

Winnipeg children's entertainer **Fred Penner** and manager-producer Gilles Paquin have launched their own record label with a deal for international distribution by A & M Records. In January Penner plans to record the first release of **Oak Street Records**. Penner is host of the nationwide CBC TV series "Fred Penner's Place," and has recently finished taping 96 new episodes of the series, now in its third season. His third book for children, **Roller Skating**, has just been completed and a fourth, **Polka Dot Pony**, is in the illustration stage.

Alfred Redekopp is a part-time worker at the Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies. His work includes accessioning materials, creating indices and developing the genealogical collection donated to the centre by Katie Peters of Winnipeg. A certified teacher, Redekopp is employed on a part-time basis at the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute.

Linda Schwartz-Trivett, professor of music theory and composition at Mennonite Brethren Bible College, has been awarded a grant of \$1,500 for a composition commemorating the Mennonite Brethren centennial in Canada. The grant was awarded by the Manitoba Arts Council. The composition will be a musical/dramatic worship service celebrating Mennonite Brethren faith identity in Canada. It will be premiered in January, 1988, in the River East Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg.

Harold Peters-Fransen has resigned as pastor of Peace Mennonite Church in Regina, effective in the summer of 1988. Peters-Fransen served for several years as pastor at First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. His wife, Ingrid, has just completed work on a master's thesis on "A Christian Approach to Economic Evaluation" at Mennonite Biblical Seminary in Elkhart.

Minister of National Health Jake Epp announced that a chair of German-Canadian studies will be established at the University of Winnipeg by 1989. It will be separate from, but parallel to the Chair of Mennonite Studies held by Prof. Harry Loewen at the same university. The chair was made possible by grants adding up to \$500,000 by several German-Canadian families from the Winnipeg area. This amount will be topped up by an additional \$350,000 from the federal government. No specific information was available about the teaching program of the German-Canadian Chair, nor about who its first incumbent might be. The newly organized German-Canadian Congress has taken an active interest in the creation of this chair and expressed the hope that it will raise the profile of the German contribution to Canadian life.

The September news bulletin of Keston College, England, reports that **Ivan Andreyevich Neufeld**, a Christian whose denomination is unknown, was tried on 25 February 1987 and sentenced to three-and-a-half years' strict regime camp under Russian Criminal Code article 80 (evasion of military service). He refused to do military service on religious grounds. This is Neufeld's second term of imprisonment for the same offence; he served two years in labour camp from 1984-86.

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Harold Neufeld, of Charleswood Mennonite Church, has become acting chair of Adventure Crossroads Family Centre. He lives in the Crossroads community, and he and his wife, Dorothy, and children Stefan and Tobia, have had a long and strong identification with Adventure Crossroads.



Mike Kehler, of Altona, has been appointed staff worker by Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship to work with the Inter School Christian Fellowship Clubs in the Pembina area.

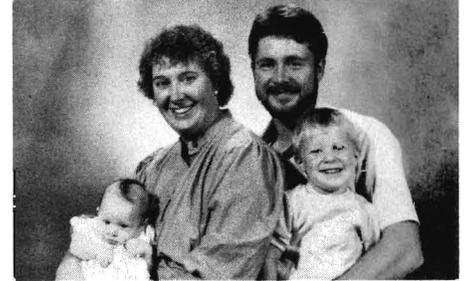
John and Margaret Janzen of Arnaud, have begun two-month Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, Pa. John is working as a driver at MCC headquarters and Margaret is working with SelfHelp Crafts. The Janzens are members of Arnaud Mennonite Church.

Women and the Arts/Les Femmes et les Arts is sponsoring the following commissions for **Spotlight '88**, an international celebration of women in the arts. Canadian female sculptors are invited to submit entries for the design of a sculpture commemorating **Spotlight '88**. The winning sculptor will receive \$200,000 (including materials, mounting and artist's fee). Manitoba female artists are invited to submit entries for five limited edition posters to be juried and produced prior to the festival. The winning artist will receive \$200 and publicity through the production and promotion of the posters. Submission deadline is January 30th, 1988. Submissions may be sent to: Women and the Arts/Les Femmes et les Arts, 512-265 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 2B2. **Spotlight '88** will be a unique and important event happening in Winnipeg's downtown, exchange district and St. Boniface area from July 27-31, 1988. Local, national and international artists will be featured in performances, exhibits and workshops spanning eight disciplines. These include: Dance, Music, Theatre, Literature, Media, Fine Crafts, Visual and Environmental Arts.

Kris Hamm of Altona, most recently of Winnipeg, began a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in September in Winnipeg, where she is working as administrative secretary with MCC Canada. Hamm studied Christian education at Elim Bible Institute in Altona. She was last employed as a typesetter at D. W. Friesen and Sons Ltd. Hamm is a member of the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference Church in Altona. Her parents are Agatha and Art Hamm of Altona.

Anne and Ben Reimer of Rosenort, are beginning four-month Mennonite Central Committee assignments with Self-Help Crafts in Akron, Pennsylvania. Anne will be working as an order processor and Ben as stock clerk. Ben was last employed as owner of Rosenort Transfer Business. Anne last worked as secretary for Rosenort Transfer. The Reimers are members of Rosenort Fellowship Chapel. Their children are Judy and Eric Craig and Brad and Laverna Reimer.

Magdalene Andres and David Neufeld of Boissevain, most recently of Saskatoon, are beginning four-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Maseru, Lesotho, where they will be serving as joint country representatives for MCC. Andres and Neufeld previously served with MCC in South Africa and in Saskatoon. Andres received a bachelor's degree in religious studies from the University of Waterloo (Ont.). Neufeld is a member of Whitewater Mennonite Church in Boissevain. Andres is a member of Rosthern (Sask.) Mennonite Church. Their children are Kholiswa and Ezra. Neufeld's parents are Elsa and Werner Neufeld of Boissevain.



Kathryn and Russell Loewen of Winnipeg, are beginning two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in St. John's, Newfoundland, where Russell will be working with the Victim Offender Ministry. Russell received a bachelor's degree in sociology from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. He was last employed as probation officer in Winnipeg and Beausejour. The Loewens are members of Fort Garry Evangelical Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Their children are Andrew and Elizabeth. Kathryn's parents are Douglas and Keta Mitchell of Winnipeg. Russell's parents are Edwin and Lydia Loewen of Winnipeg.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

MCC Manitoba is seeking an executive director effective July 1, 1988.

Applications should include resume and references. Send to **Abe Dyck, 263-13th Street, Winkler, Manitoba, R6W 1S5, Telephone 325-7862.**

Christmas Concert

Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School

You are cordially invited to attend the Christmas Concert of the Winnipeg Elementary School.

Featured will be the choirs and a musical entitled, *Sleepy Little Shepherd*. It will be held in the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute theatre at 7 p.m., **Thursday, December 17.**

A collection will be taken.

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Twée Wienachtsjedijchta

fonn Peter Kroeger

Wienachtsfäafreid

Et rieselt dee Schnee, mett saunften Flocken
Bedatjt hee dee Ead too fastlijchem Kjleet.
Fonn Kjoatjentormen kjinjen dee Glocken,
Fetjinden dee freidije Fäawienachtstiet!

Dee Schooltjinja eewen Wienachtsleeda;
See senn mett strolenden Uagen doobie.
Waut ess uck scheena, aus emma wada
Dän Foda too leewen jehorsaum onn tru.

Dee Jugend schauft aun Wienachtprograumen,
Dän Menschen too Freiden, däm Heilaund toom Rum,
Too Loob onn Preis däm harrijchsten Nomen:
Däm himmlischen Foda Sien Äjentum!

Dee Wienachtswensche fonn leewsten Kjlienen,
Dee seatjen dee emsijen Muttasch schoon ut,
Doamett, wann daut Kjristjind well erschienen,
Et aula scheen wachten enn jechlijchem Hus.

Uck freidebrinjende Leewesgowen
Fe jiedrem toom Wienachtsfast sellen woll senn,
Doamett sitj aula aum Kjristjind laben
Onn feelen onn seenen dän hallen Schien.

Soo lot ons aula freidijch erlāwen
Adwentstiet onn freelijche Wienachtstiet,
Soo woat dee soo gooda Foda ons jāwen
Dee Fäafreiden eewja Gottseelijchtheit!

Wienachtstiet

Nu ess dee heilje Wienachtstiet
Fe aule Menschen jekomen;
See freie sitj hopen, breet onn wiet;
Onn haben et froo fenomen.

Woo sent dee Kjinja kratjt erfreit
Enn āarem kjindlijchem Gloowen;
See sent jehorsaum, frintlijch, jescheit;
Stale dee Ellre opp Proowen.

Erwossne sent mea āwalajcht,
Doch meist soo froo aus dee Kjinja:
Emm Hoaten maunjchet an bewacht,
Emm Gloowen Grootāwawinja.

Et ess Jeburtsdach fonn onsem Harn,
Fomm Foda bowen, ons jāwen:
Hee säjent dee Kjinja, Am nijch farn,
Derjch Jeesum daut eewje Lāwen.

Doaromm ess Wienachten heiljet Fast,
Eent fonn dee jratste opp Eaden;
Karfriedach sitj blooss fejlitjen lat:
Ertshoad, stoatj, fe Siene Hāaden.

Wie wellen dām Foda jieden Dach
Fe Sienen Sān ons bedanken,
Wiel Hee Siene Kjinja emma mach;
Enn Siene Obhut nijch wanken.

Onn see wie enn dee Menschheit nenn:
Dee jellt no Krauft onn no Sennen,
Woll kratjt uck nu emm Wienachtssenn,
See fe dām Heilaund jewennen.

Freelijche Wienachten. Jesāajendet Niejoa.

Das Wort von hinten:
Predicht fier Jestern
— eine verspätete
Erntedank Botschaft

Vermittelt von Jack Thiessen

Die folgende Predicht wurde von einem Prediger namens J.R. in Russland verfasst. Da der besagte Prediger schon einige Predigten gehalten hatte, die zu Verdriesslichkeiten fuehrten, bestand der Gemeinderat von jetzt an darauf, seine zu haltende Predigten kuenftig ansichtig zu werden. Daraufhin wurde ihm untersagt, die folgende Predigt zu halten. (Sein Kollege, der die 'Predicht fier Haite' vor bald drei Jahren von meiner bescheidenen Feder verfasst, gelesen hatte, schickte sie mir diesen Sommer zu. Vielleicht hat der inzwischen verstorbene Prediger J.R. mit dem Abdruck seiner in unwesentlichen Teilen revidierten Predigt jetzt etwas mehr Glueck).

Gegend nach Reeschen Tweeback darben musste.

Ja, wir haben Grund und Ursache dankbar zu sein, und das wollen wir denn auch haite mal ain wenich nachholen. Ja, ich maine, es wurde uns nuscht nich schaden, wenn wir hin und wieder die Kuh des Mammons den hals abschnaiden wurden, damit wir ain weenich mehr ieber die Wesentlichkeiten des Lebens nachdenken koennen. Und in diesem Sinne habe ich als Wort zur ernsten Betrachtung die Jeschichte vom Verlorenen Sohn, der wiedergefunden wurde, gewaehlt. Ich habe noch ain paar Tage zurick maine Gattin Njuta jefragt, indem ich wie folgt sprach: "Njuta," so sagte ich, "Mainst Du, man koennte mal ieber die Rickkehr des Verlorenen Sohnes sprechen, und den Text so ain wenig zurechtbiegen, und mit dem letzten Tail als Dankbarkeit das Erntedankfest dieses Jahr ausstaffieren?" Und wisst Ihr, was maine traie Gattin Njuta sagte? Sie sagte nachdem sie noch drei gute Schluck Pripps jetrunken hatte: "Natierlich kann man darieber sprechen, aber ob du, lieber Johannes, darieber sprechen solltest, das ist sehr 'Werwaiss.' Denn ich brauch dir wohl nicht zu sagen, lieber Johannes, dass Du mit Daine Auslejung des Wortes schon ain paar mal Schererai anjerichtet hast. Aber von mir aus Dewaij!"

Also Dewaij! sagte ich mir. Auch sagte ich mir noch dazu: 'Johannes, Johannes, du hast nicht nur aine traie Gattin Njuta, die Dir scheenen Zweiback backt und allerlai Faines in die Jlaeser im Herbst macht, sondern auch noch aine kluge Frau dazu. Sai man schoen dankbar!' Und das bin ich dann auch.

Aber zurick zum Text, der, nachdem wir den Verlorenen Sohn auf saine Wege

geschickt haben und er dann auch fain reumietig wenn auch mit schwarze Ringe unter die Augen zurick jepiljert kam, uns waiter von dem guten Lukas erzaehlt wird wie folgt: "Denn dieser mein Sohn war tot und ist lebendig geworden; er war verloren, und ist gefunden worden. Und fingen an, froehlich zu sein. Aber der aelteste Sohn war auf dem Felde; und als er nach zum Hause kam, hoerte er das Gesaenge und den Reigen; Und rief zu sich der Knechte einen, und fragte, was das waere. Der aber sagte ihm: Dein Bruder ist gekommen, und dein Vater hat ein gemaestet Kalb geschlachtet, dass er ihn gesund wieder hat. Da ward er zornig und wollte nicht hinein gehen. Da ging sein Vater heraus, und bat ihn. Er aber antwortete und sprach zum Vater: Sieh, so viele Jahre diene ich dir, und hab dein Gebot noch nie uebertreten; und du hast mir nie einen Bock gegeben, dass ich mit meinen Freunden froehlich waere. Nun aber dieser dein Sohn gekommen ist, der sein Gut mit Huren verschlungen hat, hast du ihm ein gemaestetes Kalb geschlachtet. Er aber sprach zu ihm: Mein Sohn, du bist allezeit bei mir, und alles, was mein ist, das ist dein. Du solltest aber froehlich und gutes Muts sein; denn dieser dein Bruder war tot, und ist wieder lebendig geworden; er war verloren und ist wiedergefunden." So wait! Ja, so wait, und hier machen wir Schluss genau wie es der jute Lukas auch jetan hat!

Oh, was muss man sich im inwendigen Menschen den Kopf kratzen, wenn Unserainer so ainen haissen Text auslejen will. Oh was muss man sich vor lauter Schlaflossigkeit im Bett kullern, bevor man es wahr haben kann, was der liebe Gott hier fier Ieberraschungen zusammen mit das gemaestete Kalb aufischt! Oh ja!

Liebe Jemaide im Herrn!

Es ist der Herbst im Kalender einjezogen und so geziemt es sich wohl, dass wir auch dieses Jahr mal wieder Erntedankfest faiern. Und wenn auch nicht jeder im Ieberdruss lebte und nur wenige mit von lauter Bargeld ausgebuhlten Hosenfuppen herumliefern, wie es, wie man sagt, in Onkel Sam sain Nord-Kildona ain weenich sehr moode geworden ist, und auch schoon ain weenich moode war, bevor Lenin und Machno ieberall ihre Jeschefte des Triebals machten und mit Messer und Revolver die Frichte des Flaisses pungelweise abschnitten, so wollen wir uns doch sagen lassen, dass kainer nicht in die letzten zwanzig oder mehr Jahre mit Kulleraugen durch die

Aber es ist so, wenn man sich erst ainije jehierije Loecher in den Kopf jejriebelt hat, dann kommt auch immer wieder die Loesung, und so auch mir!

Und was ist diese Loesung, wie sie nun zum Erntedankfest in unsere Zait so schoen passt? Ja, was ist die Loesung, die Lukas mit uns hier vor hat? Nun, wisst Ihr auch wer der zuHause gebliebene Sohn ist, der sich ains abrackert, aber dabai garnicht mal so gut wejkommt? Ja, liebe Jeschwister, der zuHause gebliebene Sohn ist, der muerrisch und abjinsitj dasitzt und sich noch allerlai und vielerlai ainbildet, wail er sich die Knochen miede jerackert hat, und dabai das Lieben verlernt hat, das ist nach Lukas, unser Mennonitentum!

Und der Verlorenen Sohn, der viel besser abschnaidet nachdem er sich in der Ferne wenn auch schlecht bewaehrt hat, das ist der mennonitische Kinstler, den wir schon immer ausjelalcht hat, wail wir ihn nicht ernst jenommen haben. Ja, er hat sich zu mindest mit dem Leben ausainander jesetzt und wird von dem auf den es im Leben, wie wir es im Buche des Lebens so klar und daitlich lesen, nicht nur ernst jenommen sondern sogar jefaiert! Denn er ist der Wegwaiser, nicht aber der jriesgraemige Hocker, der es nur immer drock hat, und fier den das Drock-sain Selbstzweck jeworden ist, wail er nur an die dicken Rubel denkt, bis ihm der ganze Sinn fier das Wesentliche jehoerig vergangen und vorlorengegangen ist, weil er nur nach dem Irdischen trachtet und sich die Fuppen voll Mammon stopfen will, damit ein jeder sagen wird: "Kuckt, das ist ain richtijer Kulack und er haisst dabei noch Erdman Penner!" Oh ja, ich maine, es wird hoechste Zait, dass wir den sich am Rande unserer Jesellschaft befindlichen mal herausraichen und ihn als unseren Wejwaiser faiern und unser Erntedankfest ihm widmen, wail er den Kinstlermut hatte sich in die Ferne zu begeben und fier den wir aine jrosse Faier ausrichten wollen. Und dazu jehoert, wie wir lesen, und gelesen haben, dass wir ein gemaestetes Kalb schlachten und den Raigen schwingen und aus frischer Kehle und voller Brust singen, und nicht ainen alten Knochenbock abmessern, wie es der flaissije Stubenhocker des jaenjijien Mennonitentums vorhat, der nur fier den Morgen und den Iebermorgen lebt, der womeijlich sowieso niemals nicht kommen wird!

Ja, und wenn wir schon bai die haissen Aisen der Textauslejung sind, habt Ihr aich auch mal jemerkt, dass der Drocker dann noch versucht sainen Bruder mit Lesterlichkaiten vor sainem Vater schlecht zu machen? Oh ja, so etwas jeet uns Mennoniten auch sehr scheen, denn

wir reden auch jerne, ja, ja, nur zu jer ne Beuses ueber die, welche wir nicht verstehen koennen, wail sie Kinstler von Gottes Jnaden sind! Aber wir merken, was der Vater in dieser Jeschichte tut . . . er hoert nicht ainmal hin auf solch dummes Jeschwaetz! Ja, ja, so ist es. Ich kann mir sogar vorstellen, dass der Vater zu sainem langwailigen Rubelzaehler jesagt hat: "Schaeme dich Jakob oder Abraham, denn Du bist ain abginstijer Hammelbock! Und jetzt komm, sonst werden die Kotletten kalt!" Ja, ja, und wenn der Judenvater schon so jesprochen hat, denn kennt Ihr Aich, ja, dann muesst Ihr aich mal vorstellen, wie der liebe Gott im Himmel, der hinter dem jrossen Verjroesserungsjlass sitzt, von wo er all das viele Tuen und Lassen sainer Kinder, die auf die Erde herumkloffen und herumsocken tun, sehen kann; ja, was wollte ich nur sagen, was der liebe Gott sich da vorstellen kann? Nain, ich maine, wir muessen uns vorstellen, wie der liebe Gott ueber das ieble Jeschwaetz sainer Mennonitenkinder erjrimmen tut! Oh Bozhe moi! Dann kailt er mit die Faust so jrindlich auf den Tisch, dass die Engelchen in die Luft huppsen und sofort zur Stelle sind, um ihren Baus, oder ihren Boss ain weenig zu beruhijen, wail er so beuse werden musste ieber das beuse Jeschwaetz der Abram Kransche und der Klassen Techter! Oh ja, jlaubt man nicht, dass der liebe Gott nicht unjeheuer beuse werden kann, und jlaubt man nicht, dass er niemals nicht ieber uns Mennoniten beuse werden kann! Ohho! Wait jefehlt, liebe Jeschwister! Denn beuses Jeschwetz kann der liebe Gott niemals nicht so richtig vertragen.

Ja, und dann ist da noch ains, welches uns sehr jross und wichtig werden sollte wenn wir schon von die jrosse Wichtigkaiten sprechen und das ist dies: Habt Ihr auch jemerkt, dass der Verlorene Sohn, der in die Ferne zur Besinnung kommt und somit das Lieben neu lernt, niemals nicht Beuses ieber andere Menschen zu sagen hat? Nain, das ist nicht saine Art, und so ist das auch nicht die Art des Kinstlers und auch nicht die Art unseres lieben Gottes. Also wollen wir uns mal janz scheun hieten, damit wir uns das nicht mit dem lieben Gott verderben, denn Ihr habt ja jehiert, wie er mit die Faust auf den Tisch im Himmel kailt, und das wollen wir doch nicht haben, nain? Nain, das wollen wir doch nicht haben, dass die klainen Engel sich so sehr verfehren missen.

So, und nun wollen wir das so machen wie ain Predijer, der in Daitschland mal jesagt haben soll 'ain Prediger darf ieber alles sprechen, nur nicht ieber aine halbe Stunde'. Amen!

mm

Zwei

Weihnachtsgedichte von Fritz Senn

In der Weihnachtszeit erinnert man sich oft an die Kindheit und an die Orte in der man diese erlebte. Für Fritz Senn und manche aus der älteren Generation bedeutete das ein Nachdenken über die alte Heimat in Russland (daher die russischen Wörter "Bog" (Gott), "Roghjestwo" (Weihnacht) im ersten Gedicht.

WEIHNACHTSWUNSCH

Lass' es wieder sein wie damals,
als der Schnee ans Fenster fiel.
Drinnen in der warmen Stube
Tannenduft und Flötenspiel.

In der warmen Ofenecke
lagen zwei in einem Korb,
die am Vortag sich gestritten,
Kater Musch und Kater Borb.

Mutter summt leise, leise;
mir ist's als ob es heute wär',
jene alte Weihnachtsweise
„Hoch vom Himmel komm' ich her. —“

Kleine Russenkinder liefen
singend um das Haus,
Vater teilte an die Kleinen
auf dem Beischlag Nüsse aus. —

Ein paar Burschen tragen barhaupt
Stangenhoch ein Heiligenbild.
Darauf war zu sehen Maria
Jesusmutter fromm und mild. —

Gerade so wie damals
Als der Schnee ans Fenster fiel
drinnen in der warmen Stube
Tannenduft und Flötenspiel. —

Dass in Russland sich erneue
Kirche Bog und Boghestwo,
Dass das weite Land durchwehe
Friede, Freude, Roghdjestwo.

WEIHNACHT

Wenn alle Sterne aufgegangen
Und alle Fenster helle sind,
Schau ich dem zu mit heissen Wangen
Wie einst als kleines Kind.

Dann schmück ich mich mit
Kindheitsträumen

Gedenk der längst entschwundnen Zeit,
Der Feier in vertrauten Räumen —
Wie liegt das alles doch so weit.

Und meine Seele dehnt sich mächtig
In Kindheitssehnsucht, stark und bleich
Und schafft sich stumm und miternächtigt
Ihr mondbeglänzttes Weihnachtsreich.

OUR WORD

Christmas Meditation

*A King might miss the guiding star,
A wise man's foot might stumble;
For Bethlehem is very far
From all except the humble.*

In the famous parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man (Luke 16:19–31), Jesus pictures a man who discovers after his death that he has taken the wrong road. He finds himself in a place of torment instead of a place of joy. He appeals to “father Abraham” in heaven, to warn his brothers on earth who are apparently also on the wrong road. But Abraham is not convinced that such warnings will do any good. “Your brothers have Moses and the prophets,” he observes, “let them listen to them.” But the man in torment knows that this will not help since his brothers have already heard the message of Moses and the prophets and have rejected it. He has a sudden inspiration. Why doesn’t someone from beyond the grave — someone like Abraham himself — go to his brothers on earth and warn them? Surely they will believe such a person. But Abraham is skeptical. “If they do not listen to Moses and the prophets, they will pay no heed even if someone should rise from the dead.”

Jesus told this story at a point in His ministry when He was encountering growing opposition. The religious leaders of His community, including the Pharisees and the doctors of the law, had just criticized His willingness to mix with “tax-gatherers and other bad characters” (Luke 15:1, NEB). “This fellow,” they said, “welcomes sinners and eats with them.” How could this be? Jesus claimed to speak in the name of the God who had inspired Moses and the prophets. These religious leaders knew all about Moses and the prophets, yet they were unable to recognize the new prophet in their midst.

The Christmas story tells us that God has come to us from “beyond the grave” in the person of Jesus, to reveal Himself to us as He really is. And yet, God stands dumbfounded before our blindness, or our unwillingness to see. The skepticism of Abraham is justified, but the conclusion is rather staggering. God is unable to *prove* His own existence to us. Even a revelation from beyond the grave is not convincing to everyone. Everything that God says and does, through His prophets and through the person of Jesus, must first be filtered through the human brain. And that brain can reject or accept what it sees and hears; it can understand things or turn away without comprehension; it can appropriate the truth or distort it.

A few years ago I received a call early in the morning from a person who told me with great elation that they had finally proven the existence of God beyond the shadow of a doubt. “How have they done this?,” I asked rather skeptically. “They have found Noah’s ark on the top of a mountain in Turkey,” was the reply. Well, I wish it was all that easy and that clear. We hunt restlessly for evidence of this kind, but it never does and never can add up to a proof that will be utterly clear and convincing to

everyone. (And there is some so-called evidence of such dubious validity that no one should believe it.)

The Gospels tell us with great enthusiasm that God has chosen to show Himself most clearly to us in the person of Jesus. But in the very first chapter of one of those Gospels we read the warning: “He was in the world, but the world though it owed its being to him did not recognize him.” (John 1:10).

Jesus stood helpless before His listeners, without the ultimate proof that He was the incarnation of God. He stands equally helpless before us today, and those of us who feel deeply, inwardly, that He was indeed the person who He said He was, must begin by acknowledging that we actually have no power to prove that.

What, then, moves us to acknowledge Him? Are we simply more foolish or gullible than others? Shouldn’t we demand proof before we believe? Not at all. If our lives were guided only by ideas and experiences whose ultimate validity can be proven we would lead very empty lives indeed. We wouldn’t even want to get up in the morning. How can we prove that anything good will happen to us during the day, and yet we hope, and have some reasonable expectation that it will. How can we *prove* that our marriage partner loves us or that our children care for us? We can’t, but enough good experiences may give us good reason to believe that they do, and acting on that belief makes much of life worth living.

How can I prove that Jesus of Nazareth holds the key to the meaning of life? I can’t, but I don’t find it at all foolish to believe that. It isn’t foolish — not because other people say it isn’t, but because Jesus confronts us with a way of living whose validity can be tested, and He presents us with a vision of God which corresponds to the highest that I can imagine.

Jesus does not ask us to follow Him blindly, or to believe in Him foolishly (though He knows that many will think He *is* foolish). He says very clearly through all the Gospels: My way is the way of love. If you follow this way you will be kind to people, especially to those who are poor and despised by others. You will not store up wealth for yourself, because that is empty. You will not hurt others because that is self-destructive. You will not try to promote yourself, because in the process you will lose yourself. You will not condemn others, because you are incapable of making final judgments. Instead, you will find yourself, and God, by losing yourself in the humble service of others.”

Now, I happen to believe with all my heart that that is the truth. Few of us live up to it, some of us perhaps very seldom, and to many it seems utterly foolish. But I believe that it represents the way to life — the way God intended us to live. As Martin Luther King observed: “Time is cluttered with the wreckage of communities which surrendered to hatred and violence. For the salvation of our nation, and the salvation of mankind, we must follow another way.”

Now at Christmas, and throughout the year, we have every reason to celebrate the coming of God to us in the person of Jesus. Proof, no, but there is more than enough there to support our deepest faith and kindle our greatest hopes.

*The door is on the latch tonight,
The hearth-fire is aglow,
I seem to hear soft passing feet —
The Christchild in the snow.*

*My heart is open wide tonight
For stranger, kith or kin;
I would not bar a single door
Where love might enter in.” (Author Unknown)*

Roy Vogt

(Thoughts prompted by a sermon given by Walter Klaassen in First Mennonite Church, October 1987.)

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