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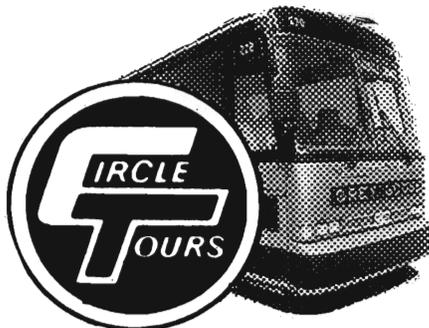
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## ForeWord

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This is the 200th edition of the *Mennonite Mirror*, and it is also the last to be published by the present editorial and business group. For a variety of reasons, most of which are given inside, we have decided to suspend publication. At present no one has emerged with a firm commitment to "take up the torch" and carry on where we left off, although there have been some expressions of interest.

There are two types of articles in this issue. The first type are of the type you would find in a regular issue and are comprised of pieces by regular contributors as well as new writers. The second series of articles are "farewell" observations from the regular members of the editorial staff.

This issue is also larger than our usual editions because we wanted to use up the last of our "good" material and give you an edition to remember.

The decision to suspend the *Mirror* was not an easy one, but was made after considering the options, the degree of commitment present staff were prepared to make to the enterprise, and the nature of the support throughout the Mennonite community. All things together, we also thought it wise to quit while we were in a state of good financial health, and still enjoyed reader and advertiser support within the community.

The past 20 years have been good ones. Although we enjoyed bringing each issue to you, we were also aware of our responsibility of providing a fair and insightful view of the Mennonite community in its variety.

Thank you for reading and subscribing. Thank you for advertising in our pages.

## Mennonite Mirror

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june-july, 1991

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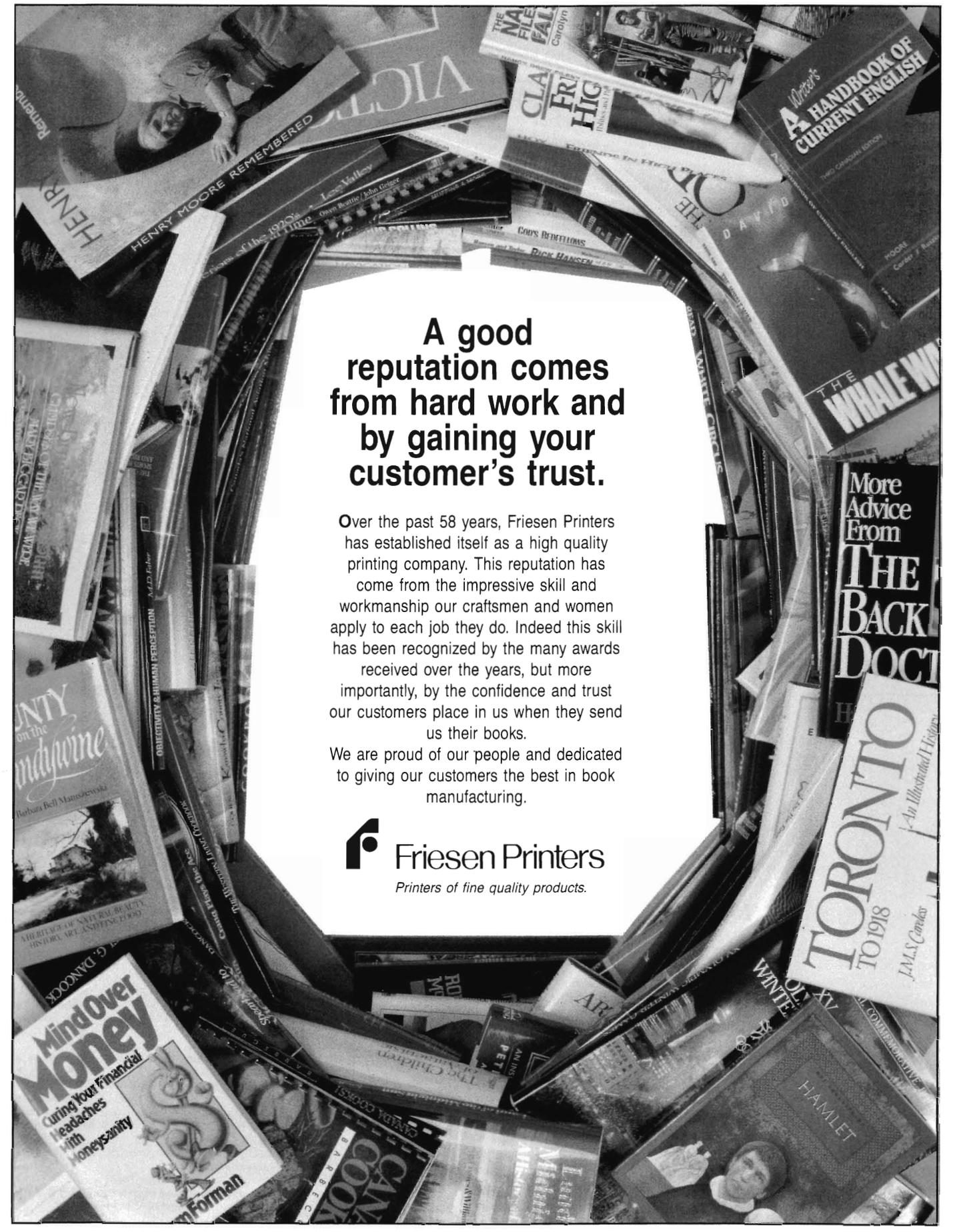
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# A conversation on the train

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by Harry Loewen

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Early in October, 1990, just after German unification, I found myself travelling by train between Weimar and Mannheim. I had visited the places of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the great German poet of classical beauty and harmony.

In the train compartment were three other travellers. Sitting beside me was a young man of about 30 years of age. He was talkative and expressive, especially when it came to the subject of German unification and what that might mean for Germany's future and the world. Across from me there sat an elderly couple, the man about 75 years old and his wife some 15 years younger. Bald, flat-chested and with a protruding belly, the man was hard of hearing and opinionated. His wife seemed to be a good-natured person, more cautious in expressing her views and generally somewhat motherly in her bearing. The couple had visited relatives in Leipzig and were now on their way home to Frankfurt.

When I joined the trio in Weimar, they were engaged in an animated conversation about the neglected and "dilapidated" conditions in the former German Democratic Republic and how much money, time and effort it would take to raise East German conditions to West German levels. "And who will pay for all this?" the old man asked. "We the taxpayers of course," the woman said nodding to the young man beside me. The young man agreed but added: "We'll manage things. Just give us time. Besides, the East Germans will do their part as well."

## Silent for a time

Not wishing to join in a conversation whose subject I heard discussed almost every day, I looked out the window and thought about the events which had taken place in the area I was travelling in. Weimar, Jena, Erfurt, Eisenach --

places filled with historical, cultural, and literary meaning and significance. Luther, Goethe, the Weimar Republic, and more recent history, particularly the Third Reich, came to mind.

I was jolted out of my reverie when the conversation took a sudden turn, a turn I had not expected. The old man suddenly said loudly and clearly: "Much of Germany's past troubles stem from the influence the Jews had in our history."

The woman nudged her husband with her elbow in an apparent attempt to dissuade him from mentioning the subject. The man, however, became quite animated and continued: "I know what I'm talking about. In Frankfurt, for example, the Jews are again in influential positions. This does not bode well for Germany. Don't misunderstand me, I was not a Nazi during Hitler's time, not even a member of the party, but I can understand our peoples' fear of the Jews."

## Conversation challenged

The young man mumbled something awkwardly and soon turned toward the window, apparently trying to sleep. The wife of the man was visibly embarrassed trying to change the subject but without success. Speaking louder and louder, the man cited examples of Jews he had known and how they were not to be trusted. "They're not like other people. It's a different race, a race that has caused trouble wherever they were. Why are they hated by all others?" he asked rhetorically. Then turning to me, he asked what I thought about what he was saying. "You haven't said anything yet. Don't you think I'm right?"

Thus challenged I could not help but respond to the man's attitude, which, I knew, was not all that uncommon among German people. Most, however, will not express their anti-semitism as crassly as this man. In a low and calm

voice I said: "Since I'm not a German citizen but a Canadian, I would rather not become involved in talk about a subject which is painful to many people and which affects the Jews to the present time. But if you like I'll tell you a bit about myself and some of my experiences during the last world war."

The old man, taken by surprise, said that I should speak. His wife and the young man beside me encouraged me as well and prepared to listen.

I began by telling him that I belonged to a minority group, called Mennonites. My forebears had suffered persecution in Europe, beginning in the 16th century and then well into modern times. Like the Jews the Mennonite wandered from place to place in search of a homeland, or at least a place where they might be tolerated. I concluded the introduction to my story by saying: "I understand the Jews at least in part. The Jews have suffered much throughout their history, and that very often at the hands of those who call themselves Christian."

Trying to defend his position, the old man said: "I don't know the Mennonites, but I know Jews and what they have done. Didn't the Jews hate Christ and in the end kill him? And have they not opposed our Christian faith and the church throughout history? Already our Luther warned us "against the Jews and their lies." He was referring to a work Luther had written in 1543.

## Remembering the war

"I am about 15 years younger than you," I said, "but I remember the last World War well and what happened at the time. When the German armies invaded the Soviet Union in 1941 our people who lived in the Ukraine welcomed them as liberators from Communism. The Communists had destroyed our way of life, including our religious

institutions, and in the 1930s our women lost their husbands through arrests and exiles. I too lost my father that way. The Germans, we believed, were God-fearing people who would restore our way of life and extend justice to all people. Even on their belts German soldiers carried the beautiful words: "God with us." But we found that German godliness was different from what we thought about God and humanity."

The old man shifted restlessly in his seat. "I, of course, don't approve of what the Germans under Hitler did to many Jews, although I doubt that it was six million that the Nazis exterminated," the man said.

### **Grandmother's insight**

Ignoring the man's comment, I continued: "I now come to the part of my grandmother, a woman who taught me to believe in God even though in Soviet schools we were taught that there was no God. As I said, with the coming of the Germans we believed that faith in God and human values would be respected. But things turned out otherwise. The German army rounded up Jewish men, women, even children, and took them away from their homes. The victims' property was confiscated and much of it was taken by other people. One day my school friend, a Jew, disappeared as well."

The young man beside me said: "we can imagine what happened to them."

"Yes," I said, "they were taken several kilometres from our village where they were shot into mass graves and buried. That's at least what we heard from people who had no reason to spread false reports. When we heard this, we were shocked. 'What had these people done to deserve such cruel fate,' we asked."

"Well," the old man interrupted me, "they must have been guilty of some crime, just like the Communists who arrested and exiled your father and other Germans."

"Please let the gentleman continue with his story," the woman said impatiently to her husband. Turning to me, the woman said, "I think there is more about your grandmother in the story,

isn't there?"

"Yes, my grandmother expressed an attitude at that time for which I'll remain grateful to her for as long as I live. It was in the afternoon and my grandmother was lying in her bed with another of her frequent headaches. She called me to her beside and said: 'Harry, what the Germans are doing to the poor Jewish people is terrible. There is no doubt that this will some day come back to haunt them.' As you see, my grandmother, as much as she appreciated the Germans for having liberated us from Soviet Communism, was not blind to their unjust and inhuman treatment of other people. Today we all know that my grandmother was right." After a pause I said: "I might add that when we came to Germany toward the end of the war and told our German neighbors what the German army was doing in the east, they would not believe us. 'Impossible,' they said, 'our *Führer* would never do such things?'"

The old man took his eyes off me and looked out the window. The other two were silent and looked out the window as well. Just when the Wartburg castle near Eisenach came into view. High about the Thuringian forest the outlines of this imposing, history-laden structure were barely visible in the fading light outside. Turning to the old man, I said: "You mentioned the German Reformer before. True, he wrote against the "obstinate" Jews who refused to become Christians, and suggested that they be exiled and their synagogues closed down. Luther expressed an attitude that was quite prevalent at the time and he no doubt contributed to the anti-Semitism among his people and others who followed his theology. Luther, by the way, had also some bad things to say about the rebellious peasants and the Anabaptists, our spiritual forebears. He even advocated that they be killed."

### **Questions of tolerance**

"But weren't those different times" the woman said, "times that were less tolerant toward those people and groups who opposed the established order?"

"Yes, no doubt," I said, "but don't

you think that a man of God like Luther should have patterned his thought and life more closely after Christ whom he represented and preached? And do you think that things today have changed all that much? After all these centuries since the Reformation intolerance and hatred of other races and groups has not decreased." Looking at the old man, I concluded: "Even after the Holocaust there are still persons who call themselves Christians and at the same time hate other races, including the Jews."

It had become completely dark outside. With the light in the compartment the faces of the occupants were clearly reflected in the window. In silence each one of us followed his train of thought. The clatter of the train wheels continued. At last the young man said: "Yes, that's how things were and are." The woman sighed deeply and said: "Yes, we're all guilty and lack the Christian love we so loudly profess. Perhaps there's more hope with the young. We're too old to learn and to change." She looked at her husband. All he said was: "Perhaps you're right."

At Hanau the young man got off. "Thanks for the story," he said and shook my hand. As the train pulled into Frankfurt a few minutes later, the woman said: "It's nice to be home. I'll sleep so well tonight." She pressed my hand and smiled. As they left the compartment, the old man said "Aufwiedersehn!" without looking at me. I transferred to another train which took me to Mannheim. **mm**

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As the *Mirror* winds down its operations, I must add a personal note of appreciation. Having been part of the MM since its beginning, I not only found it an effective way to promote my firm's tours, but also discovered that the way the magazine covered Mennonite life was an equally important, but personal, benefit. I have enjoyed my fellowship with the MM team.

Thank-you

**John Schroeder**  
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## Concluding reflections on Mennonite theology

by Roy Vogt

The religious beliefs of Mennonites are rooted in the Bible, but they have been given a particular shape by Mennonite encounters with various types of Christian traditions. These traditions represent the efforts of different Christian communities over the centuries to produce a consistent and universally acceptable set of beliefs from the Bible. Instead of a unified view, however, what emerged was a variety of interpretations, several of which have influenced Mennonites profoundly.

In addition to the 16th century Anabaptist interpretation of Christianity, to which Mennonites trace their origins, the religious beliefs of Mennonites in Canada have been influenced particularly by German pietism -- with its emphasis on personal piety -- and by North American evangelicalism, which stresses radical personal conversion, missions, and biblical authority. By the early post-Second World War period North American evangelicalism had come to dominate Mennonite theology, and it remains the most important force in the religious beliefs of most Mennonites today.

However, by the 1950s a certain recovery of the "Anabaptist vision" was taking place, led by a group of scholars at Goshen College in Indiana. In the last few decades hundreds of Mennonite ministers and other church activists have re-discovered the Anabaptist interpretation of Christianity and are spreading its basic teachings through the churches.

### Some points of harmony

Some of these people feel that North American evangelicalism and Anabaptism are basically in harmony with each other, and where they differ they should be seen as useful supplements to each other: each supplying what the other lacks. Others are of the opinion that while the two traditions have much in common -- both, for

example, emphasize their biblical roots -- the differences between them are significant, and contradictory rather than supplementary. I agree with this latter group and think that major tensions now evident within the Mennonite community originate at least in part in the differences between these two interpretations of the Christian faith.

It is important that we examine this question more closely. As a starting point a simple analogy may help. In both traditions -- in North American evangelicalism (NAE) and Anabaptism -- human beings are perceived to exist in a world of considerable danger, where the devil is fighting God for control over their lives. Humans stand, as it were, on quicksand, surrounded by dangerous marshes where a serious misstep can lead to death. Both traditions emphasize that in this situation the only hope is to trust in God -- the God revealed through Jesus Christ in the Bible. Both also agree that the basic goal of the Christian is to achieve "salvation," initially to become a new person obedient only to God and ultimately to arrive at a safer shore, to a heavenly land beyond the marsh where the forces of evil, including death, hold no more sway.

### Some differences

On these substantial points there is agreement between the two traditions. However, there is a significant difference between the two on **how** Christian salvation is actually attained. This, in turn, produces profoundly different, even contradictory, understandings of the nature and purpose of the Christian life.

In the NAE tradition, the act of believing in Christ grants a new status to a person: the status of the "saved." Salvation occurs in two ways, or in two stages: the act of believing immediately converts the individual into a new person (still subject to sin but with a new

orientation to God), and ultimately provides a passage to heaven.

In the Anabaptist tradition the purpose of believing in Christ is not so much to give the believer a new status before God -- the status of the "saved" -- as to direct him or her to a new kind of living. "Following Christ," not "being saved," are the key words. Salvation is not achieved instantaneously, through a single, sudden decision, but is a **process**, which the Anabaptists called discipleship. This process involves an emulation of the life of Christ. If Christ lived a life of non-violence, then a non-violent way of life is, in the Anabaptist tradition, an essential part of Christian salvation, not something optional or tacked on after salvation has been achieved.

### Views of salvation

This very different way of perceiving Christian salvation leads most importantly to a very different understanding of the Christian's role in this world. In the NAE tradition salvation is hardly linked to this world at all. The first stage of salvation, the initial conversion, occurs at a moment of time -- one second of the world's time is enough. After that the Christian's life in the world is significant only as a "demonstration": to provide some proof that the initial decision was genuine and to encourage others to make similar decisions. There is no primary requirement to change the world. The second stage of salvation is seen as an escape from the world. The act of believing provides for the Christian, in the end, a flight over the quicksand and marshes of this world to the safer regions of heaven. In contrast, in the Anabaptist tradition the world is taken extremely seriously, as the arena in which salvation is worked out. The act of believing in Christ launches a Christian into a life whose purpose is to transform the world. Jesus is not a helicopter pilot,

who flies Christians out of the world, but a leader who is in the midst of the world's problems asking Christians to work with Him in solving them. The way to heaven, in this tradition, lies through the marshes. Jesus is walking ahead, clearing the land, indicating how it can be done (through love) and providing strength and encouragement when necessary.

### **A challenge to live by**

This Anabaptist vision, unlike that of North American evangelicalism, issues a meaningful challenge to Christians, not a free ticket; it offers a way through the world, not an escape from it (while holding before us the hope of a better world to come), -- it links life to faith. The act of believing in Christ is not seen as a human act, or "work," whereby the Christian achieves a new status before God, but as the entrance to a new life of caring. One doesn't believe primarily in order to get benefits for oneself but to become genuinely useful to others.

At its core, in my opinion, the Anabaptist vision is much truer to the spirit of Christ than North American evangelicalism, and it is important that we choose one rather than the other. This is not to say, however, that Anabaptism provides a wholly satisfactory vision, or that we should cease from questioning it or altering it. It bothers me considerably that in several "Anabaptist" conferences I have attended in recent years a certain kind of rigid orthodoxy has prevailed, leaving little room for alternative interpretations.

The Anabaptist tradition needs to be challenged on at least three points. First, it has, along with North American evangelicalism, a poor understanding of **Grace**. Both traditions assume that God's love extends only to those human beings who have done something to merit it. In the NAE tradition the necessary human act is the act of believing. Without believing in Christ, so it is assumed, one cannot be saved. "Believing" is therefore the human "work" through which Christians become the recipients of God's salvation. In the Anabaptist tradition human

beings work out their salvation through Christian discipleship. While this, as I have indicated, gives more meaning to the Christian's life in this world, it still implies that some special human acts are required to benefit from God's love. At the core there is no room in either vision for God's grace -- "grace" being understood as the love that human beings receive from God without merit. It seems to me that a far sounder reading of God's love should go somewhat as follows: "God loves all human beings equally. They in turn are asked to respond to God in order to work with God in redeeming the world. God's love is not conferred in any special way on those who make this response, and the response should not be made for that purpose. The hope of all human beings rests ultimately in God's gracious love, not on their own ability to respond appropriately."

A second problem with Anabaptism lies in the limited scope that it has traditionally given to God's concern for the world. While it calls on Christians to help God in redeeming the world, in practice it has asked those who abide by its tradition to remain aloof from large areas of human endeavour: from politics, and even business and many of the professions. The charge can, and is made, that Mennonite communities influenced by this tradition have become fearful little islands hiding (and dousing) their light under a bushel, doing little to shape the course of society at large.

### **Concepts of love**

This rather dubious result is linked to a third problem: the Anabaptist understanding of love. Love is obviously central to the Christian faith, and there can be little question that to be true to the spirit of Christ it must result in exceptionally compassionate behavior to all kinds of people, including one's ostensible enemies. However, there are many situations in life where compassion for some people can only be expressed by forcefully thwarting the evil intention of others -- so that no easy equation between love and "non-violence" is possible. Yet Anabaptist orthodoxy insists on making

such equations, to the detriment of those who can be reached with compassion only through institutions and persons not bound by them. There are those in our midst who would like to put such simple equations into credal form, to be affirmed by all Mennonites as an article of faith. What we need instead is a more thoughtful examination of the nature of Christian love.

There are, in the end, no perfect visions of the Christian faith. However, there is, as I have tried to indicate, something profoundly meaningful and inspiring in the Anabaptist tradition, and my hope is that the Mennonite community will continue to explore it, to change it, and to live by it. **mm**

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## OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

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by Roy Vogt



### The rewards of travelling in groups, and a fond 'adieu' to readers

This column is the last in a series that started in January, 1982, almost 10 years ago. Its purpose has been to entertain the reader through the peculiar experiences and thoughts of one person. I have seldom tried deliberately to make it funny but, judging from some of your comments, enough strange things happened or occurred to me along the way to amuse you from time to time. Indeed, several of you have suggested that the column should have been titled, "Absurd Along the Way." If the absurdities have occasionally been interspersed with moments of edification you can be sure it was entirely accidental. After all, what is there to be

learned from a simple Mennonite boy from Steinbach innocently groping his way through the rose bushes and mine fields of this world!

This column concludes appropriately with a travel report -- one of many shared with you through the years. This time the Wanderlust took us, in mid May, through some of the most beautiful and historic places in the world: in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia.

Once again my wife and I chose to travel with a group, rather than on our own (see photo). Whether one chooses to travel alone, as we often do, or with others, depends on the reason for

making a particular trip. If the main purpose is to "get away," particularly from others, then obviously group travel is foolish. If, on the other hand, one's concern is to really get to know another people and their culture, then it is best not to move around very much at all, either alone or with others. One should live with the people for at least a few months, as we also have done. However, if one wants to explore the most interesting and beautiful parts of another country in a few weeks then, so our experience tells us, group travel has many advantages over individual travel, depending, of course, on how and with whom it is done.

Group travel can be an exciting experience, though it has received a bad name in some quarters. What critics have in mind is tours pre-packaged in advance without the individual interests of participants being considered, and without enough time and flexibility to relax or to wander off the beaten track.

There are dozens of brochures describing such trips. There are other ways, however, of planning a tour, as was confirmed on this latest trip to Europe. First, though the organizers, who happened to be my wife and myself, have a general idea of what they would like to do, and what might interest others, they make an effort to get suggestions from potential participants. Second, a lot of thought is put into scheduling: staying at least two nights in one place, leaving most afternoons free, and planning special meals and programs for most evenings. This raises the advance cost of the trip (reducing later expenditures), but it adds



The "rediscovering Europe" group meets at a landmark somewhere in Europe.

tremendously to the overall enjoyment. Third, a good tour company, with reliable guides, must be chosen in the countries visited. The best-laid plans may otherwise be badly executed. It is the duty of the hosts or organizers, together with a local travel agency, to make these plans. For every 15 participants they are rewarded with free passage, a gift of the airline which does not add to the expense of the participants. My wife and I like travelling together, and we prefer smaller groups of 20 to 25 persons. This means that we are responsible for part of our travel costs - a small price to pay for the tremendous enjoyment derived.

Members of the group benefit in many ways. First, they generally pay less for airfare than they would travelling individually, and they pay considerably less for hotels and meals. In the countries to which we travelled this time, where hotels are quite expensive, participants saved at least 50 per cent. A major advantage in travelling this way is the time saved in searching for hotels, locating sites of interest, handling luggage, etc. The result is that you have much more time to enjoy the things that you really wanted to do.

Many travellers complain about the hassles of travelling alone, but put a good face on it by claiming that "you meet the most interesting people when you are lost." (The assumption seems to be that you haven't really travelled well if you haven't experienced a great deal of pain). Well, you can also meet the most interesting people without getting lost. If the details are taken care of, instead of spending agonizing hours squirming helplessly through traffic, cursing at the amateur navigator beside you, you can arrive relaxed at your hotel and wander through villages and towns meeting people and doing things at your leisure. Finally, the group experience can itself be tremendously rewarding. It is a genuine pleasure to share new discoveries with others and to make new friends. Members of this last tour frequently attested to this.

Europe has always attracted travellers, but this year, with the social transformation of eastern Germany and Czecho-

slavakia, and the celebrations of Mozart in Austria, the place was especially exciting. We were able to enjoy an incredible variety of things: the Wartburg Castle outside of Eisenach, where Luther translated the New Testament into German, Goethe's and Schiller's abodes in Weimar, the Schlosskirche in Wittenberg where Luther began the Reformation, the Cicilienhof in Potsdam where the famous Potsdam agreements were signed, Sanssoucie, the beautiful summer palace of Frederick the Great, the Brandenburg Gate and numerous other interesting places in Berlin, the Meissen porcelain works near Dresden, a performance of Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* in Berlin and *Die Fledermaus* in Dresden, an evening boat trip down the Moldau in Prague, accompanied by a musician whom we taught how to play "Home on the Range," a performance of the famous *Laterna Magika* in Prague (where we ran into Ed and Lanie Klassen from Winnipeg), an evening of operetta singing in Vienna, and a lovely meal in Grinzing, just outside of Vienna, Mozart concerts in Salzburg, a visit to the cradle of Celtic civilization in Halstatt, a tour of one of "mad Ludwig's" castles at the Chiemsee near Munich, a lovely morning at the Nymphenburg castle in Munich, followed by hours of relaxation in the city centre, and finally, a leisurely visit to the beautiful medieval city of Rothenburg "ob der Tauber." These are just some of the highlights, most of which had been planned in advance.

As usual, it is often the unplanned events that one remembers most.

Totally unplanned was the appearance of two music students in Goethe's garden, serenading us as we wandered slowly through the garden (for later tips, of course), or the piano concert that evening and the later visit to the Inn of the White Swan, or the cabaret performance in Gera, poking fun at the West Germans -- "Wessies" -- who are taking control of the former East Germany. (Question: "How are we in Gera benefitting from the new capitalist system?" Answer: "We are getting to know our city much better. Because

many of us are without work for the first time, and prices are different everywhere, we now have the time and the incentive to travel all over the city to find coffee that is two cents cheaper.")

Planning did not produce the beautiful evening at the Wannsee (though the trip to the restaurant there was planned), nor the remarkable sight of a man crawling 10 stories up the vertical wall of the Kaiser William church tower in central Berlin to proclaim his love for Astrid. The beautiful view of Vienna from the top of a surrounding hill was also unplanned, as was the Pentecost visit to the Kreuz Kirche in Dresden, with its wonderful choirs and excellent sermon, and the High Society wedding in Salzburg which one of our members captured on film. The frequent singing on the bus, the evening games, and the story-telling sessions were also spontaneous. (Example: as we passed a BP (British Petroleum) service station on the Autobahn one of the members was prompted to tell the following story: A swarm of bees flying over Germany decided to have a wash-room break. Appropriately enough they stopped at a BP station. However, one bee was missing. "Where's Charlie?", asked the Queen Bee." He went to the Esso station" was the reply. "It figures," observed the Queen Bee, "there's an Esso Bee in every swarm!")

Small wonder that several members of the group felt this was the best trip they had ever made. We felt likewise. Next year a number of the group would like to travel to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. We are already making plans. Interested? If so, call John Schroeder at 775-0271 in Winnipeg and let him know. New faces are always welcome. We'll keep you informed.

In the meantime, I wish you well as you enjoy your summer. I conclude this column reluctantly. It's been fun publishing the Mirror, and writing this column. We hope someone will try something similar (though -- God forbid -- not the same!). Adieu. mm

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# He touched me last

## *Memories of my grandfather*

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by Rachel Unrau

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"Touched you last!"

"Touched YOU last!"

"No! I touched you last!"

"Did not! It was me who touched you last!"

It was a game he and I used to play. He would sit in his chair and I would skip around him trying to touch him before he touched me. He'd always win because when I was about to leave he'd quickly touch me and then close the door before I could get him back.

We'd always have fun together, my grandpa and I. I was the only grandchild for over six years so I was spoiled and well taken care of. Both my parents worked during the day so they used to ship me off to my grandparents' house. I didn't mind because I'd always have more fun there than I did at home. My grandma would take me shopping with her. But it was my grandpa who would provide the most fun. He'd take me to the park and push me on the swings. When we'd get back home we'd eat ice cream with chocolate sauce out on the porch.

All grandparents have a box full of toys to keep their grandchildren occupied. Mine were no exception. There was one toy that was special to me: It was a little, yellow construction hat. The day I was born my grandpa wrote my name on the hat. I thought it was neat that a hat said "Rachel" on it.

When my grandparents moved from their house to an apartment it was a dream come true: there was a huge swimming pool in the basement! They became the caretakers of the pool so whenever I slept over at their place I'd always help my grandpa clean up. People who'd use the pool had a habit of forgetting things so my grandpa would give me everything he found.

A lot of things changed when they moved. There were two other names

on the construction hat: Rebekah and Daniel. I didn't mind that much because now I had cousins to play with. The thing that bothered me the most was that grandpa was getting older and he wasn't the same vibrant man who'd push me on the swing.

The first time he went into the hospital it was scary because he had a mild heart attack. I thought he was going to die so I visited him everyday. When he went home I thought the crisis was over and he'd live forever.

A couple of months later he went in again. He complained about shortness of breath so my grandma called the ambulance. He wasn't in very long, but it was enough to scare the whole family.

It was like my grandpa was on a schedule. He'd go into the hospital and get treatment for his irregular heartbeat. A couple of days later he'd go home. Like clockwork, exactly two weeks later, he'd be back in the hospital.

It was during this period that my dislike of hospitals became apparent. The building made me nervous: It smelt, and I found the sick people frightening. I was afraid someone would throw-up on me, or die, while I was there.

I used to visit grandpa two or three times a week; my parents went everyday. I'd like it when my parents went to visit him because when they were gone I could do whatever I wanted. Instead of practising the piano or doing homework I'd watch TV. It seems to me I cared more for myself than I did my grandfather's health.

The last time he went into the hospital was no different than all the other times. He complained of shortness of breath so my mom brought him in. While he was in the intensive care he continued to get worse. When his heart

started to beat faster the doctors tried to save him. They did, but he slipped into a coma.

My grandma was upset because she had talked it over with grandpa that if his heart was starting to go, the doctors could just let him die. The people in the intensive care unit didn't know of that agreement. Now she had to watch grandpa die a slow, painful death. She was at his side constantly during the day. At night my parents went to stay with him and I slept over at my friend's house. Even though I knew the end was near, I was excited because I was sleeping over at Joelle's house during the week.

At 10 the next night the doctor called the family together. They figured they were near the end. I was supposed to sleep over again at Joelle's but something made me stay at home to sleep in my own bed. At 3 in the morning mom came and woke me up to tell me grandpa had died. I was half asleep so I didn't show any emotion. I just remember hearing my dad phone my uncle who lives in New Brunswick to tell him the news.

Thursday I went to school while my parents arranged the funeral. I only told a couple of close friends what happened.

The viewing was Friday night. My grandma was strange; she wanted everybody to touch him. I didn't want to and I didn't.

I cried once in the waiting room at the funeral home. I was embarrassed because I was crying. I shouldn't have been, because all my aunts, uncles, and cousins were crying too. I'm not a very emotional person, at least not in public. I couldn't bring myself to show the world how I was hurting so I didn't cry very long.

When they lowered the body into the

grave and someone handed me a rose off the casket I realized it was the end. I prayed a silent prayer and asked God to watch over my grandma and the rest of my family.

In the end, he touched me last; not physically but just by his being a loving person in my life. The only two things I have to remember him by is the little, yellow construction hat and my memories. That will be enough. **mm**

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#### MIRROR INDEX AVAILABLE

Readers who would like an index of the contents of the *Mennonite Mirror* for the last seven years, should send a self-addressed, pre-stamped envelope to the MM office, 201 - 1317 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3G 0V8.

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## MIRROR MIX-UP

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The last contest was published in the May edition.

For our closing edition, here are the winners of the past two contests:

David Unruh of Abbotsford, B.C., was the winner from 14 entries to the April contest.

Mrs. Percy E. Enns of Winkler was drawn as the winner of the May contest.

Answers to April are amble, tuber, state, trial, glean, and bitten.

Answers to May are worse, least, pares, baste, organ, and wrote.

Finally, a thank-you to Bob Matsuo, who set up all the mix-ups that were ever published in the past 20 years.



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## WORDS FROM THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS

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by H.W. Friesen

### Pleasant places -- gems amidst the B.C. bustle

Much of B.C.'s beauty is a gift of its exceptional natural setting. This very beauty has attracted many people to settle here, especially in the Vancouver and Fraser Valley area. Population growth, real estate pressure, the desire to preserve some agricultural land, concern for the environment, and a multi-cultural society are the new realities of this region. A visitor can find some naturally beautiful, accessible, and inexpensive sights in the area.

Queen Elizabeth Park, known to many as "Little Mountain," is located in the heart of residential Vancouver near 33rd and Cambie. A former stone quarry on the highest point in Vancouver has been developed into one of the city's most colourful flower gardens, also a popular site for wedding photos. A geodesic arboretum provides an array of tropical plant growth. Years ago the top of Little Mountain was the site of an open reservoir; today it is a parking lot. On a clear day or night Little Mountain provides an excellent view of the city, mountains and ocean. The Stanley Park seawall is a nine kilometre path circling the entire 1,000 acre park. It is a popular year round route for walkers, joggers and cyclists with Burrard inlet on one side, forest on the other, downtown a few blocks away and mountains in the distance. Circling the park provides a change of scenery at each turn of the seawall: the 9 o'clock gun (a cannon) is fired electrically every evening; the three beaches named uncreatively First, Second and Third; the Prospect Point lighthouse,

legendary Siwash rock, and food at the quiet Ferguson Point Tea House.

Vancouver's Chinatown warrants a visit if for no other reason than to experience Asian food and the crowds. Amidst the frantic pace of Chinatown the exquisite Sun Yat Sen Memorial Garden provides an environment of peace. This authentic garden in Ming dynasty style is a pleasant oasis in the middle of downtown. Study the images, capture the details, and enjoy the tranquillity of this classic scholar's retreat.

### Mountain high

There are at least three easily accessible options for mountain top views of the area from the north shore ski slopes: Mt Seymour and Grouse Mountain in North Vancouver and Cypress Bowl in West Vancouver. Only Grouse is inaccessible by car; the gondola or an invigorating cardiovascular workout are the options for reaching the top. Day and night views from these locations are spectacular; at Grouse visitors can dine while enjoying the nighttime view.

North Vancouver has two pedestrian suspension bridges, Capilano and Lynn Canyon; the latter has no admission charge. One of the most scenic coastal drives is along the Upper Levels Highway in North Vancouver past Horseshoe Bay and on to Squamish. This one day trip provides superb views along the sea to Sky Highway.

South of Vancouver at the mouth of the Fraser river lies the fishing village of Steveston. It is rapidly becoming part of the Vancouver suburbs. Garry Park

at the eastern edge of town with its off shore breeze is a popular site for kite flying and a convenient place to begin a hike along the dyke. This trail provides the experience of suburbia on one side and marshes, ocean and mountains on the other. Steveston has a variety of art and antique shops; fresh seafood can be purchased from the boats. In May a two-hour boat tour along the jetty provides a close-up view of sea lions on the rocks during their annual migration; they pause here to feed on oolichans. Two kilometres east on the Steveston highway an elaborate traditional Buddhist temple is open to the public with no admission charge. The bonsai alone are worth a visit.

Visitors can leave their vehicle at the Scott Road Park & Ride in Surrey and take the Skytrain to downtown Vancouver. For those tired of downtown, the Seabus provides a 12-minute ride (no vehicles on this ferry) across Burrard inlet to the North Vancouver Quay, and a bus to Grouse mountain. Then Seabus back to Vancouver and a suburban bus to White Rock and eventually back to Surrey. All for \$3 on a B.C. Transit DayPass.

The UBC campus is worth a visit even if only for its scenic location. It also features the Japanese gardens, an anthropology museum, and Regent College's bookstore. Near UBC in residential Point Grey at the Menno Simons Centre (on west 11th) one might even find a few Mennonites. **mm**

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# Three trains: *Dies irae, Dies illa*

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by Heinz Wiebe

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Da dum, da da dum, da da dum... The Legion band was playing -- softly -- a farewell march. In spite of the sadness in her, through her head ran the silly words

*Be kind to your four-footed friends  
For a duck may be somebody's  
mother....*

She sat that 1941 British Columbia morning in their pick-up truck, in the rain, watching the khaki lines moving in front of her to the open doors of the waiting passenger cars in Abbotsford station. As David had passed her at the head of his platoon, he had looked over at her, her head thrust out the truck window. He had winked and smiled. At the moment her eyes were on the back of his neck getting farther away.

The troop train was a long one, but it was filling, every man a volunteer, to feed the rapacity of the generals and their battles. In the distance, to the east, the smoke of the idling engine belched occasionally, twisting blackly against the low-hanging B.C. clouds.

In memory, the pressure of his head against her cheek and jaw was still there, his hand in her hair, his thigh against hers.

They had made slow love again as the light grew stronger behind the curtains. The crowing of the cockerels in the growing-sheds had awakened her David -- her "lieutenant-san" -- she already awake for over an hour thinking, This is the last time for sometime.

His eyes, his fine dark eyes, opened, looked for hers, held and smiled, and he turned towards her.

They had ended in a fine, sweet flurry.

Then she had watched him dress.

When he had gone to shave, she had dressed quickly too -- underthings, and slacks, and shirt -- run a comb through her black hair, splashed her face and hands, and made breakfast.

Now, a last embrace already ages past, she watched him leaving so quickly -- gone!

Da-dum, da-dum, da-dum -- the band began "The British Grenadiers."

At the far end, the engine billowed smoke. The pistons hammered -- again, and again, the linkages tightening between each coach. With slowly increasing speed, the train pulled out of the station.

Bare heads sticking out the windows, hands waving, smiles, desperate hands reaching up and falling back.

When would she see him again? When would they again make love?

What was going to happen to their farm, the dream of the chicken ranch he and she had worked so hard to start, that would have to be there when he returned? She'd manage somehow!

Perhaps her two younger brothers still in high school could help.

Seven months later, in early February, she remembered that morning, that first train, as this train loaded, the engine at the far end, the east end, coughing impatiently, eager for the trip on the Kettle Valley Line to the B.C. Interior. The RCMP officer beside the traincar entrance looked away as she stepped, heavily pregnant, from the step-stool into the waiting coach.

No band played.

Now this, the third train. Her daughter on her hip, she remembered again that last morning with David, remembered David with her, in bed; David leaving; the empty grief, as the present train slid slowly into the station.

Her Mom and Dad were on either side of her, her Dad proudly in his veteran's uniform. He had come from the Old Country only five years before the First World War had begun, but he had been at Vimy Ridge on Easter, April, 1917, when he and his fellow

Canadians had driven the Germans from that strongpoint, had covered themselves with everlasting glory. A piece of a bursting shell had shattered his right elbow so that now, when he wrote on the board in his teaching -- English, History, Mathematics -- it was with his left hand, with slow neatness.

Three of the men who had left that first morning were coming home today, to be honoured by the bands of the interior B.C. city of Cranbrook: the Cranbrook Senior High School Band and the Cranbrook Legion Band, both under the high school's conductor, Mr. Turvey. The Women's Auxiliary and a platoon of Legionnaires complete with rifles, bayonets fixed, formed the welcoming Honour Guard.

A ten-o'clock sun shone. A pair of robins, busy about their nest, fluttered in the blossoming cherry tree near them, beside the station platform.

The two bands played together: Da da dum da, da da dum da, da da dum da -- According to the program it was "Semper Fidelis."

The train had come to a full, grinding halt.

"A--tenn--shun!"

From the "At ease," position, the rifles snapped back along the men's sides.

"Slope ahms!"

"Pre--sent ahms!"

The rifles rose -- white gloves crashing against the forestocks -- and came to rest, muzzles level with the eyes, eyes front and rigid.

They would be coming out now!

The bands kept on playing.

The traincar door slid open.

In the door appeared a coffin draped with the Red Ensign. A limousine rolled up.

From beside the train door, the detail sergeant, in dress uniform, called out a name over the march music. The name

echoed between the train and the station buildings behind her, but it wasn't "David," not this one.

Six men of the sergeant's detail formed up, shouldered the coffin, lowered, and slid it into the limousine. The limousine rolled forward, the six men beside it, three on each side.

Another limousine took up position.

Another Ensign-draped coffin appeared in the traincar doorway.

The sergeant called out another name.

Again the echoes did not form "David." Some other woman's grief.

Six men of the detail stepped forward, placed the coffin in the limousine, and moved forward with it.

Another limousine rolled up.

Now HIS coffin, covered by the Red Ensign under which HE had served, appeared in the traincar doorway. She couldn't breathe. Her eyes, with suddenly-acquired special powers, held the coffin, looking through its sides, into it, holding his fine dark eyes.

Her Mom's hand tightened hard on her arm, and her Dad's left arm crushed her shoulders, held her erect.

Above the victorious martial music, gallant, magnificent, rose the Sergeant's voice: "Lieutenant David Nakatani!"

His name echoed between train and station.

The six men were shouldering her burden.

("Be gentle, oh, so gentle! Don't disturb His rest!")

They manoeuvred Him into the waiting limousine.

Now for the cemetery.

"Slo--pe ahms! Lef--turn! Qui--ck march!"

The limousines moved off slowly. The honour guard followed. The bands, remaining in position, swung into "Colonel Bogey."

As she waited there with her parents, automobiles moved up to load her, her parents, and the other Japanese-Canadian families.

The air was very still. The robins had stopped their flurrying among the cherry blossoms. Over the trees beyond the train tracks, a hawk tilted, soared.

mm

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## Après Nous?

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by Victor Doerksen

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For the past 10 odd years the *Mennonite Mirror* has provided me with one of my most enjoyable avocations. The company was excellent, the working hours minimal and the results sometimes very gratifying. One thing is clear: I received much more from this activity that I gave. In light of such circumstances it has been hard for me to understand why it should be that there could not be a fairly smooth transition of such a project from our generation to the next. Was there not a more than amply prepared host of younger Mennonite writers and thinkers from the various fields, whether professional or not, waiting to take on such a pleasurable and occasionally worthwhile undertaking?

It is clear that there is another generation out there and boy can they write! But do they want to write "Mennonite?" Do they care about our story, about our present predicaments and prospects -- as Mennonites? Perhaps not.

Our generation was only one remove from the dramatic relocation from the Russian Mennonite Commonwealth to the New World. We were also blessed with access to the "Anabaptist vision" -- an inspiration the range and power of which has not yet been measured. Subsequent historians have industriously deconstructed the historiography which informed the vision, but that has not as yet erased the spiritual-historical memory which it gave to a whole generation of Mennonite young people. As a vision, and thus accessible to the imagination, it contained much more than mere data. Most of all, perhaps, it put us in touch with our story, both the older Anabaptist story and the more graphic later Russian experience.

But there are many indications to suggest that our people are losing this story. Ironically, it can be seen most clearly in the stories that our younger people are writing and in their interest

in "story." It is a sad truism that our consciousness of something often means that something is over. Is the "story of the Mennonites" still our story? their story? Do we care? do they care? Time will no doubt tell and I certainly hope that we will not be befallen with a kind of Mennonite Alzheimer's, in effect losing our spiritual memory.

Some years ago I participated in the conscious decision to close the paper, the *Canadian Mennonite*. It is not an easy thing to put an end to an institution; for one thing the first law of any institution is its self-preservation. I think it was the correct thing to do then, and I believe that the time has come for the MM also, in spite of all the attachments. I also believe very strongly that there are more chapters to be written under the title: Mennonite. Who cares? mm

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# Why I was part of the *Mennonite Mirror*

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by Harry Loewen

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My association with the *Mennonite Mirror* began when I came to the University of Winnipeg in 1978. In that year I assumed the chair in Mennonite Studies with the mandate to teach and research Mennonite history and literature. Some of my friends and colleagues at the time almost took it for granted that I would join the *Mirror* staff. I am glad that Al Reimer, Roy and Ruth Vogt, Victor Doerksen, Ed Unrau, and the rest of the *Mirror* people invited me to become part of their dedicated team.

From the very beginning I considered my involvement with the *Mirror* as part of my teaching/research responsibility. I thought of it as an important aspect of my so-called "community service," something university professors are expected to do. The articles, reviews and editorials I wrote were written with one purpose in mind: To tell the Mennonite story in such a way that readers might become informed about and interested in the faith and life of the Mennonite people.

In my years of teaching Anabaptist-Mennonite history students have repeatedly asked why their churches had not told them about their heritage and about what it means to be Mennonite. I never quite knew how to answer, except to say that Mennonite leaders did not deem the subject all that important perhaps because they themselves had never really studied their history. Whatever else the goals and objectives of the *Mirror*, it definitely sought to enlighten and inform readers about Mennonite peoplehood and to encourage in them a love for the "peculiar people."

I have used three important words here: faith, culture (history), people -- in that order. On the basis of Christian teaching and history I believe that faith and culture have made Mennonites into the kind of people they are. The *Mirror* throughout the years of its publica-

tion has acknowledged this fact. Like no other Mennonite church paper the *Mirror* allowed for, even encouraged, a wide range of expressions and reflections, taking into account the faith of Mennonites on the one hand and their life, history and culture which have shaped that faith on the other. The *Mirror* thus combined all areas of life, both the "sacred" and the "profane," seeking to minister to readers in the various stations of their existence.

Freedom and independence were other important watchwords of the *Mirror's* philosophy. While the *Mirror* accepted and sought to promote the Mennonite-Christian faith, it was never an organ of any church or organization. All the writers of the paper were free to express a variety of views and opinions, promote causes however unpopular, and pursue objectives not possible in a church-sponsored publication. Even the editors did not always agree on all

issues, as seen, for example, in their views on the Gulf War. Yet this freedom, independence, and differences of views contributed toward respect for one another and true community.

While I believe that the *Mirror* in its 20 years of existence had some much good and it may now be time for it to vacate the place it has occupied -- perhaps for someone else with vision and creativity -- I for one will miss the faces and voice that came from its pages. Most of all I'll miss the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft* with the publisher, the editors, and the many writers I learned to know and to appreciate. In particular, I am most grateful to the many busy colleagues who always agreed to review a book. It was good to be a part of a group of people who shared a vision of peoplehood whose faith and values we sought to pass on to others. mm

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# A part-time job that was just right for the time, and a long list of people and memories (mostly happy)

by Frieda Unruh

## My past 18 years with the MM

When we were asked by our editor to write a few words about our impressions over the past 18 years, my first thoughts were -- I couldn't have been here THAT long.

I remember well when Roy approached me and asked me whether I would consider working for the MM. The job description and remuneration sounded fairly inviting and since it was a part-time job and I was at that stage in life where I had been considering looking for something along those lines, it was almost as though opportunity was indeed knocking. I can't remember if I was ever apprehensive of what I was getting myself into, but in retrospect, wonder if I really had known what was in store for me whether I would have accepted the challenge.

And a challenge it certainly has proven to be! From the onset, the bottom financial line was usually precarious. Arkie Wiens and I started with this organization at the same time, and I must say that I always felt secure in his expertise. Because he was specializing in bankruptcy, I certainly felt that if that should happen to us, we certainly would be in good hands. While insolvency was never a real threat, money was always tight.

Roy was initially both editor and publisher, and since I had known him for many years, never had reason to question his knowledge and authority. After all, we all knew he was DR. Roy Vogt, a title he uses very reluctantly, I might add. (He will probably attest to the fact that it didn't take too long for me to begin to question, but not doubt, his reasoning over various things. We often simply agreed to disagree!)

I was literally thrown into the MM operations with very little training. Because the operations of the MM were merely leisure-time duties for the rest

of the members of the organization, it was sometimes very frustrating for me to handle the everyday problems that arose, since it was impossible to get in touch with many of the members during office hours. But I would like to stress that for the most part, I always felt a great deal of support from the publisher and editors.

Then, along came Al Reimer, as editor. (Another Steinbacher!) For nine years he served the magazine well. It has never ceased to amaze me how much time these very busy people find to do the various voluntary duties they perform. I never heard "I'm too busy" from any members of the MM. I think that speaks for itself. They were never paid for any of the work carried out, and received little thanks from readers. Only recently, since notice went out that the MM was actually closing down, have many readers taken the time to say thanks and to plead for the continuance of the magazine.

Al was ably replaced by Ruth Vogt. Ruth certainly added a very positive and feminine touch to the magazine. Under her able editorship, the magazine continued to improve and she managed to

recruit many new writers (and female ones too!)

Then of course, who can say enough about Ed. He has served the magazine since its inception. While Ed and I certainly didn't always see eye-to-eye, he never argued about anything. He merely did things his own quiet way, regardless of the pleas or suggestions from various corners. He used to work for the *Free Press*, so his feathers weren't too easily ruffled by the mediocre complaints we had to offer. If there was a blatant error in an ad, he merely asked "how much of it was correct?" If the phone number and address were correct, in his opinion, there was no reason for complaint.

In closing, I wish to stress that I have considered it an honor and a pleasure to have been able to be associated with this organization over the past 18 years. It has broadened my scope of the Mennonite culture and the MM constituency. I have met many new people and established friendships with my colleagues. I truly will miss all of you! And who knows -- maybe someday ...  
mm



## FRIESEN TOKAR REYNOLDS

ARCHITECTURAL PARTNERSHIP

It has been a privilege and a pleasure to have  
been associated with the *Mennonite Mirror* for  
the past 20 years.

-- Rudy P. Friesen

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# Not an easy good-bye

by Al Reimer

**Saying** goodbye to an institution or organization one has had a long and intimate connection with isn't easy. I felt the shock of separation when I retired from the University of Winnipeg last year. Now the *Mirror* is retiring from me and again I have to sort out my feelings. To recognize that an important phase of one's life is over brings mixed feelings -- of what: pride of accomplishment, yes, but also a melancholy sense of something irrevocably gone from one's life. For two decades the *Mirror* was one of the focal points of my professional life, and its passing feels like a death in the family - it is a death in the family, in fact. All those voices, mine included, which have spoken in the thousands of pages contained in its 200 issues, spoken in love, excitement, enthusiasm, sympathy, anger, sometimes in mockery, sometimes with the eloquence of simple sincerity, must now recede in time.

More perhaps than other members of our editorial committee and writing staff I have reason to be grateful for the call to serve on this project. By founding the *Mirror* and asking me to come on board, Roy Vogt helped to change the direction of my life and career. When I casually agreed to his request that I keep a journal on my first trip to the Soviet Union in 1971 so that I could write a series of articles for the *Mirror*, I had no inkling of what lay ahead of me. The trip turned out to be a deeply moving personal experience, and so were the articles I wrote when I got back. I knew then that I was hooked, if not yet landed, to borrow a phrase from poet Patrick Friesen. That first attempt at writing "Mennonite" led to a passionate involvement with Russian Mennonite history and culture and a spiritual commitment to the Mennonite church. And of course regular contributions of articles, reviews and stories to the *Mirror* which culminated in a nine-year stint as its editor.

That it was Roy who lured me back to the Mennonite "cause" had a certain poetic justice. I caught my first strong whiff of Russian Mennonite culture in the Vogt home in Steinbach when I was growing up and the memory stayed with me during the many years I lived outside the Mennonite community. I have always admired Roy for his honesty and integrity as a person and for his sane and sensible ways of turning his aspirations and dreams (even his fantasies sometimes) into workable and shapely realities. One of these was of course the *Mirror*. But the *Mirror* also led to the wider and ultimately perhaps even more important cultural and literary sponsorship of the Mennonite Literary Society. Roy is an idealist whose dreams somehow emerge as practical plans; he's an enthusiast with the calm hands of a craftsman, a visionary with the clear sight of a child. As if all that weren't enough, he also loves people and is always ready to listen to them and help them. More than any person it has been my privilege to call friend, Roy Vogt best exemplifies for me what it means to be a sophisticated but humble Christian in an unbelievably mad and complex world. Roy also has Ruth, and the highest compliment I can pay either of them is to say that they fully deserve each other. Not only are they still in love after, lo, these many years of marriage, but they remain each other's best friends. And about how many couples can that be said?

So I will miss the *Mirror* and the people who made it into the warm, personal entity it was: Frieda Unruh, our sharp-witted, tart-tongued, infinitely caring office "boss" who always bore the brunt and knew how to bear down herself; Ed Unrau, always there to put things together in his sincere, sometimes austere manner, deeply loyal to the *Mirror* and to his colleagues, never ruffled and always professional in approach; Harry Loewen and Vic

Doerksen, my close friends and colleagues who were invariably supportive but who kept a critical eye on things, endlessly knowledgeable and never losing their enthusiasm for "our Mennonite thing;" and latterly Mavis Reimer, who injected a much-needed Yuppie point of view in our editorial committee meetings and who could write up a storm on any subject that caught her considerable fancy; last but far from least, Agnes Wall, who developed into a superb Plautdietsch storyteller only to see her forum disappear just when she was getting into high gear. And down the hall there was John Schroeder of Assiniboine Travel who was always ready to help in whatever way he could -- a true patron of Mennonite culture!

Yes, I'll miss the *Mirror* but I'll still have the friends and colleagues who brought it to life, and they'll fill the void, I'm sure. And who knows, perhaps the *Mirror* will come back to life in another form one of these years. Stranger things have happened. **mm**

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# Life after MM: The deadline tyranny ends

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by Ed Unrau

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Words: For the past 20 years I have written them for this magazine, and arranged them on its pages for you to read.

Our headings reflected our interest in words -- Your Word, Poet's Word, and Our Word.

Until the past two years, no one who was part of the MM organization ever thought we would come to "last word." While we were all aware that eventually our personal involvement would end, I don't think any of us expected that when we stepped aside that the *Mirror* might also end.

For the past year I have thought about "life after the *Mirror*" and what it would be like to live without its deadlines. I have decided that it is a discipline I can live without.

Until you are responsible for meeting publishing schedule, you have no idea of the unmerciful way it dominates the way you organize your life. As soon as you are finished an issue, you begin on the next. And if you have promised 10 issues a year, you have to organize your life (including vacations) around that commitment.

## What I will miss

I have been responsible for two publications in the past 20 years; one has been the *Mennonite Mirror* with 10 issues a year and the other has been the University of Manitoba *Bulletin* with 22 issues a year. Until I relinquished the day-to-day responsibility for the *Bulletin* a few years ago, that was 32 deadlines a year.

I will not miss the deadlines.

I will, however, miss the editorial planning meetings. The actual business could have been handled in about 10 minutes of concentrated effort, but we never concentrated, so that our meetings usually stretched into well over an hour of good conversation.

I will also miss an outlet for my writing and photography. If I had an

interest in a topic related to the Mennonite community, and my editorial colleagues agreed, I knew my work would be published. I make no claim to being an award winning photographer, but I knew how to take (mostly) good pictures, many of which found their way onto the cover. Now I won't be able to show off my pictures.

I am also losing my excuse to upgrade my personal computer, because I no longer need it for the *Mirror*.

Since the decision to suspend publication of the *Mirror* became public, many people have stopped me to ask in disbelief: "You aren't really going to stop the *Mirror*, are you?"

As part of the ensuring conversation, I'm asked, whether we are quitting because of money.

The answer to the latter is clearly negative. MM generally managed to recover its operating costs through advertising, subscriptions, and through donations to its parent organization, the Mennonite Literary Society.

One part of the reason for suspending the *Mirror* arises from the coincidence of the personal conclusion of the members of the editorial group that it was time "to move on." In a sense, we all decided to resign at the same time.

Another part of the answer, I think, lies in the fact that in the past five years no one has emerged to take over. Thus the *Mirror* ends because there is no one to continue where we left off.

Our reader profile offers another telling reason: The vast majority of our readers were the same age as the members of the editorial committee or older. In other words, the readership list was not being replenished by new generations of subscribers and readers.

I can offer many explanations of why younger Mennonites are not subscribers, beginning with the observation that they see themselves as Mennonites in a different way than

what is offered in the *Mirror*. But it is my personal opinion that the real reason why there are no younger readers is because younger people don't read and for that reason they don't subscribe to any publications. The newspaper industry, for example, sees only a "black hole" of non subscribers among the under 40 age group. So, if this age group does not subscribe to daily newspapers, one can hardly expect them to subscribe to the *Mirror*.

In summary, there were a number of reasons, which when taken together, formed the basis for our decision to suspend the *Mirror*.

## Memorable people

I will close by saying thank-you to the people who were part of the editorial committee the longest: Roy and Ruth Vogt, Al Reimer, Harry Loewen, Vic Doerksen, and Mavis Reimer. The thanks is not so much for being good colleagues, but for the trust we shared among us. As the managing editor in charge of production, this meant that they rarely questioned how I edited for style, gave me a free hand in writing the headlines, and let me decide what finally "fit" into each edition. The foregoing is a totally inadequate description of the way we worked together but which succeeded because we were all in harmony with the objectives of the *Mirror*.

Of the many writers whose work has appeared in the *Mirror*, I am least likely to forget Mary Enns, who often phoned for advice and coaching.

Although I had much less to do with the business committee, I valued the contributions of Arkie Wiens and John Schroeder, to name but two of them.

To Frieda Unruh -- my thanks. Every organization needs an "organizer" and a "fixer," and Frieda filled those roles in the finest sense. Her ability to solicit advertising, process the editorial material, and

generally keep the paperwork moving was a contribution to the success of the MM that cannot be overstated.

I will close by describing how I joined the *Mennonite Mirror*.

Just over 20 years ago Roy Vogt came to my office at the university to describe his concept for the MM. His timing could not have been better because I was having second thoughts about going into public relations rather than continuing as a newspaper reporter. Roy's visit offered what looked like a way out -- if the MM was successful, I would be in a position to

become its first full-time staff member.

Well, the *Mirror* never did evolve into an enterprise requiring a full-time staff member. And, I also resolved my second thoughts and have since found university public relations rewarding.

I suppose I can't really thank Roy for a gift he doesn't know he gave, but he has no idea how much hope he brought into my office at a time when I was on the lookout for another job. Thanks, anyway.

I suspect I was recruited to the *Mirror* because I brought the specific

expertise of knowing how to edit copy, work with printers, and physically assemble each edition. In any case, I have put together 199 editions of the *Mennonite Mirror*, missing only one that I can remember because of a vacation in Europe.

I have enjoyed my life with the *Mirror*, but I know I will also enjoy life after the *Mirror*.

Unless somebody revives the *Mirror*, or motivates some of us to continue, these will be our last words. mm



*Some of the first and last: In early June, the MM team met complete some of the details of suspending publication of the magazine. Present were, seated from left, Leona Penner, Al Reiner, Erwin Warkentin, Roy Vogt, Frieda Unruh, Rudy Friesen, Arkie Wiens, Rosemary Krahn, and Ruth Vogt; standing from left, John Schroeder, Margaret Weiler (the first office manager), and Ed Unrau. Missing from the photo are Harry Loewen and Victor Doerksen.*

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## THE POET'S WORD

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### THE TREE, WITH A HOLE, IN OUR FRONT YARD (For Di Brandt, and to Those who Were Angry)

Some in Yarrow would tell it differently,  
but for years the chestnut tree was a circle  
in our eye, and then our Oregon cousin  
ripped open our tree after vomiting his gin,  
rode the largest bough down to earth,  
and let the sky in as though to prove  
a sky is round but trees have holes  
made of words.

Today as forests die  
we read of holes in the sky  
at the bottom of the world, where we  
can empty ourselves and what has been  
as our unbridled cousin emptied the tree,  
holes so new even he didn't notice at first.

That's as good a reason as any  
to say that words are not magic,  
to say they are more like trees  
or like the sky seeking to close itself,  
letting in as much light  
as we can bear for now.

Our tree didn't empty into its gaping hole,  
the hole was not made of words for long,  
and the vacancy in us was not a perfect circle  
although some of us stood long in the emptiness  
as it tried to heal over.

-- by Leonard Neufeldt,  
Purdue University.

### WHAT GROWNUP CHILDREN LEAVE BEHIND

Strange that after a few years  
I'd worry about where our children are,  
how long, what they took too little of  
with them, what was of no use,  
what they left for another time,  
and what they left for us.

Twice this year I checked large initials  
on their basement boxes, turned each box  
to the light and looked for mildew  
corrugating the slanted list from the bottom up.  
When I sort and repack monogrammed clothes,  
garish shoes, books, a single skate,  
tumult of papers, permian paperweights,  
photographs, soiled matting, empty picture frames,  
maps of countries that have changed names,  
rubber-gray mouse, other tourist trap mementos,  
and snagged to them and the skate  
what grandmother called unmentionables,

I leave a house on Yarrow Central Road,  
streets whose names I repeat each time--  
like Second Street, which was actually unnamed--  
to overtake grandfather before he reaches  
the endlessly white church half a mile away,  
hearing aid switched off. He walks by  
Mr. Wilson's school quiet on Sunday, past the library  
he has never used because the books are in English,  
past the Co-op Store and Mr. Dick's enormous house  
unfinished for his widow where we boys  
could rollerskate among basement pillars,  
past flower gardens red and white in front  
of houses, the fields behind.

I try to reach grandfather as though  
time and space are the same, which they're not:  
consider these boxes, united with places  
our children never lived in, like Yarrow,  
and not united with us, like towns  
where children stand side by side  
here and now with what is important to us all.

Our son, the youngest, is moving out.  
He sits across the table sorting fossils  
he quarried near the Alps in exile--  
first-grader in hated Bavaria seventeen years ago.  
"See," he says, an ammonite large  
as the clock on the table, skull-cap  
symmetry of stony vacancy, coiled  
as places sometimes are. He runs a fingertip  
clockwise, pressing ridges and the broken edge  
where he had hurried his quarrying.

-- by Leonard Neufeldt,  
Purdue University.

## ALL DAY

I work my cushy city job  
as a wading pool attendant,  
watching kids swim  
telling them not to splash or push or fight  
periodically testing the water  
and when I (and the kids)  
feel like it,  
we play games.

Sometimes  
I just sit  
and they come  
and tell me their little five-(and two-and thirteen-year-old  
problems).

"I have to play here because my mom went to visit Rick."

"I almost kicked my mom out once 'cause she got so  
drunk. We were fighting and I told her to go sleep  
at her boyfriend's."

"Rick's in jail."  
"Who's Rick?"  
"My mom's boyfriend."

"I'm just here while my mom goes and has a beer."  
"Somebody came to call on Rick and we had to tell  
them he doesn't live here anymore."  
"My mom told me to go play while she packs. W're  
moving. I'm supposed to go home at 5:00.  
"Where's Toronto Street again?"  
"I miss Rick."

I sit  
and watch my pool full of kids  
and I love them even more  
knowing they'll grow up to be  
alcoholics  
thieves  
prostitutes  
drug addicts  
pimps  
rubbies  
welfare cases  
suicides.

"I want to finish high school and get a job and an apartment  
of my own."  
-- by Lara Schroeder

## PORTRAIT OF A FAMILY WITH WATERMELON

centre-piece  
watermelon  
quarters bright pink green rinds  
the boys come up with slow seriousness  
looking at mom  
mennonite materfamilias  
dad sitting there  
she sitting there with lovely round arms  
framing close-trimmed head  
oval face dark eyebrows rising in smiles  
small white even teeth  
saying yes you may  
their soft red lips shaping over the pink wedges  
as they eat  
their large dark eyes  
sliding from mom to dad  
holding on hers  
her large and grey-blue eyes  
returning their gazes serenely seriously  
with love  
the centre-piece

-- by Heinz Wiebe  
(May, 1988)

### Spring Rain

Pick-ups line  
central artery  
sacred gathering  
Saturday morning  
coffee talk drenched  
alive with hope;  
slow, soaking,  
heavy snow  
gently falling  
warmed, turning  
transforming light  
drizzle scatters  
blessing standing  
water fields, parched,  
baptized, earth,  
miraculous, moist  
fragrant  
breathes  
redemption.

-- Tim Wiebe

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*A weak  
Mennonite novel*

reviewed by Elmer Suderman

In this novel Margaret Epp traces the story of a Mennonite family from 1537 to 1990. The story begins with Don Filipe, heir of Spanish nobility and the wealthy Abram Dirkzoon family from the Netherlands. Under orders from the Catholic church Don Filipe transfers a group of heretics -- Anabaptists -- to Ghent. He admires the gentle and honest Anabaptists, particularly Dr. Giessen and his daughter, Magda, whose winsome personality and brave death by burning at the stake deeply move Don Filipe. Later when he has an opportunity to talk with Menno Simons he is easily persuaded to become an Anabaptist.

Magda, sceptical at first of Anabaptist beliefs, also is easily convinced to become an Anabaptist by her Father's firm faith and the courage and peace it brings him. Such influences do change lives, but the novelist must more persuasively show the reader that effect than Epp does.

The introductory story with its two conversions sets the tone for the book. While Epp does not make the Anabaptists life and faith look entirely untroubled, she, nevertheless, portrays conversions too easily, and she is inclined to see the early Anabaptists as people with very few doubts or struggles or second thoughts about their faith, even when they experience severe persecution. Their faith is always steadfast, certain and unshakable. That there were such Anabaptists is true, but in fiction that faith must be shown rather than simply reported. Epp is too often satisfied with telling rather than showing.

Nevertheless, the novel is readable and has characters who come to life, who are more than figures to remind readers of a tenacious and life-giving faith. Don Filipe does capture the reader's imagination. Readers come to

see him as a more complex figure than many of the others, perhaps because they see more of his struggle with the alternatives. His brother is a priest, and Don Filipe must choose between loyalty to his church and family or to the Anabaptists.

Magda's death at the stake is also convincing, though it could and should have been more adequately and fully depicted. At her death she exclaims out of the flames and smoke "Chariots in the smoke! The Chariots of the Lord are many thousand times thousand!" Later generations of Mennonites remember her dying and are encouraged to emulate her faithfulness. Magda's words serve as one device to tie the story together.

Later in the novel when Epp brings the descendants of Don Filipe and Berthe -- the devout Anabaptist he marries -- to Russia by way of Prussia we again see characters who struggle for their faith and whose faithfulness in spite of persecution carries some conviction. The Russian Mennonite teacher and elder Sawatsky who adopts the orphan, Eduard Hildebrand, comes alive, as Eduard does.

Still the novel leaves something to be desired, both as a novel and as a reminder to modern Mennonites of the

long and distinguished history of the followers of Menno Simons. Unfortunately the novel confuses readers who do not already have a considerable knowledge of that history. Epp attempts too much. To tell the story of a Mennonite family over a period of four hundred and fifty years is difficult. Even Mennonites, used to tracing and recognizing their relatives, will have difficulty following the family relationships in this novel. Non-Mennonites will, I suspect, be mystified.

The undistinguished style, the overly pious intrusions of the author, her tendency to think of the past in too glowing terms and of modern Mennonites as distinctly inferior to the earlier ones do not help the novel. Nor do infelicities like the one on the first page when the author talks about a "burst of excretions" from the followers of Don Filipe (I'm sure she meant expletives) help the novel.

Whether or not the novel will help Mennonite readers to overcome what Epp correctly feels is "too little [knowledge] of their history" is a moot question.

Margaret Epp, *Chariots in the Smoke* (Winnipeg/Hillsboro: Kindred Press, 1990).

THE SEED IS THE WORD



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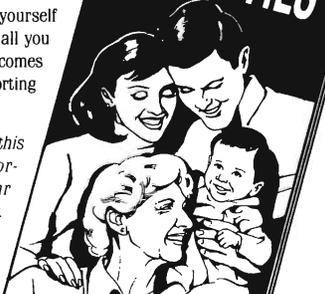
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## MANITOBA NEWS

The following aspiring young musicians auditioned for prize money given by the Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg. As a result of the auditions, **Cheryl Martin** was awarded \$1,400 plus \$300 as winner of the Bittersweet Prize for the best vocalist. **Audrey Janzen**, pianist, received \$1,400 at the same audition. **Juanita Kornelsen** received the \$500 Berythe Prize. The jurors for the auditions were Dr. Wesley Berg of Edmonton and Helen Simmie of Toronto.

**Waldemar Janzen**, professor of Old Testament and German at CMBC, **John Neufeld**, president of CMBC and **Vern Ratzlaff**, pastor of Nutana Church, Saskatoon, are Bible teachers using the Uniform Series Lessons, on the Abundant Life radio program in British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, March through November.

**Roy Vogt**, publisher of the MM, was one of four Manitobans to receive the Prix Manitoba award for multiculturalism for his media and communications contributions, specifically the *Mennonite Mirror* and the books published by the Mennonite Literary Society. The award was presented in early June as part of the annual meeting of the Manitoba Intercultural Council.

**Noami Dueck** of Kleefeld, a grade 12 student at the Steinbach Regional Secondary School, has won a \$3,500 music scholarship at MusicFest Canada. Dueck is a member of the SRSS Vocal Ensemble, directed by **Ed Hildebrand**, which performed at the four-day Fest held in Vancouver. The 17 member choir won a gold medal in the concert chamber choir class and a bronze medal in vocal jazz.

A **ground-breaking ceremony** was held at CMBC on April 27 for an addition to the student residence. This part of a larger campus development plan will

provide much-needed space for student lounges, study and computer rooms, and music practice rooms. Architect for the project is Rudy Friesen from Friesen Tokar Reynolds and project manager is Ted Paetkau from Concord Projects.

**Dr. George Richert** was appointed president of Menno Simons college in Winnipeg, following the retirement of Dr. George K. Epp. Dr. Richert will take over the duties in the president's office starting with the 1992-1993 academic year. Dr. Richert has been vice-chair of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada for a number of years. He is presently serving as dean of the Faculty of Education at the University of Regina and is director of the University of Regina's China Program.

**Byron and Melita Rempel-Burkholder** have begun a three-year term of service with Mennonite Brethren Missions/Services. They are studying French in Belgium in preparation for their work in Zaire.

**Heather Bock** from Winnipeg was named Volunteer of the Year by Pathways, a halfway house for female offenders in Cincinnati. Assistant director of Talbert House for Women, she will complete her MVS term this summer. She will then begin a MCC assignment in Winnipeg, as coordinator of the Voices for Non-Violence program.

**Cliff Derksen** has resigned as director of Camps with Meaning for the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba effective in August.

**Neil and Ruth Block** have resigned as pastor couple of the Brooklands Community Church, effective August 31, after six years of ministry.

**Dan and Sandy Thiessen** have resigned as associate pastor couple of Steinbach

MB Church after serving for a year.

**John R. Friesen** has resigned as pastor of St. Catharines United Mennonite Church. He has received a call to serve on the pastoral team of the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

**Bill Kruger** will become pastor at Osler (Sask.) Mennonite Church beginning September 1, 1991.

The first two graduates of Menno Simons College received their degrees at the spring convocation of the University of Winnipeg. **Angela Lewis** majored in Social and Economic Development Studies. After completing her program in December she travelled to Haiti to work and was there during a political coup. **Darlene Kalenchuk** graduated in the Conflict Resolution Studies program. She has been hired as a crisis intervention worker for Child and Family Services, and will be working with abused and neglected children.

Altona-based **Loewen Manufacturing Company**, which makes combine replacement parts, is upgrading and expanding its business. The company has received a loan from Western Economic Diversification Canada, a federal agency. The expansion is necessary because of growing export business; the change is expected to add up to five jobs in the community.



**Carolyn Epp-Fransen** of Winnipeg is beginning a one-year MCC assignment in Winnipeg, where she will work as administrative assistant for MCC

Canada Personnel Services. She previously served with Mennonite Voluntary Service in Oklahoma City, Okla. She received a bachelor's degree in psychology from the University of Waterloo and a bachelor's degree in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. Epp-Fransen is a member of Charleswood Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Her husband is Gordon Epp-Fransen. Her children are Diana and Jesse. Her parents are Edward and Katie Epp of Rosthern, Saskatchewan.



**Hilda Friesen** of Steinbach is beginning a two-year MCC assignment in Chatham, Ontario, where she will work as a health promotion worker. Friesen previously served with the Commission on Overseas Mission in Mexico. She received a diploma for registered nursing from Grace School of Nursing in Winnipeg. She was last employed as a registered nurse at Steinbach Bethesda Hospital. She is a member of Sommerfelder Evangelical Mennonite Church in MacGregor, Manitoba.

The American Red Cross (ARC) gave **Mennonite Disaster Service** its "Good Neighbor Award" in recognition of its work in response to Hurricane Hugo, the largest MDS program in its 40 years. ARC gives the award to recognize individuals and organizations that contribute to local, national or international disaster response efforts in cooperation with the ARC. MDS was nominated for the award by the Eastern Operations headquarters of ARC. "MDS and ARC have worked together since the 1950s, recognizing each other's special abilities and mutual interest in serving disaster victims," says Lowell Detweiler, MDS executive coordinator, who received the award at the May 21 ceremony in San Diego,

Calif.

**Harry Huebner** of Winnipeg has begun a short-term Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Iraq. Huebner, professor of theology and ethics at Canadian Mennonite Bible College, will assess needs and make recommendations on possible MCC involvement in relief and reconstruction. He plans to meet with Iraqi people, churches and government departments. Huebner left for the Middle East in May. He visited Jordan and the Israeli-occupied West Bank before going on to Baghdad for one month. His assignment grows out of recommendations by MCC Jordan worker Jerry Martin, who visited Baghdad this spring as a member of Jordanian Red Crescent Society delegations. Huebner visited Iraq with a Christian Peacemaker Teams delegation in November and December 1990 and served as MCC program administrator in the West Bank from 1981 to 1983. He is a member of Charleswood Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.



**Sandra Schroeder** of Kleefeld, most recently of Toronto, is beginning a two-year MCC assignment at Warden Woods Community Center in Scarborough, Ontario, where she will work as a receptionist/secretary. She was last employed as assistant manager and kitchen aid at Winnipeg Bible College. She is a member of the Kleefeld Evangelical Mennonite Church. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Dave Schroeder of Kleefeld.

**Ed and Marilyn Wieler** of Steinbach began two-year MCC assignments in Akron, Pennsylvania in February. Ed works as assistant printer in Printing and Mailing Services and Marilyn as Printing and Mailing Services assistant.

Ed was last employed as a truck driver in Steinbach. Marilyn last worked as a customer service manager in Steinbach. Wielers are members of Emmanuel Evangelical Free Church in Steinbach.

Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School Grade 5 students, **Dustin Wiebe** and **Jason Sneath**, won a Gold Medal for their joint Science Fair project at the recent Manitoba Schools Science Symposium. The project, entered in the Energy Section of the Symposium, focused on the question: "Can you build a simple solar water heater?" The display featured a working model constructed by the students.

**Mennonite Health Services** has awarded six scholarships as part of its Elmer Ediger Memorial Scholarship program. Each recipient will receive a \$1,000 scholarship for the 1991-92 academic year for studies in a mental health-related field. The scholarship program is designed to encourage Mennonite and Brethren in Christ students to pursue education in the field of mental health and developmental disabilities. One of the recipients is **Valerie Wiebe** of Morris, who is pursuing a bachelor's degree in nursing from the University of Manitoba. She is a registered nurse and has a certificate of theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. She would like to emphasize spiritual counselling and psychiatry in her studies. Wiebe attends Morris Fellowship Chapel.

#### **SYMPOSIUM ON WAR SET FOR NOVEMBER**

During the recent Gulf crisis and its aftermath, Mennonites have had occasion to grapple again with the question of war in general and their historic peace position in particular. In articles, editorials and letters to the editors, it has become clear that Mennonites today do not think alike with regard to war and peace issues. They agree that peacemaking is part of their Christian faith tradition, but they do not all agree on how the peace position is to be expressed or implemented in the complexities of modern life and politics.

To deal with these questions historically, theologically and ethically, a symposium on November 7-8, 1991, at the University of Winnipeg is being planned. Under the general heading "Mennonites and Modern Wars," Gerhard Ens, George Epp, Harry Huebner, Lawrence Klippenstein, Harry Loewen, Ken Reddig, Al Reimer, and Bernie Wiebe will present papers and vignettes on Mennonites and the wars of the twentieth century (World War I, World War II, the Gulf War).

Another conference, to follow the symposium, will take place at Canadian Mennonite Bible College on November 9-11, dealing with the "Mennonite CO Experience: Reflections and Lessons." The conference coincides with the 50th anniversary of Canadian-Mennonite conscientious objectors.

The general public, including students, teachers and church workers, is cordially invited to attend the two events. Former COs are especially welcome. They might wish to share some of their experiences with the audiences.

## Poet's word

### HANG-UPS

went through some stuff  
in the basement  
today

found a picture of my grandfather  
a plain peasant from the steppes  
came to canada to carve his name  
into his own land now his ghost  
sings to me in high german dreams and  
wears a russian hat like  
in this photo so  
i hung him up and

i hung up my father's name plaque  
from the old house in saskatchewan because  
he gave me that name when i was born and  
showed me how to love the maker of the land and  
now he's born  
again in some country god knows where and  
i will never forget him then

i found a card my neighbour  
sent me when i won a poem prize once  
said 'you don't give up on your dreams; so  
i hung it up with the picture and  
the plaque because  
every dream has a language of song and  
a name you will always  
remember.

-- by Douglas David Schulz

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# 1991 Graduates

## Canadian Mennonite Bible College

**BACHELOR OF CHURCH MUSIC**  
Sigrid Braun, Werner Guenther Giesbrecht, Conrad Henry Grant Hoepfner, Audrey Louise Janzen, Timothy Lael Neufeldt, Susan Carolyn Onson, John David Penner, Helen Neufeld Reimer, Pamela Dawn Rempel, Ramok Toshi.

**BACHELOR OF THEOLOGY (Service Education)**  
Deborah Lynn Walton.

**BACHELOR OF THEOLOGY**  
Trevor George Bechtel, Janet Bergen, Ruthy Marie Bergen, Lisa Joy Carr, Gloria Enid Alfaro Chacon, Dwight Mark Doell, Kevin Shawn Driedger, Carl Paul Enns, Lisa Christine Enns, Vicki Lorraine Enns, Gregory David Ens, Arlyn Dale Epp, Mark William Epp, Warren Dale Epp, Weldon Carl Epp, Lyndon Mark Fehr, Brent Regan Frey, Judith Charlene Friesen, Michael Ross Friesen, Trevor Blair Friesen, David Edward Janzen, James Daniel Kampen, Douglas C. Retzlaff Klassen, Anne-Marie Koop, Anthony Patrick Kroeker, Glen Arick Loewen, Sheri Joy Lohrenz, Buetta Louise Martin, Marne Jill Mierau, Graham Henry Neufeld, Marlys Anne Neufeldt, Candace Joy Penner, Jennifer Ruth Polle, David Pries, Beverly Ann Redekop, Ernst Abe Redekop, David Mark Sawatzky, Carl Heinz Schartner, Kari Marie Schmidt, David Gary Unger, Terry Bruce Widrick.

**GRADUATE CERTIFICATE (Service Education)**  
Peter Lorenz Neufeld

**CERTIFICATE IN THEOLOGY**  
Pamela Dawn Rempel, Valerie Merle Wiebe.

**CERTIFICATE IN CHURCH MUSIC**  
Sharlon Louise Dewey, Julie Lucille Ellison, Janna Dawn Larsen, Sonia Marie Nickel.

**MASTER OF DIVINITY**  
Robert Allan Wiebe

## University of Winnipeg

**BACHELOR OF SCIENCE**  
Lorna Kuxy Doell, Philip Garth Klassen, Donna Ruth Labun, David John Reimer, Philip Gustav Wiebe.

**BACHELOR OF EDUCATION**  
Nancy Jane Berg, Claudia Louise June Bergen, BFA (Hons) (Man), Reginald Keith Braun, Debra Lynn Buhler, Jennifer Katherine Louise Dyck, Tannis Maureen Dyck Epp, BA, Curtis Murray Froese, Danny Jonathon Kehler, Brenda Janine Klassen, Karin Irene Klassen, BA (Man), BMus (Brandon), Richard Eric Klassen, Donna Maureen Kroeker, BA, Erna Nickel, Bonnie Lee Penner, Valerie Pearl Penner, Heather Laurel Peters, Gordon Wayne Pokrant, Christine Rempel, David Randall Schmidt, Rachel Susanna Thiessen, Helen Marie Toews, Lois Unrau, Lorraine Grace Wagner, Harry Wiebe.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS (HONOURS)**  
Jason Scott Dyck, Thomas Armin Ens, Kelly Raymond Heinrichs, Carey Peter Isaak, Karen Margaret Ann Kampen, Timothy Mark Krahn, Steven Mark Pauls, Martin William Rempel, Cynthia Jane Reimer, Tamira Rosanne Sawatzky, Valerie Ruth Redekopp, Philip

Gustav Wiebe.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS (FOUR-YEAR):**  
William Mark Enns, Ed Michael Gossen, Berni Plett, BRS (MBBC)

**BACHELOR OF ARTS**  
Donald Edwin Berg, BFA (Hons) (Man), Brenda Joy Lyn Bergen, Alvina Florence Block, Geoffrey Mark Braun, Mark Ashley Braun, Donald Cornelius James Derksen, Valorie Elizabeth Dick, Karen LeAnn Driedger, Suzanne Michelle Driedger, Kevin Victor Dyck, Audrey Marlene Enns, Christian Bruce Ens, Jason Paul Friesen, Lyndon Myles Friesen, Roger Friesen, BRS (MBBC), Neta Giesbrecht, BTh (CMBC) Margaret Michelle Hildebrand, BTh (CMBC), Michelle Ruth Janzen, Paul Douglas Janzen, Tammy Colleen Anne Johnston Rempel, BEd, Kevin Richard Klassen, Kathryn Joan Koop, Mark Reginald Koslowsky, Helen Krahn, David Grant Kron, Craig Michael Leonhardt, Monica Moeller, Michael Andrew Neufeld, BRS (MBBC), John William Olfert, Wesley David Paul Paetkau, Paul Peter Penner, David Franz Peters, BTh (CMBC), Deborah Denise Reimer, BSc (Calgary), Wesley Paul Reimer, BA (Briercrest), Jeffrey Alan Schellenberg, BTh (CMBC), Christine Beverley Siemens, BID (Man), Jan Elizabeth Thiessen, Barbara Marie Toews, Myron Burke Toews, Joyce Diane Wall.

## University of Manitoba

**DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY**  
Harvey Peter Plett

**MASTER OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION**  
Julia Lynn Froese

**AGRICULTURE**  
Cameron Brent Dahl, Arthur Wayne Friesen, Kenneth Jacob Rempel, Richard Michael Douglas Wiebe.

**ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES**  
Mark Andrew Dyck, David Carey Enns, James Edward Siemens, Andrew James Hildebrand, Cynthia Christine Penner, Susanne Lynne Siemens.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING**  
Ronald Timothy Brent Janzen, Glenn Bernard Penner, Roger George Rempel.

**COMPUTER ENGINEERING**  
Larry Marvin Wall

**ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING**  
Curt Gregory Reimer, Arden Lindsey Wagner.

**INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING**  
Henry Dennis Enns, Leon Roy Friesen, Rodger Peter Martens, Scott Graham Nikel.

**MECHANICAL ENGINEERING**  
Timothy Peter Letkemann

**COMMERCE**  
David Mark Brandt, Todd Vincent Buhr, Tracey Leigh Buhr, Murray Aron Derksen, Glenn Wesley Doerksen, James Michael Krahn, Angela Gail Kroeger, Christine Marie Mueller, Darryl Mark Neufeld, Karen Melissa Neufeld, Tracy Lee Plett, Brent David Sawatzky, Deborah Ingrid Thiessen, Sandra Lynne Wiebe, Ronald

Nicholas Wieler.

**CERTIFICATE IN  
MANAGEMENT**

Cheryl Elizabeth Martens,  
Victor Rempel, Gerry  
Sawatzky.

**AGRICULTURE DIPLOMA**

Glenn Philip Brandt, Frank  
Gerald Elias, Weldon Brian  
Enns, Ralph George  
Groening, Robert James  
Hildebrand Gary Allen  
Klassen, Alvin David  
Martens, Bernice Plett,  
Howard William Bruce  
Siemens, Sheldon Keith  
Wiebe, Willy Ginter.

**MASTER OF ARTS**

Brenda Denise Elias, Norman  
Larry Klippenstein, Ryan  
Peter Toews.

**MASTER OF SOCIAL WORK**

Linda Lea Loeppky, Charles  
Douglas Reimer, Karen  
Louise Schmidt, Patricia Ann  
Zacharias.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS**

(Honours)  
Tricia Jacqueline Bartel,  
Tamara Lynn Letkeman,  
Anthony Ray Redekopp.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS**

(Advanced)  
Conrad Lowell Barber-Dueck,  
Irma Goertzen, Rhonda Marie  
Martens, Jeffrey David  
Warkentine.

**BACHELOR OF ARTS**

Jennifer Lynn Schulz, Daniel  
Brian Bergen, Michelle  
Cynthia Brandt, Jacqueline  
Mae Braun, Jocelyn Leanne  
Derksen, Laura Dawn Dueck,  
Katherine Lynn Epp, Gwenda  
Lynn Friesen, Robert William  
Friesen, Tammy Lynn  
Hildebrand, Ronald  
Hoepfner, Darren Wesley  
Klassen, Henry Klassen,  
Karen Anne Krahn, Paul  
James Krahn, Susan JoAnne  
Loeppky, Wanda Iris  
Loewen, Mark Anthony  
Lubosch, Wayne Richad  
Neufeld, Shaun Pierre  
Neufeldt, Glenn Wesley  
Patkau, Terence Ray Penner,  
Robert Glenn Peters, Heather

Dawn Margaret Plett,  
Gregory Donald Reimer,  
Patrick Sean Reimer, Sherry  
Lynn Sawatzky, Elizabeth  
Ann Schaeffer, Ingrid Vera  
Schmidt, Sheryl Dawn  
Schmidt, Kimberley Toews,  
Erik Marcel vonNiessen,  
Beverley Jean Wall, Cheryl  
Ann Wiebe, Jennifer Alison  
Wiebe, Judith Marlene  
Wiebe, Louella Christine  
Wiebe, Audra Lynn Wiese.

**LAW**

Victor Erich Bargaen, Kenneth  
Frank Kehler, Earle Cameron  
Pauls, Kerry Ralph Reimer,  
Ruth Helen Schellenberg,  
Keith Jonathan Patrick  
Doerksen, Robin Albert Fast,  
Brent Douglas Goertz, William  
Richard Hildebrand, Waldon  
Peter Koop, Donald Wayne  
Schroeder, Linda Toews,  
Valerie Joan Zacharias.

**MASTER OF EDUCATION**

Laurie Jean Doerksen, Alfred  
Wiebe.

**EDUCATION**

Sharron Marrietta Curry  
Wiens, Wayne Ira John  
Derksen, Mary Dyck, Kerry  
William Mierau Enns,  
Shaunna Rae Ewert, Bonnie  
Lorraine Fast, Kenneth Henry  
Fehr, Abram Cornelius  
Friesen, Donna Lynn Friesen,  
Rosanna Jewel Friesen,  
Valerie Anne Friesen,  
Cameron Scott Gerbrandt,  
Karen Diane Gertzen, Sharon  
Marie Goertzen, Lawrence  
Earl Hamm, Jeffrey Paul  
Hiebert, Martha Anna  
Hiebert, David Maurice  
Hoepfner, Karen Louise  
Isaak, Audrey Pearl Kampen,  
Kassandra Jane Kauenhofen,  
Larry James Klassen, Patricia  
Margaret Klassen, Jacqueline  
Michelle Letkeman, Pamela  
Joy Loeppky, Gerry Lew  
Neufeld, Laura Marie  
Neumann, Janet Gail  
Paetkau, Kimberly Joy  
Paetkau, Robyne Leanne  
Pauls, Fredrick Allen Peters,  
Elizabeth Audrey Plett, Cindy  
Lee Anne Rempel, Karen  
Lee-Anne Rempel,  
Christopher Ronald Scott  
Rieger, Raymond Schroeder,

Sandra Joy Stobbe,  
Hildegard Anne Strempler,  
JoAnne Lynnette Unger,  
Lorne Bradley John  
Warkentine, Connie Lynn  
Wiebe, Deanna Joy Wiebe,  
Jennifer Pearce Wiebe,  
Rhonda Darlene Wiebe, John  
Richard Wiens, Sheryl Judith  
Winters, Colleen Gail  
Zacharias.

**POST-BACCALAUREATE  
CERTIFICATE IN  
EDUCATION**

Lorna Jane Baerg, Gloria  
Marlene Berg, Dorothy Helen  
Braun, Diana Marie Enns,  
Dolores Evangeline Goertz,  
Rudy Dickie Krahn, Werner  
Peter Kroeger, Vivian Carol  
Penner, Lori Jayne Wiebe.

**FINE ARTS (HONOURS)**

Erika Margaret Dyck (First  
Class Honours), Robert  
Franklin Reimer.

**HUMAN ECOLOGY**

Myrna Ellen Jennifer Wiebe

**HUMAN ECOLOGY**

(Clothing and Textiles)  
Valerie Lynn Schroeder.

**HUMAN ECOLOGY**

(Family Studies)  
Sherril Margaret Reimer.

**HUMAN ECOLOGY**

(Foods and Nutrition)  
Bruce Russell Bergen,  
Katheryn Joan Hildebrand,  
Gayle Marilyn  
Klassen, Angela Faye  
Martens,

**MUSIC/EDUCATION**

(Integrated)  
Anne Marrie Dyck, Joan  
Cheryl Franssen, Cynthia  
Louise Schulz, Melanie  
Amber Siemens.

**MUSIC**

Charlene Annette Wieler

**MUSIC (performance)**

Peter John Wiens.

**MASTER OF NURSING**

Mary Driedger, Joan Marilyn  
Schultz

**MASTER OF SCIENCE**

Alvin Peter Dyck, Diane  
Lynne Neudorf, Steven  
Michael Reimer, Stuart Garth  
Schroeder,

**DENTAL HYGIENE**

Donna Noreen Neufeld

**DOCTOR OF MEDICINE**

James Neil Bergman, Karen  
Yvonne Braun, Eunice  
Marilyn Fast, Laverne  
Janzen, Richard Carl Hamm,  
Mervyn Paul Hiebert, Merrill  
Andrew Pauls, Lisa Frances  
Penner, Juanita Pearl  
Thiessen.

**MEDICAL REHABILITATION**

(Occupational Therapy)  
Gerald Wesley Hamm, Carol  
Ann Kehler.

**BACHELOR OF NURSING**

Kathryn Joyce Doerksen,  
Daryl John Dyck, Tracy  
Dawn Ediger, Valerie Ellen  
Hiebert, Denise Faye Peters,  
Laura Faye Warkentin

**PHARMACY**

Christopher Lee Schellenberg  
Tonia Elaine Doerksen,  
Janice Mae Zacharias

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION**

Robert Henry Nickel, Michael  
David Braun, Wilma Fehr,  
Sharon Elaine Friesen, John  
Boyd Kliever, Darryl Kenneth  
Loewen, Ronald John  
Neufeld, Dwain Eddy Olfert,  
Keith Byron Peters.

**BACHELOR OF SCIENCE**

(Honours)  
Michelle Leanne Ginter, Alice  
Elaine Harms (first class  
Honours) Jennifer Anne  
Hiebert, (First Class  
Honours, Mark Alexander  
Janzen, Donald William  
Paetkau (First Class  
Honours), Timothy Charles  
Schwartz, Doree-Anna  
Corinne Dueck, Lyle John  
Froese, Raymond Alan  
Hildebrand.

**BACHELOR OF SCIENCE**

Darrin Dueck, Kenton Lloyd  
Fast, Edward John Friesen,  
Miranda Kim Harder, David  
Alexander Kehler, James  
Douglas Maertens, Richard

Alan Maertens.

**OTHER AWARDS**

Doupe Memorial Gold Medal (for second highest standing in the fourth year of the course in Civil Engineering): **Roger George Rempel.**

President's Medal (for second year student in the Diploma course in Agriculture who combines scholarship with outstanding qualities of leadership): **Ralph George Groening.**

Agronomy Award (for highest standing in selected courses in Plant Science & Soil Science): **Robert James Hildebrand**

Helen Broughton Prize (for high standing in Foods and Nutrition Major in Human Ecology): **Katheryn Joan Hildebrand**

William J. Hill Memorial Award (for high achievement and promise in fourth year Geological Sciences): **Timothy Charles Schwartz**

James Farms Ltd. Award (for highest standing in Farm Management, second year Diploma Agriculture): **Jeffrey Michael Kathler**

Brad Jonk Award (for highest standing in Farm Business Planning Project, Diploma Agriculture): **Ralph George Groening.**

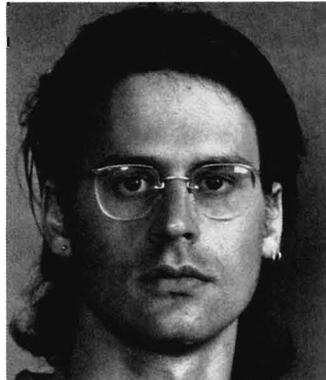
Manitoba Pork Prize (for highest standing in selected course in Agriculture diploma; and Pallister Farms Award (for highest standing in selected courses in Agricultural Economics & Farm Management, Agriculture diploma): **Glenn Philip Brandt**

Prix du Gouvernement Francais (Faculty of Education) for the highest standing in French, Secondary Certification program: **Laura Marie Neumann**

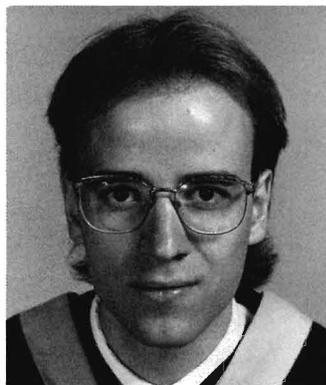
Mark G. Smerchanski Memorial Prize (for highest standing, final year Geology or Geophysics option): **Timothy Charles Schwartz**

University Women's Club Human Ecology Award (for highest standing in the Comprehensive Option in Human Ecology): **Myrna Ellen Jennifer Wiebe.**

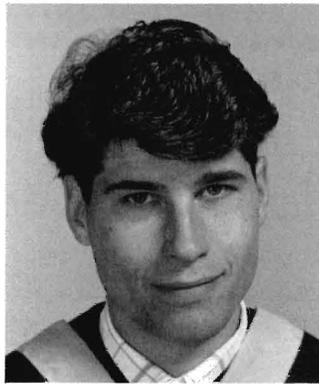
**UNIVERSITY OF WINNIPEG MEDAL WINNERS**



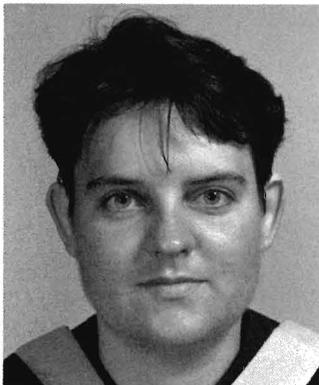
**Timothy Mark Krahn,** governor general's silver medal for highest standing in arts.



**Garth David Kroeker,** chancellor's medal ofr highest standing in the four-year science degree.



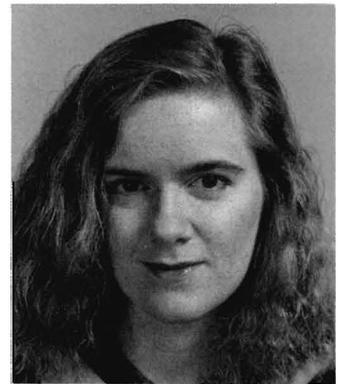
**David John Reimer,** university silver medal for sceond highest standing in science.



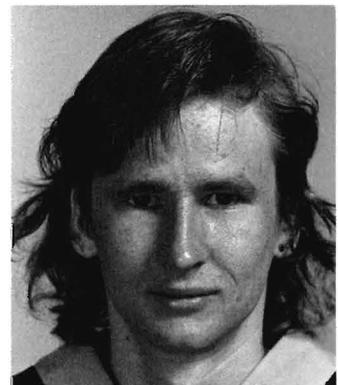
**Donna Maureen Kroeker,** university silver medal for highest standing in education.



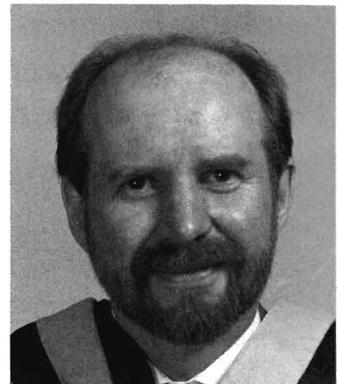
**Renate Edge-Giesbrecht,** psychology, honours, medal



**Janice Elaine Braun,** medal in biology



**Ed Gossen,** medal in philosophy.

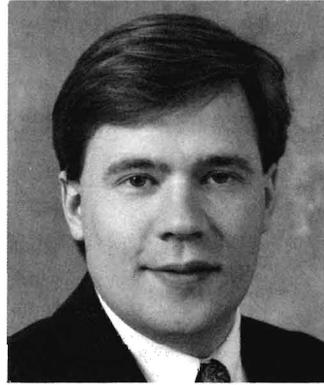


**Donald Edwin Berg,** medal in art history.

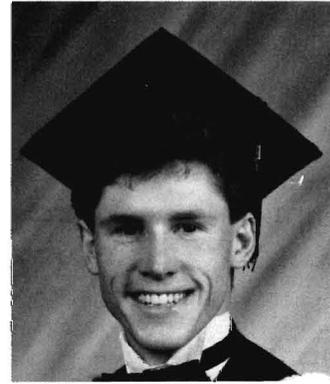


*Michelle Driedger, medal in environmental studies.*

**UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA  
MEDAL WINNERS**



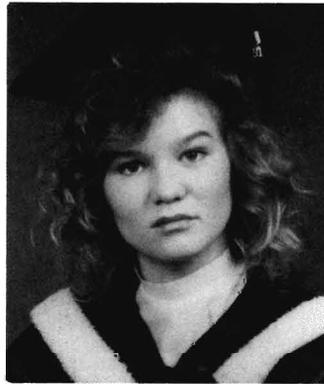
*Conrad Lowell Barber-Dueck, university gold, arts advanced.*



*Erich David Boschmann, university gold medal, nursing.*



*Valerie Elizabeth Dick, medal in music.*



*Jennifer Lynn Schulz, university gold medal, arts general.*



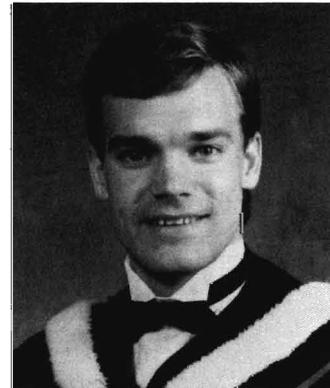
*Christopher Lee Schellenberg, university gold medal, pharmacy.*



*Deborah Denise Reimer, medal in theatre and drama.*



*Larry Marvin Wall, university gold medal, computer engineering.*



*Robert Henry Nickel, university gold medal, physical education.*

# Preisegkrönte Gedichte von Peter Kroeger

Mit den nachfolgenden Gedichten hat Peter Kroeger den ersten Preis des Concordia Clubs erhalten. Von über 200 eingesandten Gedichten und Geschichten wurden diese Texte, die den Sommer und Herbst besingen, mit der Auszeichnung "1. Preis, Gedichte, Erwachsene, \$200." geehrt. Von Peter Kroeger sind im Lauf der Jahre einige Gedichte im *Mennonite Mirror* veröffentlicht worden, und wir bringen gerne sozusagen als Schlusswort diese echt deutsch-kanadische Lyrik.

--0--

## DER SOMMER

Der Fruehling hat sein Werk Getan,  
Der Sommer fuhr es weiter:  
An Blueten Haengt er Fruechte dran  
Und Wuerzt die frischen Kraeuter.  
Getreide reift auf manchem Feld  
Und Obst an vielen Baeumen.  
Die eine Jahreszeit bestellt,  
Die andre mag nicht saeumen.

Zu viert sie schaffen Hand in Hand  
Am Jahreswerk auf Erden  
Bis auch im fernsten kleinen Land  
Die Menschen gluecklich werden.

Der Sommer ladet alle ein  
Zu frohen Ausflugsfesten;  
Den waermsten hellsten Sonnenschein  
Schenkt er am allerbesten.

So Mag der Sommer hier und dort  
Der Freude viele bringen;  
Ein Wandel nach dem Gotteswort  
Soll jedem Wohlgelingen.

## CORRECTION

In the May edition, on page 18, in the middle column near the bottom, a German phrase in the article was incorrectly recorded. It should have read: "Eine Bezaubernde, sehnsucht wurde hervorgerufen."

## DIE SONNE

Sei uns gegruesst viel tausendmal  
Du wunderschoener Tag;  
Dein Sonnenschein ueberall  
Uns stets erfreuen mag!

Dem Herzen wird so leicht und froh  
Im Sonnenschein der Zeit;  
Es brennt in Liebe lichterloh  
Zum Herrn, der es erfreut.

O Sonne, schein us fuer und fuer  
Auf unserm Lebenspfad;  
Du strahlst naechst Gott in schoenster  
Zier  
Und hoechstem Waermegrad!

Als edle Lebensspenderin  
Und Urspring schoenster Pracht,  
Bringst ueberall du viel Gewinn,  
Von Gott fuer uns gemacht!

Mit unvergleichlichem Verstand  
Schenkt seinen Sonnenschein  
Der Schoepfer jedem Erdenland,  
In jedes Herz hinein!

## GOLD STREUENDER HERBST

Gold streut unterm Himmelszelt  
Von den Bueschen, Baeumen  
In der ganzen Schoepfer Welt,  
Fast als wenn wir traeumen.

Herbst, der Zaubermeister, naht,  
Streuend Gold uns wieder,  
Faerbt die Baeume unserer Stadt,  
Summt uns Abschied Lieder.

Abschied von der milden Luft  
Und den warmen Tagen  
Den Aroma Blumen Duft  
Mag er weiter Tragen.

Bis zum Winter, wenn es schneit,  
Moegen wir schwer hoeren?  
Zieht er sich noch lang und breit,  
Hat uns viel zu lehren.

Und die Ernten oft sehr reich,  
Warten auf den Feldern.  
Goldgelb und auch bunt zugleich  
Leuchtets in den Waeldern.

Golden strahlt uns Sonnenschein  
Wundervoll hernieder,  
Waermt uns alle obenrein  
Immer treulich wieder.

Wer schenkt allen Herbstes Pracht  
Durch der Erden Zeiten?  
Gott, der Herr, hat sie gemacht,  
Will uns stets geleiten.



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# Dee Fesch

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fonn Agnes Wall

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**Robert**, mien Maun, jeit nuscht scheena aus Fesch jriepe. Aus wie ons een Sommahüstje aum Wota bude, wort hee uck fuats enn daut enn onsem See Fesch too angle weare. Wann daut nijch jewäse wea, haud wie daut Stetj Woolt hejchsens nijch jekoft.

Wann hee fesche jeit, trajt hee sitj sienen oolen, rootjälén Sweta aun. Hee jeit dän Stijch rauf onn henjt dee Angel emm Wota, moakt dee aum Dock faust onn pukat biem Eewa 'romm. Wann een Fesch bitt, ess hee fuats doa. Hee sat sitj uck emm Kon onn foat emm See fesche. Wann hee ütjefescht haft, stalt hee sitj aum Eewa onn roopt nopp no ons. "Hea!" roopt hee. Dann weet wie, hee haft Fesch. Wie näme dee Kamera onn gone rauf onn näme een Bilt fonn am, woo hee doa enn däm rootjälén Sweta steit onn dee Fesch helt. Wann daut Bilt eascht foadijch ess, scheckt hee daut no sien Frintschoft enn Ruslaunt. Wann hee kjeene Fesch jejräpe haft, moak wie uck kjeen Bilt.

Wann hee eenen Fesch jript dee schwora aus näajen Punt ess, schrift hee daut opp. Hee haft aune Waunt eene List henje, doa ess aunjeäft woo schwoa dee Fesch ess, woo lank, aun waut fonn eenem Dotem dee jejräpe ess onn omm woone Klockentiet. Daut wijchtijchste, wäa dän jetjräaje haft, ess fuats daut easchte oppe Reaj aunjeschräwe. Jie weete doch uck wäa daut measchte opp disse List ess? Onse dree Säns sträwe doano, uck opp disse List too kome.

Dee measchte Fesch äte onse Frind onn wie opp. Oba wann dee Fesch opp earnest groot ess, woat hee ütjestoppt onn henjt dann emm Sommahus aune Waunt, soo daut jiedamaun dän betjijtje onn bewundre kaun. Doa henje nu aul fiew Stetj.

Wäa dee jiern bewundat ess ons Frint Hauns, siene Fru onn Dochta. Dee wone aum Rhein enn Dietschlaunt

onn kome auf onn too no ons spatseare. Hauns ess Robert sien Patentjint, soo aus daut bie eenje Dietschlenda Mood ess. Sien festorwna Foda haud daut soo jewult aus Hauns jebuare wort. Nu sajcht hee wie sennt siene Kanadische Ellre.

Hee kunn uck meist Robert sien Sän senne, soo aus hee no Fesch hinjaraun ess. Hee wea uck aul eenmol mett onse Mensche fesche jefloage onn haud eenen Fesch, eenen Pickerel jejräpe, dee wuach säwen Punt onn ess fe disse Sort Fesch aul tsiemlijch groot. Hee haud dän ütstoppe lote onn dee honk aul enn sien Hus enn Dietschlaunt. Hajchte sennt oba derjchschnetlijch jrata aus Pickerel onn soonen grooten krajt jankad am. Soonen aus wie emm Sommahus aune Waunt haude. Soonen wull hee ferret Läwe jiern habe. Ütjestoppt. Am wea daut soogoa eendoont wann hee dän uck nijch selwst jeangelt haud.

Onn wertlijch, emm Hoafst haud Robert eenen ernoa Grooten jetjräaje. Hee kaun genau fetale, woo daut wea. Etj weet bloos daut wort aul diesta onn etj head am doa aum Wota grooten Spitjtoakel moake wäajen eenem Fesch. Etj jintj mol kjitje. Hee haud wada dän rootjälén Sweta aun onn hilt eenen grooten Fesch, oba daut wea nijch dach jenuach toom Bilda aufnäme. Diss Fesch wort ütjestoppt onn mett Tiet honk hee uck aun onse Waunt, reed fe Hauns. Wie wulle am dän jeläajentlijch schetje.

Auleen, gauns onnferhoffs, kaun Hauns ons emm Farjoa beseatje. Daut easchte sach hee dän Fesch aune Waunt henje onn wea äwarauscht aus wie am säde daut wea sien Jeburtsdachjeschentj. Hee wea boolt doaropp joarijch. Hee kunn dän Fesch mettnäme wann hee wada no Hus fleaje must.

Nu mott etj junt dietlijch moake daut eena soonen ütjestoppten Fesch

nijch billewua no Dietschlaunt kjrijt. Wann dee mett de Post jeit, kunne see dän leijcht twei moake. Doa woat nijch emma soo sea oppjepaust. Ooda dee muchte fleijcht dentje eena wull mett däm Fesch irjent waut emm Launt 'nennschmuggle waut nijch sull. Daut kunn je emm Fesch jestoppt senne, kunne see dentje. Ons kaun nu dee Jedanke daut see dann dän Fesch daut tweede Mol üt näme wudde. Daut haud dee Fesch sitj wertlijch nijch fedeent. Aulsoo wea wie froom, daut Hauns dän mettnäme wudd.

Robert onn Hauns muste nu oba dän Fesch ennpacke. Daut easchte naum Robert een Bilt fonn Hauns. Hee steit doa onn helt dän ütjestoppten Fesch. See dochte hee kunn dän Maun aum Kostumaschaulta enn Frankfurt (doa wull Hauns han) daut Bilt wiese onn saje, "Diss Fesch ess enn disem Packeet waut etj hia hab'." Wann dee Maun sitj sonst nijch äwa waut oajad wudd hee dän Fesch aul enn Dietschlaunt nennlote, dochte see sitj daut. Berädt wea daut nu, ennjepackt noch nijch.

Dän Dach ferrem wajchfleaje jinje Hauns onn etj enntjeepe. Wie kofte twee Pack plastikne Satj, eent blau, eent rootjäl. Dann besorjd wie ons fäl Rolle sea backaje Kjeleewsträmels onn uck Baunt toom toobinje. Tseowents wort aules toom packe oppe Flua jelajcht, daut Tsentimeetabaunt, dee Kauste, dee Fesch, Papia toom ennrolle, eene Biejtang, eene elektriske Boamaschien, Schruwe, Näajel, Homa onn feschiedne sorte Schruwedreiasch. Dann weare doa uck noch Hauns siene Socke, Unjawausch onn jriese Hamde. Etj läd noch eene jehäatjldé Datj fe siene Fru bie. Dise weatje Sache sulle romm dän Fesch emm Kauste kome, soo daut hee nijch sitj irjent woo beschädje wudd. Nu sull dee Sach loosgone. Etj sad mie emm

Schockelstool onn kjitjt too. Etj wea mie sejcha ditt wudd mea Spos senne aus TV kjitje.

Ea jepackt wort, must beraädt. Doa must uck jemäte, doa must äwalajcht woare. Dee Fesch wea groot, soo wudd uck daut Packeet groot senne. Hauns kunn daut nijch bie sitj habe wann hee oppem Loftschapp kroop. Wudde dee daut äwaupt mett dee Frajcht opplude welle? Woo lank, woo deep onn woo breet kunn daut Packeet senne? Etj wull aul mol foone, oba dee Kjeadels meende etj sull daut toch lote, wiels dee kunne opplatst doajäjjen senne. See wulle leewa dentje daut jintj aula.

Dee Fesch wea opp een feinet Brat noppjeschrowe. See wulle dän doa loos schruwe onn enn eenem Holtkauste nennschruwe. Daut Brat wea jrata aus dee Kauste. Irjent woo wudd daut aul gone. Robert siene Oabeit ess Buakhaulta onn Hauns oabeidt biem Äte bie Lufthansa enn Frankfurt. See feelde sitj aule Beid nijch tusijch mettem Homa ooda Schruwedreia. Toom Jletj haud mien Brooda dän Kauste aul fe an jemoakt.

Dee Fesch wort nu fomm Brat raufjeschrowe onn sorjfeltijch oppem Stool jelajcht. Dann wort enn eenem kjlandren Brat Lajcha jeboat onn dee Fesch wort nu hia aunjeschrowe. Dann wort dee Kauste onn daut kjlandre Brat noch mol jemäte onn doa worde uck Lajcha emm Kauste jeboat onn daut kjleene Brat mett däm Fesch faust fonn benne emm Kauste ennjeschrowe. Dann maute see noch mol aules onn teatjende aules wada aun. Nu wort Hauns siene Wausch onn dee Datj leeftojlich onn Fäasejchtijch romm däm Fesch jepackt onn daut Datjsel aunjeschrowe. Robert schreef aum Packeet, DISE SIED MOTT NO BOWE onn mold uck noch een poa kjleene Feilatjes woone enne Hejeht weese.

Wie weare meed jworde, dee Maunslied fomm dentje, boare onn schruwe, etj fomm tootjitje. Wie goote ons jieda een Taus Koffe enn onn plonde, woo nu wieda. Doa wea

daut groote Brat fe däm Fesch, daut leet schmock onn Hauns wull daut onnbedinjt uck no Hus näme. Wua wea daut aum Basten auntooschruwe? Daut wea Lenja aus dee Kauste. Waut wudde Air Canada doa fonn hoole ooda Lufthansa? "Feseatj wie mol," säde dee Beid.

Dee berollde daut Brat enn brunet Papia onn teatjende wua dee oole Lajcha fomm Fesch jewäse weare, donn schroowe see doa aun. Nu sull daut gaunse enn eenen Plastikbiedel. Sulle see dän blauen ooda dän rootjäljen näme? Robert haud jeläse dee rootjälja wea aum baste, soo wort daut gaunse Dintj doa nennjestoake. See freide sitj daut 'et nennpausst. Soogoa daut lenjre Brat jintj nenn. Nu wort daut Gaunse mett däm sea kjläbajen Kjeleewpapia äwatjriets onn dedwäa berollt, emma wada. Omm daut 'et uck jewess hoole sull beschneade see daut noch mett däm blauen Schnua. Robert muak soogoa eene Jräp daut Hauns daut leijcht droage kunn. Opp eenmol säd Hauns, "DISE SIED MOTT NO BOWE onn dee Feilatjes sennt nu oba nijch mea too seene."

Jo, waut nu? Gauns eenfach. Wada ütrolle onn fresch aunfange. Doabie wort nijch mol een dollet Wuat jesajcht, bloos en Bätje mea oppjepausst. Daut wort Klock twalw de Nacht ea see foadijch weare. Toolatst backte se noch twee Papietjes nopp, doa wea bowe jeschräwe,

OPPPAUSE onn SEA OPppAUSE, BITTSCHEEN. Etj säd mie leet daut gaunse Dintj en bätje aus en kjleenet, rootjäljet, sondalijchet Soatj. Dee Beid kjitjte mie bloos aun. See dochte nijch daut hia irjent wäa äwa äare Oabeit too spose haud.

Tsemorjes must Hauns wajch. Dree Stund ferrhää wea wie aul oppe Loftstautsjoon. Hauns jeef siene Sache auf uck dän ennjepackten Fesch. Dee Maun aum Schaulta muak nijch 'ne Muck wäajen dissem Packeet. Aus see am doano fruage, backt hee uck noch dree Papiatjes nopp. Opp eent wea jeschräwe, FÄASEJCHT, opp däm aundre, DITT JEIT SEA LEILJCHT TWEI onn opp däm dreden NIJCH DITT AULAWÄJEN HANSCHMIETE. Dee Maun stald daut Packeet hinja sitj oppem Rollbaunt onn soo feschwunk daut ferr onse Uage. Etj weifeld däm noch en bätje mett de Haunt hinjaraun.

Mie wea daut schod daut etj nijch Hauns siene Fru onn Dochta äa Jesejcht seene wudd wann Hauns mett dissem Packeet Tus aunkaum. **mm**

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## OUR LAST WORD

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### TO OUR READERS -- THANK-YOU

Twenty years after the decision to start a new magazine, the present publisher and editorial committee have decided to retire in order to pursue other interests and commitments. An announcement to this effect was made in the fall, together with a call for anyone who might be interested in continuing the publication. To date, one serious proposal has been received, and readers will be notified if the magazine will indeed be published in the future.

Elsewhere in this issue members of the editorial committee have presented some reflections about their relationship with the *Mennonite Mirror*. As present editor, I would like to express my profound appreciation to the group that has provided direction and advice, and written hundreds of articles over the years. The spirits of Al Reimer, Ed Unrau, Vic Doerksen, Harry Loewen and Mavis Reimer will long hover around our dining room table where, once a month, the *Mirror* took shape. With so many academics involved, naturally there was always more hot air than the sweat of hard labor at these meetings; but we have an air conditioner, and since the meetings were held late in the afternoon, the call of families and supper eventually resulted in sufficient decision making. At these meetings, the chief role of Roy Vogt, publisher, was to serve up wry comments, tea, coffee and cheese and crackers.

These dining room meetings symbolize the essence of the *Mirror*. For those involved, it was a labor of love. For years, no members of the editorial committee have taken remuneration for the many hours of writing and editing connected with the Mennonite Literary Society, which publishes the *Mirror* and has also been involved in the publication of sixteen books, the last of which, *The Balancings of the Clouds: Paintings of Mary Klassen*, is to appear this summer. Without the loyalty and commitment of this group of individuals, the Mennonite Literary Society could not have survived.

A particular word of thanks must also go to Ed Unrau, who has been with the *Mirror* since the first issue. Ed, as managing editor, has put together all 200 issues of the *Mirror*, and has helped us all to make the transition to the computer age. In the office, Frieda Unruh has held the fort for many years, taking care of business matters, contacting advertisers and keeping everyone on track. While the editorial staff was on the deck of the ship arguing which direction to take, Frieda was down in the boiler room making sure the ship kept going.

In its short life span the *Mirror* has had three editors. Roy Vogt served both as editor and publisher for the first seven years, then handed over the editorial duties to Al Reimer, who took on this responsibility for nine years. As an editor Al has no peers, and the professionalism of his work estab-

lished the *Mirror* as a magazine of quality in the Mennonite community.

Philosophically the *Mirror* has taken a holistic approach to the Mennonite community and has attempted to portray and reflect all aspects of the lives of individuals who consider themselves to be a part of this community. Since God created us as complex individuals -- creatures who work, write, make music, engage in commerce, make mistakes -- we felt that these many daily pursuits and accomplishments were worthy of comment. Not being dependent on any one church conference or one benefactor, we have been able to comment freely on happenings in the community. Not everyone has always been happy with our editorial choices, and we have had many cancellations and angry phone calls in response to our articles and stories, but these are at least an indication that people are reading and thinking. A reader recently, very angry, called the answering service and demanded that her name be removed from the mailing list -- she was so angry that she failed to give her name and so we had to inflict more issues of the *Mirror* on her!

The reactions from our readers, sometimes angry, usually thoughtful and very frequently warm and encouraging have been one of the most rewarding parts of my four-year term as editor. I would like to thank all of you most sincerely for taking the time to write, to phone, or to speak to me personally about material and issues that have appeared in the magazine. It is this response which has kept the spirit of the paper alive and given us the impetus to continue for so many years. We have felt that we have been participating in a dialogue rather than a passive and one-sided communication.

Without the many writers who have contributed over the years, the *Mirror* would certainly not have survived. At our annual writer's meeting we would make our plans for a full year of publication, and our writers prepared their material as assigned. However, one of the delightful aspects of being editor was the steady stream of unsolicited material which came from all parts of the country. It is one real regret that we did not have space to publish all the material which we received.

We wish to thank all of you who supported the *Mirror* by subscribing on a regular basis and also the many individuals and companies who made donations and thus helped us to keep going. Our advertisers have also been a financial mainstay and we extend our thanks to them also for helping us to stay in business.

It is time to put a cover over our computers, put our feet up on the desk and bid our readers a fond farewell. God bless you, everyone.

-- Ruth Vogt

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*Sincerely,*  
*John J. Fehr*  
*President*



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