

# mennonite mirror

volume 9 number 2  
october 1979



Mrs. Helen Moore,  
226 Olive St.,  
Munich, Minn. 55124



# While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest . . . shall never cease.

Gen. 8:22



Last year heavy rains washed away her seeds and the topsoil. The year before—drought. This season rainfall may be plentiful and gentle. If not, irrigation could save seeds in a dry time; terracing could hold soil in a downpour. She plants again, an act of prayer and faith.

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*2/mennonite mirror/october 1979*

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## Mirror mix-up

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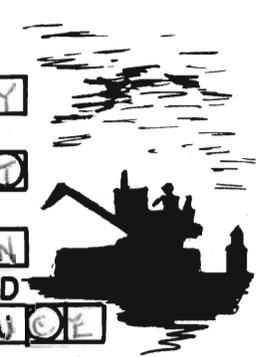
E R U I O

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G R A I N

CUREPOD

P R O D U C E



It's that time again - harvest, colorful falling leaves and



### The Puzzle is back!

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 the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by October 19, 1979.

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**Send entries to:  
Mix-up Contest  
Mennonite Mirror  
203-818 Portage Avenue  
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4**

# Enough to give drinking a bad name

by Ed Unrau

The other day I went for a walk with my young daughter to a small park just down the street. Even before we got there we wondered why it was so empty even though the day was a pleasant one.

The answer was clear once we got there: the play area was littered with shards of sharp broken brown glass, the calling cards of those inconsiderate beer-drinkers who insist on breaking their empties instead of returning them.

Our city fathers lately have been complaining about the vast numbers of "make the rich pay" posters that a rather left-wing party has plastered on public spaces throughout the city. Aside from their simple-minded solution to the country's ills, these leftists are being (in their word) persecuted for trying to spread the word. The real reason the city fathers are coming down on the "make the rich pay" posters is that they are an affront to public beauty because they deface buildings, signs, monuments, etc.

Broken beer bottles are far more a real threat to life and limb than leftist

posters, and are just as much an affront to beauty.

Think of the times when your appreciation of some favorite spot has been marred by the presence of broken beer bottles. Can you recall a trip down the highway without ever seeing at least one beer bottle on the shoulder?

The leftists have it all wrong—it's the beer drinkers who should pay for the litter their inconsiderate drinking comrades leave behind.

A deposit about twice the value of the product inside might be an incentive to return more of the bottles instead of chucking them.

Perhaps those who are offended by broken brown beer bottle glass should collect the broken bits and send them, collect, to the manufacturer's executive offices with an anonymous note reading: "Some of your customers enjoyed your product, but neglected to save the bottles for refund. Perhaps you would like what's left for your recycling program."

Another tactic might be to simply dump the broken glass on the door step

of a beer firm's executive offices. The idea, of course, is that if you are offended by beer drinkers who litter public places with broken glass, there is no reason why a beer firm executive should be spared this offensive aspect of his product's use. Be sure you leave no trace of your identity—the beer bottle breakers never do. And be sure you do it at night—that's when the beer drinkers always leave their calling cards.

Remember it's the beer bottle that is always seen broken in public places. Seldom does one see a broken soft-drink bottle as part of the ground litter in parks or on the street. (Are soft-drink drinkers naturally more sober?) Even the exploding 1.5 litre bottles of pop are not the same threat to safety that broken beer bottles are.

The next time you cut your foot on a hidden piece of broken beer bottle at your favorite beach or park, remember how ugly a broken beer bottle can be.

It's enough to give beer-drinking a bad name.

mm

**CMBC**

fall  
events

October 12, 13

October 20

9:00 a.m.

CMBC Chapel

October 20

8:00 p.m.

First Presbyterian  
(Portage at Canora)

October 23, 24

10:00 a.m.

7:30 p.m.

CMBC Chapel

November 17

8:00 p.m.

Crescent-Ft. Rouge United  
(Wardlaw at Nassau)

FILM FESTIVAL

Details to be announced

ORGAN WORKSHOP

On music of Dietrich Buxtehude  
Registration: \$5.00

GEISTLICHE ABENDMUSIK

CMBC Singers  
Henriette Cornies, Soprano  
Peter Letkemann, Organ

J.J. THIESSEN LECTURES

Dr. Samuel Escobar

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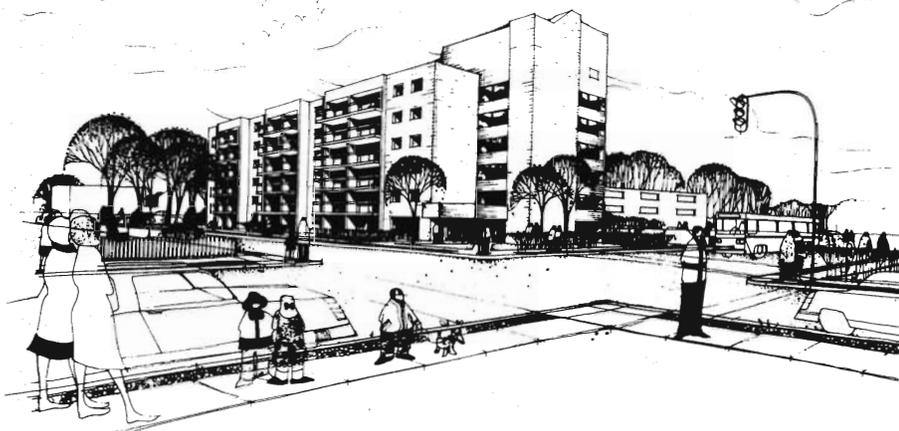
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The individual suites are spacious and have carpeting throughout. Storage is ample with walk-in closets and a pantry. The kitchens have natural oak cabinets and 30" appliances provided. Main floor suits have patios, while all others have balconies. Heating and air-conditioning is controlled from within each suite.

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mirror

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## ULYSSES BEI CALYPSO

Die Schoenheit  
in Gestalt der goettlichen Calypso  
bezauberte Ulysses auf der Insel  
und durch die Macht der jugendlichen Reize  
ihn streng gefangen hielt  
auf lange Zeit.

Lange glaubte er  
er huldige der Gottheit  
da er doch nur ohnmaechtig und gebunden  
in ihren weissen Armen lag.

Doch ploetzlich  
faehrt ein Blitz durch seine Seele  
er denkt an seine bessere Bestimmung  
er wirft sich in die sturmbewegten Wellen  
und ist dann endlich frei!

## PARENTHESIS

New born babe — dying man  
Parenthesis of what will be  
and what has been  
Who can know the lines between  
What eyes of darkened glass have seen  
A pittance of the Grand Horizon  
Betrayed by promises imagined.

He shows the pain of sharp rejection,  
Life's jilted lover, etched  
upon the monument that was his face.  
He has no tolerance  
for the wall clock  
As cord, electrical, umbilical,  
nears severance with  
each sucking Breath  
exhalation eclipses  
As spirit sent upon his way  
Leaves silent mass  
To meet the sod and God.

by Clint Toews

## AIRPORT:

We all arrived early. It looked crowded already.  
The ticket had said 2 p.m. . . . It was time.  
The waiting craft taxied into position—the crew  
dwarfed by the giant spirit of the silver eagle.  
The sun ducked behind a cloud.

### TERMINAL:

It was packed but silent. Tears came reluctantly  
to the eyes of embarrassed grandsons . . . but they came  
firmly.

Hymns sputtered/choked . . . those not as close carried  
the tune.

We believed in Jesus and buoyancy . . . but there was  
crying for our own humanity  
crying because those around us were crying . . .  
crying because of grandpa's pain  
Crying because it cleansed.

Crying because we envied her the victory . . .  
and had for our own comfort only those memories  
which had been made memories by her consistent  
physical presence . . . now just vapor.

Crying because she had loved us/prayed for us . . .  
even when we were at a spiritual standstill . . .  
or lurching through some unmarked detour.  
Crying because letting go was hard;

Crying because she had seen us as nothing but  
'good boys' . . . and we hadn't often deserved  
the epithet.

"I A-M the good sheperd."

We followed . . . past the observation deck . . . just prior to  
boarding.

### RUNWAY:

Fields ripened all around the small grass plot . . .  
as if in tribute.

Dusty roads sidled by on the other two sides (landlocked).

She belonged . . . and the sun broke through the clouds.  
The wind blew as it felt inspired to.

There was an oozing peace: some couldn't absorb it.  
Resting in peace?

At home with the Lord?

At work with the Lord . . . in peace.

Souvenir 'boutineers' handed out from the coffin . . .  
grandpa's husky "thank-you" and quiet human agony  
cutting to the heart:

his white Christmas hair  
broad shouldered suit

his weighted gait and the undermined framework of  
age . . . housing a lonely soul;  
Assigned, now, to complete its journey alone until even  
dimming eyes could see the light on the other side.  
At present, we help him back to the car. There's faspas  
waiting back at the church.

### FLIGHT:

We've gone through the steps for the sake of our  
own intellects and comprehension . . .

For the sake of adding hope to grief  
and dignity to pain.

The Lord, too (by no means a formality) came—  
because we were gathered for grandmother's  
Christian death

And in Christ's eternal name.

She died, to be born . . . ready as a child

To grow up again with her Father undefiled.

We *prayed* homage to God's control of her flight . . .

And as we grudgingly cried and coped, God watched  
her alight,

And was there to meet her at the terminal.

She didn't need all that stuff in between.

We did.

It's hard not to be reluctant.

by Tim Wiebe

*Tim Wiebe is the second son of George and Esther Wiebe, and a second-year student at CMBC. This poem was written on the occasion of his grandmother's death.*

# The heart to live doesn't always need eyes to see

BY Mary M. Enns

A good thing happened to me at the Bowling Alleys (other than that my average, after three years of league bowling, has shot up to an astronomical 143). No, what I'm talking about is the really nice people you meet when you bowl.

Take Vic Goetz and his sister Kaetchen. They're good bowlers. Better still, they are two very interesting human beings. If you were to meet them you'd see nothing different about them. But watch them step up to throw a ball, and you'll notice how carefully they walk. They line up their pitches with some difficulty, and when they strike there are enthusiastic cheers, or else, "How on earth did he/she get that tricky corner pin again?"

Fact is, both Vic, 29 and Katie, 28, are severely visually handicapped people. Vic says he has approximately four percent vision, Katie 1.5 percent, and Susie,

27, at home, also four percent. They are the middle children of Gerhard and Susannah Goetz. Two siblings older than Vic and three younger than Susie have normal vision. These young people speak freely of their handicap. Doctors here have diagnosed the fault to lie with a weakness of the optic nerve and that it is probably a congenital defect that has reduced their vision. Therefore glasses are not too effective. They do use them at work and to read the only thing they can read, large-print books. Fortunately these are available to them, as well as "talking books" at the Centennial Library.

Maybe we found it somewhat unique that, though severely handicapped, these three are the most natural people to have around. There is absolutely no self-pity or resentment because of their limitations. Rather, they come across, unaffectedly, as to how lucky they are, at that. "Our parents have always impressed upon us how fortunate we are to

be able to get around and manage so well when a great many of our fellow-humans are in wheelchairs and worse and others can't think for themselves."

In spite of countless difficulties they have fought to make a place for themselves among their peers. If this niche is small and humble it is what they are contented with.

There is a great deal of boisterous laughter and friendly ribbing in that home, headed by father. Their quiet mother looks on fondly and shakes her head. She leaves the room briefly to lift five huge loaves of bread from her oven. The fresh bread aroma, unequalled, pervades the atmosphere and it's all we can do to turn back to the business on hand.

Father, mother and the seven children came to Canada from Fernheim, Paraguay, in 1963. Mr. Goetz, now working for Borden Glass, building aluminum frames, has settled his family comfortably in a modern bungalow on Hathway Street. "We were doing very well, financially," he says, "in Paraguay in the contracting business. But we could get no help there for our three nearly blind children. The school was probably too poor; they would not as much as order large-print books from available sources. So we left for Canada in the hope that we might get the much needed help for our children. And how grateful we are that we came. Along with the other children, Victor, Katie and Susie were placed in Principle Sparling and Lord Selkirk schools. From the first day onward the three were taken over by the medical people at Childrens Hospital. Medicare has paid for all services." Katie, who was waiting her turn, recently had a cornea transplant which will improve her sight tremendously.

We wondered, with this restricted vision, what presented the greatest difficulties or what did they miss most. Without much reflection Vic and Katie answered quickly: "I would just love to be able to drive a car." Vic did own a car at one point because this gave him a measure of independence. Someone else had to drive it, of course. Now he has bought another in preparation of his forthcoming marriage in July. "And Pam, my fiancée, will be doing the driving. Now we cycle." (Vic and Katie must be accompanied by someone when they cycle.) Pamela Kling is a nurse in training at St. Boniface Hospital. Vic met her when she was involved with the CNIB sports program. She was a volunteer runner in track and field and a coach in bowling. This was in 1976 at the River East track. Vic was training for the first Canada Games for the Physically Disabled. "It was hard work and lonely work but a tremendous challenge." The family is proud of the medals he brought home from the meet in track and field in



The Goetz family: Susie, Heinz, Cornie, Victor, Alvina, standing; and Mrs. Goetz, Katie, and Mr. Goetz.

Cambridge, Ontario: One gold, one silver, four bronze. In Toronto, at the International Olympiads in that same year he earned a gold and a silver medal. It seems these young people have kept themselves productively happy through the medium of involvement. Vic and Katie are outgoing and sports-minded. Katie has bowled with the CNIB League for 13 years and is now its president. She bowled in the National Championship Tournament in Vancouver this past spring. She holds her own very nicely in the sighted league. In winter she curls with the CNIB League as does Victor, who also curls in the sighted league. "Instead of the skip holding a broom to line up a shot we use a flashlight in order to be able to see at that distance." Other sports Vic loves are swimming, golf, hockey, cross-country and downhill skiing, skating and roller-skating. He has enjoyed singing in the choir of the Springfield Heights Mennonite Church where the family worships.

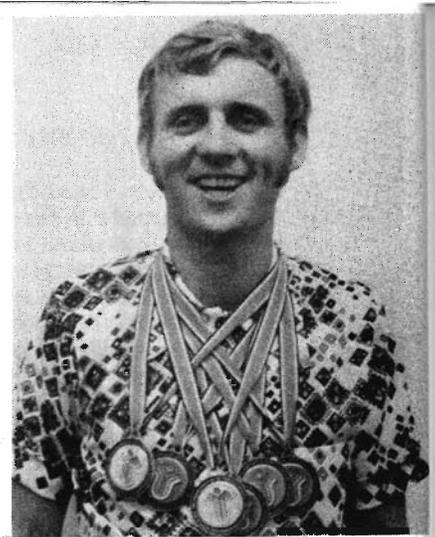
At CNIB Vic was tested in the adjustment training department and his residual vision determined. He did good work in a carwash (considered rather unusual for a visually handicapped person) and later in a body shop. Then, eight years ago, CNIB took him on as a curling-broom maker. Earning \$13,000 a year he says: "If you spend your money in the right places you can make it do."

Katie works for Barber Ellis Envelope Co. She wears glasses at work to protect her eyes from injury when handling the boxes she tapes. She feels more comfortable wearing glasses when she is around people anyway, she says, for the constant flicker in her eyes (nystagmus) is not quite so bad then. She has studied Braille and Braille typing at CNIB.

Susie, who took cooking classes at CNIB, is at home helping with the

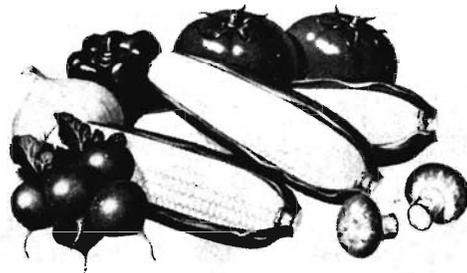
housework., What she wants most is to "be a nurses helper or work just about anywhere in a hospital." At the Senior Citizen's Home where she applied they were concerned that her restricted sight would limit her efficiency in patient care. She never stops hoping that one day a job of some kind will turn up for her, "so that I can support myself."

Does the family find undue difficulty with these three in their midst? "On the contrary," say Susannah and Gerhard Goetz, "We would say they give much more of themselves than they have ever taken." We, who are part of their bowling league, are pleased to add our amen to that. mm



Victor Goetz with the medals he won.

**We're proud  
of our produce,  
mad about our  
meats,  
and we boast  
about our  
brands . . .**



...and a little bit more

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from a store**

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# A place where the autumn years will seem more like spring, again

by Hilda Matsuo

Autumn House at Wellington and Arlington is a home for the aged. Modern people, always sceptical of a trend toward euphemism in names, should note that comparisons between age and autumn are not without precedent. To Hebbel, the German poet, autumn is a *Feier* or celebration of nature, a cessation from work. Another poet, Hölderlin, in his "Evening Fantasy" creates a scene where peace and serenity of age are likened to the ploughman's *Feierabend* or evening leisure, as he rests in cottage shade at sunset.

The concept of Autumn House and the people who comprise the present Mennonite Benevolent Society, Inc., are linked. By way of background, as early as 1928 a Mennonite Society called Concordia established the first Concordia Hospital. Later, in 1945, the same society founded the Mennonite Benevolent Society which built a nursing home to house the sick and the aged, Bethania. Some 24 years later, when a new building and site for Bethania were in order, government funds had to be considered to meet expenses. With acceptance of a government grant, the new institute lost a degree of its self-sufficiency and also registered separately as the Bethania Mennonite Personal Care Home. With this, Bethania and the Benevolent Society legally became separate entities. More lately also, a more comprehensive society known as the Mennonite Benevolent Society, Incorporated, which has the right of self-determination, has been established. Through the society, such projects as Autumn House are sponsored. Chairman of the Mennonite Benevolent Society, Inc. and Autumn House boards is Dr. David Friesen, Q.C.

Autumn House is unique in the sense that it applies a rent formula which enables the elderly to live in special

housing designed for those whose net worth lies beyond set limits. Because the limits of net income for the elderly were set fairly low, those who wished to enter senior citizens' homes were often automatically excluded. Of special interest is the fact that the rent formula is new in this province. Bethel Place, which had its groundbreaking ceremony recently, will use essentially the same formula as Autumn House, with the exception that their fund-raising was done prior to the building of the complex while the former planned for a fund raising campaign after completion of the building.

The planning of Autumn House began some four years ago when it became apparent that an increasing number of people; widows, singles, and couples of retirement age, had inflation boosting their net worth beyond the limits set for senior citizen housing. The people were, however, interested in placing themselves in closer proximity to churches, friends and public transportation than that afforded to them if they remained in their homes. Noting these needs, the Mennonite Benevolent Society initiated a feasibility study with an accompanying survey.

Anne Ens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Ens, was charged with the task of doing a study. At that time a commerce student, she conducted a series of interviews with the directors of senior citizens' homes, asked pastors of churches about members' needs and tallied the results of questionnaires placed in the *Bote* and *Rundschau*. Results of the survey indicated that enough people would respond to a new concept in housing if one with specific features were developed. That is, providing that a reasonable rent structure was maintained. The basic cost of such a structure was arrived at through further consultation with men like Helmut Peters, architect, who later oversaw the construction of Autumn House.

Before launching into a description of the 68-suite senior citizens' apartment which began admitting tenants in July, and which had some 55 names on a roster by late August, a rumour must be quashed. Some people say Autumn House is geared for wealthy Mennonites because, connected with its concept, are those who enjoy a fair degree of financial success. However, in actual practice, 90 percent of the funds for the building come from CMHC while another 10 percent of the 2.5 million is to be raised by Autumn House. True, an influential businessman and lawyer like Dr. David Friesen, through his association with CMHC in his connection with Qualico Construction, has done much to allay the fears of CMHC toward this venture. Thanks in part to his past record in construction, Autumn House could begin before the 10 percent of capital required was raised. This means that the board must now obtain some \$225,000 in the form of private donations to raise the money.

What is unique is that the agreement entered into with CMHC after much negotiation provides for a rent subsidy structure which has the net effect of guaranteeing the mortgage while at the same time reducing the interest charges. This financing formula in turn allows for a sliding scale of rental rates which make it possible for the tenants to pay according to income. Tenants, however, whether retired or not, must be over 60 years of age or, if unable to work because of an infirmity, must be at least 50.

The actual building fills the requirement of being, first of all, well situated. There are several Mennonite and other churches nearby and good bus connections. In addition to this, grocery stores, drug stores and banks lie within a block in any direction. Nearby, too, is Daniel McIntyre Collegiate for those tenants who wish to take evening courses. Arlington and Wellington, too, is in an area where many home owners are reaching retirement age and looking for a place which makes less physical demands on reduced energies.

The architect, Helmut Peters, has provided a liveable six-storey building with sound-proof suites. There are a number of excellent features which make life less complicated. The freight elevator, for instance, leads out to a door at the rear of the building where a truck can back in without worry about the elements and tracking up of carpets in the main hallway. Each suite has a balcony (or a patio for the main floor), individual climate control, in-suite storage and an emergency call system in bedroom and bath which enables the resident to sound an alarm in the building superintendent's office. Knowing that this will reach Elsie and John Rempel

who had the best relations with people when they were looking after First Mennonite Church, makes one feel that all's well with the world. Elsie and John are justifiably proud to show the suites, for be it bachelor, one or two bedroom, there is good storage space, a choice of colors in carpets on different floors and excellent oak kitchen cabinets. Doors close automatically for safety in case of fire and entry of visitors to the building is controlled by the tenants.

Although planned-for relaxation space is not yet being utilized, one knows that with Jack Loepp, a lay minister, and Helmut Epp of Bethania acting as manager and assistant manager, respectively, of Autumn House, there is no reason to fear that tenants won't be able to utilize and develop available space to their own satisfaction once winter sets in. Elsie Rempel says that some people have already made a reservation for use of the sitting room and kitchenette for a family get-together. There also is a library waiting for cosy chairs and books and a games room for those inclined to pitting their wits against others. A basement now empty was also included by the architect to provide for later possible development of work-shops, extra storage, saunas, exercise rooms, etc. The space provided is large enough to house all this because the physical plant such as the heating and cooling systems, elevator equipment and an emergency power plant are located on the roof of the building.

In the meantime, it's the little touches like the elevator doors that make the place comfortable. Like Kipling's 'wait-a-bit thorn bushes' they do just that, wait a bit, instead of grabbing even the younger of us in their maws. If it comes to grabbing, there are beautifully functional bathroom bars which serve as a safety measure.

People, too, provide other touches. We've already mentioned the role of persons like the board chairman, Dr. Friesen, Anne Ens, researcher, Helmut Peters, the architect and of course, the Rempels. Helmut Epp, the assistant manager, a social worker, is a congenial person with an open mind to hear people out and a great drive to get things done. He has had years of experience with

older people at Bethania. Jack Loepp, the manager, divides his time away from Autumn House between duties as a lay minister at Lichtenau Mennonite Church at St. Elizabeth, a specialty crops seed farmer and as a seed agent. Loepp, an outgoing warmhearted individual, says that with Helmut consenting to help him when farm duties create a seasonal rush, he agreed to take on the job of managing Autumn House. Since he is chairman of the board at Bethania and on the board of the Benevolent Society, his assignment seemed a likely choice.

Last but hardly least, are the tenants. Mr. Jacob Wiebe, retired from his duties as minister at First Mennonite, was just going up to their apartment. He was proud to show off his new surroundings in the absence of Mrs. Wiebe

who was visiting someone down the street. The close proximity of friends and relatives is a tremendous plus. Then, too, names of residents at Autumn House showed a goodly sprinkling of people other than Mennonite, a healthy distribution from the look of it. mm

#### FOOTBALL FREAK

Ron spent most of Sunday in front of his TV watching football. He finally fell asleep and spent the night in his chair.

Next morning his wife was afraid he would be late for work. "Get up, dear," she said, "it's 20 to 7."

"Who for?" he demanded.

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# A century in the life of Steinbach's Kehler clan

by Al Reimer

The Kehlers of Steinbach are a truly remarkable clan. They are as numerous as chokecherries in August and, like chokecherries, grow in dense family clusters in close proximity to each other. There the comparison breaks down. Chokecherries are silent, waiting to be picked. The Kehlers are never silent and anything but passive. They are restless, aggressive and vocal—downright gabby, in fact. They never stop talking, even when they have nothing more to say. They go on talking for the sheer pleasure of it. When Kehlers get together the air turns blue with words and laughter. For years a local joke has gone: "Never bury a Kehler until you've made sure his mouth is dead too."

In August the Kehlers held a one-day reunion in the Mitchell Arena near Steinbach. Both physically and symbolically an arena is the proper place for a Kehler clan reunion. In this case the site was fitting for another reason. The new arena in Mitchell happens to be built on what was once the south-east corner of the original Kehler family farm. Local residents waited nervously for this momentous gathering of the clan. Many made plans to be away from home that weekend, hoping that the neighborhood

would not have been declared a disaster area when they got back. Some took comfort in the hope that their brand new arena was sturdy enough to withstand the vocal onslaughts of hundreds of celebrating Kehlers of all ages.

And so they met. In backslapping waves and in full cry. By noon the sand floor of the arena had been churned into a fine beige mist which hung in the air and mixed freely with the vocal clouds (not to mention vocal chords) and the volleys of boisterous laughter. In the morning, Kehlers of all shapes and sizes settled down long enough to listen to a bilingual church service. Then they descended on the long trestle tables laden with enormous plates of cold farmer sausage, heaping bowls of potato salad and jars of dill pickles. As they chewed and sipped they continued to swap yarns, gossip and family anecdotes. A few of the younger, city-bred Kehlers looked a little bewildered by all this rustic animation and Low German gusto, but they were quickly swept into the hot vortex of family reunion and were soon swirling around with the others.

In the afternoon there was a long, largely improvised programme of family history, songs and hearty doggerel verse

(mainly in Low German). A long line of family spokesmen took turns at the mike, each one more garrulous and humorously anecdotal than the last. By the time Faspa rolled around, the tide of talk was beginning to ebb and exhausted verbal swimmers were gasping on the sand like beached whales. But all agreed that it had been a great day, that the arena had borne up well and that the earth was still (surprisingly) spinning on its axis.

For three generations the fertile Kehler clan has thrived and multiplied and helped to fill the Steinbach area. By now they have spilled over into Winnipeg and other places. The founders of the family were Jacob and Elizabeth (Schultz) Kehler, who came to Manitoba as children in the 1870's. Their union produced eight sons and three daughters who lived to maturity. Several other children died in infancy. The descendants of these grandparents now number 613 (no doubt the count has already risen since the reunion). Of that number almost 500 attended the reunion, and only a handful of them were from out of the province, a fact that gives some indication of what a close-knit and localized family this is.

Jacob, the patriarch and begetter of this line, was universally known as "Berliner" Kehler. He was, by all accounts, a fascinating man. Small, dark and round in his prime, he possessed a magnetic personality and was a masterful raconteur locally famous for his quick wit and jovial manner. When people began to call him "Bush" Kehler because of the large amount of brush that grew on his farm, he decided to select his own more favorable nickname. Having as a boy travelled through Berlin on his way over from Russia, he declared himself to all and sundry to be a "Berliner". The sobriquet caught on and became the most famous nickname in the East Reserve. Although without much formal education, Berliner Kehler spoke half a dozen languages and was much in demand as an interpreter for political candidates in local election campaigns. With a squad of husky sons at home to look after the farm, he could afford to take the time for such activities.

Elizabeth, his wife, was small, delicate and quiet, but she raised her large brood with the calm efficiency of a ship's captain. The oldest was Marie, who died early after giving birth to a girl. Then a long line of boys: Jacob, George, Aaron, John, Peter and David. Then Susan, followed by Henry, Elizabeth and finally Cornelius. By the time Berliner Kehler died of cancer in 1923 the children were all grown up and most of the boys were on farms of their own. And busy raising their own large families.

When it came to talking, this second generation of eleven children took after



Aunt Susan takes the mike from Syd Reimer at the Kehler clan gathering at Steinbach.

old Berliner himself. And how they could talk! Friendly, warm and personable, they regaled each other, friends and acquaintances with an endless stream of jokes, anecdotes and stories. When they got together they required no artificial stimulants like wine or liquor. They got drunk on each other. Their houses trembled and shook with their loud bellows and whoops, their heaving salvos of mirth and cries of mock astonishment as they told each other ever more whopping lies and outrageous stories. Everyone knew that the Kehler boys stretched the truth, but no one minded. "If the truth can be stretched," people said of them fondly, "then the Kehlers must own the biggest collection of rubber bands in Manitoba."

Now only Susan and Henry are left of that second generation. They were both at the reunion, mere shells of their former selves. Widowed Susan (Kehler) Wieler is, at 82, the senior member of the clan. She spends most of her time in a wheelchair, but her wit and tongue still show flashes of their old sharpness when she is stimulated by other talkative Kehlers. At the reunion, greyhaired, sedate and wan, she was wheeled onto the platform where she spoke in Low German with simple eloquence about her branch of the family. She was embarrassed by the necessity of speaking into a mike (see picture). No Kehler believes that his vocal powers require mechanical amplification of any kind. And usually they don't.

Henry, at 79 the only surviving son of Berliner Kehler, is feeble and somewhat disoriented. A minister, he tried bravely to speak to the Kehler congregation at the morning worship service, but his Low German message, heartfelt but weakly uttered, was cruelly dissipated in the open spaces of the arena. Perhaps the first Kehler in history who hasn't been able to make himself heard in public. In the afternoon, he tried valiantly to listen to the various reminiscences, but his attention wandered and finally he got up and began to meander forlornly around the arena, as though looking for the cows he probably brought home from this very spot in the bush seventy years ago.

But while that marvelous second generation of Kehlers is almost gone, it has left a multitude of lively copies of itself to carry on the clan spirit and traditions. The largest branch (as of this moment) is the John S. Kehler family, which numbers 118, closely followed by the Aaron S. Kehler branch which totals 114. One brother—George—was childless, and the oldest daughter—Marie—as already mentioned, had only one child. That child, Mrs. Anne Ratzlaff, came all the way from Oklahoma for the reunion. The other

branches of the family range in size from 18 to 87 descendents.

It's safe to say that for sheer size and vitality and joy of life this Mennonite clan would be hard to match anywhere. And talk about being healthy and well-adjusted! In the history of the Kehler family there has only been one subnormal child, which died in infancy, and no serious mental disorders in any of its members. Family breakdown? Almost unheard of. Only three members of the clan have experienced the bleak defeat of divorce.

Most of the older Kehlers have only a minimum of formal education, although the third, and especially the fourth, generation are doing better in this respect. But while even today few of

the Kehlers have gone to university, there are no bums among them and precious few of them have abandoned their Mennonite faith or lost themselves in the mainstream of society. The first two generations preferred farming and carpentry. Today some of the favorite trades among the Kehler men are construction, trucking, auto mechanics and factory work. It is still very much a blue-collar clan. There are, of course, exceptions. A few are doing very well in business, thank you. One grandson in Calgary is the manager of four Eaton's stores; his brother in Winnipeg operates 18 roller rinks in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Another grandson is a highly successful salesman and the owner of a large insurance agency in Winnipeg.

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*The Manitoba poet Pat Friesen has just completed a long narrative poem, a sort of collage of poetry and prose, on the spiritual essence and cultural significance of the Mennonite experience in Manitoba. In the following excerpt, Johann, an elderly Mennonite rampant with memory, is speaking to his brother. The work tentatively entitled Tomorrow It Gives Rain, will be Mr. Friesen's third volume of poetry.*

#### Johann: a genealogy

1.

What do you want to know about Mennonites? What don't you know? Do you want to know about good people or not such good ones? Do you want to know about those who wear different coloured socks to show how humble they are? Do you want stories about those that went to Africa or Asia to work with natives? Or, do you want to hear about the quiet ones who live their faith so you never really notice until they're dead?

I can tell you about my daughter who was a nurse until she got married. She always lived for others. Even when she was a little girl she saved every cent she put her hands on. Not to buy something nice for herself, but to send to missionaries. Always doing what she thought was best for others.

I can tell you, too, about the son that never learned anything about farming, but has some kind of farm. His sons break their backs to keep the farm going. He drives to town every day for coffee. Sitting around with his cronies, telling stories and jokes. I don't know what's in his head.

You know about our businessmen. The sharp ones, who pay their workers dirt. Who live in their big houses and say God has blessed them. I always thought we were to share, give our only coat to the man without one. We were to build a heavenly mansion, not an earthly one. Yet I have heard one of these sharpies boast about how he gives work to the poor. That's sharing for him, I guess. You see how I don't understand things anymore.

2.

Ukraine  
Poland  
Netherlands  
Belgium  
Germany  
Switzerland

from the shed blood of

Manz

Eberle

from Blaurock, his blue coat swirling at his knees

from lonely Denck, who believed that love would never hurt

from Pastor Philips

from Simons, running, hiding behind his priestly collar

from Grebel, on Neustadtgasse

and we've come from rivers

Another grandson is a university professor and a great-granddaughter is just beginning a law career.

Not one of the Kehlers has achieved wealth, however, and none is famous or ever likely to be. And most of them would tell you that they don't much care about wealth or fame. Individually, most of them are lacking in the sophistication, ambition and hard driving intelligence necessary for material success in our society. But collectively, as a clan, they are rich in exactly those qualities which seem to be in short supply among the successful of this world. They are caring, unselfish and delightfully spontaneous human beings. The Kehlers love God, other Kehlers and the rest of mankind, in that order. If they frequently

give vent to their zest for life with more noisy exuberance and naive hilarity than other people, they also retain an innocence and charm that make them as attractive as they are irrespressible. They are really very much in the tradition of "die Stillen im Lande"—except that somebody forgot to tell the Kehlers about the quiet part.

Yes, Berliner Kehler and his wife Elizabeth sowed the seed for a mighty clan of warm, gregarious Manitoba Mennonites. I know. They were my grandparents too. mm

#### COOL CAN

What do you call a Mennonite outhouse in minus 40° weather?

John Friesen.

Contributed by Diane Sills

## NORTHERN GARDENS ARE DOING WELL

When Bernie Baergen returned to Winnipeg from Sachigo Lake early in August, his assignment as gardener with the native people in northern Ontario was over. Not particularly robust before he went, he now looked leaner and thinner. Perhaps it was because of his own cooking, or perhaps from playing so much baseball in the long summer evenings. But, his eyes sparkled and his spirit was buoyant. The task had been completed.

"The gardens look pretty good," he said. Potatoes are particularly important to the native people, and they do well in the northern climates. In part this is due to the long daylight hours in spring and early summer, when daylight extends almost to 11:00 p.m. and dawn comes again as early as 3:00 a.m.

Sachigo Lake, a community of about 300, is near the Manitoba-Ontario border. About half the community is involved in gardening. Although this has not yet attained the importance of hunting and fishing, progress is encouraging. Hunting is more a winter activity, and the produce from the gardens serves as an excellent supplement to their diets.

The northern communities appreciate the leadership of young MCC volunteers like Bernie. They look to them for spiritual guidance as well. One Sunday Bernie was asked by one of the leaders to assist with young peoples work in the church (Anglican church), to which he of course agreed. To his surprise, however, he found himself in charge when the evening service began. "It was a good experience," he recalled later. To make a lasting and meaningful impact on the native communities our volunteers need special prayer support from the Christian brotherhood.

Donna McKean and Mary Poppe are still at Poplar River, Manitoba. Their gardens are also doing very well. Their enthusiasm seems to be catching. One resident hacked out a little clearing in the forest and planted his own garden. A late, slow spring developed into a hot summer, and the garden eventually prospered.

Other gardeners are Robert and Helen Enns in Cat Lake, Ontario, Dennis Boese in Ponask, and Harold and Maria Loewen in Winnipeg, working with the Indian and Metis Friendship Centre.

A desired goal of MCC Native Concerns is that gardens might extend all across northern Canada. In order for this to happen two things must take place: the native people must continue to show interest, and young people need to volunteer as summer gardeners. mm

Rat  
Red  
Dnieper, where father used to swim  
Rhine  
Limat, that swallowed a few of us

You can read about those things in books. I've read some, but mostly what I know has been told to me, or I have heard in sermons. Lots of countries and names. Sea of Galilee, Palestine, Beersheba, Bethlehem, Babylon, Dead Sea, Absalom, Elijah, Job, David, Solomon. And don't forget it all comes back to Jesus. Not just for us. For the Frenchman too, and the English. For the Jew.

And do you understand that we've come from memories?

simlins, cow dung fires  
horses wandering home from blizzards  
Toews or Reimer frozen in the sleigh  
grasshoppers in plagues  
those born on oceans, those buried there  
steppes that father often talked of  
with their yellow waves of wheat  
the swamps of Gdansk, where no armies could come  
whaling ships, yes, whaling ships  
and some of our people sailors  
horse and foot, blade flame and iron  
those driven from home  
and there being bears in the mountains  
and soldiers in the countryside

do you understand?

those are my memories, father's  
his mother's maybe, her mother, father  
their friends, their neighbours

here, in the brush, by this creek where the Limat flows  
an overgrown orchard near Poltava  
or a wharf smelling of fish

do you understand this? where we came from?

it all adds up  
figure it out for yourself

3.

You say you've read about Simons, but do you remember J.J. Fast? No, of course not. You were only a boy when he died. But if you had known him you would know something about Simons. Fast was a blacksmith, one the last, but he was just like Simons. That kind of man. Never smiling, always serious. What mattered most to him, more than his family I think, was that the church should always be right, that no one put himself about the church. And you never saw someone who could hide better. Behind the preacher. Behind the Bible. Behind God. Yes, if you knew that man you knew something about Mennonites. Not everything, mind you.

by Patrick Friesen

# From steppe to prairie

Anna Reimer Dyck. *ANNA: FROM THE CAUCASUS TO CANADA, Ks.*: Mennonite Brethren Publishing House, 1979. 216 pp. illus. \$8.95.

Reviewed by LaVerna Klippenstein

*Anna: From the Caucasus to Canada* is an autobiographical account of the journey from a wealthy Russian estate through peril to a tiny pioneering community in Manitoba. Anna's story leads from hope through despair to renewed hope in a new country with crisis and challenges familiar to Canadian pioneers during the first half of the twentieth century.

Anna Reimer Dyck is an excellent story teller. Carefully chronicled events in the author's diary are brought to life as she recounts her experience during the dislocation of the Mennonite population, created by the fury of war.

Anna's father, Jacob Reimer, held large estates in the Kuban and was an influential leader in the Mennonite Brethren Church. Anna describes in delightful detail the majesty of the Caucasus mountains, the family's well-kept garden and vivid flowerbeds. She describes lavish Christmas celebrations and family activities lasting several days.

The tragic events of deprivation, persecution and death stand out starkly against this glorious background. But among the increasing number of books written by Mennonites about this period, *Anna* is unique. While her story is told with sadness and regrets, there is none of the bitterness and hostility evident in other books. Here Christian faith has helped the author cope with and conquer whatever she may have had for the oppressors. There is loneliness and pathos. But there is no self-pity.

For some the story may seem too idealistic. The author's family and friends appear flawless, the years before the revolution, cloudless. This il-

## WILD CHOICE

Wealthy sportsman, showing off tiger-skin rug: "When I shot him, it was a case of him or me."

Unimpressed guest: "Well, the tiger does make a better rug."

lustrates Anna Dyck's capacity to understand and accept those with whom she lived, and her ability to appreciate and remember the beautiful. This characteristic makes her a book of inspiration and encouragement.

Students of Soviet and Canadian history will find authentic and interesting anecdotal material from this period and persons of all ages will be fascinated by this tender tale of love and suffering, struggle and triumph.

Readers unfamiliar with the German language may find the style strange and a bit redundant in places. Frequent Germanisms (quieten the baby, as we were on our way, long from home) dot the book. Peter J. Klassen, the translator and editor may have chosen to leave these in order to preserve the writer's style.

*Anna*, written at the request of her husband is the author's first book. One hopes there will be others. mm



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## Manitoba news

Groundbreaking ceremonies for **Bethel Place** at Stafford Street and Weatherdon were held on August 24. Bethel Mennonite Care Services, Inc. began construction of the \$4.5 million complex at that time and hopes to complete construction of the 140-suite senior citizen community service facility some 10 months hence. The project is assisted by CMHC and the Manitoba Housing and Renewal Corporation and financed by the Royal Bank of Canada. Architects are Robinson and Heinrichs, a Toronto firm specializing in high quality senior citizen housing and their Winnipeg associate, Harold Funk. Concord Projects is managing the construction of the project, and C.N. Friesen is the overall co-ordinator. The project was initiated by Bethel Mennonite and is co-sponsored by Burrows Bethel, Charleswood, Fort Garry and Home Street Mennonite Churches. A good gathering of dignitaries, interested individuals and future residents of the complex turned out to watch the ceremony. Taking part in the actual groundbreaking was one of the future residents, Anna Siemens. Presiding over the ceremony was George Kroeker, vice-chairman of the board. Speakers were Art Rempel, chairman of the Bethel congregation, who gave a historical perspective; C.N. Friesen, project co-ordinator; Don Garry and June Westbury from the city; John Martens, chairman of the board of Bethel Place; Ted Paetkau, project manager from Concord Projects; Vic Heinrichs, architect, and Jake Pauls, minister at Bethel. The Bethel complex hopes to focus attention on the environment of the residents and concentrate on the quality of their life. Features will include complete dining facilities, which will permit residents to get hot nutritious meals when they aren't up to making their own; a child day care centre which would permit involvement of those residents who enjoy that type of contact; some two-bedroom suites to permit aging parent-child family units to continue living together even if the child is not of retirement age and to accommodate couples where one spouse is handicapped; wheelchair suites; balconies for most suites; warm, well-lit lounge areas; an exercise and health room; library; greenhouse; doctor's office and a large multi-purpose room.

Dr. **Samuel Escobar**, Argentinian theologian and former president of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (Canada), will present the second annual J.J. Thiessen Lectures at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College. The series of four lectures will be given on October 24

and 25. He will focus his address on the general theme of "Liberation Theologies and the Anabaptist Vision". The J.J. Thiessen lectures were inaugurated last fall by Dr. Marlin Miller of Goshen Biblical Seminary. While the CMBC community is seen as the primary audience, they are open to all those interested.

**Henriette Cornies**, music teacher at CMBC, was invited to sing at the International Opera Festival in Orange, France, this past August. Miss Cornies is a well-known performer and teacher. She has performed with various professional choirs, including the Bayerische Rundfunkchor in Munich, Germany and the CBC Hymn Sing Chorus. Recently she appeared in a lead role of the folk opera, *The Gypsy Baron* performed by the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. Miss Cornies spent some time in rehearsal with her former colleagues at the Bayerische Rundfunkchor in Munich before travelling to Orange.

CMBC notes these faculty and staff changes: **Henriette Cornies** joins the faculty to teach voice, piano and music theory. She is an experienced teacher and performer. Her education includes studies at the University of Manitoba and the Nordwestdeutsche Musikakademie in Detmold, Germany. In addition to her formal teaching duties, Miss Cornies will provide leadership for the CMBC Ensemble, a 14-voice singing and dramatic arts group at the College. **Gerald Gerbrandt** returns to CMBC for a year to teach in the area of Old Testament. He has worked at the College for a number of years. He was an instructor and admission counsellor before entering a Ph.D. program in Old Testament at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Virginia. Gerbrandt replaces Waldemar Janzen who is on sabbatical leave to serve the St. Catharines United Mennonite Church. **Lorne Friesen** has been appointed to work as a sports co-ordinator. This is a part-time position. **Rick Ahola** joins the maintenance staff. He will assist Peter Peters, campus manager, with custodial and janitorial duties. Leaving the school for further studies are music instructors Mel Braun and Doreen Klassen, and sports co-ordinator for the past two years, Ed Dick. **Helmut Harder**, professor of theology, will be on leave of absence for another year to continue his work with the Foundation Series Curriculum.

**Otto Klassen**, a Winnipeg craftsman and film producer, recently donated copies of two films to the archives of the

Mennonite Heritage Centre. A 25-minute production depicts an extended interview by Dr. George K. Epp with minister and historian Gerhard Lohrenz and two other well-known persons, Rev. J.J. Thiessen of Saskatoon and Winnipeg businessman C.A. DeFehr. A second film, a 12-minute run called *Danken* (Thanks) reflects a gratitude to God felt by those who, like Klassen, experienced deliverance from the turmoil and aftermath of World War II. Klassen is already known for his 50-minute Centennial celebration color film, *Prairie Pioneers: The Mennonites in Manitoba*. His large collection of color photos have been prize-winning contributions at several major exhibitions in the province. The above-mentioned reels are available for public use from the Mennonite Heritage Centre, 600 Shaftsbury Blvd., Winnipeg, R3P 0M4.



**Patricia Ratzlaff**, a recorder student, attained a mark of 92 in her recent AMM (Western Board) exam. Her music teacher, Bertha Klassen, finds her an outstanding student. Patricia is 18 years old, and comes from a family of five children, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vern Ratzlaff. People may know her father as a teacher at MBBC, the University of Manitoba or as MCC (Manitoba) executive director. This busy young lady has also completed her first year at the University of Manitoba almost completely on scholarships.

**Kleefeld**, the oldest Mennonite settlement in Manitoba, is a 'honey' of a place to visit any time, but especially when they have a honey festival as they did on August 11. **Sharon Martens**, Honey Queen, and a bevy of other girls brought in a tidy sum of money for the local park through ticket sales. Ladies cooked and served borsch, pies, sausage and everybody indulged in super 'schnetchi' (soda biscuits) with fresh liquid honey. The 'Honey Capital' began in a very unassuming way back in 1927, when a Russian-German immigrant, Mr. P.K. Schwarz, who came to this Mennonite enclave the year before, captured a migrant swarm from a neighbor's barn. Although a painful memory 52 years later, one thing led to another and eventually the young local men got their first

summer jobs of the 30s by helping among *Schwarz siene Biee* (Schwarz's bees). Great notions of reaping honey from fields they didn't sow entered these young men's heads and soon a veritable land of Canaan developed. Clover honey is, after all, to Manitoba what maple sugar is to Quebec. Kleefeld to those in the know, also translates from German to Cloverfield. A local bee supply industry also is a thriving concern. Owner is John Fast, who with his wife Elma, strolled about in T-shirts proclaiming a honey formula for togetherness—STICK TOGETHER for John and EAT YOUR HONEY for Elma.

Mennonite choirs have undertaken a varied program for the coming year. The first performance of the year will be by the **CMBC Oratorio Choir** under the direction of George Wiebe and will take place at the Crescent Fort Rouge United Church (corner of Nassua and Wardlaw) on November 17. They will sing Mendelssohn's cantata *Hymn of Praise*. In addition there will be three acapella anthems of Rachmaninoff. Also featured will be CMBC's first performance of Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* for choir and instruments by the CMBC singers. Organist Peter Letkemann will play selections by Healy Willan and Mendelssohn. The major work of the season is J.S. Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. It will be performed jointly by CMBC and MBBC Choirs at the Centennial Concert Hall on March 14, under the direction of William Baerg.

**Winkler Bible Institute** held an alumni homecoming and recognition dinner on September 22. Highlight of the homecoming was the George D. Pries recognition dinner. Rev. Pries has been associated with WBI in various capacities for many years. He first came there as a student in 1927 and eventually spent 21 years of his working life as a teacher of that institution. He also authored a history of the school, "A Place Called Peniel".

**Roland Marsch** was installed as the minister of North Kildonan M.B. Church on the evening of Sunday, August 26. He has been, until recently, the pastor of the Neuwied Church in Germany. He will no doubt find familiar faces in the congregation, the people who have come from Russia to Germany and then to Canada.

**MBCI** begins a new year with new teachers; Fred Pauls, senior high maths, Susan Unruh, girls' phys ed instructor, and David Teichroeb as a resource teacher. Don Peters returns to teach Sr. High Biblical studies. The student enrollment is 453. Their opening program is on October 2 at the North Kildonan MB church.

At MBBC the returning faculty are

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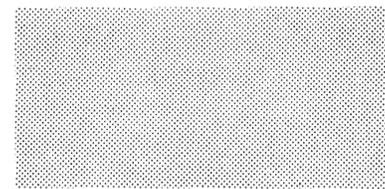
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Bill and Irmgard Baerg, Abe Dueck, and Esther Wiens. New on the faculty is archivist Ken Reddig. The MB Conference archives, under the supervision of the college, are now situated in the lower floor of the new college building. The dedication of the new multi-purpose building takes place on September 23 in the afternoon. Guest speaker is Dr. Abe Konrad, chairman of the Board of Higher Education and Rev. P.R. Toews, MB Conference moderator. The opening program is scheduled for Sept. 23 with simultaneous morning services at the various MB churches in Winnipeg. Dr. Henry Krahn, president, spent two weeks in July at Oxford University, England, at an international conference on Research in Revival movements in the 20th Century. Peter Hamm and his group of students have returned from a two month study and service tour of India.

Harry Loewen, holder of the chair of Mennonite studies at the University of Winnipeg, has accepted the task of being the German editor of the *Mennonite Mirror*.

Organizational meeting of the new Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society Saturday, Oct. 27, 9:30 a.m. Mennonite Heritage Centre, 600 Shaftesbury Blvd., Wpg. Interested people welcome.

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● SERVING THE MENNONITE PEOPLE OF MANITOBA ●

# Forgotten flour foils cook's gourmet dessert

BY Mary M. Enns

Anyone who comes to dinner at our house might be well advised to prepare themselves beforehand with a doggie bag. Not the kind that, out of the over-slendour and over-abundance one takes home half a New Yorker or the choicest part of a barbecued chicken. No, here it would be by way of a precautionary measure just in case Mary has had yet another culinary downfall.

Take today—that's right, you take it, I wouldn't want another like it. The morning began with the lady of the house in top form and ready to cook up a storm. Five VLP's (very loved persons) were expected to dinner that night, one of them a rather well-known Winnipeg gourmet cook. Why I would ever allow myself to invite this sort of artisan is something I've never been able to figure out except that I have this misguided confidence that our friends will automatically just love what we put before them. Wishing to honour our guests and, if truth be told, to impress them just a little with my achievement, I decided on the "Light as a cloud Lemon Torte", for dessert. I should have heeded that little voice of warning within because I am well aware that nothing is light as a cloud at our house. Eggs being the price that they are, and I blame Trudeau for this, not the hens, I turned a little pale when I took all of them out of the fridge. What pure delight all that golden froth! In my exuberance I smiled viruously and added a full measure of sugar instead of paring it down a little as my friends have taught me to do to battle inflation. All instructions were followed minutely, yea, meticulously. Then it came. The Lord saw fit to chastise me and teach me a lesson in temperance, for, you see, I was so secure in my success that I was already planning yet another delicate morsel for the oven. Why not a marble cake too, in case other friends might drop by for coffee in the back yard.

Already mentally at work on the second cake I slipped the lemon torte into the oven and galloped into the next round of feverish activity, already visualizing our guest's delight at the chocolate-drizzled pyramid of marble pound cake. Fifteen minutes later I peeked at the lemon torte in the oven and saw a mass of golden bubbles frothing away. How lovely, I thought, I've never been quite that successful! When, ten minutes later it was still frothing and sticky I realized that some-

thing was just not right. Only then did it occur to me that I had, indeed, put in the ingredients in their right order, all except the very last one, the all-important flour.

For some reason I am never devastated at the result of my *faux pas*. The nasty little wheels of my mind immediately churned: What delicacy can I turn this mess into? Totally happy once again and

feeling I deserved an E for effort, I put the by now brittle broken bubbles into an exquisite Bavarian china bowl to be nibbled with coffee in the family circle. The only member of the family who speaks French wasn't there, so I called the delicacy *le faute grande* and everybody loved the exotic new recipe.

But friends, please don't come for coffee right now because I had to use the marble cake for the VLP's. mm

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# Peeta Lurenz un de Nautische Theorie

“Seehne See, Herr Block,” saed Lurenz: “wann de nautische Theorie derch mie 'n Schupps em naeakste Joahdusend nen jekjraeaje haft, dann kaun nohaea soon Lurd von'e engelsche Admiralitaet siene Kjalwauage soo wiet opriete, daut hee se em Laewe nich wada gaunz too kjrigt.”

Peeta Lurenz ut Rostock saut bie Kjraeaja Bock en'e Gauststow biem Kachelowe, de Klock wea naeajen jeworde, de Gauststow wea nu laddig bat opp see beid, un Lurenz fung aun Herr Block daut too heare un too weete kjrieje lote waut hee ahm aul lang toojedocht haud. Block putzt noch de Taulglichta ut bat opp twee, sadd sich bie Lurenzen jaajenaewa uck aum Owe dol, met soo vael bedaichtja Aunstaund aus hee eajentlich fer et Laewe oppe'e Welt metjebrocht haud, kjickt Lurenzen met siene langtaeajsche Uage aun, un saed: “Ekj kaun woll saije daut ekj aul 'n baet mea aus nieschierig sie de jefallje Metdeelunge too heare de See, aus welterforena un wietjereista Maunn mie brinje welle, un von dee de Aunfang aul soo vael vespraeakje deit.”

“Seehne See, Herr Block,” fung Lurenz wada aun: “ekj haud mie de gaunze Theorie von de Nautik daem Winta soo schoap derch'em Kopp gohne lote, fähle kunn daut nich, rut kome musst doabie waut. Un wann eena dann Gjleckj un Vestaund haft, un toovelotig raeakjne kaun, un daut vaeaschte met'em hinjascht too dividiere vesteiht, soo daut de Proow nohaea uck met de Faziten stemmt, dann musst je daut met'em Diewel aus Fracht un siene Grootmutta aus Decklaust tooghohne wann hee nich opp waut nieet steete deit, waut de Navigatschon met'en jewaultja Schupps fuats 'n poa Joahhundat verwoats schifft, wuavon de kjleakste Kaptuens von Noah bat opp Sir Walter Ralihen sich nich haude dreeme lote — soowaut aus Sir Eisak Juton sien Doktrin vom universalem Schwopunkt, oda Leibnizen sien Differenzialkalkulus, oda daut schwoare Jesatz vom

Deklinatorium Magnetikum.

Seehne See, mien leewa Herr Block, donn musst ekj daut Gjleckj habe daut mie de groote Knoppe von de Membrane em Cerebrum nich entwei reet, un — met een Wuat — donn ersonn ekj de horizontale Peilung un de submarine Paeajel met daem dobbelde Schnalla. Oba ekj sie je soo, weete See, ekj deed doa nich dickj met. Mie wear'et bloos om de Nautik un de Weeteschopp toodoone. Ekj hild je daut nich fe' mie auleen. Un donn kunn je daut uck nich faehle daut sich daut romraede deed, un daut de Englaenda opp'em Observatorium bie Grienitsch daut too heare kjrieje. Kort un goot, ekj hab de Eah doa-

von, oba waea de Engelschmaunn es, de haft daem reelle Nutze doavon waig kjraeaje, un een von de Engelsche Lurds saul, aus ekj jeheat hab, daem Stremphaund doafaea jekjraeaje habe. Aewajens, daut schod't nuscht, doa moak ekj mie nuscht ut. Ekj weet daut ekj nu met Keppler un Kopernikus rangea, un Galileo kaun mie jewoage bliewe.

Seehne See, Herr Block, ohne de horizontale Peilung un de submarine Paeajel haud de Engelschmaunn de Seeschlacht bie Abukir em Laewe nich jewenne kunnt, un wea ekj nich too raichte Tiet doaraewa toojekoma, haud de Englaenda doa secha met 'ne lange Naes von auftraickje musst, un haud doa soo vael Slaeaj jekjraeaje daut de gaunze britische Eilande sich doaropp haude gichte lote kunnt.”

*The foregoing condensed excerpt is transcribed into the Plautdietsch dialect by Reuben Epp from John Brinkman's (1814-1870) Peter Lurenz bi Abukir, written in the dialect of Mecklenburg.*

## Korneljes Niefeld en aundre Menschen

by Victor Peters

Korneljes Niefeld — en Winkla wort he uck Tjnals Niefeld jenannt — dref aulahaund Jeschafte. To ena Tiet haud he en Stoa, dann uck 'ne Zeitung, en bieaun vekoft he Pianos. Oba de Beschaffung wont am aum basten jintj wea Choaleida sennen. Joarelang leid he den Choa ene Bargtholsche Tjotj.

Niefeld kaum uet Russlaund, en haud uck en Petaborg oda Moskau studaet. Doa wea he met dem russchen Saenja Schaliapin bekaunt jeworden. He hilt vael von Schaliapin. Noa de Revoluschen trok Schaliapin noa de Staets en Niefeld noa Kanada en beid sungen so sea en lued aus se kunne.

Niefeld hoalp ewaaul de Choaleidasch, en wann de Choa goat ejeeft wea, gauf et en Saenjafast. Dann kaumen duesende Menschen toap, auf en Vancouver oda Saskatoon, Winnipej oda Winkla, Altona oda Boissevain.

Korneljes Niefeld wea uck en goada Jeschichtevetalla. Wann Niefeld met'm Choa derch wea, vetald

he an Jeschichten wont de Lied dann tues wiedavetalden.

Eamoal vetalld he ewa eanen Droom den he jehaut haud. He wea em Himmel. Doa wea en Saenjafast en de lewe Gott dirijaed den Massenchor. Em Choa wearen 1000 easchte Stimmen, uck 1000 twedde Stimmen, en 1000 Tenors, en 1 Baus — Niefeld. Aus se so em vollsten sinjen sent, haelt de lewe Gott den Choa aun. Wann de to de Tiet Deirektions jef, dann ded he daut mehrendels op hoagdietsch. He saed: “Der Bass etwas leiser, bitte!” Krajt so aus onse Choaleidasch sont dann saeden.

Niefeld wea dann doch en baet vebleft jewast en haud siene Stemm en baet jedaempft.

Waut Korneljes Niefeld fer de Mennoniten en Kanada wea, daut wea Jaun Tjnalsen fer de Mennoniten bi Bargfeld. Daut es wiet hinja Jruenthol woa etj en Joa Lehra wea, en de Tjinja Lesen, Schriewen en Katechismus lehd. Sinowend jintj etj dann foaken noa Tjnalsen wiels he uck Barba wea. Wie sauten aula rundom ene Stoaw en ene Medd

schnett he eanem de Hoa auf. Doabie worden dann uck aulahaund Jeschichten vetallt, oba de well etj nich wiedavetallen.

Tjnalsen haud ene Priessen Dochta to Frue. Nae, nich dem Post-Priess siene, sonda dem Vaeasaenja-Priess siene. Tjnalsen wea wiet en bret woll meist de ensja Russlaenda en de Jaejend. De aundre wearen aulles Chortitza. De meschte sonne von Paraguay tridjekoamen.

Medden em Bosch wea uck de Chortitsche Tjotj. Doa wearen de Bentje ohne Lehnen, de Predja predigt wol meist tve Stund, en doa wort jesungen so aus em Himmel — enstemmig. En wann en Vaeasaenja en Led aunstemmd, dann sung he de easchte Linje aullen, en eascht bie de twedde Linje kunne de aundre uck sinjen. Jewoehnlich worden uck aule Varsch em Led jesungen, aus 8, 10, oda 15.

Vern sauten dann de Vaeasaenjasch, so 6 oda 7 Maun. De aelsta von an saut aum dichsten biem Predja, en daut wea Vaeasaenja-Priess. Priess hilt nuscht von nie Sachen enfaeren. Wann en Led 12

Varsch haud, dann wearen de uck tom sinjen doa.

Eanje vone junge Chortitza kaum de Tjotj to lang fea. De jedeptte Junges saeden, well wie moal eanen Vaeasaenja waehlen wont weinja Varsch singt. En se wahlden dem Russlaenda en Ziffernsaenja Tjnalsen tom Vaeasaenja.

Tjnalsen vesproak de Junges uck daut he noam dredden Varsch wud ophearen. Daut kaum ent Jeraed. Priess haud noch jement: "De wud doch nich!"

Sindach semorjes saut wie aulla ene Tjotj. Aus wie so aundachtig setten tjemmt eascht de Predja uet'm Staefte en jeit langsam noa fearen. Hinja am de Rej von Vaeasaenjasch, eascht Priess, dann de aundre, en Tjnalsen, wonna daut latzte jewaehlt wea, daut latzte.

Daut jintj uck aules goat. Eamoal gauf et ene Interrupschen aus de Predja to Vaeasaenja-Thiesse saed daut sien Paed sich hajelajcht haud. Thiesse jintj natierlich foat eruet eja de Schrugg de Distels tweibroak. Oba donn saed Tjnalsen daut latzt Led aun: "Waus Gott tuet daus is wohljetaun". Aulla sungen uck goat met. De Vaeasaenjasch sauten aulla schmock fearen en tjitjten ons aun, krajt so aus de Predja.

Aus de 3 Varsch meist to Enj es bicht sich Priess gauns ewa noa feren en tjiit stiew noa Tjnalsen. Oba Tjnalsen tjiit jlitj fer sich, en aus de dredda Varsch derch es, moakt he daut Jesangboak to. Daut gauf en Jeraed. Brunne Peta saed sovael Exseitment haude se en Bargfeld nich jehaut seit Funke ae Henastaul aufbrennd. mm

## Vor dem Lutherdenkmal in Worms

Im Jahre 1521 stand Martin Luther vor Kaiser und vor den Grossen des Heiligen Roemischen Reiches und der Kirche und sprach die mutigen Worte aus: "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir, Amen!" Darauf verliess er als Sieger den Wormser Reichstag und wurde von seinen Freunden heimlich auf die Wartburg entfuert, wo er in aller Sicherheit und Ruhe die Bibel ins Deutsche uebersetzte. In Luther hatte das deutsche Volk einen Nationalhelden und furchtlosen Reformator der Kirche gefunden.

Diesen Sommer stand ich wieder, wie so oft zuvor, vor dem Lutherdenkmal in Worms. Auf einem hohen Sockel, umgeben von den Vorlaeufern der protestantischen Reformation (Pierre Waldo, John Wyclif, Johannes Huss und Girolamo Savonarola), steht die massive Luthergestalt mit blossem Haupt und schaut selbstbewusst ueber die Wormser Daecher hinweg in die blaue Himmelsferne. Die geschlossene Bibel in der linken Hand und die Rechte auf dem alten Buch ruhend, erscheint Luther als ein Fuerst, der weder Hoelle noch Teufel zu fuerchten hat. Weltliche Staatsmaenner und Krieger wie Philipp von Hessen, gestuetzt auf Schwertern, und die Wappen und Namen der Staedte, die den deutschen Reformator unterstuetzen, umfassen und beschuetzen den Gottesmann von allen Seiten. Eine Taefergestalt konnte ich nirgends in der Reformatorengruppe finden.

Welche Gedanken kommen einem Erben der Wiedertaeufer und Mennoniten des 16. Jahrhunderts, wenn er vor dem Lutherdenkmal steht? Was empfindet er, wenn er daran denkt, dass der grosse Reformator die Wiedertaeufer, die nur frei ihres Glaubens leben wollten, als Ketzer und gar Teufel verschrie, und sie folglich verfolgen und hinhorden liess? Wie konnte dieser Gottesmann, den die Taeufer und Mennoniten als ihren geistlichen Vater ansahen, seine Kinder grausam von sich stossen nur weil sie Luthers angefangene Reformation konsequent zu Ende fuehren wollten?

Beim Betrachten des Lutherdenkmals konnte ich nicht umhin als auch an die Wirkung und Folgen der Reformation nachzudenken. Koennte es sein, fragte ich mich, dass die einst ins Leben gerufene evangelische Kirche in unserer Zeit nicht mehr das ist, was sie vor mehr als 450 Jahren vorgab zu sein, und dass Luthers grosse Angelegenheiten wie die Wortverkuendigung, Gnade, die allgemeine Priesterschaft der Glaebigen, und die Gegenwart Christi im Abendmahl heute zu Institutionen geworden sind, aus denen das Leben gewichen ist? Koennte es sein, dass Luthers grosse Freiheit des Christenmenschen in unserer Zeit zu neuem geistlichen und institutionellen Zwang—und das nicht nur in lutherischen Kirchen—geworden ist? Es geschieht oft in der Menschen-geschichte, dass urspruengliches Leben

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Die folgenden Verse kamen dem Tauerferben des 20. Jahrhunderts, indem er sich ins Lutherdenkmal versenkte.

Umgeben von den Grossen, schaut du furchtlos

In eine Welt, die dein Geist ueberwand;  
Gehrt von Millionen deines Volkes,  
Bist du ein Kirchenfuerst im deutschen Land.

Die Bibel in der Hand, das Haupt erhoben,

Das Auge unverwandt zu Gott gekehrt,  
Umgibt der Friede deine blossen Locken,  
Bewacht von Kriegern, die du einst belehrt.

Hier stehst du, und wie damals kannst nicht anders,

Im Kunstgebilde starr dein Wille ruht;  
Was du vor Reich und Kaiser kuehn verkundet,

Bleibt ewig gueltig, eingraviertes Gut.

Des Windes Wehen kannst du nicht nehmen,

Dein Scheitel fuehlt nicht Schnee noch Sonnenschein,

Und die Verehrer, die dich leicht beruehren,

Verspuren nichts als Eisen, Staub und Stein.

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## Your word

Dear Sir:

May I add a few expressions of my sincere appreciation of the *Mennonite Mirror* and what it stands for and champions. In the first place I would commend you for your reflections and censorship and the banning of books from schools—and, one may add, from public libraries (issue of March 1979, pp.25-26). As you observe, some forms of censorship may or will always be necessary. Unfortunately, the drawbacks of censorship all too often outweigh their advantages, and are too frequently prone to accomplish the opposite of what was intended. Censors are not infallible; they may be self-appointed guardians and fearful watchers of the people's beliefs in the realm of religion, in the field of culture, especially in literature and art, and in the area of political and economic views and actions. Censors are also prone to be apostles of ignorance of champions of obscurantism.

More than any other Mennonite publication known to me, the *MM* has made room for favorable as well as critical reviews and comments on the recently published English translation of P.M. Friesen's monumental work originally published in German in 1911. Perhaps this also holds true of Rimland's, *The Wanderers*, a first rate literary work, but which is in danger to be accepted by considerable portions of our Mennonite readership as a true portrayal of a very tragic experience of thousands of our people during World War II, when in actuality it is a highly politically-partisan account. The *Mennonite Mirror* also deserves credit for publishing a critical review of *With Courage to Spare. The Life of B.B. Janz (1877-1964)*, by John B. Toews, presented by Harry Loewen in the issue of March 1979, pp.20-21. My personal critical comment to this book would be its omission to give any credit to Prof. John P. Klassen in successfully bringing about a permission of the Soviet authorities to let thousands of Mennonites leave the Soviet Union during the 1920s.

It is most encouraging to read that the Friesen translation is selling so well in Canada, for Mennonites are generally not known for shelling out a substantial amount of money for a book or books. And the scholars who undertook this prodigious work and succeeded in raising so large a sum of money to cover most of the expenditures connected with this undertaking deserve our gratitude and plaudits. If this student of our historical experience in Russia may be permitted to voice a regret, that would have reference to his belief that a greater

and more lasting value could have been rendered by the scholars involved in this undertaking had they singled out for analysis and extended comment the major events and crisis of our sojourn in Tsarist Russia, say from 1788 to circa 1910, and done this within the context of Russian governmental policies and with a consideration of some of the major events in that country which so materially contributed to our development of an ethnic identity and to the creation and fostering of several long-lasting problems and controversies which caused our forebears so much grief. That kind of a treatment would have gone far to place many unhappy events of the past into a better perspective.

Sincerely yours,  
David G. Rempel

Zu Elisabeth von Dyck:

Wir leben in einem demokratischen Land, haben zu viel Freiheit, der Wohlstand ist hoch, und das kann nicht jedermann ertragen. Das Sprichwort sagt, "Wenn's dem Esel gut geht, laeuft er aufs Eis und bricht sich das Bein." Ich glaube, dass es diesem Maedchen auch so ergangen ist. Es mangelt an nichts, alles ist erlaubt und wird gutgeheissen. Die Schulkinder duerfen rauchen, laermen, sogar dem Lehrer ins Gesicht spucken, wenn er ihnen schlechte Noten gibt. Doch wenn die Jugend sich Maschinenpistolen umhaengt, dann wird scharf geschossen, und gewoehnlich von beiden Seiten. Und das haette das liebe Maedchen auch gut wissen koennen, denn Terrorist sein, ist ein sehr gefaehrliches Sport. Im Fernsehen werden viele Heldentaten gezeigt, und da kommt die Jugend auf solche gefaehrliche Ideen.

Schade um das Maedchen, doch die Leute, die durch Terrorismus ihr Leben lassen muessen, tun einem auch leid. Doch ist nicht die Jugend an all diesem schuld; unsere Regierungen tragen die Schuld. Terroristen werden nicht geboren, sie werden erzogen.

J. Siemens  
Winnipeg

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find \$6.00. Send me the *Mirror* for one more year. I am 80 years old and don't know if I'll read it much longer.

Yours,  
F. M. Enns  
Box 1827  
Winkler, Man.

Dear *Mennonite Mirror*:

With the hand on the magnifier I call that quits.

Thank you,  
N. J. Kaethler

## Our word

### RICH ANABAPTIST HERITAGE HANGS AS MILLSTONE AROUND SOME PASTORAL NECKS

There is no doubt that Mennonite churches today find themselves in a crisis situation: it is a crisis of leadership. By this I do not mean that our ministers do not lead their flocks. The lead, but they often lead their members astray, away from the Anabaptist-Christianity which has been their heritage from the time of the early church and the 16th-century Anabaptists.

The leadership crisis manifests itself in various ways:

1. There are many pastors and ministers in the Mennonite churches who are not convinced that a Mennonite-Christian emphasis is biblical, and instead seek to play down the Mennonite label in order, as they put it, "to win non-Mennonites for Christ." While the intention may be laudable, the practise is both confusing and generally ineffectual. Is a Mennonite-Christian interpretation of the Gospel less Christian than a "Fellowship" Christianity or a "Community Gospel Church"? And should we be more concerned about how many non-Mennonite names are added to the church roll than about presenting the whole Christian message to the world?

2. Many pastors and ministers in Mennonite churches are not Mennonite-trained, having attended non-Mennonite institutions and graduated from interdenominational Bible schools and colleges. They are thus not only ignorant of Anabaptist-Mennonite history but also in many instances prejudiced and sometimes even hostile to things Mennonite. In their sermons they emphasize Lutheran, Calvinistic, or fundamentalist-evangelical doctrines and values, depending on the institutions they have attended, and minimize or ignore the Anabaptist way of faith and life.

3. Some Mennonite churches invite fairly regularly to their pulpits non-Mennonite ministers and speakers, persons who not only have no Mennonite understanding but who are anti-Mennonite in their sentiments and teaching. In some instances these persons are permitted to teach in Mennonite Sunday school classes and youth groups without a willingness on their part to identify with the host churches. It is no doubt their apparent sincerity and evangelistic thrust that endears them to our pastors, but our churches do not seem to realize that the emphasis of these non-Mennonite teachers weakens and undermines Mennonite faith and practice.

4. In most Mennonite churches the Anabaptist-Christian faith and life are excluded from the preaching and teaching program of the church. The Sunday school curriculum provides for a systematic study of the Bible, and our churches see to it that Sunday schools "go through the Bible" periodically, but it seemingly never occurs to anyone that teaching and discussing Mennonite principles as they relate to life in today's society would not only be profitable but also relevant and interesting.

There is no doubt that our church members, both young and old, know more about Old Testament history than the story of their own spiritual heritage. Surely, such questions as peace and nonresistance, issues concerning faith and ethics in today's world, and problems with regard to politics, government, ownership of property and distribution of wealth and income, and many others should be systematically studied from a Mennonite-Christian point of view and applied to life's situations accordingly. That is, of course, if we believe that the Mennonite-Christian option should be given serious consideration along with other answers for the ills of our society.

5. It is not seldom that one encounters in Mennonite churches, especially among young people, an attitude of disdain toward things Mennonite. Members come to feel that whatever is Mennonite must be inferior to the beliefs and practices of the "other churches." The sad truth, however, is that many Mennonites have never been confronted with biblical Mennonitism; they have been subjected to certain rules of conduct (largely drawn from fundamentalist-evangelicalism) and made to believe that this is the Mennonite way, with the result that this way is often rejected. It is only later in life that some young people who for some reason stumble into Mennonite institutions, "discover" Mennonite Christianity for the first time. When that happens these young people know that their home churches have failed to instruct them in the ways of their fathers.

If the indifference and hostility toward Mennonite Christianity is allowed to continue, the time will come when the Mennonite churches will cease to be Mennonite; some churches even now are Mennonite in name only. What can be done to solve the problem Mennonite churches are facing? Here are a few obvious suggestions: Pastors and church leaders must change their attitude toward their Mennonite faith and practices and become convinced that Mennonite Christianity is both biblical and of relevance in today's society. Churches must call Mennonite-trained pastors to their pulpits and encourage and enable their non-Mennonite-trained leaders to study (formally or informally) their Mennonite heritage. Churches must be wary of outside preachers and speakers who readily accept invitations to serve in Mennonite churches but refuse to identify with Mennonite teaching and church life. And churches must include "Mennonite studies" in their teaching program and consider such studies as vital for their survival as Mennonite Christians.

*This month's Our Word was written by Harry Loewen, of the University of Winnipeg, who has also joined the Mirror staff as German Editor.*

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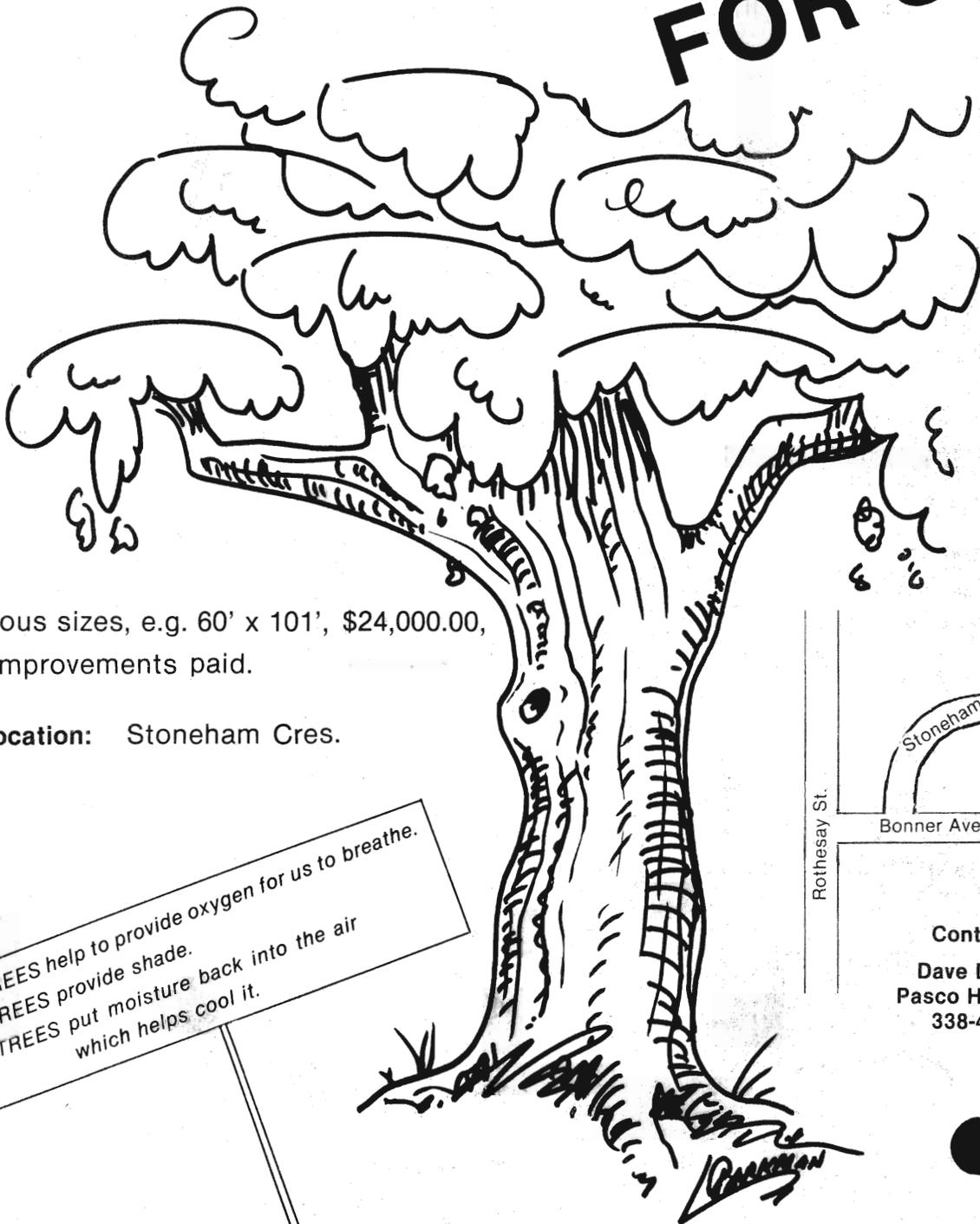
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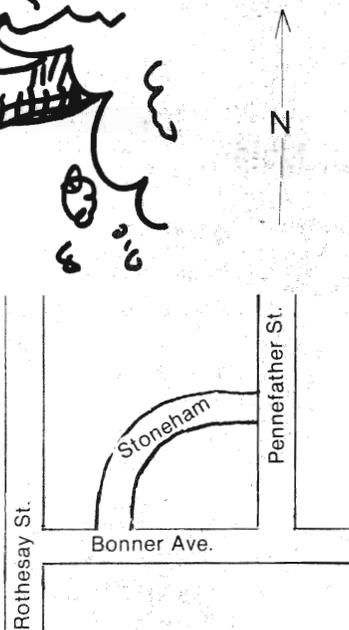
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