

# *Mennonite* MIRROR

volume 19 / number 9 / may, 1990



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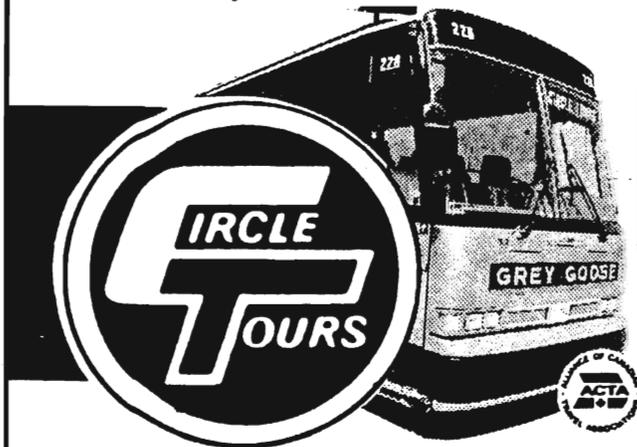
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## ForeWord

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As another summer opens, this edition provides another range of material for your reading enjoyment.

Camping is something that comes with summer, and we generally see it as the healthy activity it is. In our opening article, Alice Schmidt, describes her camping experience, and its not the kind you would expect.

For the past five months the Mirror has been setting its own type in the basement of the managing editor's home. Modern day electronic technology, specifically, the personal computer and low cost laser printers, make it practical to do it this way. Ed Unrau describes his experience with the computers and traces the way technology has changed the way he works.

Every home has its box of memories; that is, a collection of objects that have meanings specific to the family concerned. While they recall past events, they are usually a reminder of an time we can no longer return to. Nan Doerksen describes a box left by her father and the memories of family life past.

The world conference is only weeks away. Any review of the daily program is impressive. If you are thinking of missing it, you will forever regret it. An article inside gives an overview.

Moving to another province, in this case, B.C., appears to be irresistible largely because there appear to be compelling reasons to do so. In this issue, our writer from the west examines a typical case of how the grass looks greener, and then fades on the other side of the mountains.

In the story, The Second Coming, by Edith Klassen looks at how an "end times" teaching can have an unintended side effect.

In Observed this month, Roy Vogt takes us from Winnipeg, to Edmonton, and Greece, and back. And in his usual inimitable style, brings us some thoughts along the way.

After two items in German and Low German, this issue closes with an Our Word that describes some of the tough choices editors must make.

**The cover:** Most views of the forks are toward the river, this one turns it around and looks toward the city centre.



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#### Mennonite Mirror

**Publisher:** Roy Vogt **Editor:** Ruth Vogt  
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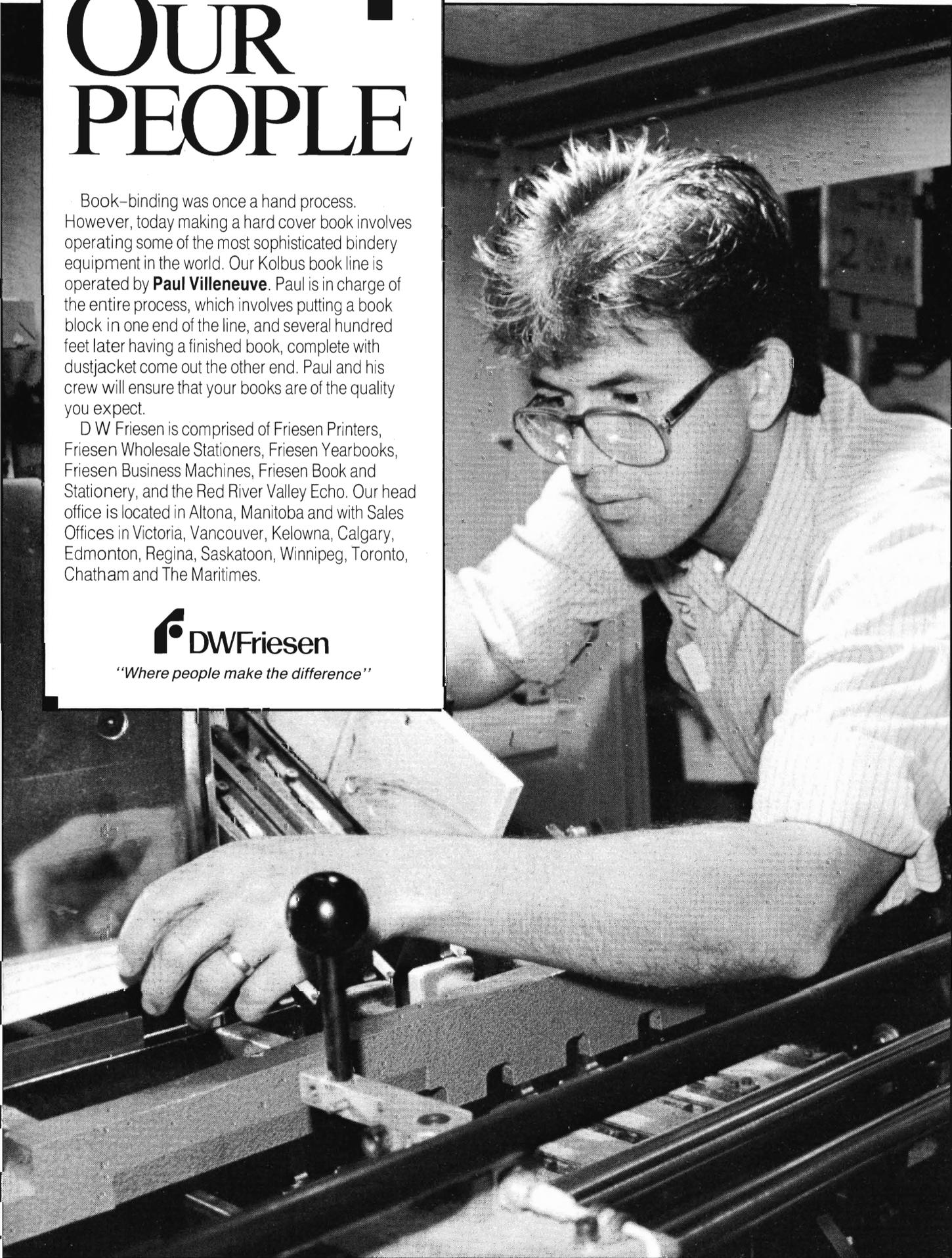
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# *Days at camp where limitations don't dampen the spirit for enjoyment*

by Alice Schmidt

The Scanlon Creek Conservation Area 50 kilometres north of Toronto is a beautiful place. A square mile of woodlots and open fields, with a living centre that is wheel-chair accessible, it is ideally suited for the Ontario March of Dimes camping program which runs there for four or five weeks each summer.

My friend Margaret and I have had a leisurely drive cross-country before we drive up to the centre, past a mounted mill-stone which reminds of an earlier era. We are greeted by two friendly fresh-faced young men who help untie my stretcher from the roof-carrier, lift me onto it and take me with my luggage to meet some of the staff and to see my room. Then I join the others on the patio. Name tags for 25 campers and 20 staff are helpful! Gradually all have arrived and we have a barbecue, and later a camp-fire.

There is no damper on the spirit that prevails here, even though many of the campers are severely handicapped. Jim, in a wheelchair, is poorly co-ordinated and looks not unlike Jimmy Durante. By co-incidence we have four Dans in camp, and Jim, at the slightest provocation, bursts into deep-throated strains of "Oh Danny Boy," followed by equally bass-level laughter. He probably has more fun, and generates more merriment than anyone during the entire camping period. Peggy communicates only with eye movement, and the staff 'listen' to her with touching patience. Frank zooms around in an electric wheelchair equipped with a siren which he delights in setting off and waiting for a staff member to dash

up and squelch. And there is Kevin, a good-looking and altogether amiable young man, who has left-side paralysis and a slight speech impediment. Ten years ago his car was hit by a train. Years in hospital and rigorous rehabilitation have made it possible for him to live in a group home. His girlfriend, less handicapped and obviously devoted, is also a camper. She wears a T-shirt with the motto "Tears Are Not Enough."

## **The staff**

The staff is recruited from high schools and universities. These highly motivated young people undergo a week of strenuous training at Sudbury, where March of Dimes operates a camp all summer. Dan R. (one of the four) was a van driver for us last year, and has returned as camp director. He will be studying medicine, and already I can see him in a white intern suit. Mary also is a returnee, program director this year. Her size -- Mary is a dwarf -- does not hinder her full participation in all shared duties. She stands on a box to make announcements, or to feed campers. The programs she has arranged show a lot of imagination. There are 'out' trips almost every day, and I am delighted to be able to go on a 2 1/2 hour cruise on Georgian Bay, as well as to the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto. Others go to Canada's Wonderland, Variety Village, Ontario Place for a pop concert, and shopping.

During the past few years the staff has included members of "high visibility" minorities, and I can't think of a more suitable environment to enhance race relations. I lose my heart to Amiya, a small, agile, and very handsome 18-year-old Hindu, who is obvi-

ously enjoying himself. Like four or five others this year, he hails from the Maritimes, and when I ask him how he came to apply for the job, he says that he phoned Toronto in response to an ad at his school. "They just said "You're hired." "Wasn't that risk?" I tease. "How did they know you weren't a gangster or something?" "I guess they were desperate," he laughs. But he admits he had to furnish references. Lillian, the willowy redhead assigned to look after me, confides her growing attachment to one of the staff boys. The attraction is obviously mutual, and it is interesting to watch these two fall in love. Such summer romances are as inevitable as they are short-lived, although a few I've known over the years have lasted.

Sunday is a much-needed 'sleep-in' day, and we are served a delicious Chinese brunch at 10:30. In the afternoon about 15 of us gather for a brief worship service. In these surroundings it is simple and moving. The weather for the entire ten days is perfect. The closest we get to rain is one early evening when a dark sky in the east is decorated by the setting sun with the most splendid rainbow I have ever seen.

## **Seeing nature**

One of my pure pleasures is when Dan W., resident biologist and manager of the conservation area, loads us on a wagon and drives us by tractor across fields, through the woods and down to the creek. He dips small creatures out of the water to show us -- tiny fish, snails, water beetles -- and when we go to the swimming area I watch several kingfishers chasing each other along the opposite bank. My bird-watching interest is given full scope here, and I man-

age to see almost 30 varieties during the ten days.

#### Farewell dance

On the last evening there is always a banquet and dance. Dance? Well, the first time I saw it I too thought everyone had taken leave of their senses. But this is many years later. One of the aims of such camping is to allow the disabled to take part in activities otherwise barred to them. First comes a sumptuous meal, Hawaiian style. I am asked to say grace, and do so as briefly, sincerely and non-denominationally as possible. The chorus of 'amens' which echoes mine comes as a surprise. At 8 o'clock a small band and vocalist arrives, and begins playing. Soon, campers in wheel-chairs are being twirl-

ed, or those who can stand but not really dance are held and swayed gently to the music. Jim is taken to the mike and permitted to sing a few bars of "Danny Boy," to his own and everyone's delight. Then the vocalist sings the sentimental ballad with surprising style and feeling. Amiya gallantly offers me a dance. I plead old age. "You're not too old for **nothin'**" he says emphatically. "When somebody else is doing the work, how can you be too old?" We agree to 'sit this one out.'

Departure day. Breakfast is over and the luggage is packed. My friend Dave arrives to drive me home, and we have a chatty comfortable trip, (except for a short distance in the Toronto area where someone could have walked beside us as the traffic crawled.) It is

good to be back. I have missed the Home staff and residents-and my foam mattress. But I know that the images of the past ten days will roll like a motion picture across my inner eye for weeks to come.

*Alice Schmidt is "almost a senior citizen" who contracted polio at age 14 and has not been able to walk since that time. She now resides at the United Mennonite Home in Vineland. mm*

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# An example of how electronic technology lets me do more, faster, and for less cost

by Ed Unrau

It once took a huge steel machine about the size of a Volkswagen "Beetle" to set type for printing. Today I can do it at home on equipment I could likely fit into the tiny trunk of that same car.

In fact, I have been typesetting the *Mennonite Mirror* in my home for the past five months. Where I once allowed at a week, and usually more, of "typesetting time," I am now familiar enough with the computer program so it only takes a few short hours.

This change in technology has occurred within the past 15 years.

Many words have been written (and typeset) on the effects of technological change, particularly on how those changes affected working people. In my mind it was always someone else's job that was affected by new technology.

Until this article, I never thought

about how electronic technology changed the way I work. I genuinely believed that technological change affected other people more than it did me. (I should explain that I have a "regular" job in public relations in addition to the *Mirror*, so I use electronic technology in both my employment and for this magazine.)

## Never noticed

The only way I can explain why I never noticed the effects of changing technology is that I was a willing and avid participant in the changes -- I saw them as improvements to my work. When I first came in contact with printing technology as a youthful copyboy at the *Winnipeg Free Press* in 1963, the Linotype machine was the industry standard for setting type. It was a huge, clanking machine with a rather byzantine

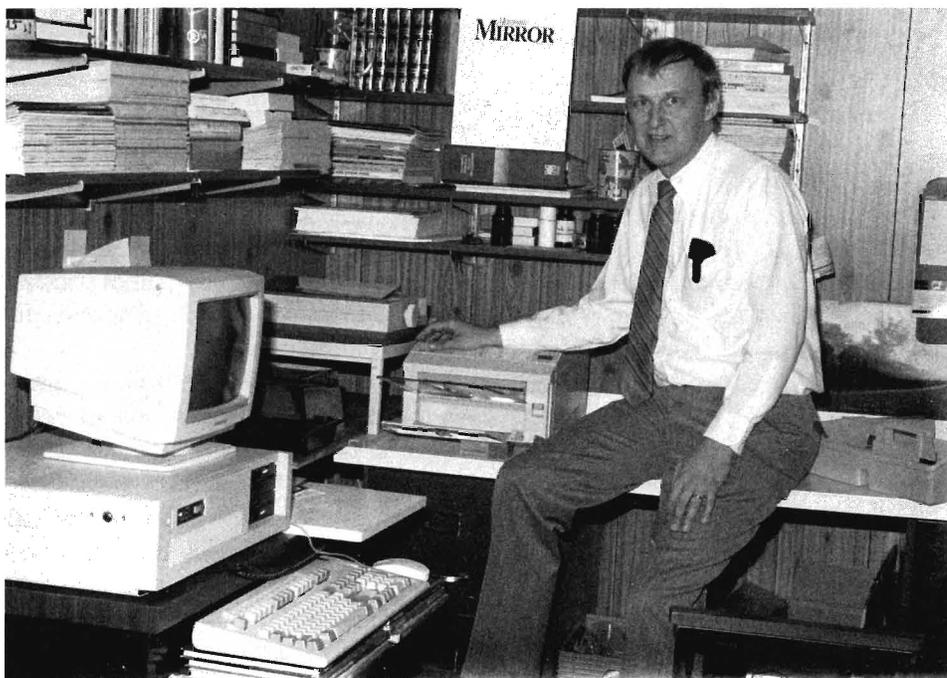
keyboard that bore no resemblance to the key arrangement of a typewriter. A skilled operator could set around 10 lines of newspaper type a minute. Because it melted a lead alloy to cast the lines of letters, it was a hot and somewhat dangerous machine that dwarfed the operator.

Typesetting speed increased -- to about 16 lines a minute -- when the text was first recorded on perforated tape at a standard keyboard.

The next major advance, but one which did not affect the way I wrote and edited copy, was phototypesetting. This was a much smaller and cleaner machine than the Linotype machine. The productivity of a single operator increased many times over what was possible on Linotype.

These phototypesetters were really wonderful electronic devices. From a standard typewriter keyboard, font sizes from 6 points (news paper classified advertising type) to 216 points (two inches) and more were possible. In a few short years they swept the industry and the Linotype became the Dinosaur of the printing business.

I should say that this swift switch to phototypesetting coincided with another change in printing, and that was the move to offset printing rather than letterpress printing. In the latter process, the image was transferred to the paper from an inked raised surface (like a rubber stamp). The Linotype machine cast such raised letters in molten metal in complete lines, hence the name. Offset printing is a much more complicated process in that it uses photographic processes to produce flat printing surfaces that hold or reject ink in accordance with the image that is to be printed, but it is also an improvement in quality and opens the door to



*MM managing editor, Ed Unrau, with electronic equipment it now takes to set type for the Mirror.*

much greater versatility. For example, setting type for offset printing can be as simple as "typing" it on clean white paper with a new typewriter ribbon.

### **Small size, big results**

Now, microcomputers (whether Apple, IBM, and their numerous clones) combined with desktop publishing software make it even easier to set type. For example, it took me about two hours to write this article, but less than 10 minutes to set the type you see on this page.

In short, the electronic technology lets me do more things better and faster on less space than a kitchen table in the basement of my home.

I should point out that while "desktop publishing" is a major player in the print business, it is best used for low volume, low budget tasks. There is still a place for the quality of phototypesetting provided by large printing establishments for "prestige" publications.

Those of you who have worked or "played" with wordprocessing and desktop publishing software know what marvellous things you can do. If your knowledge is limited, the following description will give you some idea of its wonders.

Writing is so much easier. In the "old" days I sat at a typewriter, and never managed to end up with "clean" copy -- that is text without using "xx" marks to cross out words or writing in changes. Wordprocessing lets me insert and replace text as often as I want and will adjust the lines and paragraphs so its always neat.

Spelling: A powerful spell-check program makes proofreading so much easier -- it's not foolproof but it goes a long way to eliminating those "really dumb" typographical errors.

Typesetting: Once the text is written, the computer software can turn it into what you see on this page in minutes -- how many minutes is determined by how "fast" the computer runs, the kind of printer being used, and my experience with the program.

Drawing lines: Anyone who has ever had to draw lines for printing knows

how hard it is to get them straight and sharp. Publishing software will draw a better line with a lot less pain.

Artwork: The better programs let me "scan" images, then shape and clip them to suit the requirements of the publication, and finally place the picture where it belongs in relation to the text.

There are many variations in the way desktop publishing shops are set up. At the top end are those operations that spend thousands of dollars on each piece of equipment -- on computers with large memories, display screens that give clear full-page views of the project, and on photo-output devices. But these are the shops that earn their living this way.

### **Least expensive alternative**

At the other end of the scale is the "budget operation," the end of the spectrum in which the Mirror resides.

My first acquisition was my microcomputer -- an IBM "clone" with and old "8088" chip inside; this means it runs slowly and has a limited "random access memory" compared to what's on the market now. The next major acquisition was the purchase this past December of the Hewlett-Packard LaserJet IIP printer.

Each edition of the Mirror since this past December was set in my basement using a versatile and powerful wordprocessing program, WordPerfect 5.0.

The fact that you can now buy a better computer than mine, the same printer, and the next version of WordPerfect all for around \$5,000 shows how inexpensive this technology is. To give another example, it took less than three editions of the Mirror to recover by way of reduced typesetting charges the \$1,435 purchase price of the LaserJet IIP.

Learning to use this technology has been exciting. I acquired a new vocabulary in which words like "read", "write," "mouse" and "window" acquire entirely new meanings.

The downside is the fact that it continues to improve at less cost. I have had the consistent misfortune of buying a piece of computer equipment just before a price cut or just before more

powerful equipment comes along. For example, about three months after purchasing the IIP, Hewlett-Packard released its Series III that for a mere \$1,000 more is not only more powerful but better suited to setting type for the Mirror.

### **No going back**

I said at the beginning that I always saw "technological change" as something that happened to someone else -- seldom to me. Looking back at my relationship with the Mirror and the developments affecting my "regular" employment in public relations I can see how much things have changed. Only the alphabet has stayed the same.

I participated enthusiastically in each of the changes because I saw how it improved efficiency and productivity --

I could do more things faster, better, and cheaper.

The following illustrates progression of change in another way: when I started work in the newsroom reporters and editors used manual typewriters. Then I changed jobs and began using an electric typewriter. Then, about six years ago, I started using a terminal in my office that linked me to a mainframe computer to write and typeset copy for publications in my public relations office. About three years ago I acquired a microcomputer for my work, and then for my home. The software for has improved so much I can now compose, edit, and set type for printing myself. (I should add that my cedar closet at home has the relics of this progression -- two manual typewriters and one electric. My original personal computer is just outside -- waiting for its turn in the closet?)

There are many definitions of "progress," but in terms of the experiences I have described I will define it as not being able to "go back." Now that I can use a wordprocessing program well to compose my stories on a computer screen, I will never (unless I go with MCC to some remote assignment) be able to write with a typewriter of any kind. I also have no regrets about the changes, but then I have not lost my job to technological change. **mm**

***Q: What do all these writers have in common?***

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# *"We will never go back"*

## Father's tin box holds memories of what was left behind

by Nan Doerksen

Sometimes when I listen to the news it seems to me that half the world's citizens are refugees -- China, Vietnam, El Salvador, Mexico, Sudan, Ethiopia, Lebanon -- the names ring out like stopovers on a round the world trip. Even in Fredericton, this small city, I have met refugees from Iran, Iraq, China, Vietnam, Ethiopia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia.

My parents were refugees. Leaving most of their relatives behind, they fled to Canada, which, reluctantly, accepted them along with several thousand other Mennonites who were leaving Russia in the 1920s. Their ancestors, hemmed in and persecuted by government and religious groups, had migrated from the Netherlands to Germany to Prussia and finally, in what they hoped would be their last move, to Russia during the reign of the Empress Catherine II.

Russia at that time had vast areas of undeveloped land, suitable for farming. Since the Mennonites had by then gained a reputation as excellent farmers and good, if somewhat eccentric, citizens, Catherine extended an invitation to them to settle in her country. In 1788 the first such settlement was begun on the Dnieper River in the Ukraine. This was where my father's family lived and died for many generations. This was home.

### **The tin box**

My father had a brown and yellow tin box with Russian lettering on it which had at one time contained imported cigars. The box, which I still have, is 10 inches long and 6 1/2 inches high and wide with a hinged lid and a carry-

ing handle on top. It is decorated in an intricate geometric pattern with the Russian lettering in the lower, left-hand corner. In the centre of the lid, enclosed in a circle, is a frontal view of a great horned owl sitting on a branch.

In this little casket my father kept the family passports, letters and postcards from relatives, a few old coins and a deed to the land they still owned in Russia. When I was about 10 years of age I removed the official stamp from this deed to add to my newly started stamp collection. When my father discovered what I had done he was, at first, very angry. But soon he said, "What does it matter; the deed is worthless anyway. We'll never go back."

Was that the moment of relinquishment? Had there always been, till then, unspoken and hidden in the unconscious, the tenuous feeling that someday -- when things were again as they once were -- we would go back, move into the village farmhouse my father had inherited from his father and he from his father before that, and carry on the family farm and tradition as though nothing terrible had ever happened to take him away? The fruit trees would burst into blossom, the fields would yield a hundred bushels of the best wheat per acre and the storks would return to build their nest on the roof of the house where they had nested for generations.

I remember the first time my father told me about the storks. I was quite little and had some difficulty visualizing these large birds. Were they bigger than our chickens or our neighbor's turkeys? More like the large, white

pelicans that nested on Turtle Lake where we swam and fished, my father said, but with very long legs. And, not satisfied with nesting on the lake or ground, they built their nests on the roofs of houses, especially on those with thatched roofs.

### **Learning to fly**

Every year, early in the spring, the storks arrived -- huge birds flying in flocks that blotted out the sun. They were thought to bring good fortune to the occupants of the house on which they nested but sometimes they damaged the roofs too, especially when the young ones were learning to fly.

The grown birds would simply jump up into the air and sail off, gently flapping their wide wings, but the young storks had not yet learned to do that. After much noisy encouragement from their parents, the fledglings would rise on their wobbly legs, spread their wings and run across the roof with ungainly hops and jumps, stopping abruptly at the roof edge, digging in to keep from falling over. This would be repeated over and over till, finally, they either fell off and were forced to use their wings or they leaped high enough after the running start to become airborne, as they automatically began to beat their wings.

All of this frenetic activity took its toll on the roof as well as on the nerves of the occupants of the house. Father, as the youngest child of the family, sometimes was commissioned to hurry up the learning process by shooting small stones at the birds with a slingshot. Not to really hurt them; just to

motivate them to get moving. I was horrified to think he would actually have done such a thing and did not forgive him for a long time.

But some years the storks did not come and that bothered the family even more than the damage to the roof. It occurred only twice in my father's lifetime. The first time was when he was five -- almost too young to remember -- but that happened also to be the summer when his mother died.

The second time the storks didn't come was 23 years later, in the spring of 1924. All through that winter my parents, who were in their late twenties then with three young children, debated about whether or not to leave Russia. They had lived through the war years of 1914-18 and survived the terror and uncertainty of the revolution that followed. The worst of the drought and famine that tailed the revolution seemed to be over. Though all of their privileges and most of their possessions had been destroyed they had not given up hope.

#### Deciding to move

Still, many of their friends maintained that the present calm was only temporary and the situation could very well become worse again. They recommended en masse departure now that the possibility of entry into Canada was there. The "open door" policy might soon change again, they argued, as it had in the United States and where would they go if all Western countries refused to take them, should the situation in Russia become worse again. Go now, while you can, the elders advised.

Leaving a country you love is probably the hardest thing anyone is ever asked to do. Going into the unknown, among strangers, knowing you cannot return, is not a decision taken lightly. Even though my parents had lived through famine, seen some of their relatives murdered and raped, had been robbed and beaten, they did not want to leave.

Then my mother became pregnant again. For three months she told no one. It was spring now, early spring,

and for the first time in years there seemed to be purpose in planting. Soft rains brought out the buds on the trees and the one cow and horse they had left could find grass to eat. No one thought of anything but planting now. Taking the three children with her, the youngest still in a basket, my mother worked the soil of the old garden plot, digging in rotted manure, weeding, preparing it for the few seeds they had saved. My oldest brother and sister played beside the basket; too thin and weak to go far they found pebbles and sticks to build farms, sang to the baby, sat in the sun. Their mother, earth mother, digging in peasant skirt and apron, kerchief tied tightly under her chin, was the solid, eternal, pivotal point of the two playing.

Still, every sudden or strange sound made my mother start and look fearfully around, half expecting men in uniform, ragged Tatars on their wild horses, starved women creeping through the hedges.

#### The storks decide

One evening late, long after even the baby was silent in sleep, my parents sat on the verandah facing eastward, watching the full moon. My mother had her guitar which she was strumming softly. She began to sing a song I often heard her sing when I was a child; a German song with a haunting melody suggestive of homelessness, wandering, captivity - the inner yearning which only God can fill -- which always made me feel desperately sad when I heard it. Father, who liked to sing but, unlike most Mennonites, never learned to sing harmony, joined her. The tenor timbre of his voice lifted the cadence of the song, turning it into something brighter, happier.

Suddenly they felt a change in the moonlight, and looking up they saw shadows moving across the face of the moon; dark shadows, not clouds. Puzzled, they watched and listened. They heard the sound of wings beating and the clacking of beaks and they knew it was a flock of storks returning from their winter roosting place. Breathlessly they watched as the storks came

nearer, circling the village, their wingbeats filling the air with motion and sound. The huge birds circled twice, lower and lower, then, quite abruptly, all together and without hesitation, they rose high into the air and flew away out of sight, away from the village.

My parents looked at each other. For a long time they looked into each other's eyes, not saying anything -- but they knew, now they knew beyond the shadow of a doubt, they could not stay.

Next day they stopped all pretence of staying, leaving the fields half-plowed to begin sorting through what remained of their lives to see what could be left behind.

I look at the passport pictures again: my father, with a black, Russian beard, is serious but with a twinkle in his eyes; my mother, her long, brown hair neatly pulled back into a chignon, reflects quiet strength and hope, my brother and sister stare unblinkingly at the camera, their baby faces framed by the intricately crocheted lace collars my mother had made, and Marie -- who died of a congenital heart complication soon after they arrived in Canada and was buried on our homestead on a cold winter day, long before I was born -- is only a name on my mother's passport. My Russian family.

Tenderly, I wrap them in an old linen napkin and replace them in the brown and yellow tin box. mm

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# Assembly 12 Program

Mennonite World Conference  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
July 24-29, 1990



## Tuesday, July 24

**20:00** Opening Worship Service  
*Witnessing to Christ in Today's World*  
Speaker: Ross T. Bender, USA  
Canadian Mass Choir  
Indonesian Choir

## Wednesday, July 25

*Christ, the Light of the World*

**9:00** Singing

**9:30** Morning Session  
Washington Brun, Uruguay  
Rosedale Choir  
Hands for Jesus Choir

Youth Session (European emphasis)

**11:30** Response to Speaker  
Bible Studies  
Life Centres

### Mealtime

**13:00** Workshops

**13:30** Faith & Life Forum  
Working Groups  
Music & Drama  
Youth Concerts

**14:30** Workshops

**15:30** Concerts

**16:00** Justice, Peace and the Integrity  
of Creation (Worship)  
Workshops  
Faith & Life Round Table  
Independent Meetings

### Mealtime

**20:00** Evening Worship  
Toshiko Aratani, Japan  
Zaire Choir  
Oratorio Choir  
Stephen Shank, Drama

**22:00** Late Night Activities

## Thursday, July 26

*Living Christ as Community*

Singing

Morning Session  
Gayle Gerber Koontz, USA  
Mexico Choir

Youth Session (African emphasis)

Response to Speaker  
Bible Studies  
Life Centres

Workshops

Faith & Life Forum  
Working Groups  
Music & Drama  
Youth Concerts

Workshops

Concerts

Solidarity with Women (Worship)  
Workshops  
Faith & Life Round Table  
Independent Meetings

Evening Worship  
James Pankratz, Canada  
Mass Children's Choir  
Menno Singers

Late Night Activities

## Friday, July 27

*Following Christ as Disciples*

Singing

Morning Session  
Nzash U. Lumeya, Cen. African Rep.  
Christopher Dock Handbell Choir  
Indonesia Choir

Youth Session (Latin Am. emphasis)

Response to Speaker  
Bible Studies  
Life Centres

Workshops

Faith & Life Forum  
Working Groups  
Music & Drama  
Youth Concerts

Workshops

Concerts

World Mission (Worship)  
Workshops  
Faith & Life Round Table  
Independent Meetings

Evening Worship  
Leonor de Mendez, Guatemala  
Mass Male Choir  
Guatemala Children's Choir  
Sauf qui veut, Drama

Late Night Activities

## Saturday, July 28

*Proclaiming Christ as Witnesses*

Singing

Morning Session  
Alle Hoekema, The Netherlands  
Celebration Choir

Youth Session (Asian emphasis)

Response to Speaker  
Bible Studies  
Life Centres

Workshops

Faith & Life Forum  
Working Groups  
Music & Drama  
Youth Concerts

Workshops

Concerts

Christian Unity (Worship)  
Workshops  
Independent Meetings

Evening Worship  
Philip C. Mudenda, Zambia  
Lee Heights Choir  
Danny Plett, Music  
LOGOS Choir

Late Night Activities

## Sunday, July 29

**9:30** Winnipeg Stadium  
*Empowered by the Holy Spirit*  
Closing Worship Service/Communion  
Witnesses from Africa, Asia, Latin America; Youth Mass Choir;  
Youth Discovery Team; Swiss Brass Ensemble

Notes:  
There will be film showings daily from 8:30 to 21:00.  
Children 3-12: Activities from 8:45 to 16:30, Wed.-Sat.  
Ages 13-14: Afternoon recreational activities.  
Life Centres: Five different locations providing for illustrative displays, visiting, interaction, workshops. Visiting/display areas open at 11:30, workshops begin at 13:00.

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## *If you miss MWC you will probably be sorry... look at this program line-up*

Music, drama and the arts will play a prominent role at Assembly 12 of Mennonite World Conference, with dozens of activities scheduled throughout the July 24-29 gathering at Winnipeg.

Every major Assembly session will feature music ensembles. Performing at the evening large-group meetings will be: Tuesday -- a choir from Indonesia and the Assembly 12 Adult Mass Choir; Wednesday -- a choir from Zaire and the Mennonite Oratorio Choir of Canada; Thursday -- the Assembly 12 Children's Choir of Canada and the Menno Singers of Ontario.

Performing on Friday will be the Kansas Mennonite Men's Chorus from the United States, the Assembly 12 Male Choir of Canada and a children's choir from Guatemala. Saturday's music will be provided by the LOGOS Choir of Germany, the Lee Height Gospel Choir of the United States and Danny Plett of Manitoba.

Also on the evening program will be actor Stephen Shank of Belgium and Sauf Qui Veut, a mime group from Quebec.

Music at the morning adult sessions will be provided by the following groups:

Wednesday -- the Rosedale Chorale of Ohio (United States) and Hands for Jesus of Ohio; Thursday -- a choir from Mexico; Friday -- the Christopher Dock Handbell Choir of Pennsylvania and an Indonesian choir; Saturday -- the Celebration Choir of Ontario; Sunday -- the Zaire/North America Youth Discovery Team, the Assembly 12 Youth Choir and the Swiss Brass Ensemble.

Afternoon programming will offer an extensive array of arts and cultural activities.

Hour-long concerts are planned each afternoon at 1:30 and 3:30 p.m. Some of the same ensembles from the mass sessions will provide full-length concerts.

Additional groups slated for afternoon concerts include the Niagara Bet-

hany Ringers and Singers from Ontario, Tapestry, Imagen (a Hispanic band from Alberta,) and the Pacific Mennonite Children's Choir from British Columbia.

The same time format (1:30 and 3:30) will be followed for a series of music recitals by local visiting musicians, professional and amateur. Eight recitals are planned each afternoon, Wednesday through Saturday.

Another afternoon option will be dramas and musicals. These include Trapeze (featuring actor Stephen Shank); "Iemand Als Job" by the Amsterdam Choir of The Netherlands, "Sanctuary" by the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, "Martyrs Mirror" by the Franconia Lancaster Singers, "Crossroads" by Mennonite Collegiate Institute, and drama presentations by the Fresno (California) Pacific College Drama Team, the Canadian Mennonite Bible College Players and Sauf Qui Veut.

Readings will be presented by Sarah Klassen, Jeff Gundy, Al Reimer, Rudy Wiebe, John Ruth, Jean Janzen, Levi Miller, Di Brandt and David Waltner-Toews.

Several art exhibits will be on display throughout the Assembly. These include "Anabaptist Costume Prints" from the 17th century, "Visions of Shalom" by contemporary Mennonite artists, and "The Sharing of Art," prints from Germany given to Mennonite Central Committee in gratitude for post-war aid.

Films will be shown daily from 8:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. These include "The Radicals," "The Reconciliation," "Wir Gedenken der Opfer des Zwanzigsten Jahrhunderts," "Amish: A People of Preservation" and others. Also shown will be a variety of videos on Mennonite themes.

Youth programs will be scheduled in the mornings and late at night. In addition, "Drop In," a youth area, will be offering music and other activities in the afternoons.

The performers will include some of the groups already listed. Others scheduled to perform in youth gatherings include singer Chuck Neufeld of Kansas; the band "Kadesh Oasis" of Niverville; singer Steve Bell of Winnipeg; the "Backroads Band" of Winnipeg; the "Life Forever" band of Kansas; the Indonesia/North America Youth Discovery Team; the Canadian Mennonite Bible College Drama Group; and "Road Less Travelled," a duo from Kansas.

All Assembly 12 drama and music activities will be presented with no additional fee to persons who have fully registered for the Assembly or who have paid a daily registration for that day.

-- David Shelly



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# German learning in a bilingual school

by Will Barmeier

The River East School Division will have reached the senior high level with its English-German bilingual program this fall. Since 1980 students have received instruction in language arts, health, music, art and social studies in German. The courses are based on the provincial curriculum.

Students of the first class are now in grade 9. Language arts and social studies constitute almost 30 per cent of their daily timetable. The program is enriched through special music, drama and field trip experiences. There is also an annual drama production that includes grades 7, 8 and 9 classes.

A further extra-curricular part of the German bilingual program is a three-day immersion camp program during the last week of September, at a wilderness camp where students participate in workshops such as photography, nature studies, woodcraft, drama, volleyball clinics, handicrafts, archery, canoe clinics and a mini-olympics.

The more structured part of the junior high curriculum includes social studies courses such as World Geography in grade 7, History in grade 8 and Canada Today in grade 9. In each grade the students also have to take a German language arts course. As mentioned before, their work in German makes up almost 30 per cent of a student's daily timetable.

Each course corresponds to the provincial social studies curriculum and to the approved textbooks, and publishers have given permission to translate the text into German and adapt the material.

A study tour to Ottawa is planned for Grade 9. SEVEC, the Society for Educational Visits and Exchanges in Canada, agreed to hire a German monitor to arrange for guided visits to the following: Parliament, the Supreme Court, museums and galleries, and the German embassy.

These are only some examples of the things that happen in the German bilingual programs in the River East School Division. In the elementary grades these students take health, social studies, art and music in German.

At present a North American geography course and an enriched literature course are being developed for grade 10 because most students now in grade 9 are planning to continue into high school.

Teaching and learning a language this way is quite an efficient process. The content courses in social studies provide the necessary motivation for the students to learn the language well enough to be able to comprehend the presented information. This reinforcement can be strengthened even more if the language arts classes and social studies classes are coordinated in such a way that the concepts, the vocabulary, or both, in all courses complement each other, it can make it easier and more enjoyable for teachers and students alike.

The students may study a poem about planets, stars or the universe in language arts while the social studies teacher covers the concepts of human activity in the different compartments of a unit called Spaceship Earth. Another example of this coordination between courses would be the study of multiculturalism and discrimination in social studies with the study of related stories in the language arts course.

In conclusion, one can say that teaching a content course in the target language is a powerful teaching tool because it provides the necessary motivation and interest for the language. Learning a new language by this method also prevents or minimizes the feelings of the students that a heritage language is a language of the past. Many of our students come from non-German backgrounds such as The Philippines, Poland and other countries. When teenagers in a large junior high school take pride in addressing their teachers in the target language while many of their English speaking friends stand nearby, then the ice of inhibition and self-consciousness has truly been broken. The acquisition of this language

has then become an academic exercise that is similar to excelling in mathematics or science; accomplishments that most students very readily proclaim among their friends.

The success of the bilingual program is based on the two important pedagogical principles of increased exposure to the target language and relevance of the subject matter. These two factors improve student interest and motivation which in turn create a snowball effect in which the learning process in one program supports the teaching in the other program and vice versa.

Traditional values of second language teaching such as cultural awareness, the joy of learning to learn, the relevance of a second language and the added appreciation of one's own culture are also magnified by this method. It is a process of language acquisition that has become self-motivating for most of our students which includes the additional benefit of learning another required subject at the same time. **mm**

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## WORDS FROM THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS

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by H.W. Friesen

### Some things are transferable, but not friendship, and so surfaces the hidden cost of moving afar

After living in B.C. just over a year the rental truck left for Winnipeg. They returned home.

The previous year's vacation in B.C.'s coastal region was all that any family could hope for: warm days, mosquito-free cool nights, and spectacular mountain scenery. They speculated about the mild B.C. winter which brought them to the obvious conclusion: it would be nice to live here.

A few inquiries brought Dad a job offer at a salary that was high by prairie standards. Optimistic family discussions mellowed any concerns and in an upbeat mood they decided to move west. Sale of their Winnipeg home provided a fractional down payment on a house in the Vancouver suburbs. The rental truck was loaded, farewells were said, and another family joined the flock of prairie refugees in B.C.. Some call them stubblejumpers.

#### The bloom fades

The initial enthusiasm of this adventure faded as new routines were established and the business of living here began. Dad was surprised at the time he now spent travelling. Prairies have open spaces between centres and enable many miles to be travelled quickly. The same amount of time used in travelling here seems to get one nowhere. More time is spent in vehicles: for work, shopping, church, medical needs, recreation, or visiting friends.

Mom had no friends to call or visit and time began to drag; shopping malls which provided enjoyable diversions with friends in Manitoba became tedious when suffered alone in B.C.. Isolation, loneliness, and feelings of root-

lessness set in. There was little to connect them to their prairie past. At the few invitations for coffee everyone was new, conversing was an effort, and the comfortable give and take so natural in their previous life was missing. Friendships, caring relationships, and the casual freedom to phone a friend just to talk had not moved with them.

She longed for the open prairie, for space, for distance from people, for closeness to the right people, and for prairie quietness. They felt hemmed in not by mountains but by the masses of people always in a hurry to somewhere; no one seemed to have time for them.

Constant winter rains became depressing, the heavy dampness dragging down their spirits. A clear sharp nighttime sky was a rarity. Even though they explored parks and mountains together, time dragged in the evenings and on weekends.

The children were not unhappy at school but they missed their friends, learning that new friendships take time. School sports are different here, rugby, field hockey, and soccer are played outdoors during the winter. Lacrosse is a spring and summer sport. Hockey and curling are not as common as on the prairies. The kids spent their first summer back in Manitoba.

On their first day back in B.C., they confronted their parents with their blunt declaration. Months later mother would admit that she liked what the kids said, it rang true, but she had not dared say it. It came as one of those unpolished insightful kid's comments whose astuteness is rarely acknowledged: we don't want to live here anymore. We want to go home. Home is Manitoba.

#### Many come, many go

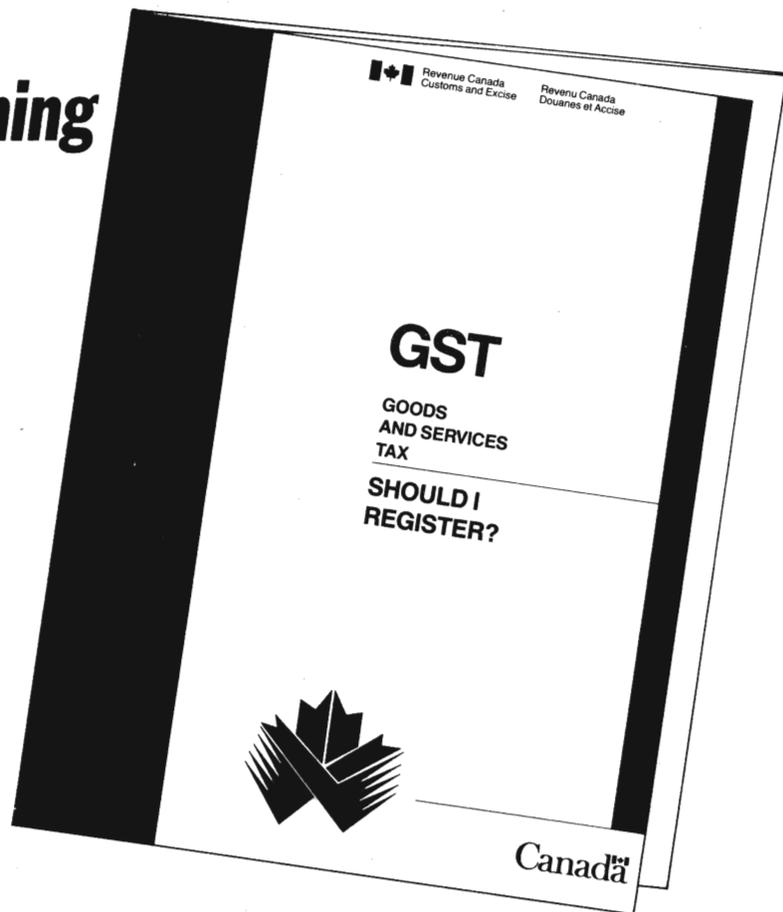
Theirs is not an isolated story. B.C. boasts of the thousands of people from other provinces who move here. Rarely mentioned are the thousands who move AWAY from B.C.. In a recent year over 80,000 moved to B.C. from other Canadian provinces; in the same period almost 50,000 moved out of B.C.. Amazing as it seems, they left B.C. Work, closeness to relatives, escape from winter rains, and the high cost of accommodation are some of the reasons people leave.

Relocating from a prairie city with identifiable boundaries to an unending Vancouver suburb can be traumatic. Involvement and belonging in a community is never easy but it may be more readily attainable in the prairies; it may take years to recapture elsewhere -- different strategies are needed to build community in suburbia. Jobs are transferable, relationships are not. They must be sown, nurtured, and tended for many years. People who leave good friends behind and are unable to make new ones will be unhappy. Churches here have yet to respond appropriately in assisting newcomers adapt to a new congregation let alone their new environment.

The decision to relocate, especially for middle-aged and older people, should not be made lightly; a key consideration should be the availability of close relationships in the new location. Even in B.C. man does not live by mild winters and beautiful scenery alone.

mm

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## REVIEW

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### *A new voice in Mennonite history*

a review by James Urry

For Mennonites the world is people centred. Place is important, but not as important as people. And this peopled world is alive with human sounds: the chatter of voices speaking Low German or English, the shrillness of laughter, the gentle sound of singing.

This book is full of Mennonite people and Mennonite sounds. It is a celebration of a Mennonite family living through good times and bad, facing joy and sorrow.

The family is the family Katherine Martens was born into, grew up in, and eventually moved away from: the Klas-sens of Homewood. At the core of the book are her parents, David and Sarah.

In his time David D. Klassen was a prominent in the Mennonite community. A minister and elder in Manitoba, he was well known for his work in the church, the Mennonite conferences and MCI. But his daughter's account of his life is not the usual Mennonite hagiography of such a figure. Instead it is a strikingly honest portrait of a Mennonite patriarch and leader who, although born and raised in the old order, struggled to come to terms with a rapidly changing world which challenged him in ministry and in family life.

Klassen is seen, and indeed judged, as a person, as a husband and a father, not as an institution of a Mennonite community and congregation. As a person he is often found wanting. But one senses that in writing the author has attempted to come to terms with her father, to exorcise something from her past.

But while the book reveals a coming to terms with a father, it also powerfully narrates the importance of a Mennonite mother. The portrait of Sarah (Heinrichs) Klassen is finely drawn. She is revealed as a woman of indepen-

dent thought who in public subordinated herself to the roles of mother and dutiful wife of a minister, but who in private struggled to assert her own identity and being. She found the role of minister's wife especially hard. Married to a minister and thus to congregation and community, she was the one who had to cope with the farm and the children. In a sense Sarah stands for all those Mennonite women who formed the real inner core of Mennonite faith, but who are so often missing from accounts of Mennonite history.

Thirdly, are the children, conceived, born and raised by these colourful parents who also shaped their lives. The relations of parents, children and siblings in a large Mennonite family are revealed in all their complexity. In such families, peer group structures were important, older children were often more responsible for the socialization of younger brothers or sisters than parents. But the parents are always there: figures of warmth and love, figures of authority and retribution.

Given David and Sarah's characters and their struggles to assert themselves in their own relationship and in a changing world, it is not surprising that in adulthood their children turned out to be just as colourful and complex as their parents. The lives of the brothers and sisters are discussed as honestly as those of the parents.

This book is a testimony to a family, to lives lived to the full, to love and pain, hopes and fears. As a non-Mennonite I found it fascinating, and instructive. There is an authentic voice in this book rarely encountered elsewhere in Mennonite historical writing.

This book is at times painfully private, yet in its revelations deeply insightful. And it is an important contribution to Mennonite history, written by a Mennonite for Mennonites.

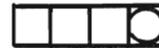
***Katherine Martens, All in a Row: The Klassens of Homewood* (Winnipeg: The Mennonite Literary Society, 1988). 164 pages, \$11. mm**

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## MIRROR MIX-UP

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AMET



AMED



LATED



HOGUT



RAIDY



April showers bring



From the dozen or so entries to the March puzzle, Anne Berge, of Rosenfeld, was selected the winner.

Answers to March are team, merit, lance, least, worse, and smile.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by June 21.

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

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# The Second Coming

by Edith Klassen

The picture that hung on the dining room wall told a story. It was the story of a journey.

Near the bottom of the picture there was a wide open gate welcoming the travellers to enter. Inside was a smooth wide path with many different travellers on it. To the right was a small wooden door that stood open. A candy striped cross with two hands attached to the ends pointed to the doorway and to the wide open gate. Standing at the cross making their choice to take the wide and easy path or the narrow, difficult path, were several people.

Nine-year-old Susanna studied every detail. The wide path was lined with the temptation of gambling houses, theatres and houses with women at the doors seductively beckoning the men to enter. At the end of the path on the top of the picture was the raging fire of hell. Beside the winding path was a man hanging on the cross -- a reminder to those who might be tempted that suffering would lead them to the golden gates of heaven. Separating heaven and hell was the all-seeing eye of God and a brightly coloured rainbow.

Susanna observed the many different people walking along the paths. The women wore long gowns with elaborate sashes and tightly fitted bodices that accentuated their hips and bosoms. Susanna thought they were beautiful. They carried parasols and were escorted by handsome well-dressed men. Why were the women travelling the path to heaven wearing such plain clothing? Why could they not dress nicely too? The picture fascinated Susanna.

Susanna loved to see beauty, but around her, she could not understand why her family and the church that her family belonged to attached so much importance to the intellectual and the spiritual realm of life. She thought that material things were important as well.

She longed to have someone value her need to enjoy material beauty. Her dream was that one day her parents would decide it was more important to have a beautiful flower garden than to go on endless trips to serve the church. In her dreams she imagined a vivid array of colourful flowers surrounding the white farm house she lived in with her family. The house seemed like a mansion to her and she enjoyed playing with her brothers under the plum trees that surrounded the house. When the plums ripened the whole family would join in the task of picking them. The plums were tart, juicy and special. But still, she missed the flowers.

## Dress-up party

The real world Susanna lived in was a rural community in the heart of Manitoba. The one-room school she attended with her friends and brothers and sisters had only one pupil who was not Mennonite. Her name was Beth and she was "English." One hot September day Susanna and her friends had been invited to Beth's birthday party. Her mother had given her permission to wear the special white dress that she had worn to her sister's wedding. Her older sister Mary had just married and she had made a special dress for Susanna so that she could follow the bride down the aisle and hold her veil. She had felt wonderful in her dress on that day, but now as she was returning home from the party, she felt upset because she had stained it with raspberry juice. She hoped her mother would be able to take out the stains. Susanna had enjoyed the party. Beth had a beautiful flower garden and Susanna had felt awed by its beauty.

Birthday parties were not regular happenings in Susanna's community. Such celebrations were considered too vain and frivolous a past-time. So with the excitement of the birthday cake and

candles, the gifts and the party games uppermost in her mind, Susanna hurried along the dusty road clutching her party favours and bursting to tell her brothers and sisters all about it. As she entered her home, she was struck by the silence. Susanna had eight brothers and four sisters, and it was very rare that she would be greeted by silence when she returned home. As she passed through the kitchen, she noticed that the dishes were in the sink. It looked as if her family had left in a hurry. Fear began to gnaw at her. What had happened? Where was everyone? Was there no message that would calm her fears? She checked the kitchen table but there was nothing.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the chiming of her father's favourite clock that hung on the wall in the dining room. It chimed every half hour, as many times as the day or night. Sometimes when it chimed at night, it irritated Susanna, but now the chimes were a relief to her. She began to search the house. She ran up the stairs, looking into every room and closet. She called out, "Mom!" Possibly her mother was asleep in the bedroom, having a late afternoon nap. She had gone to her parent's bedroom for reassurance after a bad dream. Now the room looked cold and empty. She was unable to receive any comfort from it. There was not a sign of another human being. The house was deafeningly still. Every sound that Susanna made echoed through the house.

## More picture details

It was when she walked into the dining room that she again noticed the picture. It was hanging above the large oval oak dining room table. Susanna loved it when her whole family sat around the table enjoying a special meal when one or several of her older brothers and sisters had returned home from school.

There would be lively discussions as they talked excitedly about their friends or complained about their strict and unreasonable teachers. Her father, who sat at the head of the table, listened to them but reminded them that they must respect their teachers.

She looked back at the picture. The eye of God demanded to be noticed. Fear gripped her heart as she thought to herself. It has really happened! Ever since she could remember, she had heard about the "second coming." She had heard about it in Sunday School and from the church pulpit. Her father was considered an "expert" on it. He travelled across Canada explaining the "second coming" to people in the different Mennonite churches. Susanna thought he knew everything about it. She remembered the day she was travelling in her family car with her parents and brothers and sisters and a thunder and lightning storm had developed. As the sky lit up, she felt certain that this must be the "second coming" she had heard about in church. She soon felt calm because she was sure her father would know what to do. He knew everything about it.

#### No doubt

She ran into her father's study. It was called the "sun room" because it had windows all around. Maybe her father would be there reading his books. But no, all she could see were his bookshelves lined with books about the Millennium, the pre-Millennium and the post-Millennium. They called him "The Millennium Preacher." One of his had a special fold-out page. Susanna and her brothers spent many hours gazing at this page. It had a picture of a very tall man, with very long toes. The picture had intrigued her, and she had studied it the way she had studied the people in the picture hanging on the dining room wall. She had wondered about the meaning of it all. Now, it was really true! The pictures that had intrigued her had now become a source of a gripping terror. There was no doubt in her mind. Her parents and brothers and sisters had all been "taken." She alone had been "left be-

hind!"

Why had she so often fought with her sister and told her that she hated her? Why had she not tried harder when her summer Bible school and Sunday school teachers had urged her to become saved? She had never really understood what she was expected to do. She had never known the feeling of joy people claimed to experience when they talked about their souls being saved. She had always felt sure that when the time came, her father would know what to do. Now he was not there. Surely, she was being punished.

Terror grew into panic. What should she do? Without thinking, she ran out of the house and to the neighbour's farm yard, a half mile from her home. Maybe someone there had been "left behind" as well. She would not be the only one on this earth after all. As she retraced her steps on the dusty country road, a truck carrying a load of grain passed her. What a relief to see another human being! It did not entirely calm her fears though.

On the neighbour's yard, she sensed that life was going on as usual. She began to wonder how she would explain her distress. She had never heard anyone admit to being afraid that they might be "left behind." If she told her neighbours about her terrifying experience, would they understand? Would they laugh at her? She did not have to worry for long. Just as she arrived at the neighbour's yard she saw the family car pass by on the road to her home. An overwhelming sense of relief flooded over her. It was marred only by the worry. How would she explain the panic she had just experienced? Perhaps she would just tell her parents. She was sure her brothers and sisters would laugh at her.

#### Further fears?

As she set out on the country road once again to return home, it was becoming dusk. Susanna wondered what she would have to do to avoid the fear of being "left behind" again. Would she have to give up something she enjoyed in order not to risk being "left behind"? Why would it be wrong to enjoy things

that she felt good about? She loved it when her sisters Mary and Tina undid her long blonde braids and rolled her hair in rags to make beautiful ringlets. She felt a wonderful sense of excitement when her oldest brother Henry gently teased her and introduced her to his friends as his pretty sister. Was this vain and wrong? How could it be? Was it a sin to wish that her parents would attach more importance to making a flower garden than to church work? Surely there must be more sinful things that people did and thought about that would give reason for them to be "left behind."

When she arrived home, she learned that the family had been out picking Saskatoon berries and that they had their own stories to tell. She joined them in the task of preparing the berries for the winter and listened quietly to the family's animated chatter about the berry picking. She almost wished she had not missed this experience. Berry picking was fun, especially when she could eat as many berries as she wanted. As she sorted through them, she popped the odd one in her mouth, and felt grateful that she could enjoy the taste. The story about the birthday party that she was bursting to tell her brothers and sisters had faded into her memory. She was content to be with her family and to feel safe again.

*Edith Klassen grew up in a large family in southern Manitoba, in a Mennonite community. She presently lives in Toronto, is a Registered Nurse working in the field of Mental Health and in part-time studies at York University. She is the mother of three grown children.*

*mm*

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## OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

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by Roy Vogt



### Living on the edge: a tale of waterslides, grandparents, and how children persuade

A song that can easily bring tears to my eyes, especially when sung late at night with a group of good friends, is the German folk song, Schoen ist die Jugend, Sie kommt nicht mehr. (How beautiful was our youth, never to return). We all have times when we long to return to the good days of our youth (conveniently forgetting, of course, the many bad days). While we can never recapture those days, spending a few days with one's children, and grandchildren, as we did in April, may result in some welcome reminders.

Four days in the home of two energetic parents, and four extremely energetic grandchildren, makes one marvel at the sheer amount of human energy that youth has to expend. They have, of course, a whole world to explore. For one day we almost manage to keep pace with them. We spend this day in the huge indoor waterpark at the West Edmonton Mall, where Oma and Opa are immediately challenged to go down the most daring waterslides, some of which start at the ceiling of the park and woosh down to ground level. We take up the challenge. Since my wife is by nature very daring (after all, she married me) I always have her go down first, to make a safety check, so to speak.

After several slides Oma decides to watch the smallest children in the wading pool, while Opa takes up his daughter's dare to go down the most death-defying slide of all, a slide that goes down almost vertically from the ceiling to a pool hundreds of feet below. As I walk slowly up the numerous

flights of stairs to where the slide begins I ask myself several times why, exactly, I am doing this. I tell myself that 10 years from now I will likely be too frail, and wise, to make the attempt. Better now than never, to coin a new cliché. When I get to the top, having met several people en route who are walking back down instead of sliding down, I make the mistake of looking down to where tiny people are standing by the pool waiting to greet the intrepid (or foolish) sliders. The bottom of the slide seems to be a mile away, **straight down**. For a moment I have an overwhelming desire to run, but then I see a 10-year old fellow begin the plunge and my courage returns.

Before I sit down on top of the slide I note a warning sign which reads: "People with infirmities, or women carrying a child should not attempt this ride." The sign says nothing about "timid academics" being barred, so I must go on with my fate. As I finally sit down a young female attendant shouts two instructions to me: "lie back with your arms folded over your chest, and cross your legs."

Unfortunately, while I hear both commands I comprehend only the first. I lie back with arms folded over my chest, but do not cross my legs. Then down I go. Well, at least part of me goes down; my heart and stomach hover somewhere in space. I fall straight down, like a parachutist out of a plane. There is water flowing down the slide, to ease the friction and increase my speed, but since I am moving faster than the water it shoots back up my body, through the bathing suit and over

my face. Too late I sense the wisdom of keeping one's legs crossed. I am sure that the suit will come whipping over my head, adding shame to my terror. Fortunately the top half of my body remains intact and prevents that from happening. Before I can even catch my breathe I reach the bottom in a blaze of glory, hurtling into the pool with legs akimbo. My wife, who has come to watch, is too polite to laugh. A strange bystander without such inhibitions greets me with a big chuckle and congratulates me on "a most dramatic performance." He then adds unhelpfully, "I hope you won't find it too difficult to peel off your swimsuit later."

**The next day**, for some strange reason, both my wife and I are somewhat indisposed. This gives us a chance to lie in bed a few extra hours and listen to the sounds of a busy household. One should not listen in to the unguarded words of others, but that is how some of the most interesting things in life are learned. We discover that each generation of children desires things of which the parents do not approve, and the children have the sneakiest ways of getting what they want.

When we were children in Steinbach most of my friends were not allowed to buy or read comic books. My parents allowed us to have them, so our friends came to our place to read them. Today's children already have comic books, TVs and even VCR's, so now the rage is to get a Nintendo set.

Our grandchildren are told that they can't have one, because they'll spend all their time with it. All the arguments of

the oldest grandson are in vain, till he comes home and says to his mother, "If you should die, mother, I would like to go and live with Michael -- because he has Nintendo." This reminds me of how cruelly, in my childhood, I once discussed with a good friend the desirability of my mother and his father dying, so that my father could marry his mother. Why? Because they owned a bakery and his mother made the most delicious donuts. I loved my mother, but in the fantasy of children Nintendos and donuts can sometimes get the upper hand.

I have the feeling that somewhere in Edmonton this coming Christmas Santa will come with Nintendo, and all his reindeers.

**The sounds of a home filled with children** also remind me of the many futile but necessary gestures with which our life is filled. For example, one hears the mother saying to the child, "You won't do that again, will you?" The child promises solemnly never to do it, but mother, child, and the curious onlooker all know that the promise will be broken a thousand times. Still, of such sincere but futile gestures mature lives are ultimately built. God obviously indulged in some humour when making us.

Greece is a long way from Edmonton or Winnipeg, but that is where we find ourselves in early May: the fulfillment of a lifetime dream. After university examinations are over, and my wife has completed her teaching course with adult immigrants, we find it possible to fly to Greece for two weeks. We are not mixing business with pleasure: this is meant to be pure pleasure, consisting of eating, sleeping, and discovery.

On the Saturday morning of our departure from Winnipeg it is snowing and unseasonably cold. We feel sorry for our fellow Manitobans, but our leaving is made even more pleasurable. By Sunday at noon we are sitting on the balcony of our Athens hotel room, breathing in the warm air and gazing at the famous Acropolis. We have three days in Athens, time enough to explore

the Acropolis, with its Parthenon, and the nearby hill of the Aereopagus, where Paul preached to the Athenians. We also enjoy the shopping and the many restaurants in the market area called the Plaka. On a one-day cruise to several of the islands around Athens I feel so relaxed that I lean back on the ships's railing and promptly fall asleep. Unfortunately, by the time I wake up the sun has done a good job on my protruding nose. During the rest of our stay in Greece we draw stares from passersby, as my nose lights the way ahead of us.

**From Athens** we fly to the island of Rhodes, near the Turkish coast, for a five-day visit. Our room looks over the Aegean Sea and a beautiful but stony beach where people sun bathe in much less clothing than we are used to. The experience is more humorous than sensuous. People do come in all kinds of shapes! My wife and I keep in shape by walking almost every day to the beautiful medieval town of Rhodes, which is three miles from our hotel. This town resembles Dubrovnik, the fortified Yugoslavian town, but it is considerably larger and even more interesting. Everywhere there are Greek entrepreneurs, trying to lure you into their leather or jewelry stores. "Are you Scandinavian?" we are often asked. When we say that we are from Canada they reply, "Even better! Canada is a wonderful country. Come into my shop and we will drink an ouzo in honor of your country." We go into one of the leather shops and I emerge half an hour later with a leather jacket, which I had thought I would buy in the next few years but which suddenly seems very attractive and affordable.

On another day my wife and I are standing at the bus stop in front of our hotel, planning to take the bus to the ancient Greek city of Lindos, about 30 miles away. An enterprising taxi driver stops and asks our plans. He then offers to take us to Lindos at a fairly reasonable rate. We take up his offer, and zoom to our destination (Greek taxis only zoom). On the way the driver suddenly pulls up at a ceramics work-

shop, to introduce us to one of his friends. We are actually given an interesting tour of the workshop, and of course (knowing well that this is all part of a plan, and part of the taxi driver's earnings) end up buying a beautiful hand-made vase. We meet mostly German and English tourists. Apparently North Americans spend most of their time on cruise ships, while the Germans and the English roam over the countryside. The Germans are regarded as the hardest bargainers. We Canadians are prized for our innocence.

**Our final destination** in Greece is the island of Santorini, where for six days we do find the promised peace (the island is named after St. Irene, or the Saint of Peace). This is undoubtedly the most beautifully haunting physical landscape that we have ever seen. We are glad that our children in the U.S., who were here before, and Kirsten and her colleagues in the travel office, talked us into going here. A number of volcanic eruptions over the last two thousand years have given the island its unique crescent shape and its sheer black cliffs. We spend several evenings just watching the setting sun change the color of the white buildings which cling precariously to the cliff below the town of Thira. Our hotel is in a quieter place in the village of Kamari, from which we take expeditions to several ancient mountain-top monasteries and temples, and to the famous Minoan excavations at Akrotiri. The evenings are rounded out by delicious late meals in different Greek restaurants.

**We return** to Manitoba in mid-May, dismayed to find that warmer weather has not yet arrived, but exhilarated by a truly unforgettable experience. The warm sun of Greece, the austere beauty of its islands, and the friendliness of its people will always remain with us.  
mm

## MANITOBA NEWS

Henry Enns has been appointed director of development of **Bethania Personal Care Homes**. He is presently vice-chair of the Board and chair of its finance committee. He has been a member of the Bethania board for the past six years. He and his wife Helen are members of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Founded in 1945, Bethania has operated continuously as a nursing home ever since that time. In 1970 it moved to East Kildonan, next door to Concordia Hospital. In 1987, 50 new rooms were added, and in 1988 construction was started on a 53-suite low rental apartment block connected to Bethania and designed for people wishing to live independently. In late 1988, Bethania purchased an existing 75 suite apartment building at 426 Kingsford Avenue, with the intention of converting it to seniors housing. It is planned that these renovations will be completed during 1990.

**Winnipeg Habitat for Humanity**, part of a worldwide, ecumenical, Christian non-profit housing ministry, will be constructing six new homes in Winnipeg during the summer. The first three will be built

during a week-long work camp starting Saturday, July 14. Three more will be built on an extended schedule during September, October and November. The elected families buy their homes with a no-profit, interest-free loan and make their "down payment" by putting in 500 hours of work, side by side with volunteers at the construction site. This year's six houses will be part of what eventually will be a 16 house Habitat community in the North Point Douglas area. People can help in the work of Habitat by volunteering skilled or unskilled labour, by contributing materials or money, by becoming a member of Habitat, or by appointing a Habitat contact person or team in their congregation. For information write or call: Winnipeg Habitat for Humanity, 181 Church Avenue, Winnipeg, R2W 1S6; telephone 589-5371.

**Armin Martens** has been elected as a member of the provincial board of the German-Canadian Congress. He is vice-president of Mar-West Management Ltd. Also selected was **Barbara Funk**, manager and part owner of Ellice Meat Market for the past 13 years.

Business men **John Buhler** of Farm King Allied Inc., and **Charles Loewen**, president of Loewen Windows, were honoured as "superstars" at the New Business Show for the 90s in mid-April.

**Rosemary Joy Siemens** received the silver medal for strings from the Toronto Royal Conservatory of Music for obtaining the highest mark in the province in the Grade Four violin examination. She is the daughter of Jack and Mary Siemens of Plum Coulee.

**D.W. Friesen and Sons Ltd.** of Altona was included in the book, **The Financial Post 100 Best Companies to Work for in Canada**. It gets an excellent ranking for the satisfaction and very good in three other categories relating to how staff are dealt with as individuals.

**Henry Engbrecht** has resigned as conductor of the Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir after 15 years in that position. Henry teaches at the University of Manitoba, conducts the University Singers and the University Women's Choir. Next season, the Philharmonic will be conducted by **Gary Froese**.

**Ed and Norilynn Epp**, MCC country representatives from Lebanon, have moved to Linassol, Cyprus. The Epps are members of Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. They had been living in Jordan and planned to move to Lebanon, but were prevented by instability. They will work half-time for Middle East Council of Churches, as well as guide MCC work in Lebanon.

**Albert and Lorna Baerg** have resigned from the senior pastorate of the Portage Avenue MB Church, effective mid-August, after serving four years. **Tom and Mary Jane Koop**, also resigned from the associate pastorate, after serving four years.



*A habitat work crew raises a wall.*

**Bill and Carol Lehman** have resigned from the Steinbach MB church, effective this summer. The new associate pastor couple in the church are **Dan and Sandy Thiessen**.

**Gerhard Ens** has been reappointed as editor of **Der Bote**.

A fire early Good Friday morning destroyed two Niverville businesses, causing total damages estimated to be in excess of \$1 million. Destroyed in the fire was **Wiens Furniture Village**, one of the community's oldest businesses, and **Hanover Bearing and Automotive Supply**. The furniture store had been in the same family for three generations, and was a major drawing card for customers to the village.

**Grace Mennonite Church** in Winkler was received as a member of the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba in March.

**Charlotte Siemens** and her husband, **Jon Nofziger**, will begin a three-year voluntary service assignment in Boako, Nicaragua, beginning in August. Charlotte recently resigned as associate director/Canada for Mennonite Voluntary Service.

#### COMING EVENTS

**June 10:** Saengerfest, 10:45 a.m., worship; 2 p.m., concert; Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna.

**July 20-22:** Centennial Homecoming, Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna; registration information 327 5891.

De Plautdietsche Jesallschoft  
presents an afternoon of

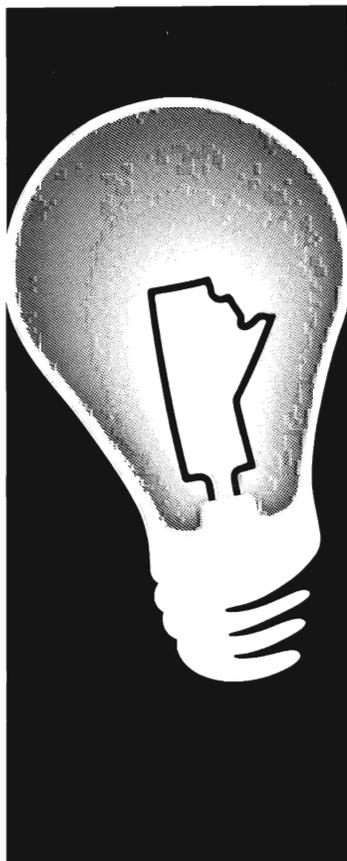
#### LOW GERMAN ENTERTAINMENT

Sunday, July 29  
Centennial Concert Hall  
550 Main Street  
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**Tickets:** Fellowship Book Centres at 3111 Portage Avenue, 885 3407, and 1751 Pembina Highway, 453 4919, and Covenant Book Store, 1795 Henderson Highway, 338 7983.

Tickets may be ordered by mail from Peter Suderman, 91 Chancery Bay, Winnipeg, R2N 2R3.



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4) U.S.S.R. TOUR: October 4-21  
HOST: LAWRENCE KLIPPENSTEIN  
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5) China: September 30-October 19  
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6) Middle East: December 21 to January 6  
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## THE POETS' WORD

### MR. EDIGER

Tall-stemmed Volksdeutscher Wheat farmer with his father in a Ukraine collective because Stalin closed the borders in 1929 A year after German troop carriers arrived he carried back to his fatherland love of honor, uniforms, overweight guard dogs, and slow-reading like Hitler's, whose white lips caressed running titles page after page of Der Deutsche Mensch in his final bunkered weeks beneath Berlin when the Russians caught up with Mr. Ediger. They freed him a few years later to leave with wife for Canada and catch the Canadian National Railroad west. Father hired him in May to help hoe our berries because the soil was harder than ever We were taking violin lessons and playing in the orchestra with blistered hands.

With the war over Royal Canadian Air Force flyers showed their stuff P51s in dogfights overhead, and they bombed the dyke with sacks of flour Mr. Ediger shook his hoe like a sword not at the planes per se but as if to cut off our words and fingers so that he could probe further the politics of our parents "Hitler was a great man, a simple man who did his best, and all the rest is Jewish propaganda -- the only Jews who died deserved to" And we boys mortared him with granite hard clods of earth when he wasn't looking wishing that the incoming were 100-pound sacks of flour -- Maple Leaf -- northern hard wheat -- number one grade to whiten his Aryanism and pathogenetic eyes His wife wailed at mustangs snap-rolling out of the sun's rings and screaming down through treetops, packed her son and screamed her lower pitched way to the outhouse, a two-holer, to protect her child from the allied raids.

Bombs of white blossomed among poplars lining the dyke as our peaceable father received our reports without a word surveyed the battle on all sides from atop his coughing Massey-Harris tractor stepped down stiff backed to his heels walked head down in step with us and berry cane in hand and sacked Mr. Ediger.

-- Leonard Neufelt

*Leonard Neufeldt teaches English at Purdue University in Indiana. This poem is from a recent collection called, Rasberrying.*

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## *Banff -- Jasper*

Linie und Ted Friesen

Im vorigen Jahr wurden wir von Bekannten, die wir in Europa kennengelernt hatten, dazu aufgefordert, einen Wanderurlaub zu unternehmen. Wir überlegten es uns, und fanden mehrere Gründe, die uns dazu ermunterten. Wir sind beide relativ gesund. In einer kleiner Entfernung westlich von unserer Heimat liegen Landschaften, die zu den sehenswürdigsten der Welt zählen, nämlich die "Canadian Rockies." Ein grosser Teil der "Rockies" steht unter Regierungsschutz als "National Parks" oder "Provincial Parks." Dieser Schutz sichert die staatliche Verwaltung über Gebrauch und Entwicklung der Gegend. Jedoch gibt es auch im Gebirge weite Wege die sich für das Wandern und Bergsteigen sehr gut eignen.

Die Umgebung ist prächtig und völlig ehrfurchtgebietend. Wir hatten das gute Glück die ganze Woche gutes, klares Wetter geniessen zu können. Banff war unser erster Standort. Von dort aus machten wir uns jeden Morgen auf, unsere vier geplanten Tageswanderungen zu unternehmen.

Die erste Wanderung began am "Lake Louise" und führte uns an "Lake Agnes" und an das "Lower Beehive Lookout." Die gesamte Strecke ist zirka acht Kilometer lang, die Wanderung dauert fünf bis sechs Stunden. Man gewinnt eine Höhe von 1400 Fuss, und der Höhepunkt auf dem "Lower Beehive" misst 6900 Fuss. Prächtige Aussichten des "Victoria Glaciers," des "Lake Louise" und des "Chateau." Am "Mirror Lake" gibt es ein Teehaus wo man sich erfrischen kann. Auf einer früheren Reise hatten

wir die Wanderung an das "Plain-of-the-Six Glaciers" gemacht, welche den Wanderer um "Lake Louise" hinauf zum Teehaus am Fuss des "Victoria Glaciers" bringt. Diese Wanderung ist ungefähr neun Meilen lang, und dauert sieben Stunden. Der Höhengewinn ist 1300 Fuss, der Höhepunkt ist 7000 Fuss.

Unsere nächste Wanderung führte uns in die "Moraine Lake" Gegend. Diese Gegend ist auch als "Valley of the Ten Peaks" bekannt und ist, neben dem "Lake Louise," eine der prächtigsten Gegenden der "Rocky Mountains." Unsere Wanderung führte uns zum "Lower Consolation Lake," eine Gesamtstrecke von drei Meilen, die ungefähr zwei Stunden dauerte. Wir gewannen eine Höhe von 300 Fuss, der Höhepunkt-6400 Fuss. Grossartiger Blick auf "Moraine Lake."

Unsere nächste Reise ging nach "Yoho National Park." Wir fuhren zu den "Takkaka Falls." Diese sind über 1000 Fuss hoch. Zu dem Zeitpunkt unseres Besuchs waren sie nicht im vollen Schwung, aber sie kamen uns trotzdem prächtig vor. In "Yoho" sind wir um den "Emerald Lake" gewandert. Dieser Wanderweg ist ungefähr drei Meilen lang und bringt uns zurück an den Emerald Lake Lodge wo man sich erfrischen kann.

Am Dienstag, den 12. September, fuhren wir von Banff nach Jasper. Unterwegs hielten wir an mehreren Stellen an, um uns der Aussichten, die sich boten, zu ergötzen. Unsere erste Haltestelle war "Herbert Lake" am Hwy. 93, wo man den Gipfel des Berges in den ruhigen Wassern des Sees

wiedergespiegelt sieht. Unsere nächste Haltestelle war "Peyto Lake." Dieser ist einer der vielen malerischen, türkisfarbenen Seen, die zwischen den Bergen eingebettet liegen. Von hier aus hat man eine gute Aussicht des Gletschers der den See speist.

Nach eines weiteren Stücks erreichten wir die "Columbia Icefields." Auf einem früheren Besuch war es uns, wegen dem Wetter, nicht möglich gewesen auf die Eisfelder hinaufzufahren. Dieses Mal waren die Zustände für einen längeren Aufenthalt ausgezeichnet. Mit einem Bus fährt man hinauf zu den Eisfeldern. Dann steigt man auf einen Schneebus um, der direkt auf den Gletscher fährt. Man kann aussteigen und eine Zeitlang auf dem Eis umherwandern. Es ist interessant die Moräne (die vom Gletscher geformten Steinrücken), die Gletscherspalten und die drei oder vier Gletscher, die die "Columbia Icefields" speisen, zu besichtigen.

Unterwegs nach Jasper hielten wir auch an, um uns die "Suwapta" und "Athabasca Falls" anzusehen. Beide Wasserfälle waren aussergewöhnlich schön.

Unser nächster Standort war Jasper. Von hier aus reisten wir zuerst nach "Mount Robson Provincial Park." Von der Hauptstelle des Parks wanderten wir auf Lake Kinney zu, in der Richtung Mount Robson. Mount Robson ist der höchste Gipfel der "Canadian Rockies"-12,500 Fuss.

Die Wanderung nach Lake Kinney umfasste neun Kilometer und dauerte ungefähr drei Stunden. Unterwegs

sahen wir mehrere wunderschöne Seen, einer davon heisst Moose Lake.

Am letzten Tag unseres Urlaubs, machten wir zwei Wanderungen. Der erste Wanderweg, der am Fuss des "Mount Edith Cavell" beginnt, nennt sich "Path of the Glacier Trail." Dieser Wanderweg brachte uns direkt an den Fuss des Gletschers. Der Gletscher wird "Angel" genannt, da er an die Form eines Körpers mit zwei Flügeln erinnert.

Zuletzt fuhren wir zum "Maligne

Lake" und machten da eine kurze, zwei-kilometerlange Wanderung an einer Seite des Sees. Dieser See, der im Tal zwischen hochragenden Gipfeln eingebettet liegt, ist auch sehr schön. In einer kleinen Entfernung vom See liegt "Maligne Canyon." Stellenweise erreicht diese Schlucht eine Tiefe von 100 Fuss. Sie ist von Wasserströmen geformt worden, die sich durch das Gestein gepresst haben um dann hinunter in den Fluss oder den See zu fließen.

Wir überwandten diese Wanderungen alle relativ mühelos. Obwohl einige Wanderwege recht lang waren, konnte man sich ein bequemes Tempo angeben, damit man nicht zu sehr ermüdete. Am ersten Tag unserer Wanderungen waren wir ziemlich erschöpft, aber wir gewöhnten uns sehr bald an das Wandern.

Wir empfehlen allen Lesern diesen Urlaub. mm

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## SCHEENET ATE

Fonn Agnes Waul

Bie Oom Hendritj sett dee näajentijsta Jeburtsdach aul dijcht oppe Dää. Eenje Lied jleewe wann see eascht soo oolt sennt, sennt see aul too nuscht too brucke oba Oom Hendritj dentjt noch nijch soo. Am spetjt noch too Tiede too sea de Howa. Siene Kjinja welle am fäasaje waut hee doone saul onn waut hee nijch doone saul. Hee horjcht oba nijch no an. Hee sajcht dee Mensche no dän äa Rot hee haundle wudd sennt aul aula lang doot.

Maunjchmol jäatjt Oom Hendritj daut hia onn doa, ooda daut spetjt am enne Brost, onn dee Ridje ess am stiew onn uck de Been, wann hee aulahaunt jedone haft waut hee nijch haud sullt. Wann am daut mett dee Spetjarie ooda dee Jätjarie too oajch woat, jeit hee nom Dockta. Wann dee Dockta am nijch sajcht waut hee heare well, jeit hee no eenem aundren Dockta. Entlijch haud hee dän rajchten jefunge. Diss

Dockta säd too Oom Hendritj, "Jie motte bloos doone waut junt scheen jeit onn jie motte uck bloos äte waut junt goot schmatjt."

Ditt weä Oom Hendritj sea jetroffe. No disem Dockta jeit hee nu emma wann am waut wee deit ooda hee waut opp'm Hoate haft. Onn hee kromt aulawäajen emm Hoff romm onn hee at uck bloos waut am scheen schmatjt. Jebrodnen Spatj onn Eia, fate Kjijeltje mett Tsiipele, onn noch aulet mäajeljet schmääjet. Aules ditj mett Solt bestreit.

Wann Oom Hendritj aul nijch no siene eajene Kjinja horjcht, wist etj daut hee no mie aul jewess nijch horjche wudd, oba etj säd doch, "Oom Hendritj, du woascht opp eenmol sea dee Kooltje kjrieen onn du kunnst opplatst stoawe."

"Nä, mett Kooltje ha' etj noch nijch Ploag jehaut. Etj woa die mol 'ne Jeschijcht fetale, dee haft waut meet äte

onn stoawe too doone."

Hee funk soo aun:

Kjannst du dän festorwnen Kuta Jaunse? Dee wond eascht enne Molosch onn donn enn Virgil. Nä, dän woascht du aul nijch jetjannt ha', oba hee wea mett ons wietleftijch Frintschoft. Etj kjannnd am goot onn ha' fäl mett am jenobat. Een feina Maun. Hee wea en bät schwoafalijch onn jescht emma en bät onn daut piepst enn am benne wann hee daut uck goa nijch wull. Hee wea uck sea fat onn nijch soo rajcht jesunt. Een Dach grommsaujd hee besondasch sea onn etj kunn daut seene, woo schljacht hee sitj feeld. "Jaunse," säd etj. Etj säd nu niemols Kuta Jaunse wiels hee haud sienen Kuta aul lang nijch mea. "Jaunse," säd etj, "Du motst nom Dockta."

"Meenst?" fruach hee.

Wieda säd hee nuscht onn wie kaume opp waut Audnret too räde.

Omm eene Wäatj sach etj am wada. "Etj wea biem Dockta, " säd'a.

"Onn?" wull etj weete.

"Hee bekloppad mie onn hee behorjcht mie. Auf onn too säd hee mol, "Hmmm...." Wie weare auleen enn siene Offiss. Hee haud doa 'ne Wijchschoal stone, soone wua een Jewijcht opp 'ne Stang han onn hää jeschowe must. Lintjisch wea fe leijchta, rajsch wea fe schwora. Opp dise Schola must etj mie nu noppstale. Mett sienem Finja tuckad dee Dockta nu daut Jewijcht emma wieda rajsch on scheddad doabie dän Kopp. Aus dee Stang opphead too duckre, schreef hee dee Tsoal opp een Papia. Nu kunn etj mie wada hansatte. Dee Dockta selfst sad sitj uck aun sienen Desch onn kromt enne Schufloed romm. Mett dee Tiet funk hee dann uck waut hee socht, een jälet Papiatje.

"Soo," säda, "Easchtens sennt jie fäl too schwoa. Fäl, fäl too schwoa. Daut kaun nijch soo wieda gone. Jie motte hartsoft aun Jewijcht aufnäme, sonst go jie doot. Opp disem Papia ess hanjeschräwe waut jie äte kjenne. Blos ditt mott jie äte, onn nuscht Aundret."

Etj lauss sien Retsapt. Doa wea kjeene jescheide Mennische Kost bowe. Etj kunn daut meist nijch jleewe daut etj nu bloos soont mien läwe lank äte sull."

"Oba du helst die doaraun?" fruach etj.

"Twee Doag! Twee Doag hild etj ut onn eet daut. Mie knoad de Moage onn aufjenome haud etj nijch een Punt. Etj docht mie nu mol aules jrintlijch derjch. Daut foll mie bie woo wie enn Russlaunt enn dee dartja Joare jehungat haude. Mensch, du kaunst die goanijch fäästale woo wie hungade! Onn nu daut äte ess, mea aus etj jeemols äte kaun, nu saul etj hungre? Daut ess mie too fedreit, doa stemmt waut nijch. Etj ha' mie fääjenome, etj ät aules waut etj well. Wann etj stow dann stoaw etj. Dee leewe Gott haft daut dann äwent soo mett mie jewullt."

Onn hee eet wada kkratjt soo's eenmol onn hee ess je uck jestorwe. Etj wea opp sien Bejrafniss onn betjijt mie am toom latsten Mol. Sien Jesejcht wea frädlijch onn siene Leppe frintelde

en bätje."

Mett dise Wead haud Oom Hendritj dee Jeschijcht ütfetalt. Hee kjitjt mie soo fonne Sied aun onn meend, "Wann etj stoawe saul, dann woa etj stoawe. Daut mott etj onn du soo wie soo. Doawäajen ät etj bloos Schneenet. Etj säd däm Dockta uck hee bruckt mie nijch fääsaje waut etj too äte haud onn hee bruckt mie uck nijch opp niemoodsch daut Kollestral mäte. Hee lacht onn säd daut haud hee uck nijch mett mie enn Räätninj. Onn fonn Solt oppstreie--weetst, dee Biebel haft doa äwa waut too saje."

"Oom Hendritj, ditt's aul too oajch,

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## REVIEW

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### God's Grace in Difficult Times

reviewed by Harry Loewen

Karl Fast, well known in Mennonite circles and author of **Gebt der Wahrheit die Ehre**, has written another deeply moving book. Readers will find it difficult to put this book down.

The tale of "Mother Siebert" is a thinly disguised story of the author's mother and her family set in Soviet Russia. It is a worthy tribute not only to the heroine of the book, but also to all the courageous Mennonite women who suffered and sacrificed their lives in attempts to preserve their children and Mennonite-Christian values in times of great difficulty.

The story begins with the announcement that Nazi Germany has invaded the Soviet Union and then proceeds to unravel the fate Mother Siebert and her children suffer during and after the Second World War. By means of flashbacks Fast includes the story of the Russian Mennonites during the 1920s and 30s, focusing on the religious and ideological struggles of Mennonite communities and the day-to-day activ-

ditt ess aul äwadräwe," säd etj am fuats. "Soowaut kaun doch nijch enne Biebel senne."

"Jo, daut ess doch! Daut sajcht uck oppe selwe Städ daut Eiawitts no nuscht schmatjt. Du jefst doch too, daut Eiawitts kjeen Jeschmack haft?"

Etj leet mie oba nijch auflentje onn säd, "Saj mie mol wua daut soo waut enne Biebel sajcht. Saj mie daut mol gauns genau."

Oom Hendritj wort meist doll daut etj am nijch jleewe wull. "Du hast doch eene Biebel mett 'ne Konkordans? Kjitjt die daut mol selfst no."

Etj kjitjt. Onn funk dee Städ. Enn Hiob. Hiob 6:6. **mm**

ities and hardships of the people in collective farms and work camps.

By the end of the story the reader is taken to Canada, the land which becomes the home of at least one of Mother Siebert's sons and family. In conclusion Mother Siebert, still in the Soviet Union with some of her other children, hopes to visit her son in Canada. However, she dies before her wish can be fulfilled, happy in the knowledge that God has been merciful to her and her family.

Our young people need to read stories like this, lest they forget, or remain ignorant of, what their parents and grandparents have suffered for the sake of keeping alive their spiritual heritage and values. It is to be hoped that this book will be translated into English for those who no longer read German.

The book is well designed by Canzona Publishing, a new press in Winnipeg, includes black and white photographs, is written in a flowing German style, and is free of misprints. Congratulations to the author and the press.

*Karl Fast, Lass dir an meiner Gnade genügen, (Winnipeg: Canzona Publishing, 1989). Paperback, 138 pages.*

### *Words: an editor is always choosing which ones to use, to leave in, and to leave out*

One of the more difficult decisions an editor faces is that of determining what material to publish and what NOT to publish.

The publishing philosophy of the *Mennonite Mirror*, which has been stated on many occasions by the editorial committee, is to reflect the many facets of the Mennonite community, not only the life of the church in action, but also the life of individuals in the community. In general, the resulting mix of articles about individuals pursuing their careers and special interests; about businesses which have thrived in the community; about artistic endeavours; about church affairs; and also poetry and short stories -- this mix has met with the approval of our readers. A recent survey of a representative sample of readers has been most encouraging for the editorial staff, affirming the pattern that has been established in the magazine. The letters which readers frequently write also encourage us to continue in our efforts.

From time to time we receive letters from readers suggesting that the picture we present of the Mennonite community is far too rosy -- that we have many articles about "successful" businesses and individuals, but rarely about "failure," with the result that the image projected is unrealistic. It is generally understood that one role of the press should be not to praise, but to show what is really happening in any given community.

If Mennonites do have any faults, one of them is a tendency to be overly positive about themselves and, perhaps like all communities, very sensitive to criticism. Prof. James Urry has done us an invaluable service by reminding us that our tendency to write "triumphant" history, sanitizing the events of the past, only results in a continuing tendency to refuse to look realistically at the present. Since the *Mirror* has no official connection with any official church body, then the magazine should be in a unique position to report honestly about Mennonite life today.

There have been times when the *Mirror* has taken very strong stands about events in the community -- that is, very critical stands. It is at such times that we learn that the community is, in fact, very "thin skinned." Subscriptions are cancelled and advertising is withdrawn. In general, people prefer never to hear or see a discouraging word about themselves.

But, if we are to reflect the community accurately, then we should attempt to publish articles that are not necessarily "success stories." One reader informed us that a reading of

our magazine would suggest that all businesses are successful and that Mennonites do not face the problems beset by others in these turbulent times -- problems of drug abuse, parent-child conflict and marriage breakdown. While we feel we have attempted to portray the community, warts and all, we also felt that we should respond to the concerns of this reader and encourage writers to publish such articles. The problem is that, while many are happy to talk about their "success" stories, few wish to share the pain of "failure" with the outside world. However, one such article appeared in the March issue of the *Mirror*. It was the personal reflections of a woman who had experienced a marriage breakdown and had subsequently divorced. Such an article, it is hoped, would at least help readers to understand some of the circumstances that lead to a situation which has in the past not been considered acceptable in the Mennonite community. But marriage breakdown is a problem which all churches are facing today, and for this reason it was felt that this article reflects a part of the present-day reality of our community.

Since the article was written in the first person, it was naturally a subjective account, reflecting the individual's perception of the problems that led to an eventual separation. The article did not, as one reader suggested, automatically assume that the woman's side is always right. Had the point of view of the husband been available, there would have been no problem with publishing that also. The editorial position of individual members of the editorial staff are expressed in the "Our Word" column, otherwise the views presented in the pages of the magazine are those of the individual writers.

From time to time, the concerns of women have been expressed by the editor and other members of the editorial staff, however, this writer would be the first to acknowledge that, from time to time, women have been known to make mistakes.

We wish to continue publishing articles that present the joys and sorrows, the successes and failures of the people who consider themselves a part of the Mennonite community in Manitoba. We welcome the active participation of our readers, be it through articles for publication, letters, or calls.

--RUTH VOGT

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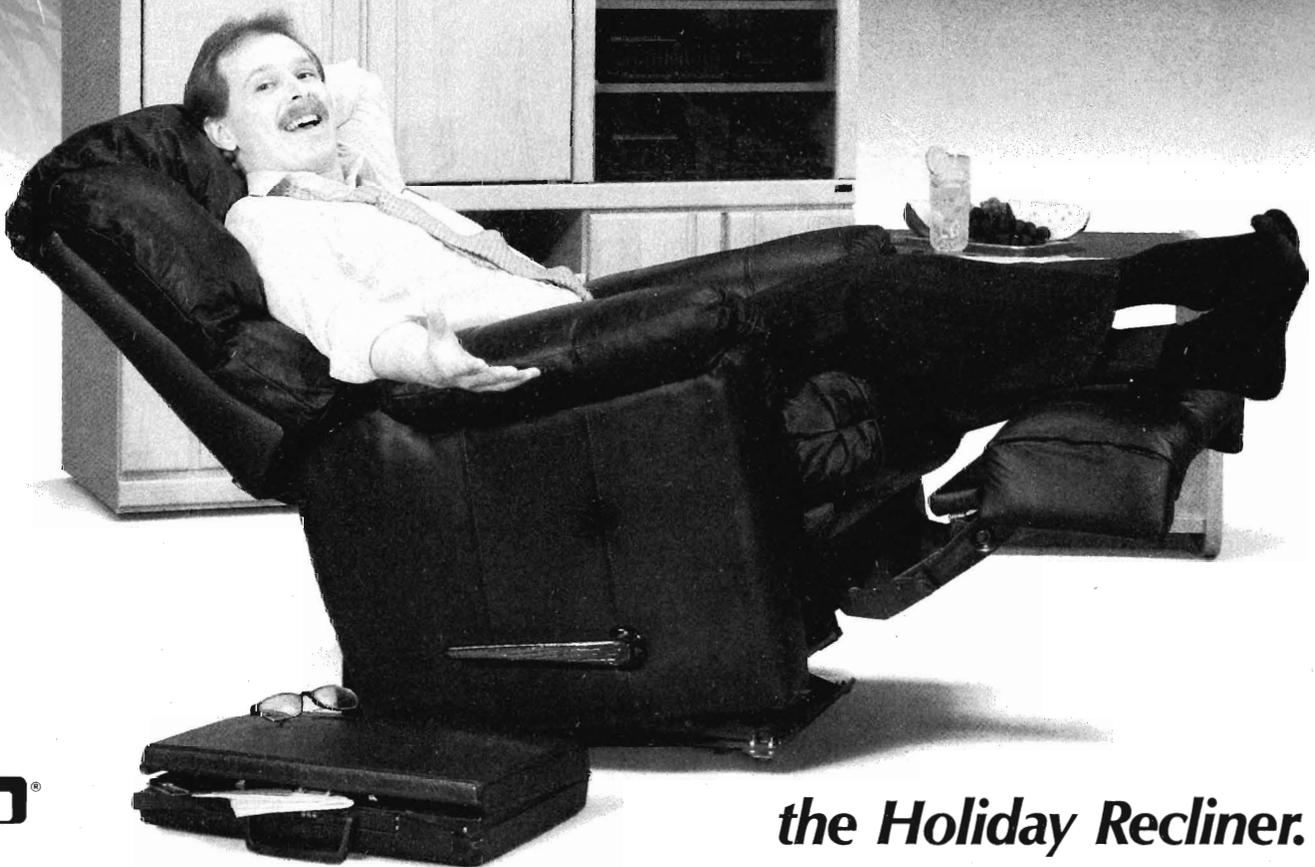
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