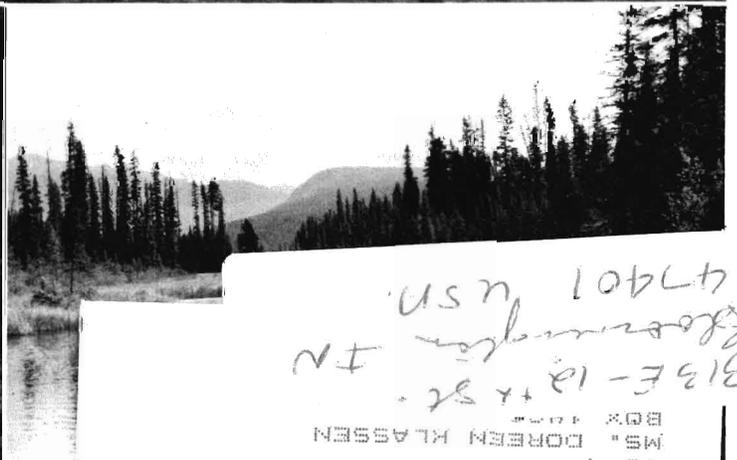


# *Mennonite* MIRROR

volume 19 / number 1 / september, 1989



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# Mennonite MIRROR

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september, 1989

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## ForeWord

With this edition we begin our 19th year of publication. It is people like you who are essential to the success of the magazine. Your interest in the Mennonite community that includes and transcends specific church groupings is important. Thank you.

Summer has just ended. (Why do we say that Labor Day is the last long weekend of summer? We could say its the first long weekend of the autumn, and be a tad more positive.) Our vacation experiences are still fresh in our minds. Our edition opens with a diary of a couple who went on a canoe trip in British Columbia. It was a trip they and their in-laws had discussed for years before actually fulfilling it. Although there was rain and some of the usual miseries of a camping trip, it was an experience they will never forget.

In another vacation story, Vic Penner set out one long weekend to go some places where he and his wife had not visited before -- at least not recently. While they were never more than 100 miles from home, they found a lot of new things and discovered the joys of looking at life close to home.

Roy Vogt adds to the summer memories with his comment in Observed Along the Way. His way took him to Vancouver, Edmonton, and Lake Winnipeg. A varied trail, indeed.

The winds of change blowing across Russia are creating opportunities for Canadians, and some of the Canadians who are well-placed to take advantage of them are the businessmen who fled Russia in their youth and whose familiarity with the language and continuing interest in the country makes it possible for them to work there. Harry Giesbrecht, a Winnipeg contractor, was the subject of a news report earlier this year when his firm landed a building contract in the Soviet Union. A look at the man, his family, and his business interests is part of this issue.

Eating out is a pleasure some people never get enough of. While there may be many eaters, there are also a few who are ready to fill their plates. J. Braun went into an older part of the city, near the financial district to visit Cafe Beignet on Bannatyne, a relatively new establishment with Julie DeFehr as one of the proprietors.

Victor Carl Friesen chronicles the development of Low-German pronunciation in an article in this issue, and goes on to wonder to what extent the "revival" of interest in speaking the language will continue.

In an issue that contains an article on Low-German, there must also be an article in Low-German. Erica Enns provides an interesting story.

Many German speaking readers have enjoyed the Wilder Honig series. The last one is being published this edition.

The Mennonite World Conference is less than a year away. Winnipeg, which already has one of the highest concentrations of Mennonites in the world, will be Mennonite-city for a week. Our Word comments on the coming assembly.

### The cover:

Canoeing in British Columbia's interior, a summer experience recalled on page 5.

## Mennonite Mirror

**Publisher:** Roy Vogt **Editor:** Ruth Vogt  
**Managing Editor:** Ed Unrau **Associate Editors:** Al Reimer, Harry Loewen, Victor Doerksen, Mavis Reimer **Writing Staff:** Andre Oberle, Paul Redekop, Dana Mohr, J. Braun, Tim Wiebe, Sarah Klassen, Agnes Wall, Mary Lou Driedger, George Epp, Vic Penner, Dora Dueck, Dora Maendel; Mirror Mix-Up, Bob Matsuo.

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# Rain puts damper on canoe trip, but not on the memories

by Katherine Martens

## Life is Like a Canoe trip

Ever since 1971 when my husband's sister Helga and her husband Ed Enns moved to B.C., Ed has talked of doing the Bowron Lake circuit. It is a canoe trip on the Bowron lakes in British Columbia, just east of Quesnel, where the lakes form a liquid parallelogram connected by three portages and creeks or rivers to make a total distance of 116 kilometers. There is no whitewater canoeing involved.

In the winter of 1988, they proposed the trip to my husband Gert and me; we considered it very seriously and after a time we said yes.

Then the doubts began. I hoped silently that they would change their minds or some family emergency would come along to make it impossible. At the same time we had a feeling it was "now or never." One pleasurable aspect of our preparations for the trip were the weekly canoe trips we took on the LaSalle river to "get into shape."

In early August we made our way to the west coast to join Helga and Ed. The biggest task was planning our provisions for the trip. It took us almost two full days to shop and pack our provisions. We packaged meal size portions in small plastic bags and packed all the breakfasts in a large backpack, all the lunches in another, all the suppers in another. We decided on a rotation menu of potatoes, rice, and pasta with various garnishes as our main meals.

**Monday, August 15.** We finally

finished packing at 3:30 in the afternoon and left Ed and Helga's house in Coquitlam in the rain at 4 with a stop at Boston Bar for supper at 7. It was cool and cloudy but the rains stopped by the time we got to Hope, B.C. We camped for night just north of Cache Creek.

**Tuesday August 16.** It rained this morning, but not heavily. We had breakfast at the camp kitchen. We got to Bowron Lake just after 5, where we went into the Naturalist House to register for the trip and while there we decided we had failed the first test for outdoor life because we had left our rain gear in the vehicles. The steady rain which began while we were inside was our first warning of the weather we were to face shortly. At first we had thought of doing our first portage this evening and camping at the end of it, but caution took the upper hand and we took our rain gear in hand, and went to the lodge for supper prepared to stay in the campground and leave the next morning.

**Wednesday, August 17.** We did our first portage. Ed and Helga have a set of wheels which can be fitted on the canoe and we pulled and pushed it to our destination. We made a return trip with their wheels to move our canoe. By 12:30 we stopped at our first camp site at the end of Kibbee Lake. We swam a bit, getting chilled in the process when a strong wind came up.

**Thursday August 18.** It rained off and

on all night but it was dry in the morning. Breakfast was pancakes and cornmeal mush. I stayed with our canoe while Gert, Helga and Ed did the 2 km portage. Then they returned for our canoe. We had lunch at the end of the portage. Paddled to Camp Site #6 on Indianpoint Lake and at 2 p.m. decided to camp for the night. We hope we will get drier weather and are able to make better time when we don't have to portage. This morning I was disgusted by the weather, but the day turned out all right. No rain, only grey clouds that keep rolling in from the western horizon as if there were no end to them. The air is cool and quite beautiful. The loon calls are impressive in their variety and melodiousness. The people we met on the first portage have passed us; I wonder if we will see them again, a family with two children, the husband carrying a 120 pound pack of food. He had carried the canoe to the end of the portage before breakfast. Supper was potato dumplings and ham. We had a lovely fire and sat around it until 9:45.

**Friday, August 19.** Last night the stars came out and we anticipated a glorious day. Instead we got a steady downpour. It is 6 a.m. and it has been raining for hours. Puddles all around. Without tarps we would be in deep trouble. I hope I can get to the toilet without getting wet and that we can keep all our gear as dry as possible. Today was to have been the day to make our last long portage. 10:45

a.m.: It's still raining. Had cream of rice for breakfast, which would not win any prizes for tastiness. We plan to stay. The rangers came through and called our place Tarp City. 2 p.m.: We briefly considered moving, then a downpour changed our minds. One set of neighbors left but the other family stayed. We see other canoeists from the last portage pushing by us in the rain, but we are happy to stay warm and dry. For about 10 minute intervals we get a patch of blue sky and then it's gone again. Had Plumemooss for lunch. Gert and Ed are fishing. We see fish jumping all the time. The sun came out briefly but at supper time it poured again.

**Saturday, August 20.** It rained at night and it is still grey. We left camp at 9:30 for a 1½ hour portage. Bears have been seen here, so I am cautious here all by myself, happy that all our food is high up in the cache. I sang *Halleluja Schoener Morgen* until the family from Calgary arrived and two young boys joined me while I waited for our second canoe. However, they were so quiet no bears would have been frightened off. We headed straight for Campsite 17 where we had a feast of blueberries, huckleberries and a few raspberries. The portage was shorter than we expected but was very muddy. It is overcast and dull but at least it's not raining. Gert caught a 20 cm rainbow trout, enough to feed three people who had feasted on macaroni and two cans of sardines a little earlier.

**Sunday, August 21. SUNSHINE.** We left at 9:30. At Lynx's creek Gert caught two more fish and we ate them for lunch. We are camping at #24 on Isaac Lake, got here at 5 o'clock. We exhausted ourselves racing another couple to this camp site. Had rice and canned crab for supper. Gert fished. The lake has many faces. The most dangerous is the glassy mirror that tempts and seduces me with its seeming smoothness. I have the feeling I could step out of the canoe and walk on the water. The views are constantly changing as we faced first east and now south all along Isaac Lake. The mountains and clouds are perfectly reflected in the water.

**Monday August 22.** Woke up at 7:30, left camp at 10:30. Gert fished along the wet side of the lake. Gert thought he had a fish but it got away. Ed caught one so we ate it at the end of Isaac Lake, after frying it on our Coleman stove. We did the Isaac portage to get around the falls and rapids without going in to inspect it on foot. Later we could not believe we had not bothered to go and look at it. We inspected a few campsites after we

reached Lake Macleary, but they were filled so we moved on. The couple from Vernon had had a spill at the rapids and were drying all their clothes in a shelter at their campsite.

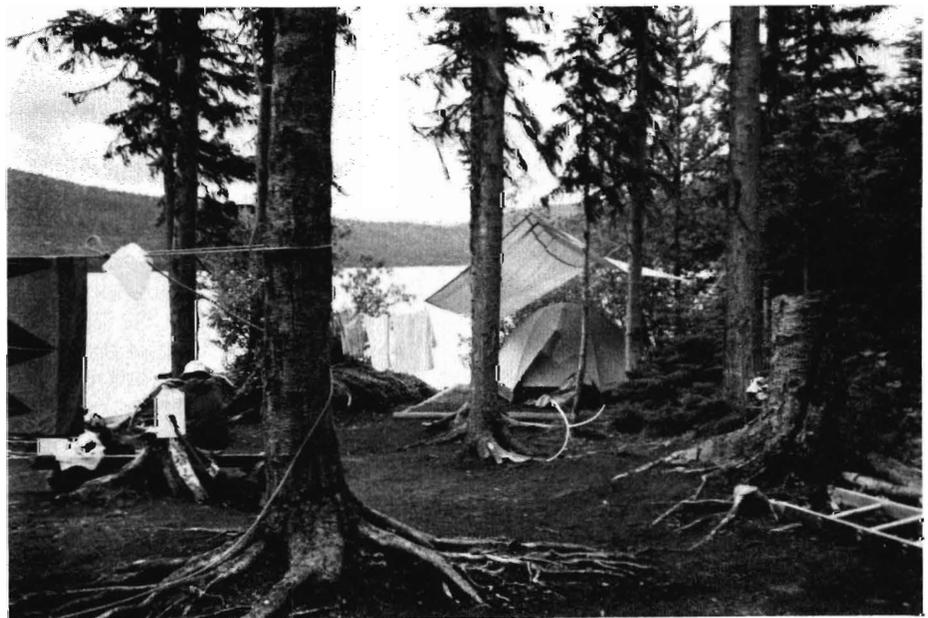
We all had to be alert on the Isaac River because the current is quite swift and we had to watch for sweepers (half submerged trees and branches along the side of the river) and deadheads (the tops of submerged trees just barely sticking out on the surface of the river). Helga and Ed tangled with a sweeper and Ed lost his fishing gear.

We did not arrive at the next campsite, #29, until 7:30. It was adequate, but not as attractive as the ones we had on Isaac. Some fish may have rotted on the beach and we got a whiff of it now and then. Thank goodness the night was clear and moonlit or the site would have been quite depressing. This is the first campsite where I imagined I heard bears at night. So did Ed, for the next morning he told us he had heard distinct noises which proved there had been a bear, but it turned out the noises he heard were Gert and me leaning on our canoe to better see the stars at night after he and Helga had retired for the night.

**Tuesday, August 23.** Stopped for lunch at #32 on a warm sunny beach. One loaf of our Vollkornbrot is mouldy and to our horror we realized we had not looked at the "good until date." Now we saw the date was August 25. as opposed to Nov. 25 on some of the bread we had brought. Camped at #35 on Sandy Lake at 2:30 after a hard paddle the last hour or so. We swam and sat on a beautiful beach until 5:00 and started supper, macaroni and Hungarian sausage. Made Plumemooss and stayed up until 10 to

watch a waxing moon and stars which gave us much pleasure. A clear day and smooth paddling, with a wind picking up only on the latter part of Lanezi Lake and the first part of Sandy Lake made for a lovely day. Campsite #35 has very dry wood, an excellent beach, though the water is just this side of frigid. A lovely creek runs into the lake at the west end.

**Wednesday August 24.** Life is like a canoe trip; you start it, wailing and squalling at all the little discomforts, only to adjust as you go along. Just as it gets to be quite exciting you are swept along too fast by the current to savour it and you may have serious disagreements with your partner about the direction to steer. However, humour finally takes over and you laugh off the worst things. You land on some dry sunny beaches and you wonder why this can't simply go on and on and on. . . Today we camped at Unna Lake, one of the most beautiful spots on this route. Walked to the falls. Had lunch at the end of the lake and counted scores of very lazy, fat fish in the bottom of the lake. They were Kokanee and are not attracted by lures. After lunch of canned fish we picked a campsite and paddled over to Rum Lake where we swam and lay on the beach until Gert and Ed went off hunting for bait. We counted 11 canoes; it seemed as if we were at a resort area. Gert was single-mindedly determined to catch a fish. While we prepared supper he and Ed went fishing. Meanwhile our neighbors, a group of four young people and one older man, spotted a fire. Helga and I paddled across to tell Gert and Ed who passed the message on to the rangers who told them it was deliberately set, a controlled burn. We thought they



could have told the campers so we could be unconcerned too.

**Thursday, August 25.** After a breakfast on a sunny beach using our canoe as a table, we left Unna Lake to head for Babcock Creek. Babcock Creek will always be remembered by me as the great awakening. Picture a group of four serious-minded Mennonites gently paddling down a river when they nose into the creek which takes them to Babcock Lake. We have been warned we will have to line the canoes if the water is low. We have visions of walking down a bank and gently tugging the line now and then to keep our canoe on course. First of all this is no straight and muddy Manitoba creek; it meanders like a snake. In the beginning the creek is deep enough to navigate, but soon we are forced to get out and push or pull. The shock of the icy water and the rough stones on feet accustomed to sturdy shoes wakes up every sleeping cell in our bodies. It is reflexology and shiatzu and every other massage for feet and more. But are we grateful? No, we ingrates lurch along scolding and scrapping with each other, berating each other for clumsy or misguided attempts to keep the canoe moving ever onward to the end of its course. After half an hour of this stimulation we have to push our canoes up a slide to avoid a beaver dam. One person in the party has a hard time hearing what she is to do and in the ensuing shouting match she begins to laugh and laugh. We did about 15 kilometers today and are nearing our destination. Our campsite #46 faces east and we see a full moon and a glorious view of the lake. This site has elevation and atmosphere but also a beach where we swam. This is our last night. At 2:30 we saw the campsite we wanted and the inevitable canoe travelling in the same direction so raced them to the site.

**Friday August 26.** We reached the Bowron River and made a short detour up it where we saw a large moose feeding on the leaves of the trees along the bank. Again we saw many salmon on their way to the spawning grounds. They were very red, a sign they were getting ready to spawn. At about 4 we reached the dock and found no great crowds to welcome us but a short portage awaited us.

Alas! A year later one member of our party still speaks longingly of the Belgian baking chocolate we had taken for emergency rations. We found it was needed every day. I have a feeling we will do the trip again, I heard of a 60 year old woman who has done it. **mm**

## CALL FOR ARTISTS

### Mennonite Artist: The Insider as Outsider

An exhibition of visual art by Mennonite artists is being planned for summer 1990. It will be scheduled for a duration of four to five weeks and will coincide with the 12th assembly of the Mennonite world conference in Winnipeg, July 24-29.

The underlying premise for the exhibition is that growing up within the Mennonite tradition, or choosing to become Mennonite will have a discernible influence and effect upon the work of artists. The "Mennonite connection" may be only one of many influences on artists' work. Each of the artists chosen for the exhibition will be asked to explain why they remain Mennonite, or if their Mennonitism is simply an accident of birth, and whether that has a significance or insignificant influence on their artistic work.

Available funding and the exhibition space will determine the scope of the presentation and the nature of the art works selected. Final selections will be made by a curatorial committee using the following criteria:

-- The artists chosen will be professional artists. An artist will be considered professional on the basis of one or more of the following: 1) if the artist possesses a formal education within the domain of the fine arts; 2) if the artist teaches art in a school of art or applied art; 3) if the artist's work is exhibited regularly in public galleries or has been seen by the public on a number of occasions; 4) if the person is recognized as an artist by the consensus of opinion among other professional artists, even if the person possesses none of the preceding characteristics.

-- The exhibition will seek to represent a range and variety of opinion on Mennonitism.

-- Selections will be made from available recent work.

-- The exhibition will present a variety of artistic media.

An Exhibition catalogue is planned. Artists' fees will be paid.

Artists interested in contributing to this exhibition are invited to submit: 1) a current curriculum vitae; 2) five to 20 slides of recent or current work. Slides should be labelled with directions for viewing, and should be accompanied by a list stating size, medium, title, and date of work; 3) submissions should include artist's name, address, and telephone number.

This exhibition is a special project of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society, with assistance from the Manitoba Arts Council.

**Submissions should be mailed to the curator: Priscilla B. Reimer, Director, Gallery and Archives, Manitoba Printmakers Association, 106 Ethelbert Street, Winnipeg, R3G 1V6.**

**Deadline for submissions is November 15, 1989.**

# From Russia and back: a contractor rebuilds his tie to his country of birth

by Dora Dueck

A Winnipeg company's successful bid to build the inside of a 13-storey, 308-room Leningrad tourist hotel this year also won the firm — Central Canadian Structures Ltd. — unexpected media attention, both locally and nationally.

Believed to be the first contract of its kind awarded to a Canadian company, the \$10.5 million (U.S.) contract was a major business coup. It appears to be a concrete piece of evidence that **glasnost** and **perestroika** are indeed afoot in the Soviet Union, as well as a harbinger of future Canadian involvement in Soviet projects.

News of the Leningrad contract also produced a ripple of interest and excitement within the Mennonite community. Because their history is so deeply entangled with the Soviet Union's, many Canadian Mennonites continue to be fascinated by all that touches on their bygone home. Any story "about Russia" is still theirs.

This one has an especially poignant connection: Harry Giesbrecht, president of the family-owned Central Canadian Structures, is a Mennonite born and raised in Russia who left that country in 1948.

Returning to work in the Soviet Union, Mr. Giesbrecht says, is "almost a case of revenge in reverse," or as he puts it to those familiar with scriptural language, "turning the other cheek."

I meet Harry Giesbrecht at the firm's head office on McGillivray Avenue, a

low and unimposing building which belies the huge volume of business emanating from here (annual Canadian sales of some \$14 million, besides the current overseas project.)

Mr. Giesbrecht is white-haired and pleasingly grandfatherly in appearance, his voice is richly accented, and his manner is warm and energetic. A business acquaintance describes him as "effervescent and incredibly amiable." (Indeed the ready access Mr. Giesbrecht grants via phone gives an immediate initial impression of his forthright and

open approach with people).

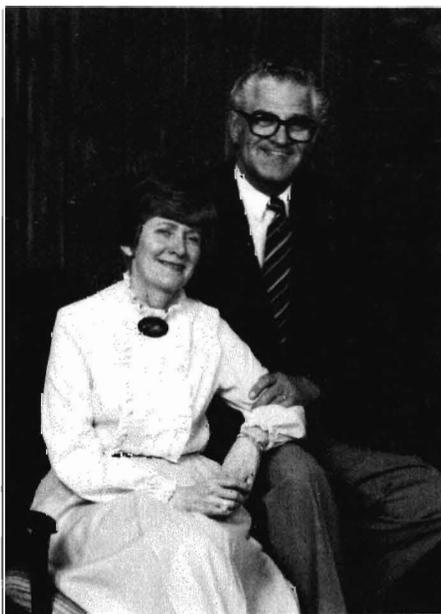
Harry Giesbrecht is the youngest of seven children, and was born and educated in the U.S.S.R. His father spent five years during Harry's early childhood exiled from the family in a concentration camp. His mother, he says, was "a princess, for she knew how to cope, alone, in difficult circumstances."

Mr. Giesbrecht completed high school in Kiev, then studied engineering in Germany, and during 1945 to 1948 lived in refugee camps in Germany. He is reluctant to talk about these years.

In 1948, Harry, then 20, emigrated to Canada, along with a sister and his parents. His first job was washing taxis at night, while attending Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute, enrolling in Grade 9 "because I was told that was the last year spelling was offered." He continued to study for many years, at night school and with correspondence courses, upgrading and enhancing his professional credentials.

Life was not easy for the young immigrant in those postwar years. The prejudice German-speaking people encountered, and the hard work and rigorous study required to get ahead only made him "more stubborn and determined." He says, however, "I have never been jealous of anyone." Not even when washing cars for a living? "Not even then."

Mr. Giesbrecht's first professional job was with Manitoba Hydro in 1953. After



Harry and Manya Giesbrecht

several years he moved to Maple Leaf Construction, and in 1968 with two partners bought one division of that firm. Central Canadian Structures Ltd. is now solely family owned.

Mr. Giesbrecht married Manja (Doerksen), a Canadian-born Mennonite, in 1952. She was, he says, "the first girl I fell in love with. I was always more interested in books than girls!" (He still reads avidly — to relax, he says, and particularly enjoys history.)

On her part Manja felt an immediate affinity with Harry and his family. She grew up in a home full of music, poetry, and enthusiasm for living, and "Harry too was always interested in things, and is himself a very interesting man."

Harry and Manja have been members of the Portage Avenue Mennonite Brethren Church since its founding. "Our personal and family lives are centered in the church," he says. Although he grew up in Russia when formal religious training was impossible, Harry says he was not drawn by the state philosophy. "They left us alone," he says, "And my mother must have prayed a lot for me." Rev. H.H. Janzen had a great influence on the Giesbrecht family during his ministry in the German refugee camps.

Three children were born to Harry and Manja, Edith (AbouZeid), Harold, and Louise (Wilms), and six grandchildren. The family is close, involved together in business ventures, but also enjoying being together socially. "We'll find any good excuse to celebrate, even the dog's birthday," Manja says, smiling.

Son Harold is manager of Stylecraft Overhead Doors, and sons-in-law Ossama Abou-Zeid and Walter Wilms are general manager and head of marketing respectively of Central Canadian Structures Ltd. The company also employs some 35 staff as well as many seasonal workers.

Over the past 22 years Central Canadian Structures has developed from a firm using the pre-engineered building concept into one offering complete construction services, including design, general contracting, agricultural-related services (presently among the largest in Western Canada in this division), commercial doors, and in the past five years, a concerted move into foreign ventures. Projects have been contracted in countries such as Saudi Arabia, the Sudan, Hungary, and Yugoslavia. The company's diversification in the late seventies and early eighties, says Walter Wilms, enabled it to ride the construction recession of those years.

When I ask Harry Giesbrecht the secret of his entrepreneurial success, he sidesteps the question with the philosopher's wisdom that one shouldn't count success until it's over. Pressed, however, he credits his family (for whom his admiration is very apparent), his staff, as well as a certain amount of good fortune — "being in the right place at the right time", and the inherent opportunities in "a wonderful country like Canada."

Mr. Giesbrecht also has an enormous amount of energy and drive; "he is humble but striving" is the assessment of someone who knows him well. "I realized as a young man that I could dig ditches all my life or make something of myself," he says, "and I decided to do the latter."

Mr. Giesbrecht is uncomfortable with the unexpected public attention the hotel project in Leningrad brought the firm. "I'm not happy with it," he says. "I'm not a boasting type of individual. Our firm has worked overseas for many years; this is really nothing different."

Though it may be simply a continuation in a business sense, perhaps, Mr. Giesbrecht does acknowledge that in terms of personal satisfaction the Leningrad project is both

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### "Let's build a bridge between us..."

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different and special. "As Mennonites our roots are there. It's a unique thing for us to return." (Most of the subtrades are Mennonite firms as well.)

"Profit isn't the first motivation here," Mr. Giesbrecht says. "There's a sentimental aspect. If your roots are there, it never leaves you. I've been in Canada 41 years, and yet I still occasionally say to my wife, 'Do you ever have that feeling that you don't belong here?'"

"There's also the helping aspect to this project. Not a handout, no, but helping raise production in the Soviet Union. And becoming friends." It is no secret that the Soviet Union needs the expertise of outside businessmen; Gorbachev himself has acknowledged that apart from military strength the U.S.S.R. might be considered a Third World country.

In meetings with Soviet officials Mr. Giesbrecht emphasizes "let's build a bridge between us." He finds they are very open to this emphasis. Mr. Giesbrecht's fluency in the Russian

language as well as his understanding of Russian people have been assets in his dealings in the U.S.S.R. "I may have lost my European manners," he jokes, "but I still have a European heart."

Mr. Giesbrecht has travelled to the Soviet Union numerous times, seven times in the past three months alone, and is now the privileged possessor of an open visa to the country.

"Perestroika is real," he observes. "They are not going back. One can almost feel the growing openness each time one goes there."

"I'm a capitalist, not a communist," Mr. Giesbrecht says firmly, lest his enthusiasm be mistaken, "but I believe Gorbachev is sincere and I agree with the prediction that Gorbachev will be the politician of the century." There is backwardness in the country, Mr. Giesbrecht says, and a self-consciousness and self-criticism now, but his experience confirms a genuine change in Russian attitudes.

Mr. Giesbrecht is exploring other business opportunities in the Soviet Union. Not directly related to the news of the hotel contract, but meshing rather remarkably are the explorations of Mr. Giesbrecht, Art DeFehr, MEDA president Neil Janzen, and other businessmen for potential partnerships with Soviet businessmen (what they call "emotional investment"), with goals which also include the strengthening of the Soviet evangelical church. (The plan is tentatively named SEED, Soviet Economic Enterprise Development). Whatever the future, it appears likely that Harry Giesbrecht's life will continue to be bound with the land of his birth.

And since we are bold to take these stories as our own, what does "returning to help" really mean for Canadian Mennonites? "I don't think we want anything out of Russia anymore," Mr. Giesbrecht says, "but there's certainly still strong emotions."

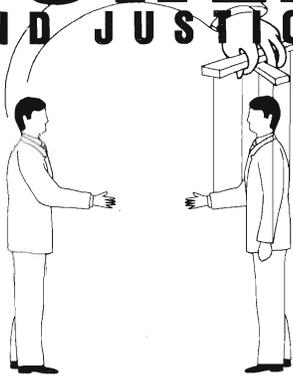
Do these opportunities provide healing of memories? Mr. Giesbrecht is thoughtful. "Yes," he says, "I think there may be a kind of healing."

"And," he adds, "we learn from each other." mm

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## Cafe Beignet: A Prescription for Weltschmerz Relief

by J. Braun

After the combination of a downtown nocturnal carouse and consequent insomnia, by mid-morning I was suffering mental exhaustion, a loss of appetite, a feeling that life is meaningless and banal, that the world is stalked by relentless evil and confused by greed, and corruption. I made one quick telephone call, showered and shaved; got my coat and grabbed my hat, left my worries on the doorstep, directed my feet to the sunny side of the street, DASHed east on Broadway and north on Main, disembarked at Bannatyne Avenue and embarked on a short perambulation east past the historic Ashdown Building.

I was anticipating a rendezvous with Francine under a navyblue canopy advertising in cursive script the entrance to Cafe Beignet, a cozy Theatre District outpost dispensing cuisine of reputed *haute* quality, whereupon I procured a table from an accommodating maitre d' whose resplendent attire I would be remiss in not referring to as fetching and immersed myself with profound meditation in Darcie Bielaszka and Julie DeFehr's inspired text: the Menu.

Ella Fitzgerald was singing "Nice Work If You Can Get It" as we started with dessert. Pardon, dear reader, my impatience and this minor impropriety, but I am pleased to report confirmation of rumour that you would have to rise with the roosters to find a finer cheesecake. Believe me. I ought to know, being of the . . . ahem . . . cognoscenti. "What say ye, France?" I inquired, and in her contemplative pause hummed *Who could ask for anything more?* "Rich. Exquisitely rich," she declared. "And yours?" "So true. But allow this

single emendation — and here I appended with articulatory agility — "Aristocratic. Aristocratic without being snobbish."

Stretch that line, if you will, for a description of this unpretentious little bistro neatly tucked into a renovated warehouse near the Red River where the parade seldom passes, a respectable distance from, oh well, you know. The physical space commands a glance or two. Cafe Beignet is a pair of adjacent lofty-ceilinged rooms. The Warehouse motif — coarse brickwork and rough-cut beams — is impressive, but is tempered with enough familiar cues to evoke the comforts of a handsomely appointed dining room. Management, however, may wish to visit the local art galleries. You enter to an anteroom boasting a cafeteria counter along a side wall, obviously catering to the fast-paced business lunch grazers. This front room is, how you say, atmospheric.

For intimacy, proceed through the rear archway to the dining room proper. Here those more formally attired may repair for the padded seating — no armrests here, gents; beware the Elbow Error — white-linen on the tables, and personalized service. A footnote on service, if you please. Quite frankly, I've had it with the eat-and-run quick-turnover approach. Here, thank goodness, all is comfortably at-your-own-pace. The staff is considerate, knowledgeable, and competently efficient when occasion (e.g., the empty coffee cup) demands.

Heeding the Apostle Paul's admonition to have a little for thy stomach's sake, and having been formally granted the special Restaurant

Our season-opener

### An Evening with the WINNIPEG WIND ENSEMBLE

a grand 45-member concert band  
Conductor: ORVIN ANDERSON

on performance only

Thursday, October 19  
Jubilee Place Auditorium  
181 Riverton Avenue  
MBCI Campus

TICKETS: \$8.50 (\$6 for seniors and students), agency fee extra. Season tickets at a discount are still available, with purchasers eligible for two free return air fares to Amsterdam!

Prairie Performance Box Office Telephone 339 8742, or at the J.J.H. McLean Box Office, Graham Avenue and Edmonton Street, telephone 942 4231.



Critic's Dispensation, *Aeltester* Dyck presiding, we scanned the lines under the rubric "Wines" and made a selection for — let my record be very specific here — for *one-half of what is standard which then was divided sort of equally between two of a White complementary to the entrees and consistent with this restaurant's theme.* Blason Timberlay is a pleasantly light dry and, although I would not claim to *love* it, I will admit to being friendly towards its intentions.

Having thus properly prepared our respective palates, we decided to change tack and proceed in orderly fashion. It is, as they say, meet and right to do so. Crepes St. Jacques is an hors d'oeuvre of seafood. Though the shrimp and lobster are all warmed through, their "raw edge" remains intact. These are set in two light crepes topped with buttery and slightly herbed sauce. Sample this one if you like a sharp sea flavour.

Entremets included a Caesar Salad and "Beef consomme with cheese straw." I'm not that familiar with diets related to bovine industry, but you can bet your boots this cow is definitely *off* the wagon. The consomme is a dark and sassy broth with more than just a "hint" of sherry. In it you find filaments of onion and a few slivers of carrot. I found it savory. And Francine? Well, she works for MCC, so take it from there.

If the measure of a salad is in its dressing, the Caesar gets full marks; it defies gustatorial description. Clearly our noble Julius has gone fishing and he's caught a keeper. Heavily anchovized. Compliments to the chef.

Be it spaghetti in a bucket, chicken in a basket, or pig in a blanket, let's face it: I have a container fetish. So you can imagine my double take on "The Exchange District: a succulent assortment of seafood in a newburg sauce and baked in parchment paper." Yes, you've read correctly: *parchment paper*. Ignore that redundancy and pay attention. This little novelty item is an entree package of salmon, shrimp, and scallops swimming in a sauce best referred to as "an Italian let loose with the borscht." Sided by an assortment of veggies, blanched, buttered. First-class. Palatal fireworks. Highly recommended.

For those less adventurous, "Escallops of Veal *Forestiere*: thinly sliced veal gently sauteed with a touch of sherry wine and served with a fettucini duet." Sherry in this one is "tolerably subtle" (she said) in an otherwise smooth yet vivid sauce containing a few mushroom niblets. We

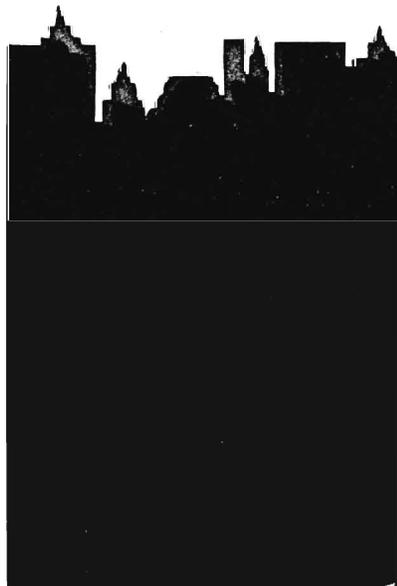
couldn't figure out to what the "duet" referred; our fettucini sang a spinach solo. Three veal slices the size of a gentleman's and as tender as a lady's hand. Accurately, not overly, done. Sided, again, by assorted fresh veggies moistened by a buttery sauce.

Second helpings on dessert? Why not? The special of the house, a *Beignet*, is a yeast dough baked pastry similar in taste and texture but without the blandness of the Mennonite cream puff. No whipping cream here, kids. Served in traditional New Orleanian style, this Creole donut is topped with light sugar. Airy and perfectly decent. Three to a serving, more than enough.

If you're walking in the shade with your *Weltschmerz* on parade and want to feel rich and mellow like Mister Rockefeller, go ahead. Get upbeat. Shim-sham-shimmy your feet on down to the sunny side of Bannatyne Avenue.

Cafe Beignet respects the Lord's Day. They are, however open for lunch/dinner and dinner/supper weekdays from 11:30 to 8:00. Fridays and Saturdays they're open for munchies 'til midnight. Just the thing for the *apres-opera-and-symphony* righteous and all you after-theatre-and-cinema nocturnal backsliders.

*Cafe Beignet, 137 Bannatyne Avenue, Winnipeg; reservations: 957-5555; hours: opens daily at 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, until 10 on Thursday, and midnight on Friday and Saturday. Rating: Many stars. Continental breakfast, lunch, dinner, snacks. Price range: Moderately expensive. No wheelchair access. mm*



# MIRROR MIX-UP

EDER



BONIS



CLAME



PAMILA



AUGIAN



Have you been caught up in the



From among the 35 entries to the May-June puzzle, Lydia Friesen of Portage Avenue in Winnipeg, was selected the winner.

Answers to May-June are peony, daisy, onion, radish, celery, and dandy lines.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror by October 10, 1989.

name

address

city/town

postal code

Send your entries to:  
 Mix-Up Contest  
 Mennonite Mirror  
 207 - 1317A Portage Avenue  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 R3G 0V3

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*The watermelon market in Tashkent*

## An Incident in the park in Alma Ata

by Victor Peters

Reuben Epp is an impressive man. If he were an actor and I a film director I would select him to play an RCMP officer. I met Reuben for the first time in Leningrad. On my return from the Soviet Union I wrote a series of articles for the *Winnipeg Free Press*. That was in March 1973. I ended the first article with the following paragraph: "Perhaps the most unusual sight that I associate with Leningrad is the appearance of a fellow Canadian. He was a member of our party, a Westerner. When I returned to the hotel after my morning walk I met him, and he had the same 'outfit' on in which he had arrived the previous day. He wore a Calgarytype hat, an Indian talisman around his neck, a wide, bigbuckled belt, highheeled boots with his trousers tucked in his bootshafts. He was a big, heavy, and a rather handsome man, and in time we became good friends. But he was a sight to which Soviet citizens in Leningrad, Tashkent and Samarkand are not often exposed, and they directed appreciative glances at him. Some of them may have felt that a country which tolerated clothes like that must be a free land indeed." At that time I did not mention the man's name in the article, but it was Reuben Epp. His unusual mode of dress did not only impress the Russians. In Ashkhabad, Turkestan, we spent an oppressively hot afternoon at the beach of a manmade lake. While we were there a bus disgorged a load of East German tourists. Once we were in the water with our clothes and shoes stacked at the edge of the lake, some of the tourists begged Reuben for permission to use his hat and boots in which to have their pictures taken. The young women then took turns posing for their boyfriends and husbands in their own skimpy swimming suits and in Reuben's boots and cowboy hat. In Alma Ata Reuben and I both

irritated Sauli, our Intourist guide. I wanted to locate the house where Lev Trotsky had stayed during his Soviet domestic exile in Alma Ata. Even under Brezhnev, Trotsky was still a nonperson, and the poor girl had never even heard of him. Reuben's request was almost as counterrevolutionary as mine. He wanted to have some extra chairs in the hall of the hotel. He planned a semipublic reading of Arnold Dyck's "Koop enn Bua" in Low German. That must have been one for the Guinness book. He was more successful than I and held his appreciation hour at the Hotel Kazakhstan, while I failed to find Trotsky's temporary habitat. Alma Ata means "Father of Apples," and the region has beautiful orchards. One day Reuben and I took a walk in one of the city's parks. I remember at one spot there was a cascade of water and on each side of the footpaths were flower beds. It was a scorching day again and Reuben was about to drink from an irrigation pipe that spurted water. I warned him against it. When he persisted I called out to a worker, a park attendant, "Mozhe peyt?" The man shook his head violently. "That water comes from a cesspool and is polluted," he said, and pointed to a waterfountain some distance away. I had addressed the park attendant in my broken Ukrainian-Russian, which aroused his curiosity. He asked me where we came from, and I replied, from Canada. But my language puzzled him. "Are you one of those Germans who used to live in Ukraine and left?" he asked. I said, "Yes." Then he said, "I am also from the Ukraine," and with that he went, picked a beautiful large flower and gave it to me. Reuben and I were touched by this gesture. Reuben said that was one of the last things he would have expected. **mm**

# LOOKING OVER THE PRAIRIE

## RICH REWARDS WITHIN 100 MILES OF HOME

When a summer's day dawns bright and glorious and you know it's going to be the best day of the summer, I feel no burning urge to mow my lawn, cut my hedge, or pick raspberries at Joe Braun's farm. What I want to do is go somewhere; somewhere I haven't been before — at least not recently.

That's why on Monday, August 7 — the last day of the Civic Holiday long weekend — I made my feelings known to my wife. She said she had the same urge. First we ruled out the Mennonite Heritage Days in Steinbach. We had been there a few years ago, when Olly was a judge at some sort of fashion parade. We had visited all the significant displays and bought flour ground in the windmill. We had even broken bread (and smoked farmer sausage) with the king of community newspaper publishing, Eugene Derksen. We felt we had experienced the ultimate there and would forego that mennofest this year.

We also considered briefly that shopping mecca for Manitobans — Grand Forks, North Dakota. On the last Columbia Mall's annual Civic Holiday Crazy Days we knew every second person there would be from Manitoba — many of them from Altona, in spite of a letter which all Altonans received recently from "Concerned Citizen" imploring us all to shop at home. Although such messages affect me less now than when my income depended on selling advertising to local merchants, I still bear considerable sympathy for those frustrated shopkeepers who must watch as local paycheques fatten the bank accounts of businesses outside of their locale.

We also ditch thought of Folklorama and The Forks for now and settle on a local tour, perhaps as far afield as the Carberry desert — an expanse of sand on the prairie that holds a special fascination for the Penners.

First, however, we agreed to stop in at the new Morden golf course. I have never played this course but its location and

terrain has always fascinated me. From the deck of the clubhouse the layout looks exciting. It has been expanded from nine to 18 holes and designed by professional golf course architects. The first tee is at street level and where it goes from there wasn't possible to tell from the clubhouse, but enough greens and fairways were visible in that Dead Horse Creek ravine to assure any golfer of a challenging game.

### Dam second thoughts

Rather than head back to Highway 3 whence we had come to Morden, we turned south to Highway 201 and then west toward Windygates and the Pembina River Valley. There were plans a few decades ago to throw up a dam across the valley near Windygates and create a huge reservoir that would control floods, provide potable water for dozens of communities downstream, and even make irrigation a viable project for farmers on its banks. A lack of floods, plus plentiful water reserves in aquifers and other man-made lakes, plus the high cost of a Pembina dam caused governments — both provincial and federal, who were expected to foot the construction bill — to look at other ways of squandering their money.

At any rate, as we travelled west we came across an Icelandic cemetery, which caught our special attention since the Icelandic Festival was being staged that very day in Gimli, with that country's president in attendance. We couldn't help wondering how an Icelandic community came to be located in the Pembina Hills south of Morden; so far away from the traditional Manitoba Icelandic communities of Hecla and Gimli. We filed that away mentally for future study. We are sure somebody has written something about it somewhere.

At Windygates we turn northward, passing through the valley at the bottom of which the Pembina River is a mere shadow of its usual self. Nobody is going



by Vic Penner

to canoe down this river this summer. The canoes would scrape bottom. Vast fields of hay and grain are being harvested and we understand simultaneously the value of a dam that would store the water of the Pembina in spring and in wet seasons for use downstream, but also the hardship such a reservoir would cause for the farmers who cultivate the land in the valley and are dependent on the crops this bottom land yields.

### Teacher at 18

As we check our map we discover that with only a zig here and a zag there we can reach Roseisle in a matter of perhaps half an hour. Now Roseisle isn't all that much of a place. It has only one store, a post office and a few dwellings. The railway branch that once served the people has been abandoned. But Roseisle is important to us. My wife came here 42 years ago as a girl of 18 to teach at the Kenneth School a few miles north of Roseisle.

After almost an hour of travelling various country roads in the bushland north of Roseisle (where she is certain Kenneth School was located) we come across an old wooden shack. There is no paint left on the boards and the windows are broken. But it has the classic look of a one-room prairie schoolhouse. The front porch from where she called the children to classes sags and is mostly broken.

She starts to recall the days of the autumn of 1947: "There were 13 children at Kenneth that year and I was their sixth teacher in as many years. There were pupils in every grade (1-9) except grade 2. I boarded with the Lesage family about two miles from school. They were very poor. We ate venison all winter, for every meal. I got so tired of venison that I finally asked my landlady if I couldn't have some bologna some time. The next time Mr. Lesage made the trip to Roseisle he brought some bologna and I realized that what I thought was a

small request for the cheapest meat was a major expense for them. When I think of it now I'm ashamed of my thoughtlessness.

"Like all teachers of that time I was both teacher and janitor. A woodstove was supposed to keep us warm; It did, once the fire had burned for an hour or so. I walked the two miles in good weather, but in winter one of the farmers whose children had the farthest to go picked me up in a covered sleigh. It had a stove in it."

We had had trouble finding the school because the trails through the bush where she and the children walked to school were now graded roads with power and telephone lines along their rights-of-way.

"I would never have let you go to this place," I said, as emotions welled up that I had never felt for her before. "That was two years before we met. You were barely out of high school. How could your parents let you do it?"

"Ah", she said "I was 18 years old. I had always wanted to be a teacher. And I had six weeks of teachers training under my belt and a permit from the Manitoba Department of Education that said I could be a teacher for one year. I had all the answers and nothing could stop me."

No wonder I admire this woman more

than anybody else.

### St. Lupicin art

By now the afternoon was pretty well spent and plans for the Carberry desert were abandoned. One more point of interest however, remained. A small speck on the map bore the name St. Lupicin. There is a small colony of artists there and a gallery that sells their wares. The Manitoba government road map doesn't show any roads leading to this place, but since it was on the map we decided that if we travelled west of Roseisle we would somehow get there. That's how we found Kenneth school. Sure enough, after winding our way up, down, and around hills covered with newlyswathed grain and across driedout creek beds we arrived at the St. Lupicin Craft Gallery, and although the gallery's inventory seemed somewhat depleted some small purchases were made.

Bonnie McQueen, the resident potter, was on hand to take our money and offer interesting conversation. Somehow you don't expect to meet a lot of people from Altona in St. Lupicin, but as we wrote our name in the guest book, we noticed the names of our good friends from Altona, Elizabeth Doel and her daughter Margaret.

"Oh, they were here about half an

hour ago," Bonnie informed us.

"Margaret is the 1989 gold medalist in fine arts at the U of M, you know," my wife said.

"That's what her mother told me," replied Bonnie.

"Mothers tend to boast about such things," and the talk turned to country schools. Bonnie's daughter had attended one — not Kenneth — and she swore it was the best part of her daughter's education.

With that we headed home via Carman and the Fireside Inn for a late supper.

Although we had never ranged more than a hundred miles from home all day, it was one of the most rewarding days we had all summer. mm

**FOOD SERVICES MANAGER:** available immediately; salary negotiable.

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positions are at Camp Assiniboia, 17 km west of Winnipeg. Residence on site for couple or single person.

Contact Cliff Derksen, Executive Director, Camps With Meaning, 202 - 1483 Pembina Highway, Winnipeg, R3T 2C9, telephone 477 0873.

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Coming to a GC Church near you

September 24  
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## OPENING PROGRAM

at  
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2:30 p.m.

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J.J. THIESSEN  
LECTURES

with

DR. STANLEY HAUERWAS

*"Resident Aliens:  
The Church and Its Ministry"*

October 16-17, 1989

# OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

TO B.C. AND BACK,  
AND SUMMER'S END

by Roy Vogt

Another summer is almost gone, and as we go back to the daily demands of teaching and other duties we realize just what a free and interesting time it was. My mind goes back first to late June, when we finally make our long awaited trip to beautiful British Columbia. Warm invitations from friends and relatives make the trip irresistible. We had hoped to drive down leisurely, with long stops along the way, but the schedule at home fills up and in the end we fly down for a visit of only six days.

Fortunately, six days in B.C., five of them filled with brilliant sunshine, bring us much more than a normal six days of pleasure. My wife and I both have brothers in Vancouver, with interesting families, and with books full of coupons which enable us to do touristy things at discount prices. We spend part of a good afternoon on top of Grouse Mountain, where we have a fantastic view of Vancouver and the mountain ranges far beyond. We pass dozens of Japanese-tourists stepping with great enthusiasm into the few remaining piles of snow. We drive to the Whistler ski resort for another day and go up to the highest elevation where people are still skiing. Everywhere we marvel at the sheer beauty of the region.

One morning we leave on a two-day excursion to the Okanagan Valley. We travel along the north shore of the Fraser River, so that we can stop on the way at the small town of Mission, where we join some friends for lunch in their mountain retreat. My brother-in-law's station wagon strains mightily to get us up there, but the view and the visit make it all worthwhile. We arrive in Kelowna early in the evening, in time for another delicious meal with friends. We should call our trip, "Eating your way from one lovely spot to another." But, I say, what are friends for?

Our stay in Kelowna is much too short. We leave after lunch the next day, afraid that if we stay longer we will find it almost impossible to leave.

My father once bought a one-way



by Roy Vogt

ticket to Ontario, promising to take us all out there so that we could escape the cold of Manitoba forever. At the last minute he cashed in his ticket and we never did go. He made a kind of peace with Manitoba, but very often in the midst of a bad winter day he would exclaim forlornly, "Oh to be in that beautiful land of Ontario!" That is how we come to feel about British Columbia on this trip. Its beauty begins to haunt us. Will we ever be happy again in the flatlands of Manitoba? We find ourselves looking at real estate ads in the Vancouver papers. We discover immediately, of course, that paradise has become extremely pricey. One of my nephews and his wife have purchased a small home — something that would go for about \$ 60,000 in Winnipeg. They are sure that they could sell it for \$ 350,000. We spend some time in a home near the university which was purchased for \$45,000 less than 30 years ago; it would now sell for more than \$700,000. Everywhere there are so-called "monster homes," very large new homes being built on small lots, fetching high prices.

We aren't very serious, actually, about making a move, but we decide to drive to White Rock one afternoon, which also borders on the ocean but has more sunshine than Vancouver and is less expensive. Here we find an open house for a two bedroom condominium with an ocean view, which we decide to investigate. The best modern psychologists are undoubtedly real estate salesmen, and I'm sure that the salesman who takes us through this condominium has to take only one look at my cheap sandals and the old station wagon outside to conclude that we are poor voyeurs, not rich potential customers. He merely takes us to the door of the apartment and leaves us to browse on our own. The place is actually very roomy and attractive, and we are told that we can purchase it for only \$ 269,000, with \$300 monthly maintenance fees. Somehow Manitoba begins to seem more appealing all the time.

Fortunately it also rains on our last

day in Vancouver, and without the mountains in the background Vancouver begins to look a lot like Winnipeg. We leave happily, having had a tremendous time, but also looking forward to our comfortable and affordable home and cottage.

We get home just in time to welcome our children from Edmonton, with their three children. As usual they have driven non-stop through the night, so that the children can sleep most of the way. Also, as they like to point out, "there really isn't that much to see between Edmonton and Winnipeg." While we were in B.C. we had a couple of very efficient carpenters building an additional room at our cottage, to take care of our rapidly growing family. Just before we drive out to see it for the first time we hear from our son in the eastern U.S. that he and his wife have had their first child, Andrew Jonathan. My wife cries at the good news, and I just blubber. Now our cottage addition is really justified. By the end of this summer we hope to have another grandchild, bringing the total to five, with the oldest being four years old. We wonder whether we gave our children the right kind of instructions, but we are glad that they are boldly (recklessly?) taking on the adventure of raising children.

It turns out to be a good summer, marred only by another terrible windstorm at the lake in early July, just as bad as the one that hit us last summer. This time we lose 15 large trees, three of which come crashing down on the cottage, which is already shaking ominously from the wind alone. Luckily no one is hurt and two of the grandchildren even sleep through it all. As we wander through the rubble in the middle of the night with our neighbors we come close to despair, but by next morning a bright sun assures us that things can be put right again. I am anxious however, to get on with my writing, so this time we hire a young man, an expert tree cutter, to clear the lot for us.

Unfortunately, the trees which provided welcome shade for the little shack to which I escape for writing are all gone now, but as compensation I can now see the lake much more clearly, and in the evening the gorgeous setting sun. We saw God angry this summer (at us?), but we also saw Him smiling. That is enough to take us confidently into another Fall. May that smile go with you too.

mm

# ON JANUARY 1, 1991, CANADA'S FEDERAL SALES TAX SYSTEM WILL CHANGE.

## PLEASE SAVE THIS NOTICE.

## IT EXPLAINS THE CHANGES AND REASONS FOR THEM.

### IT IS A MAJOR PART OF THE ONGOING PROGRAM TO REDUCE THE DEFICIT.

A new Goods and Services Tax (GST) will replace the existing Federal Sales Tax. It will be charged at a uniform rate of 9 per cent on the vast majority of goods and services consumed in Canada. The existing federal sales tax rate is generally 13½% at the manufacturer's level.

The present federal sales tax system has been pushed beyond its limits and can no longer sustain the demands placed upon it. The structural weaknesses of the system have given some corporations the opportunity to reduce the amount of tax they would otherwise pay. For a tax system with 75,000 tax-paying corporations, there are 22,000 special arrangements and administrative interpretations required to keep the system in operation.

The present federal sales tax system is an increasingly unpredictable and unreliable source of revenue for the federal government. It must be replaced.

Our enormous debt has put pressure on the government's ability to meet other priorities. Canadians know the risks of not acting to bring the debt under control. The size of the debt has left us exposed to increases in interest rates, and vulnerable to international economic shocks. The reliability and stability of our sources of revenue are all the more important in such an environment. The new federal sales tax will secure year by year reductions in the deficit, while ensuring we can continue to provide Canadians with a standard of services that is among the best in the world.

### IT WILL STRENGTHEN OUR INTERNATIONAL COMPETITIVENESS AND CREATE JOBS IN CANADA.

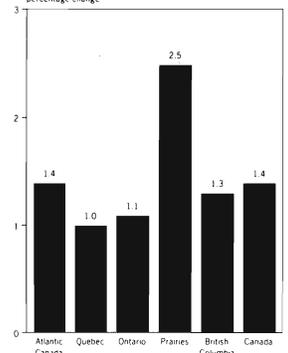
Our current federal sales tax favours imports over Canadian made goods. We are the only country in the industrialized world that is putting itself at such a disadvantage. The existing system also makes Canada's exporters less competitive in the world economy. Our present federal sales tax makes our annual economic output about \$9 billion lower than it would be with the new GST in place.

Under the GST, we will be able to completely remove tax from our exports and make Canadian products more competitive abroad. And in Canada, Canadian-made products will be able to compete more effectively with imports.

The benefits to the Canadian economy from sales tax reform will extend across all regions and sectors of the economy. The Atlantic and Prairie regions for example, will benefit significantly because their economies are resource-based and export-oriented - two sectors that will benefit the most from sales tax reform.

The GST will lower the cost of the machines, supplies and equipment companies have to buy to produce their products. This will lead to higher levels of investment and expand our output. Higher output will lead to more jobs.

Long-Run Regional Output Gains  
From Sales Tax Reform  
percentage change



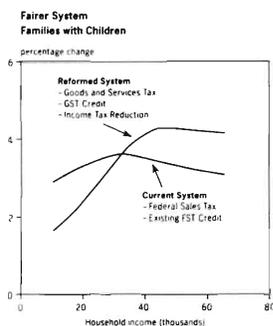
## IT WILL HELP LOW INCOME CANADIANS.

Once the GST is in place, families earning less than \$30,000 a year will be better off. This will be achieved through a combination of income tax changes. First, low income Canadians will receive the new GST Credit. Second, the middle personal income tax rate will be reduced from 26 per cent to 25 per cent.

The GST Credit will be paid every three months and in advance of expenses. Eligible Canadian households will receive their first credit cheque in December 1990, before the January 1, 1991 GST start-up date. About 9 million Canadians will receive Credit cheques. The GST Credit will be calculated on the basis of income tax returns. Every income tax return will contain a one-page form showing Canadians how to apply for the GST Credit.

The amount of the Credit will depend on family size and income. The basic adult credit will be \$275. Most single adults will be able to get an additional credit of up to \$140, for a total of \$415. The child credit will be \$100. Single parents will receive an adult Credit of \$275 for one of their children. Canadian households with incomes up to about \$25,000 annually will be entitled to the full Credit.

A family of two adults and two children, eligible for the full Credit, will for example receive cheques of \$187.50, four times over the course of the year, for a total of \$750.



## IT WILL ELIMINATE HIDDEN TAXES.

Right now, everywhere in this country every time Canadians buy a good or service made in Canada, they are paying federal sales tax. For example, a substantial amount of sales tax is presently buried in house prices. Under the existing system, it is clearly impossible for Canadians to know how much federal sales tax they are paying. There are four different rates on a variety of different products and the tax is buried throughout the production process.

It will be clear to Canadians when they are paying the 9 per cent GST. The broad base of the GST means it will apply to almost everything. The few exceptions will be widely known.

Some retailers in Canada will have cash registers that are capable of showing the GST separately at the check-out counter, while other retailers will not. The federal government will provide an incentive to retailers to assist them in acquiring the cash registers to show the GST separately.

In all cases, the federal government will provide retailers with signs for their stores that clearly indicate that the 9 per cent GST is being applied.

## PROPOSED CHANGES.

1. For consumers, the GST will be similar to a retail sales tax, at the rate of 9 per cent on the retail price of goods and services. The GST will replace the existing federal sales tax, which is hidden at the manufacturer's level.
2. The GST will apply to virtually all goods and services sold in Canada; however, Canadians will **not** be charged tax when they buy the following GOODS: basic groceries; prescription drugs; medical appliances such as eye-glasses and wheel chairs; residential rents and existing houses.
3. Canadians will **not** be charged tax when they buy the following SERVICES: loans, mortgages, securities and insurance policies; health and dental care; most education services; daycare services; legal aid; and municipal transit and passenger ferry services.
4. Newly constructed houses will be taxed, however, most new home buyers will not see a significant increase in the price of a new house resulting from the GST, because there will be a \$900 million GST housing rebate. In many parts of the country price increases will be less than half a per cent. Indeed, many communities should see lower prices as a result of the GST rebate. The main exception will be Toronto, where extraordinarily high land prices may cause prices of new housing to increase by about 1½%.
5. Because the present federal sales tax will be removed, prices will not automatically rise by 9 per cent when the GST is introduced. The prices of some things will be lower, and others higher. The prices of many big-ticket items for example, that are taxed at 13.5 per cent under the present system, will be lower once the 9 per cent GST is in place. The price of other items that are not taxed under the present system will increase.

Finally, well before the GST is up and running, the government will be telling Canadians about the GST and informing them about the kinds of price changes they can expect for key goods and services when the GST replaces the existing federal sales tax.

For instance, here are a few examples of what consumers might expect:

ITEM	PRE-TAX REFORM(\$)	POST-TAX REFORM(\$)
Air Conditioner	780.00	770.00
Car	15,000.00	14,700.00
Snow Tires	200.00	203.00
Hotel Accommodation	90.00	95.00

For more information about the GST, please call:

**1-800-267-6620**

(English)

**1-800-267-6640**

(French)

**1-800-267-6650**

(Telecommunications device for the hearing impaired)



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# Coming full circle: A return to Low-German roots

by Victor Carl Friesen

Under the entry, "Plattdeutsch (Plautdietsch)," in *The Mennonite Encyclopedia*, 1959, Cornleius Krahn speaks of the relationship among English, Dutch, and *Plautdietsch* (the Russian-Mennonite dialect of Low German). He says that in certain respects these three languages are more similar than are Low German or *Plautdietsch* and standard (High) German. He cites, for example, that the Dutch and *Plautdietsch* people say *water* and *Wota* respectively, both retaining the medial *t*, while Germans say *Wasser*.

The reason for this similarity (and dissimilarity), we know, is the Second

Consonantal or High German Sound Shift, described by Grimm's Law. It occurred in the West Germanic languages of Europe sometime between 500 and 700 A.D. (The *First* Consonantal Shift need not concern us here: it took place in the pre-Christian era and affected all Germanic languages — indeed, marked their separation from other Indo-European speech.)

The Second Sound Shift is of great significance to our Mennonite people. In the course of their history, their culture incorporated both branches of the division in language which resulted. For this sound shift marked the beginnings of standard (High) German as a

breakaway language from the older Low German. Frederick Bodmer in *The Loom of Language*, (1944), says that "from the phonetic point of view, German has wandered furthest afield from the old Teutonic homestead." High German (so-called because it was centered south of the higher Harz region of Germany) was now differentiated from the Low German languages (which were centered along the low-lying coastland).

As a coastal lowland people of what is now The Netherlands and adjoining northern Germany, our Mennonite forebears traditionally spoke a Low German dialect and at the same time wrote mainly in another Low Germanic language — Dutch (see *Mennonite Mirror*, January 1989.) Even after their removal to the Vistula delta, or lowland Poland, following 1530 during the Reformation, they continued to speak a Low German (a somewhat different dialect that was prevalent there) while retaining Dutch as their church language. This practice obtained for most of the two-and-a-half centuries they lived in this region.

At the end of this time, however, (High) German replaced Dutch as the language of the pulpit. Two contributing factors were the First Partitioning of Poland by Frederick the Great of Prussia in 1772, when the area fell under direct German control, and, of course, the existence of the eloquent Luther translation of the Bible. Since the partitioning had its restrictive consequences as well, the Mennonites in question emigrated to the Russian steppes, where the use of (High) German in the church continued and became entrenched.

Meanwhile, the homely *Plautdietsch*, a Low German tongue, remained the everyday language. What with its Netherlandic expressions, its component of Polish words, and now its increasing examples of Russian vocabulary — it

## SECOND CONSONANTAL SOUND SHIFT IN GERMANIC LANGUAGES

English	Dutch	Plautdietsch	HIGH German
	<b>p</b>		<b>pf</b>
apple	appel	aupel	Apfel
pan	pan	Paun	Pfanne
plant	Plant	Plaunt	Pflanze
			<b>f</b>
help	hulp	help	Hilfe
hope (v.)	hopen	hope	hoffen
soap	zeep	Seep	Seife
	<b>t</b>		<b>z</b>
ten	tien	tian	zehn
toe	teen	Tee	Zehe
two	twee	twee	zwei
	<b>t</b>		<b>SS</b>
eat (v.)	eten	ate	essen
foot	voet	Foot	Fuss
kettle	ketel	Kjatel	Kessel
	<b>d</b>		<b>t</b>
dream	droom	Droom	Traum
drink (v.)	drinken	Drintje	trinken
ladder	ladder	Lada	Leiter
	<b>v-sound</b>		<b>b</b>
over	over	aw	ueber
seven	zeven	sawen	sieben
weave (v.)	weven	wawe	weben
	<b>k</b>		<b>ch</b>
dawake	wakker	wacka	wach
book	boek	Buak	Buch
cook (v.)	koken	koake	Kochen

was becoming the *Foltjspraak* (folk speech) of our Mennonites: a unique language of a unique people. It had grown and developed with them over-time. (And the language still is growing and developing as it gains Spanish words from the Mexican and Paraguayan settlements.)

Finally came the migration to North America and specifically to Canada, where the government of the day offered the immigrants freedom of language and control of schools. So the parallel usage of High German and *Plautdietsch*, those representative languages of the two divisions stemming from the consonant shift more than a millennium ago, carried on into a new continent. Only now the common language in use outside the Mennonite communities was not the strange Slavic tongue of Polish and Russian but another Low Germanic language — English.

It would be only a matter of time — particularly in a modern world of ever increasing mass communication and mobility — before this same English would supplant German, which had earlier supplanted Dutch, as the church language of our Mennonites. In a way, the process was coming full circle, where a Low German people were once again using for religious purposes a kindred language, English in this instance, which had its basis in the coastal lowlands of northern Europe.

Coming full circle, we see that the Russian Mennonites, from the beginnings of their varied history to the present, have at various times spoken and written in Low German dialect, Dutch, German, and English. The changes from one language to another were not without their attendant quarrels. The first sermon preached in German in Danzig in 1762 created so much hubbub that such attempt was not tried again for another five years; government insistence in Canada after the First World War that all Mennonite children attend public schools where only English was taught, led, in part, to the emigration of 14,000 Mennonites to Mexico and Paraguay. (Nobody would push Mennonites around easily — bless 'em!)

In hindsight, the switch to English, which occurred in the lifetime of some of us, need not have had such momentous consequences. God could speak in English too, just as the Danzig church elders came to see that He did in High German as well as in the Low Germanic Dutch. A greater awareness of the Low Germanic link between English and the *Plautdietsch* spoken in everyday

conversation by these emigrating Mennonites of the 1920s might have allayed their concerns somewhat.

The relationship between *Plautdietsch* and English (and among these languages and Dutch and German) is worth considering today as we delve back in time to our roots. (The editors of *A Sackful of Plautdietsch*, 1983, already provide much information.) An explication in the accompanying Table of the Second Consonantal Sound Shift, discussed in the opening paragraphs, gives a useful comparison of the four languages with regard to seven specific consonant shifts. Three examples are given for each shift (note that any vowel changes in these examples do not have the same linguistic significance — whether we say “tomato” or “tomahto” is of a lesser importance.

It so happened that when the Anglo-Saxons from Frisia invaded and settled Britain in the fifth century (449 A.D. is a significant year here) their Germanic speech, like our own *Plautdietsch* (whose direct ancestor is Old Saxon), had not been subject to the High German Sound Shift. That shift would not begin to occur until the next century, and it would not occur in the isolated island of Britain at all. Thus the language of the Anglo-Saxons was a Low German language too, and this speech would give rise to modern English. English and *Plautdietsch*, as seen in the Table above, have a close affinity.

It is not surprising, then, that several examples of *Plautdietsch* folk literature have their parallels in English lore. Both literatures feature a Mother Goose, for instance, and when a Mennonite child plays “*Blinje Koo*,” it is the same game as Blindman’s Buff: while the song, “*De Brigj dee ess jebroake*” has the same accompanying actions as “London Bridge is Falling Down.” As an adult, he well knows from his own folk wisdom that all that glitters is not gold and that one cannot teach an old dog new tricks, just as the English maxims state.

It is not surprising either that although the use of (High) German is more or less disappearing among the Mennonite populace here in the face of English, the interest in *Plautdietsch* is undergoing at least a shortlived renaissance.

How has this language managed to survive all these years? How has it persisted when it has not been written down for centuries? Of course, it has been part and parcel of our “national” history, as discussed previously. A linguist could determine the various homelands of our people in their treks

across Europe merely by listening to this language. The fact that the people using it lived in tight, little communities, despite their borrowings in vocabulary from foreign neighbors, helped to preserve the *Plautdietsch*.

We know too that *Plautdietsch* was the language of hearth and home, the speech of everyday activity in the rural life of our Mennonite forebears. Since they basically remained a farming people the language was maintained, adequately describing the cycle of the seasons and its work and plan, indeed describing the cycle of life and death — youth, maturation, and age — and being vehicle for their rich folklore. *Plautdietsch* is part and parcel of our social history too.

But perhaps there was another factor at play. The language is a vivid, down-to-earth speech, with many words having an onomatopoeic quality, their sound on the lips reinforcing the meaning. The word *ruzhe*, for example suggests when pronounced, a rushing noise. It may be that this notion was carried a step further, where not only the sound of the words on the lips but the *feel* of the words there as they were being said, their feel also on the muscles of tongue, throat, and vocal cords, had come to be a function of their meaning. If so, it can be said that we felt their “meaning” with our speaking organs, and this language, in a kinesthetic sense, had to come to be over the centuries, part and parcel of our muscle and blood, as well as of our history, national and social. It had come to be, if you like a component of the fibre of our being.

This latest “renaissance” in *Plautdietsch*, now that a standardized orthography has been devised, is largely one of written communication. The reasons for the language persisting as our ethnic tongue can no longer have the same consequence when the language is no longer spoken to any real degree. Sad to say, today’s interest in *Plautdietsch* is, therefore, most likely only one generation’s “last hurrah.”

Nonetheless, the publications (and republications) that have marked the past decade or so do create a permanent record of important aspects of the Mennonite Low German culture from which we originally stemmed: in tales (Arnold Dyck), recordings and cassettes (Reuben Epp, Al Reimer), dictionaries (Jack Thiessen, Herman Rempel), folklore studies (Victor Carl Friesen) and song (Doreen Klassen). It is hoped that more research and publications in these areas will be forthcoming. **mm**

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# MANITOBA NEWS

**Prof. Nettie Peters**, of the University of Manitoba School of Nursing, was awarded the 1989 award for excellence in professional nursing education in June at the professional achievement dinner of the Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses.

**David Unruh** finished his tenure as Wesmen Volleyball coach for the University of Winnipeg in August. Unruh began coaching the team in 1982, winning the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union titles in 1986 and 1987. He was the longest serving men's volleyball coach at the university. He was named CIAU Coach of the Year in 1986.

**George Derksen** is the new pastor at Crystal City Church. **Rudy Franz** began duties on September 1 as pastor of the Gretna Bergthaler Church.

The Steinbach Mennonite Church has called **Isbrand Hiebert** to serve as lay minister in the church.

**First Mennonite Church** in Winnipeg made a decision on June 28 to renovate the pulpit/choir loft area of the sanctuary to accommodate a new (renovated) pipe organ.

**Peter and Elfrieda Dyck** were named by the Council of USSR Ministries to represent North American Mennonites at celebrations in Zaporozhe and Karaganda in August. These were Bicentennial observations organized by Mennonites in the Soviet Union with representatives from the West invited.

Winnipeg actresses **Tannis Kowalchuk** and **Lora Schroeder**, graduates of River East Collegiate and the University of Winnipeg's theatre program, wrote a play for the Winnipeg Fringe Festival which was selected for performance in the Best of Fringe showcase. The play, **Jumping Off the CN Tower**, is playing at the Vancouver Fringe Festival in September.

The Steinbach **Treble Teens** girls choir was disbanded in June after 25 years. The announcement was made after 160 alumni joined the choir to form a mass choir in a gala

concert under the direction of John Telman marking the 25th anniversary of the organization. A lack of funding was cited as the main reason for the disbanding of the choir.

**The Carillon** of Steinbach won top awards in the annual national competition sponsored by the Canadian Community Newspapers Association in the categories of best editorial page, best front page, photographs and feature pages.

**Henry R. Schellenberg**, of Altona, a former principal of W.C. Miller Collegiate and currently coordinator of the Red River vocational area, has been named chairman of the minister of education's high school planning, implementation and policy review committee.

**Elmer Hildebrand**, president and general manager of Golden West Broadcasting, received the broadcaster of the year award from the Western Association of Broadcasters at its 55th annual meeting in Jasper in June 5. Hildebrand is the first person to be presented this award more than once, having first received it in 1978.

A symposium celebrating the 200th anniversary of the Mennonites in Russia is being held September 4-9 in Bielefeld/Bechterdissen. Mennonite scholars from many countries will be present, including **Dr. George Epp**, **Dr. Harry Loewen**, and **Dr. Lawrence Klippenstein** of Winnipeg.

**Dr. John Howard Yoder** will be the featured speaker at a special conference **Valuing Life** to be held November 25 at the University of Winnipeg, sponsored by the new Menno Simons College. Dr. Yoder is professor of theology at Notre Dame University. The conference is designed to take a fresh look at some of the issues involved in the ongoing debate over abortion. It is hoped that alternatives to the divisive adversarial polemics can be explored. Participation is by invitation, but requests for invitations are welcome. Contact: Menno Simons College, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3B 2E9.

**Reg Toews**, formerly of Steinbach, begins employment in September as Canadian director of the Recovery of Hope program with Eden Mental Health Services. This is a lay, professional and church program to help couples with troubled marriages. Toews has served with MCC since

1974 when he left a job with the Manitoba civil service to be MCC Canada Voluntary Service director. Since then he has served as MCC Canada personnel services director, then with MCC headquarters in Akron as MCC U.S. executive secretary, associate executive secretary for administration and resources, and executive secretary.

A new German-language newspaper for Kanadier Mennonite children, **Das Blatt für Kinder und Jugend**, begins publication in September. Sponsored by MCC (Canada) the paper will be published by **Die Mennonitische Post** and will be sent to children living in Mennonite colonies in Latin America. Many children receive little or no instruction in history, health, science or geography, and the paper is intended to augment educational efforts in the colonies. MCC Canada is accepting donations for the project, and also urges writers to submit articles for the paper.

**Rod and Kathi Suderman** of Charleswood Mennonite Church are preparing to return to Asia on a COM assignment to South Korea to work in a Shalom Peace Centre for Mennonite missions.

**Willy Guenther** of Charleswood Church has been hired by the Manitoba Conference of Mennonites as a part-time chaplain. He has recently completed a chaplaincy course at the Health Sciences Centre.

**Dr. Peter Pauls**, who retired in August as administrator of Bethesda Hospital in Steinbach, received the Judge J.M. George Memorial Award from Manitoba Health Organizations at its annual meeting in Brandon in recognition for his outstanding services to the providers and recipients of health care in Manitoba.

Three large building projects have recently been started in Altona: the Altona Civic Centre, a large addition to the Red River Valley Mutual Insurance Company's head office, and a new stationery office and warehouse for D.W. Friesen & Sons Ltd.

**Home Street Mennonite Church** is one of three churches in the inner city to make its facilities available to Agape Table, an organization dedicated to feeding the hungry and offering friendship, encouragement and counselling to the dispirited people who seek its services. Executive dir-

ector of the organization is **Marvin Hamm**; **Jerry Enns** is the facilitator at the Home Street Church; **Ed Franz** is the facilitator at the Elim Chapel site. Agape Table welcomes donations of money or foodstuffs and the help of volunteers.

**Menno Simons College** opened its doors to students at the beginning of September. Special courses are offered in social and economic development studies, conflict resolution studies and, in cooperation with the chair of Mennonite studies, a number of Mennonite studies options. Dr. George K. Epp is the president of this new college.



**Lorna Unger** of Winnipeg is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Chongqing, China, where she will be teaching English. Unger is serving in China under the auspices of the inter-Mennonite China Educational Exchange Program, but will be sponsored by MCC, one of five sponsoring agencies for inter-Mennonite work/service in China. Unger previously served with MCC in Akron, Pennsylvania. She received a bachelor's degree in German and a certificate in elementary education from University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. She was last employed as an administrative assistant at the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg. Unger is a member of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. She is also associated with the Grain of Wheat Church Community in Winnipeg. Her parents are Elsie and Jake Unger of Winnipeg.

The **German Canadian Congress** (Manitoba) Inc. would like to establish a German library. If you have German literature and would like to contribute to the proposed German library, the GCC would welcome all book donations. Books may be dropped off at the German-Canadian Congress office at 16-1110 Henderson Highway. For more information call 338-7903.

The past winter has once again seen much **soap-making activity** at the

Cornie Friesen residence in Morden, according to reporter Evelyn Hoepner. Writing in the *Morden Times*, Hoepner says that senior citizens in the Morden area used 2,518 kilograms (5,540 lbs) of goosefat to make 3,777 kilograms (8,318 lbs) of soap for MCC. The soap-makers included John and Nettie Redekop, Henry and Katie Pauls, Frank and Lena Wiebe, Verna Hiebert, Helena Rempel, William Klassen and Charlotte Janz. The soap-making is a time for conversation and reminiscing about life in the Ukraine, where these seniors first learned how to make soap from goosefat. In Russia, Hoepner writes, "Mennonites depended on homemade soap. In Canada, soap-making was a necessary pioneer skill." According to Hoepner, the senior citizens make the soap, which is sent by MCC to needy people in developing countries, because they remember difficult times after the Russian revolution. "They empathize with needy people," she states. The Pembina Poultry Plant in Morden supplies the goosefat at no charge.

#### TEACHER, THEOLOGIAN HONORED AT CMBC

A symposium to honour **David Schroeder** became the occasion for Mennonite scholars from across North America to gather in June at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. More than 80 persons registered for the event which had been billed as a "scholarly event open to the public."

For pastors and lay people who participated the fare was heavy. For scholars, the event truly became a party -- a feast for presenting new insights, for testing ideas, for raising questions, for consolidating convictions, for recognizing their inadequacies, and for acknowledging God's reality and faithfulness. Participants at the David Schroeder Symposium presented and responded to papers on "Theology and the Hermeneutical Community." They discussed how members of the interpreting community within the church and the academic world could hear each other. Intense dialogue about their concerns continued during breaks in the form sessions and well into the night.

Midst the heavy theological interchange, participants used the symposium as an opportunity to express their appreciation to David Schroeder for modeling a way of life -- of com-

binning work as a scholar and in service to the church. It was a public banquet on the last evening of the symposium that Rod Sawatsky, president-elect of Conrad Grebel College, spoke about "David Schroeder as Churchman and Theologian." Sawatsky asserted that Dave Schroeder's career could be summarized in response to two questions: "What does the Bible Say? What must the church then do?"

These same questions became a dominant theme in the presentations and discussion at the symposium. Participants agreed that the Bible is basic, whether in Anabaptist/Mennonite thought, in feminist theology, in ethical issues, in spiritual experiences or in religious pluralism discussions. What the participants did not agree on is how the canon, the creeds, and the authority of church community or other (e.g. scholarly) communities are to be used in interpreting the content and direction of the biblical mandate.

Family, friends, church and community members joined symposium participants at the Saturday evening banquet. In the words of CMBC President John Neufeld, who chaired the banquet, "We came to celebrate, remember, reflect on, and affirm Dave's work in our schools, churches and conference."

Selections by a 30-voice choir and reflections by David and Mildred Schroeder's family added a personal dimension to how Rod Sawatsky characterized Dave Schroeder: "Dave is heard by churches because of who he is, not only because of what he says...His master teacher is Jesus...We honour Dave best when we too...look to Jesus as our master teacher. Then, and only then, will we have been true students of Dave Schroeder...servants of the church as Dave has modelled so powerfully for us!"

The symposium had been planned over the past three years by David Schroeder's colleagues at CMBC. Organizers had worked at getting a representative group of scholars from within and beyond the CMBC faculty. The 12 presenters and 23 respondents were faculty members and graduate students from Mennonite institutions and several Canadian universities.

Presenting the major papers were Adolf Ens (CMBC), Peter Erb (Waterloo), Duane Friesen (Bethel College), Lydia Harder (student, Toronto School of Theology), Harry Huebner (CMBC), Waldemar Janzen (CMBC), William Klassen (Toronto), Jim Pankratz (Mennonite Brethren

Bible College), James Reimer (Conrad Grebel), Rod Sawatsky (CGC), Mary Schertz (Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, and David Schroeder (CMBC).

The papers will be published in a book to be available in spring for \$20. Copies may be ordered by writing: David Schroeder Symposium, 600 Shaftesbury Boulevard, Winnipeg, R3P 0M4.

## COMING EVENTS

**September 23:** MCC Auction Sale, Morris.

**October 3:** Westgate Fall Smorgas-borg at Springfield Heights Mennonite Church.

**October 15:** Dedication Service and Opening Program, Westgate Mennonite Collegiate. 2:30 pm

**October 24:** Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society: Genealogy workshop. Mennonite Heritage Centre. CMBC campus. Speakers: Ed Hoepfner/Jake Peters. Time: 7:30 pm.

**November 9, 10, 11:** Russian/Soviet Mennonite Symposium.

**November 25:** "Valuing Life" conference sponsored by the Menno Simons College. Guest speaker: John Howard Yoder.

## World News

**Manila evangelism:** More than 200 Mennonites from a dozen countries joined 4,000 other Christian leaders from 190 countries in the second international congress on world evangelization in what may have been the most representative gathering of Christian leaders ever. Forty per cent of participants came from developing countries, 25 per cent were women, and 55 per cent were under age 45. The Mennonites present in Manila prepared a statement calling on their congregations to review the Manila manifesto and reaffirm their commitment to world evangelization. Mennonites were called to a renewed proclamation of the whole gospel and renewed obedience to the demands of the gospel. Evangelization would require more co-operation and less

competition with other Christian churches.

**MWC looks ahead:** The executive of the Mennonite World Conference met this past July in Elspeet, The Netherlands, to discuss many of the plans for the Winnipeg assembly next July, and, at the same time, to discuss the place of the conference after that assembly. The Elspeet meeting appointed Larry Miller of Strasbourg, France, to succeed Paul Kraybill as executive secretary. He is currently director of the Europe program for the Mennonite Board of Missions (Elkhart), which is based in Strasbourg. The MWC office will relocate from Carol Stream, Illinois, to Strasbourg following the Winnipeg meeting.

**Chad testament:** A revised New Testament in the Arabic of Chad is ready for printing, reports Raymond Eyer of the French Mennonite Missions Committee. Eyer was a member of the team of missionaries and Chadians who prepared the original version in the 1960s. The most recent version is a revision to correct a number of translation errors identified since the first version. Chad, in north-central Africa, is a country where French Mennonite missionaries have a long history of mission work. The production costs will be subsidized by the French Mennonites to keep the cost within the range of Chadian purchasers.

**Peacemaking in India:** Although India is the home of Gandhian non-violent protest, it is also a country where ethnic tensions and social conditions lead to violence. The Mennonite Christian Service Fellowship of India, an umbrella group for the Anabaptist churches, has been sponsoring peace seminars and conferences which focus on practical approaches to peacemaking within that vast nation.

**MBs legal in Paraguay:** This past July, the Paraguayan government legally incorporated the Spanish-speaking conference of the Paraguayan Mennonite Brethren Churches. The Body had its start in the 1950s through mission work started by German-speaking MBs and supported by the North American conference. The Spanish-speaking Paraguayan section of the MB church has 1,400 members in 24 congregations.

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# YOUR WORD

## March commended

I am writing to applaud the Mirror's March issue which focussed on the lives and experiences of Mennonite women.

In particular, I enjoyed the article featuring five women who worked as housekeepers when they first came to

Winnipeg. The fact that you view this story as relevant material for publication, is very encouraging to me. These lowly experiences of "women's work" are normally ignored and often disparaged. You have publicly validated the experiences of these women and that ultimately serves to empower us all.

The article on Di Brandt also deserves

praise. She writes courageously and powerfully and with painful honesty. Her poetry has been so important to me. I thank you for acknowledging her in the Mirror.

Taken as a whole, this issue of the Mirror moved and inspired me. And it was not because of the extraordinary accomplishments of the women featured here (although there were many). It was simply because of the serious and full attention given to women by publishing their experiences. This happens far too infrequently in our Mennonite circles. Like Di Brandt, I have found no public Mennonite women's voices to inform or guide my way. This issue, however, takes a step toward filling that void. It fell like rain on parched earth. Thank you.

Hazel Lowen  
Delta, British Columbia

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## Grunthal memories

Recently at my parents-in-law, I found a March 87 issue of the MM where Victor Peters wrote of his teaching experiences at the Lester East School (near Grunthal) in 1937.

I attended Lester East, grades 1-3 until 1971. I have fond memories of two one-room classrooms, grades 1-6. The quality of teaching was OK . . . At that time, there were primarily two groups of students: Chortitzer children whom we EMC children called "Zummafelda;" while they called us not "EMC'ers" but "Kline Geminta" or Kleine Gemeinde.

Come school days falling on Ascension Day, no Chortitzer children came to school; I remember one sunny morning when Burt Penner delivered a half dozen EMC children home as it was futile to conduct classes with that few students. (Incidentally, the EMC'ers were divided into two groups, the 'blood' line EMC'ers who hailed from Blumenort, and children whose parents had been Chortitzer at one time). Relations between Chortitzers and EMC'ers were friendly most times; though I recall a



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neighbor lady, (Chortitzer) who happened to be on the same phone line as my parents and the EMC minister, often when my father would pick up the phone she'd comment dryly, "Doa zent di Kline Geminta ol voda up i lane."

Mr. Peters' comments about the poverty in the area. By the late 60's, economic conditions had improved: electricity, telephone, vehicles and TV's were common. Folks tended to purchase new or late model vehicles on credit while at home, flushing toilets or dependable wells were a much, much lesser priority. Houses tended to be older homes, covered with plastic outside and wood stoves which would overheat; I distinctly recall at least three such incidents in the mid-to-late 1960's in this impoverished area. Each would have their homespun and embroidered tales which were often shared over an evening snack of bought cookies, instant coffee and baloney purchased from Guenthers and the bakery in Grunthal, who incidentally were both Russlander.

R. Loewen

# REVIEW

## Stories of conflicts resolved

A review by **Bernie Wiebe**

*When Good People Quarrel* is a rare book. The writers had obviously decided it was to be a book of stories about people getting into "quarrels" and how they dealt with them. Its range of stories is limited to the interpersonal, familial, congregational, institutional, and community examples, but wide enough so most readers will identify with one or another. No attempt is made to

address larger national or international disputes.

The writers' rare editorial opinion does come through when they present chapter 13 "A storm over a church split." In their introduction to the story, they comment "here is an approach that commends itself for other situations." (p 101) It is commendable that, as a rule, they let the stories speak for themselves.

A significant contribution of this book is the way biblical texts, and an occasional attempt to elaborate a biblical case study, are interspersed among the 25 case studies. The reader cannot help but catch at least a small sense of the attempted portrayal of dialogue between the biblical narrative and our ongoing human experiences. This juxtaposition of contemporary human history and the biblical stories also does a fascinating job of giving you the feeling that today's conflict experiences are similar to those in the Bible.

Discussion questions begin with the introduction and continue through all 25 chapters. This, plus an excellent introductory glossary, role play suggestions and, models for conflict analysis at the end, make the book readily conducive for use in small study groups. I recommend it highly for any church group interested in a better grasp of the overall issue of quarrels among "good people."

The quality of the stories varies greatly. You cannot help but become involved in the story of how A.W. Robertson, Newton, Kansas, helped to break the colour barrier. (chapter 20) The Warman (Saskatchewan) uranium refinery story shows how peaceful ways can move a whole community on a different issue; it too is compelling. And the "skit-version" of the prophet Isaiah's proposal based on Isaiah 2:4 should help each reader think again about how we act in our many committee meetings.

This book can go a long way in helping lay people come to fresh insights for coping with conflicts. *Krieder, Robert S., and Goossen, Rachel Waltner, When Good People Quarrel, (Herald Press, 1989, 198 pages).*

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# Wilder Honig

MAXI

von Hedwig Knoop

(Fortsetzung)

Einest Morgens fiel uns auf dass keine unserer Hennen auf dem Hof scharrte. Voll böser Ahnungen eilten Wilhelm und ich zum Hühnerstall, und zu unserer malosen Bestürzung lagen die meisten der Hennen reglos und steif auf dem Boden, nur zwei saen verstört in den Ecken. Ein Marder hatte hier in der Nacht eine schaurige Orgie gefeiert.

Als wir uns von diesem Schrecken und der Trauer um unsere zu traulichen Tiere einigermaßen erholt hatten, beschlossen wir, neue Legehennen zu kaufen. Und nicht lange, da kam ein Geflügelhändler in einem kleinen hellblauen Kombi bei uns auf den Hof gefahren. Er öffnete die rückwärtige Wagentür und zog einen Käfig mit bräunlichgelbem Geflügel heraus.

“Wie viele sollten es sein?” fragte er dienststeifrig.

“Nun, neun hatten wir gedacht”, sagte ich.

Er griff in den Käfig und zog ein Tier nach dem anderen heraus; wir trugen sie nacheinander in den kleinen Hühnerstall und sperrten sie ein.

Ich habe auch einen sehr schönen Hahn für Sie”, sagte nun der Geflügelhändler und förderte ein Wesen mit knallrotem, aber etwas schlappen Kamm zutage. In der kräftigen Händlerhand nahm es sich nicht besonders gross aus, aber mir fiel auf, wie würdevoll das Federvieh uns aus seinen Äuglein anblickte, obwohl es doch nichts als eine angebotene Ware war und sehr unbequem an der Hand des Händlers hing. Mir stand das Bild eines Sklavenmarktes vor Augen, das ich einmal gesehen hatte. Auf dem hatte mich ebenfalls die Ware stärker beeindruckt als ihr Händler.

“Oh ja, lass uns auch einen Hahn

naehmen, der hält die Hennen zusammen”, sagte ich.

Nach einer Weile meinte Wilhelm: “Na meintwägen.”

Und so kauften wir diesen Hahn und trugen ihn in den Stall zu den Hennen.

Wir bezahlten die neuen Errungenschaften, und der Händler verabschiedete sich mit den Worten: “Sie werden selbst sehen, die Hühner sind von einer besonders fleissigen Sorte, und sie haben gerade angefangen zu legen.”

Es waren sehr zahme Tiere, die sich in der neuen Umgebung durchaus vernünftig aufführten, also nicht kopflos umherflatterten, sondern auf dem Stallboden alsbald zu scharren begannen. Wir streuten ihnen Körner hin, stellten Wasser hinein und liessen sie zum Eingewöhnen einen Tag lang eingesperrt.

Die Hennen konnte man voneinander nicht unterscheiden, und so nannte ich allesamt Berta. Der Hahn mit seinem kurzen, runden, kräftigen Schwanz war im ganzen etwas bunter geraten. Ihn nannte ich Maximilian, kurz: Maxi.

“Wat seggste? Wie schall de heetan?” fragte Wilhelm.

“Maxi”, wiederholte ich, “das ist doch ein schöner Name für einen schönen Hahn.”

“Na mientwägen”, sagte Wilhelm.

Am nächsten Abend öffneten wir das Stalltürchen, damit die Hühner am darauffolgenden Morgen hinausspazieren konnten.

Wir lagen noch im Bett und schliefen fest, da ertönte direkt unter unserem Schlafzimmerfenster eine ohrenbetäubender Hahnenschrei. “I de Kierl verrückt?” knirschte Wilhelm, ohne seine Augen zu öffnen.

Und als Maxi noch mal und noch viele Male mit gleichbleibender Intensität

weiterkrächte, da dachte auch ich: Was haben wir uns da angetan? Denn bei solcher Dienstauffassung war nun jeden Morgen mit einem Weckruf dieses Kalibers zu rechnen.

“Warümme het du den Kierl eegenlicken kofft” stöhnte Wilhelm unter der Decke.

“Wir werden uns schon an ihn gewöhnen”, sagte ich munterer, als mir zumute war.

Aber Wilhelm sagte nun nicht, “Na mientwägen”; er grollte.

In den nächsten Tagen konnten wir beobachten, dass Maxi schnell weitere bemerkenswerte Tätigkeiten auf dem Hof entfaltete. Seine Verantwortung als Hahn nahm er ausserordentlich ernst. Hatte eine seiner Hennen im Stall ein Ei gelegt und begann sie daraufhin überlaut zu gackern, dann sah man ihn in voller Karriere über den Hof zu ihr hinrennen. Bald hatte er das aufgeregte Huhn beruhigt und geleitete es — für eine gewöhnlichen Hahn überaus galant — zurück zur Hühnerschar.

Die Hennen wussten es immer so einzurichten, dass Maxi nicht merkte, wann sie sich zum legen in den Stall zurückzogen. Nein, dass sie sich ein Ei legen wollten, das war nun mal ihr süesses Geheimnis. Sobald dies aber vollbracht war, dann musste die ganze Welt von der Ankunft des Eies in Kenntnis gesetzt werden, und zwar durch ein weit hörbares Gegacker. Das merkte dann auch Maxi, und er rannte sogleich los, wie gesagt, um die Aufgeregte zu besänftigen. Ja, er war ein bewundernswerter Ehemann, und mit seinen elf Frauen kam er besser zurecht als mancher Mann mit einer einzigen.

Obwohl Wilhelm ihm wegen seines erbarmungslosen Weckrufs weiterhin

zürnte, so gelang es Maxi dennoch, sich bei ihm ein gewisses Ansehen zu verschaffen. Seine Pflichterfüllung erstreckte sich keineswegs nur aufs morgendliche Wecken und auf Aufmerksamkeiten am Wochenbett seiner Ehefrauen. Er sorgte auch dafür, dass diese regelmaessig gefüttert wurden. Ja, er wusste genau, wann Futterzeit war, und mahnte uns auf seine Weise, wenn wir sie nicht pünktlich einhielten.

In dem Fall heftete er sich mit einem unmiverständlichen Grugrugru an Wilhelms Fersen, sobald er auf dem Hof erschien, und steuerte ihn zielbewusst zur Werkstatt, in der das Hühnerfutter aufbewahrt wurde.

“Kiek di den Kierl an”, sagte Wilhelm, “de bugsiert mi doch verdammt inne Warkstää rin. De weet genau, wo dat Foa i.”

Und mit Maxi und seinem Grugrugru zu den Füßen stampfte er in die Werkstatt und griff in die Futterkiste. “Da di’n ulkigen Kierl”, bemerkte er mit einem Unterton von Bewunderung in der Stimme.

Eines Tages erschien ein Zierhuhnzüchter mit einem Korb unter dem Arm, in welchem ein allerliebstes, winziges, pechschwarzen Zwerghähnchen und zwei ebenso schwarze Zwerghähnchen sassen. Diese seien bereits auf einer Ausstellung ausgezeichnet worden, sagte er stolz; er könne sie jedoch nicht behalten, da er nun neue heranzüchten wolle; zum Schlachten aber seien sie zu klein und vor allem zu schade.

Wir behielten sie gern, und auf dem Hof freigelassen, griff dieser neue kecke Winzling von einem Hahn sogleich unseren überraschten Maxi an. Dem schwoll unverzüglich der Kamm, und obwohl er kein besonderer Kämpfer war, so galt es nun, seine Ehre, seine Familie, sein Revier, sein alles zu verteidigen. Sein Gefieder hob sich, er schnellte vor, flog den Neuling an, hackte und kratzte, und keine zwei Sekunden, da war die Rangordnung hergestellt; Maxi hatte obsiegt, und der neue — Mini genannt — musste laufen, was er nur konnte, und fortan mit seinen Hennen den vereinbarten Abstand halten.

Nachts logierte die neue dreiköpfige Familie, dicht aneinandergedrängt, auf einem Balken in der Werkstatt. Zusammenstoesse mit dem Herrn des Hofes gab es für Mini nur noch, wenn er einen Leckerbissen entdeckte und sogleich nach Art aller Hähne begeisterte Lockrufe ausstieg. Diese vernahmten nicht nur seine eigenen, sondern auch Maxis Hennen, und auch Maxi selbst kam sogleich herbeigesaut. Alle stürzten sich

auf das gefundene Fressen, nur Mini, der Entdecker, wurde davongejagt. Niemals lernte er es, einen solchen Fund hinter vorgehaltener Hand seinen eigenen Damen zuzuflüstern, um mit ihnen ungestört zu genießen. Nein, er blieb dabei, jedesmal ein gewaltiges Aufsehen zu machen, um nachher aus einer ärgerlichen Entfernung über das Sprichwort Undank ist der Welt Lohn nachdenken zu können.

Die neuen Bertas, so stellte sich heraus, waren hochgezüchtete, ausgezeichnete Legehennen, die den ganzen Tag bis zur Dämmerung und selbst bei strömenden Regen unverdrossen scharrten. Entsprechend war auch ihre Legeleistung, entsprechend aber auch der Raubbau an der eigenen Substanz. Aus ihrer Sicht ein fragwürdiges Zuchtergebnis.

Abgesehen davon lebten unsere Hühner ihr reges und anregendes, von keinem Zaun eingegrenztes Hühnerleben ungestört den Sommer hindurch. Frühmorgens ertönte nun neben Maxis Kikriki auch das Stimmchen Minis, piepsig und hell, irgendwo in der Höhe des zweigestrichenen C.

Dann kam der Winter und mit ihm die langen Nächte für unsere Hühnerschar; denn sie gingen mit Dunkelwerden zu Bett und verliessen erst bei Tagesanbruch das Schlafgemach. Aber die zwei Hähne krächten auch jetzt pflichtbewut um vier oder fünf Uhr aus dem Dunkel und der Kälte ihres Nachtquartiers ihr lebensbejahendes und tröstliches Kikriki, der eine tief, der andere hoch.

Sie verlebten schöne Zeiten, unsere Hühner, denn der Sommer kam wieder. Die Hähne zählten die Häupter ihrer Lieben, und alle waren noch da. Kein Habicht hatte zugeschlagen, kein Marder sie ausgesaugt.

Aber für Maxi nahte eine Gefahr ganz anderer Art. Wir erwarben nämlich einen Puter mit drei Puten. Als dieser Gigant auf dem Hof erschien, unternahm Maxi sofort den tollkühnen Versuch, auch ihn in die Schranken zu weisen. Mit dem Mut eines Löwen sprang er den rothalsigen Goliath an, aber dessen ungeheurer Schnabel schlug zu, und Maxi musste um sein Leben laufen. Auf seinem geliebten Hof war er nun nicht mehr der Herr. Sein Stolz, sein Verantwortungs bewusstrein ertrugen das nicht. Er erkrankte, und man sah ihn nun immer häufiger ganz in sich gekehrt und zusammengezogen hinter dem Stall stehen. In kurzer Zeit fiel er dann auch vom Fleisch.

Er geht ein, dachte ich und sagte noch: “Aber niemand darf ihm den

Garaus machen! Vielleicht ist er nur ein bisschen krank und wird wieder gesund. Wenn er aber streben muss, dann soll er eines natürlichen Todes sterben.”

Niemand hackte ihm den Kopf ab, aber eines Tages lag er da, ein trauriges, kleines Häufchen von einem toten Hahn. “Dat haer nich nödig daun”, sagte Wilhelm, “den Kierl haer ich giern boln”.

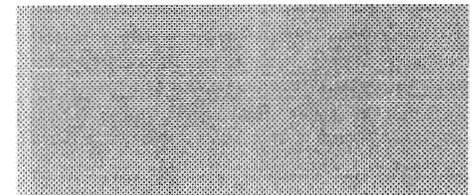
Ich weinte Tränen un meinen Maxi; er war nicht nur ein treusorgender Familienvater gewesen, sondern ganz gewiss einer der liebenswürdigsten unter uns zweibeinigen Moorhofbewohnern.

mm

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## ‘Prisoner’s Base’

**K**ortz no Wienachten haud't aunje-fongen. Lot tseowends wan dee Kjinja aul emm Bad wearen, hauden Mame enn Pape äwa Kanada jerät. Wan Jreet gaunss stell lach, kunn see aules festonen. Dee Arnt opp daut kjliene Bietstje Laund wea wada too weinjich jewast. Bie aundre emm Darp üthalpen jankad Pape nijch. Enn Kanada, jleewd hee, wudd hee goot Oabeit finjen, hee festund sitj mett'm Breesen soo goot. Doa kunn hee mea Jeld fedeenen, enn Jehaun wudd uck aul mettfedeenen kjennen.

Jreet haud sitj fonn Aunfank aun jeoajat. Sea lang nijch wull see no Kanada! Friees äare fonn äwa de Gauss wearen aul en poa mol doa jewast. Enn wan dee tridj kaumen deeden dee sitj emma soo groot mett äare korte Hoa enn niemoodsche Kjeleeda. Enn Bilda weesen se emma, fonn kjliene witte Hiesatjes mett dijchtet Grauss ferr'e Dää. Enn räden deeden se emma soo daumlijch: jieda rettlank een enjelschet Wuat doamank, aus wan see nijch mea jescheit Plautdietsch kunnen. Nä, doahan wull Jreet nijch. See wudd sitj stiepern enn wären. See wudd ütkleiwen, sitj bie Letjemauns emm Koostaul opp'm Bän fekrüpen. Dee wudden lenjst äw're Jrens sennen bott see metteenst enworden, daut Jreet nijch hinjen emm Klotje huckt. Bie Südamauns kunn see sitj dann aus Kjäätsche femeeden. Üte Schooljoaren wea see je endlich, noch'n poa Joa dann kunn see bie Jemeend gonen enn sitj befrieen.

Oba wan see sitj daut wertlijch üt mold, word ar doch'n bät Angst. See wea je mau afens 12, enn schlieslijch must eena doch wachten bott eena 17 wea omm sitj too befrieen. Enn dann, äare kjliene Leena wea ar doch soo goot, enn Mame wudd't schwierig schienen mett aul dee Oabeit. See säd je emma woo jeschetjt Jreet sitj mett dee Hüsoabeit festunt.

No Oostren wea daut dan endlich soo

wiet. Dee Papieren wearen reed, daut Hüs fekoft, Jreet haud toom latsten Mol dee Kjäätz ütjefääjcht. See haud sitj fäajenomen, ar wudd aules endoont sennen. See haud nijch mol jeroat aus Letjemauns Neet ar toom Aufscheet äa nieet fleeschfoawjet Düack jejäft haud. Oba nü, aus see sitj hinjen emm Klotje trajchtjesat haud, spääd see waut emm Hauls, daut dretjt enn deed ar wee enn see must sitj schwind dee Uagen weschen. Een langet Stoot kjitjt see bloos rauf no äare nieebanke Schoo. Aus see endlich toom Fensta rüttjitjt, wearen see aul meist bott Chihuahua.

Enn Kanada weare't kolt. Grülijch kolt. Dee Lied säden aula, woo scheen daut wea, daut dee Schnee aul meist aula fuat wea. Oba Jreet kaum daut nijch een Drips no Farjoa fäa. Doa bliejd je noch nuscht, enn dee Wind püst aun äare kole Been aus wann hee ar doll wea.

See wearen aul bie eene Wäatzj enn Wintjla, wua Foda enn Jehaun fuats enne Fabritj Oabeit jetjräjen hauden, aus 'ne straume Taunte bie äant aun'e Dää puttad. Dee Taunte kjitjt sea frintlijch enn kunn uck arnoa goot Plautdietsch. See fruach aus äant irjentwaut fäld, enn fetald äant fonn een Stua wua eena billijch Kjeleeda kjeepen kunn. Toolatst säd see noch, daut dee Kjinja aula, Jreet uck, no School gonen musten. Jo, dee Rejerung säd, bott eena 16 wea, must eena no School.

Aum näatjsten Dach trocken Jreet enn äare Jeschwista sitj sinndoagsch aun enn jinjen toop no School. Opp'm Schoolhoff stunden see stell en kjitjten dee Kjinja too, bott een greiwhoaja Oomtje kaum enn äant säd, enn woone Stowen see nenn musten. Enn Jreet äare Stow huckten aul meare Kjinja. Dee Mejalles hauden aula Betjsen aun enn räden enjelsch, gauns bosijch. No ar kjijten see äwaheipt nijch. Dann kjlinjad daut, enn dee Learasche kaum nenn. Aula stunden see opp enn sungen een Leed. Doafonn kunn Jreet bloos een

Wuat festonen: Kanada. Na, docht see bie sitj, daut steit jewess nijch emm Jesangbuak. Dann saden see sitj dol, enn dee Learasche kaum no ar enn wees ar uck no soon kjlienet Pultstje, wua blooss een Mensch bennen Rüm haud. See räd gaunss frintlijch too Jreetn, oba see kunn nijch sea goot Dietsch. See gauf ar'n Blaut mett Räätenoppgowen, enn fruach ar, aus see daut kunn. Jreet neckkoppt, daut Räätnen haud ar niemols schwierig jeschienen. Dee Tsolen wearen hia'n bät aundasch oppjestalt, oba see wudd sitj aul trajchfinjen. Dee Learasche ertjlääd ar uck, daut see disse easchte Stund räätnen wudden, enn enne tweede Stund wudden se nom "Jim" gonen. Daut "Jim" een Jungesomen wea daut wist Jreet, oba toowaut see no am gonen wudden, daut wea ar nijch kloa.

Aus dee Learasche no fäaren jintj, dreid sitj 'ne kjliene ditje Mejall mett bleiwbemolde Uagen no Jreeten romm, dann fuscheld see waut no ne Mejall mett korte krüse Hoa waut lüd Chicle keiwd, enn dee beid lachten sitj stell eent. Jreet oajad sitj. See haud fonn aundre jeheat, daut see aum easchten Schooldach enn Kanada dän gaunsen Dach jeroat hauden, soo sea hauden see sitj jeschämt. Oba Jreet wudd sea lang nijch roaren. See oajad sitj blooss jrintlijch. See oajad sitj äwa disse fate, kjliene Hatjs, see oajad sitj äwa äare Elren, daut see ütjewaundat wearen, jo see oajad sitj äwa dee kanadische Rejerung waut ar fäasäd, daut see mett disse kjliene Schnoddanäsen toop enn'e School hucken must.

Jreet wea aul meist mett äa Blaut foadlich, dann kjlinjad daut wada, enn see jinjen nü no 'ne groote Stow, wua een grootet Nat medden opp dee mett foawje Lienjes bemolde Flua oppjestalt wea. Dee Mejalles jinjen aula enn'e "washrooms" nenn, enn kaumen gauns ommjetrocken wada rüt. Nü hauden see aula kjliene korte Beckstjes aun. Jreet

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## Russian Mennonite Bicentennial Symposium

A Russian Mennonite Bicentennial symposium will be held in Winnipeg, from November 9-11.

Iuri Zamoizhkin, a Soviet scholar, has been invited to the symposium. Other presenters include, Dr. Dan Stone, University of Winnipeg, Dr. Theo Stavrou, University of Minnesota, Anna Janzen, pastoral assistant from Luebeck, West Germany. Dr. Al Reimer, of the Centre for Mennonite Studies, University of Winnipeg, will speak at the concluding banquet.

For information, contact John Friesen, 600 Shatesbury Boulevard, Winnipeg, R3P 0M4.

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## MORNING AND EVENING

### Images of Africa

An exhibition of paintings by **Grace Rempel**, with a reading of poetry about Uganda by **Ruth Rempel**, opens in the Mennonite Heritage Centre, 600 Shaftesbury Boulevard, at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, September 29. The paintings will remain on exhibition for October; hours Monday to Friday, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Weekends from 1 to 6 p.m.

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must emm Stellen lachen, waut Letjemauns Neet woll sajen wudd wann see ditt sach! Jreet must sitj uck'n poa fewoschne tseijchne Schoo auntratjen. Dee Leara ('n Maunsmensch mett'n grootet Piepdintj romm'n Hauls) säd ar opp Enjelsch, daut see enn disse Stow nijch mett äare nice blanke Schoo gonen kunn. Dann stallden see sitj aula aun jieda Sied Nat opp, enn fungen aun, mett eenen witten Baul han enn hää too dujen. Soon Jespell haud Jreet aul foaken enne Staut jeseenen, wan see bie dee mexikaunische Schoolen febieje-foaren wearen. Dann haud ar daut emma jejankat, mettoospälen. Oba ar wea daut gaunse blooss nijch dietlijch. Eensjemol schluagen dee Kjinja dän Baul tridj äwa daut Nat, enn eenstjemol jreepen see dän enn schmeeten dän no dän Mensch waut hinjen stund. Nuscht wea ar kloa. Metteenst kaum dee Baul no ar jefloagen. See fefead sitj soo, see jreep dän mett beid Henj. Dee Jung waut besied ar stund naum ar dän Baul haustijch fuat enn demmad dän opp'e Flua. Hee oajad sitj furjchtboa, enn schriajch ar aun: "That could have been our point, you stupid Burra!" Metteenst, soont wea ar noch nienijch passiat, kaumen Jreet dee Tronen. Soo gauns one daut see daut wull. Dee wearen blooss opp eenmol enn äare Uagen. Groot enn wotrijch enn woam, see kunn nuscht mea seenen. Nü kunn dee Leara metteenst uck'n bät Dietsch. Hee säd ar see kunn sitj'n stootstje opp'e Bentj dolsaten enn tootjitjen. Fleijcht wort ar dann aules kloa. Too däm Jung, waut ar ütjeloamt haud, säd'a waut opp enjelsch, waut däm Jung noch dolla oajad. Hee must dann "sorry" too Jreeten sajen, oba hee wea noch emma sea doll.

Fonn donn aun, wan see "Gym" hauden, saut Jreet emma opp'e Bentj, enn kjitjt too woo dee Kjinja opp'n dol hupsten enn dän Baul schluagen. Dee wearen lang nijch aula äwareen bosijch, daut kunn see fuats seenen. Wan dee kjliene ditje Jennifer dän Baul kjreajch, hupst see opp daut daut Schmolt jrodsoo weppad, oba see kjreajch niemols dan Baul äw'ret Nat. Oba dee Kevin, waut sitj soo äwa Jreeten aum easchten Dach jeoajat haud, dee kun dän Baul eent dujen daut't jrodsoo schauld, dän kunn dann dee aundre Sied nijch tridj schlönen.

Opp eenmol wort daut büten scheena. Äwanacht, scheen'et soo, wea dee Schnee gauns feschwungen, enn daut Grauss funk aun jreen too woaren. Aus se enne School wada "Gym" hauden, säd dee Leara, fonndoag sullen see rüt gone, enn opp'm "field" spälen.

Tooeascht wudden see eenen "race" han. Reessen, docht Jreet sitj, jescheit! Ranen kunn see, tüs wea see emma dee easchte jewast, soogoa mank'e jraterer Junges. Dee Mejalles trocken sitj wada eascht lang omm, oba Jreet wearat eendoont. See wist, see kunn mett'm Kjleed kratjt soo bosijch flitsen aus mett irjens waut fe Betjzen.

Dee Leara säd, see sullen sitj enne Reaj oppstalen enn sitj reed moaken. Jreet trock sitj feks dee Schoo enn Stremp üt. See wist, boaft kunn see daut dollste ranen. Dee Leara kjitjt ar frintlijch too en säd, "You're going too, Margaret?" See neckkoppt blooss. Dann tald hee eascht bott dree enn piept jescheit lüd. Wupps — see daumpten aula auf. Jreet feeld äare Been fleijcht dee easchte poa Schräd, dann äwaheipt nijcht mea. See fluach jrodsoo, dee Tsoppen weppten ar opp'm Ridjen opp'n dol, oba see späad nuscht aus blooss dee Wind dee aun äare Uagen febie sunk. Enn boold wea see aum Tsiel. See haud soo'n Schwung, see rand'n bät wiede, hilt dann oba stell. Dijcht hinja ar kaum uck aul Kevin, sien Jesecht wea fiaroot enn schweetijch enn hee hilt sitj aune Been aus wan hee sitj schratlijch aunjestrenjt haud. Oba siene Uagen kjitjten Jreeten groot aun. "Wow!" säd'a eenmol, enn aus'a sach daut Jreet nijch mol üte Püst wea, säd'a noch e'mol "Wow!" Hinja am kaumen eenselnd dee aundre aunjesch, dee kjliene Jennifer natalijch gauns aum Enj.

Oba Kevin, dis Fresseriet, kaum gauns opp Jreeten too. Hee hilt ar siene Haund han. Jreet packt jescheit too. "No," säd'a enn lacht, dann wees hee ar woo daut must. Dittmol hilt Jreet äare Haund op enn hee fiad eent jehearijch neen. Jreet lacht lüd opp.

Dann kaum uck dee Leara. Hee lowd ar'n bät enn säd dann daut see nü "Prisoner's Base" spälen wullen. Prisems Bäs, jo soont hauden see uck tüs em Darp jespält. Thiesses Aun haud äant daut biejebrockt, see hauden emma aum Sinddach nomedach daut opp'm Schoolhoff jespält.

Dee Leara säd Kevin enn noeh een Jung sullen dee Sieden wälen. Kevin kunn daut easchte. Daut wea'n Stoot stell, dee Kjinja kjitjten am aula aun, see wullen aula daut easchte jewält sennen. Hee kjtjt äant aula reialangs aun enn säd dann gauns kloa enn dietlijch "Margaret." Aules wea stell, blooss Jennifer fuscheld schwind 'ne aundre Mejall waut emm Ua. Oba Jreet jintj gauns stolt no Kevin enn hilt am de Haund han. He knauld soo lüd nenn, daut't mau rajcht jescheit schauld.

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# OUR WORD

## A rich heritage will be celebrated at the Mennonite World Conference

In less than 10 months the 12th Mennonite World Conference will be over, and the thousands of delegates from around the world will have departed for their homes with memories of "friendly Manitoba" and the Mennonites therein.

There are reported to be more than 800,000 Mennonites in around 60 countries.

When one considers the origins of Anabaptist-Mennonite Christianity, the growth of the movement to reach the above numbers must rank as a miracle. During the early decades of the Anabaptist movement, a decision to join the church on "confession of faith" was a costly decision in that it often meant death. Indeed, the *Martyrs' Mirror* chronicles scores of individual stories of those who died for their faith as a result of that decision. What motivated people to leave the safety of an established church to join a sect whose leaders and members were fugitives? The political authorities of varied European principalities exerted considerable efforts to eradicate the practice of Anabaptist Christianity. But without success. It was, and is, a way of Christianity that endures.

From such beginnings emerged the world network of Mennonites we have today.

There are Canadian Mennonites who have difficulty digesting the tension between what is "ethnic" and what is "religious" in the Mennonite tradition.

The fact that Mennonite Christianity can adapt to the cultural environments of 60 world nations is evidence that it is an expression of the Christian life that transcends specific ethnic limitations.

There are those who argue that because you join Mennonite churches on the basis of a confession of faith, that it is this spiritual commitment that defines who is a Mennonite.

While this is true, one also finds that acceptance of Christian belief forms a core around a family, a community, or some other social factor that is shared. These factors are typically the kinds of things that define ethnic identity.

Mennonites came to Canada in large groups from large communities in Europe. Shared language, religion, and outlook on life made it natural for them to live close to each other in communities in rural and urban areas. We are all social beings and we all want to be among our friends, so to the extent possible we live near each other. The same is seen today in where one can easily identify ethnic communities within larger urban settings. For example, Winnipeg has its "Chinatown" in the core area, Italians are heavily represented along Corydon Avenue east, and so on. Evangelistically minded

churches capitalize on this concentration by starting ethnically-based ministries in these communities.

So many Mennonites came to Manitoba that they became one of the largest settling groups of the province. While Mennonites here continued to qualify as church members on their confession of faith, they also maintained many activities that are fairly labelled "ethnic."

The point is that there is no way any believer of any Christian church -- whether Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran -- can be a Christian in isolation from the ethnic or cultural milieu which they call home. Ethnicity becomes a problem in the Christian community when the ethnic characteristics are used as criteria to define who may join the church.

The Winnipeg world conference assembly will be an impressive demonstration of the variety of ways Anabaptist Christianity is expressed in the last decade of the 20th century, of the way in which the Christian life transcends and adapts to varied cultural environments.

Those who are part of the original European branch of the Mennonite tradition will quickly realize that they are outnumbered by Mennonites with whom they do not share a single ethnic characteristic. But they will discover common bonds in their commitment to an Anabaptist and Mennonite Christian faith.

Those who can trace their Mennonite roots back to the first Mennonites can, and should, take appropriate pride in being part of a tradition of Christianity that was refined in the martyrs' fire and that emerged durable and adaptable enough to appeal to people around the world. The Mennonite martyrs of centuries ago did not die in vain.

The easiest way to resolve the issue of whether Mennonites are defined by ethnic characteristics or by religious attributes is to say that Mennonites are defined by both. The 1990 assembly will amply verify that both are necessary. On the one hand we will commemorate our commitment to Anabaptist Christianity, while on the other hand we will also rejoice in seeing in one place the spectrum of people who are now included in this Christian tradition. There are few Christian traditions which can claim this kind of diversity and which give expression to it in a "world" conference.

While some of the racial descriptions in a well-known Sunday school chorus are not in current use, the overall thought contained in the following lines is nicely applicable to next year's Mennonite World Conference: *Jesus loves the little children, all the children of the world; red and yellow, black and white, all are precious in His sight.*

-- ELU

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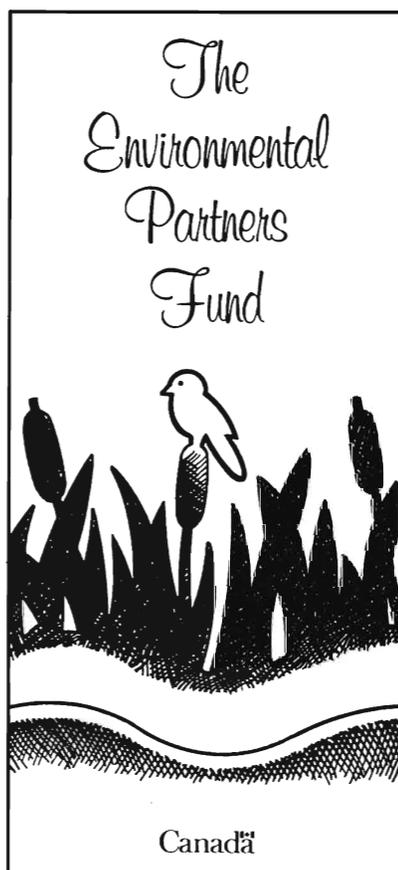
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