

mennonite m mirror

volume 7/number 6/march 1978



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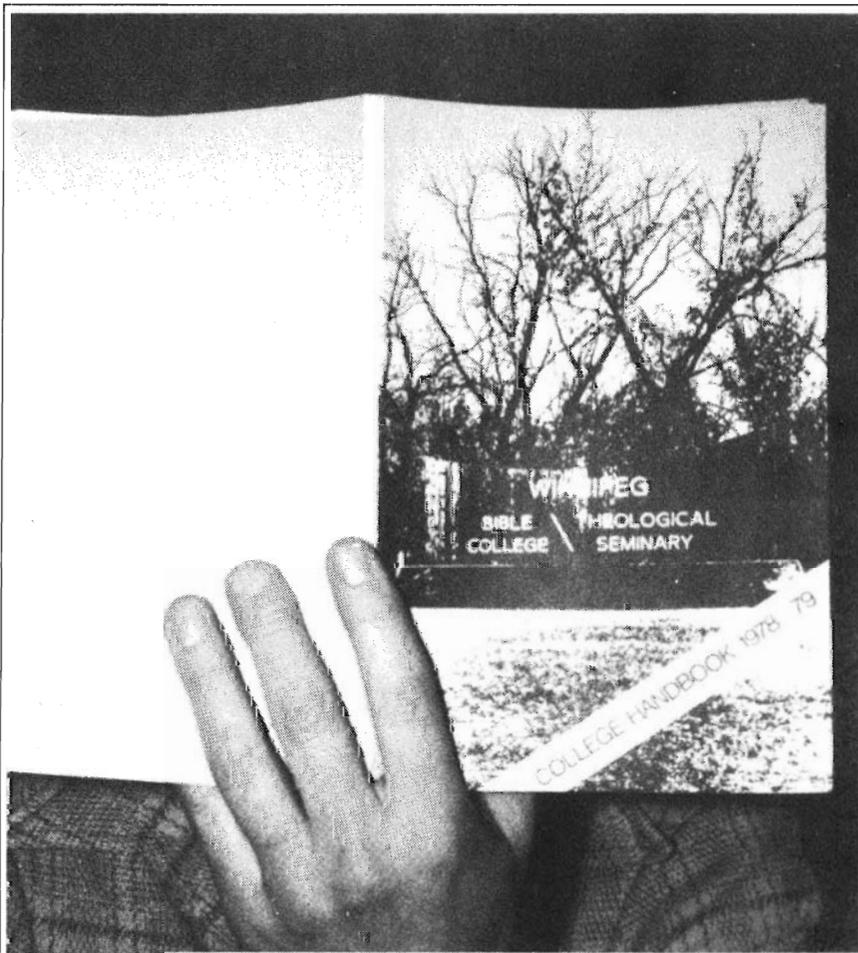
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Special EASTER PROGRAM Schedule

Good Friday

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|---------------|--|
| 6:05 - 11:00 | Music for Good Friday |
| 11:00 - 12:00 | Morris Baptist Church
Morris |
| 1:00 - 2:00 | Bach - "Christ lag in Todesbanden"
Selections from Johannes Passion |
| 7:00 | Christ on the Mount of Olives
Beethoven |
| 10:05 | "The Seven Last Words of Christ on
the Cross" - Haydn |
| 11:05 | Stainer's "Crucifixion" |

Easter Sunday

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 11:00 - 12:00 | Worship Service
Grant Memorial Baptist, Winnipeg |
| 2:05 | Handel's Messiah |
| 10:05 | Bach - An Easter Oratorio |

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mirror mix-up

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HARBINGER OF SPRING



From among the 75 entries to our February contest, Mrs. Peter R. Har-der of Winnipeg was selected the winner.

Answers for the February contest are heart, lover, sweet, tender, desire and heaven.

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

A winner will be drawn at random from among the current entries and a cash prize will be awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by March 20, 1978.

Name _____

Address _____

Town/city _____

Postal Code _____

Send entries to:

Mix-Up contest
Mennonite Mirror
203 - 818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

MCC's ten most wanted

agriculturalists — agronomists, horticulturalists, crop and soil scientists, extension workers. John Hubert, West Bank.



community workers — organizers to help North American urban communities meet their problems. Day care centre, Montreal.

home economists — nutritionists, seamstresses, creative teachers and homemakers. Brazil.



ag and civil engineers — trained people to assist with water, ag and economic development projects. Haiti.

family planners — people to listen, explain, refer; often combined with medical work. Phyllis Miller, Bangladesh.



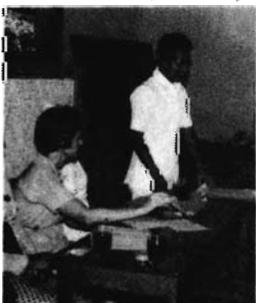
business managers — accountants, administrators for crafts, ag and technical cooperatives. Cooperative, Bolivia.

educators — English, science and math teachers top priority. Betty Shenk, Bolivia.



social services workers — recreation leaders, counselors, caseworkers, houseparents. Brad Nance, Pennsylvania.

public health workers — medical workers with interest in preventive medicine. Nutrition class, Indonesia.



peacemakers — flexible, sensitive people for war-torn areas. Michael Garde, Irish peacemaker on N.A.-Speaking tour.

Committed Christians with these and other skills are needed to fill over 300 openings this year.

DATES

Mar. 17: 8:00 p.m. Mennonite Oratorio Choir, Handel's "Israel in Egypt", Centennial Concert Hall.

Mar. 24: 7:30 p.m. Good Friday. Bach's "Johannes Passion", choir and orchestra, with soloists John Martens, tenor; Nelson Lohnes, bass; Erika Dyck, alto; Susan Wieser, soprano and Henry Engbrecht conducting.

Apr. 8: 7:30 p.m. Evening Musical Concert at Winkler Bergthaler church with 160 participants from Rosthern, Swift Current Bible Inst., Westgate, M.C.I. and Elim.

May 28: Mennonite Art Festival, Polo Park.

AN OPEN HOLE

Diplomacy is telling your boss that he has an open mind, instead of telling him that he has a hole in his head.

WRONG MISTAKE

The owner of a cheap watch took it to a jeweller to see what could be done to repair it.

"The mistake I made," he admitted, "was dropping it."

"I don't suppose you could help that," replied the jeweller patiently. "The real mistake you made was picking it up."

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- Grade IX drama nights — March 13 & 14
- Fund Raising Banquet — March 15
- Mennonite Schools Music Festival — April 8
- Westgate 100 — May 13
- Art & Music Festival — May 28
- Annual Meeting — May 29
- Graduation — June 19

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate
86 Westgate
Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3C 2E1

Phone — 775-7111

mennonite mirror

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mail registration no. 2658

Mennonite and Jew find common ground in Holy Land walk.

By Jack Thiessen

When Gladstone took it upon himself one day to call Disraeli an alien in the British parliament, Disraeli measured him, raised his voice and his index finger and countered, "My forebears were reading the Talmud in Jerusalem when your forebears were herding swine in the Scottish hills."

"There are many who claim they have arrived; the majority of such have not even departed." Such and other philological tidbits provided sustenance for the pilgrimage that was mine in June 1977, the month of my trip to Israel. The man who filled my sojourn there with wisdom, the author of adages was the soft spoken patriarch, that prophet with unique footing on the inside track of life, Dr. Josef Bar-El.

It was in Winnipeg where I met this compassionate emissary of God's wisdom. It was there that I tried to convince him on one occasion that it was high time for the Jews to forgive and forget in matters concerning the Nazis. Bar-El looked long at the candle light, then at me, then his eyes roamed infinity and then he lifted his index finger and pronounced, "Forget? Never! Father forgive them not, for they knew what they were doing!"

Thereupon and till today we started exploring problems of mutual concern. And it was good to discover that there are realms of ideas that yield to direct, honest and intelligent confrontation, where discretion is not confused with dishonesty, where the practised recourse of Jews into selfpity and practised Mennonite recourse to paths leading into backyards of exclusive protectionism, isolationism—and similar follies—can be dispensed with. And so it was: no ready friendship but a rewarding one, in time.

Bar-El was on academic leave from Israel to Winnipeg; he was principal of

the Jewish private school, Peretz, It is in the Peretz school where children learn Yiddish, "the language God spoke on weekdays", with Hebrew being reserved for the Sabbath. This sat well with me because I am similarly convinced that God spoke Low German on weekdays and High German on Sunday forenoons. Bar-El and I sustained our relationship and then friendship by seeking out parallels between the Jews and the Mennonites: a) Languages i.e. Yiddish and German; both spawned in Germany b) the strong ties in the spiritual realm because no geographic homeland was to be ours. c) the fact that Jews have always carefully cultivated an intellectual elite without which no culture or people can ultimately survive. It was in this context that Bar-El upbraided me: when I visited him at the Bar Ilan University this summer he showed me a passage of a letter I had written four years prior and in which I stated, "I am tired of being a lumberjack in a forest of fools", resulting from my frustrations in the ethnic endeavour. "Not so, my friend" was his friendly but serious reprimand." I, too, found myself herding swine in the backwoods sometimes while reading the Talmud and Torah in Jerusalem. I happen to believe in the essential object of Abraham's Old Testament contestation, later bartering, and still later jewing with God re sparing the worthy ones in Sodom and Gomorrah; it is simply this: were it not for a chosen few that are 'condemned' to justifying the ways of God to men, then all of mankind would long since have been blown off the face and the backside of this planet with one mighty 'poof'. And I also happen to believe that numerically speaking there are more Jews who keep warding off this gigantic Poof than any other people fashioned allegedly in His image, or our distorted image thereof—and engaged in such ultimate enterprises."

Out of Bar-El's and my relationship and our conversations and our linguistic propensities which were honed at university level, developed my study on *Yiddish in Canada—The Death of a Language?* which accounted for, and resulted in, my trip to, and sojourn in, Israel.

The Flight to Israel

The flight starting in Berlin — Schoenefeld in East Berlin and then stopover in Bucharest was routine. With exceptions. More ink has been invested, used, spilled and wasted describing the difference between East and West Berlin than Martin Luther in his 93-day translation of the New Testament.

Bucharest is another matter. On departure from the airport I went into one of my compulsively magnanimous moods in which I jump, clap the bottom of my boots and pants and turn the latters' contents inside out (my pockets, that is) and all the officers and their men came around to smoke capitalist cigarettes and to come to my rescue in de-regalizing a few chivas. And in short order we succeed, however temporarily, in disentangling the political labyrinth which is Eastern Europe. I pay for the indulgence in harmony and accord with coinage reigned over by the placid Queen of a dwindling empire and corresponding international drain in credibility.

The stewardesses on the State-run Roumanian Airline are dusky and inscrutable representatives of the feminine gender. They display an obvious hint of hidden pride—possibly even lofty superiority—over their stayed-at-home counterparts. Similar, it seems to me, as did the Grunthal girls who went jobbing in respectable Winnipeg while we were left behind engaged in the most humbling of all human endeavours since the forced eviction from Paradise: milking stub-

born heifers and their balking, bovine relatives. And when I indulge in the Roumanian culinary offerings I suddenly discover the secret of their alleged superiority which they coyly share with their professional counterparts. The salami which they serve in flight is decidedly different and thereby obviously superior to that of their Communist competitors: the salami is authentic and therefore imported from Italy and contains genuine donkey meat. The smell and taste is the musky and unmistakably revealing seal of content and quality. Having partaken thereof makes you a sort of blood brother or sister of an ass in the flesh; we surreptitiously reveal by a silent nod the common bond of finally understanding that we somehow know that we will never be the same again and that we can never be totally different again.

Tel Aviv: We land, indeed I arrive. Minutes later I am already totally convinced that this is the kind of democracy I can finally and heartily approve of: indulgent vigilance, controlled freedom, and innate sense of what really counts and if somebody, indeed anybody gets out of line then nudge the aspiring maverick with a sub-machine gun in the rib cage using the business end of the rifle for the purpose. Somehow it is immediately effective. Ogden Nash comes to mind: "A little talcum is always welcome" or "candy is dandy but liquor is quicker" and so are those silent persuaders which make Israel the most quickly convincing nation under God's sun. You always know and hope that a country like this should and must exist; a country that has the intelligent honesty to accept the invariable contradictions of life and to implement the necessary controls with resolute authority. That to my way of thinking is working and workable democracy in action.

Blindfold a sage — if you can find one.

Blindfold, I suggest, any sensitive and discerning sage, dead or alive, and

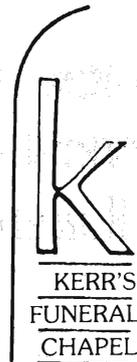
let that sage walk the Canadian prairie, the hallowed terrain of Israel and finally the Russian steppes in whatever order and ask him to reveal the message his feet record. And I will bet you dollars, but preferably Swiss francs and German marks and a few yen to all your proverbial doughnuts that he will know in all three circumstances where he is and he will register his sentiments accurately. Somehow, something will tell him that the historically drenched soils of Europe will mutely but unmistakably reveal much, that the Canadian prairie will speak only of the mystery of Nature and that Israel will reveal to him and you and me all there is to be revealed about those things which we always hoped and longed for and sensed but never knew. Persuasive forces of knowing will overpower that blindfolded sage and complete and assemble the jigsaw puzzle of time and life's great effort. Can you imagine how he, and possibly we, would jump for joy, overcome with sheer ecstasy, excitement and arrival on such encounter with the secret and hidden essentials of life? That, my friends, is Israel.

And so it comes only as a slight surprise that I requested Dr. Bar-El to drive my U-drive to Jerusalem while I literally changed my footwear and went forth to walk from Bethlehem (House of Bread) to the wailing wall. (I prefer *Klagemauer*) via the Mount of Olives, Gethsemene, Golgatha, through a section of Jerusalem (City of Peace, Jar Shalom), and then to the incomparable Bazaar.

The Walk

At the outset I donned brand new Bally (not Bali-) loafers, because the former are made in Switzerland and the latter are made not at all for they already exist—they are bare feet. The Bally boots are on my feet now, my loins are girded, a staff is in my hand and I am about to proceed on a historical pilgrimage: the route is one, I believe, Jesus took. And since believ-

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ing is considerably more convincing than knowing, I opt for the former . . . we all *know* that we must die but few really *believe* it.

I inspect the nativity scene and already want to ask for documentation. But I know full well that the answers to such issues are in me or not at all to be found. I walk to the Shepherd's Field, at most a quarter of a mile distant from the manger and then I hike back to the crib where I bend an unpractised knee in worship and in Catholic style. Surprising, there is hardly anyone around and its too bright for the stars to illuminate the issue . . . and then through the afternoon heat in the direction of the edifices of faith. I walk. It is hot, then hotter. I visualize the extremities of the Judean desert which is now to my right and back. I visualize the verdant Jordan River feeding the Dead Sea. Fed by the River of Living Waters and yet remaining foul and stenching and repulsive and dead. I bet Jesus would have coined a few parables on the subject. I walk. And somehow expect a little miracle by way of recognition, if not reward. But that thought, that well practised chain of thought process is broken by a more profane matter. There is sand in my shoe. I turn my Bally upside down and seek my way to a fig tree which gives me some figurative sustenance for it has been there a long time—a plaque says it was 800 years old when Jesus rested underneath it. I believe it. And then I walk on. Conditioned as I am and ashamed as I am that I now find myself admitting a ride would come in handy. It is simply and sadly true. I find three to four hours of concentrated walking in His path very tiring and demanding. A walk for which I had—after a semblance—prepared the entirety of myself all my life, now threatened to be my undoing. My handkerchiefs are saturated, I am pouring perspiration and yet I press on. I plod. And once when underneath another solitary olive tree, I sit down to rest and I fancy seeing a solitary carrion vulture hovering at great height, I realize that if I quit he'll have my number, peck out my eyes, and annihilate my aspiring discipleship in short order, Bally boots notwithstanding. And soon that vulture is no fancy

for I see his family joining him and then their relatives. Mute and distant.

I get up and keep on moving and suddenly my compass of belief is askew. For I believe what I know. I know from long experience that my reactions to life and living are sadly typical and entirely average. Its the risk incurred in verbalizing candidly and frankly that separates you from most of the others. Engage in a little of the abundance of life and get ready to duck. Confuse essence with form and cover your jaw. Guilt and atonement are not merely conditioned responses.

How profane is man when the going gets tough, how hesitant is man when imagined hidden reserves are to ultimately put to the test. I too would have sneaked a nap or two in Gethsemane and when the contest of the human condition, that solitary wrestler who was no less than the watershed of time, was struggling with ultimate issues and tormentingly but wordlessly pleading with me to provide Him with a little companionship by just being there. I too was curled up in a shepherds' wool blanket a stone throws' distant. And you, and you. That is the state of things. Sweat, then tears, then blood. Graduating into the final dimension. Do human afflictions then still matter? My nap lasted all night. Its your problem they say. And when I woke and walked over, He looked at me and said not one word. But we both knew that I had come much too late. . . .

I start running. But the luxury of the Great Escape is not mine and so I wipe as I walk, then plod and stumble. But the physical discomforts seem a relief after the tempests of the inner man have been weathered. I do not consult my watch. Faith, determination, conditioning, and faith might sustain me but not my time-piece, of this I am sure by now. And somehow I now realize that whatever is and/or is not, I know that after that night, time has indeed changed for all time. The time is A.D.

I move on through that slake-inducing, temptation ridden desert on my way to the Wall via the edifices of faith. Why do we erect churches and temples to mark imagined semblances of scenes that are to give contours and

form and direction to mans' claim of knowing instead of allowing faith to prevail? I, too, build in order, I suppose, to be absorbed totally in some digressive exercise to enable me to forget that look of the morning after when I knew that I had arrived much too late.

Just why? I ask and enter one of those artificial artifacts erected to sustain surrogates which in turn obviously propel humanity on misguided courses through the slush and quagmire of literalist deprivation. And just when I am about to purchase a tankful of a cold beverage, I suddenly say "no" and in so doing I surprise myself and keep moving on. I walk, plod, rest, then move on watching my legs, then feet, as independent and removed members of my being . . . I arrive in Jerusalem and look back and then push on to arrive at the Bazaar and to drink whatever is offered to me. Three litres of diverse fluids, and a pocketful of baksheesh less, and it's on to the Wailing Wall. The sun is setting. I see its reflection on the turret walls and on the barrel of a machine gun which is mounted hidden with many others and which are expertly manned to enable others to pray in peaceful fervent implication below. Such is life! Be prepared to kill to enable you to have a peaceful word with God!

I try in vain to arrest the entire scene in my own vocabulary but in vain! I try to focus the fullness on my inner eye but it keeps escaping me. Words—that singularly insufficient means whereby one seeks to hold fast and attempts to give permanence to transience.

We walk away Bar-El and I do, in silence. Pensive mood, Deep reflection. And now the moon is out in solitary but magnificent splendour. A walk with God.

I sensed impending transformation, I readied myself for transfiguration. And to properly prepare myself for that long overdue miracle of visitation from above, I readied my gear and made myself as presentable as possible. In so doing, I shook the dust from, and the sand out of, my Bally boots. It was then that I discovered that the soles of my trusted carriers bore gaping holes. **mm**

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This teacher basks in afterglow of 40 years in classroom

By Rudy Schulz

John and Tienne Janzen are living in retirement on their 160 acre farm just west of Plum Coulee, enjoying the rewards of 40 years of teaching and community work in 11 southern Manitoba school districts. Since his retirement in 1971 John J. Janzen has worked as a substitute teacher in local country schools and, in more recent years, in the Garden Valley Collegiate in Winkler.

Teaching is a family tradition in the Janzen family. John, in his 40 years of teaching, never missed a single day of work due to illness. Mrs. Janzen taught grades four to nine in Chortitz until her marriage in 1934. The Janzen's three sons and their three wives are all teachers. Alan, the oldest, is a consultant with the Manitoba department of education, John is principal of Garden Valley Collegiate, and James is a professor at Brandon University. John Janzen immigrated from Russia (Alexandertal) in 1925. After completing three years of high school in Winkler, he was accepted into the Winnipeg Normal School. Although his earlier inclination was towards an engineering career, his financial circumstances, and the advice of the late D.K. Duerksen, prompted him to make a commitment to be a teacher. The deputy minister of education in the early thirties, Dr. Robert Fletcher, placed John J. at the top of a long list of applicants when the latter assured him that teaching was not going to be a stepping stone to another career.

In the year 1931 the 25 year old teacher accepted his first assignment in the Mason S.D. in the foothills of the Pembina range. For two years he lived in a 6 by 8 foot lean-to which had just enough room for a bed, a wood burner, one table and one chair. His



John Janzen

mother's richly made zwiebach and milk from a district farmer sustained him as a modern day Elijah.

On alternate weekends John Janzen taught Sunday School to all age groups in a packed school house, making the same topic progressively more complex as he moved through the age groups from pre-schoolers to school age pupils, and to adults. These two hour sessions were very much appreciated by the community. His fortnightly visits to his mother in Winkler gave him hot meals and another two week supply of buns.

After two years in Mason, John Janzen accepted the teaching position in Meath, S.D. (Neurhineland). During this three year stay he married another school teacher, Tienne Elias, who taught in the two-room Chortitz school.

Although the pupil enrollment at Meath never rose above 10, the community had a large young peoples group and it was especially for their benefit that Mr. Janzen's services had been sought. Mr. Janzen worked diligently and successfully with the "Jugend" of this district and remembers with pride the accomplishments of the choir under his direction.

When the enrollment at Meath dropped below five pupils the school inspector closed the school. The Janzens were thus open to offers and accepted the invitation to teach in the Kleefeld school. (The Meath school did not close when the district was successful in obtaining the services of a John Enns whose five school age children swelled the enrollment to the required level.) The Janzens' memories of Kleefeld are fond ones. It was here that their first son was born. Their relationship with the community and the "noble attitude" of the school trustees were of the highest order. The Kleefeld people were disappointed when the Janzen's accepted an invitation to the Zion S.D. in 1939, which was near Mrs. Janzen's home district.

The Second World War years were divided between two districts, Zion and Hamburg. Then it was back to Kleefeld again for nine years. It was during the Kleefeld years that the Janzens acquired the farm on which they presently live.

The attraction of a projected new school house and a salary increase brought the Janzen family to Hoffnungsort in 1955. Another move from here to Birkenhead again improved living and salary conditions. Each move was in effect a form of salary negotiating because Mr. Janzen's services were in demand by school districts.

Tienne Janzen rebelled at the prospect of moving to Kronsweide in the Lowe Farm area. As it turned out her

protests became cheers. The years at Kronsweide were among the pleasantest and most rewarding years in their lives. Salaries had been improving since the Sputnik launching and Kronsweide had the further advantage of being in a unitary school division whose teachers benefitted from a collective agreement with the school board.

The low point in Mr. Janzen's career came during his two-year stay at Rosengart school, near Winkler. For the first time in his career John Janzen was principal of a two-room village school. There were difficulties with the two-teacher set up and the community did not support the teacher as they always had in previous districts. When Mr. Janzen used corporal punish-



At Hoffnungort, 1956.

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ment to maintain the high standards of conduct and scholastic performance that he expected, the community turned against him. These were trying times but the people of this district now number among Mr. Janzen's friends.

Mr. Janzen regrets his use of force and the people indicate that they regret the shoddy treatment they gave their teacher.

The last four years at Sommerfeld were the golden years for the Janzens. At this time they were already living in their present home during the summer and weekends. Each Sunday night the teacher and his wife would make the 25 mile trip to their Sommerfeld teacherage and stay for the working week. Mr. Janzen expressed appreciation to the people of the Sommerfeld district who treated him and his wife with great respect and consideration.

The teacher in the Mennonite communities was judged by a number of yardsticks, the most important of which was the annual Christmas concert. Mr. Janzen recalled how worried the Kronsweide people were when nothing seemed to be happening in terms of Christmas concert preparations during his first year in that district. It had always been his style to surprise the community with the concert and this is

what happened. It was a pleasant surprise and after that the Janzens "had it made", were accepted and had nothing but support and respect from then on.

From 1964 to 1969 John Janzen was president of the Mennonite Educational Committee (Deutsche Lehrer Conference) which issued the first *Deutsches Lesebuch* and had as its director of religion and German the late D.K. Duerksen whose influence in Mr. Janzen's life has already been mentioned.

The Mennonite teacher could instruct Bible stories and catechism during school hours, but German language instruction had to be conducted outside of school hours. Mr. Janzen estimated that this responsibility added an extra month of work to each year of teaching.

Mrs. Janzen was also involved in community work, teaching sewing and arts and crafts. These articles, together with the woodwork items that Mr. Janzen's pupils made in school, were sold at yearly auctions in the school and were part of the special auction concerts put on by many schools.

John Janzen was inducted into the beekeeping fraternity by a fellow teacher who saw, as John did, the obvious advantages this avocation had for the country school teacher. Being a purely summer activity, it gave the teacher and his family plenty of work to keep them out of mischief (especially the boys). The bees had all the clover they could handle and the farmers' crops got the desirable cross-pollination. Of course, the honey sales helped out financially, too. From a small two-hive operation the Janzen sideline grew to 80 hives with a portable bee house and an extracting plant in the modern machine storage shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Janzen are basking in the well-earned afterglow of a highly successful and purposeful career as teachers and as parents. They are grateful for their friends they have made over the years and remain faithful to God "Who has been good to us". mm

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Memories of street soccer: It's tough to be the best team around

By U. Woelcke

The crowd, composed of youngsters in their early teens jumping up and down, screamed with excitement: "Come on, Rudy . . . go, go, go, . . . come on. . . !" Others: "Stop him . . . stop him . . . ooh, please stop . . ."

With only seconds left in the game, I stood in goal watching Rudy manoeuvre that soccerball with expertise, leaving the defense behind him and now charging straight towards my goal. There was nobody between Rudy and myself. As the gap was closing rapidly, my thoughts raced: "We can't lose the game now — we just can't."

I moved to meet Rudy head-on, lunged straight for the ball and his legs . . . then darkness closed around me. . . .

Koenig Street and Garten Road had been archrivals for a long time. Their rivalry, however, was a friendly one. No gangs involved, no streetfights, no ambushes — just a soccerball; but the prestige of being called "the best team around" (whatever dimensions 'around' may have implied) was worth a lot, especially at the age 12 to 14 when kids were just as crazy about soccer then, as they are about hockey today.

At the time of this story I was 13 years old and member of the Koenig Street soccer team. "Soccer team" in this context is not to be confused with a regular 11 member team. In contrast to school, our street teams crystallized without planning and try-outs. We just happened to be from the same street, started kicking the ball around and somehow a group of five to eight fellows began to form a "team", which automatically assumed the responsibility of either defending or pursuing its street "best team around" reputation. Games were usually played on weekends on the rough grounds of a pasture close by. A couple of field stones did well enough for goal posts. A game lasted one hour with change of sides and a brief break after half an

hour. Basic rules: an equal number of players on each side and none older than 14. We never bothered to look at the other end of the age scale. The other rule: no fist fights or you're out for the game. We didn't bother with game stoppers such as "off-side", penalty shots, etc. If it was too obvious that the ball was out of bounds, we would "throw in", otherwise, what are a few feet among friends??

About three or four streets were involved in this competition and even though we didn't have a well organized game schedule, it became quite clear after a few games, which started in earnest in late spring or early summer, which teams were the serious contenders. Koenig Street and Garten Road had been able to maintain a good reputation for some time now, but it was Garten Road with Rudy Stoepke, their fast and strong centre, who had foiled Koenig Street's bid for the "best team around" reputation time and again.

I had been playing in goal off and on and had often dreamed how I, the invincible goal-keeper, would keep Garten Road at bay and would fling myself left and right (just like the goal-keeper of the national team) to frustrate Rudy's powerful shots. The crowd, thousands of them, would roar its approval, and my team-mates would carry me on their shoulders around the football field, acknowledging me as the greatest goal-keeper ever!

So much for my dreams. Only two weeks ago Garten Road had clobbered us 5 to 0 (even switching goal-keepers hadn't helped). After the disaster our team-members had dropped exhausted and disheartened into the grass by the ditch bordering the playing field, when Rudy came swaggering by: "Maybe you guys should switch to dodge-ball." Dodge ball was predominantly a girl's game and Rudy's insult hurt deeply.

A few days following our shameful

loss we sent out another challenge, and this time — we swore to ourselves — this time we were going to show them! We were still fuming about Rudy's jibe and practiced, mainly shots on goals, every spare moment.

Our angry remarks at school and around the neighborhood and Rudy's and his team's bragging had created considerable interest in our rivalry and the forthcoming game. On this particular Saturday the young crowd, truly bi-partisan, had swelled in numbers.

Spurred on by the bitter memory of Rudy's insult and by the screams of our supporters, we had been able to hold Garten Road to a 0 to 0 at half time. With five minutes left in the game, the cocky overconfidence of the other team's goal-keeper, who had moved out way too far from his goal, had resulted in a 1 to 0 for us.

After the bedlam caused by the antics of our supporters and ourselves had calmed Garten Road immediately seized the initiative after the kick-off. We tried our best to ward them off, but Rudy, realizing what was at stake, played like a 'pro'. A few of his shots had missed the mark — thank heaven — but now there seemed little hope. So close to victory, so close to being the "best team around" around — around —

around — "I think he is coming around. . . ." I heard the distant voice of my mother.

"Are you alright? . . ." her voice seemed closer now.

I tried to open my eyes; "Ouch!" What an aching head. There were more voices. I squinted carefully and realized I was lying on the chesterfield in our living-room and crowded around were many faces: my parents, my team-mates and Rudy. . . .

Rudy!? What on earth had happened? Very slowly I began to sit up, gingerly touching a big, sore welt on the side of my head and as if some dreadful

tension had suddenly been relieved everybody started to talk at once and grabbed my hand: "Great guy . . ." "Fantastic goal-keeping . . ." "What a game . . ." and so it went.

Gradually the happenings of the past events came back to me.

"Did we win?"

My friends suddenly fell silent and for a moment I felt like crying with a deep sense of disappointment aggravated by the painful lump on the side of my head.

Just at that moment Rudy pushed forward, grabbed hold of my hand: "Man, have you got a hard head. My knee is still sore."

Apparently my frontal attack had missed the ball but not Rudy's knee.

" . . . and by the way," Rudy continued with a sheepish grin on his face, half turning to the others "you guys better stick to soccer — you're too tough for dodge-ball."

The ice was broken and once again everybody was talking, shouting and reliving past heroics on the soccer-field until my parents gently but firmly pushed the jabbering, excited crowd slowly out of the door.

I was lying back, flushed with pride, tears in my eyes and a nasty headache. I had actually become a hero, just like in my dreams — well, almost like it.

The greatest reward, however, was still to come: for weeks both our teams were known as "the best teams around." **mm**

CN WEST

Westbound
through prairie poplar scrub
where once gully-cut hills
mounted the scrub-brush ravines
birthing bison in profusion

Westbound
to prairie grainfields,
orchestrated fertility
covering the country

like a Mennonite quilt

Westbound
along prairie tracks,
pathway for the pioneer,
trailing behind plows and people

Westbound
former fertility so constrained
sown into submission

Westbound
trained.

By Edgar Schmidt

Historical, but no novel

THE FATEFUL YEARS 1913-1923,
by Gerhard Lohrenz, Christian Press,
Winnipeg, 1977. 141 pp.

Reviewed by Ruth Vogt

The Fateful Years is an account of the experiences of the Mennonite people of the Molotschna area in the southern Ukraine, caught up in the devastating events of the Russian revolution. In his preface to the book, author Lohrenz states that he hopes his book will "help the reader to understand those fatal years a little better." Certainly, many of the events and experiences described in the book give the reader a good idea of the life and attitudes of the Mennonites in Russia. He describes the forestry camps, instituted as a form of alternative service, and service in the Red Cross during the 1914-1918 war. The main thrust of the book, however, is the account of the Mennonite encounter with the Machnovsky bandits, and the subsequent formation of the "Selbstschutz" or self-defence unit. In the taking up of arms at this time, the Mennonite ideal of pacifism was, of course, violated, and the event has resulted in much heart searching on the part of those who survived those terrible times. Lohrenz himself notes in his preface that he hopes "that the reading of their story will leave the reader better informed and more compassionate." Those of us who have not lived through such times can only listen and try to understand; we can only judge if we have had similar experiences.

The book is written in the form of a novel, with young Peter Braun as protagonist. As a novel, however, the book is a failure. The character of Braun is not developed; it is only used as a means of moving the story from one event to another. The great war stories — *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Red Badge of Courage*, *Dr. Zhivago* are a few that come to mind — are memorable and gripping because one becomes intimately acquainted with the agonies and uncertainties, frailties and strengths of the protagonists. One experiences the sufferings of the characters with them. After reading *The Fateful Years*, one is no better acquainted with the character of Peter Braun than when the book begins. Lohrenz, as even the title suggests, has written a historical narrative in the guise of a novel.

Furthermore, it is painfully obvious

to the reader that the author is not thoroughly familiar with the English language. It is unfortunate that the editor did not catch the many instances of faulty idiom and poor syntax that are scattered throughout the book, or the inexplicable switch to the present tense that occurs in chapter 18. The over-use of short, simple sentences, hinders the flow of the narrative, and the reader looks in vain for some descriptive detail to bring color and warmth to the narrative. **mm**

A thin book of slim value

PASSAGES OUT OF MY LIFE, by
Henry Peter Rempel, The Edwin
Mellen Press, Toronto and New
York, 1977, 96 pp. Hardcover —
\$7.95. Softcover — \$2.50.

Reviewed by Ruth Vogt

This book is a series of anecdotes written by Henry Rempel who was born in Rosenthal, Russia in 1907, emigrated to Saskatchewan in 1923 and then moved to Kitchener, Ontario, where he lived until his death in 1977. Rempel notes in his introduction that he was born with a sense of humour, and the reader is invited to share his amusement at some of the experiences as he takes us through his childhood days in Russia, and some of the difficulties he encountered as he attempted to adjust to a new language and culture in Canada. Following his move to Ontario, Rempel made his living in the upholstery business and the latter part of his book contains anecdotes concerning his work and also his experiences as he took time to travel throughout the world.

We Mennonites have a tendency to take ourselves too seriously, and it is certainly refreshing to meet, through the pages of his book, one who could laugh at himself, and at life in general. Having said this, though, I must add that there is something lacking in the book. While the book was obviously not intended to be deeply philosophical, there seems to be little continuity to the series of sketches and, particularly towards the end, little point to some of the stories. I would have welcomed more stories concerning the author's early childhood days and the events of the Revolution; and also a clearer indication from the author of the effect that these experiences had on him.

In general, this slim volume was a disappointment — the entertainment value was slender at best, and there was little of depth to sustain the reader's interest. **mm**

Broken homes and hearts are not the signs of revival: a Holdeman Christian speaks from the anguish of experience

The two items printed below were signed and sent to the Mennonite Mirror in the past few weeks. The writers have asked to have their identity kept secret because of the fear that exists in the Holdeman community.

The Mennonite Mirror first drew attention to the Holdeman upheaval in its October 1977 issue. The writers of the initial articles were aware of many instances of harsh discipline in the church, but they could only guess at the personal anguish which many church members were experiencing. Numerous phone calls and letters, most of which cannot be printed or reported here, have convinced us that a deep tragedy has engulfed the church. So much bitterness and anger have been aroused by church judgments that it is difficult to see at this point how peace can be restored. The Mennonite Mirror has become a sounding board for those who needed a voice to give expression to their frustration and concern. We have heard from

Holdemans who could not believe that our reporting was true, but also from others—including the writers of the letters below—who report with great sadness that the picture is all too true. The national media have picked up the stories from the Mirror. To our relief they have not sensationalized them.

We can only hope that people of genuine good will and love, both inside and out of the Holdeman community, will keep faith with each other and restore to that community the compassion and stability which is currently lacking. We are reminded of the story of a young Greek in the first century who decided to become a Christian. When his parents begged him to explain why he was doing such a terrible thing he replied: "Because I have watched the local Christian congregation, and you should see how they love each other!" May that be said of the Holdeman Church of the future, and of the Mennonite Church in general.

Since a few articles have appeared in your paper regarding our church, The Holdemans, we would like to add our experiences.

First of all to voice our regret that our own church paper, *The Messenger of Truth*, cannot be our medium of communication anymore. It is no longer acceptable to send in excerpts from John Holdeman's writings, nor anything else that does not conform with "The New Movement."

This is a reply to Errol Wedel's article. We feel Mr. Wedel is completely honest in his statements. The church he describes is the one we

were baptized into, and for many years have deeply appreciated its fellowship. It is because of our love for the church and its ways that our hearts are so grieved at the present devastation. If the church in Mississippi still abides by these principles we are truly thankful; we are also hopeful that you will give ear to our "Macedonian Cry."

Until a few years ago, we, along with Mr. Wedel, would have replied, "We are sorry, those articles are a misrepresentation." Now regretfully we must say they are the truth, except for the reference to the chrome. As

long as Jesus' own remedy for the restoration of the fallen brother Matthew 18:15-18 was applied, love was the motivating force. Now His rule has been set aside to favor "Interviews." Can a manmade law replace Jesus' command?

We must admit the interviews appear to have brought results. There have been genuine reconsecrations. Throughout the years Christians as groups have reconsecrated at revivals, and as individuals at various times. The "Between-Thee-and-Him Alone", victories are recorded in Heaven only. These brethren have been helped through the medium of The Spirit and have not suffered the crippling effect of having their infirmities made public: "For charity shall cover the multitude of sins" 1 Peter 4:8.

Now a word of explanation regarding the interviews: A panel of 10 to 12 ministers and deacons plus about four of their wives will be at church—usually in the mothers' room. The couples or singles are called by phone and requested to be in for a certain appointment. Parents are not permitted to accompany even their teen-age children. For the unlearned it is hard to define the purpose of these interrogations. The general idea is that the church needs to be cleansed. We believe there is a difference from one congregation to another in how these meetings are conducted. If they are conducted in love and humility they might well serve a good purpose. Where they are held in a derogatory fashion they can be a trauma. The local doctors are alarmed at the patients they get.

From our youth we have been treated by older ministers and young alike as "Being heirs together of God's grace." We gave these ministers our voluntary reverence. Now the aim of some seems to be not to relieve us of

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our self-esteem, rather of our self-respect. After we have been duly quizzed we are asked to step into the hall, then the door is tightly shut, while the Staff decide on your standing. After deliberating a half to one hour you are asked in again and either orally or in writing given the Staff's proving. Those alike who have been passed or rejected will talk about their fear, to the extent that their knees smote together so they were scarce able to walk in. When have we needed to fear the meeting servants of God? What spirit needs the secrecy of the tightly closed doors?

In the Greenland congregation approximately half the couples over age 50 are expelled, plus some singles. In other congregations it's more from all ages. By the grace of God most of the children of the expelled couples are in the church, having received salvation at an early age and remaining faithful. Now who can explain how so many deceived parents can instil a true faith in their children? The older people still in are effectively silenced. Anyone that dares dissent or stand for the truth goes out with the rest.

A sad fact worth noting at these interviews is that the Bible is seldom opened or even referred to. The emphasis is on being obedient to the Staff, not to the Bible or to God. The young are easier persuaded to accept this. This to a large extent is due to the parents having stressed obedience to the church from childhood. We are well aware that the Bible teaches obedience to those that have the rule over us. When the church teaching no longer agrees with the Bible teaching then where shall we turn? Some members say even if there is craftiness and untruth employed we are not responsible. This rests with the staff whom the Lord has ordained to rule over us. We shall not consider the right or wrong ourselves—only obey. When we singly stand before the judgement bar will this pass before God?

Regarding the separation of couples: the total separations are not brought as "musts" rather "suggestions." That way the Staff can always evade taking the consequences. We all know if suggestions are not followed there is only one way: that way is out. It is pathetic to see homes broken. A young couple going through the adjusting period is not left to settle their differences in private where they can be forgiven and forgotten. The differences are brought before the whole congregation for all to view. Upon excommunication the wife is often taken into another home. How can these marriages succeed after their differences become public knowledge? The number of broken homes is growing.

The report is true of nurses neglect-

ing their duties to the expelled; they have been dealt with by the hospital board. When the church Staff is asked, they say they have never given such orders. True, they do not give these specific orders. They just stress the severity of the ban to the extent that those young sisters under pressure cannot discern right from wrong. The ban is even applied to the children of the expelled. So you will understand the necessity of withholding names, not so much for the parents sake as for the children.

When the work in the North is questioned by our southern brethren a couple of select ministers go to give an account, or if the South come here they meet with the "in" group. Could we suggest you visit the labor camps. The inmates are not there for deserting the Faith, rather for abiding by the Bible teachings. It would be desirable to end with saying you would not find mutilated bodies, only spirits. This can no longer be said. Who will come to the rescue?

LOOKING FOR A HUMBLE SPIRIT

I would like to answer in part the article written by Errol Wedel which appeared in the Jan. issue of the M.M. I realize full well that God will take into account the things we do, or fail to do. Speaking the truth in love without fear or favor, is a requirement for every born again Christian, regardless of the consequences. May God grant us a humble spirit, is our prayer.

We agree with you full well in pointing out the tenor and the principles of the Bible and the church, this is as it should be; only it is obvious you have not acquainted yourself with how it is done here in Manitoba.

Yes it's true nurses have refused services to patients because the church taught a strict avoidance. Have you enquired at the Bethesda Hospital as to the truth of the matter? Quite some time ago the religious board wrote to the Holdeman ministers about this. They have as yet not given an answer. Has silence ever cleared up a matter? If things can't be settled in this life, then they will have to be settled in the final judgment, 2 Cor. 5:10. Surely you're not that naive as to believe anyone can evade God's judgment. God is no respecter of persons.

Each one may explain the scriptures according to his knowledge, no one shall deprive him of that. Anyone who wants to use the pulpit to defend his way of life, may do so, we'll have no arguments. We appeal to the reader

that he should reflect on the fact that in the fulfillment of that which we believe and teach, it will be revealed who speaks through the spirit of God. If we write the truth, none can overthrow it. The truth will be fulfilled in God's providence, according to His word. If we write the untruth it will never stand; God will see to it. But woe unto us, if we know the truth, and then conceal it. "He hath showed thee, O man,—what the Lord requires,—to do justly,—to love mercy—to walk humbly before thy God;" Micah 6:8. Any deviation from this truth is putting God in the background.

When Saul was anointed king of Israel he received from the Lord the sword by which he would conquer the enemies. So also God's church has received the "sword of the spirit", to sever those who live inconsistent with the tenor of the gospel. When Saul became disobedient and honor seeking he began to use the sword unwisely, he destroyed whom he will, yet he kept his sword. So also the church has gone on a sword wielding spree and it has an adverse effect on many members. As time went on Saul's evil deeds began to catch up with him, and he became his own enemy, and finally he destroyed himself, with his God given sword.

Heartbreaking as it may be, the recent suicide attempt by a young member from Greenland, gives further evidence that God is not blessing the so-called reformation.

God is a just God, He will reward any sincere reformation effort. But when leaders will begin to exalt themselves, and begin to accuse and judge their fellow members, when they themselves do the same things, they only invite God's judgments upon themselves, Rom. 2:1-11. We find no record that king Saul ever brought anyone closer to the Lord, rather he caused the people to sin. When Israel did get closer to God, it was when they came in the attitude of; "We and our fathers have sinned." The only revival God will be able to bless in the Holdeman church, will be, if the latter method will be applied. **mm**

TOUGH ENGLISH

A man who had just arrived in North America was struggling to master the pronunciation of English. He'd learned the difference between "cough" and "bough" and "rough," and felt that he was getting somewhere at last in his understanding of the language.

Until he paused outside a city theatre and noted these words on a poster: "Musical Comedy Pronounced Success."

Statistics don't begin to tell the grisly tale of human suffering: disaster in India



John Wieler, director for the overseas desk of MCC(Canada) has been with MCC since 1963. He and his family lived and worked in this capacity first in Greece, later in Germany and finally in Canada.

The following is an interview focusing on the recent (November 19, 1977) cyclone which hit with such a devastating force the Eastern coastal regions of India.

By Mary M. Enns

The cyclone swept the countryside, destroying everything it touched. Torrents of rain flooded the entire area. An 18-foot tidal wave washed away entire villages and ruined crops ready for harvest. The primary thought that came out loud and clear in my interview with Mr. Wieler of the hard-hit people of India today was the need for compassion. Long ago an author said it rather well: "Compassion is awakened by those sufferings which are attributable to our misfortunes, while commiseration is awakened by sufferings arising from our faults. Compassion is awakened by persons in very unequal conditions of life."

Wieler says the disaster was played down by India's press, and at the same time was not covered by the North American Press to its full extent. He went to the site three weeks after the cyclone struck. He saw the result in loss of human lives, 30,000 - 50,000; of houses; of animals; of \$600 million worth of rice crops. He says: "Suffering cannot be measured by figures. The disaster was a major disaster, probably the most severe in 140 years. Death was not dignified. The scene was grotesque, grizzly. The bloated, decomposing remains of what once were personalities with feelings, desires, hopes and aspirations reminded one only too vividly of the transience

of this fragile gift of life." He spent two weeks on the scene with MCC personnel Paul Kennel (MCC Disaster Response Coordinator for Asia), Bert Lobe, of Waldheim, Sask. (MCC India representative) and Henry Fast (agricultural economist and development advisor).

M.M.: Why were you chosen and for what purpose to go to India when the cyclone struck there, chiefly in Andhra Pradesh and Guntur areas?

Wieler: One of the functions of the overseas person here in Canada is to be a facilitator or resource for the Akron staff. MCC (Canada) is committed to working together with them, supplying financial assets, people, material aid and services. I had some experience in this area of service, first in Bangladesh with the refugees and later in the planning of the long range program there. I was able to be in Sahel when the disaster struck there as well as in Chad for several weeks, and in Skopje after the earthquake. Then, too, there are few people who are available and can go quickly. The three MCC men already mentioned had been with the situation in India for the first weeks. My purpose in being there was in the interest of our disaster response. We looked at what had already been done, reviewed what was being planned regarding our MCC disaster response and, with the interest and resources available from the sponsoring countries, attempted to coordinate the response. There are various agencies other than ours at work here: VRO (Village Reconstruction

Organization), Oxfam, Care, as well as Lutheran and Mennonite Hospital Agencies. The importance here is that (a) we respond (b) that we respond with responsibility. The latter factor will, for example, avoid incidents such as rotting freight at the ports.

As to the future, the work will be developmental. It is clear we are not about to send physical workers into India when there are plenty of people there that need and can do the work. We want leadership people who can work with groups who then do the work themselves. We send in people who will motivate, be the spark plugs, the bridge builders; fellows who are



John Wieler

skilled and, coming from the outside, can jump over several layers of bureaucracy, connecting certain aspects to others. Not arrogantly, but humbly they can step in and serve the people by being spokesmen in the right places. Henry Fast did an agricultural survey immediately after the disaster which the government is using now.

There are three phases in this project. Phase one: The immediate emergency which was taken care of during the first weeks after the disaster with blankets, clothing, food and medical supplies. Phase two: Rehabilitation which includes the cleanup of ruined crops on the fields and trees on the roads but also repair of demolished houses. Then the most difficult, the handling of the thousands of human corpses and animal carcasses. For this purpose the government had simply issued kerosene in order that the burning might be facilitated, or the bodies would be placed into hastily dug shallow graves or loaded onto trucks and thrown into canals. There was the terrible smell around, even after three weeks when I was there, for carcasses were still lying in the bushes. Phase three: Reconstruction which includes the building of new houses, wells, roads and ditches. The restoration and construction of houses is a program of \$300,000 in 1978 for MCC. Agricultural development is to be part of this program. All of this is to involve the villagers, teaching them to help themselves. VRO is right in there with its unique method, demonstrating the rebuilding of communities, not only homes. They are instituting the working together of a community. This is one of the very basic thrusts. Many lives were saved because of the cement houses, built since 1968, that withstood the cyclone. But vast numbers of people are just too poor to have a cement house. Ways must be found that more of these houses can be built. Research is being done now on this and adaptability to local conditions are worked on. A catastrophe such as this presents the possibility of the realization of new opportunities and the formation of new relationships. The centrality of Christ in all this should not be underemphasized. Not that we go out there and hand out tracts and then build a new house. Our concern is that the peoples' total needs be met. Spiritual realism is often in conflict with religion. The people in India have more religion that they can use.

M.M.: And your key thought here?

Wieler: With compassion and love, go ahead as people who are concerned.

M.M.: Are you talking also of financial commitment?

Wieler: Absolutely. Our long-range involvement will depend partly on the

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generous giving of the constituency. We harden ourselves if we turn away from this. Take, for example, the continued infusion of medical work. Innoculations are still going on in order to prevent rapid outbreak of disease. What is happening now is largely a result of poor diet, and the consequential weakening. But then, the communities of India have on-going needs. If a man's house and fields are washed away his need is more than immediate.

M.M: How long do you project the real need to last?

Wieler: That depends on many factors. We are dependant on the permission of the Indian government in order to be at work there. India has been very restrictive on having agencies work in their country. It is a

sophisticated country, highly bureaucratized, highly politicized and stratified. It requires an approach that compliments this. Politically there have been many changes. We hope to place more people there, as for example an agricultural or civil engineer to work alongside VRO. While we are very welcome there now we have not been able to place a lot of people. Phase 2 might be anywhere from 3-5 years. Our resources are dependant on the constituency. In the Bangladesh situation there was a tremendous outpouring of compassion from the Mennonites. The very good long-range program which resulted is the sort of thing we envision here and now.

The Mennonite churches in India have some very capable people at work, but the church there is struggling

under tremendous constraints. How can they organize themselves to respond? Having many internal needs their outreach capabilities are very limited. This puts responsibility on us. They are cast into their own system as we are in ours.

M.M: Is MCC having to cut back somewhat, in general, as things stand?

Wieler: Well, yes. Generally, there has been a restraint on budgets and cutbacks. There is still generous giving to MCC but perhaps not enough. We have said that some programs which have a high priority must go on, others cut back. The Provincial offices have a good number of local programs which are excellent in themselves but also take some funding.

M.M: Which, then, is our first priority?

Wieler: I think there has to be a balance and a sensitivity. For the overseas support we have a specified appeal in the "Asia Emergency-Assistance Fund Program" designated for the total Asia program, and not funneled into needs in Canada.

M.M: Have you, generally speaking, been zeroing in pretty heavily on India?

Wieler: On the contrary. India has had its political problems in the past and that is one of the reasons we have been light there. We should be supporting India strongly, for it is a country with 650 million people, a great number of these with very low incomes. Some of their problems were imposed on them by others from the outside. You remember that, far back in the Colonial period England destroyed India's textile industry almost entirely in order to build up the industry in Manchester and Leeds and India was not allowed to export manufactured cotton goods. One begins to see how trade problems play into the picture. And nations point their fingers at the Indians for having too large families and sacred cows etc.! We are an interrelated world and India's problems resulting from this cyclone are our problems as well. We are compelled to respond. **mm**



This village built early this decade remained intact except for the wind-damaged roofs.



The born and the unborn died alike:

This was a common scene in the devastation.



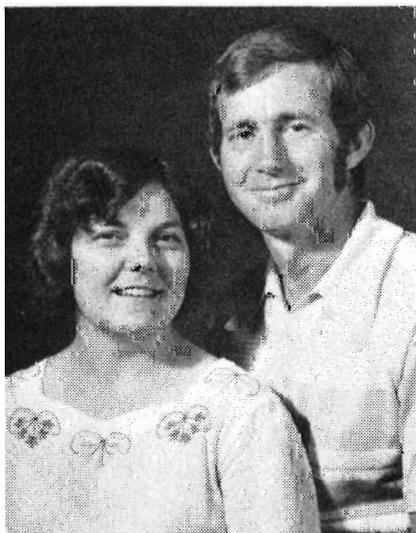
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Eleanore Rempel, Steinbach, previously with MCC in Botswana, has recently begun another term of service there, working in medical technology. She is a member of the Northdale Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg.



Carol Enns, Rosenort, is an MCC worker in child care at the Mary Mound Home for Girls, Winnipeg. She is a member of the Domain MB Church.



Menno and Lydia Plett, Winnipeg, begin a 3 year term with MCC in Zaire. Plett will be working in agriculture and his wife hopes to teach English there. They are members of the EM church in Landmark.

Eden Mental Health Centre is initiating a volunteer program "Just a Friend." The goal of the program is to form one to one relationships between volunteers and ex-patients or lonely people in the community. Ideally it provides support and friendship in times of stress; it is to foster feelings of confidence and self-worth.

Ben Kehler, guitarist and instructor, and sponsored by the "Artist in school" program, was a guest at the Winkler Elementary school recently. This program, designed to bring the art of music, drama and painting into the various schools, is under the sponsorship of the Manitoba Arts Council and the Department of Tourism and Cultural Affairs.

Novelist **Rudy Wiebe** was one of several MB authors featured at the January First Annual Writers Conference, Lancaster, Penn.

Anne Ediger, MB missionary working with Good News Broadcasting Company in India, presented a major paper at an All-India Communications Seminar in November.

The **Mennonite churches** of North Kildonan are planning a 50th Anniversary celebration for June, 1978. A special book of historical and pictorial sketches is to be prepared by each church.

Walter and Lena Voth left on January 27 for Kansas City on a three-month assignment with Mennonite Disaster Service.

Winnipeg Singers, under the direction of William Baerg and accompanied by Irmgard Baerg and Ada Bronstein, presented a concert of folk songs, love songs and shanty songs in the auditorium of the Winnipeg Art Gallery.

The **Annual Manitoba Women's Conference** takes place at the Portage Avenue MB Church April 15. Guest speaker: Anne Steinman.



J.M. Klassen (executive secretary MCC(Canada) and his wife Katherine left on February 8 to visit MCC programs in several countries in Asia. They return on March 20.

The Tenth Assembly of the **Mennonite World Conference** will be at Wichita, Kansas on July 25-30. Theme: "The Kingdom of God in a changing World."

The **MB Historical Society of Canada** is sponsoring an historical essay contest open to all students at high school and at university levels, and of any denomination. The topics of the essay must relate to the Anabaptist or MB Church. Listing of subject possibilities are available from the historical society. At the high school level the prizes are to be \$100, \$50, \$25. For undergraduate university students and Bible school students the prizes are \$200, \$100, \$50. The society is planning to help publish the first prize winners in selected journals or magazines. All entries must be sent by May 1, 1978 to the MB Historical Society, 77 Henderson Highway, Winnipeg R2L 1L1.

Hugo Jantz, former pastor of the Fort Garry MB Church, Winnipeg, and at present campus pastor at MBBC, was recently elected chairman of MCC(Canada) replacing Newton Gengerich.

MCC(Manitoba) has appointed to its board as a member at large Jacob Kleinsasser, leader of the Crystal Springs Hutterite Colony near St. Agathe, Manitoba. Kleinsasser is the

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first Hutterite to be appointed to an MCC Board. Though they were never official members of MCC the Hutterites have contributed funds and material aid from time to time. Two years ago 10 Hutterite colonies contributed \$6,000 toward the MCC Relief Program after the Guatemala earthquake. They are at present supporting MCC's reconstruction program following the cyclone disaster in India last November.

Ed Klassen, a delegate from Manitoba to the Western agricultural conference in Regina spoke up for the principles behind the MCC Food Bank. The meeting later approved a resolution asking the Wheat Board to allow donations of wheat to the Food Bank outside the regular quota, at least to the extent that producers could use their gristing privileges. Gristing privileges allow farmers to deliver up to 50 bushels of wheat a year in addition to their usual quotas, to be ground for their own use. Some delegates objected to any implementation of any special provisions for the Food Bank, saying that it would open the door to a flood of similar "quota irregularities." A decision on the matter is pending.

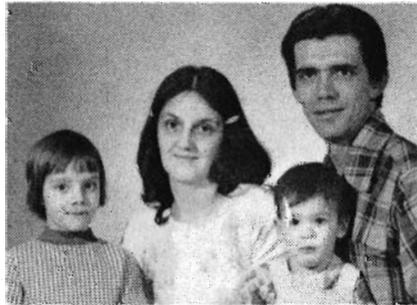
A **Music Festival** in which senior students from Westgate, MCI, Rosthern Junior College, Swift Current Bible Institute and Elim hope to participate on April 8, came about rather naturally. The 'Fest' grew out of coincidence and plan. To begin with, both Westgate and MCI wished to take a trip west last year. Plans were coordinated and before long a concert at Rosthern became a reality. The weekend of fun and hard work last March turned out so well that plans for making the Music Festival a tradition were posed, and acted upon. Visitors are invited to hear a festival performance of 160 students at 7:30, April the eighth, in Winkler's Bergthaler Church.



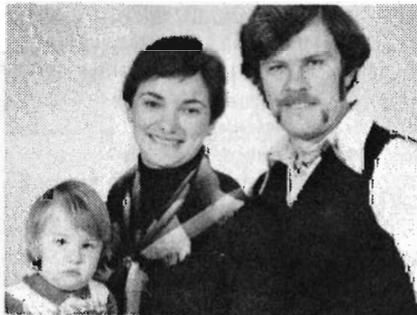
Cecil and Linda Siemens, Pine Falls, Manitoba, for two years with MCC in Northern Manitoba where they will be assistants at the Pauingassi Trading Post. Cecil spent some time with MCC in Zaire.



Kathy Sawatsky, Oak Lake, Manitoba, on a one year assignment to MCC offices in Winnipeg where she will be doing secretarial and research work. She was a student at CMBC.



Harold and Marianne Penner, Arnaud, Manitoba, for three years to Bangladesh. Penner spent three years with MCC in India.



William and Naomi Stoesz, Steinbach, Manitoba, having previously served with MCC in 1971-74 in Crete, Greece, now on a three-year assignment to Zaire. Stoesz will be working as a feed mill manager.

Dr. Waldemar Janzen, Dean of CMBC, was the primary translator of Hans Wolff's Commentary on the Books of Joel and Amos. The commentary was published recently by Fortress Press, Philadelphia. The 390-page volume is the second Old Testament volume in the Hermania Commentary Series. It saw original publication in the German as the *Biblicher Kommentar*. Dr. Janzen, who earned his doctorate in Old Testament studies at Harvard, is a professor of Old Testament and German at CMBC. He is the author of the book (*Mourning Cry and Woe Oracle*, Berlin: DeGruyter, 1972) and a variety of articles in Biblical

studies and German literature published in a number of scholarly journals and *Festschriften*. He is a frequent contributor to various Mennonite papers.

Peter D. Zacharias, teacher of history, German and religion at MCI was awarded the Margaret McWilliams Award for his history of *Reinland*. The book was considered to be the best of its kind for the year 1976-77. The book was praised for its choice of pictures, maps and its arrangement of material. The award keeps alive the name of an early amateur historian, Margaret McWilliams. Her husband, R. F. McWilliams, was the lieutenant-governor of Manitoba for some 14 years.

The **Heritage Committee** of the General Conference Mennonite Church asks students from grades 7 to 12 to write about topics related to the past or present Mennonite experience. Each manuscript is to be 1,500 words in length and is to be presented in a typed double-spaced form. All sources are to be listed in footnotes. Deadline for entries is June 15, 1978. Please send entries to Larry Klippenstein, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Winnipeg, R3P 0M4.

The **League for Life of Manitoba**, the educational arm of the pro-life movement, announces a workshop for those wanting to become better acquainted with the topics relating to Respect Life and protection for the human rights of the unborn. This workshop will be held Saturday April 8th, 1978 at St. Boniface Diocesan High School, 282 Dubuc Street, Winnipeg, from 9:30 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. Topics to be covered are public speaking, background to the current abortion law, developing fetal life, current events. For further information, or to register, please call Mrs. Rita Clarke 256-1219 or the league office 233-8047.

Steinbach: According to recent visitors from Winnipeg, the "cocktail" lounge in the Steinbach curling club is the closest thing to a rubby-dub parlor that they have seen in recent years. They weren't aware that a "cocktail" lounge existed in Steinbach but they were even more astounded at the kind of place that has developed there. It would seem that if Steinbach people want to drink they prefer to do it in the worst possible surroundings.

Grosvenor Director Resigns: It was with regret that the peace and social concerns committee of MCC (Manitoba) read Henry Dueck's letter of resignation as director of Grosvenor Place at its February 7 meeting. Grosvenor Place consists of two Winnipeg residences housing 12 men assigned there by the courts in lieu of prison sentences. Henry and Marie Dueck served as houseparents in one of the residences for the initial two years of the Grosve-

nor project; for the past five years he has been co-ordinator of the total program. He works closely with the courts and prisons, oversees administration of the houses, supervises personnel, and interprets the program to the Mennonite constituency. Prior to his assignment with MCC he served as principal of Elim Bible Institute in Altona while also pastoring the EMMC congregation there. The Dueck's plan on assuming responsibilities with the EMMC Board of Missions.

CHINESE MENNONITE CHURCH ESTABLISHED IN CITY

The Conference of Mennonites in Canada has committed itself to a field of ministry that has no precedent in its 75 year history. At a recent session the Council of Boards decided to give financial and other aid to the umsiedler in Germany (people resettled from the USSR) and to Chinese communities in Vancouver and Winnipeg.

A name like that of the *Winnipeg Mandarin Mennonite Church* stirs ones imagination. The involved title however, makes good sense. To begin with, Winnipeg now appears to have some 10,000 people of Chinese racial origin. A smaller percentage of this group uses the Mandarin language, the classical language used in mainland China. There have been for some time several Christian churches which make use of Cantonese, a language more common to the older Chinese community in this city.

Seven years ago Jonathan Chen, an ordained minister from the Conference of Mennonite church in Taiwan came to the University of Manitoba to further his studies. Soon a nucleus of six people met for worship at the campus. Before long, with the help of Jim Penner, chairman of the missions and evangelism committee with the



Jonathon Chen and Francis Tung of the Chinese Mennonite Church.

Conference of Mennonites in Canada, the growing group was able to meet not only at the University of Manitoba on Sunday, but also at Bethel Mennonite for Bible study and choir practice during the week. There are other activities. Since some 80 per cent of the church's 50 or 60 members are students, it was easy for them to retreat to Gretna's MCI for a Winter Bible Conference this past Christmas. Rather obviously, the church grew under Chen's part-time leadership, although an interpreter was found to be necessary for those members who did not speak Mandarin.

January 1978 saw the coming of a full-time minister from the Phillipines, Francis Tung, who speaks both languages. Herein lies the crux of the matter. The man needs support for himself and his family. The church group can hope to raise only 50 per cent of the cost for such support. Fortunately, although a sector of the student body from which the church draws its membership departs annually, its ranks are replenished each year by an influx of some hundred new students. Furthermore, Mandarin is finally being taught in Hong Kong, the starting point of many of the students.

Chen, a psychologist in the full-time employ of the provincial department of health and social development, will continue to assist the group. He has high hopes for the 25 to 30 children who attend the Sunday school. The Sunday school appeals not only to church members but also to parents who like to see their children exposed to Mandarin. With a full-time minister

on hand there is hope too that the church may appeal to the needs of some established 'Chinese Canadian' families. The church at present has 10 to 15 families.

A GOOD NIGHT OUT

The one thing which *Man for All Seasons* does show is that it is difficult as well as costly to be true and consistent to one's conscience. Because the action of the play is in the hearts and minds of the characters it is a tough play to present; because it is a play which deals with an aspect of ethical living which most would prefer not to explore, it is a difficult play to sell.

The Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute presented *Man For All Seasons* February 23, 24 and 25, to sparse audiences—all those who attended could have been accommodated on one evening to have given one full house.

Nevertheless, the students did a creditable job of presenting the play. They had little difficulty in presenting the story of the play, but they were uneven in the way they presented the intensity of the characters' feelings.

If it is true that the "least shall be first and the first last" then one can say that the Common Man as played by Margaret Kapinga was the star of the play. To say this is not, of course, to belittle the efforts of the other members of the cast, but to emphasize that Kapinga had the most difficult task of the evening—to play more than a half-dozen cameo roles as well as provide the transition dialogue between the various scenes. She was so successful and natural that one had the impression that she was a kind of *Deus ex machina* who manipulated events and people on the stage to create a good story.

The main role, of Sir Thomas More, was played by two people on each night; Darryl Wiebe for the first act, and Brad Neufeld for the second. While both were good there was enough of a difference between the two to invite comparisons. It might have been more effective to have alternated the role between the two night-by-night.

It is also pleasant to report that several other characters in supporting roles improved as the night progressed—James Howison as the Duke of Norfolk, Norman Sawatsky as Thomas Cromwell, and John Bock as Richard Rich. At times they were so good that one forgot that they were playing people old enough to be their fathers and/or grandfathers.

By Ed Unrau

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Jerusalem: Stadt des Friedens

Von Elisabeth Schlichting

Das Telephon klingelt. Am anderen Ende meldet sich Ed Unrau unser "vice-president und managing editor": "Hast du schon etwas fuer die Maerzausgabe fertig? Wir sind sowieso schon spaet damit dran, ich muss das Material so bald wie moeglich haben." Ich war etwas betroffen: "Nein" sage ich "der Februar ist mir nur so durch die Finger geglitten ich habe ganz darauf vergessen, werde aber versuchen mir etwas einfallen zu lassen oder wir greifen auf altes Material zurueck, ja, — ich bringe es dir morgen rueber!" Als ich einhing fiel mir ein, dass das Maerzheft ja auch gleichzeitig unsere Osterausgabe ist! Nein, passende Osterartikel hatte ich keine. Als ich schlafen ging, dachte ich an die Geschehnisse der Osterzeit die fuer uns Christen von so grosser Bedeutung sind und an den mich immer wieder faszinierenden Ort der Handlung "Jerusalem". Wir alle haben schon so viel davon gehoert und gelesen, doch jedes Mal wenn ich ueber die Geschichte dieser Stadt nachdenke kann ich mein Wundern nicht lassen. Es hat etwas Geheimnisvolles, etwas Unerklaerliches an sich — jedenfalls fuer mich.

Warum strebten die Voelker des Altertums — und der Gegenwart — immer wieder nach dem Besitz Jerusalems? — Die Stadt hat praktisch kein Wasser. Kalkstein ist der einzige Bodenschatz. Sie liegt an keiner Durchgangsstrasse und an keinem schiffbaren Fluss. Ihre wirtschaftliche Bedeutung ist daher minimal. Und doch erscheint sie schon bei ihrer er-

sten Erwaechnung in der Bibel als ein umkaempfter Ort.

Von Koenig David erobert und zu seiner Hauptstadt erhoben. Spaeter machte Davids Sohn Salomo Jerusalem zum religioesen, geistigen und kulturellen Mittelpunkt des israelitischen Volkes, in dem er seinen Tempel (Jahvetempel) errichten liess. Auf Salomo folgten die Babylonier. Nebukadnezar II liess 586 v.Chr. den Tempel und die gesamte Stadt zerstieren. Nach dem Babylonischen Exil (586 - 536 v.Chr.) wurde sie allmaehlich wieder aufgebaut. In der Folgezeit zwischen den Ptolemaern und den Seleukiden umstritten. 168 v.Chr. von Antiochos IV von Syrien wieder z.T. zerstort, aber von den Makabaeern deren Aufstand er hervorrief wiederhergestellt. Schliesslich folgten die Roemer, Herodes d.Gr. liess 63 v. Chr. Jerusalem prachtvoll ausbauen. Nach dem Judenaufstand 70 n.Chr. jedoch wieder von Titus voellig zerstort, der an dessen Stelle eine neue Stadt anlegte, deren Betreten den Juden bei Todesstrafe verboten war. Zwei Jahrhunderte spaeter erbaute Kaiser Konstantin d.Gr. die Kirche des Heiligen Grabes auf dem Kalvarienberg, welche zur christlichen Erinnerungstaette ernannt wurde. 637 n. Chr. wurden die Roemer von den Arabern vertrieben. 450 Jahre lang herrschte Frieden, bis 1099 im Zeitalter der Kreuzzuege die Kreuzritter waffenklirrend in die Heilige Stadt eindringen. Aus Israel wurde ein selbstaendiges, christliches Koenigreich. Sie bauten die — etwa 100 Jahre vorher ausgebrannte — Kirche wieder

auf, verschoenerten die heiligen Staetten, bis sie ihrerseits von den Sarazenen verdraengt wurden und die aegyptischen Sultane Jerusalem in Besitz nahmen, bis sie den siegreichen ottomanischen Tuerken weichen mussten (1517). Im ersten Weltkrieg nahmen die Englaender Jerusalem ein und Palaestina kam unter britische Mandatherrschaft. Diese erlosch 1948, worauf der Krieg zwischen Arabern und Israelis ausbrach. 1950 wurde Jerusalem zur Hauptstadt Israels erklart, — wie Berlin zerrissen und geteilt — auf der einen Seite lag das israelitische auf der anderen das jordanische Jerusalem. 1967 bricht der Krieg erneut mit Aegypten aus. Jerusalem wird von den Israelis befreit und die Stadt wieder vereint. Israel ist ein freier Staat geworden, doch die Konflikte und Auseinandersetzungen gehen wie seit Jahrhunderten weiter. . . .

Eine Bekannte, die in einem juedischen Haushalt taetig ist und regelmaessige Besuche nach Jerusalem macht, war von einem Besuch vor 13 Jahren besonders beeindruckt, zu der Zeit als Jerusalem noch geteilt war. Sie war ueberrascht, wie leicht sich die Kinder mit dem Zustand der geteilten Stadt abfinden. Fuer sie ist es ein taeglicher, selbstverstaendlicher Zustand in dem sie aufwachsen — gleichwohl wie die Kinder in Belfast —. In unmittelbarer Naehae der Minenfelder treiben sie ihre laermenden Spiele und als Beweis maennlichen Mutes gilt es, sich auf Zehenspitzen ueber die Minenfelder zu schleichen und als Zeichen vollbrachter Heldentat ein "Souvenir" von der "anderen Seite" mitzubringen.

Nur wenige Quadratkilometer misst die von Mauern umgebene Altstadt, auf steiler Hoehe ueber dem Kidrontal, die fuer Christen, Juden und Moslems ein Mittelpunkt der glaeubigen Welt geworden ist. — Eine Metropole im herkoemmlichen Sinne gewiss nicht!

Auf diesen wenigen Quadratkilometern ist vieles geschehen. Hier wurde Christus gekreuzigt, Davids Thron stand hier und Salomos Tempel, Mohammed soll sich hier zum Himmel erhoben haben. Durch seine Gassen zog Johannes der Taeufer. Kreuzfahrer haben

die Stadt belagert und erobert. Zahllose Personenlichkeiten der Geschichte haben in ihren Mauern gewohnt. Unter ihnen Alexander der Grosse, Koenig Herodes, Kaiser Hadrian, Sultan Suleiman der Praechtige und viele andere.

Heute hat die Stadt sich weit ueber ihre alten Mauern hinaus ausgedehnt. Hoch oben am Berg- rand sind neue, sandfarbene Sied- lungen angelegt worden. Es ist eine moderne Stadt im heutigen Stil geworden, mit einer hebraei- schen Universitaet, vielen wissen- schaftlichen und kirchlichen Insti- tuten und dem hochmodernen israelischen Hadassa-Kranken- haus. Ein mit neuen Ideen er- fuellter junger Staat mit dem eindrucksvollen "Knesset" (dem Parlament), grossen Geschaefen und Restaurants. Alle Strassen sind mit Baeumen bepflanzt und ueberall werden Parks angelegt, um die Stadt in ein "gruenes Je- rusalem" zu verwandeln.

Jerusalem hat noch andere Bei- namen wie z.B. "das goldene Je- rusalem", was mir noch einiger- massen verstaendlich ist, da mir erklart wurde dass: "wenn die Sonne die graugelben Kalkstein- haeuser anstrahlt, sie wie blasses Gold leuchten." Die Bezeichnung jedoch Jerusalem "Stadt des Frie- dens" widerspricht in meinen Au- gen den Tatsachen. Im Verhaelt- nis zu seiner geringen Groesse scheint es mir die friedloseste Staette auf Erden, in dem kaum ein Jahrzehnt ohne Blutvergies- sen verging. Noch vor etwas ueber 10 Jahren mussten Beamte der Vereinten Nationen diesen fragwuerdigen "Frieden" ueber- wachen. Damals noch wurde christlichen Bewohnern Israels nur zu Weihnachten und Ostern ein paar Tage lang das Betreten jordanischen Gebiets erlaubt.

Bevor Jerusalem vereint wur- de, schien im jordanischen Jeru- salem die Zeit stillgestanden zu haben. Zwischen uralten Mauern sah man die verschleierten Frau- en, die schwerbeladenen Esel, das Gewirr krummer Gassen gerade wie vor 1000 Jahren. Heute sind auch da die Bettler verschwun- den, die Strassen sauber, neue Gebaeude entstanden und der von Ziegen voellig kahlgefressene Oel- berg neu bepflanzt um wieder wie in den Tagen der Apostel im silbrigen Gruen zu prangen.

Interessant sind auch die Men- schen: Inderinnen im Sari, Kur- den mit hohem Turban, polnische Juden im Kaftan und Filzhut und fast schwarzhaeutige Jemeniten.

Fast 500 Synagogen gibt es in Jerusalem, aber nicht mehr alle achten den Glauben ihrer Vaeter. In manchen Vierteln ist es ge- fahrlich am Sabbat oeffentlich eine Zigarette zu rauchen, waeh- rend man 10 Minuten weiter ge- trost ein Nachtlokal besuchen kann.

Nun aber zur "Altstadt" mit ihren schmalen Gassen. Die "Via dolorosa" (der Schmerzensweg), den Jesus mit dem Kreuz gegan- gen sein soll, zieht sich zwischen Klostermauern dahin auf denen die einzelnen Stationen bezeichnet sind: Hier strauchelte Jesu, dort begegnete ihm Maria, seine Mut- ter, hier half ihm Simon von Ky- rene seine Last tragen. Die Gas- sen werden noch enger. Cafes und Obststaende saeumen den Weg. Es riecht nach siedendem Oel und Granatapfelsaft. In den Anden- kenlaenden kann man sich eine Miniaturdornenkrone mit nach Hause nehmen, einen Rosenkranz oder ein Flaeschchen mit heiligem Jordanwasser. Dann erreicht man das heiligste Gotteshaus der Chri- stenheit, die ueber der Staette der Kreuzigung, Grablegung und Auf- erstehung Christi errichtete Hei- lige Grabeskirche. Seltsamerweise darf die Kirche nur von einer Moslemfamilie geoeffnet und ver- schlossen werden, die das Schlues- selamt schon Jahrhunderte inne- hat. In der Grotte, der letzten Ruhestaette Christi scheint der Marmor von unzaehligen Pilgern glattgekuesst zu sein.

Jeden Freitag wiederholen sich die dramatischen Geschehnisse des Kreuzigungstages, wenn Franziskanermonche ein Kreuz die Strasse hinauftragen und an jeder Station haltmachen und nie- derknien um zu beten. Zu Ostern schwillt diese Prozession durch die Wallfahrer a*s aller Welt ge- waltig an.

Die heilige Mauer der Juden steht noch. Sie ist der letzte Ueberrest des Salomonischen Tempels: die Klagemauer zu der jahrhundertlang die Israeliten kamen um zu beten und zu trau- ern.

Die islamische Welt haelt ihre Gottesdienste im Felsendom

(Omarmoschee) ab. Naechst Mek- ka ist es das bedeutendste Heilig- tum des Islams. Es ist in einem grossen Felsblock beherbergt, von dem aus Mohammed zu seiner Himmelsreise aufgestiegen sein soll. In den Reisefuehrern steht: "Noch ist der Abdruck seines Fusses in dem Stein zu sehen . . . sogar die Stelle wo der Erzengel Gabriel seine Finger eingrub, um zu verhindern, dass der Fels dem Propheten folgte.

Jenseits der Mauer liegt ueber der Stadt der Garten Gethsemane. Acht Olivenbaeume sollen schon zur Zeit Christi dort gestanden haben.

Oft werden einem fuer biblische Ereignisse, die sich hier zugetra- gen haben mindestens zwei ver- schiedene Schauplaetze gezeigt. In Wirklichkeit liegt jedoch alles Echte viele Meter tief unter Haeu- sern und Strassen begraben. Aus- grabungen bringen erstaunliche Funde zutage. Da die Eroberer der Stadt pflegten nach ihrer Zer- stoerung jedesmal auf den Truem- mern neu aufzubauen, ist die ur- spruengliche Stadt mit der Zeit in immer tiefere Schichten geraten. — Auch die echte "Via dolorosa" liegt 9-12 Meter unter der heuti- gen.

Ob aber Christus nun durch diese oder jene Strasse gezogen ist, ob die Kreuzigung hier oder dort stattgefunden hat, das alles ist von geringer Bedeutung. Was allein ins Gewicht faellt, ist die Tatsache, dass Maenner dreier Weltreligionen hier gepredigt ha- ben, der Menschheit zum Vorbild geworden und hier gestorben sind.

Sollte es uns vielleicht daran erinnern, in einer Zeit in der wir alle auf dem Pulverfass zu sitzen scheinen, dass es an der Zeit waere fuer Voelker, Religionen und Brueder sich einander naeher zu kommen im Zeichen des Glau- bens. Sollte Jerusalem vielleicht wirklich die "Stadt des Friedens" werden?

... your word

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE QUEBEC PROBLEM

Dear Sir:

I want to commend you for raising the issue of Mennonite intolerance and prejudice towards Quebec in the February *Mirror*. It has greatly saddened me to see that while we are usually quick to condemn and react to racial prejudice in other parts of the world, when it occurs at home many who call themselves Christians tolerate and even encourage hostility towards other races.

Your recitation of "partial truths" calls for some further examples. You say that "there is something frantic, arrogant and impatient about the French Canadian confrontation with the rest of Canada." It would be difficult to come up with any more frantic and arrogant attitudes than those publicly expressed by two Winnipeg MP's, Dan MacKenzie and James Richardson, and certain English authors. Anything but total supremacy of English throughout Canada appears to be completely unacceptable to these people. You mention that tourists to Quebec are frequently met with intolerance at their failure to speak French. I have been to Quebec a number of times and have on every occasion met with at least as much genuine hospitality and acceptance as in western Canada, although my French is somewhat worse than John Diefenbaker's. An acquaintance who at every opportunity expounded his hard line anti-French attitudes recently attended a one-week conference in Quebec City. When he returned he was so exuberant in his praise of the acceptance, hospitality and friendship offered to him by the French Canadians it was almost like witnessing the conversion of Saul. Another acquaintance, also strongly anti-French, was contemplating a trip to Quebec with great apprehension. He finally decided that he would get along all right as long as he did not meet someone as prejudiced as himself.

I wonder how much tolerance a unilingual French-speaking tourist would encounter in Altona or Steinbach or Winnipeg. Perhaps the reaction to French-speaking people at the recent national unity hearings in Winnipeg is an indication. You say that "French Canadian members of the federal cabinet are clearly hostile to a multicultural policy." Where is the background for this statement, and is their attitude any different from English members of cabinet? What has been the record of

English western Canadian provincial governments on education or other activities in German, Ukrainian, or other minority languages?

You conclude your anti-French statements with "... all of this, and more, is true." It would have been more accurate to say "all of these are half-truths or less." If we would be a little less eager to justify our prejudices, and a little more determined to understand the problems underlying the present dissatisfactions, we might be able to exert some Christian influence even in this very difficult situation. I believe we would find that many of the difficulties that we as Mennonites have experienced in Canada have very close parallels with those of our fellow citizens in Quebec. In times of war we are quick to proclaim our peacemaking, reconciliation, and "love your enemies" Christian principles to avoid military service. Now that our country and even our own people are in danger of being torn apart by internal hatred our Christian proclamations have grown ominously silent. Where are the brave acts of love and reconciliation that we say Christ has called us to perform?

You close your editorial with the suggestion that God is laughing at us for our prejudice and animosity. I believe that He is filled with profound grief at the unfaithfulness of His people, and unless we adopt His commandment to love our neighbor we shall be brought to judgment for it. Yours sincerely,
Orly Friesen
Winnipeg

EDITOR'S NOTE

We both agree that there is unwarranted smugness and hostility among Mennonites and among western Canadians in general. We also agree that there is much in the French Canadian community that is extremely laudable. You imply, however, that we are "anti-French" when we describe negative experiences that we have had with French Canadians. Isn't it possible, however, to recognize the weaknesses of some French Canadians and still respect them? This is what we were trying to do. The assertion that Quebec cabinet ministers have blocked some multicultural proposals was based on six years' experience in Canada's Multicultural Council.

As to God's possible reaction to all this: we like to think that He has a sense of humour and that our pathetic efforts to justify our little differences, whether in the church or in the nation, must strike Him as being infinitely amusing. Isn't that how we react when people put on the most ridiculous clothes to cover their nakedness?

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find a cheque for subscription to MM. We had opportunity to read it while we were on vacation recently and we were quite impressed. We look forward to many hours of good reading.
L.W. Friesen,
Sundance, Man.

Dear Sir:

Would you please enter our name for a subscription. We would very much like to have this magazine in our home.

R. Derksen
Winnipeg

Dear Sir:

The content of your paper pleases me more and more.

J. Froese,
Winnipeg

Werter Editor:

Schicke fuer ein weiteres Jahr Lese-geld fuer den MM. Lese die Zeitschrift gern.
H.J.S.
Killarney, Man.

An den Mennonite Mirror

Vielen Dank für die regelmasaige zuesendung Ihres Blattes! Beiliegend mein Beitrag für das kommende Jahr.

Ich denke, der Mennonite Mirror hat seinen Platz unter unseren vielen guten mennonitischen zeitschriften. Er füllt eine Lücke darin aus: Mit seinen historischen Erörterungen, Biographien mennonitscher Männer u. Frauen, aber auch mit manchen gelungenen Kurzgeschickten u. anderen Beiträgen, die diesen Blatt seinen origenellen Charakter gelese.

Den Beitrag von Frau Esther Horch hab ich besonders geschätzt.

Helene Janzen
Winnipeg

THE APPARENT WEAKNESS OF THE CHURCH

It is one of the strange paradoxes of life that those qualities which are most important for living cannot be forced on anyone. We all know that you can take a horse to the river, but you cannot make him drink. Similarly, you can send a child to school but you cannot force it to learn wisdom. You can plead with a person to be good, but you cannot force goodness upon him. You can urge someone to be compassionate but you cannot force the quality of love into a single human soul.

Qualities such as wisdom, goodness, and love, take root in human lives through the tender example and patient teaching of others—and through a mysterious grace whose every appearance is like the smile of God and whose absence is the single most legitimate cause of human anguish. Discipline is important along the way so that we don't lose the possibility of being good, wise, and loving, but in the end those qualities must arise spontaneously from within the human personality. They cannot finally be coerced. There are no magic buttons to push, no guaranteed formulas for success.

In the final analysis that is also part of the meaning of the Christian Cross. On the Cross God displays His own apparent helplessness in the face of human evil. He lets evil men do to Him what they will. He pleads with them to follow His way, He gives them example after example—but in the end it is up to them, without coercion, to capture the vision which He holds before them. He does not step down from the Cross to force them to do it. God meets our mysterious ignorance and indifference, and our stubborn hearts, with infinite patience on the Cross of Golgotha.

The Cross is also the symbol of the weakness of the Christian Church. The Church has inherited the message of the Cross. It can ask people to show compassion, it can plead with them to lead godly lives—but it cannot force them to do any of those things. Whenever the church tries to coerce others to do God's will, it is in effect trying to take God down from the Cross.

The Easter story tells us that God ultimately triumphs over the Cross and it promises that those who take the way of the Cross will also triumph. Let us truly rejoice in that! But let us remember that it is the way of the Cross that is triumphant, not the way of force. The Church is triumphant when it is weak, when it relies on God's grace and its own patient ministry to purify and mature its members. Discipline may be necessary to remind us of the guideposts along the way, but the church destroys itself when it tries too hard to be strong, when it seeks to force its members through threats and harsh discipline to achieve the goodness of God.

When the church fails to apply the message of Good Friday it misses the triumph of Easter. RV

The following story is told of an elderly lady's encounter with a seasoned atheist: during a lecture tour through the American mid-west the atheist stopped to lecture in her city and she was among the throng which filled the assembly hall to hear his eloquent denunciation of everything that called itself Christian. During the following question period, she rose to explain that within the past year her husband had died and that the members of a nearby Christian church had helped and supported her in many ways. Then came her question: "If Christians are as bad as you describe, then why didn't your people come to help me instead?" Apparently there was no reply largely because it was clear that the lady had won the argument.

One thing which emerges from this incident is that there is a Christian response to human suffering. Because Christians are continually exhorted to practise Christian love, support of other humans in need comes naturally.

It is, therefore, quite natural to find the Mennonite Central Committee among those agencies bringing relief to the disaster-stricken area of India. In an article elsewhere in this magazine, John Wieler, an MCC officer who toured the stricken areas, is quoted as saying that the world only knows part of the extent of the disaster in terms of physical damage.

There have been various reports of a shortfall in MCC revenues this year—attributed in part to the economic times and in part to the wrong kind of restraint. The last thing which we rich North Americans should restrain is the amount of money we give to agencies which provide genuine assistance to those who have suffered a loss. It has been said that if every North American reduced his dietary intake by the equivalent of one piece of pie each day, there would be food available to give a decent meal to some 22 million truly undernourished people. This kind of figure is a dramatic illustration of two things: first, how much we have; second, how little the truly poor of this world have. Indeed, the crumbs from affluent homes would be truly a feast in many homes of this world.

Those who are concerned about the poor of this world need not be overwhelmed by the size of the problem. It is true that it is impossible for a handful of MCC volunteers, supported by a few thousand Mennonites in America, to begin to meet every need of the India disaster victims, or any other place. Our responsibility in fulfilling the Christian response to human suffering is to be doing something, to use our human and material resources to the fullest extent possible.

While there is no doubt that the workers in the field are working to the limits of their ability, there is equally no doubt that those at home could be doing more. While we are dismayed at the extent of the disaster, we should also remember that whatever the size of any financial donation to relief, it is from our excess. While we might wince at the suggestion that we give more, we should also remember that those we are helping have been wiped out—no home, no crops, no livelihood, no loved ones.

Those who claim to practise the Christian ethic should remember the part of Matthew, chapter 26, where God rewards the righteous because they gave him food, drink, clothing, comfort, friendship. In genuine bewilderment they ask "when did we do all these things?" And God's reply is "Anything you did for one of my brothers here, however, humble, you did for me." Once again, an example of how natural an act of kindness must be to the Christian.

In the Easter story we have Christ's death as an example of the ultimate act of love towards a rebellious world; our acts of love and kindness, whether by our support of relief organizations or our individual acts in support of people we know, are the one way we have of demonstrating that we are, indeed, His disciples. ELU

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