

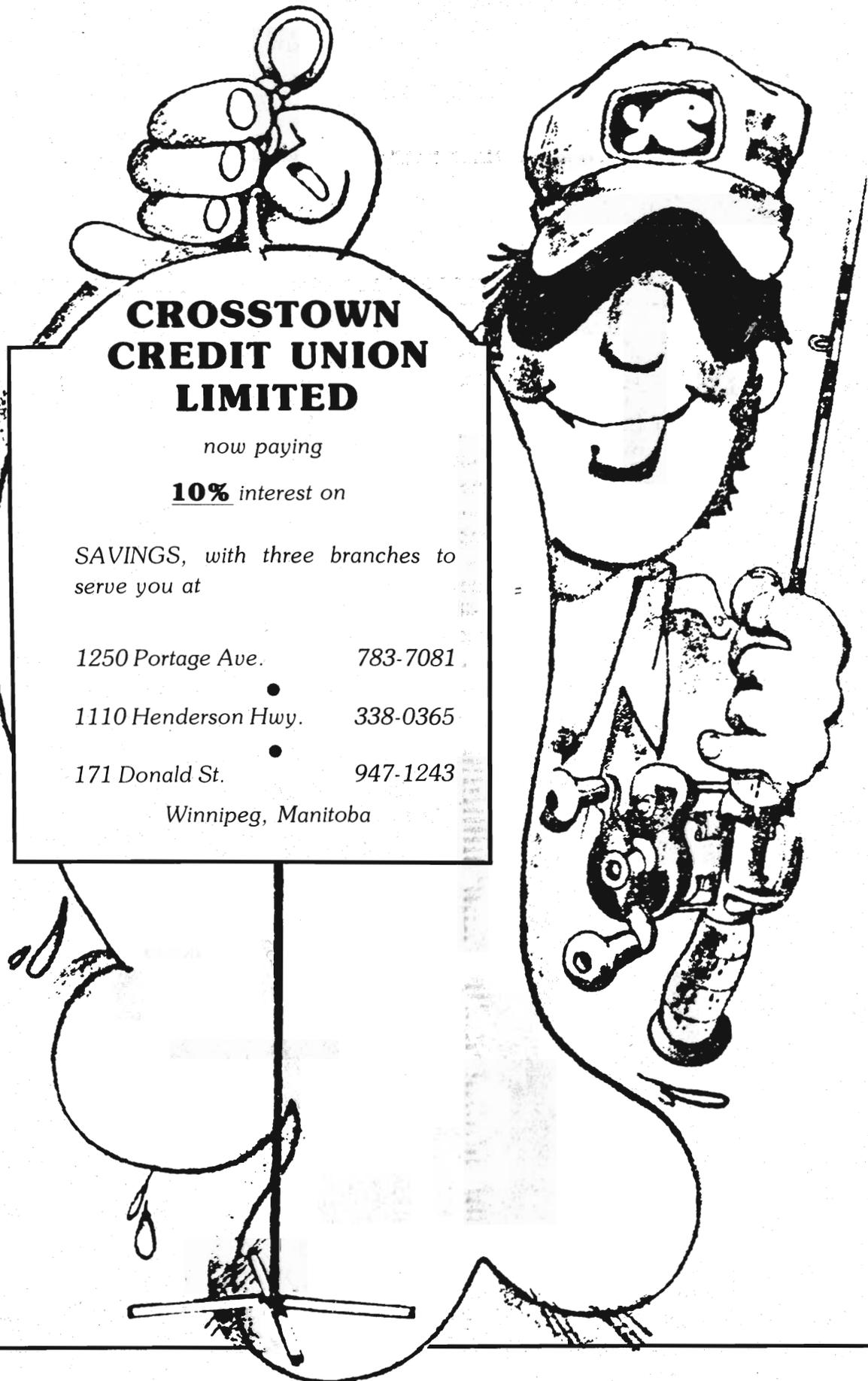
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volume 9/number 1
september 1979



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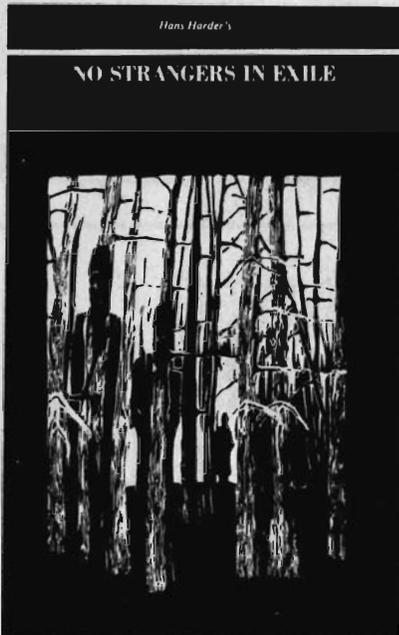
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Mirror mix-up

From among the dozens of entries to the June puzzle, Anne Marie Warkentin, of Steinbach was picked the winner.

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The answers to the June Mix-Up are rose, green, pansy, beach, garden, and crab grass.

The next mix-up will appear in our October issue.

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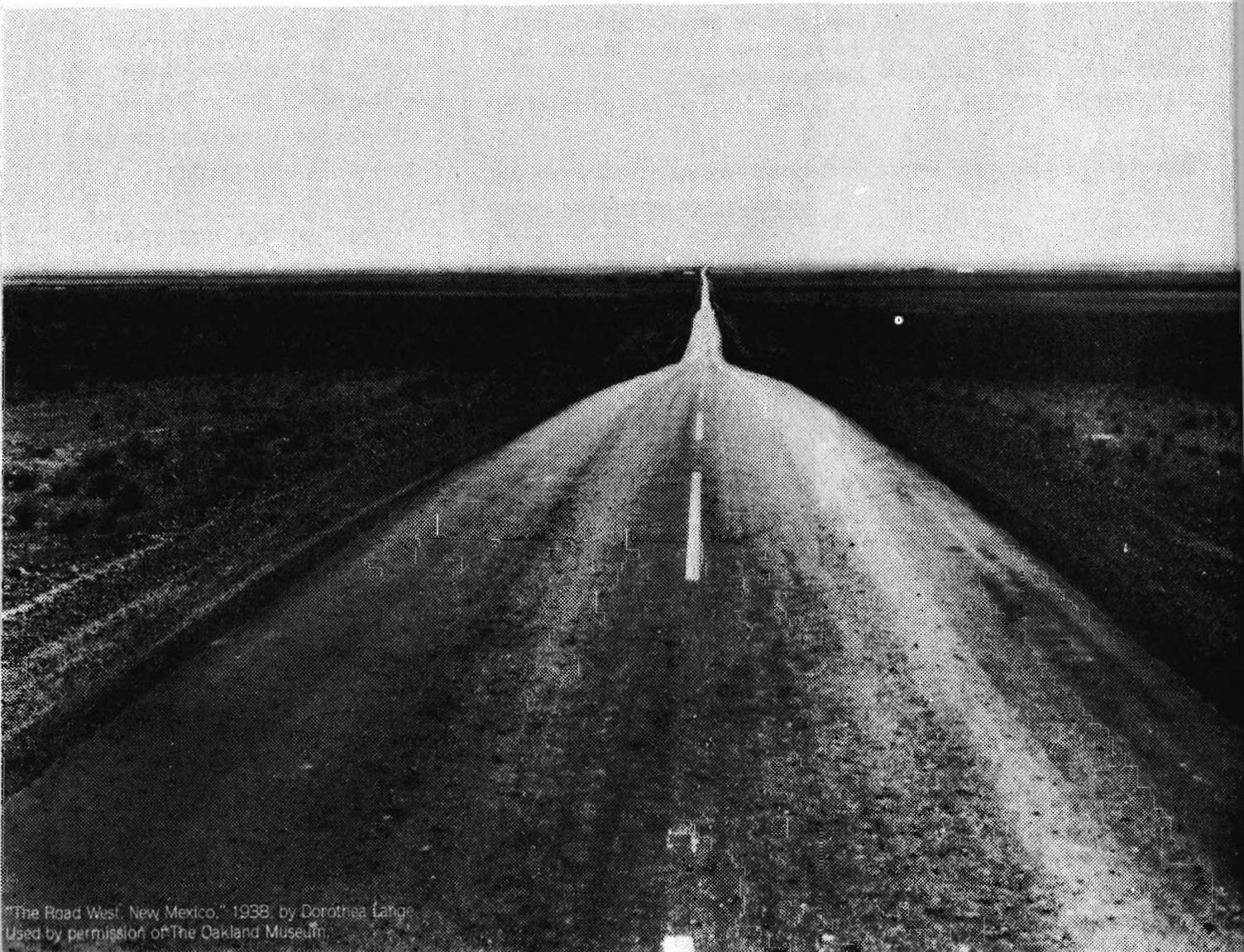
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The Cover: A view of the stockade at Crescent Park.

Mennonite Mirror

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Frank Epp may have lost but he's not done with politics

He wasn't elected to Parliament, but Dr. Frank Epp says he is not through with politics.

"It is too early to say whether or not I will run again," Dr. Epp said in an interview after the May election.

Defeated as the Liberal candidate in the Waterloo riding in the federal election, Dr. Epp left his position as president of UW's Conrad Grebel College. He will spend the next year in research and writing, then return to teaching at the college.

"One thing I know for sure," he went on, "I will be much more active in the struggle for the future of Canada than I have been in the past.

"I think it will be in the political arena at some level. I will certainly remain active in the party, and I will be active in the issues."

"In the same way issues like Vietnam, or Russia, or the Middle East, have consumed me in the past, Canada is beginning to consume me now."

Dr. Epp was active in efforts to end the Vietnam war; he has written one book on the Middle East tensions and another one is almost finished. But now, he said, his concern is going to be "The struggle to see that Canada can remain united, without bloodshed . . . or, perhaps, can come apart, without bloodshed".

He said his interest in such issues is what took him into partisan politics as a Liberal candidate. But he insisted that it wasn't a totally new world; he has never been a cloistered academic and has always been active in "the world of public affairs".

Dr. Epp commented, "The ultimate test of an academic as a teacher, I think, is whether or not he can communicate with the people. And the ultimate test of a scholar and a researcher is whether or not he can solve the problems felt by the people. And the political arena is just a very good test."

He wasn't elected; does that mean he failed?

"I don't think I was defeated," Dr. Epp said. "I think the government was defeated . . . so who the local candidates were had lesser bearing on the results."

He attributed the Conservative victory to three things: "we had had 16 years of Liberal government, and 11 years of one prime minister, and English Canada had seen French Canada move to the fore." In other words, "the desire for change" threw the Liberals out of office.

Dr. Epp said he felt free to get involved in politics because he was coming to the end of his term as president at Conrad Grebel in any case. (He was succeeded on July 1 by a new president, Ralph Lebold).

"The things that I had wanted to do were done," Dr. Epp said. He pointed to the successful completion of "a second phase of growth" during his six-year presidency. The college had prepared its long-range plan; it had built, and finished paying for, its Academic Hall.

"Administratively, this last year of the six was the lightest of the six, by far." And so the president felt "free to seek a new direction for myself".

Since he won't be in Parliament, Dr. Epp will spend his coming sabbatical year working on his research and writing—primarily, on the second volume of his massive history of Mennonites in Canada, this volume dealing with the years 1920 to 1950.

"Waterloo will remain my base," he said, "but my sources are in various parts of North America, so I will be travelling some."

The book is "about half finished", he said. "I should be able to complete it early in 1980, I should think."

Then there is a possibility of a third volume, covering the years since 1950, "but it hasn't been decided yet when that will be written—or by whom." The decision is up to the sponsor of the study, the Mennonite Historical Society of Canada, he said.

Another project during the sabbatical

year will be the final touches on his book The Israelis, sequel to the controversial The Palestinians.

"I have to do some revising in the light of the Israeli—Egyptian accord," Dr. Epp said. "My guess is that I will attend to that one first," and that it will be published in December or January.

Does that finish his involvement with the Middle East controversy? Not likely, Dr. Epp said.

"I think I would like to go back once more and, let's say, make a lecture circuit through Israeli universities in the Arab countries. Now that I have digested both sides of the conflict, I'd like to say something to both sides, or renew the dialogue with both sides."

Yet another project for the sabbatical year will be "to bring together things and writing these last six years".

Dr. Epp has sketched out a collection of about 30 papers and speeches he has produced during his presidency at Conrad Grebel. The working title is the title of his inaugural address: "Small College Set on a Hill".

"I'm not yet sure that it will be published," he said, "but I do want to finish up what I've been working on all along."

Dr. Epp says he kept up with the "essential" work of Conrad Grebel College while he was running for Parliament.

"I don't feel that I shortchanged the college, I came to the college every day, processed my mail."

Dr. Epp was on a "partial leave of absence" approved by the college's board of governors—he drew his full salary but spent only part of the working day on college business.

The agreement was, he said, "that I would attend to all essential business, and I did, as a matter of fact. . . maybe I lost the campaign for that reason."

He agreed that he might have left himself open to criticism by staying on salary from the college while he was campaigning.

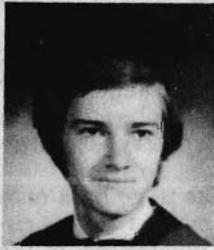
A source elsewhere in Conrad Grebel College said that there was no real concern in the college community about Dr. Epp using the college's reputation to support his political campaign.

He was "pretty prudent" about drawing college people and resources into his political orbit, the source said, although he did seem to use the college's name to bolster his reputation externally.

There was mild concern in the college about a prominent Mennonite running for office, because Mennonites have a tradition of staying out of public affairs and not everyone was comfortable with Dr. Epp's outspokenness. However, that was a minority point of view, the source said.

(Taken from the University of Waterloo Gazette.)

Manitoba news



At his graduation from Kelvin High School in June, **Reynold Lloyd Siemens** was awarded the Winnipeg School Division Entrance Scholarship, the University of Manitoba Alumni Association Award for Excellence, and an Honours Kappa Sigma certificate, all in recognition of exceptional academic achievement. He also received a Kelvin Music Activity Award for his work as concertmaster of both the Kelvin School and Operetta Orchestras. Rene, who studies the violin with Carlisle Wilson, served as assistant concertmaster of the Greater Winnipeg Youth Orchestra last season. The University of Winnipeg, where he intends to enroll in the fall, has awarded him an Entrance Scholarship. Rene, who turned 17 in June, is the younger son of Prof. and Mrs. Lloyd Siemens of Winnipeg.

At an annual meeting of the **General Conference of Mennonites in Canada** on July 7-11 two Chinese Mennonite churches became members of that conference. The two churches are located in Winnipeg and Vancouver. Of interest was a report on a special study commission which evaluated CMC's involvement with native people. It noted that there was strong support within the church for work in native communities. Topics raised during discussion were racism, qualification of board members and the ecumenical stance of the Native Ministries Board.

Heidi Quiring, Miss Canada 1979 came to Altona to act as a judge in the queen contest of the Manitoba Sunflower Festival held there on July 27 and 28. **Audrey Schellenberg** of Rosenfeld, sponsored by D.W. Friesen & Sons Ltd. was crowned during a final evening's entertainment session. The new sunflower queen receives a three-day week-end tour of Niagara Falls and Toronto, courtesy of Treflan chemicals and \$100 spending money as well as prizes from Altona merchants. Low German skits, stories, poems and songs pro-

ved to be so popular that a second program had to be arranged. Recipients of this year's Sunflower Farmer award were Harold and Anne Sawatsky.

Celebrating their married life of 50 years recently were **Mr. and Mrs. George H. Penner** of Altona on July 8; **Klaas and Helena Kroeker** of Altona on July 8; **Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Hamm** of Winnipeg on July 7; **Mr. and Mrs. John (Hans & Liese) Dyck**, Winnipeg; and **Mr. and Mrs. Jake Worms** of Morden. Celebrating their diamond anniversary at the Ridgewood EMC church on July 2 were **Mr. and Mrs. P.D. Reimer** of Steinbach. **Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Hildebrand** of Gretna celebrated 65 years of married life at the home of their children the Ed Brauns, in Altona. **Susanna and William Schellenberg** of Steinbach, both 88 years old, celebrated 69 years of marriage at Assiniboine Park on Sunday, July 29.

Mr. Peter F. Penner, formerly of Winkler and Altona has been appointed deputy minister for the community colleges division, department of education. The appointment was effective as of August 1. Mr. Penner, former principal of the applied arts and business division of Red River Community College in Winnipeg will be responsible for the general operation of Red River, Assiniboine Community College in Brandon and Keewatin Community College in The Pas. Mr. Penner, 53, was born in Russia and received his earlier education in Winkler. He has a B.A. from the University of Manitoba and received his teaching certificate in 1950. He also earned a bachelor of education degree from the university in 1970. While teaching in Altona in the fifties he became education director for the Federation of Southern Manitoba Co-operatives. Later in 1960, as executive director of the co-op union of the province, Mr. Penner was responsible for preparing and conducting courses and schools for co-op directors and was involved in the organization of a number of credit unions and other ventures.

Eight churches in southeastern Manitoba have applied for sponsorship of Vietnamese refugee families through MCC's **refugee assistance program** according to John Doerksen of MCC in Winnipeg. Some Families have already arrived while others have been delayed by screening programs and transportation congestion. When the rest of the 450 MCC-sponsored refugees arrive in Manitoba they will be settled by affinity groups. The three families in Winkler are Vietnamese of Chinese extraction who speak Cantonese while those designated for Steinbach, Blumenort, Landmark, Niverville and Grunthal will be Vietnamese speaking. The idea that the families will be a liability to the com-



Take a moment to reflect, look in the *Mirror*

Ten times each year the *Mennonite Mirror* publishes a variety of news, feature articles, reviews, and creative writing that relate to Mennonites. It's a magazine intended for people who are Mennonites and who are concerned about what it means to be a Mennonite.

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munity is wrong says Mr. Doerksen. They are prepared to take jobs no one else wants and because they have nothing, they will be consumer oriented for years to come and in this way will create jobs.

According to reports from Winkler, jobs have been found for the three families. With their eagerness to adapt there may be a problem of getting them to retain their culture.



John Wayne Grant Giesbrecht, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Giesbrecht of Plum Coulee, was awarded the Master of Arts degree by the University of Denver, Graduate School of Librarianship and Information Management, on August 17. John is also a graduate of the University of Winnipeg, Red River Community College and the Mennonite Collegiate Institute.

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Eugene Derksen, Steinbach, publisher of the Carillon received three awards in the national weekly newspaper competition this year. The newspaper received second prize in the 'best all round newspaper' category for newspapers with a circulation over 10,000 and second in the competition for best editorial page. A photo spread over several pages showing the devastation of last summer's tornado in Aubigny, St. Anne and Greenland won a third-place award for the paper.

Pioneer Days at the Mennonite Village Museum was a four day event of August 3-6. A parade, another performance Landmark drama group's to 'Daut Straume Schalduk' was a highlight. Old time hog slaughtering took place and people could get their fresh sausages right there. Sunday's program was of the old fashioned meeting place style in which a variety of Low German and English songs and readings were presented. The last day carried to the crowd the quick staccato of the auctioneers voice and the hum of an old threshing machine and saw rig.

The **Steinbach Treble Teens** went off to Vienna, Austria in August. They participated in an international singing festival sponsored by the United Nations. Local businessmen sponsored a \$100 a plate breakfast in late July in order to make up the last \$4,500 necessary for the trip. The choir had at that point raised most of the \$60,000 necessary to finance the trip. The girls left on July 29 to fulfill performance commitments at the opening ceremonies of the new UN headquarters in Vienna.

The **Evangelical Mennonite Conference** the former Kleine Gemeinde (small church) of Canada, held its delegate and mission conference from July 6-8. The guest speaker was Dr. Archie Penner, former pastor of the EMC church in Steinbach. The four and a half thousand member conference took on a budget of \$600,000.

Construction on **Clearspring Shopping Centre**, named after a British pioneer settlement, began in **Steinbach** at the end of June. The new shopping centre will be located on a 37 acre site opposite the Mennonite Village Museum. The project, the largest shopping centre outside Winnipeg, is headed by Steinbach businessman Jim Penner of Penner Foods and Ernie Penner of A.K. Penner & Sons of Blumenort.

About 200 members of the Heinrichs clan gathered for a picnic at the Altona park on June 30. An amusing highlight of the afternoon was a ball game where players with a non-Heinrichs name pitted themselves against the Heinrichs and won. The Dave Heinrichs family presented a skit recalling scenes from yesterday. There was one about grandpa Heinrichs having one of the first cars which he wasn't allowed to park in the church parking lot because it was considered sinful.

Groundbreaking ceremonies for **Bethel Place** at Stafford St. and Carter Avenue were held in Winnipeg on Aug. 24. A fuller report will appear in the October issue.

DATES

Sept. 21-22: The public is invited to attend a series of lectures by Dr. John Howard Yoder, Professor of Theology at Goshen Biblical Seminary, at the U. of Winnipeg. General topic of lectures: "An Anabaptist View of Politics." Lectures sponsored by the chair in Mennonite Studies.

Sept. 29-30: MCC (Manitoba) Alumni reunion at Camp Assiniboia. The 29th will be for volunteers who have returned within the last two years.

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Can we handle all those boat people?

by Hilda Matsuo

Somebody dared to put feelings into words and broadcast them on the air. The speaker bluntly stated that the Vietnamese boat people should remain in Asia. In a supporting wave of Archie Bunkerism, Canadians jammed the switchboard of the radio station. Fortunately, more sympathetic Canadians abound.

Whether the positive response of those others stems from charity, from guilt feelings over injustices, or from gratitude for assistance given during political upheavals, is immaterial. The feeling is there. The openly bigoted Canadian does, however, play a vital role in our understanding of the immigrant Indochinese. They often focus attention on concerns which impinge on all of us. Remember those conversations about the rotten Hungarian in the fifties? Remember also the 37,188 other Hungarians you didn't hear about?

By way of zeroing in on some of the negativism toward the Indochinese, it is of interest to remember that it is not only Canadians of European extraction who worry about job security and cultural differences. Sectors of our Canadian society culturally and racially allied to the Indochinese refugees are grumbl-

ing at the Canadian government's magnanimous attitude toward the boat people. Officially helpful, some are, on the grass roots level, annoyed that refugees, sometimes formerly wealthy, are to be allowed citizenship while members of their own extended families wait for admission. We don't have to look far for similar attitudes. Each generation of Canadians (e.g. Canadier and Rußländer) has been capable of viewing the latest group of immigrants in one instance with an eye jaundiced by suspicion and in another with a kindly benevolent one.

The concern of Canadians toward Indochinese refugees varies. One concern deals with the question as to whether or not Canada's economy can handle 50,000 refugees by the end of 1980. Perhaps an answer to this question lies in the bare fact that Canada since 1945 has accepted more than 350,000 refugees. Also, in the period immediately preceding the great depression, 21,000 Mennonite refugees alone entered Canada, not to mention other immigrants. Perhaps it is over simplistic to say we aren't suffering today and immigrants or not, the depression was world wide. By way of comparison, note that North America's yearly population

growth for the period 1963-1972 ran at 1.8 per cent and also that Canada's population growth for the year ending in March of 1979 was .8 per cent. This includes growth from refugee influx into Canada. In other words, our low birth rate enables us to absorb the extra population more readily. Remembering that by the end of March of this year 10,494 Indochinese of the total of 50,000 expected immigrants had arrived, we are looking at under 40,000 to come by the end of 1980. If we are then speaking of two fiscal years with some 20,000 refugees arriving each year we add to the percentage of normal population growth an additional .08 per cent. We must not lose sight of the fact either, that normal growth without immigration really stood under .8 per cent in April of 1979.

By way of further comparison our population increase in 1928, after the peak period of pre-depression immigration, stood at 1.2 per cent and in 1956 with the coming of the Hungarians, at 1.9 per cent.

The ever recurring question that comes to mind is why does there have to be immigration of Indochinese in the first place? Canadians followed with interest the recent Geneva Conference convened by the UN Secretary General which dealt with the problem of Indochinese refugees. Flora MacDonald as Canada's new external affairs minister showed a feisty 'get tough' attitude in a statement where she identified the source of the Indochinese refugee problem as "the intolerable expulsion of whole segments of the population". More interesting perhaps for those who saw it, was a letter to the editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* signed by John Wieler, one of a four-member MCC delegation to Vietnam this May, and Vern Ratzlaff. Addressing themselves to the minister's statement, they qualified it by saying that she identified a source, not *the* source. To quote from the letter to the Press, "other dimensions of the problem"... "include the tremendous economic pressures placed on Vietnam by the abrupt withdrawal of American capital after the fall of Saigon in 1975, devastation of its agricultural potential by several years of sustained land banking, long-term effects on vegetation by defoliant spraying, and recurring drought/flood."

In addition they mention unexploded bombs and shells in Laos, as a threat to agriculture and the refusal of America to normalize relation between themselves and Vietnam while restoring relations with China.

Canadians they feel, should act as peacemakers rather than continuing the more popular route of polarizing the situation in Southeast Asia.

mm

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Missing barn is absent "friend" at Osterwick reunion

by Renee Siemens

The author of the following two reminiscences is a native of Osterwick and an occasional contributor to the Mirror. She is the wife of Dr. Lloyd Siemens of the University of Winnipeg.

"Then we drove out to the old farm in Osterwick. Frank now has some of those round-topped metal sheds out there, and things look pretty good all round."

I'm not sure what made me ask. Lloyd's response was half expected but it was still something of a blow when it came.

"Where is the new structure then? I suppose it is in the back yard, behind the old barn, maybe?"

He took a moment to think and then looked puzzled: "Come to think of it, I don't remember seeing the barn. It must be gone and I didn't consciously notice!" He paused, and then as an afterthought added, "I'm sure now that the barn is gone."

Something strange happened to me then. A small gasp caught me and before I could help myself I was crying. Embarrassed by my own unexpected sentimentality, I turned away while trying to wipe the tears with my fingers.

Lloyd had just returned from spending two days with his dad in the Altona, Winkler and village countryside. Because the day was hot, I'd prepared a cold salad supper earlier. Now we had time to have a pre-meal glass of wine in the back yard while rehearsing the two-days' events. I had been looking forward to listening but Lloyd's delicious recital had been dampened by my reaction to news of the loss of a once central, tangible piece of my childhood.

"I don't want to go to the village's reunion on Sunday then," I managed. "I just can't, you know. With that barn gone there is just nothing left. So much once happened in and around it that was important to our family," I pleaded for understanding.

His face showed that he did understand, but somehow I still felt the need to explain to my town-bred, teacher's son husband what that barn had once meant to us, how it had served as vital shelter and birth-place for livestock, horses, cats and dogs; as storage facility for massive amounts of hay and some grain and preparation place for fodder; how

we'd moved all our household possessions into the barn's long north shed (*ovesied*) to live there one exciting summer while our old Mennonite house was demolished and replaced by one of the first *feine nieje hiesa manke darpa*; how it was a center for both work and play.

As a child I spent contented, cozy times there, perhaps watching the adults milk the cows or feed and water them, or squirt warm milk into the waiting mouths of cats and kittens who often kept themselves warm on winter nights by sleeping on the backs of horses or cows. The hayloft was a wonderful place in which to tumble, slide and summersault 'midst mountains of hay which we'd help dad harvest when, in turn, we were considered to be old enough to be of some use. And beyond compare was the drama of slinging a rich load of hay high up into the loft via a pulley-track system with the horses straining to provide the counterweight.

For the game of anti-over, the barn's height and size provided a real challenge. The long *ovesied* roof added an element of unpredictability. From it the rubber ball would bounce strangely when thrown over the barn roof proper from the opposite side. We played this game with friends or among ourselves endlessly throughout the long summers. An equally popular past-time was throwing the ball against the high end wall to catch it on the rebound, a useful game when one was alone without a playmate. With a partner the ball needed to be thrown at enough of an angle to be caught by the other person who would then return it in the same way. What a workout that wall must have gotten in its lifetime!

Vivid memories include the time when a stroke of lightning left dad and me slightly stunned as it peeled red paint off that same end wall while we stood hand in hand just a few yards away. Another memory is of the barn as a kind of homing point. Its height, colour and location made it visible from a fair distance away along the east road which took most of the traffic to and from town

and other villages. "*Doah es uns Staut. Nüh se vie meist tühs*" was invariably shouted by whoever could make the first sighting.

Lloyd had become quiet. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm not sure what came over me, but it all suddenly seemed so important. Please do go on. I really was enjoying your story and had been looking forward to hearing it. I'm fine now."

He picked up where he had left off. "After some joshing with Frank, and the use of his bathroom (now completely modern and you should see their fantastic new kitchen cupboards which must have cost a mint), dad and I continued on through other villages. Dad took me through Blumenfeld where the Jim Hamms once taught. The same school and teacherage are still there. And there are name plates for all the yards now, and do you know, we counted four Peter Eliases and at least as many Klassens. We went through any number of villages until I lost track. Even dad got completely lost and at times didn't know where we were.

"In Reinland we stopped at the Enns farm, the ones who rent some land from dad. That is quite a farming operation! We watched them shoot grain up a huge silo while being treated to a beautiful commentary of *roota, boota, and pooste* from a Rußländer relative and farming partner of the Enns'. It really was great stuff!"

I remarked that it seemed so unlike the way it once was to think of modern silos dotting the village setting. Lloyd assured me that they were by now a common sight.

He backtracked in his story here. Originally he had planned to spend both Monday and Tuesday with his father in Winkler while I stayed in the city to do some painting. A Siemens funeral intervened to take him to Altona on the Monday. There he'd met much of the Siemens clan, and Siemens tombstones had impressed him with the positive message of an impressive strain of longevity in the family line. Anyway, the tour of crops and villages had to wait until Tuesday.

"The last thing those people need is idle visitors from the city. They are much too busy. Forget about the quiet life out there! Would you believe that dad had calls from three different buddies to go out for morning coffee, all before we left for our little tour on Tuesday morning? He had missed Monday because of the funeral and by Tuesday they seemed pretty frantic. Things were really hopping! Dad is, after all, only 73 years old!" We were still chuckling when our son stepped outside to ask what university courses to take in the fall.

The redness had not quite left my eyes. I explained that I'd shed a few

tears for the old red barn. Ren looked slightly puzzled and then turned to more significant things.

In the next few days my mind turned periodically to the barn which dated back to my grandparents' time. The "old Dyck farm" is now in the hands of the third generation of the same family but that reassuring fact has not halted the process of change. Undoubtedly most of it was inevitable.

Already, before my time, the *Tweshen yebieda* between *Hüs* and *Staul* had been removed. Then, during my childhood, the present house replaced the old, inconvenient, hard to heat, basementless one. Mother must have welcomed the change. But in my book, the old house, was the homier place with its shutters, screened and vine-covered south verandah in which we played on hot days and mosquito-ridden evenings, and its attic filled with treasures. At any rate, it serves my romanticized recollections best.

I suppose the barn's demise began when father converted part of its west end into a garage-machine shed affair. This cut up the interior and broke up its exterior symmetry. After dad's death mother had the barn partitioned for easier maintenance and to help keep the few animals left warm more easily. Now, with less emphasis on diversification (there are no animals left), the barn must indeed have been useless in its old age, and increasingly decrepit, I expect. So why would anyone mourn an old barn, I wonder.

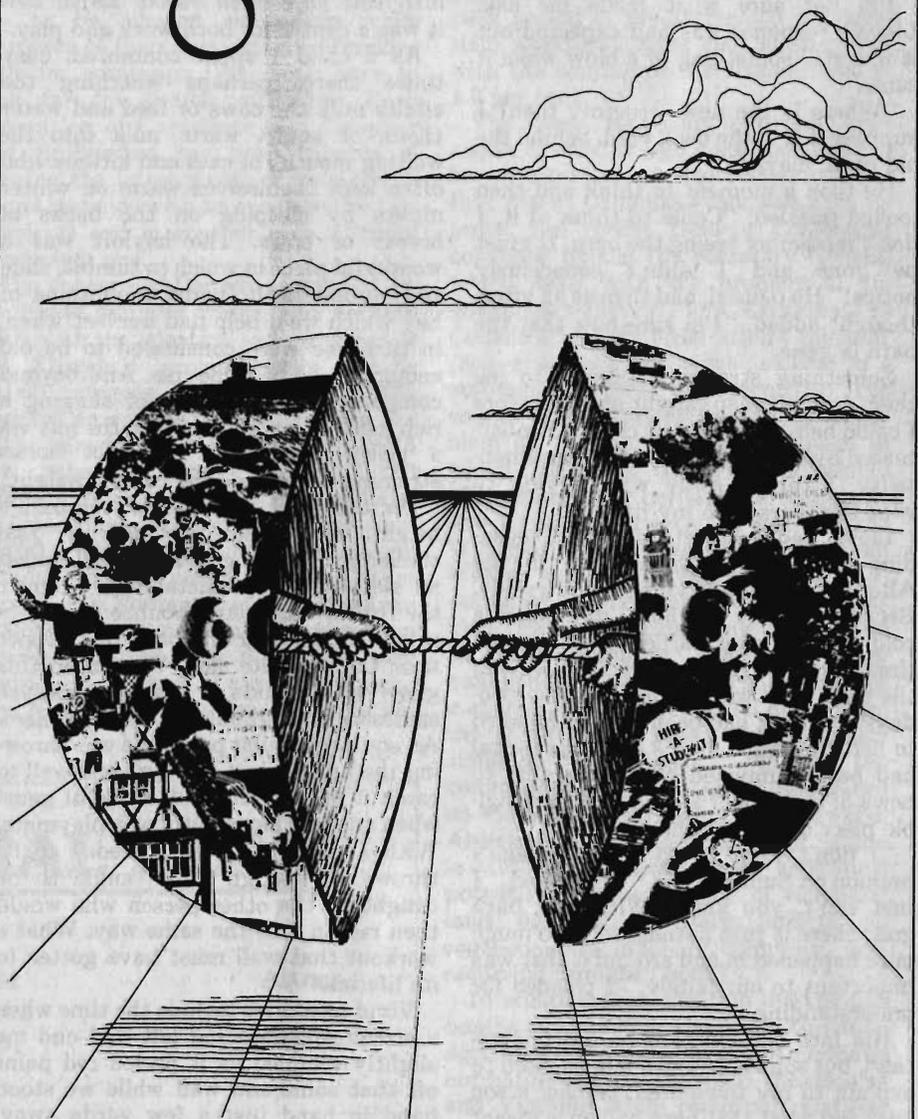
By Sunday I was anxious to attend the reunion. The barn's absence would not disturb me.

Changes mark miles to reunion

We debated about the morning service. It was to feature a choir workshop led by Mrs. Dave Penner, daughter of K.H. Neufeld. Her husband's family, known to me as *Butcha Pannash von Winkla*, had once lived in Osterwick. The weather looked uncertain. We had hoped for a sunny drive out and so we decided to have a relaxed Sunday morning brunch at home before setting out on a leisurely trip to the village of my birth.

The lush green countryside of mid-July seemed to become even richer as we neared Winkler. The smell of affluence was unmistakably in the air. In town we passed the old Osterwick school in which I'd spent the better part of 10 years of my life. It looks out of place standing there in Winkler, perhaps only

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because I knew it so well in its previous setting. Not just school was held in it then, but funerals and weddings too, particularly before the Sommerfelder church was built. Red Cross auctions, Film Board showing, *Ovent Tschoich*, DVBS, the odd *Jugend Verein* and sometimes Sunday School also took place in the old school.

The scene just south of Winkler is altered as well. Along the now nicely paved highway the first miles are almost suburban. Rambling big bungalows have sprung up where only grain fields stood. A large new school is under construction at the Schanzenfeld corner three miles south of town. Obviously the problem here was not one of dropping enrollments. We were surprised, as we turned west at the Hochfeld corner for the final few miles to Osterwick, to find that road paved also. How well I remember rattling along those dirt roads!

By then the sun was shining and only scattered clouds remained in the sky. The Pembina Hills, now in full view, seemed deceptively near. An interplay of light, shadow and colour, made the distant clump of trees (plainly Osterwick even without the red barn) appear to be nestled in the crook of the hills where they curve inward as they approach the American border. The scene was one of real beauty, surely the prettiest of any village setting. Why had anyone ever assumed that I'd grown up on the flat prairie? How often I had pondered that ever present blue ridge which had enabled us, whenever it became suddenly obscured, to accurately time the arrival of an approaching rain or snowstorm.

As we neared the village, cars glistened everywhere along the street, in the ditches and yards. We decided to join those who had parked their vehicles in our old yard. I tried to absorb the changes as we entered the single driveway. There used to be two, one which curved up the middle of the front yard and another, fenced off *gang* to the south side for cattle and machinery. Fences which partitioned the yard and defined property lines and gardens had disappeared. Gone, too, were all the out-buildings—garage, grainery, and the chicken, hen and pig barns. Only a row of lilacs separated the garden, now near the house instead of far away behind the barnyard, from the schoolyard next door. To be sure, inhabitants must have tidied up for the occasion, but, again, the impression was almost suburban, and somewhat antiseptic. Certainly no typical farm messes and odours were about!

The afternoon program had already begun and the huge tent in the schoolgrounds was filled to overflowing. The *Plautdietsch* was spectacular, a real treat, and probably as unadulterated by

High German or English as could be found anywhere. Nick Wiebe, representing Mayor Henry Wiebe of Winkler, because of the latter's illness, made a few remarks in a healthy *Plaut*. A history of the village, also in the dialect, was presented by Ernest Boehlig. Frank Enns read a *Plautdietsch* poem composed by his Uncle John Neufeld for the event, with some verses added by Frank to identify the author and tell of his large store of similar poetry. Art Warkentin delivered his brief English comments in nothing less than impressive style and without a taint of that old flatness. (I'm told that he is the winner of oratorical competitions). Two local ladies performed a familiar hymn tune for which they had written secular words in the dialect. Apparently, in response to popular demand, they repeated it again in the evening.

Former teachers' names were read out and those present had the opportunity to respond. Among those who did was the still attractive and vital Mrs. Ben Unruh who recalled briefly her year as a beginning teacher in Osterwick. It was lovely of her to come when she was moving to B.C. the next day.

It was easy to spot familiar faces in the audience. Some, in turn, indicated recognition of me with a smile and a nod.

Following the program, visitors were invited to a stand-up *faspa* of buns, dilled cukes, coffee (referred to by some as *prips*), baked cookies, cakes and squares. Before eating we took a look at the photographs from private collections on display in the school. A fair sampling showed our family at various stages and a snapshot of my own wedding had somehow crept in. Easily dominating the display was a photo of Mrs. Isaac Friesen at the pump.

During *faspa* I met many a former schoolmate. My contemporaries seemed to be well represented. Most were outwardly surprisingly unchanged. If anything, they looked healthier and happier than I had remembered. Time had been kind to them.

An easy rapport existed among us, but then we had not come to discuss controversial subjects. Mainly we asked each other what we were doing, where we were living, how many children we had and their ages. A number were farming in the Carman, Austin, McCreary, McAuley regions. (I wonder what havoc that may have played with the ethnic balance of those "died in the wool" areas). Some were living and working in Morden, Winkler and Winnipeg. None seemed to have married former schoolmates.

Kibitzing came naturally and recollective bits about football, baseball and volleyball were popular, perhaps because I was once such an enthusiast. I especially enjoyed meeting a former

neighbour, some seven years my senior, who is now a Sommerfelder minister. As he joined the small group which had gathered, he indulged easily in the light-hearted banter which developed as he attempted, with a little trouble, to identify me. When he incorrectly placed me in my mother's family, on the right property but in the wrong generation, we joked about how that might reflect either on his own age or on my apparent age. He was socially relaxed and completely in touch with people generally, so refreshingly unlike the ministers I used to see in the villages with their dour personalities and matching garb. I once knew his family well. The younger members were my closest playmates.

In my day such a reunion would have been difficult to organize. Except for funerals and weddings, where roles were pre-set along traditional lines, community involvement was minimal. Now there was actually an "Osterwick ladies"! Everyone was busy on committees or just working to help bring off the event successfully. I sensed a new warmth, a receptive community atmosphere which did not exist when I lived there. People then tended simply to tolerate each other while living quietly, though often critically, side by side. The reasons for the change are complex, of course, but people are clearly more willing to share and work together in friendship and mutual interest.

mm



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Crusade

A short story by Tim Wiebe

"...And there will come in that time a period of tribulation such as the world has never known and will never know again..." The evangelist's voice climaxed in quivering fervency; the message blended into the gospel choir's benediction, and a fine-tuned finger edited the performance with a flick of the car-radio knob. Hal yawned. The back seat was warm and the autumn sun mourned—only a little sadly—over stubbled fields, where splotches of fire scattered throughout the land skirted weary patches of sooty black. FIRE AND BRIMSTONE. The final harvest. Burning of the chaff. Hal shuddered, and turned. . . turned to the fields which were still awaiting the harvest. The stalks were bowed with ripeness and age.

A ragged sky, tattered slashes of cloud. . . soft, white, and fleeing. Oncoming winter was the wrong time of the year for cotton candy. Fleeing—running away. The preacher's voice. "Repent and be saved!" Hal reasoned, dodged, concluded. On days like this, he always felt strong in his faith. . . days when his soul mingled with the clean black soil, and his spirit settled like the dusty haze—laden with the sun's rays, punctuated by the dull, soothing thud of gravel on the undercarriage of the car, and his own soul.

The road wasn't paved, but it was straight, and, at its end, grandpa would always be there, holding to a life of soil with gentle tenacity. Grandma and grandpa were older now, of course, and the farm was no more, but in their eyes—in grandpa's honest face and hands, there lay still the look of the land. HE was the preacher, and at the "harvest call," his "sheaves" would respond and bring forth their yield. An "evangelist of the earth." A "saint of the soil" Hal smiled to himself. (He always became a little corny in his poetic ramblings). His thoughts turned to his

childhood. They had to. What he was feeling now had been born in him before he had learned to use words to express feeling.

Hal let the wooden screen door fall shut noisily. Outside, his parents were talking to "the folks." Nothing had changed. It never would. The basement with the coal stove and the huge heap of black bituminous. Grandpa shovelling, fuelling. He was close to eighty now, but his large silver shovel still crunched firmly into the large black hill and emerged well rounded with rich black coal. The big bedroom with the huge cast-iron triple bed. He'd had many an all-star wrestling match on that bed. He was "horrible Hal", 220 pounds of muscle and gristle. . . and no country cousin of his would touch him in a match—no matter how big! The big oaken table bearing its abundant burden staunchly. Hal knew that the adjacent pantry was still full. . . there would be dried apricots in the evening (if he didn't get caught)! The den (the funny room with the TV in it), still breathed comfort and ease. There would be a hockey game tomorrow evening. . . and Hal would have an entire easy chair to himself. (Grandpa never could see the purpose in having ten grown men fighting for a little hunk of rubber. . . why not give them each one so that they wouldn't have to fight for it?) Maybe grandpa just didn't understand hockey. It didn't matter. While the rest of the house grew dark, and the waxen parlor adjoining the den faded from view, the game would go on, and Hal would be in his own little heaven. . . an aura of warmth and love surrounding him.

Hal was always a little frightened of going upstairs, though. That was where the "ghost room" was; a drab, cobwebbed room full of relics (and spooks). Guests were usually put upstairs. . . but the big bedrooms were usually empty, and always cold. Hal hurried

downstairs. Granny and grandpa greeted him with warm reserve. It was supper time.

* * *

The car passed through the drab, contentedly stagnant town. The old general store flaunted age with "Drink 7-Up" signs. (Just like the store in town near the old farm, thought Hal.) Something was at work in his spirit. . . something rural, simple and majestic. Hal's younger brother was sitting beside him. He was reading. (For once, they weren't fighting!) He turned a page. Hal closed his eyes.

* * *

Grandpa was getting ready for milking. Hal scrambled out of bed, knocking the blanket high in twisting deformity. Breakfast always came first (of course). As usual, there was a collage of cereals, in technicolor cardboard billboard boxes. Hal chose carefully. Grandpa had already sat down. . . bowl high with cereal. . . almost like a truck full of grain. He bowed his head on work-tooled hands. The same words, the same mumbled style, and the same husky fervency. Hal couldn't understand the German words, but he could feel, (and he did). He began eating in silence. Everything tasted better on the farm, and Hal wasn't quite finished when grandpa stood up and made off decisively for the barn, empty milk pails glinting in the freshness of a new day. It was early autumn, and the air was sharp.

Hal hurried into the barn. Grandpa had already called the cows into the barn; his hoarse "COME BOSS!" sounding strangely profound in the attentive morning. The barn was warm. . . and it smelled. Hal had come to identify this smell with the times when he was truly happiest. . . and if other kids could only wrinkle their noses. . . well, that was fine too. (It made HIM feel peaceful, anyway). Hal checked for eggs. He

avoided those nests still occupied by chickens; he was too frightened to actually reach underneath and check. Only grandpa could do that.

Grandpa milked steadily. . .firmly . . .skilfully. Without losing rhythm, he squirted a stream of warm milk to the shabby cat, waiting expectantly a few feet away. Hal laughed. Milking finished, grandpa unhitched the cows, led them into the morning light. Then, he went back into the barn, and opened the door leading to the pig shed. Chop dust swirled around his feet like an earthly halo as he slopped the pigs.

Today, grandpa would work the sum-

mer fallow. Hal was shaking as he asked "Can. . .can. . .May I go along?!".

Grandpa nodded, and smiled. he headed back for the farmhouse, swinging the sloshing milk pails from his arms, carrying Hal on his shoulder.

* * *

The car turned onto another road. Sun-baked gravel dented the hub caps. The dust levitated in a gritty trail behind the car. . .and Hal yawned a little and stared across the fields. A farmer was working his land—with gleaming new machinery. "Lazy-boy tractors!" thought Hal. This wasn't the same. Hal looked ahead . . .and saw a line of trees. . .an ascending windbreak.

* * *

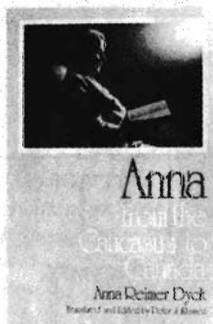
Grandpa's tractor had no cab. The spring seat wasn't really too comfortable. The orange beast didn't always start for other people, but it always started for grandpa. Hal sat on the heavy spring seat and hung on for dear life. The newly plowed earth reeked with weedless black purity. It looked good. Grandpa stood, straight, beside the wheel, one handing the tractor in straight lines and tight curves. Hal enjoyed plowing most of all—even more than discing or harrowing. The plow was the deepest, most thorough process, and the most beautiful as well, as intricate slices of curved earth pushed through the spaces between the slashing blades of the plow. The stubble would merge with the soil and each would benefit. Hal's thoughts weren't completely clear, but he knew that the seat was warm, grandpa's arm was around his shoulders, and he knew that this was an adventure for grandpa. . .and always would be for as long as he worked the land. Grandpa was not just a plain farmer, doing the same mindless things each day; to Hal, he was a broad-shouldered, fearless explorer, with face set firm and stubby, and eyes quietly and peacefully fervent. Those same eyes scanned the sky and turned to Hal. It was time for dinner. A long arm swung Hal over the side of the tractor, and as the big lugs began mov-

ing again, Hal looked upwards to see grandpa's heavy frame settling once again behind the large wheel. He turned and waved a blackened hand. Hal grinned, turned, and headed back for the house. Walking down the dusty path towards the farmyard, he looked for gophers, slingshot in hand. In the background, the tractor's bass drone faded into the gritty horizon. Hal turned one last time. Shadows were gathering, and a sunset was painting dusk. Through hazy colors, Hal saw the gentle profile. Man, machine, land. . .and love. yes, it was love. . .and it would be working late. Hal rambled home slowly, and sniffed deeply. Supper was on. There would be lots. With a shout, he began running, and the tractor's rumble faded out of hearing.

* * *

The country road spilled messily onto the highway leading into town, and the car accelerated gratefully on an unshifting surface. The buildings sagged patiently in the September sun. Rows of retired houses gazed dully on the highway. Inside, one-time farmers were re-living the quiet glory of youth and manhood and sweaty virility. Grandpa was no different now, and Hal knew it. . .although he still fought that knowledge. The huge, rambling farmhouse was now a four room "palace" of

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grey stucco and bland plywood. Hundreds of acres of rich, sensuous soil were now a single small garden plot. The weathered barn was now a drooping garage. The heroic old tractor was now a garden tiller. The lawn had been mowed, although patches of grass had been missed. (The blades were no longer sharp). The car turned onto the stunted driveway. Hal turned his head and gazed past the elevators to the rugged fields just outside of town.

* * *

Grandpa would be hungry. He'd been out on the fields all day. Hal slithered under the barbed wire fence and cut through the pasture. The pond was stagnant after the sweltering day, and the ducks seemed almost grateful for the ripples caused by the flat stone which Hal skipped across the murky water. A few crushed cowpies lay steaming in the declining sun—split open by the tractor's big wheels. (Hal had learned from experience NOT to test their hardness by standing on them). The field was in sight. Hal stumbled and fell as he ran down the furrow, but was up as quickly. Grandpa saw him and slowed the tractor to a halt. The last few rounds could wait. His step was firm and purposeful. . . but a little stiff. Hal held up supper proudly. Grandpa said nothing—he just smiled and clamped a huge, grimy hand on Hal's shoulder, and swung him onto his own as they walked to a grassy knoll at the end of the field. From his perch, Hal felt he could see everything—right to the evergreens at the entrance to the farm. Grandpa's huge arm swung Hal to the ground again. It was supertime. Grandpa took off his hat and bowed his head. There seemed to be silence everywhere. All of nature was a part of that tacit prayer, and Hal, too, bowed his head in silence. Prayer over, grandpa reached into the battered lunch kit, handed Hal a sandwich and asked with a twinkle, "Still hungry?" Hal nodded eagerly and dug in. (He'd just eaten supper, but that didn't matter!) Steam rose from the coffee thermos and grandpa drank the last of it as he swung up onto the tractor again. The comforting roar was the last thing Hal heard before he fell asleep. He heard the door slam, and soon after, he heard granny and grandpa reviewing the day's events. He looked up at the ceiling and sighed. Why couldn't he just STAY this happy, always? Maybe someday he could. (He'd ask grandpa about it tomorrow). Maybe tomorrow, grandpa would drive him to town. He always bought Hal a soft drink at the store. They always looked so refreshing. . . standing waist-deep in water in the cooler. . .

* * *

The door opened grudgingly, and Hal was the last one in. Things were so dif-

ferent now. Grandpa rose slowly as he saw them. He was stooped now, and his handshake, though still strong, was somewhat vague. Seated in the parlor, the family made conversation, and Hal was glad for the opportunity to go outside and play baseball. His mind wasn't on the game though. Grandpa was still alive, but he wasn't GRANDPA anymore. Hal dropped his glove and walked slowly back to the house. It was supertime. Before they started, grandpa bowed his head in silence. As he raised his eyes, (they still twinkled), he grinned, looked at Hal and asked "Hungry?" Hal looked up to face him. The face had more wrinkles. The hair was white. The hands trembled slightly. But his eyes were the same. Hal laughed. . . like a little boy. . . and reached for a bun.

* * *

It was time to leave. Hal shook hands with grandpa again. There was the same dirt under the nails. Hal turned quickly and ran to the car. He couldn't speak. As the car pulled off the driveway, grandpa waved again. The gathering dust framed his big body, and the wind gently ruffled his hair. Hal faced the fields. His eyes were moist, and he buried his face against the back seat of the car. He looked up after a few minutes. Dad had turned on the radio, and another evangelist was preaching to another audience of sinners. Hal didn't shudder. . . he just laughed. Respectfully. He'd already been saved by an honestly calloused evangelist of the soil. He pictured grandpa; standing, working, driving, silently preaching. Hal repeated the phrase in his mind. "An evangelist of the soil." Yeah—this time it sounded right. Hal drifted off to sleep and was once again in a tractor's pulpit. There was no need to worry. The preacher was driving.

Tim Wiebe is the second son of George and Esther Wiebe. He is 19 years old and a 2nd year student at CMBC. He plays the viola and sings with CBC's Hymn Sing.

HEATED LOGIC

Two men were walking across a blazing desert when they encountered a guru.

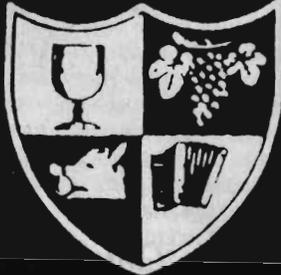
"Why are you each carrying a car door?" the guru asked.

"When it gets hot like this, we roll the windows down," Cecil said.

"But," the guru noted, "your friend hasn't rolled his down."

"Oh," said Cecil, "he's got air conditioning."

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Eine mennonitische Terroristin, Elizabeth von Dyck, wurde am 4. Mai von der Polizei in Nuremberg erschossen. Fr. Dyck war eine gewesene Jugendarbeiterin in der mennonitischen Gemeinde in Enkenbach. Sie hatte sich an einem Anarchist, Klaus Junschke, verlobt, der später verhaftet wurde. Es ist vermutet, daß Fr. Dyck an der Entführung und dem Tod vom deutschen Geschäftsmann Hans Martin Schleyer, teilgenommen hatte.

Ihr Begräbnis fand am 10. Mai in Enkenbach statt. Der mennonitische Schriftsteller und Ältester, Johannes Harder, hielt die Leichenpredigt. Weil der mennonitische Spiegel diesen Fall als große Tragödie ansieht, welche wichtige Fragen hervorbringt, veröffentlicht er diese Predigt und die Stellungnahme von zwei mennonitischen jungen Leuten. Unser Editor, Dr. Al Reimer, nimmt auch Stellung dazu in dieser Ausgabe.

Wir alle, die wir hier versammelt sind, brauchen jetzt Hoffnung: einen Stern am dunklern Himmer über uns, der uns neuen Lebensmut angesichts dieses Todes gibt. Unsere billigen Sprüche wie "Das Leben geht weiter" oder "Die Zeit heilt" helfen nicht. Ein Menschentod macht stumm; es gibt keinen unter uns, der aus sich selbst ein rettendes Wort wüßte.

Auch ich stehe hier nicht mit einem Sendungsbewußtsein, als hätte ich eine Lösung von unseren Ängsten und Sorgen in der Tasche. Da ich hierher gerufen worden bin, will und muß ich — und nur das — sagen, was mir möglich ist.

Erstens: Unsere Schwester, die man von der Erde fortgeschickt hat und die dennoch eine Heimgerufene ist, macht uns deutlich, daß wir in einer elenden Zeit und in einer kranken Gesellschaft leben. Unser nach außen so wohlständiges Dasein trägt: unser Wohlergehen hängt gleich einer Dunstglocke über dem Krankenlager unseres Volkes. Wir haben, so scheint es, alles — wir sind vor

dem Gericht der Wahrheit immer weniger, je länger je mehr. Noch schleppen wir uns mit den schweren Hypothesen unserer jüngsten Geschichte herum, die wir mit Handelsbilanzen und militärischen Sicherheitsmaßnahmen, nicht aber mit einem radikalen Umdenken zu überwinden trachten. Was immer da gedacht und gesagt werden mag und was wir für gut oder böse halten mögen — "uns geht's ja noch Gold". Täglich erfahren wir durch die Medien von Konkurrenzen und Krächen, streiten uns zwischen und innerhalb der Parteien, kämpfen um Tarife und pflegen unser Feindbilder, mißtrauen einander im Großen und im Kleinen, handeln geheim und offen mit tödlichen Waffen, dehnen unsere Ausfahrten über den Globus auf fragwürdige Regierungen aus, die wir am Stammtisch und in der Presse als Atheisten und Tyrannen beschimpften. Und die Kirchenglocken läuten immer noch, das Etikett "christlich" lebt auf beträchtlichen Gruben unserer Gesellschaft. Wir tun, als ob alle "in bester Ordnung" sei.

Dabei sind wir — ich sage das aus Zeitgründen vereinfachend — in zwei Klassen getrennt, in denen die Spannung, die in einer Demokratie lebensnotwendig ist, zu Haß und Hetze entartet. In alledem sind unsere gesellschaftlichen Apparaturen hier Hilfe, dort Hemmschuh. Und mittendrin unsere Jugend, die, wo sie wachen Sinnes ist, unsere sterilen Gewohnheiten und Gewöhnlichkeiten, Freiheiten und Zwänge immer mehr als Langeweile und Sinnlosigkeit erlebt. Langeweile ist ein Zustand, in dem ein Mensch mit sich selbst und mit den anderen nichts Rechts mehr anzufangen weiß. Die mittelalterlichen Mystiker nannten diesen Zustand "Hölle". Wir allesamt, die Alten wie die Jungen, reißen auseinander: die einen sind "clever;;, bauen sich Häuser, klettern nach Kräften auf der Stufenleiter der Karriere empor und lassen "den lieben Gott einen guten Mann" sein. Sie bekümmern nicht Völkermorde, Folter und die hungernde Hälfte der Menschheit. Die anderen wollen Denk- und Lebensweise verändern, und das nicht an den Fassaden sondern am Grundstock unserer

Gesellschaft. Den Unruhigen und Unzufriedenen stehen die Gleichgültigen gegenüber, die die Weltnot nicht bewegt und die sich mit ihr nicht identifizieren wollen. Die einen suchen und verteidigen den Grund unter den Füßen, die anderen protestieren bis in den Untergrund. Die einen verlieren sich im öden Spießbürgertum, die anderen in die Gewalt.

Das sein entsetzliche Alternativen; sie sind zwei Spielarten in einem unmenschlichen Drama. Doch die Situation ist noch ernster, weil es keinen Dialog mehr zwischen ihnen gibt. Wo bleibt bei alledem unsere Christlichkeit und wo die säkulare Erwartung eines Reiches der Gerechtigkeit?

Aber, ob engagiert oder gleichgültig — wir alle, die Schreienden und die Schweigenden, verantworten allesamt mit, was unter uns geschieht. Auch "die Stillen im Lande" sind dabei, ob bewußt oder nicht, gewollt oder nicht, an der Erhaltung der Verhältnisse beteiligt. "Alle sind an allen schuldig", lesen wir bei Dostojewkij. Wir Älteren aber, die wir für unsere Geschichte und Gesellschaft die Bürgerschaft tragen, können mit einem alten Prophetenwort nur bekennen: "Die Väter haben saure Trauben gegessen und die Zähne der Kinder sind davon stumpf geworden". Das erkennen und bekennen, könnte bereits der Anfang einer Umkehr und ein Zeichen der Vergebung sein.

Ich habe von "uns" gesprochen. Dahinter steht meine lange Lebenserfahrung: alles, was ich tue oder lasse, hat nicht nur mit Menschen, sondern auch mit Gott zu tun. Unser Verhalten zu ihm und der Welt bestimmt alle Verhältnisse. Wir sind hier als eine Mennonitengemeinde mit Gästen zusammen. Unsere täuferischen Väter haben dieses alles und noch weituas mehr gewußt, was wir jetzt endlich im Wirrwarr unserer Tage neu zu lernen hätten. Ihre Hoffnung auf eine neue Erde verbot ihnen, den Weg und das Ziel voneinander zu trennen. Tinte kann nicht mit Tinte, Blut nicht mit Blut ausgewaschen werden. Wen von uns bewegt es heute noch, daß sie daran glaubten, daß der Geist stärker ist als die Gewalt, die Güte mehr kann als alle Tyrannis, die Gerechtigkeit mehr als das formale Recht! Dafür wurden sie tausendfach blutige Opfer und setzten ihr Leben ein. Sie beriefen sich darauf, daß Einer, der für jeden, der Menschenantlitz trägt, die Schuld der ganzen Welt auf sich genommen, sich als Rebellen verurteilen, am Schandkreuz wie eine Verbrecher aufhängen ließ — ausgestoßen aus der Gesellschaft, weg von der Erde, um damit (so sagte er) "alle zu mir zu ziehen". Und der Chronist setzt hinzu: "Das sagte er, um seinen Tod anzudeuten" (Joh. 12, 32). Seine "Erhöhung" war das Kreuz. Das war das historische Ende eines Lebens, da in einem orientalischen Stall begann,

unter schlechter Gesellschaft geführt wurde und schließlich am Galgen sein Ende nahm. "Alle" wollte er, also auch uns und die anderen, die davon keine Notiz nahmen und nehmen. Also auch unsere Schwester, das Kind seiner Eltern, das Weltkind Gottes, dessen Weg zu verstehen, uns so bitter schwerfällt. Wir haben ein gutes Recht zu glauben, daß sie in die Arme der grundlosen Barmherzigkeit Gottes gefallen ist, der keinen aus seiner Liebe entläßt. Wir dürfen bekennen: die Erde, die den Einen nicht halten konnte, wird jeden von uns hergeben. Er wandelt jedes Ende in Rettung. "Gott" ist keine religiöse Chiffre — er ist der große und letzte Befreier, dem es nicht einerlei ist, wie es bei uns in der Gesellschaft zugeht.

Eben dies — und nur dies — gibt mir den Mut, hier ein Wort zu sagen, da ich weder rechtlich oder gerichtlich, weder politisch oder polizeilich auch nur zu urteilen, geschweige denn zu verurteilen habe. Alle Hinrichtung ist von der Aufforderung, der Auferstehung Jesu überholt, die wir Ostern gefeiert haben. Ostern aber geht weiter. Wir sind aufgerufen, schon jetzt und hier Auferstandene zu sein. Aller "Aufruhr des Herzens", der mich selbst zeitlebens gequält hat und für den ich immer wieder demonstrativ vom Katheder auf die Straße gegangen bin, ist — zuletzt bezeugt von Mahatma Gandhi und Martin Luther King — überboten durch die Aufforderung: "Tu's mir nach — du kannst es! Denn auch du bist, wie immer es um dich steht, ein Aufgehobener, um für das Leben der Menschen und der Welt einzustehen!" Diese bedingungslose Zuwendung zur Welt, wir nennen es Liebe, die sich weder Haß noch Mord einreden läßt, ist voraussetzungslos und hebt jeden mit seinen Leiden und Schmerzen aus dem Staub der Erde. Jesus Christus ist unser aller Sympathisant. Und die sich verlieren, sind zuerst gemeint und gewollt.

Es geht in dieser Stunde einzig darum, daß wir uns diese Nachricht gefallen lassen, und das heißt: es einmal probieren, ob hier von einer Phantasie oder von der Wahrheit die Rede ist, die Wirklichkeit werden will und kann. Bisher haben wir immer nur die Gewalt praktiziert — das Abenteuer der Liebe ist in unserer Gesellschaft eine seltene Ausnahme. Aber wir sind dabei nicht nur als Einzelne angerufen, sondern insbesondere als eine Gemeinde, die gelegentlich gern den Titel einer "Friedenskirche" annimmt. Sie hat keinen anderen Auftrag, als inmitten einer verwirrten Welt den Frieden und die Versöhnung auszurufen. Nur so dürfen wir auf eine neue Erde hoffen. Wir zweifeln oder bekennen, wir stehen oder fallen — die Vaterhand Gottes ist im voraus ausgestreckt und nimmt uns in das Netz seiner Liebe auf. Sie tut es, um nicht nur

eine Gesellschaft zu verändern, sondern um alle unsere Reiche durch seine Herrschaft abzulösen.

Ich schließe mit den Versen eines jungen russischen Dichters (Aleksandr Blok), die er im Sturm der Revolution seiner Generation hinterließ:

Ihr Jahre, die zu Asche brannten,
wart sinnlos ihr? — ein Hoffnungslicht?
Uns blieb, als Krieg und Frieden
schwanden,
ein blut'ger Abglanz im Gesicht.

Und wir sind stumm; die Sturmes-
glocken
verschlossen jählings unsern Mund.
Es blieb im Herzen vom Frohlocken
ein abgrundtiefer-tiefer Schlund.

Und lieben wir einst auf den Bahnen,
mag uns ein Rabenschwarm umweh'n —
die von dir mehr gewürdigt waren,
o Gott — laß doch dein Reich sie sehn!

Das war ein Gebet — es werde unser
aller Bitte!

Johannes Harder

Die Meinung

Eine von uns

Eine von uns ist tot — als Terroristin gejagt und erschossen. Eine von uns — Elisabeth von Dyck, aufgewachsen in einer Mennonitengemeinde, einigen von uns von Freizeiten her bekannt. Ihr gewaltsamer Tod und seine fragwürdigen Umstände lösen Fragen aus, denen wir uns nicht entziehen können.

Wie kann es geschehen, daß junge Menschen aus kirchlichem Milieu, einige auch Gegner der Gewalt, zu Terroristen werden und unter den Menschen, denen sie eine bessere Gesellschaft, Gerechtigkeit und Frieden schaffen wollen, Angst und Schrecken verbreiten? Und wie kann es geschehen, daß die einzige Al-

ternative, sie davor zu bewahren, die zu sein scheint, sie zu Tode zu jagen?

Wo waren wir Christen, als diese Menschen mit ihrem für die Not dieser Welt geschärften Gewissen hinübergelitten in ihre gewalttätigen und mörderischen Aktivitäten? Mit Bischof Scharf fragen wir: "Was haben wir an ihnen versäumt, dass sie dahin geraten sind, wo sie stehen, daß sie sich verhärteten nicht nur gegen die sogenannte herrschende Schicht . . ., sondern gegen die Gesellschaft überhaupt, in der sie leben. . .?"

Haben wir ihnen unser Verständnis für ihr Mitleiden, für ihren Zorn verweigern dürfen? Durften wir uns weigern, uns auf ihre Vorstellungen von Frieden und Gerechtigkeit, von mehr Menschlichkeit in dieser Welt einzulassen? Liegt hier in unserer Weigerung nicht unsere Mitschuld an diesen in die Irre gegangenen Menschen?

Waren wir nicht sogar ganz froh, sie nicht zu kennen, nichts mit diesem da zu schaffen zu haben, um unserer gesellschaftlichen Ansehens willen? Empörten wir uns nicht viel zu leicht über die, die zu ihnen gingen? Nur: Sind wir nicht gerade dadurch schuldig geworden, sie nicht gekannt und uns nicht um sie gesorgt zu haben? Es ist an uns Christen, die Terroristen aus ihrem "zerstörerischen Haß" heimzuholen! Der gute Hirte im Gleichnis holt seine verlorenen Schafe selbst dann noch zurück, wenn sie sich so verstiegen haben, daß sie aus eigener Kraft nicht mehr zurück können.

Der Tod dieser Menschen darf nicht die einzige Alternative bleiben.

Rainer Wiebe/Conny Wiebe-Franzen



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Mista Plautfout!

von Jack Thiessen

Bie Wiense emm Bosch gauf'et latzt lots of action de Nacht. Wä wea doa enn waut wea doa? Jast weare doa von Saskatchewan. Oba daut jefft vondoag den Dach eajentlich jieden Dach jast von Saskatchewan. Enn nich blous Relief-Prachasch waut enne dartja Joahre no Manitoba kaume enn sich enne Red River Valley mol saut äte wulle enn donn vegaute no Hus to foahre. Enn wann se tridj foahre donn wea jeweenlich

ähre Kuat wachjeblost oda doa wohnde Framde benne. Oba doavon sull nich jeräd woare, wiels omm dise Framde — jo, dise Framde, omm de jeit'et eajentlich.

Na, O. K. dann satt junt nu mol aula hann enn nähmd aula ein Papsie ouden twee Beasch enne Hand enn houldt junt faust, wiels waut etj junt nu vetalle woa, es absolut sou enn jie brucke ein Jedrentj ouden twee sonst woat junt de Schlucka dreach!

Aulso tridj noh Wiense emm

Bosch enn de Jast ut Saskatchewan. Wann jie noch emma nich weete wäe doa ess ouden wea, wann jie noch emma nich jeroode habe wea sich doa ennenast haft, dann woa etz junt daut vetalle motte. Moakt oba eascht de Däa enn de Gardiene tou enn daut Licht ut enn holt noch ein Jedrentj wiels daut jeit diea omm de latzte Dinj! Enn dets fe shure!

Doa bie Wiense emm Bosch sach Onkel Kuhne Wiens enn etj väaje Weatj nich blous Evidence; nä, nä noch val meha: Wie sache onsen Ur-Ur-Urvoda ouden Uahgroutfoda ouden den easchten Plautfout. Wou kaum dout? Daut wea natierlich de Nacht enn diesta enn schwout sous Peta Niefeld siene Schwroatbroak. Wiens enn etj haude tjen Flashlight enn uck tjeene Flint mett; nä, nä wie nahme ein Tauljlicht enn eine Fupp voll Schwävel enn ein Tota enn jinje lous!

Ons hinjeraun tsaubled Wiens sien dreekoleaja Mongrel nohmens Laddie, "eine Schietstrempe ohne gleichen", säd de Molotschna Kuhne Wiens. "Wie habe nich Schizz!" säd etj enn Wiens säd, "Ich auch nicht sehr!", enn donn jinje wie los. Enn schluache de Asta auf enn moake grulje Noises enn brommde enn vetalde lud enn säde, "Komm mau, Du Trespassa, wie welle mett die oppsettle! Komm Du saskatchewonscha Freeloader, Du tjrisjst de Huck enn de Buck voll, wie welle mett die Unjaräd houle eha wie Die reportel;; Sou räd wie, enn jinje wieda enn wieda em Bosch nenn, full speed ahead enn drei Schräd noh feahre enn twee enn ein haulf groute Schräd noh hinje, aus daut emm Struck mett einmal aunfong tou konstre enn tou knacke. "Bozsche moi!" säd Wiens, "Steiht doah waut von soune Dinja enne Offenbarung ouden bie Daniel?" Etj kunn nushet saje wiels etj musst mett mien Odme oppcathe enn mie aundat-haulw Lita Schweet vom Ritja wesche. Wie worde ons oba enig, wie wudde tridj gohne enn ein bät nienen Strategy plohe.



Stories of an unidentified walking object have graced the pages of a recent edition of the Carillon in Steinbach. In the photo Frank Wiens holds a measuring tape beside a footprint made by what may be one of these passing creatures. In a Low German story beginning on this page, Jack Thiessen makes his own observations.

Wie kaume tridj enn Wiens flautade de Lempe enn de Henj end de Leppe im Licht. "Wauts los, Wiens?" froag etj. "Daut tjeelt tseowents doch seha auf!" meend he. "Jo, dauts so. Weens bett achtentwintich Celsius!" Waut nu? Jo, waut nu? "Schlope gohne, vleicht, enn onsen Gaust noch ein Chance jäwe Face tou säwe!" säd Wiens!

"Just a minute!" säd etj. "Etj hab Tus einen Policemaun enn de haft nich Schizz enn dem nähm wie mett. De haft fe sounen Posse enn Nacht de rachtschulje Testimonials!" "Du enn Diene Rädarie von Schizz!" säd Wiens. "Etj jleew dem Lord Mayor von Tourond flautre uck ein bät siene kortbeenje Jockies!"

Oba etj goah noh Hus enn gauf mienem Oskar Howa enn ein poa Jalmeare, enn ein Komstheef enn noch eine Japs voll Old Chum Piepetobak enn nannd ahm "Mister;; enn nu wea he gaunz Action. He stunk aus ne Iltis, he wea doll aus ne Kluck, enn iewrich aus ein Joahlintj auhm Diestel, enn stoatja aus irjend ein Brahma-Boll enn he haud siene Henj ute Fuppe jenohme. Ahm ohnd waut. "Lets go, Oskar", enn he pralled oppem Trock nopp enn sad sich han, enn tjitjcht jrall enn koasch enn keiwt enn schnouf enn speajch sous ein Baseball-Coach emm T.V. Siene Häahna sachet aus ein Blue-Whale sienem Zoagel biem unjaducke enn sien Boat wea lenja enn trauma aus dem Ajatolah sienen.

Nu foah wie tridj emm Bosch nenn enn donn moarachd Oskar vom Trock enn etj gauf ahm Teajel enn he huppadd los. Deepa enn deepa jintj ett manke Papple enn derjchem Poison Ivy, emma straight ahead omme Atje. Etj verrop enn Oskar hinjeraun euda vleicht uck aundasch. "Jeff ahm, Oskar!" "Jeff ahm de Rebbe enn de Breadouda Pappel-Basket voll en heiwi ahm de Huck voll enn schetj ahm tridj enne

Prärie nenn!" säd etj, enn Wiens kaum uck hinjeruan jeeidelt.

Oskar wie iewrig aus ein Bloodhound, he reseatjeld derjch de Thickets sous ein Dune-Buggy-Caterpillar enn je dolla he Action wea, je dolla stunk he. Stintje? Jo, stintje. .lastalich enn schratjlich enn daut squared enn cubed enn mol vea enn plos fief. He stunk sou seha daut de Stintjkoatasch reajwies kapitaleade enn bedieselde enn ommtjremmpelde! He stunk so seha daut Oashakasch blous wajch, blous wajch no Mexiko fluage; enn die gaunze Tiet deid he siene Credentials enn siene Testimonials opprewe sous ein Indianapolis Grand Prix Dreiwa!

Enn nu, nu pessead et! Oskar enn Plautfout stunde toe to toe enn stunke enn jeschde enn kleimde enne Wad. Etj leet den Teajel los, Wiens wea tweehundat Schou hinjeraun and deed "research aune Whip-poorwhills!" säd he nohää. Enn etj späld ein bät referee. Aulso enn aul wada, enn toum Donna, enn aul wada tjeene Kamera enn tjeene Witnesses. !!

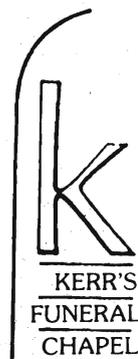
Well Oskar wisst daut sien Championship-Belt oppe Line wea enn he wea de Aggressor. He pralld enn bucheld, enn moarached enn ständ, he schnouf enn he speajch Tobak-squirts, he zield enn he troff, enn he sprunk enn he daunzt, enn he hassad an he stangat bett de goastaje Gaust ut Saskatchewan- uck Sasquatch, enn Bigfoot ouda Uahgroutfoda Plautfout jenannt—sich mett einmal omdredid enn wajch, blous wajch drebbed. Huppasch all the way enn donn noch Overdrive daut de Soude fluage! Enn wajch weara! Yessiree, alf Schouh hoach, zulltrich aus Mister Bruin vonne Kodiaks enn weens dreihundatennverentachtig Pund= nohm Fight. Etj läd Oskar wada dem Täajel aun enn hild Inspection. Ein Puscheltje Woll enn eine groute naute Plack wea de

eanstja Evidence enn Proof, "ein vertraumpeldet Bosch enn bestrumste Pappelbeem wount no Reboaba-Stenjels sache, "säde de Mensche nohä. Enn wan daut noch einmal Excitement weajen daut Nachtjeschwien jefft dann hold junt mau ruhig Lord Mayor enn sien Assistent Oskar, Sharp Toe!

JOYLESS BLISS

Woman to husband at party: "Please try not to look so miserable. Here comes a man I was engaged to before I met you."

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Im Dezember 1978 hat das Parlament die Bestimmungen der Arbeitslosenversicherung geändert. Auf Grund dieser Änderungen, die am 1. Juli in Kraft treten, müssen manche Leute länger arbeiten, ehe sie Arbeitslosenunterstützung beanspruchen können.

**Haben Sie im vergangenen Jahr
mindestens 20 Wochen
gearbeitet?**

Wenn ja, dann betrifft diese Mitteilung Sie nicht. Mit 20 Wochen Arbeit haben Sie Anspruch auf Ihre reguläre Arbeitslosenunterstützung und auf Kranken- und Wochengeld oder auf die einmalige Zahlung aus der Arbeitslosenversicherung bei Erreichung des 65. Lebensjahres.

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**Haben Sie im vergangenen Jahr
Arbeitslosenunterstützung
bezogen?**

Falls Sie im vergangenen Jahr Arbeitslosenunterstützung bezogen haben, könnten die neuen Bestimmungen Sie betreffen — es sei denn, die Arbeitslosenquote in Ihrem Bezirk liegt über 11,5 %. Um einen Anspruch auf Arbeitslosenunterstützung zu erwerben, brauchen Sie jedoch höchstens 20 Wochen zu arbeiten, ganz gleich, wie viele Wochen Sie Arbeitslosenunterstützung empfangen haben.

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Our word

QUESTIONS RAISED BY THE DEATH OF A MENNONITE TERRORIST

In our June issue we reported the death of Elizabeth von Dyck, a young Mennonite terrorist who was gunned down by police last May during a bank robbery in West Germany. In the German section of this issue we are reprinting two items on the young terrorist from a recent issue of *Mennonitische Blätter*. One is a short meditation on the meaning of von Dyck's twisted life and senseless death written by two young Mennonites who knew her. The other is the frank and challenging sermon delivered at the girl's funeral by Johannes Harder, the well-known German-Mennonite clergyman, scholar and novelist. It is worth noting that Harder accepted this difficult assignment after several others had refused it, including the pastor of the von Dyck family's home church.

We think the two items are worth reprinting not only because they are moving and eloquent laments for a tragicaly wasted life, but also because they raise some hard, disturbing questions about the responsibility that Christians, including Mennonite Christians, have towards people like Elizabeth von Dyck and the "destructive rage" which they practice against society.

The first question raised by the authors of the personal reminiscence is the obvious one: How is it possible for young people (von Dyck was not the only German Mennonite belonging to terrorist groups) raised in a Christian-Mennonite environment to turn into terrorists who spread panic among the very people in whose name they want to create a more just society? And the related question: Is the only solution to terrorism in a so-called Christian society to hunt down the terrorists and ruthlessly exterminate them?

The third question raised by the authors is the most personal of all: Where were we Christians when these youthful idealists, their consciences burning over the want and misery in parts of society, slipped over into the ultimate madness of violence and murderous activities? And the bitter answer: We must have failed them somehow to drive them into opposition not only to the establishment but to society itself. In effect, they write, our refusal to understand their righteous rage, our indifference to their ideals of justice and equality, constitute a terrible moral failure on the part of those of us who call ourselves Christians. We were happy not to know them, to have nothing to do with them, to keep up respectable appearances by asserting our moral superiority over them. Our sin was not to worry about them unless they threatened us directly. But was it not our duty as Christians to at least try and reclaim such people before they abandoned themselves completely to senseless outlawry?

A naive expectation in a violence-ridden world? Perhaps. But in his hard-hitting funeral sermon Johannes Harder goes even further—and he is anything but a fuzzy-minded do-gooder or a naive sentimentalist. Harder offers a searing indictment of a sick German society whose prosperous appearance belies the rottenness and corruption underneath. "We still drag the heavy mortgage of our recent history around with us," he says, "and try to overcome it not through radical re-thinking but through trade balances and military defense measures." Greed, duplicity and hypocrisy—all dignified under the label of a Christian society. So we have the complacent majority on the one side,

success-oriented materialists who "allow that God is a decent fellow", and on the other side the radical minority which has given up all hope of lawful reform. And so the one class "loses itself in barren philistinism, the other in violence."

And even we quiet and peace-loving Mennonites, Harder argues, seem to have lost our Anabaptist forefathers' triumphant conviction that the spirit is stronger than physical force, that virtue is stronger than tyranny, righteousness mightier than the law. They were willing to follow Christ's example literally, an example of sacrificial life that embraced all men including the lost and rejected of this world. And if Mennonites still believe today that they are a "peace" church they should not only be proclaiming peace and reconciliation but actively working for a new and better society here on earth.

Admittedly, Canadian society is not yet as starkly polarized as that of West Germany and some other countries. The class struggle is not quite as desperately joined here. But it would be foolish for us to deny that complacency, hypocrisy and indifference towards those less fortunate are rampant among us too. We had a wave of terrorism in Quebec ten years ago and the effects can still be felt. There are no Mennonite terrorists among us yet, but there are some young Mennonites—perhaps a growing number—who have left our complacent midst in disgust and who actively support extreme left-wing causes and organizations.

And Harder reminds us in his sermon that radical action, rebellion and violence have been an integral part of our Mennonite history and identity from the beginning. But it was radical action and rebellion with a glorious difference! The early Anabaptists were radicals and rebels who fought violence and hatred with a love-turned other cheek, who meekly vanquished with the spirit the tyranny that crushed their bodies, who proclaimed God's righteousness as above any man's law. They were not terrorists who killed, but they were rebels who refused to accept the will of the mighty, to surrender to the hatred of the majority.

Elizabeth von Dyck was not a martyr: she was only a cruelly mistaken victim, an enemy of the state who was hunted down and destroyed. Instant capital punishment was inflicted on her. But there are lessons for us in her squalid fate. The first is that even terrorists are people, and not just rabid beasts to be dispatched without qualm or question—even if the dispatching is legally done by the state. Her methods were both criminal and morally wrong (the two are not always synonymous), but her concern for society was very real.

The second lesson Harder points us to is that our complacent middle class society is not to be regarded as the moral norm, the valid alternative to terrorism. The comfortable majority is itself an extreme not appreciably better than the outlaw elements which oppose it. The true norm for our society, the truly Christian middle way, would be a society that would live by the radical force of Christian love rather than by either the violence bred of despair or a state-protected moral mediocrity.

-A.R.

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