

# mennonite mirror

This is  
the Mirror's  
10th anniversary!

volume 10 / number 8  
april 1981



C. DERKSEN

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# mirror mix-up

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A winner will be drawn at random from among the contest entries and the prize awarded.

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by April 21, 1981.

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Mix-Up Contest  
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# Remembering Easter and concluding that it's still a celebration of hope

by Harry Loewen

As long as I remember, Easter for me held greater significance than any other holiday or season of the year. The approach of the Easter season always filled me with feelings of joy, hope and human warmth. Whenever I think of Easter, I think of early spring, sunshine, blue skies, and barley shoots growing in a plate filled with black soil.

Having lived as a child in Russia, as a youth in Germany, and as an adult in Canada, the following scenes and images crowd my mind and heart when I reflect upon Easter.

I see my mother, grandmother and the rest of the family preparing black soil around the kitchen table, placing it in several large plates, and sowing barley in them, hoping that the grain will grow in time for Easter so that colored eggs can be hidden in the green turf. And grow it did. At no time was I disappointed, although I remember that the green shoots were sometimes sparse and short. My mother then said that the reason for such stunted growth was the poor barley, not our lack of care or bad soil.

As a child I never liked Good Friday. Perhaps because my grandmother always looked sad on the day of Christ's crucifixion and we children were also expected to have less fun on this day. But Saturday we could be ourselves again. Eggs were boiled and colored and placed in the lush barley plates. And on Easter Sunday we ate one or two of these eggs for breakfast, leaving depressed areas in the green grass.

Easter also reminds me of the Book of Revelation, Christ in the midst of candles, and the Beast from the earth. I don't know why, but it may be because around Easter time, not long after the Second World War, I read through this last book of the Bible for the first time and was deeply affected by it. One day while reading about the great dragon and his powerful tail which swept stars from the sky, I literally trembled for fear

and anticipation of terrible things to come. How relieved I was when a friend of mine knocked at the window and called me out to enjoy with him the spring air and sunshine. I closed the large German Luther-Bible and together we ran past ruined buildings and heaps of rubble to join our friends in a soccer game.

Our Bible contained pictures, including representations of Good Friday and Easter scenes. I must confess that the picture of Christ rising from the tomb never impressed me much. Somehow the imposing figure with an uplifted left hand and in his right holding a crosier-like staff with a streamer on it seemed so unreal and distant. The picture, however, in which the risen Christ converses with Mary Magdalene I liked very much. I could almost hear the words of Jesus: "Woman, why are you weeping?" and Mary's sad reply: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him." Jesus here becomes so close and human.

One of the most powerful descriptions of an Easter celebration occurs in Al Reimer's translation of Hans Harder's *No Strangers in Exile*. Here Father Nikolai, a Russian Orthodox priest, leads an Easter service in a northern bush camp where Russians, Germans and Mennonites are condemned to live and die.

"A crowd of several hundred peasants has gathered in a huge natural clearing. They are all holding lighted wax candles. More people keep arriving from all directions, also bearing candles. The new arrivals light their candles from those of the people already there. . . . In the center of the clearing a gigantic stearin-candle has been placed on a thick stump which is meant to represent the altar. Even in the flickering lights of the candles one can see that these worshippers have donned whatever decent clothes they still have left. Under the drab fur coats there are flashes of brightly

colored blouses and peasants smocks." After reading from the Bible, the priest proclaims loudly: "Christ has risen from the dead, through death has conquered death and brought life even to those in the grave."

Amidst songs of praise and shouts of joy "the peasant worshippers fall to the ground and cross themselves again and again in an ecstasy of adoration."

In a short story, *The Easter Procession*, Alexander Solzhenitsyn tells of how a group of Soviet Christians celebrates Easter in the middle of the twentieth century. The believers, men and women, carry lanterns, candles and a religious banner. They are coming in pairs huddling together from fear, the "elderly women with faces set in an unworldly gaze, prepared for death if they are attacked."

Watching the believers are "girls in trousers ... and boys with cigarettes stuck in their mouths, in caps and unbuttoned coats — some with immature, moronic expressions of totally unfounded self-confidence, others with simple, credulous faces." The story then describes the persecuted and the persecutors and the fear that the believers experience just because they wish to celebrate the most important day in the church calendar.

I think this picture of an Easter celebration could become a symbol in our day. There is much unbelief and hostility all around us and the nations of this world are engaged in preparing for destruction and death. We don't know what the outcome of all this will be, but humanly speaking one could fear for the worst. Is an Easter celebration still meaningful today? I think that especially today we need to concentrate on thoughts of life and living and not of death, as Thomas Mann puts it, and as Christians proclaim, live, and celebrate Easter, life, childhood and resurrection. Such a message and example are the only hope in today's world. mm

# Mennonites and the jobs they take up

Part 2 of 3 part series

by Elfrieda Rempel

Part two of these series will consist of comparison between conferences, men and women, marital status and the various levels of education. The following comparisons pertaining to occupations include only that part of the population in the working force i.e. the retired, housewives, unemployed and students are not included in the calculations of percentages.

## Comparison between Conferences

Graph 1 compares the distribution of occupations within the various conferences.

The percentages refer to the fraction of people within the particular conference that are involved in a certain occupation. For example, of the 223 members of the General Conference (GC) who are in the work force, 19.7 percent are proprietors, whereas 18.8 percent of the members of the Mennonite Brethren (MB) Conference are proprietors. Although the Evangelical Mennonite Conference (EMC) is a smaller conference (in Winnipeg), a larger fraction (35.7 percent) are proprietors. In the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference (EMMC) only 8.3 percent are proprietors. The term proprietors refers to anyone who is self-employed.

In the professional category, a larger

proportion (43.5 percent) of members of the MB conference are professionals. Approximately a quarter of the GC, a fifth of the EMC and 1/10 of the EMMC members are professionals.

All conferences appear to have an equal proportion of clerical workers. Also very few people within the various conferences are salesworkers. From the graph it appears that 50 percent of the EMMC and 10 percent of the GC membership are machine operators. The other conferences have only a very small proportion (15 percent) of the GC and the EMC membership in the working force are craftsmen. There are only a small proportion in the MB conference. Service workers such as nurse's aids, hairdressers, cooks, etc. make up a very small percentage of the work force within all the conferences. Laborers also make up only a small fraction of the work force.

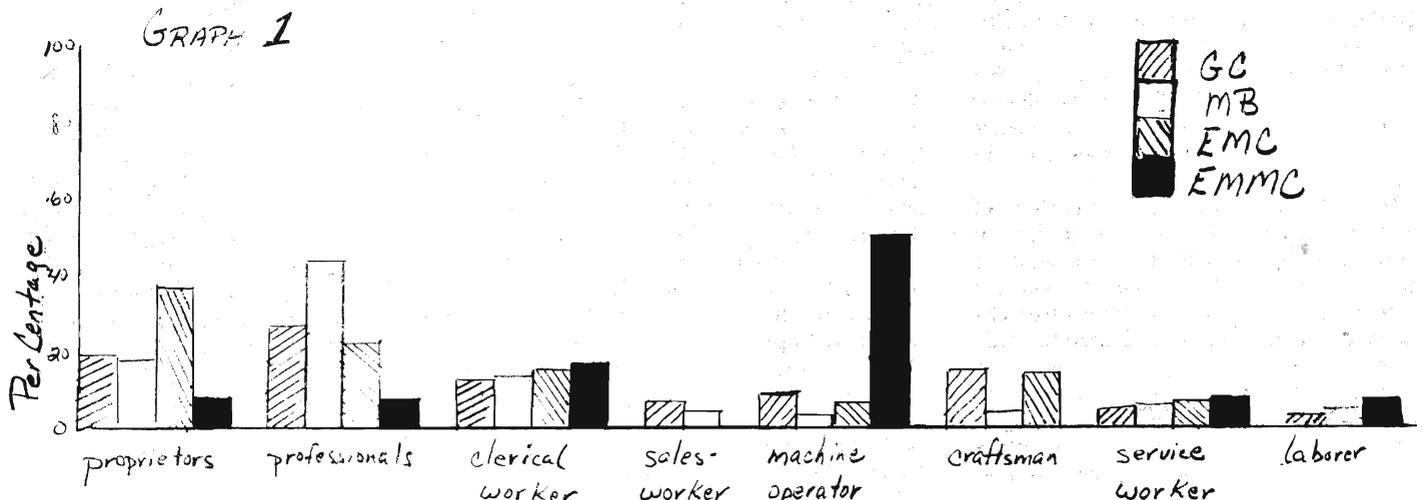
A closer examination of the professional category supports the preconception that many Mennonites are involved in education as a profession. Of all the professionals in the General Conference, a third of them are school teachers. The same is true for the MB conference. In the smaller EMC conference, a third of the professionals are professors. In general, in all conferences there are few people involved in school administration. However in the MB con-

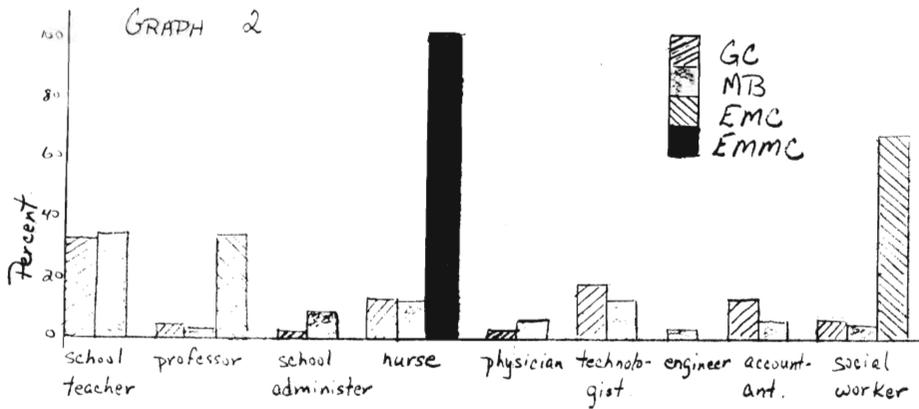
ference 9 percent were school administrators. Graph 2 illustrates this.

The preconception that a large number of Mennonites are employed in the "helping professions" especially nursing, is not as easily substantiated. The same proportion, i.e. approximately a tenth of the GC and a tenth of the MB conference professionals are nurses. Of the small number of professionals in the EMMC, all of them appear to be nurses. Also percentage-wise, there are only a small fraction of physicians in the GC and MB conferences. Social workers make up 66.7 percent of the professionals in the EMC conference.

It is interesting to note that technologists such as radiologists, draughtsmen, etc. make up a substantial percentage of the professionals in both of the GC and the MB conferences. Engineering employs only 3.0 percent of the professionals of the MB conference. 12 percent of GC professionals and to a lesser extent (7.5 percent) the MB professionals have chosen the field of accounting.

The people who are craftsmen, foremen or laborers are further subdivided in the survey according to the industry they are employed in. There were four categories: (1) processing (e.g. metal processing, plastic processing, food processing, etc), (2) construction trades (3) product fabricating, assembling and





repairing. (eg assembling garments, furniture, automobiles, etc) and 4) other. Of the small number of EMC members sampled all the craftsmen are employed in the processing industry. More than half (61.5 percent) of the GC craftsmen are in construction trades. Only 40 percent of the MB conference craftsmen are employed in construction trades. Half of the MB craftsmen are employed in product fabricating whereas a little more than a quarter of GC craftsmen are.

#### COMPARISONS BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

From Graph 3, it appears that the majority of Mennonite women employed outside the home are either professionals or clerical workers such as secretaries, bookkeepers, receptionists, etc. A tenth of the women are salesworkers and another tenth are service workers. A seven times larger percentage of men are proprietors as compared to the percentage of women proprietors. The same proportion of men and women are professionals. A large proportion of men are machine operators and craftsmen.

In the professional category it is not surprising to find that the fraction of women teaching was twice as large as the fraction of men teaching. Also, as would be expected, a third of the women are nurses. Only a slightly larger percentage of men are doctors as compared to women. There appear to be no women involved in school administration, accounting and engineering. An equal percentage of men and women are social workers. Almost twice as large a fraction of men are technologists as compared to women.

In the industrial sector, twice the proportion of women as compared to men are employed in the processing industry. There are no women employed in construction trades. However 60 percent of men employed in industry are involved in construction trades. 83.3 percent of women in industry are employed in product fabricating and assembling (eg garments, furniture).

When comparing the employment

status of men and women, it was found that more than twice as many women are retired as compared to men. This might partially be explained by the fact that many older women survived their husbands who died in the Russian revolution and World War II. One quarter of all Mennonite women are housewives not employed outside the home. Another quarter of the women are either employed full time or part-time outside the home. The rest were either single, students or retired.

#### COMPARISONS BETWEEN MARITAL STATUS

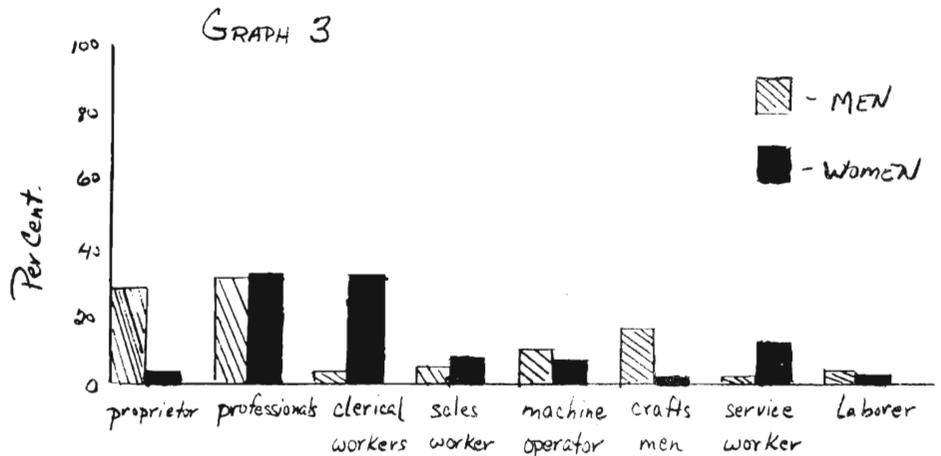
Comparisons between marital status indicates that a third of the single people

are professionals and a fourth are clerical workers. It appeared that the more established married population are mainly proprietors, professionals and also to a lesser extent clerical workers. The majority of the widowed are either sales workers (22.2 percent) service workers (33.3 percent) and laborers (22.2 percent).

The education of the people employed in various occupations correlated fairly closely to that required in order to function in a particular field. Proprietors are the only group which had a wide range of education from eight grades or less to completion of a graduate degree.

From the data presented it appears that the conferences do not differ too greatly from one another with a few exceptions such as the large proportion of machine operators in the EMMC conference, construction workers in the GC conference, etc. Mennonite women in the working force still chiefly occupy very traditional roles such as nurses, teachers and clerical workers. In part 3 of this series we will compare Winnipeg Mennonite with the rest of the Winnipeg society.

Resource Pearson: Dr. Jake Peters, department of sociology, University of Winnipeg. mm



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# Paraguay film provides insight into Mennonite past

*HEIMAT FÜR HEIMATLOSE, a film (with sequel, 50 JAHRE FERNHEIM) by Dueck Productions.*

A Review by Wilmer Penner

They sit there in prim rows, old men now, listening to President Stroessner eulogise their achievements from his prepared text; the Chaco wind lifts their white hair as they watch the bands and the floats as the parade salutes the fruit of 50 years; bemused that somehow this celebrates those years of young manhood they gave that this Mennonite community might live.

And again, a little elderly *Taunte* prays a fervent German thanksgiving to the Lord for preserving her to see this day; in her memory, a cherished homeland far away and lost forever; on her hands the wrinkle of effort and pain that

built this new home for the homeless.

For those who have lived the Paraguayan life, the Duecks have filmed a memorial to those, living and dead, who made the Fernheim success possible. For us in Winnipeg, it often comes to rebuke; for the vagueness of our aspiration; for our careless rejection of our rich and fertile roots and values; for our slavish acceptance of life as consumerism. For ignoring the price others have paid that life might be otherwise.

Towering above the town, and central to the movie, is the monument which proclaims in stone the three pillars of our Mennonite way: *Glauben* (Faith)-*Eintracht* (Cooperation)-*Arbeit* (Work). By skillful use of juxtaposition, using old home movies which were fortunately available, Dueck presents the vivid contrast between the starkness of the early sacrificial years and the comfortably

established life of today.

Faith brought the beginning. Behind them the ruined communities of Russia, before them closed doors except for the wilderness of the Chaco, our people moved forward in the confidence that God shaped their ultimate destiny. The historical re-enactment seems somewhat clumsily contrived, as when the snake jumps from the sleeping bag, and the actors look a little smug and well fed for the early desperate wanderers, but the services where they sing the praise of their Guide ring true. Their life never forsook prayer and Christian responsibility. Visible signs of faith are the hospital where all races receive care, a renowned leprosarium, and in the glimpses we get of dedicated individuals who use their lives to help all their neighbours. Most impressive of these is Helga Dueck, who teaches 50 Chulupi children in an crowded classroom, with no thought of hindrance in the artificial leg polio has left her.

Cooperation was always a necessity: *Nicht Eigennutz, sondern Samtnutz* (Community before Self). They built fine schools for their children (where they taught them to march?); a comfortable home for the needy old; an electrical generating station, much of it locally tooled, and for those of us who will go to see for ourselves, a co-op tourist hotel. All this and more without any assistance from the government.

Work, that most traditional Mennonite value, made this capricious wilderness bloom. An old cut shows the ox, the little lad, and his father, pulling the single plow through the heat and dust of the postage stamp clearing that has to feed the family—without recourse to an adjacent Safeway if it fails. *Tod-Not-Brot*, they say. The first generation gave their lives; the second endures scarcity; the third will enjoy the loaf. But so much of the work even in the agonising early days is seen as 'togetherness'—all ages pitching in to thatch a roof, to *püle* (pick clean) the cotton, to shake the groundnuts clean. Some of us might gladly trade some comfort for this camaraderie.

The film does share a Mennonite trait: to look for and present only the best of the Mennonite way. In Rhodesia, too, the white settlers came to empty plains, and where is their nest now? It is soothing to see the Great White Medicine-men dispensing mercy and healing and *twee-back* to grateful natives. It is comforting to hear them sing our gospel songs in strange dialects. But where are the signs of the tension that must exist between such divergent ways of life, the uneasiness that must mark their thoughts about the future when they realize the Mennonites are already outnumbered almost



A scene from *Heimat für Heimatlose*

2 to 1. We are too exclusive a people to adapt easily to alien ways, even if the strangers choose to be Klassens and Reimers in name, and can say with perfect accent *Ess bloes 'n Boem jefolle*. (Only a falling tree). And this tension must already be visible on the everyday streets, but the camera's eye has chosen to blink.

But the mark of success in film is in the beholder, and those in the Concert Hall were enthusiastic. For Peter Klassen, whose excited commentary while the film played delighted and enlightened us, there was the nostalgia

**FRIESENS AND COUSINS: A BALTIC PAST**, BY Leiden historian Jeremy Bangs. The story of Danzig and the Vistula Delta as a Mennonite homeland. Combines European archival research with subtle humor. Delightful illustrations, authentic coats of arms. \$5. plus \$1. postage and handling (US funds) to United States and Canada, add necessary postage elsewhere. Order from: Carl and Marjorie (Friesen) Bangs, 7205 Canterbury, Prairie Village, Kansas 66208.

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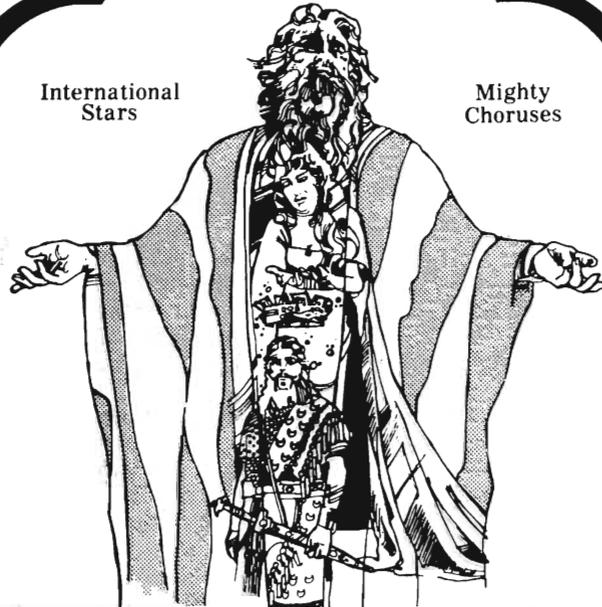
of familiar faces, and familiar songs of home-folk, and frogs, and birds. Dennis Reimer felt most surprised at the common bonds we share with a people so remote in time and geography from our Manitoba *Kanadja*. Harry Loewen saw the sweep of the Mennonite saga,

another sign that Mennonites are at home everywhere (nowhere?) on the face of the earth.

See it when you next can. You will learn something about yourself.

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# Low German Drama by the Landmark Club

by Wilmer Penner

I have been asked to write about the drama productions in *plautdietsch* by the Landmark Drama Club. And the enthusiasm our group has shared with their audiences over these five years has its roots in the simple country life of Mennonite country kids like these on a dark farm field, waiting the coming wrath of God — or father — or teacher (for us, interchangeable) in well-deserved judgement. Perhaps it is a narrower, simpler base than feeds most literary fires — but it is particular, and it is ours.

We have just passed a time of controversy over the Mennonite participation in Folklorama. For some, we are pale carbons of the German *Volk*; others protest ours is essentially a religious identity. So did we belong?

I am Mennonite enough to credit truth in both assertions, but they are incomplete truths. German was important in school and church, but only after extensive sophistication did it become the medium of everyday life: Our community had an historic religious basis, but it did evolve a truly ethnic culture. As Al Reimer, who says many things well, writes in the *Mennonite Mirror* of May, 1979:

"And yet *plautdietsch* was at the very heart of the Prussian-Russian Mennonite experience and culture in a way that High German never was and English will never be . . . we will remain Mennonites only as long as our children understand Low German . . . It would seem that in our haste we have discarded a priceless and irretrievable linguistic heritage. English will never be the language of our most intimate ethnic experience . . . Plautdietsch has the power to make one feel instantly at home with other Mennonites in any part of the world."

This power of language is one such as

Rene Levesque understands most profoundly. But we grind no political axe; our purpose is to preserve an endangered treasure of intrinsic worth.

Each of our presentations taught us new insights into ourselves, our audience, and our language. The first "Plautdietscha owendt" (Low German Evening) was an evening of simple skits by Reuben Epp, Nicholas Unruh, and our Landmark Milton, Mr. P.A. Plett. A telephone conversation, an English storeman trying to communicate with an oddball for whom 'cloudy' becomes 'kleiw die', a trip to the paradise of 'Kildoona', a farmboy lost to his parents through college. But our people saw on the stage an experience they recognised as theirs in a language that was theirs — this was no academic exercise.

Next was *Koop 'n Bua Reise No Dietschlaund*, where the sophisticated German society is seen through the adulatory eyes of Jasch, who sees only wonders, and through the truthful eyes of 'truhoatja' isaak, who sees only corruption. All described in the Plautdietsch of a master — Arnold Dyck.

*Daut Straume Schalduck* translated the naval milieu of *H.M.S. Pinafore* into the rural milieu of Mennonite Manitoba. Two insights deserve mention. First, our language reflects a limitation of experience. 'Other exalted shrine' became a feeble 'bie äare Dää'; 'falling in love' can only be 'etj sie die goot' or the risqué 'mien Hoat ess woam'; 'pearl of mistrely' proved impossible. Anything too soaring became merely ridiculous; we are a people not much for unrestrained passion.

Also, English class structures seemed anomalous in our classless society. But a little reflection on the Admiral's case soon discovered a hint of bureaucratic ladder climbing in Herr Panna's sojourn

through the various church denominations we all know; while, of course, as one who makes it to the top, he must be a 'Russlaenda'.

Our last production was *Valoare op'e Steppe*, translated from the original German into Plautdietsch for the drama. Arnold Dyck had chosen German so that his autobiographical sketch of a Mennonite boy growing up would find a wider audience; now, it seems, our people will soon need it in English. For we in the drama club felt a new sense of urgency: it was impossible to fill the roles with anyone under eighteen. Our mixed schools and places of work have ensured that our language is no longer in daily use.

Nor can our drama group hope to save it from this extinction. What we desperately hope to do is to get it on record while it is still within full living memory.

To record that once there were a people who (talked through a flower) 'raade derjh'e Bloom' when they were a trifle deceptive. Who, when a day filled with frustration to the point of bellyache, exclaimed: 'Schietarie 'n Buckweedoag'. Who did such untranslatables as 'gnuwelle', 'pujhe', and 'tjneppeldreie'.

So that, when our sons and daughters pause again to reflect on where they came from, there will be a place for them to look.

What has this to do with the Canadian mosaic? Exactly that our society, neither angrily fractured nor blandly homogeneous, may be one of the few societies in the world that can celebrate its cultural variety. We are proud to share this celebration with our orarukic offerings in *Plautdietsch*.

One Christmas, to escape to the glamour of Disneyland, we flew to Los Angeles — only to face the same golden arches we had fled in countless Winnipeg McDonald's. There is a deadening sameness creeping over our commercialised 'progressive' Western world. but the coming global village need not be vapid shades of grey. In Canada's mosaic we glory in that difference celebrated by Hopkins in *Pied Beauty*:

Glory be to God for dappled things —  
For skies of couple-colour as a  
brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout  
that swim;

He fathers forth whose beauty is  
past change: Praise Him

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## School days...

### ... at MBCI

MBCI is noted for its various activities, including its music program. At MBCI, all students have an opportunity to experience music in one form or another, whether it be as a subject, through extra-curricular activities, or in chapels.

We are fortunate to have several bands at MBCI, as well as Ken Epp, who does an exceptional job of organizing, and training them. Currently, about half of the student body is involved in our band program. The grades 7, 8 and 9-10 bands, plus our concert band, competed in the band festival, sponsored by the Optimists of Assiniboia at the Convention Center. This was definitely a highlight for all students involved.

As well as the bands, MBCI is known for its choirs. Peter Braun directs the Junior Choir (grades 7 and 8) Freshman Choir (grades 9 and 10), and the Concert Choir (grade 11 and 12). Students are exposed to many different styles of music, as well as technique in these choirs.

Presently, a tour has been planned for April 30-May 3. Both the Concert Band and Concert Choir hope to be bussing to Thompson, Manitoba, stopping in Brandon and Dauphin along the way.

Interested students can also get involved in music through extra-curricular activities, like the musical *Fiddler on the Roof* which is now being prepared. The orchestra, along with the actors and the chorus is busy learning the music for what should be a very entertaining production. It has been scheduled for April 23, 24 and 25

Music as a subject and an extra-curricular activity seems limited to a certain group of interested students. But music at MBCI is also expressed through chapels. Here, everyone has the opportunity to experience music in some form or another, whether it be through the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, who entertained us one morning in January, the ladies choir from Northwestern College, located in Minneapolis, or the band "Heir Force" from Nazarene College. The balance of music chapels is filled with willing students, including singing and instrumental groups.

Music at MBCI, used on an educational level, as a fun activity or a meaningful chapel, is designed not only to widen the students' view of the world around us, but as a way of communicating with and praising God.

—by Patricia Reimer

### ... at MCI

The M.C.I., especially around this time of year, is a very difficult place to live. It produces pressures and tensions that no other school has. Of course, each of the pressures is offset by a corresponding benefit, but the pressures are still there.

Over the last month, each grade 12 MCI student has written over 45 pages of essays, five tests, and about 80 pages of notes. I believe that the workload here is heavier than in many public schools in Manitoba, but with good purpose. If nothing else, the MCI student learns how to work. At the MCI you can't get anywhere without applying yourself.

The residence and its structured life produce their own problems. It's nearly impossible to find solitude, and the strain of living at close quarters with the same group of people 24 hours a day causes many frayed nerves. The organized study hours also cause many a student to chafe at the bit. Every hour of the day is filled with some organized activity.

Because of this, the MCI student must learn how to deal with people under set circumstances. Students also learn how to organize time and use it effectively. Both these qualities will be useful in later life.

The pilgrimage of a student may be compared to a Christian's pilgrimage through life. Sometimes we all want to take a day off from doing the right thing, be it homework or moral obligations. But we have to keep the purpose of all our work in mind, and remember that it will probably soon be over. Somehow that makes it all a little easier.

—by Gary Fehr

### ... at Westgate

In our Grade 10 Ethics class, Mr. Friesen gave us the opportunity to report on any kind of moral issue. Many decided on topics requiring a lot of research, but the topic I chose needs little research. It relies heavily on the feelings and the ideas of the people involved. The topic was *The True Meaning of Boy-Girl Relationships*.

We viewed a film entitled, *Are We Still Going to the Movies?* which made many of us understand that a loving relationship is not based solely on making out. A relationship should be based on more than physical love.

Along with the film, I invited Rev. John Neufeld (First Mennonite Church) to the class and he helped us with the discussion. The class asked many questions to which he responded with his insight.

Many more questions arose which sparked considerable discussion. With this discussion, we learned what makes for a true and honest relationship.

It's hard speaking about what people should do in a relationship because everyone is unique. A real satisfying relationship depends very much on the two people involved. It's the trust, love, understanding and growing up together which can make this time of one's adolescent life exciting and rewarding.

—by Sindy Janzen

#### MD SETS UP SHOP

A young doctor went into a second-hand magazine shop and asked for a selection of 5-year-old issues.

When the owner expressed surprise, the doctor said: "Look, if you had just started to practice would you want all your patients to know it?"

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# An evening of Schubert to be long-remembered

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Presents "An Evening with Schubert" at Winnipeg Art Gallery Auditorium, February 25-26.

A review by Al Reimer

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre is to be congratulated for having lured tenor Arthur Janzen back to Winnipeg for this fine recital of Schubert lieder. Prominent in Winnipeg musical circles a few years ago, this Mennonite singer now pursues his vocal career in Germany. His partner for the evening was Irmgard Baerg, surely one of the finest pianists in this

city. Together they gave us a recital that will long be cherished by those fortunate enough to be there.

An evening of Schubert lieder is, of course, a musical gourmet's delight. Only someone with a tin ear or a stone heart could fail to be moved by the achingly sweet and tenderly melancholy songs the composer wrote with such prolific ease during his brief, unhappy existence. Schubert's constant themes are love and death, and he wrote about both subjects with equal winsomeness and sympathetic understanding.

The first half of the program consisted of seven songs from Schwanengesang, Schubert's final cycle of songs. It contains such famous and well-loved songs as "Staendchen" (Serenade) and "Aufenthalt" (Resting Place). After the intermission, Janzen sang ten more Schubert songs, including a group of four dealing with death followed by a lighter series on various romantic subjects.

Everything about this recital was exactly right for the occasion. The Art Gallery Auditorium, small-scaled, open, and with good acoustics, is made to order for this intimate repertoire. Art Janzen has a lyric tenor voice of great warmth and sincerity, and he succeeded in creating precisely the right moods and contact with his predominantly Mennonite audience. In fact, I have never heard this singer to greater advantage. Having admired his work for many years, I detect a new maturity and freedom in his voice. His phrasing and shaping of each song were most impressive and his German diction impeccable. Janzen does not have a large voice, but with this material there is never any need to push the voice. Hence, there was never a hint of strain anywhere.

Schubert lieder, of course, offer much more than melting, soulful tunes. They are complex little compositions that require as much artistry from the accompanist as from the singer. Irmgard Baerg is the perfect Schubert accompanist who can bring out every nuance of the music without ever upstaging or

overpowering the vocal line up front. An artist of rare grace and musical insight is Irmgard Baerg. The music of Schubert reigned in this recital, not Janzen and Baerg. And that is as it should be.

My only reservation about these Schubert songs are the texts to which they are set. Most of the poems are pretty second-rate stuff, banal in expression, hackneyed in theme and overlaid with thick coats of sentimentality and morbid self-indulgence. Fortunately, Schubert's glorious music succeeds in transforming them into something rare and unearthly, raises them above the routine and stereotyped into ethereal artistic creations.

I still have in my ears the beautiful, flowing legato of "A Fisherman's Happy Love-Making" and the sunny sound of "The Traveller Addresses the Moon." And after completing a taxing program of seventeen songs, Art Janzen gave as an encore a splendid rendition of "Ungeduld" from the *Schoene Muelllerin* cycle. It was probably the best-sung song of the evening, and brought this superb recital to a sparkling close.

Score another success for Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. And thank you Arthur Janzen and Irmgard Baerg for the bountiful gift of your talents. mm

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# Colleges put on another fine evening of singing

by Peter Klassen

The oratorio choirs of CMBC and MBBC joined forces on March 14 to present their annual performance of a major work in the Centennial Concert Hall, Winnipeg. This year we heard two works: Ives' *The Celestial Country* and Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, directed by George Wiebe and accompanied by the CBC Winnipeg Orchestra. Soloists were Henriette Schellenberg, Sylvia Dyck, John Martens, and Mel Braun. The two works will be aired over the CBC Trans-Canada AM and FM Network on March 20 and 23 respectively, on the program "Mostly Music."

Let me state at once that it is not my intention to write a detailed review of the performance, but rather to comment more generally on various aspects of it.

I was really looking forward to this evening. It is always a great thrill to hear so many young people (along with some of their elders — more power to them) blending their hearts and voices and singing so well some of the noblest choral music on the face of the earth. It is a memorable experience for both the participants and the audience. The tradition of the Sangerfest is still very much in evidence here.

The Concert Hall was almost full. I don't remember hearing the crying of any babies all evening, but the lack of sustained applause gave me the assurance that there were many Mennonites present. I was amazed to hear people coughing from time to time without any attempt at muffling. And I was frustrated in my efforts to follow the text in the Ives work because the lights were too low.

The evening progressed somewhat in the manner of a grand musical banquet. First came the appetizer, the salad and

...? I don't think the metaphor I have introduced will bear much further reference. However, *The Celestial Country* was a refreshing opener—interesting, crisp, a delightful mixture of surprises, and garnished with slightly exotic overtones.

The musical forces consisted of the two a cappella choirs, accompanied by a string quartet, an organ and sundry extra instrumentalists. This is very charming music for Ives (many of his later works are not exactly easy listening) and the attempt to communicate musical and philosophical-religious dimensions concurrently are quite typical. I would have liked more overlapping during the short interludes for the organ—some sort of continuity with what had just transpired and what was still to come. The entries of the organ and the cadences at the close of each little section were simply too abrupt. The interlude for string quartet was delightful in itself, if you agree with Ives that an Interlude is necessary.

The solo vocal quartet was very effective in this work, as well as the aria for tenor. The cantata works up to a powerful climax, and the sopranos are to be commended for their high C's at the close (I'm not sure how many did not attempt it). Except for a few insecurities in pitch from time to time (something Charles Ives wouldn't have worried about) the cantata was very well sung. However, I didn't get most of the text. After the intermission we heard the Requiem, sung in German. This was definitely the main course of the evening. What can one say about this great work? I found the whole experience so moving that I don't feel like discussing it at all. (It's like trying to describe

being "born again" to someone who isn't aware of spiritual realities.) Its power and greatness lies in the fact that you begin with an inspired text of great poetic merit, dealing with one of the supreme issues of human life and destiny, and present it with music of epic grandeur, cosmic proportions, poignant lyricism and consummate craftsmanship—and you get a very strong impression of being in the very presence of a holy eternal God, the final Arbiter and Judge, but also the Redeemer and Comforter. There is a "terrible" beauty about this work.

The musical-spiritual impact of the work is realized when the singers and instrumentalists rise to the occasion and become a living vehicle for its sublime message. I believe they did just that. The interpretation of the romantic quality in the music was controlled and restrained (perhaps too much at times). The long lines and the huge climaxes were well managed. The orchestral accompaniment was well integrated with the choral sound. There were many very fine movements. The singing of Henriette Schellenberg was indeed ethereal.

I had the impression that all the participants (including the orchestra personnel) were aware that this was a musical experience of deep significance. There were naturally some places where technical expertise (in the choir) was not on the highest level. At the same time, I felt that the whole performance was a tremendous achievement for all concerned, especially since most of them are true amateurs (lovers of . . . music). This was Brahms at his best.

"The music in my heart I bore long after it was heard no more." mm

## LUTHER AGES

During history class, the teacher asked: "What happened in 1483?"

Luther was born," a student answered promptly.

"Correct! What happened in 1487?"

After a long pause: "Luther was four years old."

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# manitoba news

Winkler is celebrating its 75th anniversary during 1981, with a Homecoming Festival scheduled for July 31 to August 2. Plans include a community breakfast, parade, barbeque, and community church service. Other events celebrating the diamond anniversary include the Kingsmen Citizen of the Year Banquet on April 10, the official opening of the new Civic Centre and the Winkler birthday party June 20 and 21.

The inaugural worship and dedication service of the **South Park Mennonite Brethren Church** in Altona was held March 1. The church is presently meeting in Parkside School.

The **Altona Music Festival** was held the week of March 16. During the five-day festival, some 300 pianists, organists, and guitarists competed in various categories.

**Andrew Klassen**, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Klassen, received the silver medal in grade IX violin, as well as the Frederick Harrison Scholarship, from the Toronto Conservatory. Several weeks ago, Andrew received the Greater Winnipeg Schools Orchestra Scholarship, valued at \$250. He will be featured as soloist at the orchestra's

spring concert. Andrew studies violin with Emmanuel Horch.

**Israel Alexander Ludwig** has been appointed chairman of the Canadian Consultative Council on Multiculturalism. Named as representative of the German-Mennonite community for Manitoba is **Ernst Hansch**.

More than 550 persons from California to Puerto Rico and from British Columbia to New Brunswick converged on Enid, Oklahoma, February 13-14 for the annual **All-Unit Mennonite Disaster Service** meeting. While much of the meeting featured reports from major areas of MDS work during the past year, participants also learned of the impact of disasters on people's mental health from Robert Carlson of Newton, Kansas. Carlson is director of pastoral services at Prairie view Mental Health Center.

Sales of **Self Help Crafts** items in Canada and the United States reached \$1.5 million in 1980, with Canadian outlets selling \$600,000 worth. Paul Leatherman, director of Self Help, estimates that at least 30,000 people and families in 21 countries earned either their livelihood or extra cash for necessities through the program last

year. In the last few years Self Help Crafts has been operating without direct contributions from the church. With the program's growth, Self Help has in fact found itself with surplus funds in 1980. Administrators are considering ways the organization can return these funds to the communities which produce items.

**Ross Nigh** of Stevensville, Ontario, has been appointed new Mennonite Central Committee vice chairman; the new assistant secretary is **Larry Kehler** of Winnipeg: The new officers were elected at the annual meeting of MCC, January 29 to 31, at the Lendrum Mennonite Brethren Church in Edmonton. New Executive Committee members are **Florence Driedger** of Regina, **Aaron Klassen** of Kitchener, and **Peter Peters** of Winnipeg. All represent MCC (Canada).

**Dr. John Friesen**, instructor at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, and **William Schroeder**, author of *The Bergthal Colony*, will conduct a tour to the Soviet Union which will follow the migration of Mennonites from the Gdanz/Vistula River area in Poland to the Ukraine, where stops will be made in Chortitza and Molotschna. The tour will also include Central Asia with stops in Karaganda and Alma Ata. The tour is being arranged by Assiniboine Travel Ser-

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vices of Winnipeg for July 2-24 of this coming summer. Persons interested in further information may contact CMBC, 888-6781, or Assiniboine Travel Services, 775-0271.

The Canadian Mennonite Health Assembly, founded in 1966 through the initiative of MCC (Canada), will be holding a conference April 29-May 1 at the Fairview Mennonite Home in Cambridge, Ontario. The theme of the conference is "Vision-Decision-Action."



Otto Hiebert

The Mirror pays tribute to Otto Hiebert, a resident of southern Manitoba. Otto has not won any musical awards, has not been assigned to an MCC post, but deserves recognition in this Anabaptist newspaper as a representative of all those wonderful Mennonites who go about their daily work faithfully, humbly, diligently and loyally, not asking for any reward save the joy of knowing that they are being dutiful.

#### MENNONITE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Meetings were held on March 8 in Fort Garry and March 15 in North Kildonan to assess the feasibility of establishing an elementary school or schools in Winnipeg, having an enrollment primarily directed to the Mennonite community. Approximately 50 people attended the Fort Garry meeting, and were present at the North Kildonan meeting. A committee of interested persons, headed by Dave Epp of 56 Roselawn Bay, headed the discussions concerning the religious orientation of the schools and the value of such an education to the home and the church.

Private sources have offered to underwrite financial shortfall for an initial period, but the responsibility for financial support would rest upon a cooperating group of Mennonite churches, tuition fees and individual contributions.

#### WRITER'S WORKSHOP

On February 27 and 28, 1981, the Steinbach Bible College was the scene of the first writer's conference sponsored by the Evangelical Mennonite Church Board of Education and Publication. The conference, registering 111 participants, attracted church correspondents and other writers mainly from the Steinbach and Rosenort communities where EMC membership is concentrated.

Headed by D.K. Schellenberg, editor of *The Messenger*, the organization com-

mittee obtained Margaret Epp, well-known Mennonite author of Christian literature, as key-note speaker. Besides Miss Epp, others conducting workshops included Betty Barkman (author of *Four Buds in His Bouquet*), LaVerna Klippenstein, Ben B. Dueck, Sarah Barkman (author of *Ever-Widening Circles*, the story of EMMC missions), and Harold Jantz (editor, MB Herald).

Margaret Epp, author of more than two dozen children's books and non-fiction for adults, among them *Into All the World*, a book about Prairie Bible In-

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stitute alumni now serving in countries around the globe, and *The Earth is Round*, a family fiction about the migration of Mennonites to Manitoba in the 1870s researched in the Steinbach area, presented three inspirational talks.

Miss Epp talks shop without apology. During the course of her first talk, "Stirring the Gift", she cited some common misconceptions about writing, saying that a writer needs to clearly assess his or her attitudes, personality traits and acquired habits because these determine whether or not one is suited to be a writer, and proceeded to name the basic attitudes conducive to a writer's success.

### RUSSIAN MENNONITE STORY TO BE TOLD

More than 35,000 Russian Mennonites arrived in Canada during the three major immigration movements of the 1870's, the 1920's and the 1940s. The "old country" of Russia, now the Soviet Union, therefore constitutes a reality with a special place in the Mennonite past even today.

Many of the original newcomers, now well re-established, are concerned that the story of the Russian experience, so dramatic in many respects, and so live an influence in the Canadian one that followed, should not be forgotten in the years to come.

To aid this enterprise, a retired minister of the First Mennonite congregation in Winnipeg, Rev. Isaac P. Klassen, has donated the proceeds from his most recent book, *Die Insel Chortitza*, as well as the unsold research program in Russian Mennonite Studies. About \$1,500 and nearly 600 copies of the book can thus become the core of an expanding resource to develop this field.

The aims of the project now underway are fourfold: a) to prepare an exhaustive listing of the existing published and archival holdings of Russian Mennonite-related materials in the Mennonite Heritage Centre library and archives, b) to add other items not now available in the present collection, c) to extend existing bibliographies of books, articles, dissertations, etc. published on Mennonites in Russia and the Soviet Union, d) to initiate various study projects which will explore untouched areas of Russian Mennonite research.

It is hoped that other interested persons may wish to contribute to the Russian studies fund, or to donate books, manuscripts, photographs, etc. which will build up the Russian Mennonite collection.

If you wish to help, write or send (deliver) materials to: Mennonite Heritage Centre, 600 Shaftesbury Boulevard, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3P 0M4



Construction has begun on an \$800,000 addition to Landmark Collegiate. The addition will include a gymnasium and four classrooms. Renovations will also be made to the existing school. The completed complex will house all grades from kindergarten to Grade 12. The decision to combine all students in a single school has been protested several times by a community group. George Falk, Art Rempel, and George Penner review the plans.

### MENNONITES TAKE PRIZES IN GERMAN CONTEST

1,100 contestants from all parts of Manitoba competed this year in the annual Manitoba German Language Contest. Co-chairman of the contest were Gareth Neufeld, teacher at Mennonite Brethren Collegiate, and Heimo Bachmeyer of Westgate Mennonite Collegiate. 45 finalists, representing 15 schools, participated in the final day of competition at the University of Winnipeg.

The grand prize in the Senior German Category went to **Herbert Rempel** a Grade XII student at MBCI. Herb was awarded the Goethe Prize, an eight-week study scholarship to a Goethe Institute in Germany. Second prize in this category, a four-week scholarship trip to

Germany, was awarded to **Sylvia Woelk** of Westgate Mennonite Collegiate. Other winners in this category were Irma Kornelson of the Steinbach Regional High School, Tessa Gilmor, Arno Wollenberg, Joanne Kroemer, Heidi Fruehan and Irene Peters (MCI, Gretna).

In the Junior German category the grand prize winner was Inge Donner, while the second prize went to Hilde Strempler of John Pritchard Junior High. In the non-German category, the first prize winner was Charmagne Reimer of Westgate and the second prize was awarded to Karen Braun, also a student at Westgate.

The **Mennonite Art and Music Festival** will be held May 24, Sunday afternoon, from noon to 6 p.m. at the Polo Park Mall. Admission will be \$3 for adults and 50 cents for children.

An English version of **Heimat fur Hiematlose** will be screened on April 11 and 12 at the Playhouse Theatre in Winnipeg at 8:30 p.m. each day and 3 p.m. on Sunday. English and German reviews are published elsewhere in this edition. Admission is \$5 for adults and \$3 for students and senior citizens.

*Wishing all our friends and customers a very Happy Easter.*

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# I was naked

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The modern road from Jerusalem to Jericho runs through many villages. Neighbors are still those who stop to show mercy.

1951 woodcut by Günther Heinemann, portraying Martin of Tours, fourth century Good Samaritan, who gave half his cloak to a beggar. Presented to MCC in 1954 by the German government in thanks for relief during World War II era.

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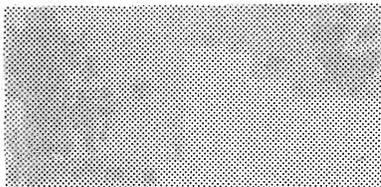
## AGING IS WHEN...

The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals  
You feel like the night after and you haven't been anywhere  
Your little black-book contains only names ending in M.D.  
You get winded playing chess  
You know all the answers. But nobody asks you the questions.  
You look forward to a dull evening  
You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going  
Your knees buckle and your belt won't  
You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist and 96 around the golf course.  
Dialing long distance wears you out  
You remember today that your wedding anniversary was yesterday  
The best part of your day is over when your alarm clock goes off  
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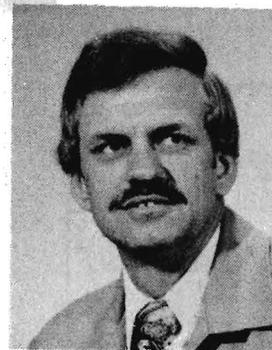
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# Reg Toews named to head MCC international



by Mavis Reimer

The appointment of Steinbach native Reginald Toews as executive secretary of the Mennonite Central Committee was confirmed at the recent annual meeting of MCC in Edmonton. Toews will take up office in January 1982 for a two-year term. He replaces William T. Snyder, who will leave the secretaryship having served in the post since 1957. As executive secretary, Toews will be the chief administrative officer of MCC, working under the direction of the executive committee.

Toews brings to his new position the experience of seven years with the MCC, first as voluntary service and personnel director of MCC (Canada) and, with his move to Akron in 1977, as associate executive secretary for administration and resources. With the recent changes in the structure of the MCC organization, Toews has assumed as well the position of interim executive secretary of the new arm of MCC U.S.

Prior to working with MCC, Toews worked for 11 years with the Manitoba Department of Health and Social Development in various capacities, most notably as executive director of the Social Services Branch. He holds three degrees, including both a bachelor and master of social work, all from the University of Manitoba.

Toews' appointment is in some ways a unique one. He has no overseas experience himself. He moves into the role of executive secretary through the channels of management within the MCC, rather than as a church leader. Toews expects that both the next months of preparation and his new position will demand that he grow and develop in new ways.

Although Toews is the first Canadian to serve as chief officer of MCC, he believes his citizenship status was neither a qualification nor a liability in his appointment. The relationship between MCC, MCC (Canada), and MCC U.S. has, however, been an important subject of discussion within the organization recently, a "memorandum of

understanding" outlining the areas of national and binational responsibilities having just been approved at the 1981 annual meeting. With his roots in Canada and MCC (Canada) and his present involvement with MCC U.S., Toews hopes that he can bring a special sensitivity to his job as the three MCCs implement their "desire to work together in genuine mutuality."

Toews is unwilling to speculate on new directions or changes in emphases which might take place during his term of office. "It is impossible to anticipate the issues or decisions that will arise," he says. He points out too that MCC is an organization which is not shaped by any one leader, but depends on the leadership and contributions of many individuals and groups.

Relief and service will continue to be the primary role of MCC. Responding to his confirmation at the annual meeting, Toews noted that "to feed the poor" remains "a worthy calling." He expects as well that the greater awareness of the board of the need to speak to issues of injustice will mean that increasingly MCC will look at causes of poverty, hunger, and deprivation and bring these factors to the attention of its constituents. "We live in a large complex world," Toews says. "The reverberations, for example, of the domestic policies of a government may be felt throughout the world." Toews recalls that MCC had hoped at one time to sell blouses made in India through its Self Help crafts outlets, only to discover that Canadian tariffs protecting local industries made this venture impossible.

Among the personal changes which Toews can foresee but not predict is the change to family life. Mr. Toews is married—to Phyllis Dueck Toews—and the father of two daughters, aged 11 and 13. His present position does entail considerable travel, but he expects that his travels may be both more frequent and more extended in his new position.

Toews is related to the Akron Mennonite Church and a member of the Evangelical Mennonite Conference in Winnipeg. ~~mm~~



## A fiction feature

# Cities of Refuge

by Armin Wiebe

David darted behind a purple van and clutched his side as he listened. Hearing nothing except his panting lungs and his pounding heart, he leaned against the side of the van and stared at this metallic canvas on wheels, where a naked caveman, wielding a club, chased a naked cavewoman.

Behind him David heard shouting and the clatter of bootheels. He groped for the doorhandle at the caveman's crotch. It was locked. He grabbed for the front door. Locked, too. David scrambled around to the driver's door, grasped the handle, ten bolted again.

He had to cross the river. That's what Josh had said: "Get across the river and run to the castle. They'll take care of you there."

David glanced back and spotted his pursuers rounding a corner three blocks away. Cutting in front of a man with a cane, he flung himself into the revolving door of a department store, almost catching his tie between the door and the curved frame. The doorblades inched around like the minute hand of a grandfather clock.

*I can't stop. I must keep going. I must make it to Golan. I did nothing wrong. It was an accident. I am innocent. I must make it to Golan.*

Inside the store David stopped for a moment to loosen his collar. He had to get to the bridge. If he crossed the store diagonally he would be a block nearer. Dodging shoppers and counters, David rushed toward the corner exit, past a mannequin wearing his new suit, through Cosmetics where he'd bought the vial of Joy for Jill, around the diamond counter he hoped to visit soon. About twenty feet from the exit he col-

lided with a tall, busty, blonde wearing a plunging halter-top. He stumbled to the door without excusing himself.

*O mother, believe me! I have done no wrong. It was an accident. I didn't know he was there. The axe glanced off the tree and caught him behind the ear. I didn't mean to kill him. He was my friend. O father! O mother! Believe me! Help me! Will I ever see you again? I must get to Golan before Zobah's brother finds me!*

At the door David saw his pursuers charging by on the sidewalk. Waiting until they were about half a block past, he dashed across the street against a red light. Brakes screeched as he cut off a bus. It missed David, but his pursuers noticed and veered across the street in the middle of the block to follow him.

David deked into an alley and sprinted between the dirty brick of two warehouses until he reached the cross lane which led toward the river. As he turned the corner, he heard the galloping boots enter the alley. He pushed past a bulk garbage bucket, tempted to hide inside, but knowing there would be no escape if discovered.

A door opened ahead of him. A man appeared, spat on the pavement, then disappeared. The door was marked 'Employees Only'. Leaping for the door he slipped inside just as the pounding boots rounded the corner.

Slowly the dim light of the warehouse revealed rows of racks filled with cartons. Somewhere in the building an electric forklift whined. Footsteps approached in one of the aisles. David slipped between a rack and the wall.

*O my lungs! I must rest for a moment.*

*Where? Ah, there's a rock. O my feet! The road is rough. There is blood on my heel. The strap of my sandal is loose. How much farther to Golan? Has Zobah's brother found out yet? I cannot rest for long. What is that? Those specks down the road? Two figures. I must run. They're after me. I must run to Golan. I must tell my story.*

A man in a hardhat walked toward the small windowed cubicle in the corner marked OFFICE. A moment later, the forklift whined to a halt. The driver dismounted to connect the battery cables to the charger hanging on the wall, then took off his hardhat and left it on the seat. The first man came out of the office.

"Coming for a beer, Sam?"

"Not tonight, Ed. Got to pick up the wife at Eaton's."

The two men punched their cards at the time clock beside the door. The first man glanced back into the warehouse as he flicked off the lights. The door opened, then slammed shut.

Alone, David blinked his eyes, focused on the red exit light above the door, then looked at the luminous dial on his watch. He decided to wait for half an hour before moving.

In the darkness David pondered his situation. He had been running for over an hour, and he didn't know why. He had been looking at the movie camera in the pawn show window, trying to decide whether to inquire about it inside, when suddenly he'd heard, 'Hey, there he is! Don't let him get away! David had turned and run. Glancing back he had seen the gang hurrying after him. He had

beening running ever since. There was no reason why anyone would be chasing him, but he felt guilty. David shuddered as he thought about it, but he was baffled.

His feet and legs ached from running in his dress shoes and the brick wall began to chill his back through the made-to-measure suit. He leaned forward against the rack to take his back from the wall and felt the layer of dust on a carton. The suit would have to be cleaned again and he'd only worn it once since the last time. David looked at his watch. The half-hour was almost up. He couldn't stay in the warehouse all night.

He had to cross the bridge to the castle. His friend Josh, at the club, had told him that if he ever felt he was in danger he should go to the castle as quickly as possible. He would find help there.

David tiptoed to the door. In the dim red glow of the exit light he read the small warning sign on the door: "These premises are protected by Security Alarm Systems Limited". He hesitated and tried to see if there were any wires which would reveal the burglar alarm. In the faint light he could detect nothing. Maybe it was only a bluff. But what if an alarm went off when he opened the door? Still, he couldn't stay until morning. He had to get out.

David grabbed the bar handle. He took a deep breath, then pushed hard. The jangling was deafening as he jumped out and slammed the door behind him. He dashed down the deserted alley toward the street leading to the bridge. As he reached the corner he heard the wail of a police siren in the distance.

Cautiously, David scanned the street. A group of men was gathered under the neon sign of an old hotel. They didn't appear to be paying any attention to the ringing alarm which could still be heard. David couldn't tell if they were his pursuers.

Carefully, David left the alley and walked down the sidewalk away from the hotel toward the bridge which was now only two blocks away.

He had walked about half a block when he heard the shouts behind him again. Instinctively he started running and the shouts and bootbeats followed. The sidewalk was old and uneven, frequently interrupted by the curbs of loading zones. David tried to concentrate on not stumbling on the protruding concrete edges. The pounding boots were gaining on him. David glanced back and saw his pursuers running on the street rather than on the sidewalk.

His toe caught in a crack and he fell to one knee. Pain pierced his leg as he heard ripping fabric, but the nipping bootsteps forced him back to his feet.

The bridge was in front of him. His side ached as he sprinted up the incline of the approach and the rhythm of his footsteps echoed from the bridge and mingled with the beat of the dance music from a riverboat passing underneath. A red-flashing police car with its siren rotating like a propeller sped over the bridge, catching David in its headlights, but he didn't break stride. The police car vanished and he could hear the thudding boots behind him again.

At the end of the bridge he veered toward the castle diagonally across the large intersection. A turning car almost clipped him, but his followers were cut off by a semi-trailer steering onto the bridge.

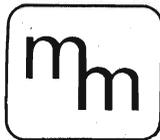
*I see the city now. The city of refuge. Joshua said that an innocent man could find refuge here. I must tell my story at the gate. If they believe me, they will let me in. Oh, no, I can hear the shouts behind me now. Zobia's avengers are near. "Murderer! Stop the murderer!" My sandal! My sandal is gone! The stones are sharp. I must hurry. I am almost there. Will they believe me? I am innocent. O God, I am innocent. I must reach the gate. I can see it. The avengers cannot fulfill their duty when I am*

*within the gates. Joshua said, "God does not want unnecessary bloodshed. That is why I proclaim Golan a city of refuge. Let me in. I have killed a man accidentally. Protect me from revenge. Oh, look, the gate opens. The high priests are waiting. I have found my refuge. O, God, let me kiss your holy ground.*

David dashed for the wrought-iron gate and fled up the long walk to the huge double doors of the stone castle. Two rock-like turrets guarded each corner. Above the doors beneath a carving of an unwinged angel operating a balance, large stone letters spelled: REFUGE.

David reached for the large, brass handle. The door was locked. He hammered with his fist. "Help! Help! They're after me!" he cried. He yanked at the handle with both hands. Behind him the pounding bootheels stopped. "Let me in! Help! Let me in!" Both fists smashed at the door. As he stepped back to yank at the door again he saw the small typewritten notice. He bent forward and shuddered wildly as he read: CLOSED PERMANENTLY. MM

Armin Wiebe is another young Manitoba Mennonite writer whose work is appearing for the first time in this issue.



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

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# Another book from G. H. Lohrenz

*Stories from Mennonite Life* by Gerhard Lohrenz (Printed by Derksen Printers, Steinbach, Manitoba 1980), pp. 133. \$7.50.

Most men and women remain active in the various aspects of human endeavor as long as they are part of the "productive", that is, professional or occupational period of their life. A few individuals continue to be productive in the true sense of the word until old age, long after their formal retirement. Gerhard Lohrenz, long-time teacher, minister, and writer, belongs to the second category of persons.

Having served his brotherhood throughout his life, Lohrenz continues in his advanced years to tell the story of his people in one publication after another, at a speed and frequency that evokes the envy of other writers.

His books about Mennonites include *Heritage Remembered*, *The Mennonites of Western Canada*, *Storm-Tossed*, *The Fateful Years, 1913-1923*, *The Odyssey of the Bergen Family*, and now *Stories from Mennonite Life*. In addition to his publications in English, Lohrenz has also written books in German.

*Stories from Mennonite Life* is a fine example of the author's one absorbing passion: To convince his people that the Mennonite story is the story of God in the midst of the Mennonite brotherhood and that this story must not be forgotten.

The booklet falls into three main parts. The first part consists of brief biographies of Mennonite leaders (Heinrich Voth, Gerhard Warkentin, Jacob H. Janzen, Benjamin H. Unruh). The second part deals in a semi-fictional form with the experiences of Mennonites in Russia. The chapters include such titles as "Two Brothers," "Marked for Destruction," "Uprooted," "The Tragic Fate of the Volga Germans," "The Kulak Family," "The Noble Teacher," and others. In the third part the author relates personal experiences and observations, often in a humorous manner.

In the "Foreword" to the booklet Lohrenz writes: "I have felt an obligation to contribute to the recording of the past. This little booklet, like those that went before, does not pretend to be great literature. . . . My aim is to portray my people as I have seen them and to describe truthfully the suffering many of them experienced."

English professor Peter Pauls, University of Winnipeg, who provided editorial assistance, writes in the "Preface": "Gerhard Lohrenz is uniquely qualified

to tell the story of the Russian Mennonites from 1914 to the present. Born and raised in Russia, he experienced both World War I and the civil war which followed. He came to Canada in 1925 and has devoted much of his time since then to the study and documentation of Russian Mennonite history. This book will, I am sure, do much to help preserve the story of our people."

The book may be ordered from the author: 261 Renfrew Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3N 1J5.

by Harry Loewen

## Explaining Russia to us

Hermann Hartfeld, *IRINA, or DIE ENGEL DER REVOLUTION* (The Grandchildren of the Revolution). Brockhaus Verlag, 1980 (272 pages).

A review by G.K. Epp

Hermann Hartfeld, author of *Glaube trotz KGB* (Faith in Spite of KGB), has come out with another book. In the tradition of Solzhenitsyn and other dissidents, he feels the strong urge to explain the Soviet society to the West. *Irina*, a novel dealing with the conflict between the old makers of the revolution and their grandchildren, is a response to the many letters which he received after his first book. He senses a lack of understanding for the church in the USSR and tries to bring the facts closer to western readers, offering them a spell-binding novel based on true experiences.

It is the first novel attempted by a late "Umsiedler" and as such it must receive high marks. The plot at first may seem somewhat simple, and sometimes I feel the author moves a little bit too fast to make the story absolutely credible. These weaknesses are not apparent throughout the book, but rather at those points where an experienced writer will take greatest care to be strong and convincing, namely in the introduction and the end. This, however, is already taking our critical appraisal much more seriously than we usually do for our publica-

tions, which indicates that the book is actually quite well written.

Irina, the daughter of a KGB officer, becomes a Christian and uses her intelligence and gifts to serve the struggling church. Her father, loving his daughter more than anything else, covers up for her and amazingly survives for a happy end. Not so happy is the story of the Neverovs, who are very much in love, but to save some money for hard times, Neverov's wife becomes an informer for the KGB and betrays her own husband. Many of the events will shock us, other incidents of the story make us wonder. Can it be true?—Well, we will have to recognize that many things which we find totally incomprehensible are quite simple facts of life in other parts of the world.

For the English reader it will be a comfort to know that the novel is already in the process of translation and should be available in English sometime in 1981. Anybody who wants to be informed on the Soviet Union must read this book. This novel attempts to be entertaining and informative at the same time. If you pick up this book, you will not put it down before you are finished. mm

### A MODERN DAY PARABLE

Harry had been saving money for a long time. He wanted to buy that new 10-speed bicycle he had seen in Sears. It was taking forever to save up his money to pay for the bike, so he went to his father.

"Dad, I have this much money but that's only one third of the price of the bike.

His dad looked at him kindly and said: "Son, when you have earned half of the price of the bike, I will give you the other half of the money to pay for the bike."

It seemed like a long time but in four more weeks Harry had earned the extra money. It was a great day when Harry brought his bike home from Sears.

Next day he saw his young brother Jimmy and he said to him: "Jimmy, you owe me two dollars. I want them immediately."

Jimmy tried to explain that he had only found six bottles so far and he would pay him as soon as he had the money.

Harry grew very angry with Jimmy. "You have to do all my chores till you get the money to pay me."

Jimmy went sadly to his dad. When dad heard this story he spoke to Harry. "Harry, I gave you so much. Could you not give Jimmy a little bit? Because you did not show kindness to your brother, I have to return your bicycle to Sears today."

(Student unknown)



Heinecke

# German exchange teacher tells all

by Achime Heinecke

"Westgate Mennonite Collegiate? Is that a Bible college?" I was not astonished at all when I got this reaction from a fellow-teacher in Berlin when I told him the school with which I was going to exchange. Being unfamiliar with the term "collegiate" (which of course suggests a college-like institution), and putting the emphasis on "Mennonite", this seemed to be the obvious conclusion. I also had only vague ideas about what would await me at this particular school despite assurances from my exchange partner Will Barneier, that it was a "perfectly normal school."

"Not biggest, but best" runs a slogan on a pen that is sold for 25 cents (at one location only — the Westgate office). The first part is definitely correct, and in comparison with my school in Berlin, it is actually a small school. "Best?" This is more difficult to say, as it depends on what you consider important and for me the best school may mean quite a different thing than to others. It certainly

is a normal school in the sense that staff and students are in no way different from teachers and kids in other schools and mostly the same subjects are taught. There is, of course, more emphasis put on religious education (which was to be expected in a private denominational school, though it does not make it a 'Bible college). I became directly involved in the religious program of the school when I was asked to deliver a chapel service about "Love and Peace", which was quite a unique experience for me. Things like that are done by the religion teachers in Germany (if they are done at all). Anyway, when I told friends at home about it, they wrote back asking me whether they should enroll me as a new member of the Berlin Mennonite Church. In this context, it might be interesting to note that only 1,000 students out of approximately 18,000 high school students in Berlin still participate in religious education. This is too bad, but the alternative is a spare and that is what counts. The education authorities are considering

the introduction of obligatory ethics classes instead.

Two other notable differences from German schools are the importance of physical education and competitive sports as well as the emphasis on music with the daily choir practices and the frequent musical performances. Extra-curricular activities are virtually non-existent at many German schools and I really admire the school spirit of so many Westgate teachers who sacrifice their free time to make all these programs possible.

Politics, on the other hand, is seldom discussed, neither in the staffroom nor in class. As this is a frequent topic of conversation in Germany and an important subject in senior high, I was quite surprised that it got so little attention over here. Even the election of Reagan was hardly worth a comment (maybe it was not anyway) and I was even more taken aback when I discovered that there were students in Grade 12 who did not know that Britain had a Prime Minister! (Or was it meant tongue-in-cheek?) Many students do not seem to be aware of what is going on in the world and when asked for the reason, they say that they do not have time to listen to the news or read the newspaper — which is probably true considering the long school day (I still have not got used to it), the extra-curricular activities, the assignments and project work, and often they have a part-time job on top of it. It is amazing that they can manage all that — so it is probably not surprising that some of them can hardly stay awake during the lesson. It could not possibly be the patriation of the constitution, the topic being discussed, that makes them nod — or could it?

German as a school subject seems to lose ground, but those students who do continue German in senior high are usually very good at it and it is really enjoyable teaching them and listening to them, often expressing quite different views from what I expected to be Mennonite philosophy. Young people challenging the values of their parents? Nothing new about that; why should it be different in a Mennonite school?

Meanwhile, I have been living in Winnipeg and teaching at Westgate for six months and it has been a valuable experience. I have learned something about Canada and a bit about Canadian public schools. I hope to visit one or two Winnipeg high schools before going back to Germany. Even that limited insight should give some general impressions and allow a few comparisons with Westgate. Maybe I will then join in the chorus "Not biggest, but best". So far I can only say "Small but very good". (Remember: I still have four months to teach.) mm

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# Mett ohne Schlips no Tiefenbrunn

Von Gerd Ewert

*Daut jefft enne Welt twee Sorte von Mensche: soone, waut plautdietsch tjenne, enn soone, waut nich plautdietsch tjenne. Etj talld bat ver Kortem to dee tweede Grupp, waut nich Plautdietsch kaun. Enn wann etj Raed, dann jleewe dee miaschte Lied, etj kaun emma noch nich plautdietsch. Oba, dee Lied send em Onracht. Daut es naehmlich soo: Miene Ellre hilde nie nich vael von daut Plautdietsche, weejns mie brochte se daut nie bie. Etj wea aul erwossen, aus meteens Frindschoft ut russlaund kaum, ann dee raede aula mau Rusch enn Plautdietsch. Wann etj nu mett ann raede wull, musst etj eent von dee Sproake leare. Ut Protest jeajen den Kommunismus lead etj dann Plautdietsch. Daut domme wea mau, daut etj schratjlich vael Sorte von plautdietsch gauf: Oold Kolonia, Molotschna, Uruguay, Steinbacha, Altona, enn waut et noch aula jefft; dee Lied von disse Staede raede aula plautdietsch, oba daut Jauma es, daut et sich nuscht litjend. Enn wiels mie daut too kloppottich wea, daut aula ut too sortiere, hab etj mien eajenet "plautdietsch" utjefiggat. Daut litjend noanich raicht han, enn too ves-toone es et eascht raicht nich. Oba Plautdietsch es et doch;*

*Dee Russlaundsjasst send nu aul lang waich, enn mie wea daut schod daut etj Plautdietsch nu nich mea prektisse kunn. Donn kaum mie enn, etj kunn austaut plautdietsch raede fleicht waut opp Plautdietsch schriewe. Dit es uck eene woare Jeschicht, mau dee "Names send jechanged om dee Innocents too protekte."*

Om Klock vea zimorjes wea etj aul wacka. Daut heet, etj lach mie je noch em Bad rom, ôba von Scholpe wea nich de Räd. Dôatoo wea etj väl too opjereacht, enn mie jinje soo aulahaund grulje Jedanke derch'm kopp. Etj kunn daut emma noch nich jleewe, daut etj nu Leara wea; Etj kunn mie noch kratjtdentje, woo etj aus 5 Jôascha ver'm easchten Schooldach jegrult haud, enn nu, 17 Jôa lôa, gruld etj mie noch väl dolla. Jo, etj haud jrintlich Schis; Woo sull daut mau waure?

Daut dead dann uck nich mea lang, jintj daut sonntje op. Enn etj musst mie dôamet auffinje, daut'et läwe nu op earnst aunfange wurd. Ôba eascht trock etj mie dee Datj äwrem kopp, enn wacht een bät, auf dee Sonn nich doch noch eenmôl veschwijnje wurd. Enn daut holp je nuscht, oba etj haud daut je uck nich erwart. Mett dee Tiet kropp etj uten Bad, enn, aus etj mie eascht jewosche haud, miene corn flakes utjeläpelt enn een Pôa Tauss Koffe raufajeschulpst haud, sach mie dee Sach aul lang nich soo schwôat ut. Daut heet, etj wea doch väl jrata aus dee Thinja; zuvk jrata aus freilein Reima, vonne easchte Klausse, enn uck aus Leara Rampel, dee bieaun uck "Principal" wea; Jo, enn etj wea doch väl kleatja aus 'ne bonsch Tjinja; Enn waut Hund, etj haud doch affens aul dee Dommheite enn theorie enne Universitât äwaläwt, enn dôajäaje musst dit Jôa doch 'ne reine freid senne; Jenoch, om haulf acht ut kunn etj mie nich länja hoole. Etj tjriech mien Briefkäs too hoole, jintj rut, sat mie enn mienen toyota, enn läd loos no Tiefenbrunn.

Dat wea een wundascheena morje. Dee Sonn plintjad äw're Hiesa enn beam, dee voajeltjes sunge een Dankleed, enn aum

heiwä velänjd haude dee sonneblome daut Jesecht aul fresch enn frindlich op Mutta sonn jerecht. Aum Himmel wea uck nich mau een Wolltjste too seene. Vleicht, soo docht etj mie, vleicht sull dit schmocke Wada een Tietjen senne, op eenen gooden aunfang. Bie soonem schmocken Dach kunn je nuscht scheef gône, wann'et uck wull;

Aus etj Tiefenbrunn em latzten Farjôa toom easchten môl jeseene haud, wea daut ver mie "Love at first sight" jewasst. Dee stootliche, hoaje, oole Beem; Dee oole graue Hiesa, mett'em Staul hinje aunjebut; Enn aules sach soo stell, ruhich en freedlich ut. Mie wea meist soo, aus wann dee Klock om hundat Jôa teidj jedreit wea, aus wann etj mett eenem Schrett ut'e groote Staut rut enn en een ôlet bildaboak neenjetrede wea. Wann eena nich op dee John Deeres enn Ford Pick-ups tjitjt, kunn eena meist jleewe, eena wea enn Russlaund. Jo, emm latzten Farjôa haud etj billawôa 'ne Städ aunjenôme, irjendwaut, mau eene städ. Uck enn Saskatchewan wurd etj ne Städ aunjenôme habe, soo vetwieweld wea etj aul jewasst. Enn jâajens Saskatchewan wea Tiefenbrunn doch een Paradies; Enn enn dissem Paradies sull etj nu unjarechte;

Disse Jedanke jinje mie derch'em Kopp, aus wie, mien Toyota enn etj, unja ons waichrolle leete. wie naume ons tiet, ôba dee 15 Kilomeeta von Altona bat Tiefenbrunn vefloaje mau soo. Böld boaje wie vom heiwä rauf enn op'm Grewwelwaich 'nop, dee derch Tiefenbrunn rannnd, fuare derch daut stelle Darp.

Aum Waichraund lach een oolet, zulltajet biet Hund, enn sonnd sich en'e Morjesonn. Hee tjitjt gaunz vedutz op aus mien Toyota enn etj vebiesurrd. Daut wea too seene, daut hee nich voaken toyotas too seene tjriech. Etj docht noch, hee wull opsprinje enn ons hinjaraunballe, ôba hee äwaläd sich daut doch noch bie tiede. Nee, hee haud daut nich needich, eene Coa hinjaraunballe, dee nich waut jrata wea aus hee selwst. Hee läd den Kopp wada teidj op'e Pöte, enn blinzeld dee Flieje wada hinjaraun, dee am om'e oare brommde.

Etj boach nu op'm schoolhoff 'nop enn parkt aune sied School, woa nomeddach Schaute senne wurd. Etj kröp rut, enn tjitjt mie rom. dit paradise sull nu mien Reich senne; Etj naum mien briefkäs von'e Hinjasett, enn jintj dee groote Dää optoo. Emm Därefensta sach etj miene Rieflekschonn. Jo, Jung, säd etj mie, du best nu Leara;

Enn donn schloag dee Blitz en; Ut'm blauen Himmel. Em Fensta sach etj, daut etj mienen Schlips vejäte haud;

Lied enn tjinja, oone Schlips haud etj nich nie em läwe unjarecht; Daut etj noch äwahaupt nie em Läwe unjarrecht haud, foll mie nich bie. Etj wisst mau,

daut, soväl etj wisst, musst eena en Tiefenbrunn aus Leara emma eenen Schlips droaje. Wellm Panna, waut en Schönhorst, mau vea kilomeeta von Tiefenbrunn. Unjarecht haud, däm haude se doch jefeierd, wiels hee emma oone Schlips romjerannt wea. Eensje Lied meende jo, daut wea nich wääjens 'em Schlips jewasst, öba wääjens 'em Supe, öba etj wull tjeenen Tschens nehme. Kunn je uck senne, daut'et Supe döavon kaum, daut hee emma oone Schlips romrannnd. — Etj wull aul tridj fôare, öba etj äwaläd mie daut dann doch noch. Foats aun easchten Dach too löt kôme wea vleicht kratjt soo schlemm aus Schlips vejäte. enn bautadäm, etj wurd je hinjrem Learadesch sette, enn de Tjinja wurde daut vleicht nich möl moatje, daut etj den Schlips nich omhaud.

Na, jo, dann äwent mett ohne Schlips. Etj schloot öp, jintj neen, enn aus etj en miene Klaus nen kaum, stutzt etj. Dau fehld doch waut; Etj tjtjt mie rom, öba kaum nich döarop, waut et senne kunn. Schliesslich jintj etj bat'm Desch, enn wull mie hansate. Daut heet, etj jintj bat dee Steed, wo dee Desch jewasst wea. Nu weara öba waich; Etj vefead mie wada jrintlich; Etj haud doch noch nie nich ohne Desch unjarecht; (Mett Desch uck noch nich, öba daut vegaut etj wanda.) Woa sull etj mie nu hinjastalle? Woa hinja sull etj mie hansate? Woaraun fausthôle; ? j tjeen Schlips, tjeen Desch wo sull et hia noch läwendich rut?

Daut jaumareare holp nuscht, etj musst mie ut'm Tjalla eenen oolen Scheeladesch hôle. Fausthole kunn etj mie nu, wann etj ope tjees lach. Daut wea fleicht uck sesst eene goode Idee. Etj tjriech eenen Stool too hole, enn vebrocht dee äwaje tiet mett wachte enn grule. Enn, daut heet, enjegrult wea etj nu aul wada gaunz jehearich; Såde see nich emma, daut schlaichte Sache emma eara dree kôme? — tjeen Schlips, tjeen Desch, waut wurd noch scheef gône?

Daut dead dann uck nuscht, dann weara uck aul Freilein Reima enn Mista Rampel doa. Rampel haud eenen trie — piess Sut aun, enn säd foats daut easchete: "Mensch, aum easchten Dach aul ohne Schlips? Hast du nich jeheat, waut mett Wellm Panna ut Schönhorst passead, wiels hee nie nich eenen Schlips omhaud?" Öba hee jniesad doobie, enn Säd wieda: "Ditt domme biet Sut droaj etj mau, wiels miene Fru säd, dee niea tjiedel wurd bestemmt gaunz opjedonat opkôme." Dän Toon, dän Rampel doobie bruckt, säd mie daut Schlips vejäte nich dee jratste Sind en'e welt, enn uck nich en Tiefenbrunn wea, enn etj feeld mie uck foats bäta. Wie beräde noch schwind, om Klock wooväl riessess wea, enn dann wear'et uck aul tiet toom aufange.

Dee Tjinja weara aul länjst op'm Hoff enn speelde Jriepa enn betjijte sich

mienen Toyota, wiels, aus etj aul säd, en Tiefenbrunn gauf et nich aule Dach soone tjilene Coare. Aus Rampel mette Glock tjlinjad, stalde sich aula schmock hann enn wachte, daut wie wie ann nennlôte sulle. Rampel lät siene Klaus too dee Siededää nenn? enn Freilein Rema lät eare Klaus uck nenn. Enn donn weara "miene" Tjinja draun. Etj säd noch schwind: "S. bohom, Paraska;" (daut haud etj möl woo jeläse, enn et woot woll rusch senne, öba waut et bediede saul weet etj noch vondoajschen Dach nich soo raicht) enn gauf daut Tietjen, se kunne nenn.

Daut jintj to Anfang uck aula O.K., öba etj haud affens dän jratsten Mistäk aul jemoakt. Etj Schöpskopp stalld mie verre Dää hann, daut dee Tjinjatjes aun mie vebie enne Klaus nenn jinje. Haud etj mie enne Klaus hanjestallt, wea woll nuscht jeworde, enn etj haud musst äwa waut aundret schriewe. Öba donn musst etj mienen Mistäk utläple. jo, dee Tjinja musste aun mie vebie, enn see jinje uck schmock jlitj enn ruhich vebie, enn enne klaus nenn. Oba aus see eascht enne Klaus benne weara, donn wear'et gaunz platzlich mett'm "schmocken" enn "ruhijem" ut. Soo aus dee Tjräte enne Klaus weara, pralld see aula nom latzen Desch enne hinjaschte Atj. Enn daut domme es je, dee "Desks" sennt soo enjerecht, daut mau een Scheela dau nenn kaum, öba daut haude dee Baulj nich bejreepe. See proowde weejns, ära seeven döa nenntokôme. Enn soo aus daut dann es, wann eena seeven opjetrockne junges en eenen tjlienen Desch neenstoppe well, daut jeit mau bloss nich stell too dône, selwst wann eena stell senne well. Enn soo aus sich daut head, dann wulle see uck goanich stell senne.

Na jo, öba etj stund je noch emma bute em Gang verre Dää. Daut dau enne Klaus waut loos wea, daut head etj woll. Daut heet, daut mott uck dee superintendent en Altona jeheat habe. Etj wisst mau noch nich, waut ver sich jintj. Em stelle säd etj mie: "Junt Tjräte wôa etj fuats wiese;" Oba etj wull an doch noch eenen Tschenss jeewe, sich von selwst too beruhije, enn soo wacht etj noch een poa Sekund. En dee poa Sekund vewaundeld sich daut jeschupps om den "Desk" en eene gaunz schratjliche Schläajarie. Donn wear'et mine uck klôa, daut jehaundelt musst. Etj stalld mie soo groot han, aus'et affens jintj, satt mien dollstet jesecht op, enn wea uck aul doobie, mie noch schwind too betjrietze (etj wea doll, haud öba uck schis), aus mie biefoll, daut etj nich Katholijt, sonda een Mennist. Enn donn wull etj mett aula Jewault enne Klaus nennmarschiere, öba — etj kaum nich döatoo.

Daut wea enne Klaus gaunz platzlich stell jeworde — onheimlich stell. Etj wea nu aul soo op doll senne enjestallt, enn nu kunn etj nich. Döa kaun mett eenmöl

een Benjel ute Klaus jestollpad. Em Jesecht wea hee dääj blaus, tjtjt een bät vetwiewelt, enn hilt mette raichte Haund daut lintje haundjelentj. Beid Hänj weara gaunz bloodich. Sooväl Bloot oppem Klompe haud etj noch nie jeseene enn donn säd hee: "Mienne Haund blat."

Jo, tom Hund, döatoo bruckt eena nich Dokta senne, om daut too seene. Etj schuppst am schwind em Wauschrum neen, daut hee nich dee gaunze Flöa beplänjre sull. Etj froach am döabie, woo daut paseat wea, enn hee säd waut, daut head sich soo aus: "Dee Desk foll toop biem hansate." Aus etj donn daut Blott een bät waichspeeld, sach etj daut aum jelentj, dratjt bie dee Schlagöda, een deeba Schnett wea. Dee Öda wea öba, Gott sei Dank, nich twei. Enne Universität haude se onst too soone Sache goot väabereet, enn etj wisst kratjt, waut etj too dône haud. enn döarom blöad etj: "Mista rampel; Helpj!"

Rampel kaum uck foats aun. Hee wea een bät äwarauscht, daut etj soo schwind aul soom deel Onheil aunjerecht haud. Hee betjit sich dee Sach gaunz rugich, enn säd dann: "Brinj mie möl een Band-Aid."

"Waut;?" foar'et ut mie rut, "En Band-Aid? diss Jung blat meisst waich, enn du wellst een lausjet biet Band-Aid? Dee Jung mott ent Hospital, hee bruckt Stitsches;"

Rampel haud schienböa nuscht jeheat: "Öba ... öba ..."

Nu word Rampel doch een bät onjeduldich: "Dee sennt bie mie enne Schuföod."

Na jo, docht etj mie, dann weet die; Öba saij nich, daut etj die nich jewoarnt hab. Etj jintj dee Band-Aids hôle. Aus etj am dee jebrocht haud, jintj etj toom Sink, enn wosch mie aus symbol dem Jung sien blott vonne Hänj. Etj wea mie gaunz secha, daut Loch wurd nich von auleen toopwause. Oba. weet dee Hund, daut head op too blade, enn daut biet Band-Aid hilt schmock faust. enn twee doaj lota wea nuscht von dem deepen Schnett too seene!

Dee Riesollt von dee Jeschicht wea, daut etj gaunz vegaut, daut mienen Schlips vejäte haud. Enn wann etj nu tridj dentj, dann weet etj nuscht von aul dem, waut sesst noch aun dem Dach passeat senne mott. Etj weet mau, daut aus etj Ziöwends nô Hus kaum, wea etj doot meed, enn feeld mie böwen en uck noch aus een derschjepriejeldä Kôta. Enn döabie wea mie soo leicht em Hôate. Etj haud woll aum easchten Dach veel vedreit jemöakt, haud öba uck veel döabie jelaat. Daut mett dee "Schlagöda" haud leicht väl schlemma utgône kunn, enn dee Schuld wea aum Enj op mie jefolle.

"Japp, säd etj mic, dee Anfang es goot, noch mau een Dach aus leara, enn aul soo 'nen Hupe Jletj jehaut.'"

Gerd Ewert

# Ein neuer Film über Paraguay

*HEIMAT FÜR HEIMATLOSE, Ein neuer Film zum 50-jährigen Bestehen der Kolonie Fernheim, Hersteller: Dueck Film Productions, Drehbuch und Kommentar: Peter P. Klassen.*

## Rezension von Harry Loewen

Vor einem halben Jahrhundert, im Jahre 1930, trafen 294 mennonitische Familien mit 1580 Personen als heimatlose Flüchtlinge, die eine neue Heimat suchten, in einer unberührten Wildnis mitten im Gran Chaco von Paraguay ein. Ganz primitiv, inmitten von Bittergras und Gestrüpp und unter einer heißen, brennenden Sonne, bauten sie ihre Zelte, dankten Gott für die Rettung aus Not und Schrecken, und fingen an einen mutigen Kampf ums Dasein und Fortkommen zu führen.

Heute, zur 50-jährigen Jubiläumsfeier des Bestehens der Kolonie Fernheim, haben diese einst bitterarmen und gehetzten Flüchtlinge ihre inhaltsreiche und dramatische Geschichte in einem anderthalb Stunden langen Dokumentarfilm zur Schau gebracht. Wer hätte vor fünfzig Jahren geahnt und vorhersagen können, daß die trostlose Chacowüste einst zu einem blühenden Erdteil

werden würde? Doch so ist es gekommen. Das imposante, dreiteilige Denkmal in Fernheim, das Glaube, Eintracht und Arbeit symbolisiert, deutet auf die mennonitischen Werte, die den heutigen Fortschritt in Paraguay möglich gemacht haben.

Die einst Heimatlosen haben tatsächlich eine Heimat gefunden, besser gesagt, eine Heimat geschaffen. Das Lied und die Melodie "Wir sind ein Volk vom Strom der Zeit gespült ans Erdeneiland..." ziehen als Leitmotive mit großer Wirkung auf den Zuschauer durch den Film. In abwechselnden Szenen aus der frühen Vergangenheit und Gegenwart wird es deutlich gemacht, daß nur da eine Heimat entstehen konnte, wo zähe und gläubige Menschen bereit waren widerwärtige Verhältnisse und Zustände als gottgegebene Gelegenheiten und Mittel zu erkennen und wahrzunehmen.

Der Film veranschaulicht somit, was für die Mennoniten in der ganzen Welt charakteristisch ist. Wo immer Mennoniten in ihrer mehr als 450 Jahre langen Geschichte hinkamen, verwandelte sich das Wertlose sozusagen in Gold. So war es in Holland und besonders in Preußen, wo Märsche und überschwemmte Gebiete in fruchtbare Genden verwandelt wurden. So war es in Rußland und Nordamerika, wo die leeren Steppen zu blühenden Feldern und Gärten gemacht wurden. Und so war es auch im paraguayischen Chaco. Doch der Film betont auch die geistlichen Gefahren, die mit diesem mennonitischen Fleiß, Erfolg und irdischen Segen verbunden sind. In unvergeßlichen Szenen, die Frömmigkeit, Gebet und Gottesdienst schildern, wird darauf hingewiesen, was das Mennonitenvolk war und bleiben will.

Viele haben sich am Planen und Drehen dieses Films beteiligt. Die meisten Szenen wurden mit großem Aufwand von Energie, Enthusiasmus, Hingabe und Ausgaben in Paraguay verfilmt. Szenen aus der früheren Geschichte der mennonitischen Kolonien stammen aus alten wissenschaftlichen Filmstreifen und historischen Werken, wie z.B. Frank Epps "Mennonite Exodus". Selbst der 1932-1935 verheerende Krieg zwischen Bolivien und Paraguay wird dramatisch doch sachlich geschildert. Einzelne Personen und Gruppen, die in drei Sprachen (Platt-

deutsch, Hochdeutsch und Spanisch) sprechen und singen, erscheinen im Film. Auch die vielen Indianer und wie sie zum Wachstum und zu den Problemen der Kolonien beigetragen haben, kommen zur Geltung. Und der "Sprecher" erzählt und interpretiert in einem klaren Deutsch die zum Teil leidvolle und doch so erfreuliche Geschichte der einst Heimatlosen im Chaco.

Nur zwei Personen seien hier genannt, die planend und tafkräftig zum Erscheinen dieses so wichtigen Films beigetragen haben. Lehrer Peter P. Klassen aus Filadelfia schrieb den Skript (das Drehbuch) für den Film und er ist auch der "Sprecher" im Film. Dave Dueck, Leiter der Dueck Film Productions in Winnipeg, Kanada, hat den Film gedreht. Beide arbeiteten unermüdet an der Sache und beide unternahmen Reisen nach Kanada und Paraguay, um dieses Werk der Liebe als bildliche Danksagung herzustellen.

Wir sind den Herstellern dieses Films recht dankbar. Sie haben in dieser für Mennoniten noch neuen Kunstform einen Teil ihrer lehrreichen Geschichte besonders der jüngeren Generation nahe gebracht und verständlich gemacht. Es werden auch schon Vorkehrungen getroffen, den Film ins Englische zu übersetzen.

Aus "Der Bote"

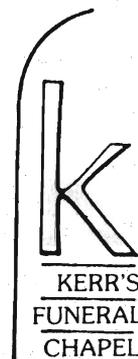
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# Tote und lebendige Sprache

von Victor Doerksen

*Latin's a dead language, as dead as it can be,  
First it killed the Romans, and now it's killing me.*

So sprachen wir als junge Schulhelden, in den Tagen, als Latein noch pflichtfach war und alle Fremdsprachen noch zehmlich mechanisch aus den Büchern auswendig gelernt wurden. Man konnte ein ganzes Sprachstudium absolvieren, ohne jemals an einer lebendigen Sprachgemeinschaft teilgenommen zu haben. Mit unserm Kirchendeutsch ist es uns allenfalls so ergangen, daß es, wie Delbert Wiens es ausgedrückt hat, unser Kirchenlatein war. Denn es war ja keine lebendige, sich entwickelnde Sprache, sondern eine sicher interessante und auch brauchbare Mischung aus Lutherbibeldeutsch und pietistisch gefärbten religiösen Formeln.

Schon viel eher war unser Platt eine lebendige Sprache in diesem Sinne. Das zeigte, z.B. daß darin soviel englische Ausdrücke aufgenommen wurden, eine Dynamik also, aber eine Entwicklung die zugleich das Ende des Mennonitenplatt vorhersagte. Auch diese herrlich konkrete Sprache ist schon ein Stück unserer Geschichte.

In diesem Sinne bleibt uns Manitobanern als lebendige Sprache nur unser Umgangsenglisch, oder? Natürlich, wir bemühen uns und gehen auf Reisen. Wir schicken unsere Kinder in Schulen, wo sie auch etwas Deutsch und etwas Französisch lernen. Aber wir fragen uns auch sicher, inwiefern das noch einen Sinn hat in der heutigen Welt. So nüchtern sind wir Mennoniten wohl.

Aber gerade in der heutigen Welt ist unser Denken über tot und lebendig vielleicht falsch angesetzt. Wie sieht z.B.

mit unserer lebendigen englischen Sprache aus? Haben wir schon einmal gemerkt, wie abgedroschen und formelhaft unsere tägliche Umgangssprache ist? Haben wir hier den Stoff zum Fühlen und Denken, oder gar zum Umdenken? Muß man nicht, sobald man wirklich etwas sagen will, sozusagen zum literarischen Wortschatz greifen, ehemals Gelesenes wiederkäuen? Ei, und wenn man nun nichts gelesen hat?

Ich will nur sagen, daß die meisten großen Gedanken schon einmal gedacht worden sind, die meisten Geschichten erzählt und die meisten Gedichte gedichtet. Es gibt in dieser Hinsicht nichts Neues unter der Sonne. Das Neue besteht größtenteils aus Variationen der Vergangenheit. Das heisst dann aber: das Leben ist schon da, in der riesigen Literatur (noch besser, in den Literaturen), und wir verbauen uns den Weg in diese Gedankenwelt, wenn wir uns an die für uns einzig 'lebendige' Sprache, d.h. die des täglichen Umgangs, halten.

Ich bin also dankbar dafür, daß ich als Schulbube aus den Büchern Französisch, Latein und Deutsch lernte. Ich lernte keine als lebendige Umgangssprache, aber ich bekam irgendwie eine Ahnung davon, daß hinter den toten Grammatiken eine Menge an Leben greifbar sei, daß unsere ganze Vergangenheit dort in den Buchstaben wimmelt. Der Schlüssel zu dieser lebendigen Welt, die auch unsere heutige Welt erschließen kann, sind lauter 'tote' Buchstaben. mm

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## WAITING COMMENT

Dear Sir:

"For many of us," wrote Ada Louise Huxtable, "the act of waiting is among our most lasting and evocating memories." (Wpg. Free Press, March 11, 1981) Grace Warkentin's article in your January issue certainly attested to that. Grace has a remarkable recall of detail and a lively imagination. For many it will not matter where one ended and the other began.

Those who knew my father, however, will know that he did not drink schnapps or other alcoholic beverages. Perhaps it's petty to pick out a single factual error in a well-written story. On the other hand, it would be unfair to the memory of Peter D. Reimer not to do at least that much.

Sincerely,  
LaVerne Klippenstein  
Winnipeg

## SCHOOL COMMENT

Dear Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on the fine Westgate Mirror special section in your last issue. After reading the various articles on dreaming, building, reinforcing, caring and reflecting, one is definitely given the impression that here is a school community that values its young people, and is prepared to expend love, energy and resources to create a good school. The achievements and contributions of your graduates lead me to believe that your efforts are fruitful. Thank you, also, for your regular reports from MCI, MBCI and Westgate.

What a contrast to the strident approach of Renaissance Canada! Thank you, Harry Loewen for a fine editorial that cautions us against the pitfalls of their approach. Best wishes to you.

Sincerely,  
Peter H. Peters  
MBCI, Winnipeg

## RECALLING RUSSIA

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the account of your trip to Russia, visiting the Mennonite colonies there, or rather the few remnants that are left after the revolution and following that, the second World War. Very little is left of the once beautiful and thriving villages. Still how stimulating and moving it must have been to walk the old ways, the old paths, where our fathers and forefathers have trod.

I myself was born (in 1909) raised and educated in Russia. I have seen the colonies in all its Glory and have also seen some of its downfall. We came to Canada in 1924. We found a new home here, still how often my heart yearns now that I am older, for those places of my youth.

I also found the last part of your trip quite interesting, those sidelights into the nature of the Russian soul, and how difficult you had found it to understand them. And from this you conclude that the Mennonites in Russia had never identified with the Russian people, had never understood them and had never loved Russia as their homeland, although they had loved their homes and their life in their villages. And here I must say that I do not quite agree with the writer. Above statement might fit the older people, but the young generation, at the beginning of this century — and I count myself to be one of them, were different. The russafication had already sprouted roots. The Department of Education slowly began to make changes in the curriculum of the Mennonite schools. After elementary school, all teaching had to be done in the Russian language, only Bible, church history and German as a language were excluded from this. All the other subjects were to be taught in Russian. A thorough job was done in Russian history. My teacher in Russian, a Mennonite, never uttered a German word while in school. We all assembled and sang the national anthem. More and more young people went into higher learning, to the universities in Moscow, St. Petersburg (now Lenin-grad) and others, and this trend would have increased rapidly if the first WW

hadn't come. At the beginning of the war we young people were good patriots, rejoicing with the Russian victories and later sorrowing when defeat came. But all this change, when the hate propaganda began at everything German, in about the middle of the war. When the government was contemplating laws, to requisition German lands, when they looked for a scapegoat on whom to lay the blame for the losses at the front — we young people and the older ones also were dumbfounded and much disappointed at such actions, and that is when we lost our faith in what we had believed to be our homeland.

With best wishes to the staff at the Mirror. I remain your faithful reader,  
Jacob P. Driedger  
Leamington, Ontario

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# our word

## THE RESURRECTION: A SURPRISE

This month we celebrate what millions of Christians through the centuries have considered the most important event in the history of man: the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Two thousand years have passed since a small group of frightened visitors to Jerusalem came face to face with a miraculous occurrence which completely changed their lives.

What those people actually saw and experienced was hard for them to describe. They were not able to provide evidence which satisfied all the skeptics of their day, or which can answer all the questions of those who demand scientific proof today.

What gives credibility to their vision is the way in which, according to their own testimony, it caught them off guard. They had not expected it. What gives power to their vision is the way in which it changed their lives. Before they met the resurrected Jesus they were a confused and dis-spirited group of half hearted followers, unable to make up their minds about the strange teacher from Nazareth. They were quite clearly unprepared to become dependable followers of anyone, let alone leaders. After their encounter with Jesus on Easter Day they were transformed into courageous preachers of a new faith, moving so vigorously through the Roman Empire that they were soon accused of turning that Empire upside down. Many of them eventually gave their lives for their new vision.

Now, there are two very surprising things about this vision. There is first the belief that a *man* had been raised from the dead. That is an incredible thing in itself. However, that was probably not the most difficult thing to believe. The Jewish people were believers. They believed in a God who was Lord over both life and death. They believed in His power to give life, to take it away, and to give it again. Is it really so difficult to believe in a resurrection? It is no more difficult than believing in the existence of life itself. What are we? Where do we come from? We are — each one of us — a miracle. It is no more difficult to believe that our lives will exist in the future as it is to comprehend the incredible fact that our lives exist now. The God who created us is surely capable of re-creating us in another sphere of existence.

Despite this, we would be surprised to suddenly see someone raised from the dead in our own midst, and despite their general belief in the power of God over both life and death the disciples were undoubtedly surprised by the mere fact that Jesus had been resurrected.

However, what undoubtedly strained their belief even more was a second consideration, namely, that the resurrection occurred to someone who had been so ignobly defeated. Their leader had been despised and rejected by men. How could success follow such failure? Why would God choose such a sad and sorrowful figure to demonstrate His power?

The truth is that we are faced with the same questions today. To believe in the resurrection of Jesus is not merely to believe in God's power to recreate life. It is much more than that! It is to believe that a certain way of living — the way that Jesus lived, a way of living that appears to be anything

but powerful or successful — is in the end the way that leads to a resurrection.

The disciples had not been able to believe in the possibility of Jesus' resurrection because they had not been able to detect a victorious note in His manner of living. And yet, that is precisely what Jesus tried so hard to teach them. The most consistent strain in his message is this: "those who lose their life in living others will find it. It is only the seed that loses itself in the ground that will grow into a new life."

Jesus said again and again: "Your values are all confused. It is not the haughty, the powerful, the rich, or the mighty who will triumph. It is the humble who shall be exalted, it is the man who sits down at the lowest end of the table who will be invited to take a place at the head table."

It is not humility itself that is right, nor power that is wrong, but it is humility *and* power used in the service of others that will be exalted.

In the humble, servant life of Jesus, God shows us how different His values are from our own. In the resurrection of Jesus He wants to demonstrate as forcefully as He can that it is precisely that kind of life — that Jesus lived — that ends up triumphing over the forces of death.

If we ask ourselves today whether we believe in the resurrection of Jesus, then we are asking not only — or even primarily — whether we believe in the fact of the resurrection itself, but whether we believe that it is the kind of life we see revealed in Jesus that leads to the resurrection.

This is what the Gospels really want us to believe. They want us to "walk in the resurrection", to put ourselves into the very footsteps of Jesus, so that we can experience the resurrection together with Him.

This involves much more than saying that we believe in the resurrection. It means that we follow Jesus in defying the most common values of our time: the worship of power, the selfish pursuit of more and more personal gain, the frantic search for shallow good times and the fickle approval of others. It means that we consciously choose to replace our arsenal of hostile and aggressive weapons with the seemingly weak weapons of love and mercy. It means that we don't lose courage when our efforts at producing good meet with little apparent success, or when our increasingly frail body makes existence itself seem dubious. God is there precisely in those experiences. He is not on the stage where worldly success is rewarded, where power is used to destroy people's dreams and lives. He is triumphant in you and me when we learn to empty ourselves so that He can fill us with new love and compassion.

This is the new, victorious, life to which this Easter day calls us. Let us walk with Jesus. Let us walk *with* Him and *like* Him — because that is the life that leads to the resurrection! In the words of James Russell Lowell, "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne, but that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown, standeth God within the shadows, keeping watch above His own."

by Roy Vogt

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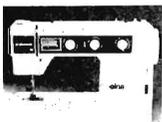
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