

Mennonite MIRROR

volume 20 / number 3 / november, 1990



SERI: 3265
91 5
MR. W. BORN
21 ABBOTSFORD CRESCENT
WINNIPEG MB
R2M 2S6

I've prepared for the GST.



Have you?

Now is the time to register.

Are you ready for the proposed GST? If not, now is the time to register and prepare. Registration applies to anyone involved in a commercial enterprise. This includes fishing, farming, professional services and many activities carried out

by non-profit organizations.

Revenue Canada is ready to assist you with information on:

- How to register and the benefits of doing so
- What the GST means to your operation
- Simplified accounting options and administrative procedures
- Rebates of the Federal Sales Tax
- How to recover GST on business purchases
- GST return and filing options

Contact us today.

Phone:

1 800 267-6620

Telecommunications device
for the hearing impaired:

1 800 465-5770

Or drop by the
Revenue Canada Excise
Office nearest you,
Monday to Friday,
9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Canada's GST. It's good business to prepare now.



Revenu Canada
Douanes et Accise

Revenue Canada
Customs and Excise

Canada

ForeWord

For the past 18 years, the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre has treated our community to a wide variety of drama in German and English. In so doing it has provided a creative outlet for non-professional dramatic skills within the community. In our opening article, Verallynn Warkentin describes the origins of WMT and how it has continued.

Later in this issue, Al Reimer reviews the evening of three one-act plays that the WMT presented in early November. (The *Mirror* apologizes for the lateness of our November edition, which came out after the plays were over. We plan according to a deadline, but meeting those dates can be more of a challenge than one expects.)

The convening in Winnipeg of the World Conference this past summer provided the impetus for two anthologies of Mennonite writing by two publications that are not in the Mennonite mainstream. The fact that writing by writers of Mennonite background is being noticed in this way is testimony to the quality of the creative stream among Mennonites. Al Reimer reviews and comments on the two editions.

When a couple reaches the 50th anniversary of their wedding, a celebration is in order by any standard. And it is also a tribute to the parents when the children's observations go are more than "nice words" for the occasion. William Janzen's reflections at his parents 50th are in this issue.

One of the things that was widely reported in the news media was the trip to the missile silos in North Dakota during the Mennonite World Conference. What was not reported to well were the thoughts of the people who went. Richard Thiessen tells us his thoughts this month.

Dust to Dust is partly the story of a funeral, but mostly the story of a person who could no longer endure. A moving story of a desperate mother.

This issue continues with several reviews, poems, Vogt's observed column on a recent trip to the "new Germany," and concludes with some reflections on what the church does, does not, and should, undertake with respect to ministers caught in an act of impropriety.

ANNUAL MEETING

*Mennonite Literary
Society, Inc.*

SATURDAY DECEMBER 1
9:30 a.m.
Holiday Inn South
on Pembina Highway

Please phone 786 2289 before November 26, to indicate that you will be attending.

Mennonite Mirror

volume 12 / number 3
december, 1990

**WMT since 1972: A stage in the
community / 5**

**Prairie literary fire – Mennonite style
/ 7**

**A tribute to Mennonite Parents:
reflections at a 50th / 9**

**Thoughts of peace near an instrument
of war / 11**

Dust to Dust / 12

New poems to consider / 16

Poets words / 17

Review: Winnipeg Mennonites / 18

Observed: German trip / 19

Manitoba news / 21-23

Mirror mix-up / 23

Review: WMT 1990 performs / 24

Die Wandertruhe / 25

Enn Abrahams Schoss / 28

Our word / 30

Mennonite Mirror

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

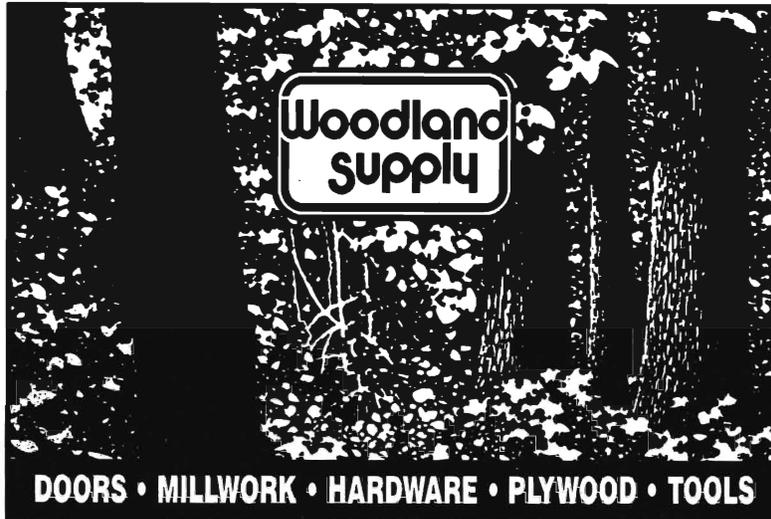
Mennonite Literary Society Inc.

President: Roy Vogt **Vice-President:** Ed Unrau
Secretary: David Unruh **Office Manager:**
Frieda Unruh **Directors:** Rudy Friesen, John
Schroeder, Mavis Reimer.

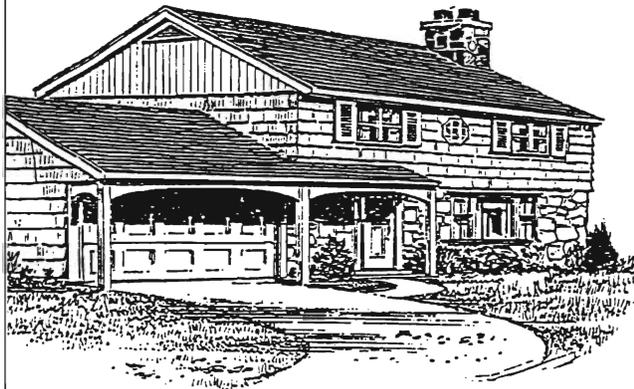
The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year for the Manitoba Mennonite community by the Mennonite Literary Society Inc.

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



MAKE YOUR DREAM HOME A REALITY...



SEE US TODAY!!!

Crosstown has the solution in how to acquire a mortgage to make your dreams come true!

OUR RATES ARE ALWAYS COMPETITIVE — OUR SERVICE — EXCELLENT



Crosstown

Credit Union Limited

Corporate Office 171 Donald St. 942-1277
Winnipeg, MB. R3C 1M4

COMMERCIAL CREDIT 942-2686

BRANCH OFFICES:

Downtown 171 Donald St. 947-1243 or Fax # 947-3108

Westend 1250 Portage Ave. 783-7081 or Fax # 783-4535

North Kildonan 1200 Henderson Highway 338-0365 or Fax # 334-4998

A TRADITION OF SERVICE TO THE MENNONITE PEOPLE OF MANITOBA FOR OVER 45 YEARS.

A stage in the community: WMT since 1972

by Veralynn Warkentin

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre (WMT) founded in 1972 seems almost paradoxical in that the dramatic arts have a limited history in the Mennonite community. Indeed, as Judge John Enns, one of the founders of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre has noted, while the English have their Shakespeare, the French their Moliere, the Germans their Schiller and Goethe, the Irish their Shaw and the Italians their Goldoni, there has never been a noted Mennonite playwright.

Enns traces the earliest interest in the theatre to the Mennonites of the Ukraine who sought to emulate a Neo-European lifestyle, emphasizing literature and the arts and encouraging their young people to study in universities in Moscow or abroad.

Those well-educated Mennonites immigrated to Canada in the 1920s and as early as the 1930's presented plays like *Saat und Ernte* (Seed and Harvest), and *Glaube und Heimat* (Faith and Homeland) in church basements or halls expressly for their own people. From 1946-66 First Mennonite Church's

Jugendverein annually presented plays such as *Der Selbstschutz* (The Self-defence), or re-presented other works. This ultimately became the basis for the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre.

Laying the base

In 1966 the *Jugendverein* calling themselves the *Erste Mennonitische Theatre Gruppe*, performed the Arthur Miller classic *Der Tod des Handlungsreisenden* (*Death of a Salesman*). The production had a pseudo-professional flair: their group was the last to perform in the old "Dominion Theatre" on Portage Avenue -- the original Manitoba Theatre Centre. They were also the first to utilize the police parking lot which was destined to become the Warehouse Theatre. In this space, as they rehearsed, Walter Regehr built the sets designed by Taras Korol whose artistic brilliance and professionalism went on to benefit many productions of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre.

The success of this 1966 production coincided with the vibrant, celebratory, progressive Centennial spirit. This zeal

generated a movement in the *Jugendverein* to be more firmly established and to take on a stronger identity. John Enns recalled that plans were underway to call themselves "The German Canadian Centennial Theatre Group" and to stage *Leben des Galilei* (The Life of Galileo). Despite the enthusiasm, many of the young members were too busy raising families of their own to undertake such a lavish project, so the plans were shelved and the group took a hiatus until 1972 when it emerged under its present name: The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre.

Wider range

Three friends from the *Jugendverein* emerged as the founding members: Gert Neuendorf, Paul Neustaedter and John Enns. They chose not to revive the old church group but to establish an independent theatre with more freedom to choose from a wide range of plays and more elaborate productions. Their aims and objectives were clear: 1) To present plays and musicals on a Mennonite theme as often as possible 2) To present classical and contemporary plays in both German and English 3) To give opportunities for further development to young artists in the Mennonite community, particularly in the dramatic arts. And undergirding all of these -- to strive for excellence.

The German language emphasis was apparent in WMT's first production in 1972, *Und Keiner Hoert Hin* (And Nobody Listens) by Gert Neuendorff. This bilingual play dramatized failed communication and the generation-gap. It centred around a son who harboured a draft-dodger creating a conflict with his father that threatens to tear the family apart. The play was one of the most successful ever staged by the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. The group received much publicity because the advent of a new amateur theatre group in Winnipeg at that time was a



A scene from the 1972 production of *Und Keiner Hoert Hin*

novelty. This added to the audience already existing from the *Jugendverein* productions. More importantly, the subject matter struck a chord with the German and Mennonite communities whose own experience of the language barrier was brought to life on the stage. As John Enns put it, the theatre and its audience was "established overnight."

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's theatrical season usually consists of a main production and an evening of one-act plays. The main productions are handled by a *Troika*. Like three horses who pull equal weight on the reins, this term is used affectionately by the WMT to describe the vital roles of producer, general manager and artistic director appointed for each major production. The one-act plays offer opportunities for less experienced directors, thereby encouraging new talent. Works are chosen by the "play reading and research committee" for their suitability to the Mennonite audience.

Ethnic emphasis evident

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Society is a non-profit organization whose revenues are primarily generated by ticket sales to the various shows. They also receive annual grants of \$6,000-\$8,000 from the Manitoba Intercultural Council and special applications are sometimes made for more extravagant musical productions.

The ethnic emphasis is evident in a German play like *Die Physiker* (The Physicists, 1973) and such classics performed in translation as: *Der Baer* (The Bear, 1974), Moliere's *Der Geizhals* (The Miser, 1975), William's *Die Glasmenagerie* (The Glass Menagerie, 1977) and Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet, Prinz von Daenemark* (Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 1984). Directed by WMT's second president, David Riesen, Hamlet was one of their finest, most artistically satisfying productions, yet was a financial disappointment. It appears that although competition for German language plays is limited, they appeal to a shrinking audience due to the overall loss of German in the Mennonite community.

In 1978 the first full-length English

production was Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Masters*, directed by Alfred Wiebe, now president of WMT. Wiebe also directed Moliere's *The Imaginary Invalid* (1982) and Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1986), both impressive productions at the Playhouse. Both Wiebe and former president John Enns agree that bilingualism is both a boon and a bane to the WMT. While English plays have a slightly wider appeal, the theatre continues to produce plays for its loyal -- although decreasing -- German speaking audience.

Not only words

The universal language of music has often proved the most successful in the staging of operas. Of all the arts, music has the greatest history amongst Mennonites and is an art in which we excel. Elaborate productions directed by David Riesen like Johann Strauss' *Der Zigeunerbaron* (The Gypsy Baron, 1979) and Mozart's *Die Zauberfloete* (The Magic Flute, 1982), which had a budget of \$30,000, were well attended and financially profitable. The 1981 production of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* was chosen to represent Manitoba in the National Multicultural Theatre Association Festival in Prince Edward Island, an indication of the quality of the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's musical extravaganzas.

Other consistently successful and well-attended performances are those dealing with issues relevant to Mennonites. The first production, *Und Keiner Hoert Hin* (1972) was followed by Olga Rempel's *Wer Nimmt Uns Auf* (Who Will Take Us In, 1976). Susan Hiebert's *Trudje* (Little Gertrude, 1977) dealt with the conflict between Mennonites and the Schools Act of 1919 which prohibited teaching German. This topical play of the dilemma of bilingualism represented Manitoba in the National Multicultural Theatre Association Festival in Vancouver that year. Similarly, Walter Schlichting's *Die Emigranten* (The Emigrants, 1985) won the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's playwriting competition for its portrayal of a Mennonite family's movement from the steppes of post-revolutionary Russia to present-day Winnipeg.

WMT's achievements have been contingent upon the support of a consistent -- and discriminating -- Mennonite audience. Erich Maria Remarque's *Full Circle* (1988), set in Nazi Germany, was a controversial choice and some in the Mennonite community showed their disapproval by staying away. But for the most part the audience has given patronage and approval.

WMT's accomplishments also rest on the cornerstone of countless volunteers. Many have consistently provided time, talent and energy for years and are simply too numerous to mention by name -- yet each deserve mention on the playbill. Similarly, Al Reimer's reviews in the *Mennonite Mirror* have enhanced both goodwill and audience attendance. Moreover, Mennonite businesses in the community (like Monarch Industries, Crosstown Credit Union, Assiniboine Travel, Woodland Supply & Mfg. Ltd.) have shown continued endorsement without which productions would be impossible.

The Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is presently in a state of transition. The nucleus of original board members has changed and new faces from other Mennonite churches such as Charleswood, Springfield, North Kildonan and Sargent have become involved. The transition of the theatre reflects the changing values and lifestyles of the Mennonite community. As Alfred Wiebe notes, the "Germanic orientation" remains an integral part of the WMT's constitution although the audience for German language plays is not secure. One certainty is WMT's increased agenda to perform Mennonite plays. For example, Esther Wiens' *Sanctuary* depicts the struggle of a Mennonite family in California who follow their conscience and illegally harbour refugees from El Salvador. The play was performed in 1989 and also by the WMT at the 1990 World Conference. The rekindled Mennonite mandate reveals that the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre recognizes and appreciates the support it has always received. It is a community theatre which wishes to share the values of its community and provide a stage on which to present the experiences of Mennonites. mm

Prairie literary fire -- Mennonite style

by Al Reimer

Mennonite writing in Canada has been coming into its own with a vengeance in the past few years. Writers of fiction like Rudy Wiebe, Sandra Birdsell, Andreas Schroeder, and poets like Patrick Friesen, David Waltner-Toews and Di Brandt enjoy national, even international reputations by now.

Almost monthly another volume of verse, a novel or a collection of short stories by a Mennonite author rolls off the presses. Routinely, Mennonite writers participate in literary readings across the country, and last May there was an exciting conference at Conrad Grebel College devoted entirely to Canadian Mennonite writing.

Mennonite writing is seen by Mennonite and non-Mennonite readers and critics as an increasingly important addition to Canadian literature.

This past year two Canadian literary journals have brought out special issues of Mennonite writing. The *New Quarterly* volume came out in conjunction with the conference mentioned above, while the *Prairie Fire* issue was made to coincide with the Mennonite World Conference in July. Both volumes were guest-edited with care, competence and insight by Hildi Froese Tiessen of Conrad Grebel (she also edited *Liars and Rascals*, an anthology of Mennonite writing published in 1989). The latter was a relatively "safe" collection in the sense that almost all the writers in it are experienced writers with well-established reputations. What makes the two new collections especially exciting is the large number of new and younger Mennonite writers represented in them. This bodes well for the immediate future of Mennonite writing in this country.

First, a general observation. Reading both volumes through consecutive-

ly, I was forcibly struck by the sense of creative novelty conveyed collectively by these writers, their almost breathless ecstasy and wonderment that words can be made to do such marvellous things, a sense of literally bursting out of non-verbal and pre-verbal restraints into the lush, vivid *reality* of language that can be shaped, moulded, sculpted (sometimes tortured) into exciting new forms and textures of imaginative reality. Mennonite writing as gathered here creates an impression of *newness*, of coming out of nowhere, so to speak, with no tradition behind it, of using language for the first time to explore self-identity, the Mennonite world, ideas and themes.

Modest beginnings

That impression is to some extent at least misleading. There is a folksy oral tradition of Mennonite story-telling, mostly in Low German, that most of these writers drank in with their mother's milk. But there was little by way of *written* language and culture till now. Put another way, few, if any, of these writers, so far as I know, come from intellectual or cultivated family backgrounds in which ideas, art and culture would have been taken for granted. Most come from farming or working class origins, with a few the sons and daughters of Mennonite ministers and teachers in families where there was at least some familiarity with and respect for the use of language as more than just a means of daily communication. Paradoxically, much of the poetry and fiction in these two volumes is conservative in that it covers familiar ground in terms of plot, character, themes and treatment. As though Mennonite literature, now that it's here, needs to

start from the beginning, explore the same ground older literatures have already mapped out, only this time with a Mennonite twist, in Mennonite accents. That is not meant to be a stricture on lack of originality, but rather a recognition of just how new and ground-breaking this writing is.

As might be expected, there is some overlapping of authors in the two volumes, although not as much as there would have been a few years ago. The *New Quarterly* collection is bigger and more varied than the *Prairie Fire* one, but that does not mean that it is superior in design or literary quality. Where the former includes 34 writers, the latter has ten fewer. On the other hand, the PF issue is more tightly and effectively organized and perhaps more consistent in quality. The NQ volume contains not only poetry and fiction, but intersperses them with critical essays and an interview (the second half of which is continued in the other volume, a strange practise but understandable given that both issues have the same editor who is also the interviewer). The PF volume is enhanced by illustrations and photographic art work. In addition, it contains a review section of important new Mennonite writing. One excellent feature of this collection is the personal statement by each author of what it means to be a Mennonite writer. Many of these little personal essays are gems and will add much to the reader's knowledge of how Mennonite authors feel about their work and their Mennonite identity.

Favored pieces

Space does not permit a detailed examination of individual contributors to these fine volumes, but for me high-

lights in the *New Quarterly* volume include Rudy Wiebe's subtle story "Except God Who Already Knows," the brilliant excerpt from Dallas Wiebe's new novel *Our Asian Journey*, Sarah Klassen's haunting story "Lake Sharon," Andreas Schroeder's carefully crafted story "The Road to Minnie's Pit," E.F. Dyck's provocative and original essay "The Rhetoric of the Plain Style in Mennonite Writing," and the splendid new poems of Patrick Friesen, Di Brandt and Jeff Gundy. In the *Prairie Fire* issue I would single out David Bergen's superb short story "The Fall," Rosemary Deckert Nixon's moving story "The Patent Makers," Douglas Reimer's powerful and troubling albeit flawed story "Lena, Rebecca, Elaine and Marie," Magdalene Redekop's wonderful "Moving 2: The Little Dipper" (in conjunction with her sister Elizabeth Falk's "Moving 1: The House"), and some fine poems by Leonard Neufeldt, Maurice Mierau, Sarah Klassen and Marjorie Toews. Editor Hildi Froese Tiessen has some perceptive and original things to say about Mennonite literature and its practitioners, and her two-part interview with Pat Friesen is well worth reading.

Some downsides

There are weaknesses in both volumes, it must be said. Some of the contributions range from the slight to the trite, and seem to have been included more for the sake of variety than anything else (one hopes that including them was not just an act of compassion on the part of the editor). Some of the writing is parochial verging on the claustrophobic, and has little if any appeal, particularly to the non-Mennonite reader. Most of these writers write from a dissident stance, which often gives to their work a superb cutting edge and a gut-wrenching relevance. A few, however, do little more than work off their anger and frustrations over having been raised in conventional Mennonite settings, dancing bravely

on a self-erected moral high wire over an imagined Niagara Falls of social and religious repression. The bulk of the writing is in the life-is-real-life-is-earnest mode, including, surprisingly, much of the work of the dissident writers. At times one longs for more of the exuberant comic tone and invention so abundant in the work of an Armin Wiebe or a David Waltner-Toews, or for the sly, tongue-in-cheek irony of the mature Rudy Wiebe or Sarah Stambaugh. By way of compensation, though, the writers represented in these two anthologies are skilled, engaged, and impressively equipped with sophisticated literary techniques. Mennonite readers in particular will find much to enjoy and learn from in these accomplished collections of some of the best Mennonite writing in Canada.

*Hildi Froese Tiessen, guest editor,
The New Quarterly Special issue:
Mennonite Writing in Canada, Vol. X,
Nos. 1 and 2, Spring/Summer 1990.*

*Hildi Froese Tiessen, guest editor,
Prairie Fire: New Mennonite Writing,
Vol. 11, No.2, Summer 1990.*

Join us at the
LUNCHEON MEETINGS
of the
MANITOBA CHAPTER
MEDA

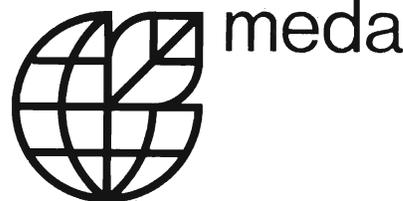
for interesting speakers,
challenging topics and good
fellowship.

NEXT MEETING: NOVEMBER 29
Noon, Charterhouse Hotel.

SPEAKER: Phil Fontaine, of the
Manitoba Assembly of Chiefs.

TOPIC: Business and the
Manitoba Native Community: Is
Partnership Possible?

TICKETS: \$10 (Students \$5)
RESERVATIONS: 944 1995



Westgate



SPECIAL EVENTS

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26: Semi-Annual Meeting

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14: Christmas Concert

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16: The Westgate Concert choir and the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church choir present "Christmas Story," by H. Schuetz, and "Christmas Cantata," by D. Pinkham, at 7 p.m., at the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church.

We invite you to participate

Together we can provide a Christian education for our youth

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate

86 Westage, Telephone 775 711

A tribute to Mennonite parents: reflections on a 50th wedding anniversary

by William Janzen

Presented at the anniversary of Abram and Gertrude Janzen, Neuanlage Grace Mennonite Church, Hague, Saskatchewan, August 5, 1990.

One writer in the Bible says: "for everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven." (Ecclesiastes 3:1) We could say that a 50th wedding anniversary is also a time for many things:

It is a time to thank God for parents who have been blessed with a long life and relatively good health, for a loving community of relatives and friends many of whom have gathered here to mark this occasion.

It is a time for casting an eye over the years, noting that both parents once attended the German Mennonite schools in their respective villages before English public schools were accepted, that mother's father died when she was young, leaving a widow and 15 children to fend for themselves, and that some members of that family eventually made their homes in far-away places such as Mexico, Bolivia and northern Alberta.

It is a time for recalling the early years of married life, living on an isolated farm on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River and sometimes being visited by strange and unsavory characters who made their way along the river, and bearing children and having a six month old son die in his mother's arms.

It is a time for children to thank a mother who cared for them day-in and day-out, who got them ready for school each morning, who mended their clothes, soothed their bruised egos, and tried to get them to help with the work even though sometimes they were deaf to all her asking, ordering, prodding, coaxing, cajoling, urging, pleading and begging.

It is a time to remember some of father's community involvement, serving on school boards, helping to organize ways to keep roads cleared of snow in winter, and working for about 25 years on the "weisenamt" of the Old Colony Mennonite church to close old accounts after that good institution was no longer viable.

It is a time for gratitude for almost 30 years of teaching Sunday School in our home village of Blumenheim, working with a large class of 50 or more children, some of whom were quite restless at times but who later came to appreciate the seeds planted there.

It is a time for gratitude for this church here in Neuanlage. When the first children became teenagers Father began to take us to the monthly "Jugendverein" here. Father had known Rev. John Janzen when both were boys and he wanted his children to learn some of the things offered here. Years later mother and father formally joined this church and were given new opportunities for involvement and service here.

It is a time to recall that mother and father cared for each other, in spite of differences in habit, personality, and preferences. Father referred to the farm and other things they owned, not as "mine" but as "ours", meaning that mother owned them too. He patiently helped mother when walking became more difficult for her. And mother supported him in his various activities in church and community.

It is a time to recall some happy aspects of family life, singing songs as we milked cows, playing ball with Gertrude as the back-catcher, building an ice-rink beside the granary, lighting it with two bulbs and having many neighbour children come to play on it, and, not to be forgotten is the annual

vacation which consisted of a one-day trip to visit uncle Peter and aunt Helen in Rosetown.

It is a time for us children to remember some basic lessons from our parents, that everyone makes mistakes but can also be forgiven, that much of life is tedious and undramatic, that there are suffering people close by and far away who must not be forgotten, and that daily life, however ordinary, can have enjoyable aspects.

It is a time for remembering the words of father who said, after disciplining a son at home for getting into a fight at school: "Willie, I want you to be friends with all the children in school, especially those who don't have many friends."

It is a time for us children to remember the pleas of our mother who, when we got into quarrels at home, would urge us to settle things and to forgive each other, lest we carry our hostilities into adult life. We need to remember that plea even as we need to recognize that we have gone to different places, met different people, had different experiences and do not always see everything in exactly the same way.

It is a time to remember that our parents tried to give advice and support when we as children went to different places, into various jobs and schools and sometimes faced hardship and uncertainty. Our parents did not always understand but they wrote letters, made visits, kept an open door, and prayed daily that God would guide the children.

It is a time to give thanks for material blessings. We were not rich but we always had enough. The land yielded reasonable crops and the cows gave milk and there were markets for both. There were medical services, educational institutions and teachers

who had faith in young people and went far beyond the call of duty in helping us.

It is a time to give thanks for a peaceful setting. Unlike many families in the world, ours was not torn apart by war. We were never forced to flee. Our setting was stable and served as a place where we could come back to again and again, and where friendships, spanning several generations, could be built.

It is a time to give thanks for neighbours. We borrowed farm equipment from them, as well as things for the house. We played together as children. We worked together and grew up together. They accepted us in spite of our weaknesses. They can never be forgotten.

It is a time to acknowledge grandparents and great grandparents and the whole broad heritage which, though oppressive at times, provides teachings and values which can help in our efforts to building a positive family life.

It is a time for all of us to deepen our faith in the potential of family life. Certain Biblical writers, when they wanted to describe the love of God, used images from family life. In Isaiah 66:12 and 13 we read, "thus says the Lord, as one whom his mother comforts so will I comfort you." In Psalm 103:13 we read "As a father pities his children, so the Lord pities those who fear him."

At the same time we need to recognize the paradoxes in the Bible. Relations between husband and wife are to be marked by love and respect but the first husband, Adam, blamed his wife, Eve, for his own cowardliness. A few pages further we find a wife, Rebecca, deceiving her husband, Isaac. Similarly, the Bible calls us to love each other as brothers but when we look at the first two brothers, Cain and Abel, we find that one killed the other.

It is a time to recognize that the paradoxes portrayed in the Bible are not far from our own paradoxes. At times we are very loving and respectful but we can also be angry and hateful. Most family relations, be they between spouses, between parents and children, or among children, are marked in varying degrees by hurt, pain, regret and

disappointment.

It is a time to see that the Bible, not only portrays these paradoxes, but also provides guidance. We are called to forgive, to love, and to build up one another. We are also called to admonish each other. This is important because all individuals have habits and characteristics which can be irritating in the close relations of family life. We need to learn to give admonitions and to receive admonitions in a spirit of love.

Finally, it is a time to consider the two people who have walked together all these years, to thank God for His faithfulness, for answering many of their prayers, and for using them, in spite of their imperfections. May the good seeds they planted bear fruit and may the other things blow away like chaff in the wind.

It is a time to say a most sincere thank you to Mother and Father, and to wish them God's grace and peace as they "finish the race" in the years that may yet be given to them. mm

Cultivating Dreams

A book of poems, stories, and sketches about growing up on a farm in Manitoba in the 20s and 30s.

Send \$8 to Willow Creek Publishing, RR 2, Box 284, Morden, Manitoba, ROG 1J0



**BITUMINEX
LIMITED**

ASPHALT
PAVING

ASPHALT
SUPPLY

EQUIPMENT RENTALS

237-6253
29 Terracon Place
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R2J 4B3

Bonaventure Travel Inc.

Contact

**Darlene Kailer
Ruth Wiebe**

477-4581

FAX 475 0494

1-161 Stafford Street

Winnipeg, MB.

R3M 2W9



Klassen Funeral Chapel Ltd.

Spacious chapel
Personal Service

1897 Henderson Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3G 1P4
Telephone 338 0331

Reasonable Prices
Easy access
Ample parking

Thoughts of peace near an instrument of war

by Richard Thiessen

It was July 27, 1990, and the overcast sky had given way to bright, warm sunshine as our entourage of six buses covered the remaining miles before we arrived at Vang, North Dakota, site of the Frostfire Nuclear Missile Silo.

After the buses stopped, the 300 participants, in six buses, filed out to look from a distance at this manicured mound of soil and gravel surrounded by a protective fence. Under this mound lies the Minuteman B-11 missile designed to destroy millions of lives in contrast to the surrounding life-giving field of grain. Its destructive force of 175 kilotons compares with 14 kiloton nuclear bomb dropped upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki at the end of the Second World War, and is only one of the several hundred missile sites within this region alone. These are the Minuteman missiles fitted with the Navstar guidance system which converts the entire U.S. land-based missile force into a first-strike weapon.

We, in this group, had left Winnipeg near noon as a contingent of the Mennonite World Conference whose theme, Witnessing to Christ in Today's World, made appropriate this trip so that our group from various countries of the world could come here to contemplate, meditate and witness.

Instrument of death

We walked the several hundred meters alongside the grain field following a wooden cross carried by those leading the procession. We surrounded the wooden cross, symbol of life and love, while the innocent-looking mound of earth, quite near to us now, housed an object in complete contrast to the symbol of the cross.

In this tomb some 15 meters below the surface of the ground, this missile, when remotely activated by design or by chance, would surface through a hatch to join nine other nuclear missiles, from various Midwest locations,

to search out the "enemy" on the other side of the world to maim and destroy human life. Once fired, these missiles would start a series of nuclear events which would finally scorch the earth so that all life would become extinct.

Halfway through our worship service a shroud of shame descended upon me that my generation should have surrendered its morals to have placed its total faith for our security into life destroying missiles rather than in the symbol of the cross. It was the type of shame depicted in a picture which once hung in my Sunday school class showing Adam and Eve cowering when God approached them to condemn them for their sins. In the case of this missile it felt as though our evil hands had managed to wrestle from God the power that was His, and from now on the fate of humanity was, instead, held in the evil within us. I also felt ashamed that my Canada is contributing in high measure to various nuclear arsenals by supplying components for nuclear weapons. I remembered the uranium mines in Saskatchewan which export their material via Winnipeg to be used for nuclear warfare and the by-product of Ontario Hydro's nuclear-generating plants whose product ends up in nuclear arms. I thought of the Armx 89 international arms exhibition held in Ottawa.

At one point during the service, held a stone's throw away from the deadly invisible monster, my thoughts went back to 1984, when I was contemplating the possibility of a nuclear tragedy while visiting the Tien Shan mountains in the Soviet Union. On these slopes near Frunze, our guide, a Kirgistan woman, and I discussed the then intensely volatile political situation between East and West. Having explained her view of how this dilemma may be approached in terms of reconciliation, she turned to ask me, "And what are people doing in Canada to promote world peace?"

Private thoughts

After the service we walked in twos, each with our own thoughts and I thought about what kind of a world, if any, I might be leaving for my grandchildren. Then from these earlier feelings of shame and dishonour, a serenity engulfed me when we all stopped to hold hands, thus encircling the installation. It felt as if we might contain the evil that lay inside the fence. On my right I was holding hands with my daughter, my flesh and blood. On my left I held the hand of my brother in common witness. Looking through the fenced enclosure, to the other side, were my other sisters and brothers, and far away on the other side of the globe were more sisters and brothers who lived and loved as I, and toward whom this weapon which lay in the ground before me was aimed.

When it was time to go and our last song of supplication fell across the waving field of grain from our unbroken circle, I looked to see the cross, now standing alone, beckoning. Today I feel rededicated to my Mennonite faith of trust in non-violence, and I have renewed hope for the survival of mankind upon this earth.

And the nuclear establishment, whose theory of securing peace by instilling the fear of death into fellow human beings...? It remains the symbol of our inability to listen, to accept, and to love others. It is our constant reminder that our faith in God which we so loudly proclaim is indeed only as minute as a mustard seed.

Richard Thiessen is a maintenance supervisor in a Winnipeg apartment complex. He and his wife, Kathy, live near Bird's Hill.

Dust to Dust

by Melitopol

The barbed-wire caught the deacon's overcoat. He stepped back from the fence and gave a firm tug. The coat did not unhook. As the minister continued his sermon the deacon gave another determined pull. The deacon backed away from the open grave beneath the fence.

The cold, wet wind blew with yet another sustained gust. Bits of straw and small tumbleweeds flew by, oblivious to the hardship they were causing the small group of mourners on the bleak, treeless prairie of southern Saskatchewan. His hat held tightly against his body with one elbow, in his hand the minister bravely clutched his book of sermon notes. In the other hand he held tightly to his opened Bible. The pages of both fluttered wildly with each gust of the relentless wind.

The cold November day was fitting for a funeral, especially this kind of funeral. Heavy dark clouds from the northwest, in various shades of grey, came rolling in endless procession across the sky. From time to time a heavy mist descended with fury from the darker clouds. Combined with the blasts of wind it felt like ice upon the cheeks. In spite of the wind and mist the minister insisted upon stumbling through all his notes and the passages of scripture he had chosen to read. The elements would not deter him from -- what he considered to be -- his duty.

Even with the minister's strong baritone voice, accustomed to years of speaking in the church without amplification, many of the mourners could not hear what was being said above the noise of the wind. After some 20 minutes the minister concluded his sermon and scripture readings. He spoke a brief, final prayer. The unusual graveside funeral and committal service was over.

A young man, poorly dressed, clutching the hands of two small children with several other children pressing against his legs, watched ashen faced as the homemade wooden box was prepared for burial. The deacon with the torn overcoat once again moved towards the fence. This time with more caution. He carefully lifted the taut bottom wire as high as possible. As the box slid into place onto the two boards lying across the grave, one of the barbs caught the top of the box and dug a deep diagonal scratch across its top.

Four men from the congregation came forward with straps and with great difficulty on the slippery wet clay, looped the straps under the box. Trying their best to keep solid footing they lifted the box by the straps. The deacon let go of the wire, which by now was tight against the box, with several barbs digging deep into the soft pine boards. He quickly took away the boards from beneath the box and the men lowered it gently into the grave. Some teenage boys, also from the congregation, dressed in overalls, had been standing in the background. They now came with shovels and waited beside the young man.

Letting go of one of his children's hands the man bent down and picked up a lump of damp clay. He dropped it onto the box. There was a hollow "thud," then a chorus of "Amen's" could be heard from the mourners. The boys began to shovel more earth onto the box. At first the sound of the earth hitting the box could be heard above the wind. From a distance a few women standing on the porch of the nearby church, watched with great interest.

The young man turned away from the grave and, following the minister, led his children from the cemetery. The deacons followed behind. Last came

the small group of mourners. As they walked towards the church another fierce burst of wind struck them. It tore relentlessly at their loose coats, trousers, dresses and hats. It seemed in one mad violent act to attempt to rend from the earth all that was not planted deep into the soil. It was an arrogant act of power from which only the buried seemed to escape.

The mourners walked into the church. In the basement the women had prepared the usual funeral lunch. The tables had been set with homemade bread, coffee made from roasted wheat and barley, small pieces of cheese and plenty of lard, to be used as a spread. Butter could be sold easily for cash, therefore lard had to suffice. The struggle to survive was evident everywhere.

After all were seated around the long tables which filled the small basement, the minister spoke another prayer, thanking God for the blessings of having provided food and asking for his comfort upon the family. Quietly the group began to eat. There was some conversation, in hushed tones, as the men contemplated the low price of wheat and speculated upon the rapidly changing weather. The women exchanged stories about their babies and relatives. When everyone finished, the young man got up and walked to the minister and shook his hand. The minister then embraced him, and his wife shook his hand with tears in her eyes. He next approached the women who had provided the food. They had been working on several low, crude counters, which served as a makeshift kitchen at one end of the basement. He thanked them for their service, they responded with nodding heads and tears. He then took the hands of two of his children, and left.

After he had walked out the door, as if on cue, everyone set to work. The tables were cleared and wiped clean. The left-over food was divided among the various households, and a large portion placed in a box to be given to the bereaved family. The dishes were packed away in boxes to be taken home and washed. The men and boys stacked the tables and chairs in a corner and swept the floor.

Little was said amidst all this activity. It was Saturday afternoon, darkness was but an hour away. Since the entire congregation consisted of farmers, they all had to hurry home to milk their cows and feed their animals. The next day they would be together once again, to worship. At that time there would be more time to talk and reflect about the tragedy that had befallen their community.

■

The week had begun like any other early November week in southern Saskatchewan. The last of the geese had flown south. As the temperature dropped below freezing each night, it became like a waiting game, it was only a matter of time before the cold damp fall wind would change into the crisp, bitter, winter wind that would push the snow and dust endlessly across the fields. For months it would seem as if the only life on the prairie would be the constant shifting of snow and dust. The snow would first fall white upon the prairie and soon change to shades of grey, and then finally black. With sadistic pleasure the wind would daily change the patterns and colors of the snow and dust, mounding it behind everything in its path.

In the Friesen household the cold of the outdoors was not stopped by the secure windows, walls and doors, or by the steady fire in the large cast-iron stove. Though no wind could find its way into the house, and though the stove pushed its warmth into every corner, it was a cold warmth. Young Jacob was powerless against this cold which he seemed unable to fight.

Jacob was a sturdy, solidly built man, with large flat hands. He had followed in the ways of his community and had

become a farmer, like his father before him. But in order to obtain a farm at a reasonable price it had meant moving away from southern Manitoba to southern Saskatchewan. Far from the community in which he and his wife Margaret had grown up. He had brought his young bride to a small farm he had purchased a good distance north of Herbert. He and his young bride had moved to the 160 acre farm, full of laughter, faith and dreams.

They had begun farming filled with the joy and naivete so common among the newly married. Their first year had been a year of delightful discovery of each other, their new life together and new friends. Each evening had been a new adventure as Jacob came in from a full days work and the two of them sat down and leisurely ate supper together. They spent hour after hour discussing their new life and dreams for the future. The nights were wonderful as they slept together in each others arms, filled with the pleasure of each others warmth. Sundays were spent at the nearby church, where they soon became part of a close group of friends and distant relatives, with whom they shared the joys and frustrations of prairie farm life.

Together they dreamed of the children which would someday compliment their life. And soon, the first sings of new life in Margaret's body intensified their love for each other and their joy in the new lie God had created between them. It was Margaret's dream to have a family of three children. Two of whom should be boys, to help Jacob on the farm, and one a girl to help in the house.

Jacob quietly agreed, though he thought Margaret was too insistent upon planning her family. In his own mind he viewed children much as he viewed the grain he placed in the soil. Once planted, it was in God's care. What God would return from the planting they would accept as his gift. Children should not be planned-the planting should not cease when they thought they had enough. Children would come when God wanted them to come. It was what he had been taught. It was

what he believed.

The first few years had been good. Several children had been born, the fields had brought forth bountiful crops, with cash in hand more acreage had been acquired.

But the wind, the constantly moving wind, brought changes never before imagined. The summers became hot and dry. The crops failed, the grain prices dropped and the laughter in the Friesen household began to fade like the paint on the south side of the barn, from constant exposure to the sun, wind and dust.

It had begun slowly, almost imperceptibly. As the dust and wind increased Margaret ceased to be the same vibrant spirit she had once been. She seemed to be robbed of her joy which had always been evident in every task or activity in which she engaged. With each additional child, with each new year of wind and dust, something seemed to be taken from her. It began to effect everything she did. Even her friends in church saw her grow distant, and the visits between them grew less frequent.

But the most radical change of all came after the birth of their fifth child. The small boy, named Peter, after his grandfather, seemed unwanted. As she held her second son, shortly after his birth, Margaret told Jacob she was happy to have borne him another son - - but she said it without a smile. She took care of the boy, as she had the other children, but he never received the affection the other children had received.

Jacob began to blame himself and began to think that he would have to change his mind on the matter of children. He hoped they would have no more. Risking, he thought, the wrath of God he did what he could to ensure that Margaret would not have to carry another child.

He knew that Margaret's life was hard -- but so also it was for every woman in the community. Sometimes, too hard. While the farm always produced enough eggs, meat and milk to feed the family, the routine of the diet - - especially in winter -- seldom varied.

It was hard for him too not being able to provide more. He would have loved nothing better than to go into town and buy Margaret a new dress, some candy or even some fruit from B.C. But hard cash was almost non-existent. They had to make do with what they could raise. The main staples were adequate, but the dreams were in short supply.

Finally, however, a summer came that was reasonably good. It had been warm, not too dry, and the garden, especially, had done well. His small son, Peter, now almost two, was no longer such a burden. Even the wind and dust had seemed more manageable. For Margaret the brief respite from the wind and dust began to have a positive effect.

In particular Margaret began to take a new interest in the garden, especially the potatoes. Almost every day she looked for bugs and some days carried water from the pump for the smaller plants. Frequently she went to her kitchen cupboard, where she kept the box of "Paris Green," and with it carefully dusted the plants which were being eaten by bugs. She would watch as the green powder would fall upon the plants. Any bugs touching the powder would curl up in a ball, roll off the leaves, writhe and die in the soil below.

Jacob often was with Margaret when she worked in the garden. He marvelled at the attention she paid to the potatoes. He was encouraged. Margaret seemed to be getting better. He could tell. From time to time she asked him to get more "Paris Green" from the hardware store, to care for the plants she loved to tend. He felt like refusing. The powder was expensive. But since the long rows of potatoes seemed to such a joy to her he never said a word. Her renewed interest in the garden was a welcomed relief for him. The past few summers he had taken care of the garden almost entirely by himself.

To help Margaret around the house that summer, Jacob had written his 16 year-old sister in Winkler and asked her to come help on the farm for several months. He thought that would lighten the load and cheer Margaret. It helped for a time, but perhaps he was expect-

ing too much too soon.

His sister, full of energy and stories, was a delight to have on the farm. She made him laugh, and the children laugh, and even on occasion he would join in the silly games she concocted for the children to play.

Margaret would watch the fun, but then excuse herself, and would go into the sitting room and knit, or stand by the stove in the kitchen and prepare some food. She never joined in the fun. Most often she would take the box of "Paris Green" and dust her potatoes in the garden.

Frequently Jacob's sister would sit up with him, late into the night, and talk. The children and Margaret would already be in bed. She suspected something was wrong between him and Margaret. But when she inquired, Jacob shook his head. As far as he knew there was nothing wrong between them. It had begun long before the last child had been born. It had begun with the wind and the dust. But that child, the last child, seemed to have compounded the problem.

One evening his sister was bold enough to ask if Margaret might be seeing another man. At first Jacob was taken aback. But as he thought about it he shook his head. "Who? Where? When? Out here on the prairie? No! Impossible! It...it...it was as if her life had ended and she was just packing herself away in a box.

As summer progressed, Jacob's hope increased. Daily he thought he could detect progress. The change in the weather and her work in the garden appeared to have given her new energy. He began to think ahead to the day, in the not too distant future, when he would have the young bride he had married, some seven years ago, as his close companion once again.

In spite of what he hoped, and the improvement in her level of energy, after his sister went back to Winkler in fall Jacob noticed that the children seemed never to ask for Margaret anymore, or go to her with their many wants and needs. They relied upon each other and upon him. He found himself being their main source of

comfort. He noted how, as never before, when he came into the house in the evening from a long day of work on the farm, the children would greet him with boundless joy. Even though he was often tired, he forced himself to return their warmth and joy with his own. They needed him. Meanwhile, Margaret seemed oblivious to this change, and the children never spoke about it.

The harvest that fall was reasonably good for a change. The best in three years. The garden had produced very well. Jacob was secure in the fact that the vegetable shed was almost full, a pig and steer had been butchered, so the winter months before them promised to be more comfortable than they had been in several years.

So it had been a rude shock when he came into the house at dusk, that early November evening, to enter a cold kitchen. The children greeted him with hugs and kisses as usual. But immediately he had noticed that the lamps were not lit and the fire in the stove had been reduced to a few coals.

"Where's your mother?" he had asked.

His daughter answered, "She went to get some potatoes for supper and hasn't come back."

Jacob was puzzled. He went to the kitchen cupboard and opened it to get something for the children to eat. As he took out a loaf of bread he chanced to look at the top shelf where Margaret kept the "Paris Green," even though he had often remarked to her that it should not be kept near any food. A cold sweat covered his body. A sinister feeling gripped him. The box was gone.

"She went to get some potatoes?" he asked again with a shaky voice.

He had no need to even ask the question. He had often seen her read the label on the box, especially in the garden as she dusted the powder over her beloved potato plants, and watched the bugs curl up and die. Strange, it had never occurred to him why she was always reading that label.

He quickly placed some kindling in the stove and coaxed a fire. Placing

some coal on the flames he tried to act as if nothing unusual had happened. He cut a slice of bread for each child and spread some lard over it. He poured each child a glass of milk. He then put on his coat and told the children that he was going to the vegetable shed to help Margaret. He lit it, and went out the door.

Even before he opened the door to the vegetable shed, built partly underground, he knew what he would find. The dank, damp smell of root vegetables mixed with the pungent smell of onions and drying dill greeted him. The light from the kerosene lantern cast a warm glow throughout the small shed. He peered into several of the wooden bins before he found her. Frail, curled in a small ball, she lay upon the potatoes. Her face grotesque, as if in real pain. The opened box of "Paris Green," a spoon and a half-eaten slice of bread told the story. He lifted her gently in his arms and carried her to the wagon in the barn. He did not need to check her pulse. "Paris Green" was effective. He had heard of its being used this way before.

The small Mennonite community was shocked. On Sunday, the day after the funeral, the talk began.

"She was so young."

"Jacob was a fine man as any woman could hope for."

"Sure life was hard. It was tough for everyone. You couldn't let the wind and dust get you down."

"To leave five small children?"

"What a shame."

"You couldn't be a quitter, especially when you had a family."

"Jacob would survive and survive well. He was strong and a good farmer. As good a farmer as one could find in the community."

"Jacob would find a better wife, more loyal, one who would not desert him so quickly."

"Yes, Jacob had chosen badly. It was such a shame."

"And, where was she now?"

The shaking heads looked to the mound of earth under the fence at the far end of the cemetery. No one knew.

mm

WAREHOUSE DIRECT — SAVING YOU MORE
Shop **ECONOTEX** for Home-Sewing needs

REMNANTS **FABRICS**
By the Pound By the Meter

PATTERNS THREAD ZIPPERS

ECONOMY TEXTILE
1019 PACIFIC AVE. (2nd floor) WINNIPEG 786-4081

NEW SIMPLIFIED SCRIPT CHINESE BIBLE INSPIRES RELIGIOUS REVIVAL!

Throughout the People's Republic of China, record numbers of young Christians are flocking to distribution centres and churches to obtain copies of the New Simplified Script edition of the Chinese Bible.

Until recently, countless Chinese Christians, under the age of 45, were unable to read the Bible in old script. Now, with the new Simplified Script edition, millions of young people can finally read and study God's Word.

Special paper for the production is provided to the Amity Printing Company in Nanjing by the United Bible Societies.

The Canadian Bible Society urgently needs the financial support of Canada's Christian community to ensure that Bible production in the People's Republic of China continues without interruption!

Your gift is tax deductible.

Charitable Registration # 0021501-47



Help keep the presses rolling!

Enclosed is my gift in the amount of \$ _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/Town: _____

Province: _____ Postal Code _____

Please make cheques payable to: **Canadian Bible Society** ODC

Detach and mail to:

Canadian Bible Society

10 Carnforth Road, Toronto, Ontario M4A 2S4 Telephone: (416) 757-4171



New poems to consider

a review by Vic Doerksen

Over the past several years three different but exciting books of poetry have appeared by Audrey Poetker, Di Brandt and Sarah Klassen; and readers of these first publications may well have wondered how these poets would continue -- or if they would. By now it can be said that these three writers are all proceeding, and the first "second" volume is that of Di Brandt.

In the four sections that make up this collection there are some of the original themes: wounds, fathers, love and hate, but there is definitely a new tone, along with themes of healing and wonder and a more subtle syntax. Only one poem is in the breathless, broken prose of her earlier collection ("i'm finding myself again in the healed heart") and the tone of "i hate love" ("it just hurts like hell and/where does it ever get you") is something of a throwback, but the poem is an exception.

What Di Brandt demonstrates in this book is that she has an exquisite control of language. Where the treatment of topics in her first volume was rather explicit and direct, we now see how powerful feelings and painful experiences can be expressed in a way which does more justice to their complexity, namely by a subtle and implicit imagery which borrows from the whole world of reference to which the poet has access. Her new roots are not so much "Mennonite" as "prairie." And so, while there are "Mennonite" poems like "at Basil's" or "nonresistance, or love Mennonite style," Brandt does not focus in so closely on the narrow world that she fought to escape and she addresses personal relationships in a more universal context.

The newest element is the last section called "prairie love song," in which she invokes the blessings of mother earth and turns her strong human feelings loose in the grass fields of her home ground:

prairie hymn

what i want is the shape of the story of the blood
jolting seasonally to & from the heart underneath
the small gestures of our hands the words spoken
& unspoken between us i want the huge narrative
of the river the curved cry of the land i want the
straight blowing of birch leaves in strong wind
the whistling of prairie grass your lit face in the
distance coming to meet me your arms hot like
August prairie sky all around me

prairie love song

think of me when you think of me
as prairie grass deep rooted long
armed reaching through dark soil
through the long summer searching
for underground rain while the sky
shimmers with dust along the horizon
singeing the green earth brown &
the spectacular throated meadow
larks have trouble with their singing
think of me as parched think of me
as flaming my white limbs rooting
in the dark earth deep & cool & full
of longing.

This is both a Di Brandt who has "fallen off the edge" (her epigraph), but also "continuing." Her poems are less spectacular but stronger and rich.

Agnes in the Sky Poems by Di Brandt. Turnstone Press, Winnipeg, 1990, \$8.95.

THE POET'S WORD

CIRCLE OF PEACE

Into my linear world
relentlessly managed
from the dictates
of a desk diary enters
a chanting voice
earthy and plaintive
intoning words of wisdom
offering to make malleable
my iron furrows
and to join the ends.

The singers share
of peoplehood
connectedness
a tenderness informing
all things.

I look anew
at the weapons
with which I battle
for progress and success
and wonder
what I'm fighting for.

Briefly, I'm whole,
round, a participant
in a community
and feel the music
reverberate
within my own soul.

Looking up I am surprised
that the ones who taught me
the new song
have gone leaving me only
with a renewed heart
and a world filled
with harmony.

— **Tim Wiebe**, *Based on a Canadian
Mennonite Bible College chapel presen-
tation on native concerns.*

The Awakening

Old autumn leaves skip across the grass
Chased by fragrant breezes
While on tree boughs above new buds
Awaken to a fresh and newer world.
Chimes sing in the wind
As radiant rays of sun
Paint colorful rainbows on the wall
And sunspots dance like elves on the ceiling
Caught and held by a vase's sheen.
Brilliant sun beams warm the earth
And man, asleep, is now awakened by
The dazzling sun — and the renewal
Of Easter!

— **Grace Hartley**

HE PRAYS TO MOSES' GOD AND HIS

On the highest knoll of his quarter section,
Father, hot from fourteen hours of June-day
plowing, smelling moldboard stubble,
through air undisturbed except for one

gently floating crow, stares the long distance
to sunset, longer than long day's plowing
with slow lugged tractor, stares across
stubble fields where Indians once hunted

buffalo, their wallows still visible
on these fields his feet have many times
touched every square foot of. The sky
clear all day, threatens now, Moses'

peals of thunder and flashes of lightning
in a Midwest sky the like of which he's
seen and feared before. Like Israelites
at the foot of the holy mountain,

listening, trembling, for the sound
of God's trumpet, like them afraid
God might descend from the thick
darkness where God hid, father

looks again to threatening clouds above
the ridge of westward hills, dim
beneath the tumbling clouds. His fear
can find no words. Nothing left to do

but watch the last blue-gray puff
from tractor's exhaust and walk
in starless night the still unplowed
stubble and pray a prayer to Moses' God.

And his.

— **Elmer Suderman**

Promised Land

A few rare moments
compassion is distilled
language is made simple
and uttered
with all the clarity
of submission to God.
We are wounded
with a Savior's love
enabled to spread a gospel
and freed to rejoice
with those gathered
in our redeemed humanity.

— **Tim Wiebe**, *January 11, 1988, Faith
and Life Male Choir Festival: Winnipeg
Concert Hall.*

Mennonites in Winnipeg and missions

reviewed by Harry Loewen

Two new books on the Mennonites have appeared. These books, both published by Kindred Press, are of significance for readers of this magazine.

Mennonites in Winnipeg, written by well-known sociologist Leo Driedger, is an introduction to the Mennonites living in Winnipeg. Written in a popular style, the book is intended for the many guests who will be descending upon Winnipeg this summer for the Mennonite World Conference. But the book is interesting reading for others as well; all those who wish to know about the more than 19,000 Mennonites who make Winnipeg their home, the largest concentration of Mennonites in the world.

The 14 chapters, arranged chronologically and topically, deal with the historical background of the city and the coming of the Mennonites to Manitoba and Winnipeg. While it is not the intention of the author to provide much detail, the book includes several chapters about the various Mennonite institutions: business and work, hospitals and homes, education and schools, the media and communications, and music and the arts.

Coloured black and white photographs, tables and maps enhance this well-designed book. The endnotes will help interested readers to study further the Mennonites of Winnipeg. The book was obviously a labour of love. One can only wish that many people, Mennonites and non-Mennonites alike, will read this book.

Committed to World Mission, edited by Victor Adrian and Donald Loewen, deals with Mennonite Brethren (MB) missions with "a focus on international strategy," as the sub-title states.

The chapters of unequal length are written by thirty-one authors. Victor Adrian, executive secretary of MB Missions/Services, has written the Introduction and two major chapters on vision and strategy, outlining his views with regard to what he considers to be MB mission needs for today's society.

The book grew out of "Curitiba 88," a conference on MB missions held in February, 1988, in Curitiba, Brazil. At this conference some 800 registered delegates, representing 15 countries and about 160,000 MBs, focused on the theme "The Mennonite Brethren Mission in the world."

Some of the chapters tie MB missions to the historical roots of the MB Church, emphasizing the need for building Christian communities and for teaching Anabaptist-Mennonite distinctives. J.B. Toews of Fresno, California, writes: "We do not want a separation from the people of the world but from lifestyles and values that dominate the lives of worldly people. Mennonite Brethren records indicate a continuing struggle with questions of consistency in life" (p 72).

Other writers, while stressing the need for a "new vision and strategies," deal with evangelism and outreach according to traditional views and practices. Victor Adrian, for example, speaks of "Christ's rule in our hearts" (p 53), "penetrating" the world for Christ (p 53), sharing the Gospel "verbally" with others (p 54), and of "speaking, preaching, and teaching Christ to them" (p 54).

This emphasis on an inward redemption through verbal communication may have its place, though exemplary living and acting is just as needful. But surely images of penetration and aggression, and attitudes and approaches of we/they are in need of a thorough revision. A more incarnational approach is no doubt called for. It seems to me that mission work should no longer be viewed as war against other people and cultures, but as a response to peoples' needs, identifying with them and engaging in dialogue about what it means to follow Jesus in life.

The question of what it means "to

reach the world for Christ" is not clearly answered in this book. According to some writers, it means building the Kingdom of God in the hearts of people. Does it also mean solidarity with the suffering, starving and oppressed people in many parts of the world? With regard to the Church's role in society the book is vague and ambivalent.

The book is most conservative when it comes to the role of women in mission work. Harry Janzen refers to the "silence" of women in the church and does not "plead for the ordination of women" (p 81). Edith Neufeld cautions that "a strong call for equality in ministry and women's causes carries danger" (p 84). She concludes: "Will I decide to be a woman who will honor Christ consciously in the church and in the world?" She implies that the traditional role of women will honour Christ.

This traditional view is all the more disappointing since it is women who not only have worked with great dedication in advancing the Kingdom in world mission, but also have held together the Mennonite family and promoted Mennonite-Christian values throughout history. When will Mennonites admit, one might ask, that our sisters deserve credit for their sacrificial service and greater acceptance as partners in building God's kingdom?

In spite of the inherent shortcomings of this volume, the book can lead to meaningful dialogue about what it means to be the church of Christ in today's world and how to share the Gospel of deliverance with people living in spiritual and physical darkness.

Leo Driedger, Mennonites in Winnipeg, (Winnipeg: Kindred Press, 1990). Paperback, 95 pages, \$5.95. ISBN: 0-919797-96-2.

Victor Adrian and Donald Loewen, Committed to World Mission: A Focus on International Strategy, (Winnipeg: Kindred Press, 1990). Paperback, 129 pages, \$9.95. ISBN: 0-921788-00-2.

OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt



A trip to Germany that is neither East nor West; though Berlin's Menno Heim happily resists change

East and West Germany united on October 3. It would have been nice to be there for the unification celebrations but previous commitments at the university made this impossible. I had been anxious for some time to observe the unification process first-hand, having spent so much of the last two decades studying both the East and West German economies. With the help of colleagues, who offered to take my classes for a week, I was able to leave for Berlin October 4, arriving there the next day, while workers were still cleaning up the celebration debris around the Brandenburg Gate.

Berlin is not the easiest place to get to from Canada. Though it has already been declared the capital of the new Germany (but not necessarily the seat of government) it still is not connected well to the west by air. After a normal two-hour flight from Winnipeg to Toronto I must wait four hours for a connecting flight to London. Arriving in England very groggily at 7 a.m. I have to wait another four hours for a connecting Pan Am flight to Berlin. Because a Pan Am flight was brought down by a bomb over Scotland last year security is extremely tight. Every single article in my carry-on luggage is looked at very carefully. Two more searches are conducted before we are allowed to board the plane. These searches delay our flight so much that we fall out of the departure slot scheduled by the air controllers. We must wait another hour for a new slot, and then line up behind half a dozen others planes for departure. Though the sight of Berlin from

the air excites me as we finally arrive in mid afternoon I am too exhausted to take much pleasure in it. Later, as I walk out of the air terminal to pick up my car rental, the combination of coal dust in the air and personal exhaustion makes my eyes sting and water so much that I have to wipe them several times before I can drive. I had almost forgotten that Berlin has a unique smell to it: the smell of lignite coal. By next morning my throat is coated with it. No wonder Berliners say "Ish" instead of "Ich" -- no subtle intonations are possible in Berlin's polluted air. If the federal government moves to Berlin it should shorten the speech-making in the Bundesrat considerably.

As luck would have it, I drive right into the late afternoon rush-hour traffic, and my destination requires me to traverse almost the whole of the city. However, most of the drivers are polite and just as darkness falls (it always falls quickly in Berlin) I arrive without mishap at one of my favorite places: the Berlin Menno Heim. So many things in life change, but the stately old home in Berlin Lichterfelde, which has been run jointly by the Berlin Mennonite Church and MCC for decades, does not. I first visited it in the spring of 1962, less than a year after the erection of the Berlin Wall, and it offered welcome refuge then after a tiring journey by car from Hamburg. At least a dozen times since then it has been a home away from home. This time is no exception. I am greeted by Tim and Laverna Reimer of Manitoba, the current MCC hosts. They have a bed ready, and I collapse

immediately into a deep sleep. Later we have supper together, with their three children, and both body and spirit are partially revived.

Early the next morning -- Saturday -- I hitch a ride with Tim into what used to be East Berlin, where he will take part in a special meeting of the East German Mennonite Church which, like so many other East German organizations, has to decide whether there is any point in carrying on a separate East German existence. I marvel as we drive unchecked through Checkpoint Charlie. Some of the old buildings, where tedious passport and currency controls were carried out, are still there, but we can now speed by them, without shedding a tear of nostalgia. On the left, as we proceed down Friedrichstrasse, is the site of Hitler's bunker and the deserted strip of land where the wall used to run. The TV pictures we saw in Canada weren't lying: the wall is truly down. The East German government used to call it a Wall of Protection (eine Schutzmauer). The West Germans, and many people in East Germany, called it the Wall of Shame (die Schandmauer). They were right. And now, even on an overcast October morning, the disappearance of the wall makes one rejoice.

What looked so solid and permanent just a year ago has been puffed away, by thousands of courageous people who were finally fed up with the inhumanity of it all. The collapse of the wall has freed the people, and for that one is unreservedly grateful. It has also freed a lot of land in the centre of the city. A

not so pleasant thought filters through my mind: can strip malls be far behind?

The East German Mennonite Church meets in the former apartment of the Walter Jantzens, who were the leading spirits of this church until their retirement in West Germany a few years ago. As I wander through the apartment I think back on the many wonderful hours spent here with the Jantzens. No matter where I was doing research in Berlin I would always find my way to the Jantzens at least once a week, for a delicious meal and a hot bath. While the congregation discusses its future a friend drives me to another part of the city, to view the East Side Gallery, an amazing outdoor art gallery consisting of a kilometre length of the Berlin wall on which about a 100 artists have recorded their impressions of the past 30 years. Each of the paintings is very different, but they are all extremely moving in their portrayal of a failed social experiment.

At noon I spend some time with several East German workers whom I have known for a number of years. They were never members of the communist party, and are very happy that the East German government has collapsed, but they tell me some very disturbing things about the unification process *as they have experienced it*. The firms in which they have worked for some time are both being bought out by West German firms. They have been treated in the most haughty fashion by West German officials, given the feeling, in very clear terms, that they are second class citizens in the new Germany. One of them says, "We are being told that the new Germany is a partnership between the two parts of Germany. But we are being treated as the vanquished; we are experiencing the most brutal kind of colonialism. Our new bosses refuse to consult with us and treat us as though we have no rights."

Later in conversations with many West Germans this impression is confirmed all too often. They talk as victors, to whom belong the spoils. Official polls show that 90 per cent of West

Germans think that conditions in East Germany were "terrible," while only a slight majority of former East Germans (51 per cent) hold that view. A larger majority were in favor of unification, but they resent now being treated as poor second cousins.

After a few days in Berlin I travel by car through the heart of the former East Germany, enroute to Weimar. Near cities like Leipzig and Bitterfeld the sky is heavy with pollution, but generally the air is better than in Berlin, and as one nears Weimar the countryside becomes extremely beautiful. An evening meal with several West Germans in the famous Elephantine Hotel in Weimar brings one day of this journey to an enjoyable conclusion.

The following day I am able to spend several hours in the ancient university town of Jena. The announcement board in the main hall of the university indicates that dramatic changes are taking place in the university: teachers of Marxism are being dismissed and whole departments are under investigation by a commission from West Germany, made up entirely of West German professors. The few students I talk to are happy that the compulsory courses in Marxism are being abolished, but they worry about outside officials determining the new curriculum.

From Jena I drive through the lovely forests of Thuringia, to Coburg, an extremely interesting city whose medieval gates and fortresses have been remarkably well preserved. The next few days are spent here, attending a conference on current economic and social change in Eastern Europe. There is much good discussion and I am pleased to make the acquaintance of several able scholars from Germany and Hungary. As so often happens at such conferences, one learns the most through frank and informal conversations over coffee. The only trouble is that I love the cakes (torte) that come with the coffee and I feel the stomach walls expanding. The Germans are seemingly tireless in their discussions, though after one three-hour session the professor from Munich sitting next to me finally turns and whispers: "I have

had enough. Let's go for coffee." He turns out to be a delightful companion, an expert on the Soviet economy from whom I learn a great deal. Another person that I meet briefly is Dr. Herbert Wiens, a retired educator who hails originally from the Mennonite colonies in Russia and is active among German groups that have left the Soviet Union.

Finally it's on to Frankfurt, to catch a return flight to Canada. I have a four-hour drive ahead of me, at 120 Km per hour, but everyone else on the autobahn seems determined to cover that stretch in two hours. The car I rented in Berlin is a small but comfortable VW Golf (which costs only \$110 Cdn. for eight days, including the drop off at Frankfurt), but it is no match for the Mercedes, BMWs, and Honda Accords that whooze by me. I don't recall passing anyone.

Some Europeans fear that the new Germany will soon dominate all of Europe, and eventually the world. It occurs to me on the Autobahn that many Germans seem more intent on killing each other. Just a few days after my return 14 Germans are killed in a single accident involving 200 vehicles, on the stretch of road that I was driving. To counter my fear as I drive I try to repeat out loud the new German phrases that I heard at the conference. I find myself laughing as I repeat the most involved sentences I heard. By the time I get to the Frankfurt Airport I can actually recite a two minute sentence, using words like "moeglicherweise" and "Chancen" (a new favorite expression) at least three times.

The new Germany seems to be filled with unlimited possibilities. Hopefully most of them will be realized. In this century Germany has several times experienced the dregs of defeat. The unification of Germany is a tremendous victory for the whole German nation. To be generous in victory may prove, however, to be almost as great a challenge as being courageous in defeat.

mm

MANITOBA NEWS

Philip L. Ens, formerly of Winkler, sang the lead role of Figaro in *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Pacific Opera in Victoria recently. This was the first leading role for Ens. The opera will also be presented in Calgary, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver, over the next two years.

Charles and Eleanor Baehr have been installed as pastor couple of the Grunthal EMB Church. They took over pastoral duties on August 1.

Lowe Farm grain farmer **Wilfred Harder** has been re-elected by acclamation to represent most of southern Manitoba on the Canadian Wheat Board advisory committee.



Steinbach lawyer **John E. Neufeld** was elected a bencher in the Law Society of Manitoba, the provincial governing body of the profession. Neufeld is the first Steinbacher elected to the body.

Kenneth Klassen has left the pastorate at Portage Mennonite Church in Portage la Prairie.

Henry Patkau has been called as a pastor at Lowe Farm Mennonite Church.

Jim Suderman left his position at the archives at the Mennonite Heritage Centre Archives in Winnipeg to accept an appointment as archivist in charge of the political legislative records portfolio at the Archives of Ontario in Toronto.

Helen (Redekop) and Henry Dueck of Charleswood Mennonite Church returned to Bolivia in August. They are

teaching at the Baptist Theological Seminary, Cochabamba.

Mary Elias, of the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Church in Winkler, has begun a one-year term as SWEAT work camp leader and carpenter in Wichita, Kansas.

Rachel Loewen, Sommerfelder Church, Lowe Farm, has begun a one-year term working with Mennonite Housing Rehabilitation in Wichita, Kansas.

Henry Loewen of the Fort Garry Fellowship in Winnipeg is the new executive secretary of the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba.

Abe Warkentin of Steinbach has been appointed coordinator of the MCC Canada's Kanadier Concerns program. Warkentin, currently editor of the *Mennonitischer Post*, begins his new assignment in November. **Isbrand Hiebert**, who has worked as assistant editor for the past four years, will succeed Warkentin.

Darrell Thiessen is the new pastor at Grace Mennonite Church in Brandon.

Mark von Kampen will become the associate minister at First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg in April, 1991.

North Kildonan Mennonite Church installed **Albert Durksen** as pastor on September 16.

The Canadian Gospel Singers, four couples from Manitoba and British Columbia, toured Europe this past summer performing in churches in 18 locations, mostly in Germany. The group included Alfred and Bertha Dahl and John and Bertha Klassen from Winnipeg.

With the September 4 arrival of **Rachel Neufeld**, a new Mennonite Vol-

untary Service unit in Winnipeg officially opened. First Mennonite Church has been waiting for two years for a volunteer for the unit. Rachel is working with the administration at Osborne House, a provincial crisis shelter for women and children. She will be responsible for co-ordinating volunteers, reception and counselling. She is a graduate of Bethel College in Kansas.

Israel's Tel Aviv University has named a new laboratory after **Erich Vogt**, director of British Columbia's Tri-university Meson Facility. Dr. Vogt, a physicist at the University of British Columbia, was honored for the co-operation and assistance he has given to research from Tel Aviv over the years. The Erich Vogt Laboratory for Data Analysis will be used for physics research. Erich is a native of Steinbach.

Louise Zacharias and Sandra (Froese) Friesen performed as a piano duo at concerts at the universities of British Columbia, Saskatchewan and Manitoba earlier this year. Both are graduates of CMBC and former students of Jean Broadfoot. At present they are studying with Jane Coop at UBC. The major sponsors for the Winnipeg concert were Phil and Katy Ens of Winkler, Ted and Linie Friesen of Altona and Canzona Recordings.

John Labun, a 1990 graduate of MBCI, has earned a starting spot on the University of Winnipeg Wesmen Volleyball team in his rookie season. Labun was named to the All-Manitoba High School Team and played on Team Manitoba at the Western Canada Summer Games.

More graduates: Not included in the list of 1990 graduates was Theodore **Russell Dyck**. He graduated from the University of Waterloo with a Bachelor of Arts degree General Religious Studies, and from Canadian Mennonite Bible College with a Bachelor of Theol-

ogy degree. **J. Bradley Lohrenz** graduated with a Doctor of Chiropractic degree from the Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College in Toronto.

Henry James Rempel of Winnipeg began a one-year MCC assignment in July. He is serving as interim country representative in Uganda. Rempel received a bachelor's degree in agriculture from University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. He was last employed as an administrator at River East School division in Winnipeg and worked with immigrants and refugees in North America. Rempel is a member of River East Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg.



Carl and Esther Zacharias of Winkler are beginning three-year MCC assignments in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. They will work as colony relations workers among the Old Colony Mennonites. Zacharias previously served with Evangelical Mennonite Missions Conference in Blue Cree, Belize. Carl received a bachelor's degree in agriculture from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Esther received a bachelor's degree in education from the University of Manitoba. Carl was last employed in sales and marketing in Winkler. Esther last worked as a teacher in Winkler. Zacharias are members of Reinland Evangelical Mennonite Mission Church. They have one son, Matthew.

Anne and David Winter formerly of Rosthern, Saskatchewan, most recently of Tucson, Arizona, are beginning three-year MCC assignments in Santa Cruz, Bolivia. They will work as community service workers with Old Colony Mennonites. Winters previously served with Mennonite Board of Missions in Tucson. Anne is a Goshen College graduate and last worked in Tucson at a shelter for abused women

and children. She previously worked as activity director of Rosthern Mennonite Home for the Aged. David most recently served as principal of Rosthern Junior College and previously worked in the Western and Garden Valley school divisions. Winters are members of Eigenheim Mennonite Church in Rosthern and are associate members of Shalom Mennonite Church in Tucson.



Donelda Friesen of Winnipeg is beginning a three-year MCC assignment in Dhaka, Bangladesh, where she will be working as an administrative assistant in the MCC office. Friesen previously served with MCC in Winnipeg. She received a diploma in Bible from Seinbach Bible College. Friesen is a member of Rosenort Evangelical Mennonite Church and is associated with Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

Jon Nofziger and Charlotte Siemens of Clearbrook, B.C., and Archibold, Ohio, most recently of Winnipeg, are beginning three-year MCC assignments in Nicaragua. Nofziger will work as a reforestation soil conservationist and Siemens as an adult education and literacy worker. Nofziger received an associate degree in liberal arts from Hesston College and a bachelor's degree in animal ecology from Iowa State University in Ames. Siemens received a bachelor's degree in English and religion from the University of Manitoba and a bachelor's degree in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College. Nofziger last worked as a mediator with MCC in Winnipeg. Siemens last worked as associate director for Mennonite Voluntary Service in Winnipeg under the General Conference Mennonite Church. Nofziger and Siemens are members of Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg.

Applications for **SALT** (Serving and

Learning Together) International program are now being accepted by Mennonite Central Committee. The program places North Americans, ages 18 to 22, in countries in Asia, Africa or Latin America where they live and work full-time with individuals, churches, businesses, farms or other institutions. Participants pay \$2,500 (\$3,000 Canadian) towards travel, medical and other costs, and receive a small monthly stipend. The application deadline is January 15, 1991. The program begins in July. For application forms or more information contact the MCC regional or provincial office nearest you, or MCC headquarters, PO Box 500, Akron, PA 17501-0500, or MCC Canada, 134 Plaza Dr. Winnipeg MB R3T 5K9.

Lori Klassen of Winnipeg is beginning a one-year term with the Inter-menno program at Karlsruhe, West Germany. She will be working as a kitchen helper for the first six months. She will probably move to another placement in the same country for the second half of the year. Klassen was last employed as a supervisor with Skills Unlimited in Winnipeg. She graduated from Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Winnipeg, and the University of Toronto. Klassen attended Toronto United Mennonite Church.

Jennifer Loewen of Carman is beginning a one-year term with the Inter-menno program at Brussels, Belgium. She will be working as a nanny for the first six months. She will probably move to another placement in the same country for the second half of the year. Loewen was last employed as a dietary aid at the Boyne Lodge in Carman. She graduated from Carman Collegiate. Loewen is a member of Carman Mennonite Church.

Frank Reimer of Steinbach is beginning a one-year term with the Inter-menno program at Almeer, the Netherlands. He will be working in a nursery for the first six months. He will probably move to another placement in the same country for the second half of the year. Reimer was last employed at a

warehouse in Steinbach. He is a member of Ridgewood Evangelical Mennonite Church in Steinbach.

Martha Rempel of Winkler is beginning a one-year term with the Inter-memo program at Haarlem, the Netherlands, where she will be working for the first six months. She will probably move to another placement in the same country for the second half of the year. Rempel was last employed as a mail clerk at MCC Canada headquarters in Winnipeg. She graduated from Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna. She is a member of Christian Fellowship Chapel of Stratton, Ontario, and is also associated with Winkler EMMC church.

On Sunday afternoon, October 14, at CMBC, **Frederic Wieler** tenor, and **Esther Wiebe**, piano, presented songs on behalf of MCCs educational assistance program in India. The event was sponsored by Bonaventure Travel.

Angelika Jantz and Walter Nikkel of Winnipeg, most recently of Thompson, are beginning three-year MCC assignments in Atbara, Sudan. Jantz will work with women in a craft collective and Nikkel as an English language teacher. Jantz received a bachelor's degree in social work from the University of Manitoba. Nikkel received a bachelor's degree in French education from St. Boniface College in Winnipeg, a bachelor's degree in religion from University of Manitoba and a bachelor's degree in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. Jantz was last employed as a family counselor in Thompson. Nikkel last taught school in Thompson. Jantz and Nikkel are members of the Thompson United Mennonite Church and are associated with Steinbach Mennonite Church. They have one son, Jacob.

Dave and Jeanette Harder of Winnipeg are beginning two-year MCC assignments in Miami, Florida. Dave will work as manager of low-cost housing project for Haitian immigrants and Jeanette as a registered nurse. Dave was last self-employed as a carpenter in

Winnipeg. Jeanette last worked as a nurse in Winnipeg. Harders are members of Kilcona Park Alliance Church in Winnipeg. They have one son, Jason.

Curt Penner of Steinbach is beginning a two-year MCC assignment in Akron, where he will work as a truck driver and canner with the MCC meat-canning crew. Penner was last employed as a meat cutter with Penner Foods in Steinbach. He is a member of Ridgewood Evangelical Mennonite Church.

Frank and Nettie Friesen of Rosenort began four-month MCC assignments in Akron in September. Frank is worked as a stocker and Nettie in returns for SELFHELP Crafts. Friesens were last self-employed in Rosenort. They are members of the Evangelical Mennonite Church in Pleasant Valley.

Jake and Tina Friesen of Winkler began four-month MCC assignments in Akron. Jake is working as a puller and Tina as a store clerk with SELFHELP Crafts. Jake last worked as a volunteer in Winkler. Tina last worked as an activity worker in Winkler. Friesens are members of Zion Mennonite Church in Winkler. Their children are Margaret, Esther and Loreen.

Jill Wiebe of Mather most recently of Morden, began a two-year MCC assignment in Akron, where she works as purchasing assistant for SELFHELP Crafts. Wiebe was last employed as a cashier at Family Fare in Morden. She is a member of Trinity Mennonite Fellowship in Mather and is associated with Pilgrims Mennonite Church in Brownstown, Pennsylvania.

Craft Sale: The Winnipeg Elementary School will be holding a craft sale from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the school 26 Columbus Crescent, on Saturday, December 1. Tables may still be rented, call Doris Bartsch, 783 9025.

MIRROR MIX-UP

DARBI
 RABID
 CARTE
 REACT
 PASER
 SPARE
 HOSER
 SHORE
 LAPEN
 PANEL



Summer's gone, winter's coming - but that's no reason to

HIBERNATE

From among the entries to the September puzzle, Margaret Suderman of Winnipeg, was selected the winner.

Answers to September, are deal, flea, relay, fudge, worse, and foul days.

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 December 13.

_____ name

_____ address

_____ city/town

_____ postal code

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

The Ups and Downs of Amateur Theatre

a review by Al Reimer

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre presents *An Evening of Three One-Act Plays*, November 1-3, 1990, at Deaf Centre Manitoba

Ah yes, amateur theatre. When you haven't seen it for a while you forget how necessary it is to exercise a willing suspension of disbelief if you want to enjoy it. And that isn't always easy given the arbitrary ups and downs of most amateur productions with their somewhat skimpy staging, the acting coming in fits and starts and the direction often ranging from flaccid to curious. And then there's the choice of plays, particularly in an evening of one-actors, as was the case here.

I've tried to review Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre productions on a regular basis over the years (and as favorably as possible) because I've always believed in the validity of this group, its important function in the Mennonite community here, and have often been impressed with the fine work achieved by this dedicated company. Naturally, the quality of the productions has been uneven over the years as acting and directing personnel changed and financial means ebbed and flowed. But I've always thought WMT did some of its most significant work when it attempted something original or offered some of the classic German plays to Winnipeg audiences. Some of the musicals done over the years were most enjoyable as well.

The recent trend towards programs of one-act plays and "variety" nights may be useful for giving young actors and directors much-needed exposure, and may be dictated also by financial restraints but as entertainment they have not always measured up to the standards of the past.

The three plays offered in this most recent program were a decidedly mixed bag, I'm afraid. *The Death of the*

Hired Man by Jay Reid Gould, based on Robert Frost's famous narrative poem, is not much of a play -- a mere sketch or mood piece, really. As always, Paul Enns showed a confident stage presence but as hard as he and the rest of the cast tried to make something out of this slight material the results were unrewarding. The air of melancholy doom and the understated poignancy that pervade Frost's poem never really came to the fore here. Henry Penner as Silas, the doomed hired man, played his part with gently dignity, but the play as a whole didn't produce sufficient dramatic tension to make it all work.

The Dear Departed, directed by Alfred Wiebe, also proved to be a rather weak, dated vehicle, but it did have some lively acting and enough spirit to carry it along to its not so surprising ending. Monica Reis appeared comfortable as Mrs. Slater and did a fine job, and that wily veteran of WMT Gerhard Wiebe, in spite of an atrocious "bald" wig, milked his grandfather role for all it was worth. The rest of the cast also gave it a good try and director Wiebe managed to keep the thing going on all of its two cylinders.

The Monkey's Paw, a melodrama based on one of Poe's most famous tales, was the liveliest and strongest of the three offerings. Here the firm, intelligent directing of Veralyn Warkentin was very evident. The performance began somewhat routinely, but the closing scene with Carol Ellison and Henry Klassen as the parents frantic over the loss of their son brought the evening to a stirring close. Carol Ellison is an actress of real emotional power and she got the most out of her role.

I'm still left with the question: Why these plays? I know it must be difficult to find good one-act plays that haven't

been done to death, but aren't there enough young Mennonite writers around who could be commissioned to provide more topical and more challenging plays for an amateur night such as this? I realize it's probably no longer practical for WMT to do German plays, but I long for the days of *Und Keiner hört hin* and *Die Physiker*. But then maybe I'm just getting to be a nostalgic old man. **mm**

PRINCIPAL ADMINISTRATOR

The Winnipeg Elementary School is accepting applications for a principal/administrator for August, 1991. The school provides a progressive educational program in a Christian environment. The school has a student enrolment of approximately 300 students, a transportation system of eight buses; a full- and part-time teaching, support, and transportation staff of over 25. The candidate should have strong leadership, communication, and relational skills, and have a proven record of classroom teaching, school administration, and an Anabaptist faith commitment.

Resumes should be mailed to arrive by January 31, 1991, to **The Principal Search Committee, Winnipeg Elementary Schools Inc., 26 Columbus Crescent, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3K 0C6.**

Die Wandertruhe

Frau Elisabeth Warkentin, Tabor Home, Clearbrook, hat uns diese wahre Geschichte mitgegeben, eine Geschichte von ihrer Tochter, Helen Warkentin für die Familie aufgeschrieben, die aber für viele andere Familien und Familienschicksale typisch ist. Das Bild zeigt den Sohn des "Meisters," Prediger Heinrich Warkentin, mit der vielherumgekommenen Kiste, die "Wadertruhe."

Ich glaube ich habe mir das Recht erworben die "Wandertruhe" zu heissen. Der Meister der mich schuf hatte gross Pläne, doch dass ich so viele, und solch lange Reisen unternehmen würde, hat er wohl nicht geahnt.

Anno 1925, im Juni, wurde ich zur Ausreise von Russland nach Mexico gebaut. Der Meister wollte mit seiner Familie Russland verlassen um eine neue Heimat im Ausland zu suchen. Die Verwandten waren schon weg, aber

hier wurde noch ein neuer Erdenpilger erwartet, und so verschob sich die Reise. Gerade um diese Zeit kam ich ins dasein. Die Zeiten waren unruhig und gespannt. Mit gemischten Gefühlen ging mein Meister ans Werk. Stabil und korrekt sollte ich sein, denn ich hatte eine weite Reise vor mir. Gestrichen und voller Erwartungen stand ich da. Dann kam klein Suschen zur Welt. Nun blieb nicht mehr viel Zeit und bald fing auch das packen an. Alles wurde sorgfältig hinein gelegt, Bettzeug, Geschirr, Bücher, Kleider, Gerätschaft, ja fast die ganze Wirtschaft.

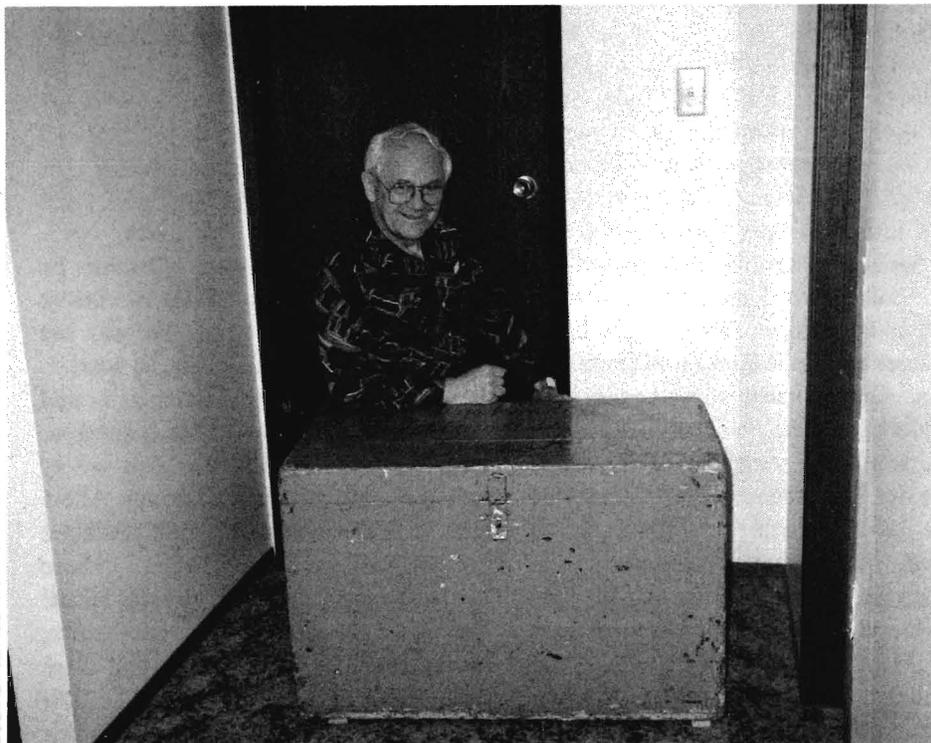
Wer ahnte wohl was diese Reise mit sich bringen würde? An Bord des Schiffes erkrankte die Mamma schwer an Typhus and starb. Sie wurde in Havannah, Kuba beerdigt. Mit schwerem Herzen und in tiefer Trauer kam der Meister mit seinen zwei Mutterlosen Kinder in Mexico an. Hier wurde er und seine Familie von lieben Verwandten empfangen. Leider starb die kleine Suse auch nach wenigen

Monaten. Doch Gott sorgte in liebevoller Weise, und im Dezember bekam die Familie eine neue Mutter. Das Leben konnte wieder mehr normal weiter gehen.

Ich hatte von der Reise auch gelitten, weil ich so voll und schwer geladen war, so wurden Eckstücke und Verstärkung hinzugefügt und ich stand wieder reisefähig da. Weil auch in Mexico viel Unruhe war zogen die Verwandten nach Kanada, und wir folgten im November des Nächsten Jahres. Zeiten waren schwierig. Es gab keine Komode oder Schrank und so diente ich als beides. Wir verbrachten einen Winter in Steinbach, und im März zog die Familie nach Langham, Saskatchewan. Natürlich kam ich als Truhe mit, war ich doch schon ein Teil der Familie. Auf der Red Deers Farm diente ich als Tisch. Etwas später zog die Familie auf den Hof der Familie Johann Willems, wo sie ein gutes Beisamensein erlebten. Im Jahre 1929 ging es nach Gem, Alberta. Ich bekam in dieser Zeit eine andere Farbe. Mein Baumeister kaufte mit seinem Bruder zusammen ein Haus von der CPR. Diese Haus wurde in die hälfte gesägt und beide Familien bekamen eine hälfte. Das Haus wurde aufs Land geschleppt, zwar ohne Dach, und genau dann kam der Regen! Hilfe war nicht fern und ein Dach wurde in Eile errichtet. Eventuell wurde das Haus auch von innen mehr angefertigt, doch blieb ich immer noch ein wichtiges Möbel Stück.

Fünf Jahre später verlegten meine Eigentümer ihren Wohnort noch British Columbia. Dieses mal wurde ich, sammt andere Sachen, in einem Wagon auf der Eisenbahn geladen. In. B.C. angekommen diente ich in Abbotsford anfänglich wieder als Kommode und Schrank.

Als der einzige Sohn Heinrich währen des Krieges in den Dienst zog,



um 1942, verlor ich meinen Ehrenplatz und wurde ins Dachstübchen versetzt. Das war doch eine Erniedrigung für mich, fast hätte die Kränkung mich mürrisch gemacht. Doch siehe da, kaum hatte der Heinrich sich 1947 eine liebe Gefährtin geheiratet, da fing mein Reisen erst recht an. Ich wurde ein Erbgut! Ein neuer Abschnitt begann nun für mich.

Die neuen Eigentümer planten ihr Studium fortzusetzen und so wurde ich wieder voll gepackt. Es ging per Bahn zum Bibel College in Winnipeg. Als die Sachen nun ordentlich ihren Platz gefunden hatten, wurde ich oben in einem Speicher des Colleges gestellt, mit anderen Kisten und Koffer zur Gesellschaft. Manch ein Stündchen haben wir Abendteuer Austausch gehabt. Eines Abends kam mein neuer Herr nach oben um wärmere Kleiderstücke zu holen, denn der Winter rückte heran. Als er wieder in seiner Wohnung war, merkte er dass sein Trauring fehlte. Wo könnte der wohl sein? Schliesslich kehrte er zur Truhe im Speicher zurück und suchte nach. Unten auf meinem Boden lag der gesuchte Ring! Alles wieder gut! Die Ehe ist wahrlich heil geblieben. Anno 1950 war das Studium beendet. Wo würde die nächste Station sein? Vollgepackt reiste ich in einem Wagon mit anderen "Schul-Kollegen" wieder in den Westen.

In Yarrow durfte ich dann 6 Jahre oben im Abstellraum verweilen, wo im Winter der Schornstein, und im Sommer die Sonne mich wärmten. Immer beherbergte ich entweder warme Decken oder Sommer Sachen. Heinrich unterrichtete im Winter in der Bibelschule und im Sommer arbeitete er in der Mission. Inzwischen wurde die Familie grösser. Ruth und Carl brachten viel Freude und Leben ins Haus, und die niedliche, dunkle Doris war schon elf Monate als das packen wieder losging.

Jetzt unternahm ich eine lange Reise zum Osten Kanadas-nach Kitchener, Ontario, wo Herr Heinrich auf die Uni ging. Die erste Woche diente ich wieder als Tisch und Spielfläche. Alles schien etwas befremdend zu sein. Als die drei Kleinen sich auf meiner Fläche

amüsierten, bemerkte die Ruth ganz wehmütig, "ich möchte lieber im Himmel wohnen." Als die Mutter überrascht grosse Augen machte, fügte Ruth schnell hinzu "oder in Yarrow". Hier besuchte sie nun den Kindergarten und erlebte auch die ersten Schuljahre. Gerne verglich sie ihr Zeugnis mit dem ihres Vaters und fragte einmal, "warum hast du nicht auch eine Eins, Vati?" In diesem Haus stand ich ganz allein in einem Zimmer, das zugleich auch als Studierzimmer diente, nur fehlten die Möbel. Mittel waren knapp. Manchmal hing die nasse Wäsche über mir zum trocknen. Eine Weihnachten wurde das Haus richtig voll, denn meine Herrschaften hatten gläubige Schulkollegen eingeladen die nicht nach Hause fahren konnten. Sogar der Pfarrer der Gemeinde bat, ob sie ihn und seine Familie doch auch einschliessen könnten? Gewiss! (es war J.J. Toews). Ein Geschäftsmann, durch den wir unsere Wohnung erwarben und der sehr hilfsbereit war, schenkte uns eine grosse Pute. Ein jeder half irgendwie mit und der Pfarrer brachte eine grosse Kiste Orangen. Als sie alle bei Tisch sassen waren es 26 Leute. Nach dem guten Essen, benutzten die Kinder das leere Zimmer und mich auch! Das war wohl ein lebhafter, gesegneter Tag! Die Frau des Pfarrers sagte, sie würde diese Weihnacht nie vergessen!

Nach drei Jahre des Studiums und Dienstes in der Gemeinde und Bibelschule, wurde mein Eigentümer zum Dienst als Pfarrer einer Gemeinde gerufen. Die Sachen, unter denen ich noch immer wichtig war, wurden fast 200 Meilen auf Lastwagen transportiert. Die Stadt hiess Leamington, wo die Gemeinde ihren ersten gelöhnten Prediger und seine Familie willkommen hiess. Hier durften wir zusammen 5 wunderbare Jahre, in einem ganz neuen teil-Ziegelhaus verleben. Hier wurde auch der Paul geboren. Der Carl freute sich sehr endlich einen Bruder zu haben. Wir genossen das warme, ja manchmal feuchte Klima, wo im spät Sommer der Duft der Tomatensosse aus der Heinz Fabrik die ganze Stadt durchzog. Wie doch der warme See die Kinder zum baden lockte, ausser dem

Paul, der mit zeter Gewalt schrie wenn er ins Waser "geholfen" wurde. Hier war ich nicht oft allein, denn ich stand unten im schönen Speilzimmer wo die Kleinen sich öfter aufhielten und auch ihre Freunde hereinbrachten. Oft stand ein grosser ausgestopfter Hund bei mir. Nach Verabredung mit dem Hausherrn, kamen einmal zwei Verlobte und noch ein Gast sich am Tisch im Speilzimmer zu unterhalten. Die Verlobte wurde ihre zukünftige Schwägerin vorgestellt. Was einer nicht alles erlebt!

Nach 5 weitere Jahre folgte die nächste Reise per Bahn zurück in den Westen, und zwar nach Chilliwack, B.C. Hier durfte ich im Erdgeschoss des Pfarrhauses 12 Jahre ungestört stehen, -fast ungestört! Auch hier gab es verschiedenes, abendteuerliches, und nicht so abendteuerliches. Immer enthielt ich Sommer oder Winter Sachen die mit der Zahl der Kinder zunahmen, denn die Kerri kam als fünftes Familienglied in 1968 hinzu. Gross war die Freude!

Einmal als der Regen häufig fiel und der Strom ausschaltete, musste ich, wie auch das andere Möbel, rasch hoch gestellt werden um das steigende Wasser zu entkommen. So bekam ich eine Plattform als Sicherung gegen überschwemmung, denn dieses passierte noch zwei mal. Ein alter geschenkter Fernseher wurde ins Erdgeschoss gestellt. Eines Abends als der Carl spät von der Arbeit kam und sich noch entspannen wollte, sass er mit einem Imbiss vor dem ganz leis gestellten, Fernseher. Plötzlich empfand er das noch jemand in Zimmer sei. Ganz langsam wandte er sich um. Tatsächlich, eine weisse Gestalt! Er fuhr hoch! Was ist das? Da merkte er die grosse blaue Augen. Es war die Kerri im Schlafwandel. Na, so was!

Inzwischen war mein Baumeister und erste Eigentümer, in Rente gegangen. Nun kam leider auch die Zeit wo er und die gute Mamma sich aus Alters und Gesundheitsgründe, genötigt fühlten ins Altersheim zu ziehen. Diese Entscheidung war durchaus nicht leicht! Nur ein Jahr später, ganz unerwartet, trat er seine letzte Reise an, und diese ohne mich, die Wandertruhe. Wir trauerten alle, doch wussten wir das

dort niemand Reisegepäck mitzubringen braucht. Das Sprichwort sagt "Das Sterbgewandt hat keine Taschen."

Im Jahre 1976 wurde meine Ruhe unterbrochen. Wieder gut gepackt, mit anderem Hab und Gut, in den Wagon geladen und versiegelt, kam ich zur Provinz wo ich schon früher gewesen war, Saskatchewan. Drei Kinder waren nun schon aus dem Elternhaus gegangen um ihr eigenes Heim zu gründen, und so blieben noch zwei. Der Abschied war für alle schwer.

In Watrous blieben die Sommer Kleider länger in mir liegen, denn der Winter ist hier lang und hart. 5 Jahre stand ich ruhig da. Dann kam eine unerwartete, überraschende Einladung an meinem Herrn nach Deutschland, um dort einer Gemeinde vorzustehen und zu helfen.

Noch einmal wurde ich sorgfältig vollgepackt. Dieses mal gab es verschiedene Reisearten, auf Lastwagen bis Montreal, dann auf dem Schiff bis Bremen und von dort per Bahn bis München. Hier musste ich lange geduldig warten bis der idiotische Papierkrieg im Zollamt überstanden war, und ich frei gelassen wurde. Die nächsten 4 Jahre stand ich im bequemen Abstellraum eines Hochhauses am Ludwig-Thoma-Weg, wo es meine Herrschaften allen sehr gut ging nachdem sie sich eingelebt hatten und die Kerri die deutsche Sprache gelernt hatte. Nach 4 unvergesslichen Jahren ging es wieder zurück ins Heimatland. Sorgfältig wurden jetzt auch etliche Bayerische Sachen in mir gelegt. Ich durfte noch einen Gemeinschaftsabend beiwohnen der zugleich auch ein Abschied war. Die Wohnung war schon fast leer, nur ich und ein Stapel Kartons standen in der Ecke. An diesem Abend kam der wöchentliche Hauskreis zu letztenmal zusammen. Anstatt die übliche Bibelstunde, wurden Dias von Heinrichs Israelreise besichtigt. Kaffee und belegte Brötchen wurden serviert, und manche schöne Erinnerungen ins Gedächtnis gerufen. Der Abschied war nicht ohne Tränen. Gott hatte Gebete erhört, Er hatte gesegnet und Erfolg gegeben. Nach etlichen Tagen wurde ich geholt. Wie stöhnten doch die jungen Männer vom Missionswerk

"Wort des Lebens," als sie mich auf den kleinen Lastwagen stellten. Ich gebe zu, ich war nicht leicht.

Dieses mal durfte ich auch das Flugzeug benutzen. Hoch über die Wolken ging es und wie schnell waren wir schon über dem Ozean. In Winnipeg wurde ich abgeladen und von dort brachte mich ein Lastwagen nach Saskatoon. Jetzt erfuhr ich, dass es in Kanada auch Papierkrieg gibt. So'n durcheinander! Nach viele Telefonate und ein hin und her wurde ich endlich freigegeben und ich durfte wohlbehalten noch einmal nach Watrous kommen. Als die gute Mamma mich, nach vielen Jahre wieder sah, bemerkte sie, dass ich schon eine merkwürdige Geschichte erzählen könnte. Das habe ich nun getan.

War das nicht schon ein reichhaltiges, volles Leben? mm

d'8 Schtove Restaurant



1842 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3T 2G2

Telephone: 275 2294

- * Reservations accepted
- * Banquets up to 60 people
- * Continental cuisine
- * Business hours:
Monday-Friday 8 am - 11 pm
Saturday 7 am - 11 pm
Sunday 9 am - 11 pm

Featuring Mennonite Food

ASSINIBOINE TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.

U.S.S.R. Tours in 1991

MAY 15 - JUNE 3: Host: Dr. J.B. Toews, Vancouver.
Moscow, Karaganda, Alma Ata, Odessa, Zaporozhye, Leningrad.

JUNE 13 - 28: Host: Dr. John Klein, Nebraska.
Moscow, Odessa, Karaganda, Leningrad.

JUNE 30 - JULY 17: Host: Dr. P. Letkemann and Dr. G.K. Epp, Winnipeg.
Moscow, Zaporozhye, Yalta, Kiev, Leningrad.

JULY 18 TO AUGUST 6: Host: Dr. John Friesen, CMBC.
Warsaw, Gdansk, Moscow, Alma Ata, Yalta, Zaporozhye.

AUGUST 14 - SEPTEMBER 3: Hosts: Dr. Al Reimer and Dr. James Urry.
Moscow, Kiev, Dnepperpotrosk, Cheron, Odessa, Zaporozhye, Leningrad.

SEPTEMBER 3: Host: Anne Berg
Moscow, Zaporozhye, Tbilisi, Yalta, Odessa, Leningrad.

OCTOBER: Route and host to be announced later.

Call John Schroeder, 775 0271
Please phone or write for more information on these tours.

■ For any holiday destination ask any of our experienced agents ■

Call collect from out of town
(204) 775 0271
FAX 783 0898

201 - 1317 Portage Avenue,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3G 0V3

Enn Abrahams Schoß

fonn Jack Thiessen

Aus etj Oomtje Peeta Bitjat daut easchte mol sach, wea etj fief Joa oolt. Daut wea aune '36 biem Arntedankfest enne Kjoatj, enn wiels daut soon wijchtja Dach wea, worde dee Sinn-dach-schooltjinja aula no bowe no de Grootte enne Kjoatj jenome. Enn daut wea mett mie uck aulreit, wiels mien Farsch, woonen etj üt-wandijch jeleat haud, bie mie mau en bät flack saut, enn etj kjeene Garantie haud jäwe kunt, daut etj nijch mett eemol mett Farsch toop biem Oppsaje lidje jebläwe wea.

Na jo, nu saut etj bowe manke Oolash enn Grootasch, enn leet miene Uage enn miene Fantasie toop rut enn spetseare gone. See kaume dann uck aule Rett tridj enn fetalde mie, waut see aules jeseene haude, enn dann jinje see wada loos, enn forschte en bätje no.

Dee Somma wea sea dreajch enn heet jewast, enn dee Prädja must sitj aulahaunt üt-dentje, sest wea doa mau fedolt weinijch, woafäa eena haud danke kunnt. Jo, sea weinijch, wiels de Eiwst wea mau schietrijch ütjefolle. Oba dee Prädja seid, enn streid en bätje natierlijcha Fertileisa, enn binjat enn drascht doa hinjre Kaunsel, enn kjreajch soo mett de Tiet doch en poa misaje Busheltjes toop.

Enn etj saut doa enn kjitjt enn kjitjt aulewäaje romm, enn muak soo opp miene Wies miene kjliene Fantasie -- Spitjatjes foll. Enn aus etj aules soo eenjemote aufjeeiwst haud, enn mie -- jo, noch emma enne Fantasie -- enne Sonn ferr miene Spitjatjes hansate enn enschlope wull, dann sad Onkel Bitjat mie mett eemol gauns schmeisijch opp siene Schoot han, enn nu kunn'et noch'mol loos gone. Etj saut je nu en bät hejcha, enn haud mett eemol een poa nieje Wintjels jetjräaje. Daut jintj mie goot, enn waut mie noch bätja jintj, wea daut Onkel Bitjat wist, waut mie scheen jintj: mett eemol lach bie

mie oppe Kjnee een Peppermint Candy, boolt een Tsuckastetj, enn too gooda latst, en fief Tsent Stetj. Aus etj mie en bät omdreid, omm Onkel Betjat steltjes "Tanks" too saje, kjitjt hee bloos fäarewajch, oba hee schoof sien unjaschtet Jebiss rut, enn deed gauns lieseltjes soo aus wann hee mie daut lintje Oa aufbiete wudd. Oba etj haud nijch schis, wiels etj am aul en bät kjannd.

Onkel Bitjat haud bie mie jewonne. Waut etj oba nijch wist, wea daut etj äwa sea fäle Joare am nijch loos woare wudd, ooda sull.

Na jo, oba wie sent je noch emma enne Kjoatj. Dee Prädja schloot soo langsomm auf, fomm langen Råde wudd daut uck nijch mea Jeträjd ooda Jreenfooda jäwe, enn daut kunn etj am uck lenjdhan aunseene, daut hee daut wist, oba nijch toostone wudd.

Na jo, enn dann fetalde dee Oomtje Prädja ons noch en bätje fonn Russlaunt, enn woo dankboa wie doch senne sulle, daut wie'et bätja, fäl bätja haude, wiels doa weare je uck noch de Biebel-Kjrebbje ladijch, enn hia weare se bett bowe doljeklunjt foll. Enn donn bäd hee, enn donn sung wie aulatoop daut Leet, "Muß ich geh'n mit leeren Händen," oba ea wie aunftunge too sinje, säd dee Prädja noch, nu wudde dee Diakoone toom Arntedankfest dee Kollatjetallasch rommreatje, enn daut wudd steare wann'et too sea kjlinjad, oba daut ruschle wudd weinja schode, enn däm leewen Gott en bätje bätja heare, besondasch wiels daut Arntedankfest wea.

Oomtje Bitjat enn etj saute meist hinje, enn aus dee Jeltschiew bie ons aunkaum, wea dee meist foll, enn een poa papiane Schiene muste sitj doabowe aul en bät stiepre enn fausthoole, sest weare se rauferutscht.

Woo daut kratjt kaum, weet etj uck nijch jeneiw, fleijcht wea etj daut,

fleijcht wea Onkel Bitjat onnjeschetjt, fleijcht beides...jenuach, aus dee Schiew bie ons aunkaum, läd Onkel Bitjat bowe eenen jreenen Kjennitj nopp, enn dretjt dän oppem Kopp, enn dann bedieseld dee, enn am -- Onkel Bitjat -- foll dee gaunse folle Schiew wajch, enn kaum unjre Bentj too lidje.

Toom Jletj wort noch emma pienijch fonn mett ladje Henj gone jesunge, enn soo foll daut nijch aultoo sea opp, daut Onkel Bitjat enn dee Diakoon, Fraunts Bula, mett folle Henj daut Jelt mett Mell enn Prell toop ropte. Enn etj? Etj wea doa irjendwoa medde mank, tweschen Onkel Bitjat enn Oomtje Bula; eajentlijch nijch irjendwoa medde mank, etj wea kratjt enne medd.

Aus see foadijch weare, naum Onkel Bitjat de Schiew (hee wea fäl stoatja enn entschlotna aus dee ducknäsja Diakoon, soo fäl wort etj donn doch aul mett miene fief Joa enn), enn reatjt dee opp eene Oat wieda, aus wann hee dee aum leewsten haud wajch schmiete kunnt.

Enn donn "Sejne enn behiete" enn donn rut. Onkel Bitjat leet de Lied aun sitj febie enn rut gone, enn säd: "Etj mott dissem Jung noch schwind de Schoo toobinje." Enn aus hee daut donn uck soogoa deed, naum hee uck soo gauns bieiefijch, oba sea haustijch, fonn unja siene groote rajchte Schoo een tian Dolabill enn fuppadd sitj däm enn.

Enn fonn donn aun, feloa wie twee ons niemols gauns ute Uage.

*

Aus Onkel Bitjat mie latst beseatje kaum -- hee ess 86 Joa foll, foat oba noch emma siene eajne Koa -- oajad hee sitj doch en bätje, daut'et kjeene rajchschuldje Kommuniste mea enn Russlaunt jeft -- hee haud noch emma

doa hanfoare wullt, enn doa perseenlijch mank dee Schindasch Rasmack hoole wullt. De Lied lachte bloos enn meende, "Bitjat ess en Spuchterieta," oba etj jleewd am daut, wiels...?

Jo, wiels, Onkel Bitjat kaum mie latst en bätje meed enn dedwää fää, enn aus etj am fruach waut am wea, säd hee bloos: "Na, etj sie je nijch mea de jinjsta, waut kaun eena fonn mie felange?" Oba etj wist daut hee flunkad, enn ditt mol hoof etj nijch ea mien rajchten Schoo opp, bett hee mie fetallt haud, waut am opp siene oole Doag noch emma enn hanenwada soo kurrijch enn neewadrijch muak.

Onkel Bitjat, noch emma groot enn stoatj enn äwabrestijch, meend, daut lach aune Reatjaworscht, hee kunn eefach biem basten Welle nijch mea aus eene Worscht ferrem Schlopegone fedroage.

Oba daut reatjt mie nijch too, enn donn säd hee: "Weetst waut? Mie sent aul dree Doag hinjenaunda de Machnowse de Nacht hinjaraun. Etj woa dee Donnasch nijch loos, enn etj ha' je dee aul soo lang nuscht jedone!"

"Enn waut deede See an mol?" frog etj.

"Rein nuscht nijch -- na, fleijcht eemol en bätje, oba daut talt meist nijch, daut sent meist tsäwentijch Joa tridj!" meend hee.

"Daut haud etj, jleew etj, uck jedone, aus'et talt ooda nijch," meend etj.

"Daut's goot," sajcht Onkel Bitjat, "enn dann kaun etj je die daut fleicht uck mol fetale. Hast en bät Alpentjreita?"

"Jo." Enn donn goot etj twee groote Jläsa foll. Enn donn drunk wie, enn nom easchten langen Schluck, wea wie uck aul enn Russlaunt emm Darp, enn dee Kalenda bleef emm Joa 1920 aum Nippa stone.

"Aus etj aune '18 en Eloag Berstaundewajchta wort, heade de Arbuse opp de Nacht spatseare too gone, see bleewe fonn donn aun Tus," meend Onkel Bitjat. "Etj fesocht daut

eascht emm gooden, donn emm stellen, enn donn wort etj bossijch, oba aules schiend nijch too halpe, bett etj eenes Nachts, mie twee Bandiete fäänaum, enn an jrintlijch de Kjap tooprubbeld, enn daut help.

Enn daut räd sitj romm, enn fonn donn aun haud etj emm Somma emma eenen gooden Job de Nacht.

"Na jo, enn donn kaum de schwoare Tiet, eascht de Roode, dann de Witte, dann de Bunte, enn dann dee Machnowse, enn disse weare sea hasslijch. See haude bie Onkel Beand enn bie Onkel Kjnals de Stroohupes tseowents aunjestetjt, enn aus wie no bute rannde enn doa aula toopkaume, omm daut Fia üttooomeake, kroop daut Toakel schwind aulewääje fonn hinje enne Hiesa nenn, enn stoole doa, enn weare sea, sea hasslijch.

"Jo, docht etj mie soo, wann dee Bandiete soo fäägone, dann woare se opplatst de näatjste Nacht bie Onkel Hauns rommschwiene, enn etj woa doa en bät Hüptjewajchta späle. Enn deed daut dann uck. Enn mett eemol se' se uck aul doa, twee Stetj mett eene Buddel enne Fupp enn mett de aundre aum Schlucka, enn mett Schwäwelhelta enne Henj, enn wulle dän Stroohupe doa -- Aunfonks Oktooba! -- aunstetje.

"Enn see haude daut woll uck jedone, oba see haude nijch mett mie jeräatjent, enn jrods aus see äare 'Slitje oppe Gauss too festone gauwe, daut'et loos gone kunn, kjrie etj an too hoole, enn rubbeld an de Kjap toop, enn reef an de Kjeana ute Oare.

"'Oba woa blift daut Fia?' wudde sitj de aundre nu dentje, docht etj mie.

"Na etj nu schwind dee twee aune Kjap enn unjre Oarms, enn schlapt an auf no hinje, no eene oole Serrai opptoo, enn dee stetjt etj schwind aun, enn leet dee twee Reibasch, Bandiete enn Mördasch, sitj doa soo sea enn soo lang oppwoame aus se wulle."

Dann drunk wie de Buddel ladijch, enn aus etj "Goode Nacht, Onkel Bitjat, enn noch Dankscheen" säd, meend hee, "Oba sest ha' etj dee aul lang nuscht jedone."

Fonn dee Nacht aun, leete de

Machnowse am uck toom easchten Mol gauns toofrad, enn Oomtje Bitjat schleep, soo's hee säd, "soo's enn Abrahams Schoß!" mm

CHURCH PEWS: Solid elm, recently refinished, very good condition, approximately 800 lineal feet. Contact A. Pauls, 204 284 2964 or FAX 204 287 8169.

MENNONITES

Special ECONOMY tour, featuring Mennonite colonies of Paraguay, including tourist attractions of Iguazu Falls, Jesuit ruins, etc.

Two weeks, January, 1991

PERU

Relive ancient history in this unforgettable tour to the country of mysteries, Peru. Visit the centuries old city of Lima; treasure tombs, Gold Museum, Andes Mountains, the fabled "lost" city of Machu Picchu, and Cusco, Capital of Inca civilization.

January, 1991

Discover SOUTH AMERICA

Our tour will transport you to the exotic destinations of Brazil, Paraguay, and Ecuador. Relax on the sun-drenched beaches of Rio de Janiero and see the breathtaking world famous Iguazu Falls. Experience the pioneering by Mennonites in Paraguay and Brazil. Discover the beauty of the Andes Mountains and the excitement of bargaining in the Indian markets of Ecuador.

March, 1991

**LANDAIRE
TRAVEL SERVICES**
Box 250, Niverville,
Manitoba, ROA 1E0
1 - 204 - 388 - 4062

Faced with charges of ministerial impropriety, churches must have clear procedures to act fast to protect both the victim and the accused

A small town in Mennonite southern Manitoba in the 1940's: a young minister is dismissed after a female parishioner says intimate activities had taken place during "prayer sessions."

A larger city, Denver, in the United States, in the 1980's. It is revealed that a Mennonite minister has been accused of becoming too intimate with female members of his congregation. After much pain on the part of the congregation, he is asked to leave.

Again, a small town in southern Manitoba, in 1986. A female patient at a psychiatric institution claims she has had sexual relations with her counsellor. She allegedly is told that the incidents are best "left in God's hands." No action is taken on her complaints until four years later when she threatens to go public with her allegations. After an investigation, the counsellor, an ordained minister, is suspended from the church. The moderator of the church conference involved states that "he did not believe that the mandate of the conference involved dealing with the patients.

These incidents all reveal painful truths about ourselves as a community, and demand that we look at them honestly in order to establish effective and healing ways of dealing with them. At a time when several of the mainstream churches are struggling with accusations of wrongdoing on the part of pastoral staff, we in the Mennonite community must acknowledge that it can and does happen amongst us also; we need to do our utmost to ensure that vulnerable individuals in our midst are not exploited in any way.

The vulnerable are those who for various reasons need to seek counselling in order to function in society; whether they go to teachers, to pastors, to doctors or to professional counsellors, they are entitled to receive care, consideration and support and not be taken advantage of because of their vulnerability. All persons in positions of authority must make a solemn oath to themselves that they will never violate the trust that those seeking support from them will place in them. Another vulnerable group consists of the young and the mentally handicapped -- they too must be protected at all costs from anything that might harm them. Recent revelations have forced us all to realise that our society has often failed in our responsibilities to this group.

We must also acknowledge that another vulnerable group is that of the counsellors and caregivers, to whom people go when they are in trouble. They can be publicly named and accused, and often suffer because often there are no witnesses to alleged violations of trust other than the counsellor and counsellee. It is always possible that a vindictive person will seek to destroy the reputation of an individual out of sheer malice. When an accusation is made against someone who is well-known in the community, that person's reputation might well be destroyed long before any investigation is made to substantiate the accusation.

It is clear that any community should have definite guidelines for the investigation of any allegations of wrongdoing. These guidelines should ensure that complaints are dealt with quickly and fairly. Speed is essential so that both the accused and the victim do not have to suffer the uncomfortable pressure of uncertainty. To ensure that both parties are treated fairly, any investigation should be carried out by neutral third parties, acceptable to both sides. Too frequently in such matters, the investigation has been carried out by church officials, who are likely to have a bias in one direction. In the case of the pastor cited in the first example in this article, he was removed from office, and no reason was given for his sudden departure. Such a "bandaid solution" is in no way redemptive for either party.

What is recommended is that all churches and conferences have clear procedures in place; that these procedures will ensure that whenever accusations of wrongdoing are made, all parties will be entitled to swift and objective investigation of the allegations. Let us be sure that while we as a community are no more free of human frailty than any other community, we are swift to forgive and to seek forgiveness and healing for each other. -- **Ruth Vogt**



1258 HENDERSON HIGHWAY
WINNIPEG, MB R2G 1M2
COUNSELLING ASSOCIATES

INDIVIDUALS
COUPLES
GROUPS

LORRIE FRIESEN, M.Ed. (Psych)
(204) 338-3339

WARKENTIN & CALVER

Barristers and Solicitors
Notaries Public

ERWIN P. WARKENTIN B Th, LLb

N-3025 Ness Avenue
at Sturgeon Road
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2Y 2J2

Bus 885 4452
Res 786 5048
FAX 837 9021

There's no better time for your insurance...

For over 30 years Manitobans have relied on
G.K. Braun for complete professional insurance
services including:

- Tenants and condominium packages
- Travel insurance
- Commercial insurance
- Bonds
- Homeowner's insurance
- Life insurance
- Autopac

Ask about our senior's discounts and monthly payment plans!

G.K. BRAUN Insurance Services 942 6171

301-171 Donald (beside Sheraton), Rosenort office, 786 8411

William Martens

Barrister and Solicitor

137 Scott Street

(Stradbrook and Scott, one block east of Osborne)
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3L 0K9

Telephone 475 9420

Winnipeg Building & Decorating Ltd.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS -----

■ A COMPLETE REMODELLING SERVICE ■

DONALD T. MacANGUS ---- HENRY THIESSEN
DAVID MacANGUS

56 Ellen Street, Winnipeg, telephone 942 6121

TELEPHONE (204) 942 3311
FACSIMILE (204) 943 7997
RESIDENCE 475 5655

Garth P. Reimer

Barrister and Solicitor

CAMPBELL AND COMPANY
10 DONALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R3C 1L5

John Fehr Insurance



1050 HENDERSON HIGHWAY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA R2K 2M5

For all your insurance needs

Ken Peters

338-7811

WINTER'S AUTO BODY LTD.

SPECIALIZING IN
ALL MAKES OF CARS

• AUTO BODY
REPAIRS
& PAINTING

• EFFICIENT
SERVICE
ASSURED



786-6695
1010 ARLINGTON
(1 Blok. North of William)
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Derksen

Plumbing
& Heating

(1984) LTD.

807 McLeod Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

- Commercial
- Residential
- Renovations and Repairs



Call 668-4450

*Pembina
Insurance Services*

Fast Friendly

AUTOPAC Service

284 Pembina Highway
Winnipeg, MB
R3L 2P5
Ph: 452-4913

Offering Quality Insurance

STEINBACH CREDIT UNION

RRIF

If you have an **RRSP** and are preparing to retire, you need to learn about our Registered Retirement Income Fund.

FULLY INSURED

A FLEXIBLE INVESTMENT

COMPETITIVE RRIF & RRSP RATES

(Rates Subject to Change)

11½% Interest on Variable RRIF & RRSP

11¼% Interest on 2 Year Fixed Term RRIF & RRSP

11¼% Interest on 3 Year Fixed Term RRIF & RRSP

11¼% Interest on 5 Year Fixed Term RRIF & RRSP

Steinbach Credit Union Limited

Box 2200 Steinbach, Manitoba, R0A 2A0
Telephone (204) 326-3495, Wpg. Line 477-4394
Fax 326-5012