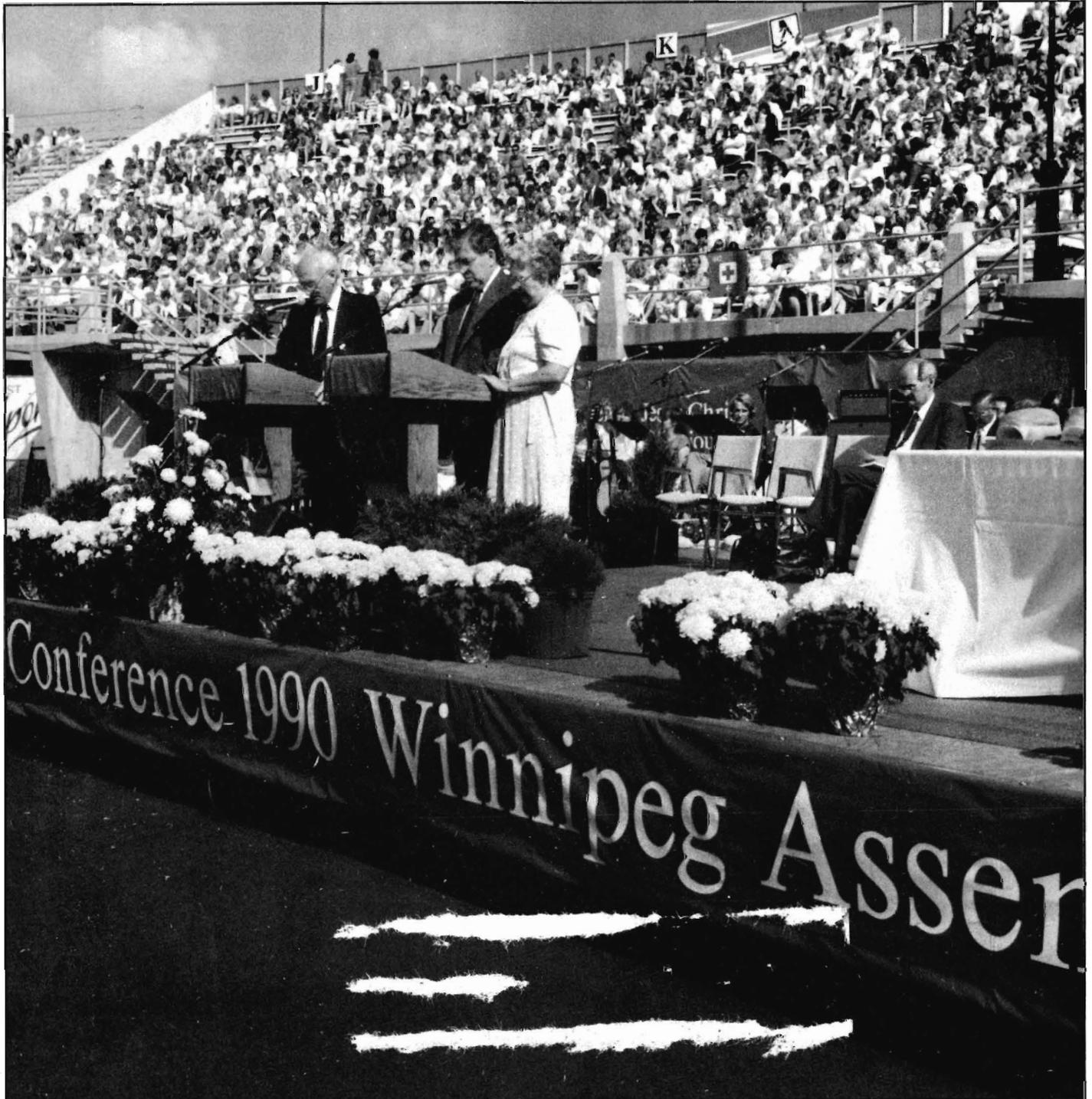
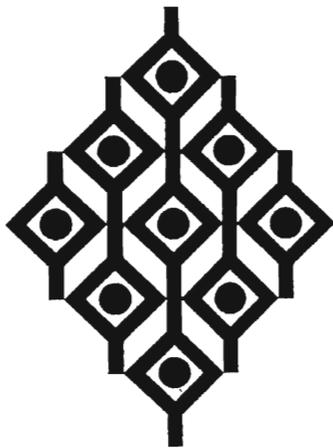


Mennonite MIRROR

volume 20 / number 1 / September, 1990





Multiculturalism
Manitoba

Manitoba's Policy for a Multicultural Society

Building Pride, Equality and Partnership

Premier Gary Filmon is proud to announce Manitoba's Policy for a Multicultural Society and designate the Honourable Bonnie Mitchelson as the Minister responsible for Multicultural Affairs.

Mrs. Mitchelson's first priority will be to consult with multicultural groups across the province. These consultations will lead to the drafting of a Multicultural Act in Manitoba.

The Policy, released May 15, 1990, is based on the three fundamental principles of pride, equality and partnership.

- 1** The cultural diversity of Manitoba is a source of strength and pride to Manitobans.
- 2** Manitobans, regardless of culture, religion or racial background, have a right to **equal** access to opportunity, to participation in all aspects of the life of the community and to respect for their cultural values.
- 3** The opportunities of the multicultural society will best be realized through **partnerships** within communities and with government.

The new Minister responsible for Multicultural Affairs invites you to share your ideas for the content and development of this new legislation.

To book a consultation call
The Multicultural Coordinator
(204) 945-1287 Out of town call collect.

Hon. Bonnie Mitchelson
Minister responsible for
Multicultural Affairs



ForeWord

This issue opens our 20th publishing year.

It's a full issue features three items on the Mennonite World Conference: Tim Wiebe, Al Reimer, and Ed Unrau.

An account by Mary Lou Driedger of her experience teaching in a southern U.S. reservation that forced her to examine issues of minority and poverty.

This issue also contains the list of university and college graduates from Manitoba and other post-secondary institutions. If you notice that the name of a close friend or family member has been missed, let us know.

the J.J. THIESSEN LECTURES

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Mennonite Mirror

volume 20 / number 1
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Mennonite Mirror

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President: Roy Vogt **Vice-President:** Ed Unrau
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Schroeder, Mavis Reimer.

The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10
times each year for the Mennonite community
of Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society
Inc.

All business and editorial correspondence
should be addressed to 207 - 1317A Portage
Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3G 0V3.
Telephone 7 8 6 2 2 8 9. The Mennonite
Mirror observes the following part-time office
hours: Monday 1 to 4 p.m.; Tuesday, 9 a.m. to
4 p.m., Thursday, 9 a.m. to noon.
Subscriptions: \$20 for one year; no charge for
those on pension.

ISSN 315 - 8101

Second Class
Mail Registration: 2 6 5 8
Printed in Canada

Part-time registration was time enough to ponder the question: "What does it mean to be Mennonite?"

by Tim Wiebe

OPENING CONFESSIONS

I'll admit it right off. I mean, what would be the use of denying it? One look at my badge will have told all: Tim Wiebe. Canada. W, S (Wednesday, Saturday)... I WAS A MENNONITE WORLD CONFERENCE PART-TIMER. I was one of those (predominantly local) types who decided -- together with spouse and partly because of child -- to attend the Winnipeg Assembly on an ad hoc basis.

You know (or, if you were a securely and completely registered full-timer, heard about) the pattern: a workshop here, an evening worship service there, a theological roundtable or two. Then, too, there were the Tuesday evening and Sunday morning worship events. What self-respecting Mennonite could resist something free?!

I caught what I could, but I couldn't catch it all. Perhaps no one could. Even those most fully involved had to choose from among hundreds of workshop possibilities, dozens of aesthetic offerings, and late-night activities galore. And then there was the diversity represented by those present. To truly qualify to write this article, I should be multilingual, a resident of several lands, and an imbibor of the fruits of many cultures.

As it is, I must confess my limitations -- of time AND understanding -- and try to distil my experience into a few, inevitably inadequate words. But before I begin, one more confession: I (and perhaps others) have not praised God enough for the gift of diversity manifested so powerfully during this event; nor thanked God enough for sending Jesus to live a life of reconciliation on our behalf. It is this life -- the death to which it led and the resurrection which confirmed its authenticity-

which unites us.

The following observations, recorded in journal form, represent a selection of the myriad thoughts and emotions which assailed me during this extraordinary week.

OPENING NIGHT

We gather, some 17,000 of us representing over 50 countries in six continents, in Winnipeg's venerable old arena. The place is filled, to the rafters.

As will be the case throughout the week, the music group assembled to lead us -- a combination of Paraguayan harp, acoustic and electric guitars, a wind instrument or two, and lots of percussion -- is jamming well before the service starts. Under the inspired leadership of Marilyn Houser Hamm and Holda Fast, we will learn songs from around the world.

After the singing, there are greetings from a number of dignitaries: among them Winnipeg Mayor Bill Norrie, who notes that the arena's main tenants, the Jets, would be overjoyed if they had this kind of crowd for each of their hockey games. The city has extended us a full range of services -- transportation, assembly facilities, accommodations -- and the representative of the hosting committee pledges, with an expression of that understated gratitude at which we Mennonites seem peculiarly adept, to leave the city "no worse than we found it." He is referring, of course, to the MWC's commitment to recycle as much of the waste produced as possible. That pledge, as we shall see, will be honored in a surprisingly creative way.

The rest of the evening's events take us to the limits of our geographical and cultural diversity; from a tender Low German prayer by a local Sommer-

felder minister to an exotic, lithe dance by a colorfully (if somewhat scantily) clad Indonesian choir. The service is brought together, however, by Conference President Ross T. Bender's message: a strong, straightforward call for unity in Christ. Bender draws on John Milton's depiction of Beelzebub in the famous epic poem "Paradise Lost," and suggests that we must counter the discord sown by the principalities and powers of this world with Christian love. He quotes the words to the familiar folk hymn in the concluding lines of his address:

"We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord, We are one in the Spirit, we are one in the Lord, And we pray that all unity will one day be restored.

And they'll know we are Christians by our love, by our love, Yes, they'll know we are Christians by our love."

Following a rousing closing number by the Assembly 12 Mass Choir, we begin a slow departure; many of us meeting old friends and trying to do years of catching up in a few brief moments. It's an experience both exhilarating and frustrating. There's just too much to take in. The best one can do is to promise to talk "later" -- an ill-defined, ideal time when all schedules will be clear and all conditions perfect for visiting. If nothing else, it's good to have made some contact with these people from whom geography and responsibility have kept us apart.

Later this same evening, the news people are describing the worship event at the arena as a kind of huge family re-union. They seem a bit bemused -- even overwhelmed -- by it all. The young CBC reporter sitting at the anchor desk and talking to the newscaster stumbles several times as he tries to offer the public a few concise words

on what this conference is all about.

Analyzing my own feelings, I find I can't quite share his sense of surprise. When you're part of a family reunion -- and when the family is one you wish to belong to -- you're not quite as desperate to get a verbal handle on what's happening. You're just glad to be part of it all.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

Our first full day as part-timers. (It will become clear to me, during the week, that being part-time, as opposed to full-time, at a conference has something to do with expending the same amount of effort in order to do just a little bit less. In the end, there's not that much difference between the two). We are registered in friendly and efficient fashion by volunteers who, I'm sure, would make any set of civil servants look inept by comparison.

Soon after, clutching our made-in-Bangladesh, MCC-issue, MWC jute bags, we enter the main hall of Winnipeg's spacious Convention Centre. It's hard to believe, as we take our spot near the front, that it was only a few months previous when the NDP were doing their thing here, lapel mikes indiscreetly open, candidate supporters cheering their person, and the CBC reporting everything in sight for the greater glory of the democratic process.

This morning (even though Marlene and I are sitting in what was Audrey McLaughlin's section), the mood and sense of purpose among those gathered is much different. Our singing is in praise of God, not some leadership candidate, and the message we hear from South American theologian Washington Brun presents us a partisan option of a different kind. If we believe that Jesus is the light of the world, he says, then we must engage in an ACTIVE struggle against the powers of darkness which wish to extinguish all spiritual illumination. We must believe, not in abstract doctrines, but in a concrete way of life; one in which we follow the incarnate example of a particular person, Jesus Christ.

This is a message which we wealthy North Americans need particularly to hear, and many of those who attend the

"Response to the Speaker" forum ask for specifics as to how we, in our affluent setting, can work for liberation. The time for response is too short, and the noon hour is soon upon us. Some have a few moments for a glance at one of the many "life centres" (booths presenting displays of various congregational ministries), or a quick trip through the MCC Self-Help. Then, it's off to lunch.

Over the noon hour, I rummage through the morning paper. In a rather healthy section dedicated to Mennonite World Conference, I encounter an article which discusses the meaning of the term "Mennonite." The author seems to suggest, among other things, that there is no "right" way in which to define the term; especially since the connotations of the word are as much cultural as religious. He quotes the words of a so-called "Mennonite" poet who, despite his ambiguity about the church, identifies with the term because, as he puts it, "I was born into this."

I ponder this issue a bit as I hurry toward the Sheraton Solarium to hear a reading by authors Al Reimer and Rudy Wiebe. Are we Mennonites simply by virtue of a particular ethnic or cultural milieu, or does our being Mennonite have more to do with our faith in and obedience to Jesus Christ; the One who is Lord over all that we, in our humanness express?

It occurs to me that the term "cultural Mennonite" is a misnomer. It is because of our faith in Jesus Christ as the full incarnation of humanity that we can genuinely express what is best about our own humanness in all its forms -- cultural, artistic, religious, etc.

I'm uncomfortable with the notion that one can be a Mennonite by culture or birth alone, because it seems, somehow, a reversion back to the very thing our forbears witnessed against: the too-easy inclusion into Christendom of anyone given what was, to the Anabaptists, the nominal ritual of infant baptism. Are we Mennonites as soon as we are christened with a Mennonite name in a Mennonite environment, or is the Christ-like humanity to which Menno called us to commit ourselves still the result of a voluntary decision to

join the community of faith?

This question, which will haunt me throughout the conference, is somehow put into clearer focus by Rudy Wiebe's brilliant story "Sailing to Danzig." Adam Peter Wiebe discovers the unusual origins of his name as he visits with his parents in their northern Alberta home. That history stretches from the Vistula Delta in the early 17th century to the Russian Gulag of 50 years ago. Somehow, holding it all together, are the songs of faith which Adam's mother sings at the piano; golden threads which span four centuries to give him a sense of who he is. That past, which is also my past, is tied together by these thin, strong strands of faith, hope, community, and human frailty.

Those strands extend, as a number of groups demonstrate during the evening worship, to places like Zaire, where they vibrate with a different rhythm and a rawer energy. And they extend to include new interpretations of the word, like actor Steven Shenk's portrayal of the apostle John -- looking strangely like a character out of Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" -- receiving his mind-boggling revelation on the isle of Patmos.

Amid all today's celebrations, there have been many questions. At best, I can set the process of addressing them in motion. Resolution will have to wait for some other time ... perhaps a time beyond this life.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, JULY 26-27

Days of preparation. A few hundred men take an afternoon and subsequent morning to rehearse for the Friday evening worship service. The Faith and Life Male Choir of Canada and the Kansas Mennonite Male Choir join forces to attempt the scarcely possible: learning half a dozen songs in a few hours' time, and building a sufficient sense of solidarity and musical sensitivity to sing them effectively.

As we settle into our places on Friday evening, I'm struck by a statement I encounter as I browse through the day's MWC Newsletter. There is a 'round-the-clock prayer being held for the conference -- for those participating

in the Peace Vigil at the missile silos south of the border; for those exercising leadership roles; for those thousands in attendance. The day before, some 250 of us male choir members closed our rehearsal with a prayer for one of our ailing brethren-in-song. And during the Friday evening worship, 86 year old pastor and missionary, James Liu, tells us that he is proud to have been a follower of Jesus for some 70. Prayer has become a real, almost tangible, entity during this week.

We share the evening with a delightful children's choir from Guatemala, and offer our own, carefully blended witness; a mixture of negro spirituals, folk hymns, and Russian liturgical songs. Once again, those assembled receive a strong -- even unsettling -- message from one of our Latin American theologians. Leonard Mendez of Guatemala ties our discipleship inextricably to our social and political witness; and to our efforts at working for liberation.

The combined male choirs close the evening, fittingly, with a celebration of our shared foundation of faith:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word.
What more can He say than to you
He hath said, To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled.

Difficult as it is to believe, the week is nearing an end. And it seems as though we've just begun to sing, to celebrate, to ponder. I wonder whether Saturday's proceedings will bring any resolution to the many issues which the events of this week have raised for me.

SATURDAY, JULY 28

The day begins with negotiations. Childcare. Supper with extended family. Finances. (If we're going to shell out \$40 a piece for the day, we want to make sure we can get our money's worth!) Various scenarios are proposed, each rather dazzling in its complexity. In the end, we decide to take the easy way out: leave the kid with grandma for the day, haul out the cheque book, and take off for the duration. We can't stand NOT to be part of this. As veteran conference-goers, we know that this stuff gets in your

blood.

This morning, the Convention Centre is packed. Helmut Harder, executive secretary of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada, explains to us something of the process involved in putting together a MWC statement of faith. His comments cover a lot of ground: "I have drafted two of the statements of faith in my hands.

"I and my colleagues got about three hours of sleep last night. Many of you may have outdone me [on this score] for other reasons."

He's right. Many of those here are hosting guests, attending sessions where possible, juggling family and work responsibilities, and trying to meet as many friends and acquaintances as they can. Perhaps the confession of faith to be presented tomorrow will reflect something of this sense of solidarity and community which has radiated out from our daily worship and interaction.

The morning's address is delivered by Dutch theologian Alle Hoekema, and it hits hard. He asks the pointed question: have we become too organization-centered? Too concerned with structures? Not concerned enough with "organically growing communities of disciples, or [with] ways of being the salt of the earth in advanced bases?" Have we, unawares, become part of the Constantinian-era outlook; one which sees church as a body of rules and sacrosanct traditions? Have we lost our sense of the church as a living, ever-reforming entity?

Hoekema calls for a "stripped-down" version of the church -- a church which, like the disciples whom Jesus sent out with a walking staff in one hand and the healing message of the Gospel in the other, will set up wherever there is human need. We need to drop our superfluous luggage and be present in the parking lots, at the truck-stops, near the red-light districts ... even, on occasion, in "respectable" neighbourhoods.

These are strong words for a Mennonite people with a penchant for order and structure. What IS the balance between the Spirit as radically reforming entity and the Spirit as that Being who calls us to structure chaos?

Is an event such as MWC an example of the "superfluous baggage" about which Hoekema has spoken? Are we heading, as we near the next millennium, toward a minority situation in which the church again takes a radical stance in the face of society?

The words of our closing hymn, "Hail to the King, the Mighty Redeemer," seem strangely out of sync with Hoekema's message; as if assuming too easily that Christ is Lord, the battle is won, and all is well. I wonder what kind of hymn texts the stripped-down-to-the-bare-essentials disciple would use as he/she set up shop in the market-places where human need was most immediate.

Over lunch, Marlene and I grab a frankfurter -- the vendors outside the Convention Centre must be in hot dog heaven with this much business-and-split to separate workshops. We reunite, fittingly, at The Forks National Park, where we join several hundred youth and celebrate an "Ecofest." It is a time of singing, storytelling and reflection which focuses particularly on "earth-keeping;" on our collective responsibility to God, each other, and the environment.

Among our leaders are Menno Wiebe; anthropologist; Gareth Neufeld, teacher; and Doug and Jude Krehbiel, Mennonite troubadors. At the foot of the stage in the natural amphitheatre which gives us a perfect view of the river (and the St. Boniface Basilica on the other side), young people have placed their special offerings of respect for the earth. They've collected garbage from as far away as the University of Winnipeg, and recycled it into various informal works of art: a makeshift cross, a tin can pyramid ... even a World Conference Symbol!

A drama, "The Spirit of Columbus is Still With Us," reminds us that many barriers between peoples still remain. Although we believe in Christ as reconciler, we must still answer to our first peoples, from whom we extracted the wealth of a continent in exchange for a wretched "X" on a piece of parchment. The people of Elijah Harper, who spoke to a large gathering yesterday morning at the Convention Centre, are

still awaiting OUR answer to the question; "What is the response of the people of God to greed and violence?"

This question, and the many others that have arisen during this week, have clustered around the conference theme of "Witnessing to Christ in Today's World." Following tomorrow's closing worship service, it will be time to get to work on evolving some answers to those questions in light of that theme.

SUNDAY, JULY 29

Winnipeg Stadium is a big place. Usually, it's filled with football fans -- many of them of a shrill and feisty disposition.

This morning, though, the place is filled with 25,000 Mennonites, speaking in warm, orderly tones as they settle in for the service. With programs in hand, we are ready to begin -- eager to be told what to do.

A superb brass group fills the moments of Prelude with brilliant sound. On a sunny morning, with a cool breeze blowing, beautiful music lacing the air, and close to 30,000 brothers and sisters in faith sharing the experience, this feels like the right place to be. It even proves possible to get a "wave" going in the Stadium. (Whether God is a fan of this form of praise or not is another question!)

A word of pain pierces our celebration, however. President Bender who was to have been recognized on this, his last day as chief executive of the MWC, was hospitalized with heart trouble. In one of the few unscripted events on the morning's order of service, we join in prayer for Ross and his family. He would dearly have liked to be here.

Our executive secretary, Paul Kraybill, IS here, and we recognize his 17 years of service to MWC. He has helped organize three conferences, and is able to say, with genuine gratitude, that "Now, on this last day of my service for you, I see more of you gathered in one place than I have ever seen before. My soul will cry with joy because we are united as servants of Christ; with pain, because we have so many ways in which to grow in our love for each other. But I thank God

for you all, and bid you farewell."

We also recognize a new executive secretary, Larry Miller; and President, Raoul Garcia. Miller recalls having celebrated his 18th wedding anniversary during the week, and describes the contents of the fortune cookies given his wife and himself. One, a colloquialism, said, "You're in for quite a thrill!" The other, a Bible verse, stated, "Where your heart is, there will your treasure be also." The implications are clear. The worldwide body of Christ in general, and, for us, the MWC in particular, is to be the place to which we commit our hearts, and in which we discover the riches of fellowship.

It's well past noon by the time we approach communion, and many are getting restless. Perhaps, to use Alle Hoekema's words, we have added too much "superfluous baggage" to this worship service. With such a complex order of service, and with so much printed text, it seems difficult to sense the movement of God's Spirit and the flow of worship. This is not to take away from the richness of the service, but simply to ask the question: at what point, in our desire to do as much as possible to fill a service with good things, have we done too much, and acted to the detriment of that worship?

ANOTHER important question. And another question to be discussed, debated, and prayed over ... especially by the new executive council, whose responsibilities begin as of today.

For now, as we file out under a cool prairie sky, it is enough to have been part of the whole experience -- the experience of the last five days, and, for many, of a lifetime. Many of us still have visiting to do, family reunions to attend, or guests to take to the airport. Many of those guests will be heading for far-off lands. Many of their hosts will have to be back at work tomorrow morning.

It will feel a bit empty to shift from the dynamic mood of this gathering to the more sombre emotions of the daily round. It's hard to leave behind a taste of heaven. But there will be memories enough to sustain, experiences enough to inspire, and questions enough to prod, provoke and unsettle...until next

time. God willing, we will all come together once more before the end of this millennium. And if history should be brought to consummation before then, we shall meet in a new world; a world in which time shall be no more and all God's children shall finally, forever, be one. mm

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Jute bags on Winnipeg streets became the identity badge of world conference Mennonites

by Ed Unrau

For a few short days in late July, the mark of a Mennonite in Winnipeg was a brown jute bag.

On the face of it, the jute bags were an easy way to give delegates to the 12th Mennonite World Conference all their registration and program material. As well, the bags served as an over-the-shoulder carry-all for brochures, programs, and souvenirs acquired along the way.

But in filling that practical need, the conference organizers created what I surmise was an unintended, but happy, side effect -- anyone carrying the bag was clearly and unambiguously identified as part of MWC Assembly 12. The name tag around the neck was, of course, more formal, but the jute bag was visible at almost any distance for all the world to see.

And the world did see. During the day from July 24 to 29 there was always a person with a jute bag in sight in downtown Winnipeg. As well, you never had to drive far along on the city's regional streets before sighting the familiar bag.

The bag itself was, well, typically Mennonite. Elegant in its plain design, it was made of 100 per cent biodegradable jute in Bangladesh, where it created employment. Nice touch, and certainly much better than soliciting plastic pouches as a free gift from some corporate sponsor.

Forum for witness

The theme of the 12th Mennonite World Conference was Witnessing to Christ in Today's World. While witnessing is usually thought of as a combination of word and deed, the jute bag served as a visual reinforcement of that witness.

The decision of the organizers to

arrange for "free" bus transportation and to spread the exhibits and concerts over several sites downtown created a forum for interaction between MWC delegates and Winnipeg residents that was effective and personal.

In a typical conference, participants are "cocooned" in a hotel or conference centre with the result that participants are isolated from the host city and see only each other.

Because the Mennonite participants were encouraged to ride the buses to their activities (the conference information book warned that downtown parking was limited), they had many opportunities to meet typical Manitobans. My aunt recalls her bus ride to the Convention Centre on opening day. After boarding the bus on Pembina Highway near the university, she was soon joined in her seat by another lady. They rode in silence as the bus stopped to let other MWC delegates board, all of whom rode free as soon as they produced their identity badge. The lady beside my aunt, who by now had noticed my aunt's MWC identity badge and jute bag, asked "Who are you? Why are you getting free rides?" My aunt used the rest of the ride to explain.

Riding the buses and walking among the downtown meeting sites not only exposed Winnipeg residents to Mennonites, but it was an effective way to show off our city to the Mennonite visitors.

While one hopes that the MWC delegates were "good witnesses," there was one example where the witness slipped. A driver, who married into a Mennonite family said he had to stop at a green traffic signal to let a group of Mennonites cross in front of him against a red light. When he attempted to draw their attention to the traffic

signal, he was astonished when one of that errant group had the temerity to respond with a gesture that was not peace-loving.

Opening night on July 24 was impressive. The Winnipeg Arena was two-thirds full 45 minutes before the published start time, and full at 8 p.m. when the first worship began. The crowd responded well to the song leaders, but it was clear from the way they sang Praise to the Lord the Almighty, that four-part harmony was familiar territory for most of those present.

Worship was central

From opening night to closing, the central rationale for the conference was worship. The workshops and concerts provided varied forums for God's people to discuss what it means to be a Mennonite and a witness in our time. Of course, one must not forget the fellowship that comes from worshipping, talking, listening, and eating together.

In several conversations with friends and relatives, I was asked to define the purpose of the world conference. Specifically, several people asked whether the world event made any "decisions." I explained to my questioners what MWC organizers explained to the "secular" news media and that is that MWC does not presume to set "policy" for its member conferences. So why a world conference? I ended up by describing the world conference in terms of a family gathering where the purpose of the event is to "visit" or "fellowship." In the case of the Mennonite World Conference, family is defined by our Christian commitment through membership in a Mennonite church. Just as family members vary widely in

their characteristics, so do the people and conferences of the Mennonite family. The workshops of MWC were more structured versions of the kind of fellowship that takes place at any family event. The world conference thus becomes worthwhile because it is one way of reminding ourselves of the extent and diversity of our members.

For some the Winnipeg conference gave them a new and positive view of the Mennonite world community. One person told me that until this world conference, his view of being "Mennonite" was largely shaped by his life-long membership in the Mennonite Brethren church and that his appreciation of the rich variety of the Mennonite Christian experience was at best peripheral. Seeing this range assembled in his own city gave him a much broader and stronger view of Mennonite Christianity.

I did not attend any of the workshops; instead, my family and I took in the worship services and concerts. While one expects to worship in a worship service, I was surprised to the extent to which the concerts were also worship events. The performers treated their recitals as a way of giving expression to their Christian Mennonite commitment -- a confession of faith.

What is Mennonite?

We chose events given by non-Manitoba visitors, and so we heard the Karaganda choir from the Soviet Union, the Lee Heights Community Church Choir of Cleveland, the Pacific Mennonite Children's Choir from British Columbia, Sherrie Strange-Pratt, soprano, from New York, a Latin music band from Edmonton, Karin Redekopp-Edwards, now of Wheaton College, Illinois, and Ingrid Suderman, of Trinity Western University, British Columbia.

None of the performers in our eclectic selection avoided the Christian and Mennonite connection in their recitals. It was most understated in the Redekopp-Edwards and Suderman concert, but this was probably more a function of their selection of music than a reluctance to talk about it. It was most obvious in the Karaganda choir, a

group of Christians who persevered in their commitment to Christ despite persecution and who now rejoice in being able to worship openly at last.

The person who was clearly the most comfortable in combining her musical gift with her Christian commitment was Sherrie Strange-Pratt. She is a black soloist originally from a Mennonite church in Cleveland. She told us that this was her third Mennonite World Conference. We attended her recital of Black gospel songs, and there was no doubt that God gave her a singing voice that she could use much more profitably, moneywise, in a secular career. Her approach to life can be described in these words: "to God be the glory, there are great songs I can sing in praise of him." From her spoken words and the quality of her renditions, everyone in the audience knew that her decision to use her talent to "praise God" was genuine.

As MWC conference week wore on, I reflected on what it means to be a Mennonite. The pages of this magazine have published many words exploring whether being Mennonite is a religious commitment, an ethnic quality, or both. While I have argued that in Manitoba it is possible to define Mennonites in terms of both religious and ethnic characteristics, I have come to the conclusion that in the end a Mennonite must be defined in terms of Christian commitment.

The catalyst for reaching this conclusion was a CBC Information Radio interview early in the week with four writers and artists of Mennonite background. Early in the interview, one of the panel allocated percentages of her personal experience into categories of ethnic, religious, and other. This was a concept picked up by the other panellists and all said the religious component now ranged from minimal to non-existent. I also concluded from listening to them that it was the religious commitment each resisted most. Though they acknowledged the influence their Mennonite family, community, and religion had on their art, this influence was described by one panellist as "baggage," and as such was something that inhibited her ability to

■ MWC NOTES ■

■ The approximately 13,000 people who registered for Assembly 12 of the Mennonite World Conference came from the following areas: Canada, 7,200; United States, 4,100; Europe, 760; Caribbean and the Americas, 450; Asia and Australia, 390; Africa, 170. About 1,100 registered in the youth program.

■ Because registrations did not reach pre-conference expectations, the conference did not meet its budget and as of August 14, a shortfall of \$325,000 (Canadian funds) is projected.

■ 260 delegates were supported from the travel fund, which totalled \$450,000.

■ Outgoing world conference president, Ross T. Bender is at home following heart by-pass surgery in early August. He was admitted to hospital in Winnipeg the night before the closing worship service because of his heart condition.

■ New MWC president is Raul Garcia an educator and churchman from Argentina and the first Latin American to be elected to this office.

■ New executive secretary is Larry Miller of Strasbourg, France. Reg Toews of Winnipeg was elected to a term as treasurer of MWC.

■ Worldwide membership in Mennonite and related churches reached 856,600, an increase of 6.7 per cent in the past two years.

■ The next Mennonite World Conference, Assembly 13, is tentatively planned for India in 1996.

■ The MWC songbook, handbook, and world membership map may be ordered from the MWC office, 200 - 465 Gundersen Drive, Carol Stream, Illinois, 60188. Jute tote bags may be purchased from the SelfHelp store on Plaza Drive in Winnipeg for \$1.

express herself. Throughout the interview, neither the interviewer nor the interviewed panel described "Mennonite" in terms of its religious dimension.

From the beginning, Mennonites established a church by admitting adult members on the basis of their "confession of faith," which was a public declaration that they were prepared to be a follower of Jesus Christ and to be witnesses to Christ in the world. The fact that the global Mennonite church is comprised of more than 800,000 people, more than half of whom are not of the original European Mennonite background not only shows the success of that witness but also attests to the fact that Mennonites have been able to re-formulate the Christian message in ways that transcends the founding culture.

How this Christian commitment continues to transcend specific cultural or national experiences, was demonstrated in a small way by Sherrie Strange-Pratt's commentary during the solo recital I attended. She described how the greetings and songs from the Russian delegation at worship on Friday morning had affected her even though her experience as a black American is vastly different from that of the Russian Mennonites.

I come back to a question: Is it possible to be Mennonite and at the same time avoid making a commitment to a Mennonite interpretation of Christianity?

Successful event

World conference organizers organized the event as a worship experience, and as such it was an event that could only be appreciated fully by people who have made a Christian commitment. Their choice of "Witnessing to Christ in Today's World" was ample evidence of their view that to be Mennonite is based on a decision to follow Christ and to serve him in his kingdom.

I have concluded that this 12th world assembly of Mennonites was a success in terms of the way it was perceived by the non-Mennonite community. There were no "nasty" or "snippy" news reports in the media relating to either

the organization or to the program. Two events that could have generated serious bad press were the North Dakota event and the meeting of the gay/lesbian group. The news reports were fair in that they showed the varied views without unduly highlighting the extreme positions.

But it was also a costly event. This was evident in the quality of the registration publications, the arena and convention centre staging, the variety of programming, and the city transportation program. In view of the shortfall in projected full registrations, and by extension of income to pay the bills, I must wonder whether some things could have been done more modestly and still have achieved the same spirit. As one example, the closing worship service in the stadium, while impressive in terms of the number of people was not a worshipful experience; the evening and morning services during the week were much better.

One can speculate whether the shortfall in registrations was due to flawed promotion. Perhaps, perhaps not. The registration fee that increased, for no apparent reason, as the conference got closer was a disincentive. Also, if the organizers had been aggressive in circulating a detailed program within Manitoba during the last weeks before the conference, I rather suspect there would have been more local registrations. As it was, the detailed program was a "secret" document only for the eyes of fully registered delegates.

What can one say, now that the 12th world conference is over? On the one hand, the organizers can be commended for organizing what appeared to be a smoothly running event. On the other hand, one hopes that anyone touched by the conference came away with a new and stronger appreciation of what it means to be a Mennonite and a Christian in today's world. mm



Two views of the final worship service: Jake Pauls leading in communion, top; and attentive spectators on turf normally reserved for football.

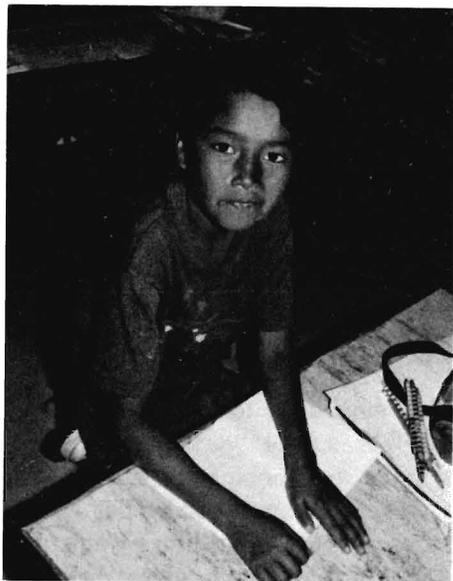
Three faces force teacher to wrestle with issues of poverty, religion, and minority

by Mary Lou Driedger

Face the faces. That's the most recent recruiting slogan for the Voluntary Service branch of the General Conference Mennonite Church. That phrase "face the faces," acquired a new meaning this past year since my family and I accepted a Mennonite Voluntary Service assignment to teach in a mission school on the Hopi Indian Reservation in Arizona.

We have come "face to face" with many new people, an ancient culture, and a religion very different from our own.

The faces we will remember long after we have returned to Steinbach and resumed our more "ordinary" life there will be the faces of the students we teach. I have 12 Hopi youngsters in my first grade room.



Benny's face

This is Benny's face. It's a Monday morning. The class is brainstorming for words that start with "j" -- 'Jail' offers Benny. My Dad is in jail. He beat up my Mom real bad. At lunch Benny tells

me his "dad" is actually his Mom's boyfriend. His real father is dead. "My Mom cries at night," he confides, "she misses her boyfriend now that he's in jail."

Benny needs glasses. Every time I write something on the board he has to go right up to the front of the room to see. When I read the children a story he practically crawls into my lap to look at the pictures. Numerous notes home about his need for an eye examination produce no results. Benny's family doesn't have a telephone. Finally one day after school I decide to try to speak to Benny's mother in person. I put Benny and my four year old son into the voluntary service unit's station wagon and we rattle up second mesa to Benny's house in Shungopavi. My preschooler chats happily with Benny as we drive. "Let's play with your toys at your house okay?" he suggests. "I don't have any toys," says Benny matter of factly. Undaunted, my four year old persists. "Well then we'll play in your room." "Don't have a room," says Benny.

Indeed he doesn't. We arrive at his home, a cinder block square no bigger than the living room of our modest voluntary service house on the mission compound. Benny lives in this concrete floored box with his mother, his mother's boyfriend, his two sisters, (one a teenager who is obviously pregnant) and an older brother. Thankfully my son waits till we are on the way home to wonder aloud "Where do they all sleep?." I have been wondering myself.

Some months later I will meet an aunt of Benny's. I tell her I am worried about his eyes. "His Mom's an alcoholic. She just won't be able to get things together enough to take Benny to the eye doctor," his aunt tells me. I

finally make the optometrist's appointment myself. One of the mission staff takes Benny to the clinic. The last week of school Benny appears grinning and excited one day, with his new glasses on his face.

New perspective

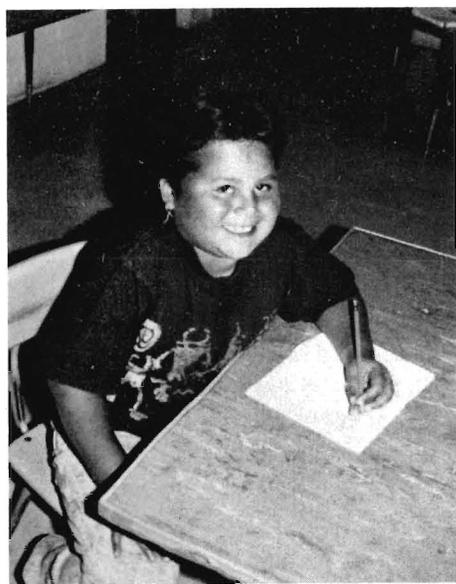
Benny has a way of putting things in perspective for me. With Mennonite zeal I introduce the kids in my class to a variety of peace issues. What does it mean to be a peacemaker? What does peace mean to them? This all culminates in a special 'peace day' with music on the theme and stories about peace heroes. In the cafeteria at lunch Benny glances up from his food with a look of sudden revelation on his face. "I know why the cook made peas for lunch", he says excitedly. "Because it's 'Peas' Day."

Benny comes from a very traditional Hopi village, the only one that still holds the snake dance, a ceremony where priests hold rattlers and bull snakes in their teeth and then release them with a prayer for rain. Benny is well steeped in the ways of his tribe. I could ask for no better education in the Hopi religion than the one I get from seven year old Benny with his stories, art work and discussions. Benny worries about the teacher who has an apartment in the basement of our house. "Far too close to the underground spirits," he says. In February, along with most of his classmates, Benny cannot concentrate or study. The kachina spirits have come to the reservation. Benny can hear them at night, knocking on the walls of his house and running on the roof. He can't sleep.

Benny loves to bring me presents. On Mondays he brings fruit given to him by the friendly kachina spirits at the

dances in the plaza of his village. Sometimes Benny offers me sumeveki. (corn mush wrapped in a corn husk) My favourite is the piki bread he leaves on my desk, a crispy thin pastry his mother makes by grinding blue corn into meal, mixing it with water and then using her bare hands to spread it quickly over a hot, hot stone to bake.

Benny like most of my Hopi students is very affectionate and I am the lucky recipient of many of Benny's warm hugs. Benny is also a wonderful artist and he draws a host of pictures for me. He sketches the many kachina spirits who visit the reservation. He recreates the scene of a dance in his village. He colors the Hopi symbols for the sun and rain. Framed and hung on the walls of my home in Steinbach Benny's pictures will help me to recall his face for a long time to come.



Mathew's face

This is Matthew's face. It is a chubby and expressive face. Matthew always has an air of drama about himself. He loves to pretend and act things out. An only child, Matthew has been coddled and pampered and loved. He needs a lot of encouragement to get things done. Matthew represents to me the clash between Christianity and the Hopi religion. Matthew's mother is a traditional Hopi and her parents are not at all happy that their grandson is attending the mission school. They say many negative things about Christianity in

Matthew's presence. Matthew's father is from a Hopi Mennonite family. Matthew's paternal grandparents were converted to Christianity by the Mennonite missionaries many years ago and are staunch members of the Oraibi Mennonite Church. They are glad their grandson attends the mission school.

Matthew's mother has his ears pierced in the traditional Hopi way. Matthew's Mennonite aunts on his father's side of the family tease him and tell him he looks like a girl. Matthew's maternal grandparents give him a traditional Hopi name but he is usually called Matthew, the more biblical name suggested by his paternal grandparents. Matthew's maternal grandfather takes him to Hopi ceremonial dances in their village. His paternal grandmother takes him to Sunday school at the Mennonite church. It is easy to understand why Matthew is often frustrated and unhappy. Once when he is very upset he swears at me and pours out in a torrent, "I hate your God!" "I hate your Jesus!" Later Matthew's mother tells me. "He cries at night. He says he wants to go to heaven, but he also wants to be a kachina spirit. (The Hopi people believe that if you live a good life you will come back to your village each year as a spirit after you die.)

Matthew forces me to look for the similarities rather than the differences between the Hopi religion and Christianity. For his sake the two need to be reconciled. Eventually, I tell Matthew that I am sure the Hopi God and the Christian God are the same, so there is no need to hate either one of them.

Ingrid's face

This is Ingrid Nissan's face. Her middle name is a tribute to the fact that she was born in the back of a Datsun as her parents sped toward the hospital 60 miles from their village on the Hopi reservation. Ingrid's mother and father, like Mathew's parents and many other Hopi couples, are not legally married even though they have lived together since Ingrid was born. Ingrid's mother is a friendly, well educated and extremely articulate young woman and I enjoy visiting with her very much. When she realizes I am open to learn-



ing more about Hopi culture she invites me often to their family home for religious ceremonies and celebrations. These occasions provide an opportunity for families to come together to eat and visit and have a good time with one another. I witness the importance of family and the closeness between relatives at Ingrid's house.

At the annual Bean Dance in Ingrid's village of Sichmovi I encounter the orge kachinas for the first time. They scare me with their big teeth, frightening masks and swords and knives in their hands. The task of these kachinas is to frighten the children into being good for the rest of the year. Ingrid screams in abject terror when they come to our house. Although we adults know that the kachinas are just men from the village dressed up in costumes, Ingrid and the other children truly believe they are real spirits come back from the dead. Having consulted with Ingrid's parents in advance the orges warn Ingrid she must listen to her Mom and Dad, do her school work and help around the house. Sobbing, she agrees.

She escapes being punished but at other houses I see the kachinas whipping children with yucca leaves and "pulling" them. One kachina holds the child's head, the other her feet and both pull hard. This is a Hopi form of discipline and it all frightens me and seems wrong, especially when I hear the children screaming and crying. Later when I have time to think about it I

remember that Christians have also sometimes "frightened" their children into being good with talk of Satan and threats of hell fire and eternal damnation. Perhaps we are not so different after all.

Ingrid is an avid reader and I watch with pleasure each school morning as she piles up a stack of books on the table in front of her and then devours them eagerly. She also loves to write stories and I delight in her written accounts of an aunt's wedding, her trip to Flagstaff with her parents to get new glasses, why she likes school and in particular a book she authors and illustrates about how she and her mother and grandmother make traditional Hopi pottery together.

Facing new questions

Matthew, Benny, Ingrid and their families are just three examples of how my Hopi students are helping me come "face to face" with some important truths. They force me to 'face' the realization that my job as a missionary is not to convert anyone to my way of

thinking but to learn to understand and appreciate another religion and way of life while sharing information about my faith and culture. They make me 'face' the reality of what it is like to be poor, to be part of a minority, to have a religion and culture very different from that of mainstream North American society.

The Bible says, "Now we see but a poor reflection in a mirror, then we shall see face to face." I used to think that meant when our life here on earth was over that we would look into God's face and all the things we had puzzled about and couldn't understand would become clear. My year of Mennonite Voluntary Service on the Hopi Indian Reservation is changing my mind. The passage in I Corinthians isn't just talking about life after death, but life right here on earth. When we look, really look, into the faces of other people we open ourselves to seeing many things more clearly, to seeing God's face in the face of the people we serve and those who serve us. **mm**

MIRROR MIX-UP

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After summer come



We have two winners to announce this issue -- the April and May contests.

From the 24 entries to the April puzzle, Sophie Ethier, of Winnipeg, was selected the winner; and from the 11 entries to the May contest, Tanis Thiessen of Steinbach emerged the winner.

Answers to April were organ, phase, taste, rinse, share, and spring.

Answers to May were team, dame, dealt, tough, dairy and may mud.

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 October 9, 1990.

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

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OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt



Grecian allergy gives way to conferences, fond farewells, family visits, world conference, and reading

A lot of water has run under the bridge since you received the last regular issue of the *Mennonite Mirror*. Instead of the normal June issue a special enlarged issue entitled *Embracing the World* was sent free of charge to all paid-up subscribers and pensioners. It was our way of saying "thank you" to all those who have supported us over the years. We have received many letters and calls of appreciation for this. Radio station CJOB selected it as its "book of the week." Some of you sent small donations to cover the cost of this book. Thanks for that as well.

A few readers also noticed that the striking cover had something peculiar about it: the map of the world was reversed. We have suggested to some of you that this was intentional: the world that you see on the cover is the way that you would see it if you looked in the mirror. Get it? Actually, the real explanation is a bit simpler: someone goofed. However, the fact remains: if you do look at the world in *The Mirror* you will see it the way it really is. That, at least, has always been one of our goals.

While the water was running under the bridge this summer much happened to us. The first event was rather frightening; it happened on our trip to Greece and has haunted me since. My first personal glimpse of mortality is etched deeply in my memory.

It is a lovely May day. My wife and I are in our hotel room on the island of Rhodes, preparing to take an after-dinner stroll along the beach. We

have just enjoyed a wonderful four-course dinner, capped by a dry white wine from the region of Lindos. Suddenly I find it difficult to breathe. My chest starts to heave. I can get air into my lungs but I can't seem to get it out. The chest tightens and swells. Lying or sitting down only makes breathing more difficult. I suggest that we go out into the fresh air, but I am barely able to walk to the hotel elevator.

What is this: a heart attack? I feel that it can't be since there is no sharp pain, only a terrible tightness and bloatedness. Till now breathing has always been something automatic; now I suddenly realize with alarm that it won't go on unless I force it. My wife is even more alarmed. In a swerving car the driver has reason to be more calm than the passenger. Though the situation is dangerous, the driver has hold of the steering wheel and retains some sense of control; the passenger can only guess what is happening and naturally fears the worst.

As I double up on the lawn outside the hotel trying to catch my breathe she suggests that we go immediately to the hospital. I resist; some stupid primeval Mennonite instinct clouds my reasoning. I hear the voices of my ancestors: "If you aren't sick when you go to a doctor you surely will be after you get there." "But you **are** sick," my wife protests, logically. Illogically I reply, wasting more breathe in the process, "but I'll be even sicker if I go there; I'll never get out again."

Unfortunately logic seldom wins in

this world. I continue the struggle. Finally, after about an hour, breathing comes more easily, and we even take a short walk along the beach.

That night, sleep does not come easily; between sporadic bouts of difficult breathing I dream of my parents who have passed away in the past three years. My body is transmitting its distress to the mind in strange but understandable ways.

The next evening I have another bout, which lasts a few hours, and then, for the duration of our stay in Greece, everything is fine. Except that on the flight back, and particularly in the Toronto airport, the affliction returns with even greater force. Back in Winnipeg I finally see our doctor. Thirty two tests are taken. The doctor's report: "You are in excellent health. You do very well on all the tests. You have only one problem: you can't breathe." My doctor has a good sense of humour. With time, and some medication, my breathing returns to normal. It seems that what I suffered was a severe allergic reaction to something in the air or the food and drink of Greece. Whatever it was, it made the rest of the summer all the more pleasant and vital.

In late May I am well enough to participate in a study conference on Mennonite faith and economics at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario. One of the central issues discussed at the conference is how the capitalist economic system, with its stress on self-interest, material pursuit, and competition can be reconciled with

the Christian gospel of mutual aid, spirituality, and cooperation. There are some who believe it is easy. I don't. Unfortunately, few businessmen take part in the sessions. Perhaps more effort should have been made to invite them, but even those who were invited choose not to attend.

I have often found it to be true -- and somewhat strange -- that many of our business people don't mind the give and take of the market place, but they feel uncomfortable and defensive in the give and take of ideas. Academics, on the other hand, are gifted at evaluating others critically but may not try hard enough to understand why others think and act the way they do. The result is a tragic gulf between those in our community who are actually involved in business and those who wish to examine such involvement from the outside.

In the spare hours of the conference I go for long walks around the University of Waterloo campus and am struck by the beauty of the campus itself and the surrounding countryside. No wonder my father always spoke longingly of "*das schoene Land Ontario*" (that beautiful countryside of Ontario). However, a friend who now lives in Ontario but hails originally from Manitoba assures me that whenever they have a clear blue sky in winter he and his wife refer to it longingly as a "Manitoba sky."

It seems that he might still wish to trade the slush of balmy Ontario winters for the cold clear winters of Manitoba.

Early in June another conference on economics beckons us, this time in Victoria, B.C. A number of so-called experts from several countries come together to discuss what is happening in Eastern Europe. We are excited, of course, by the dramatic changes occurring there, but it is much harder to make sense of change than of situations that are stable. Twenty years ago I wrote my doctoral thesis on the economy of East Germany. Now that economy no longer exists. I now know what it must feel like to be an expert on steam engines. However, Germany and Eastern Europe are more interesting than ever and it is good to spend sev-

eral days sharing information and theories with others.

After the conference my wife and I take a long-planned trip to the west coast of Vancouver Island, where we enjoy a few days at Long Beach and the seaside resort of Tofino. Unfortunately, it rains heavily all the time. We walk to the ocean beach under umbrellas and are amazed to discover that the rain has not deterred at least a dozen surfers from riding the waves that crest majestically here. It is all extremely beautiful, but I don't think that I could ever get used to the rain of British Columbia.

We say farewell in June to James Urry who has spent a year in southern Manitoba researching Mennonite village life. Much of this time was spent in the village of Grunthal. He returned to New Zealand to resume duties as chairman of anthropology at the university in Wellington. It's been wonderful spending a year with him. His incredible memory for the details of Mennonite life combined with his unique ability to place Mennonite history into larger contexts have deeply impressed all of us. For the last few months we have also enjoyed the company of his wife Rita, and son Nicholas. The last winter was unusually pleasant and interesting because of their presence.

I hope that when James gets around to writing about Mennonite village life in Canada he won't leave out the juicy bits that he discovered. For example, I want to hear more about the couple that had 15 children. When the youngest, Johnny, suddenly got lost at age one the family hunted frantically for him. The parents eventually found him playing happily with the pigs in the pig pen, covered with mud from head to toe. "Let's get him out" the father said. "No," the mother replied, "leave him there. It's easier to have another child than to clean this one up." Even if no mother ever spoke like that, the thought must have crossed the minds of more than a few.

The summer is made unusually pleasant by a number of events. Driving through the countryside of Manitoba on a quiet

summer evening with a friend who combines farming near Carman with business in Winnipeg is one such pleasure. The crops shimmer in the dusk; the harvest looks generous. We gaze at the Tiger Hills in the distance and toast the grain that will soon repose in the Load King bins. Manitoba can be beautiful.

At the end of June our children and grandchildren arrive from Edmonton for a stay of several weeks at the cottage. Life is busy but full. Everyone pitches in to pick blueberries, which are more plentiful than ever, because the almost instantaneous reward is an Oma Blueberry Pie with ice cream. Golf games at Pine Falls and Pine Ridge, quiet evenings at the lake with relatives and friends, the arrival of our children and grandson from the U.S. and weekends with our daughter from Winnipeg all conspire to make the summer richly satisfying.

When the Mennonite World Conference begins in Winnipeg in late July I am forced to resist the temptation to take part. I simply must get some writing done, and a few quiet weeks in the cottage with my research material and a computer are a must. My wife is a more loyal Mennonite and attends several sessions of the conference. We spend several evenings with friends who have come for the conference, but otherwise I feel compelled to hide away. The fact is, I like to take part in small groups but I have never enjoyed big gatherings.

We listen on the radio to the closing service at the Winnipeg stadium. Once again, it seems to me, Mennonites manage to substitute a multitude of words for worship. A short, simple service would have been so refreshing. I remember years ago when our choirs sang the great oratorios of Bach and Handel some of our ministers insisted on closing the program with a brief message and prayer. As though the music wasn't itself the most profound kind of worship!

Summer is also the time for reading. I enjoy biographies of Joan Baez and the Ford Family, the new photographic

study of the Mennonites by Andreas Schroeder, as well as the special edition of *Prairie Fire*. One of the best books I have read in a long time is a slim paperback by the essayist Wendell Berry, entitled *Home Economics*. Seldom have I encountered such profound common sense on a wide range of topics, from marriage to economics. Berry is a philosophical farmer who proves that advanced education and wisdom are not necessary partners. As someone once said, "Education may enhance the wisdom of a wise man, but it only makes a foolish man more dangerous." With that semi-wise observation let me say adieu for another month. **mm**

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	1990	1991
Single plot in the flat marker section	\$ 400	\$ 480
Double plot in the flat marker section	840	960
Single plot in the monument section	600	640
Double plot in the monument section	1,200	1,280
Opening and closing (frost dig extra)	260	270
Plaque on concrete base		
single	615	635
double	1,090	1,125
Single plot, flat marker, opening/closing	1,295	1,385
Double plot, flat marker, opening/closing	2,450	2,625

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Concordia Hospital

1095 Concordia Avenue, Winnipeg, Man. R3K 3S8

THE LAST WORD FROM DOWN EAST

by Tim Wiebe

The Waterloo Farmer's Market: A survival guide to shopping

In Southern Ontario, you can move from urban sprawl to rural drawl in about 30 seconds. Take Waterloo, for example. As you head down Weber Street, you see a gentle incline in the distance as you near the housing development which marks the city's northern perimeter. A sign saying "Woolwich Township, population 16,000," ushers you into a different world -- a realm bounded on either side by majestic fields of lush summer corn. As you reach the top of the crest, you encounter a break from the greenery and are treated to the sight of Farmer's Markets to right and left. This being a Thursday, you make a right turn (the original Waterloo County Market, to your left, is open Saturday).

If you're a tourist who's been caught unawares by this institution -- or even if you're a seasoned veteran of dozens of trips to market -- you might benefit from a few simple tips for survival in these virtual heavens of fresh produce, rustic flavor and genuine articles. The following suggestions are submitted, on the basis of this writer's at times painful experience, to all would-be patrons of these most unique institutions. There are three key elements, at least in my own experience, to market survival.

Planned buying

First, plan your attack. If you are a veteran marketeer, come equipped with a shopping list. If you're a first timer, make a mental note of some of the things you might like to purchase to remind you of your trip to market. Otherwise, you stand in danger of experiencing what is known as "market overload." The sights, tastes and smells soon overwhelm the would-be customer until she or he succumbs to every good and service in reach. These unfortunate

souls can be recognized by the number and weight of the bags which they are carrying, often in a glaze-eyed condition, to their already-packed cars. They frequently return, but they almost never overcome their "overload addiction." So be reasonable, know what you want, and buy what you need. Then, if you feel brave enough, reward yourself with an extra or two -- sausage-on-a-bun, a can of maple syrup, or even a hand-crafted back scratcher. You've survived. You deserve it.

Second, don't carry cash. At least, don't carry much. And don't let your mate slip out of the door with the cheery cry, "Honey, I'm just going to market!" For all you know, your beloved could be "just" going to market with half your life savings bulging in wallet or purse. Be sure to check. Ask him or her what he or she plans to purchase. Permit your dear one a \$20 bill or two, and then send your spouse along. If you're particularly devious, you might even further restrict possible damage by requesting a few needed items for the household. Your betrothed will enjoy the experience just as much, and may even be more selective as to quality of material purchased. The market may be a sensual treasure trove, but it's also a dangerous place for free spirits with a Saturday off, a relaxed disposition, and a bursting billfold. Many a marriage has felt the strain of one spouse explaining to the other, as each item is removed from one of many bags, "Sweetie, I just had to get this." Be sensible. Hide the dough.

Finally, distinguish clearly between "shopping" and "absorbing atmosphere." The latter is for the poetic types, who mill about and rub shoulders with an observant eye, a worn \$5 bill tucked inside a shoe, and a scratch pad

and pencil stuck in an overall pocket. Shopping is what the vast majority of us do. We absorb atmosphere in direct proportion to the amount we buy. Such commitment to atmosphere can easily become justification for spending untold amounts of cash on all manner of farm fresh products. So make up your mind which it will be. If you've a poetic urge on a Saturday at 7 a.m., fine. A Steno pad costs about 50 cents, and that's all you'll need. But if you're about to shop, admit it. Accept it. Plan your attack. Choose a few, select, preferably small bills. And go do it. You're not a bad person if you prefer shopping to romanticizing. You're just practical. You're just human. Enjoy!

Enjoyment remembered

And enjoy you will. You'll have your shopping list in hand, and you'll savor the sights and smells of this wonderful place as you buy something here, restrain yourself somewhere else. You'll have enough cash to allow for a few small pleasures -- maybe a pancake-and-maple-syrup breakfast after the day's shopping is done. And you'll return home, with a few cents in your pocket, yes, but still within the limits set you by your life's partner. You'll even be able to display, with tremendous good conscience, each of your purchases ... your mate grinning knowingly all the while. In your mind, the sounds of farmers good-naturedly hawking their wares; the sights of Old Order Mennonites conspicuous in broad-brimmed hats and black broadcloth; and the smells of fresh bread, pungent sausage and sharp cider will seem as clearly etched as they were when you wandered the crowded market aisles in search of food, drink, and atmosphere. **mm**

MANITOBA NEWS

The third phase of the **Mennonite Heritage Village** at Steinbach, the Village Centre, was officially opened July 14, shortly before the Mennonite World Conference. The ribbon-cutting ceremony was performed by Energy Minister Jake Epp, assisted by Deanne Kornelson and Dana Reimer, descendants of the museum founder, the late John C. Reimer. Guest speaker at the opening was Ed Schreyer, former Governor General of Canada.

The first international Mennonite retreat on disability was held in Winnipeg on July 21 and 23, prior to the Mennonite World Conference. Over 200 people attended the event, held at Canadian Mennonite Bible College.

Alexander Hare, a grade six student at the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School, received the gold medal from the Manitoba Research Council at the Manitoba Schools' Science Symposium for his project on collecting and using solar energy to power a lighthouse.

Mary Dyck, Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, was ordained to the chaplaincy ministry in June.

Paul Dueck has resigned as instructor of music at Canadian Mennonite Bible College. He and his wife, **Linda Winter Dueck**, will now be teaching music and religion at United Mennonite Educational Institute in Leamington, Ontario.

John and Martha Bergman were ordained in May in the Altona Bergthaler Church.

Willy Guenther was ordained in June at Charleswood Mennonite Church.

Erica Janzen of Winnipeg will be an associate professor of nursing at Bethel College, Newton, Kansas.

Gwen Rempel of Winnipeg is the new program director at the Mennonite

Heritage Village in Steinbach.

Ron Rempel, Stirling Avenue Church, Waterloo, has been appointed to another five-year term as editor and manager of the **Mennonite Reporter**.

Ray Epp, Grain of Wheat Community Church, was appointed director of the MCC Manitoba-supported Ecumenical Ministry of Agriculture, an organization that promotes sustainable agriculture.

Frieda Esau-Klippenstein of Winnipeg will do research on treaty land entitlements with aboriginal people for MCC Canada's Native Concerns.

John Friesen, history professor at CMBC, is the author of the story line for a permanent display depicting the Dutch-Germanic Mennonite experience from the 1500s to 1990s at the Mennonite Heritage Village, Steinbach.

Rudy Baergen of Charleswood Mennonite Church accepted a position as co-pastor at First Church, Kitchener, Ontario. Rudy and his wife Helen have recently returned from Bolivia, where they taught at a Baptist seminary.

George and Rena Kroeker of Winnipeg are returning to China under the auspices of China Educational Exchange. They had previously served as teachers from 1987 to 1989.

Several representatives of Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA) took part in a gathering in Moscow in late May, at which representatives of 38 Christian-owned private businesses decided to form a national business association. Some 80 persons registered for the event. The North American MEDA representatives included MEDA chair LeRoy Troyer; Neil Janzen, president of MEDA; Art DeFehr, Winnipeg; Jim and Bev Penner, Steinbach; Fred Wall, Winnipeg,

and Al Doerksen, Winnipeg.

"**The Business of the Future**" will be the theme of the annual convention of MEDA, which is expected to draw over 500 participants to the Hotel Pere Marquette in Peoria, Illinois, November 8-11, 1990. Futurist **Tom Sine** will address the theme at several sessions. For more information and registration, contact MEDA Convention 90, 402-280 Smith Street, Winnipeg, R3C 1K2. Phone: 944-1995.

The University of Manitoba Singers, under the direction of **Henry Engbrecht**, won first prize in the chamber choir category of the 1990 CBC Choral Competition. Thirteen choirs from Canada competed in the finals in this category. The singers will be doing a concert tour of southern Germany in May 1991.

J. Denny Weaver of Bluffton College, Bluffton, Ohio, will be visiting professor at Canadian Mennonite Bible College for one year in Winnipeg. He will temporarily fill the vacancy left by **Helmut Harder's** becoming general secretary of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada.

Finalists in the eighth annual Western magazine awards include **Maurice Mierau**, for his article "Tough Talk with the Muse," published in **Prairie Fire** magazine, and **Rudy Wiebe**, for his article "Father, where are you?," published in West magazine.

Radio Station CJOB selected the Mennonite Mirror's special anthology, "**Embracing the World**," as "best book of the week" early in August.

The Altona Chamber of Commerce and the town of Altona are pursuing the establishment of a substance abuse treatment centre on the former Elim Bible School campus in Altona.

At the Manitoba Community News-

papers Association annual meeting in Winnipeg the Steinbach **Carillon** was picked as the best all-round newspaper in the province, the fifth consecutive year it has received this award for general excellence. The **Red River Valley Echo** received the best in class award, the **Pembina Times** of Morden won one first place award and the **Scratching River Post** of Morris won six first place awards, including best in class.

The first novel by Dora Dueck, **Under the Still Standing Sun**, received a Silver Angel award at the 13th annual Angel Awards Banquet, in Hollywood, California. The novel is set in Paraguay and shows the struggles associated with pioneer life, but it also reveals the strength of character of people committed to a godly life.

Mediation Services is offering two mediation training workshops October 31, November 1 and 2, daytime. For more information call Jan or Monica at 774-2469.

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An evening of Chamber Music

Ronald Goddard, clarinet; Ingemar Ohlsson, cello; Robert Richardson, piano; Sylvia Richardson, soprano.
October 11 and 12

Time: 8 p.m.

Place: Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg Art Gallery, 300 Memorial Boulevard.

Also join us for...
**Reunion: Enns Family
& Friends Singers**
February 14 and 15, 1991

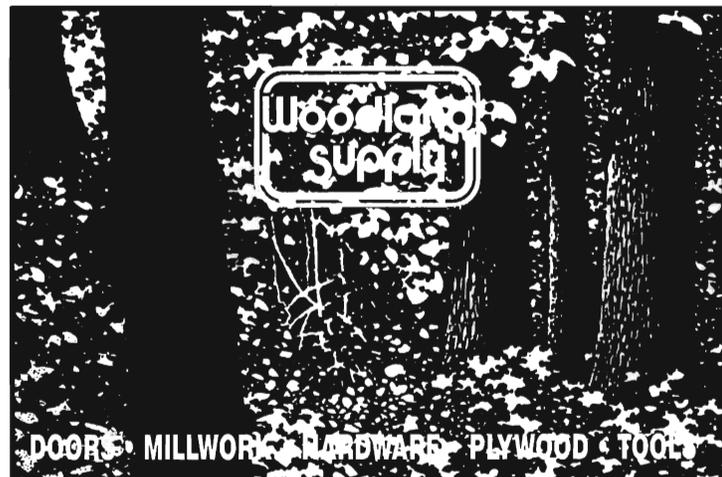
An Evening of Songs
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April 25 and 26, 1991

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110 Whellams Lane, Winnipeg, R2G 0V8



Dan Loewen,

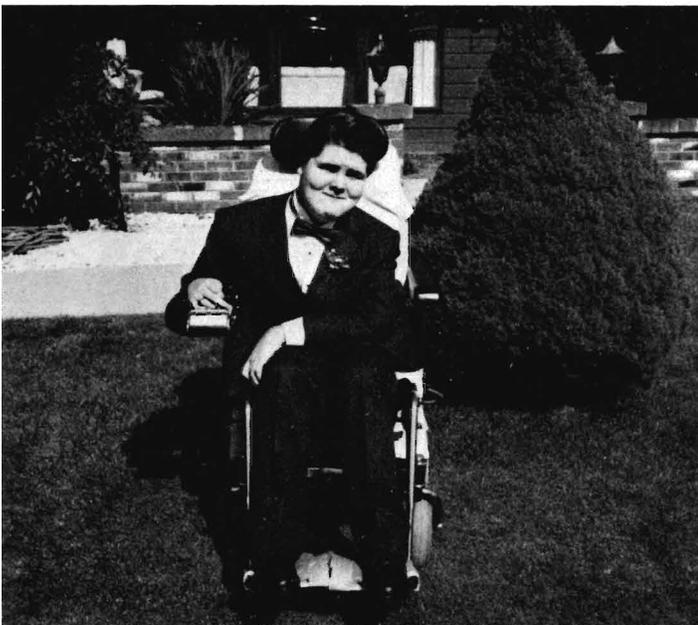
May 11, 1971 – January 14, 1990

Danny was born 18 years ago, May 11, 1971. The joy and blessing he brought to his home could not be imagined at that time. Danny was always enthusiastic, and even from his first few days was active and wanted to be where the action was and to be part of it.

Even after the family learned of his Muscular Dystrophy at the age of four, he would not let this interfere with his enthusiasm and fervour for participating in physical activities. Let us praise God for the attributes He gave to Danny, not to cope with life, but to enjoy life and raise the spirits of people he became involved with throughout his life. He was blessed with a sound mind and a tremendous sense of humour, combined with his self confidence, he infected people positively with appreciation for life.

As his disease worsened, his patience and determination became unmeasurable. God gave him a heart, not of self pity, but full of love for others. This was demonstrated over and over by his generosity and sincere desire to share his life through active listening and interactive conversation. He would rather visit than be involved with non-participatory activities. He genuinely cared about everyone that came into his life.

Through the years, Danny's love for the Lord, and his desire to serve Him, became more ardent and glowing. His love for the Lord was demonstrated by his concern and strong prayer life for others. Danny was committed to God. This became his ultimate decision, for in his last breath he stated, "I want to be with Jesus."



Dan Loewen

ME

Wheels, gears and chrome
Flesh, bone, mind,
Living and non-living,
Joined at the hip.
Separate from each other,
Yet, blind eyes make them one.

Children stop as they go by.
They ask their parents,
"Why?"

The parents hurry them along,
And tell them not to stare.

Do not deny their young curiosity.
Let them ask!
And end the mystery.

Let not your eyes join these as one.
Block out the wheels, gears and
chrome.
See only flesh, bone and mind.
For this is,
ME.

Renouncement

Though frustration fills my heart
At times,
And discouragement overtakes me,
I will press on to the goal.
It shall not be denied me.

Though I may be weak of body,
My spirit and will
Are strong!
Depression will not destroy my soul.
I will overcome, with joy.

Though my legs refuse to carry my
weight,
My dearest friends,
These wheels, these wonderful
wheels,
Which some would call a prison,
Are my legs, and my freedom.

"Give up?" you say.
I cannot!
For as long as my mind is active,
Vibrant, creative, alive,
I will not concede to the
Armies of futility.

by Dan Loewen

1990 Graduates

University of Manitoba

Academic awards: **Karen Lynn Schultz**, University gold medal, commerce; **Alvin Lloyd Quiring**, gold medal, electrical engineering; **JoAnne Sawatzky**, Manitoba Association of Registered Nurses gold medal; **Mark Edward Friesen**, Alberta Award, management; **Lois Goerz**, Dr. Ben Bookhalter Memorial Scholarship in Dental Hygiene; **Jacob Froese**, governor-general's bronze medal, and James Farms Ltd. and Pallister Farms awards for highest standing in the diploma in agriculture; **Holly Diane Penner**, Law Society Prizes; **Christine Lynn Wiebe**, Margaret E. Miller award in community dental health in dental hygiene).

Dr. Carl Braun, formerly of Winkler and Winnipeg, and a specialist in the teaching of reading and language arts, received an honorary degree from the U of M in May.

Henry Engbrecht, director of the University Singers and professor in the School of Music, was a 1990 recipient of the Campbell Outreach award at the U of M.

Master of Education:

Juanita Giesbrecht, Edward Peter Schroeder, Geraldine Bridget Thiessen.

Bachelor of Education:

Peter Lyndon Baerg; Dolores Anne Barkman; Linda Bergen; Jason Hunter Braun; Pauline LeAnne Braun; Darlene Kathryn Doell; Brian David Driedger; Keith David Dyck; Martha Fast; Katherine Marie Friesen; Valerie Mae Froese; Lorie Marie Giesbrecht; Lois Monique Gossen; Cheryl Lynn Harder; Dorothy Joanne

Heide; Richard Edward Joseph Herrmann; Coralie Anne Hiebert; Jodi Leeanne Hildebrand; Cherie Karen Klippenstein; Carol Anne Koop; Keven Michael Krahn; Paul James Krahn; Gerald Leslie Kuehl; Nancy Dale Lange; Constance Ruth Loeppky; John Cornelius Loewen; Arthur Daryl Mann; Alvina Martens; Candace Maria Martens; Delnor Shawn Neufeld; Rudy Nikkel; Mary Dianne Penner; Ruth Elizabeth Penner; Andrew Mark Peters; Patricia Ann Plohman; Dorothy Winona Poetker; Werner Bullock Pries; Jacqueline Katherine Rediger; Janet Lorraine Regehr; David Murray Stoesz; Mark Douglas Thiesen; Helen Thiessen; Monica Rosalind Thiessen; Buddy Ronald Voth; Lisa Dianne Wiebe; Margaret Joan Wiens; Karen Lynn Winter;

Post Baccalaureate

Certificate in Education:

Linda Maureen Blatz; Kathy Ann Block; Kathryn Anne Saurette; Linda Jean Vich.

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honours):

Rudy Braun (First Class Honours), Anna Louise Dueck, First Class Honours; Helene Esther Dyck, First Class Honours; Isaac Friesen; Michelle Dawn Zacharias, First Class Honours.

Bachelor of Fine Arts

(Honours) Art History: Terence Kenneth Wiebe.

Bachelor of Human Ecology (Clothing & Textiles):

Stephanie Maureen Petkau; Maureen Lorelei Hildebrand; Kimberly Susan Kroeker.

Bachelor of Human Ecology (Foods & Nutrition):

Linda Marlene Enns; Sigrid

Lynnette Strempler.

Bachelor of Music/Bachelor of Education:

Karis Ruth Wiebe.

Bachelor of Physical Education:

Debra Ann Doerksen; Russell Frank David Harder;

Bachelor of Recreation Studies:

Sheryl Ann Bergman; Robert Alan Braun; Karin Elizabeth Janzen; Patricia Dawn Klassen;

Master of Social Work:

Ruth Claire Lehmann; David Robert Keith Schulz.

Bachelor of Arts (Honours):

Paul Herbert Bergen; Jason Lee Falk (First Class Honours); Kimberley Diane Friesen; Bevan Jon Froese; Maureen Sharon Hiebert (First Class Honours); Beverly Diane Neufeld (First Class Honours);

Bachelor of Arts (Advanced):

Kevin Stuart Becker; Lori Mae Janzen; Graham Henry Neufeld;

Bachelor of Arts (General):

Pamela Jayn Bartel; William Herbert Edson Becker (with distinction); Douglas Eric Berg; Cynthia Lorraine Bergman; Ian Lawrence Bergman; Jodi Bergman; Carla Marlene Bullinger; Eileen Susan Derksen; Wade Warren Derkson; Jeffrey John Driedger; Denise Gail Dyck; Jacqueline Maxine Enns; Peter Bradley Epp; Angela Jane Ewert; Walter Christian Joel Franz; Leslie Jayne Friesen; Lyla Elizabeth Lydia Friesen; Linda Gebhardt; Donald Lorne Giesbrecht; Katharina Giesbrecht; Mark Ian Hamm; Brian Walter Harder; Kelvin Gene Harder;

Lori Mae Harder; Cindy Marlene Hildebrand; Katherine Lena Hildebrand; Susan Hildebrand; Jeffrey Jon Isaac; Barbara Ann Isaak; Cindy Marie Isaak; David Henry Ralph Janzen; Sandra Leah Janzen; Irene Justine Kehler; Paul Bradley Klassen; Katherine Lynda Mae Loewen; Nellie Loewen; Angela Doreen Martens; Gregory Mark Neufeld; Jason Glen Neustaeter; Randal James Nickel; Edward Allan Nikkel; Candace Joy Penner; David Cameron Penner; Marc Robert Penner; Curtis Michael Peters; Mary Catherine Rdekopp (with distinction); Kelly Arthur Todd Reimer; Angela Marie Rempel; Clark Edward Rempel; Kimberley Sharon Sawatzky; Duncan Arnold Schellenberg; Bradley Brian Thiessen; Terrie Dawn Thiessen; Gerallyn Danette Tiessen; Eleanor Jane Toews; Barbara Elaine Warkentin; Curtis Lavern Warkentin; Jennifer Lori Warkentin; Joann Lynn Wiebe; Kent Abram Wiebe; Elizabeth Ann Wiens; Preston Read Zacharias.

Bachelor of Laws:

Theodor Ernst Bock; Kristian Janovcik; Cheryl Melinda Klassen; Robert Paul Maertens; Eric Bryan Martens; Audrey Joan Penner; Holly Diane Penner; Margaret Ita Wiebe.

Bachelor of Social Work:

Charles Henry Groening; Sheryl Ann Hildebrand; Marie Rempel; Phyllis Ann Toews; Melvin Dean Wiens.

Doctor of Philosophy:

Gary Robert Dyck; Royden Keith Loewen; John James Schellenberg.

Master of Business Administration:

Alvin Arnold Doerksen; Mark Edward Friesen; Geroge Robert Joseph Harms; Karen Ruth Loewen; Edwin George Redekopp, Donald Ralph Reimer; Allan James Schmidt.

Bachelor of Environmental Studies:

Michael Cornelius Derksen; Ronald Mark Dick; Theodore John Enns; Sandra Wiebe; Bryan Harold Wiens.

Bachelor of Commerce:

Karen Lynn Schultz (gold medal); Terrence Franklin Bergen; Reinhold Dwane Brandt (with distinction); Correne Liana Friesen; David Raymond Guenther; Marvin Glen Hiebert; Erwin Hildebrandt; Kirsten Susan Kreoker; Wanda Hope Loewen; Wendy Lou Martens; Caroline Grace Nickel; Alanda Judith Penner; Jeffrey Edward Thiessen; Wesley Lionel Thiessen; Charlene Laverne Vogt; Dennis Earl Wiebe.

Certificate in Management:
Bernhard Doerksen Funk.

Bachelor of Computer Science:

Jeffrey Dale Hildebrand.

Bachelor of Science (Honours):

Myrna Gwen Peters; Anthony Victor Wiens.

Bachelor of Science (Major):
Peter Michael Lorenz.

Bachelor of Science (General):

Elaine Ann Bergen; Corneil Blatz; Darryl Abe Dyck; Kendra Jane Goertzen; Victor Jacob Gossen; Pamela Dawn Heidebrecht; Jodine Lyn Janzen; John Anthony Kliever; Sylvia Ruth Loewen; Gary Paul Neumann; Suzette Luella Thiessen; Karen Audrey Toews; Timothy Peter Wiebe.

Master of Science:

Dennis Edward Boese, Randall George Martens; Kenneth Peter Nickel; Steven Richard Schmidt; Edward John Toews;

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture:

Randall Norman Brandt, (with distinction); Darryl Lawrence Friesen; Kevin Scott Nickel; Charles Gregory Penner (with distinction) Robert Brian Schafer; Beverly Ruth Siemens; Wanda Louise Wiebe.

Diploma in Dental Hygiene:

Lois Goerz; Christine Lynn Wiebe.

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Agriculture):

Camlin Lyle Siemens.

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil):

Robert Francisco Duerksen; Gregory Trent Friesen; Kristopher Jon Hildebrand.

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Electrical):

Alvin Lloyd Quiring (with distinction); Armin Arthur Boschmann; Gary Isaac Fehr; Rodney Dale Giesbrecht (with distinction); Peter Waldemar Lehn; Roland Neil Plett, (with distinction);

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Geological):

Stewart Allen Schaffer.

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Industrial):

Darren Douglas Dueck.

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Mechanical):

William David Heinrichs; Richard Glenn Thiessen.

Doctor of Medicine:

Jennifer Gunter; Reginald Addison Klissen; Bryan Lee Leibfried; Layna Ruth Penner; Sharon Jocelyn Rae Sawatzky; Harold Wiebe.

Doctor of Medicine/Bachelor of Science in Medicine:

Bertram John Unger, Shawn Heather Redekopp Visch.

Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation

(Occupational Therapy):

Anne-Marie Elizabeth Enns.

Bachelor of Medical Rehabilitation (Physical Therapy):

Laurie Anne Friesen; Theresa Lynne Mann; Dennis Peters; Cameron James Schulz.

Bachelor of Nursing:

Marilyn Ruth Derksen; Michelle Dawn Epp; Bonny Kathleen Pauls Friesen; Sharon Lynn Heppner; Randall George Janzen; Katherine May Lehn; Monika Irene Martens; Lorie Christine Penner; Melanie Anne Penner; Brenda Marie Peters; Laura Katherine Plett; Pamela Anne PoulterFriesen; Angela Leanne Reimer; Jo-Ann Sawatzky.

Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy

David Dieter Becker; Janet Michelle Penner.

Diploma in Agriculture:

Will Leslie Bergen (with distinction); Larry James Braun; Elery Blake Friesen (with distinction)Howard Wesley Friesen; Randall Keith Friesen (with distinction) Jacob Froese (with distinction; Raymond Frank Funk; Randy James Goertzen; Kenneth Bernard Martens; Darcy John Pauls; Darrel Pauls; Douglas Kevin Redekop; Alvin Sawatzky; John George Schultz; David Arnold Voth; Robert Mark Warkentin.

Diploma in Dairying:

Wesley Bryan Peters.

Brandon University

Awards: Marva Grace Duerksen, gold medal, Bachelor of Music four year program.

Bachelor of Arts (General):

Melanie Helen Martens;

Bachelor of Education:

Jacqueline Marie Klassen; Victor Timothy Martens; Leonard Kornelsen Plett; Miriam Reimer; Theodore Reimer.

Bachelor of Science:

Shelagh Evelyn Wiebe.

Bachelor of Music:

Marva Grace Duerksen.

Bachelor of Music 5 year:

Mark Peter Friesen.

Bachelor of General Studies:

Rita Evelyn Martens; Mary Neufeld; Robert Scott Rempel;

University of Winnipeg

Awards: university gold medal in Religious Studies (General Course), **Jacqueline Klassen;** university gold medal in anthropology **Karen Nachtigall;** silver medal for second highest standing in education, **Robert Janzen;** silver medal for second highest standing in arts honours, gold medal in German honours; **Norman Friesen;** gold medal developmental studies, **Patricia Dyck;** gold medal in history, **Roger Neufeld.**

Bachelor of Science (4-Year):

Carlos Norberto Duerksen; Garth Ronald Giesbrecht; Kristine Chreryl Harder; Marianne Joyce Krahn.

Bachelor of Science:

Timothy Ryan Froese; Daniel Jonathan Labun; Mildred Martens; Ferdinand Glen Pauls; Theodore Henry Pauls; Kevin Earl Warkentin;

Bachelor of Education Henry Bergen; Judith Marlene Dyck; Annelore Epp; Gloria Joanne Friesen; Louise Helen Friesen; Timothy Joe Froese; Peter Wilhelm Heese; Robert James Janzen; Sylvia Leona Janzen; Maureen Joyce Klippenstein; Patrician Dawn Koslowsky; Janice Lorraine Krahn; Marlene Mae Kroeker; Laura Alice Pauls; Andrea Marie Penner; Darryl James Peters; Debra Rademaker; Karen Lynn Thiesen; Myrna June Toews.

Bachelor of Arts (Honours):

Gerald Wayne Block; Lloyd Edward Klassen; Roger Elvin

Neufeld; Arnold Peter Redekopp; Stephen Wayne Toews;.

Bachelor of Arts:

Bruce Richard Bartel; Mark Wesley Bartel; Donna Yvette Bergen; Bradley Dale Bergman; Laura Mae Boldt; Cheryl Monique Braun; Denise Ann Braun; Geoffrey Roy Dyck; Patricia Florence Dyck; Revita Dyck; Robert Wesley Dyck; Sandra Jane Dyck; Corinne Anne Friesen; Kenlay Vern Friesen; Menno Friesen; Allan Rudy Froese; Angela Joyce Agatha Froese; Heather Funk; Jacob Funk; Harvey James Goossen; Eva Irene Harder; Brenda Joy Hiebert; Glenda Marie Hildebrand; Melanie Jaye Hildebrand; Susan Elizabeth Huebert; Kristin Marlene Hunsberger; Jeanne Elizabeth LeGear Janz; Laureen Annie Janzen; Crystal June Kehler; Jacqueline Mae Klassen; Ricardo Klassen; Lawrence Henry Klippenstein; Lori Michele Kroeker; Martha Loepky; Charles Nelson Loewen; Christopher Joseph Wilbert Loewen; Christine Patricia Lohr; Angela Marie Martens; Nancy Neufeld; Norbert Harvey Neufeld; Jody Lorraine Neumann; Rudy David Niebuhr; Arlen Kerry Penner; Matthew Mark Penner; Michelle Rae Redekopp; Russell James Sawatsky; Krista Lee Schmidt; Lara Anne Schroeder; Ann Lynne Schultz; Donald John Thiessen; James Cornelius Thiessen; Ian James Warkentin; Christopher David Wiebe; Philip Gustav Wiebe.

Mennonite Brethren Bible College

Bible/Theology:

Lorlie Allan Barkman; David John Falk; Paul Gilbert Forsyth; Harvey James Goossen; Susan Elizabeth Huebert; George Arthur Klassen; Byron Miles Koop; Michael Andrew Neufeld; Norbert Harvey Neufeld; Jorge Sebastiao Perdonsin;

Philip Roger Reimer; Eunice May Wagner; Christopher David Wiebe.

Contemporary Ministries:

Hugh David Froese; Darrel Brian Thiessen.

Music:

Mark Wesley Bartel; John Martin Janzen; Hong Sik Ryu.

Canadian Mennonite Bible College

Bachelor of Church Music:

Keith Edward Brenneman; Kathleen Louise Epp; Kimberly Gayle Epp; Nancy Jean Harrison; Faye Arlene Hemingway; Lilli Monica Janzen; Nubia Martens Loewen; Sharla Ruth Nafziger; Marlys Anne Neufeldt; Robert John Poettcker.

Bachelor of Theology:

Paul Hans Peter Bartel; Patrick Lorne Buhr; Christine Marie Derksen; Gregory Keith Derksen; Kevin Richard Drudge; Kristi Lee Dyck; Leanne Denise Dyck; Veronica Fehr; Cameron Blake Frey; Shirley Anne Grove; Angela Dorraine Habke; Kendall Royce Harder; Gregory John Janzen; Wendy Gail Janzen; Andrew Scott Kaethler; Douglas James Klassen; Monika Margret Pries Klassen; Jerrold David Loepky; Darryl Kenneth Loewen; Erich Georg Lotz; LeAnn Ruth Neufeld; Shaun Pierre Neufeldt; Krista Neustaedter; Glenn Wesley Patkau; Watler Earl Peters; Miles Russel John Reimer; Anna-Lisa Salo; Glenn Schroeder; Bryan Douglas Suderman.

Certificate in Church Music:

Lisa Joy Carr; Sheri Joy Lohrenz; Erich George Lotz.

Certificate in Theology:

Jennifer Colette Dyck; Andrew James Wiebe.

Graduates Elsewhere

Cellist **Roberta Janzen, 21**, graduated with her Bachelor of Music Degree, summa cum laude from Boston University. She was the graduate in the School of Music who received the highest honours for excellence in the arts. She plans to study with William Pleeth in London, England.



Carl Braun
Honorary degree

Tim Wiebe graduated from Conrad Grebel College in May with a Master of Theological Studies degree. He has returned to Manitoba with his wife, Marlene (Kruger) and daughter, to teach at the Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna. Tim is a regular contributor to the *Mennonite Mirror*.



Jacqueline Klassen
Gold medal, religion

Gwendilyn Koop, graduated from the Nipawin bible Institute in Saskatchewan with a three-year diploma.



Patricia Dyck
Gold medal, developmental

Ryan Rempel, graduated in law from the University of Saskatchewan with high academic honors.



Henry Engbrecht
Outreach award winner



Roger Neufeld
Gold medal, history



Karen Lynn Schultz
Gold medal, commerce



Norman Friesen
Gold medal, German



Alvin Lloyd Quiring
Gold, electrical engineering



Roberta Janzen
Boston University



Ryan Rempel
Law, Saskatchewan

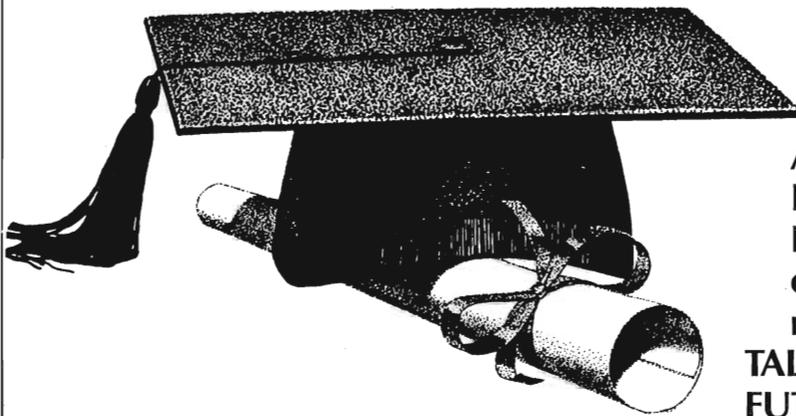
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Die Schule als Gradmesser für die Lage der Deutschen in der UdSSR

von Dr. Herbert Wiens

Die Schulen die ein Volk besitzt, sind ein wichtiges Erkennungsmerkmal seines jeweiligen kulturellen Entwicklungsstandes. Sie sind aber auch der ständige Begleiter und das Mittel seines sowohl geistigen als auch materiellen Fortschritts.

Tatsächlich besteht zwischen der Aufwärtsentwicklung der deutschen Kolonien in Russland und der allmählichen Hebung des Schulniveaus ein unlösbarer Zusammenhang.

Dies lässt sich anhand der allgemeinen Entwicklung der deutschen Volksgruppe in Russland/UdSSR und ihres Schulwesens ohne Schwierigkeiten nachweisen, denn der zunehmende kulturelle, religiöse und materielle Aufschwung der Russlanddeutschen seit ihrer Ansiedlung vor mehr als 200 Jahren ging bis 1913-also solange sie sich einigermassen frei entfalten konnten-einher mit der ständigen Verbesserung des Unterrichts und der Vervielfachung des Schulangebots. Diesem Prozess wurde erst durch die Verfolgungen im Ersten Weltkrieg und danach sowie durch die kommunistische Ideologisierung der Schule seit der Oktoberrevolution ein Ende gesetzt.

Das Freiheitsdekret vom 20.3.1917 scherte allen Nationalitäten des russischen Reiches die Gleichberechtigung zu und versprach auch den nationalen Minderheiten die freie Entfaltung ihres Volkstums, also auch die ungehinderte Pflege ihrer Sprache und Religion.

Um die Stunde zu nutzen, veranstalteten die Russlanddeutschen bereits am 20.23. April 1917 einen (ihren ersten!) gesamtdeutschen Kongress, auf dem auch Beschlüsse über die zukünftige Gestaltung ihres Bildungswesens gefasst wurden, nämlich:

-Widerherstellung der deutschen Schule,

-freier muttersprachlicher Unterricht, -Schaffung eines einheitlichen deutschsprachlichen Schulnetzes von der Elementarschule bis zur Hochschule u.a.m.

Aber noch ehe diese Beschlüsse realisiert werden konnten, brach die bolschewistische Revolution aus, die eine vollkommen neue Lage schuf.

Entscheidend für das künftige Schulsystem in den deutschen Dörfern und Regionen wurden zwei Erlasse: "Über die Trennung der Kirche vom Staat und der Schule von der Kirche" v.21.1/3.2.1918 und "Über die Schulen der nationalen Minderheiten" vom 31.10.1918.

Das gab den Deutschen in allen Teilen des Reiches die Möglichkeit, ihre eigenen Schulen mit dem Unterricht in der Muttersprache- und zwar in allen Fächern-ungehindert wiederherstellen zu lassen oder neu zu gründen, allerdings unter strenger Trennung von der Kirche.

Nach langem Experimentieren während der Jahre des Bürgerkriegs und der ersten 20er Jahre setzten sich in der ganzen Sowjetunion zwei Modelle durch: die siebenjährige "Arbeitschule" der Ukraine und die neunjährige "Einheitliche Arbeitsschule" in den übrigen Teilen der UdSSR.

Fasst man die Entwicklung des deutschen Schulwesens in der Zeit von der Machtübernahme der Bolschewisten bis zum Jahre 1938 (Auflösung der nationalen Kreise und Gemeinden) zusammen, dann ergibt sich folgendes Bild:

1. Entsprechend der Nationalitätenpolitik der KPR wurde den Deutschen unmittelbar nach der Revolution das Recht eingeräumt, Schulen mit muttersprachlichem Unterricht einzurichten. Im Ergebnis dieses Zeitabschnitts waren überall, wo Deutsche die zahlenmässige Mehrheit der Bevölkerung bildeten,

deutschsprachige Schulen aller Stufen von der Dorfschule bis zu den zahlreichen Fach- und Hochschulen mit Deutsch als Unterrichtssprache entstanden.

2. Die sofortige Beseitigung aller vorrevolutionären Schultypen und die Einrichtung der "Einheitlichen Arbeitsschule" sowie das Fehlen langfristiger Lehrprogramme, didaktischer Zielsetzungen und geeigneten Unterrichtsmaterials hatten an der "pädagogischen Front" Irritationen und Ratlosigkeit ausgelöst. Dies galt ganz besonders für die deutschen Schulen gab es doch vor der Revolution gerade in den deutschen Kolonien ein gut ausgebautes, weitverzweigtes und gut funktionierendes Schulsystem.

3. Die Ideologisierung der Schule als Stätte der Erziehung zum Klassenhass sowie die Trennung der Kirche von der Schule und die am Ende der 20er Jahre einsetzende antireligiöse Hetze zerstörten das althergebrachte vertrauliche Verhältnis zwischen Eltern und Schule. Die vom Sowjetsystem propagierte und schliesslich in die Tat umgesetzte Zerstörung von Religion und Privateigentum liess bei den deutschen Bauern keine Begeisterung für das Regime aufkommen und lähmte die Bereitschaft, ihre Kinder in eine Schule zu schicken, die sie innerlich ablehnten.

4. In grosse Gewissensnot gerieten die deutschen Lehrer, die dem Regime ablehnend gegenüberstanden, in Wahrnehmung ihres Amtes aber die Eltern durch Hausbesuche und in Elternversammlungen davon abbringen sollten, ihre Kinder gegen das Regime zu beeinflussen.

5. Die staatliche Schulpolitik war darauf ausgerichtet, die ältere, religiös eingestellte Lehrerschaft nach und nach zu "liquidieren" und durch Vertreter der jüngeren Generation zu

froag etj Karl, "Waut well wie doonen?" "Deep sea fishing," meend hee. Daut wea en bät stirmisch, oba, hols am de Jud, docht etj, ferr'm Sän doo etj daut....

Wie wearen poa Stund opp't Wota, onse Anglen hongen fonn'ne Sied Schepp, aus mie fonk aun omaklich too woaren. Etj kijtj soo troostloos opp daut Wota, nuscht aus Wota, aus etj eene Juschtje emm Jesejcht kjreajch. Waut wea paseat? Omm dee Fesch no'm Schepp too locken haud dee Scheppstjeadel ut siene Drangtonn woa hee siene fefülde Fesch haud, eenen Ama Jucks jeholt enn poascht doafonn emm Boagen äwa enn't Wota. Dee Wint hold een haulwen Ama doafonn tridj enn juach mie daut emm Jesejcht. Etj säd too däm Scheppsmaun hee bruckt dee Drangtonn nijch mea. Etj wudd doa stonen enn dee Fesch foodren enn no'm Schepp tobbern.

Soo aus etj säd, etj ha' angst fe seekrank woaren. Enn nu lach etj enn

eene feine Stow, rundommendomm omm daut Motel kjeen Wota, enn etj lach opp'm Wotabad enn wort seekrank. Wann etj mol emm Himmel encheck dann woar etj toom Receptionist sajen, mie ess aules goot, eene jeeenlije Madrauts, enn wann jie dee nijch haben dann uck een Hei-ooda Stroosack, oba please, kjeen Wotabad. **mm**

Betty Engbrecht of Steinbach is beginning an 18 month Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Akron, Pennsylvania, where she will be working as a bookkeeper and secretary in Financial Services. Engbrecht was last employed as bookkeeper at Steinbach Public Library. She is a member of Steinbach Mennonite Brethren Church.

Mary and Nick Poetker of Morden are beginning four-month Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, Pennsylvania. Mary will work as a packer and Nick as a stock clerk at

SelfHelp Crafts warehouse. The Poetkers are graduates of Winkler Bible Institute. Nick received a bachelor's degree in liberal arts and education at the University of Manitoba. Mary last worked as a teacher's assistant in Morden; Nick was last employed as a teacher in Morden.

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Please, kjee Wotabad

fonn Victor Peters

Wann Karl enn etj reisen enn wie woa äwanachten dann sent ons twee Sachen wijchtijch: aus daut Motel biem Swimming Pool eene Sauna haft enn uck aus'et een Jacuzzi haft. Karl helt opp'ne Sauna, aum leewsten eene dreaje Sauna. Etj nijch. Wann eena doa opp soone heltane Heenastoak opp däm heeten Holt licht dann weet eena woo sitj eene Han emm Bakowen feelen mott. Etj hool opp een Jacuzzi. Daut ess soo'n kjleena Swimming Pool mett Wota soo heet daut eena... doa kunn Eia koaken, enn woa daut Wota dann emma soo oruijch rommulwat.

Nu wull wie enn een Western Motel äwanachten, enn se hauden uck 'ne Stow, oba--bloos eene Stow mett eenem Bad. Etj fruach auf daut Bad groot wea, enn se säden sea groot. Oba, daut Bad wea een Wotabad. Karl kjitjt mie febleft aun, enn etj wist uck nijch. "Na, waut sajchst? säd hee. Karl enn etj räden emma plautdietsch. Etj säd, "Waut meenst Du?" He meend hee haud noch nienijch opp'm Wotabad jeschloopen, na enn etj haud uck nijch. Dee Receptionist säd, "Jie woaren schloopen soo aus emm Himmel." Wie naumen dee Stow mett'm Wotabad.

Enne Stow sach etj mie daut Wotabad aun. Daut sach soo aus 'ne jeeenlijche Madrauts, bloos daut se doa aunstaut Stroo ooda Schüm-gum nennjeprommelt hauden, haude se daut mett Wota follrannen loten, enn dann toojeneit. Enn groot wear et uck, ojeffää haulf soo groot aus de Tabernakel enn Steinbach. Rum haud wie.

Karl jintj foats no siene Sauna enn etj wull noch en bät TV kjitjen. Daut ess sondaboa woo daut mett Hotels enn Motels ess. Enn Dietschlaund sent dee TVs irjentwoa huach bowen woa eena se meist nijch sitt. Enn Amerikau sent dee emma opp'm Footenj fomm Bad. Dann kaun eena

biem lidjen schmock seenen. Etj läd mie han enn wull nu TV kjitjen. Oba donn funk etj ut, wiels etj opp'm Wotabad lach, daut doa aundree Deelee fonn mienem Kjarpa fäl schwanda sent aus miene Feet. Miene Feet wearen soo huach daut se daut TV-Bild fedatjen. Na etj spreed se utenaunda enn sach nu aules. Teschen miene twee groote Teejen sach etj Präsident Bush, Elizabeth Taylor, Charles Bronson, enn uck Khomeini sien Boat pausst kratjt teschen. Aus etj jenuach TV jetjitjt haud wull etj läsen. Biem emm Bad läsen stett etj emma mie dän Kopp mett de Haund. Oba opp'm Wotabad kunn etj daut nijch wiels mien Alboagen dretjt soo deep nenn daut daut Buak emma enn däm Loch rutscht. Hoals am de Hund, docht etj, etj woa schloopen. Etj hool opp twee Kjesses. Etj docht oba mien Kopp wea schwanda aus'a wea. Etj haud däm soo huach daut etj beid Kjesses fomm Bad schmeet.

Etj wea meist ejeschloopen aus Karl tridjtjemt enn sitj opp'm Bad sat. Hee ess nijch soo schwoa aus etj, oba wann uck....Siene Sied jintj rauf enn dann nopp. Oppe easchte Wal jintj etj huach aus wann doa eene japaunsche Tidalwave mie troff. Enn soo jintj daut jiedamol wann hee sitj read. Etj säd, "Karl, wann Du nijch boold ruijch lichst woar etj seekrank."

Etj ha' fe nuscht soo schis aus seekrank woaren. Etj sie äwahaupt een groota Feiglintj, enn wann mie waut wee deit, jleew etj foats daut etj stoawen woa. Doa sie etj en bät soo aus dee Jesuitpriesta Loyola, dee säd eena sull foaken aum Doot dentjen enn woo daut dann sennen wudd. Daut doo etj uck, jiedamol wann mie waut wee deit. Etj see mie dann doot, dee gaunse Fesaumlinj hielt, nijch wiels etj doot sie oba wiels dee Kua daut Leed sinjt "Dort über jenem Sternenmeer," enn se aun äare Doodles dentjen. Obswoa etj dann dee

Doode sie, sie etj dann uck soo trurijch daut etj uck meist hiel enn dann dentj: Ha' etj uck een Schneppe-duak? Dee ajiptische Pharaos habe se aulahaunt biejelajcht--Golt, Wosen, enn Äten--enn mie, mie habe se nijch mol een Schneppe-duak enne Fupp jestopt." Soone Jedanken ha' etj dann wann mie waut wee deit. Enn daut besondasch wann etj seekrank sie.

Miene Famielje enn etj sent freaja earemol äwa dän Atlantic mett'm Schepp jefoaren. Eenmol wea een groota Storm, eajentlijch een Orkan. Aulawäajen opp'm Schepp lagen Luschen, enn opp dee Tuten säd et "Gebrauchsanweisung," oba wie wisten aul wuatoo dee wearen.

Aus wie bie New York aankomen sullen, wea dee Famielje soo krank daut see säden etj sull dee Schemmedauns ennpacken, see wullen bowen opp'm Deck bliewen. Etj schmeet aules waut etj sach enne Suitcases, enn daut wort soo daut wie bat fonndoagschen Dach een schmocket Haundoak haben opp dam steit: "Nordeutscher Lloyd," enn doarunja kjleen "MS Bremen." Daut wea wiels etj uck seekrank wea enn nijch lang kjitjt waut emm Schemmedaun nennjintj.

Eemol wea wie uck enn Prince Edward Island, mett de Koa. Donn kjreajch miene Fru Norejcht daut see tridj no Winnipeg must, see sull doa Sommaschool unjarejchten. Wie feaden äa nom Airport enn Charlottetown. Jie jleewen Prince Edward Island ess nijch groot jenuach ferr en Airport? Na dee haben dän Runway äwatjriets, diagonalie äwa de Insel, enn dann jeit daut. Oba daut Airportjebied ess mau kjleen, ujeffää soo groot aus de Sommafeldsche Kjoatj enn Wintjla. Dee Lied doa sent soo toofräd dee wellen goanijch wajch fonn Prince Edward Island.

Na, miene Fru fluach auf, enn nu

ersetzen, die in Schnellkursen herangebildet wurden. Viele ältere Lehrer haben diesen Opfergang antreten müssen, indem sie verhaftet und verbannt wurden, ohne jemals ein Lebenszeichen von sich geben zu dürfen.

Diese Massnahmen hatten natürlich ein starkes Absinken des Unterrichtsniveaus an den deutschen Schulen zur Folge. Durch die Verordnung Struktur der Grund- und Mittelschule in der UdSSR" vom 16. Mai 1934 wurde eine einheitliche Schulform für die ganze Sowjetunion festgesetzt. Von nun an gab es natürlich galt das auch für die deutschen Siedlungen-nur noch die Dreiteilung: vierjährige Grundschule-siebenjährige (nichtvolle) Mittelschule-zehnjährige Mittelschule. Daneben ordnete sich ein Reihe beruflicher Ausbildungswege ein.

Das hat sich im wesentlichen bis heute so erhalten, nur wurde die siebenjährige Mittelschule um ein Jahr verlängert.

6. Die 30er Jahre sind gekennzeichnet durch einen unschwer erkennbaren Rückgang im Schulwesen der Deutschen in allen Teilen der Sowjetunion.

7. Von der altbewährten Dorf- und Kirchenschule und dem vielgliedrigen Netz weiterführender Schulen der Kolonisten, die auf ausgezeichnete Unterrichtsergebnisse zurückblicken konnten, war nur eines übriggeblieben: die deutsche Unterrichtssprache in allen Fächern.

Aber auch das sollte sich bald ändern.

Stalinsche Liquidierung der deutschsprachigen Schulen

Die gemeinsame Verordnung des ZKd.KPdSU u.d. Rates d. Volkskommissare der UdSSR vom 13. März 1938 bestimmte, dass in allen Schulen der nationalen Republiken und Gebiete Russisch als Pflichtfach unterrichtet werden sollte. In der Verordnung gab es keinerlei Hinweis darauf, dass die Schulen der nationalen Minderheiten nun auch auf die russische Unterrichtssprache umzustellen seien. In Wirklichkeit wurde aber so verfahren. Das "Böse Erwachen" kann für die deutschen

Schüler und Lehrer am 1. Sept. 1938, dem Tage des Schuljahresbeginns.

Von nun an galt Deutsch nur noch als Unterrichtsfach, als Fremdsprache ab Klasse 5. Alle anderen Fächer mussten in russischer Sprache unterrichtet werden, und zwar schon ab dem 1. Schuljahr. Die deutschen Lehrbücher waren verboten, russische Lehrbücher der russischen Schulen verwendet werden. Die deutschen Lehrer wurden teilweise an russ. oder ukr. Schulen versetzt. Wo sie an den deutschen Schulen bleiben durften, war es ihnen unter Anrohung schwerster Strafen untersagt, mit ihren Schülern auch nur ein Wort Deutsch zu sprechen. Die Kinder der ersten Schuljahre der Grundschule brachten von zu Hause kaum Russischkenntnisse mit, so dass sich Lehrer und Schüler oft nur auf dem Niveau einer Hilfsschule verständigen konnten. Sogar viele Lehrer, insbesondere die in den Jahren zuvor in Kurzkursen nur mangelhaft ausgebildeten, hatten Schwierigkeiten, ihren Stoff nun in der russischen Sprache zu vermitteln.

Mankann sich vorstellen, wie niedrig das Unterrichtsergebnis infolgedessen ausfallen musste.

So wurde die deutsche Schule, die neben der Kirche immer eine der wichtigsten Säulen der deutschen Volksgruppe gewesen war, unter Missachtung aller Minderheitenrechte in der ganzen Sowjetunion schlagartig vernichtet. Lediglich die ASSRdWD blieb davon noch verschont. Dies änderte sich mit dem Beginn des deutsch-sowjetischen Krieges, der bekanntlich am 22. Juni 1941 ausbrach. Am 28. August 1941, also wenige Wochen nach Kriegsbeginn, erliess das Präsidium des Obersten Sowjets der UdSSR ein Dekret, das die "Umsiedlung" aller Deutschen aus der Wolgadeutschen Republik in Gebiete östlich des Ural verfügte. Die ASSRdWD war damit praktisch aufgelöst.

Jahrzehnte der Deportation, Entrechtung und Verfolgung

Aufgrund dieses Erlasses wurden alle Deutschen aus dem europäischen Teil der SU nach Sibirien, Kasachstan und

in die zentralasiatischen Republiken deportiert und unter fremden Völkern "angesiedelt".

Ihnen wurde jedwede Pflege ihrer nationalen Traditionen untersagt, denn sie galten noch lange als Faschisten und Staatsfeinde. Wer es wagte, am Arbeitsplatz oder in der Öffentlichkeit Deutsch zu sprechen, erregte nicht nur Verdacht, sondern musste zum mindesten auch mit Benachteiligung, Verachtung und Diskriminierung rechnen.

Noch zehn Jahre nach Abschluss der Kriegshandlungen wurden die Russlanddeutschen in der Sowjetunion buchstäblich totgeschwiegen, in ihrer Rechtsstellung waren sie erheblichen Beschränkungen unterworfen. Diese wurden erst mit dem Erlass vom 13. 12. 1955 durch die Entlassung aus den Sondersiedlungen und die Befreiung von der "administrativen" Kontrolle des MWD (Staatsicherheit) aufgehoben. Damit waren sie aber noch nicht vollberechtigte Bürger der SU geworden, weil sie nicht in ihre Heimatsiedlungen zurückkehren durften und keine Entschädigung für das bei der Vertreibung konfiszierte Eigentum zugesprochen erhielten. Die Russlanddeutschen hatten vor dem Zweiten Weltkrieg in der UdSSR eine administrative und kulturelle Autonomie, die in der ASSRdWD sowie in 16 deutschen Landkreisen (Rayons) und 550 deutschen Gemeinden (Sowjets) verwirklicht war. Allein in der RSFSR gab es schon 1922 434 deutsche Schulen (mit deutscher Unterrichtssprache!), in der Wolgarepublik 428 (1939) und in der Ukraine 628 (1929). Dazu kamen zahlreiche Fach- und Hochschulen, die deutsche Fachkräfte der mittleren und höheren Qualifikationsebene ausbildeten.

Mit der Auflösung der Wolgadeutschen Republik und der deutschen Landkreise und Gemeinden waren natürlich alle diese Bildungseinrichtungen von heute auf morgen verschwunden. Mit der Verschleppung und Verbannung der Deutschen waren auch alle Bücher und Schriften, die sich sowohl in Bibliotheken als auch im persönlichen Besitz befanden, konfisziert worden. Die in der Zeit seit 1938 (im

Wolgagebiet seit 1941) schulpflichtig gewordenen Kinder hatten bereits fast zwei Jahrzehntlang weder eine deutsche Schule besuchen noch deutsches Schrifttum lesen können.

Was sie nun an deutschen Sprachkenntnissen besaßen, hatten sie höchstens in der Familie bei der älteren Generation, vor allem bei den Müttern, lernen können.

"Dass trotz dieser Jahre tiefster Not das religiöse Leben, Sprache und Sitte unter den Deutschen nicht erloschen sind, bleibt eine Ruhmestadt der Mütter dieses Volkes" (Roemmich, HB 1960, S. 62) Aber was die Frauen ihren Kindern und Enkeln sprachlich vermittelt, war, allgemein gesehen, nur ein relativ kleiner Wortschatz, und das auch meistens nur in der eigenen Mundart.

In den auslaufenden 50er und in den 60er Jahren wurden vielerorts Versuche unternommen, den MDU einzuführen. Aber die Schwierigkeiten türmten sich zuhauf: Überwindung psychologischer Hemmungen, Unmöglichkeit, Elternrechte effektiv wahrzunehmen, Fehlen geeigneter Lehrer und Lehrbücher, negative Motivierung der Schüler durch ungünstige Stundenplangestaltung (MDU-Stunden entweder vor dem normalen Unterricht oder im Anschluss daran) u. a. m.

Deshalb ist es nicht verwunderlich, dass die Zahl der Schulen mit MDU im Laufe der Zeit stark zurückging. Z. B. gab es wie die ZS Osteuropa vom Jan. 1990 berichtet (S. 35) - in der Altairegion 1957/73 solcher Schulen, zur Zeit aber nur noch 22. Schulen mit deutschsprachigem Unterricht in allen Fächern gibt es seit 1941 überhaupt nicht, auch nicht in den Gebieten, wo die Deutschen nicht vertrieben wurden.

Die heutige Lage

Zusammengefasst stellt sich zur Zeit die Situation in der ganzen Sowjetunion so dar, dass nicht nur die Zahl der Schulen mit erweitertem MDU, sondern auch die Zahl der Kinder, die diesen Unterricht besuchen, laufend abnimmt. Den deutschen Kindern bleibt, wenn sie Deutsch lernen wollen, weitgehend nur der Besuch des Unterrichts in Deutsch

als Fremdsprache übrig.

Es vergeht kaum ein Tag, dass die deutschsprachigen Zeitungen "Neues Leben", "Freundschaft" und "Rote Fahne" nicht mit Missständen öffentlich brandmarken, aber es geschieht nichts Wesentliches. Im Gegenteil: Die Behörden und die Parteifunktionäre vor Ort tun häufig alles, um zu verhindern, dass man in der Sache weiterkommt. So habe z. B. - wie die Zeitschrift Osteuropa in ihrer Ausgabe vom January 1990, S. 35, berichtet - die Zeitung "Rote Fahne" wiederholt vorgeschlagen, in der Slawgoroder Mittelschule (Altai-Gebiet), deren Schüler gut zur Hälfte aus deutschen Familien stammten, Deutsch als Muttersprache zu unterrichten. Darauf habe der (damalige) Vorsitzende des Rayon-Exekutivkomitees W. Birjuk in der Sitzung des Büros des Stadtkomitees der KPdSU geantwortet: "Schellenberg (der damalige Redakteur der Zeitung "Rote Fahne") will unsere Kinder germanisieren" (Altajskaja pravda, Nr. 183, 10. 8. 88, S. 3). Als Folge dieses Einspruchs werde in dieser Schule bis heute Deutsch nur als Fremdsprache unterrichtet.

So erklärt es sich, dass immer mehr Russlanddeutsche immer weniger deutsche Sprachkenntnisse haben, was sich bei den in der Bundesrepublik ankommenden Aussiedlern besonders deutlich offenbart.

Die Lage könnte sich ändern, wenn den langjährigen Autonomiebestrebungen der Russlanddeutschen endlich Erfolg beschieden wäre. Dann könnten wieder wie vor dem Krieg deutschsprachige Schulen, Bibliotheken, Lehrbuch- und Presseverlage und vieles andere mehr, was der Erhaltung der eigenen Identität dient, geschaffen werden.

Aber die Wirklichkeit sieht anders aus. Die Klagen über die Verschleppung und Verzögerung der Frage der Wiederherstellung der Wolgadeutschen Republik häufen sich in der deutschsprachigen Presse der UdSSR in letzter Zeit immer mehr. Was grossrussischer Nationalismus, Diskriminierung, Verfolgung und Deportation in hundert Jahren nicht geschafft hätten, drohe in wenigen

Jahren Wirklichkeit zu werden, nämlich: Die Assimilierung der über zwei Millionen zählenden deutschen Volksgruppe der UdSSR.

Wenn Partei und Staat die Autonomiebestrebungen der Russlanddeutschen weiterhin dilatorisch (also schleppend) behandelten, müsse damit gerechnet werden, dass es bald - vielleicht schon in 20 Jahren - im ganzen Sowjetreich keine Deutschen mehr geben werde, sondern nur noch Russen mit einem deutsch klingenden Namen. (Teil eines Vortrages auf den Tagen der Begegnung in Nürtingen am 19. 2. 1990) mm

Antrag auf Deutsche Rente

Der Deutschkanadische Kongress ist noch bis zum 31. Dezember 1990 in der Lage, Ihnen kostenlos mit Ihrem Rentenanspruch behilflich zu sein. Ende des Jahres wird das Programm, welches von Health and Welfare Canada finanziert wird, und im November 1988 begonnen hat, ablaufen.

Wenn Sie Beiträge zur deutschen Rentenversicherung geleistet haben, sind wir Ihnen gerne behilflich, Ihren Antrag auszustellen, oder wenn Sie noch nicht im Rentenalter sind, sollten Sie bereits Ihren Versicherungsverlauf (Kontenklärung) einreichen.

Mütter, die vor dem 1. 1. 1921 geboren sind, erhalten für jedes in Deutschland oder in Vertreibungsgebieten geborene Kind eine Kindererziehungsleistung. Beiträge zur deutschen Rentenversicherung sind in diesem Fall nicht erforderlich. Die Kindererziehungsleistung wird im Rahmen des Rentenabkommens auch nach Kanada gebracht.

Der Deutschkanadische Kongress hat die Antragsformulare, und ist Ihnen gerne kostenlos beim Ausfüllen behilflich.

Wenden Sie sich für eine Vereinbarung an den Deutschkanadischen Kongress, unter der Telefonnummer 338-7903. mm

Assembly 12: Is bigger always better?

Like many of you, I participated in Assembly 12 in Winnipeg this July. The latest version of the Mennonite world's hexennial mass celebration and get-together. Having attended the one in Strasbourg in 1984, I found this one to be vaster in scale and more ambitious in scope. Its sheer size and glitz made it a bit daunting and impersonal for many of us, I suspect. The logistics alone were mind-boggling, not to mention foot-killing as we tried to get to as many of the daily scheduled events as possible.

The organized program was spread over a gigantic complex in downtown Winnipeg, which included the huge Convention Centre, several hotels, a Bible college and a university. And every evening thousands of Mennonites from over 50 countries and six continents converged on the Winnipeg Arena for services of congregational singing, prayers and sermons. The closing session at the Stadium drew 25,000 people. Winnipeg has probably never before experienced a week of such intense worshipping, earnest discussions and relaxed socializing all rolled into one.

Now that we've had time to reflect we might want to ask ourselves whether it was all worthwhile -- the millions spent, the years of organizing, the personal sacrifices in time and energy and, in some cases, in money to get there. There is probably no simple answer, and participants would no doubt have different answers according to their own experience with the conference. But I must admit to having some reservations about both the concept and the execution of Mennonite World Conference.

On the surface Assembly 12 appeared to be the product of some very efficient planning and cooperation. And Winnipeg and southern Manitoba, with their concentration of Mennonites and convenient facilities, seemed an ideal location for such a conference. Very little had been overlooked or left to chance. The printed program of scheduled events and information ran to almost a hundred pages and included, in addition to the morning worship services, concerts, plays and films, some 250 workshops that ran from "Global Issues" such as "Theology for Preservation of the Earth," "Whither Marxism?" and "The Church's Response to AIDS," all the way to "Personal Wholeness/Family" issues such as "Child Sexual Abuse," "Friends, Lovers and Significant Others," and "Suicide Awareness."

Smoothness most important?

The frustrating thing was that even if you were blessed with boundless curiosity, indefatigable energy and an iron constitution you could take in only a fraction of the interesting and challenging events offered daily.

All these issues and topics and the many others addressed at Assembly 12 are timely and important. Granted. In one

form or another they provide the agendas of countless conferences on social and other concerns in our society. But doesn't that very fact tell us something about what MWC has become? It's become a huge, complicated machine which is designed to function as smoothly and harmoniously as possible. In our attempt to draw Mennonites of all cultures, colors and linguistic orientation together as a family of Christian faith -- certainly a laudable aim in itself -- are we in danger of developing a bland consensus type of Mennonitism held together more by public rhetoric than by shared spiritual and social experience? The statement of Mennonite faith read out by speakers in four languages at the closing assembly at the stadium had been carefully designed to pour soothing rhetoric over some questionable principles. We were exhorted, in effect, to forgo ethnic identity in the interests of Mennonite faith and spiritual unity. As though it's possible to be a supra-Mennonite in a kind of ethnic and cultural vacuum! As though Chinese and African and Indonesian Mennonites -- or Francophone Mennonites from Quebec, for that matter -- don't have national and ethnic identities as clearly defined as those of the dominant Swiss-Dutch-Prussian-Russian-Canadian-American Mennonite traditions.

Culture to be ignored?

Do we really need to submerge our rich diversity as Mennonites in the tasteless, odorless, colorless solution of pan-Mennonitism provided by these conferences? Do we need to convince the outside world, as well as ourselves, that as Mennonites we hold the most advanced views on everything from environmental restoration to homosexuality, that we must pay at least lip service to every worthwhile cause and popular issue under the sun? The trouble is that the smart rhetoric, the power language used so abundantly at Assembly 12 doesn't really define us. Can't really save us. Only our personal and communal commitment to our Anabaptist-Christian heritage and our actions as Mennonite Christians can do that.

Our public face is one thing. Our private minds and hearts are something very different. The powerful voices and creations of our talented artists, so much in evidence at Assembly 12, did more to inspire our minds and lift our hearts than did the triumphal pulpit rhetoric or the platitudes of mass celebration. So did the congregational singing and the music and the thoughtful, incisive comments made by individuals in workshops, as well as the warm personal contacts made informally through the week.

The next MWC (Assembly 13) is tentatively scheduled for India in either 1996 or 1999. How will the huge, expensive organization that MWC has become go over in the Third World? Will it run up an even larger budget deficit than this one did? And will it still be dominated by affluent, middle-class Mennonites from North America and Europe? Will the

smooth rhetoric of unity and common purpose still work, or will it seem in that setting to be somewhat hypocritical, perhaps irrelevant if not downright idolatrous? Will the centrifugal force so evident in the last two Assemblies finally make the whole machine fly apart?

I don't pretend to have the answers to those questions. Perhaps we Mennonites, having from the beginning been small and insignificant in numbers and remote from others by choice, always had a secret yearning for bigness and centre stage. Perhaps the splashy show MWC has become is simply a manifestation of our successful entry into Western mainstream society while still striving to maintain the distinctives of our Anabaptist-Mennonite inheritance.

Oh yes, one final image of Assembly 12. A friend reported that having run out of patience and Sitzfleisch at the overlong closing session, she was walking to her car in the parking lot when the Stadium side-gate opened and a Loomis armored truck emerged, presumably with the proceeds of the offering that had just been taken.

-- Al Reimer

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