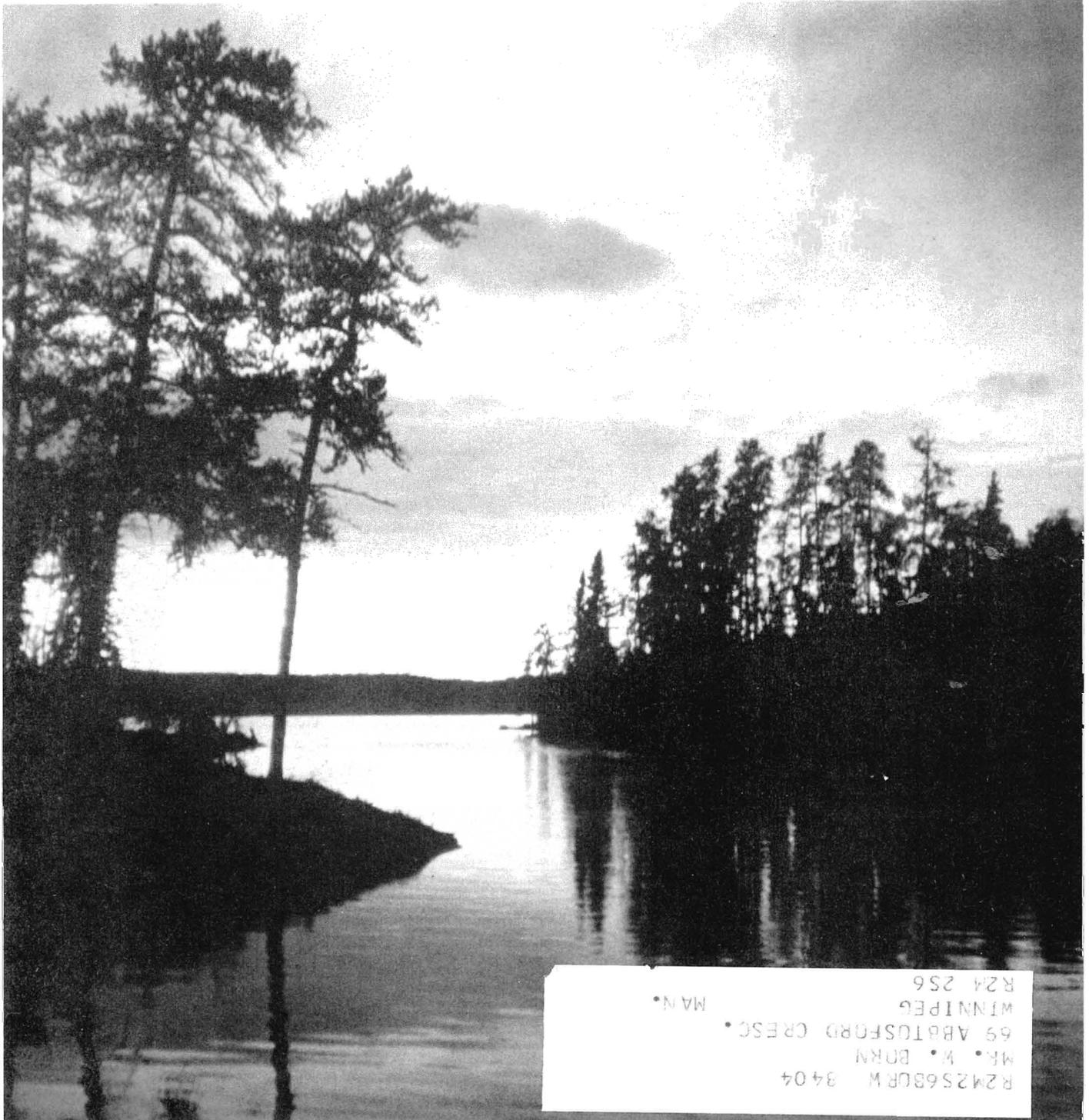


mennonite mirror

volume 13 / number 1

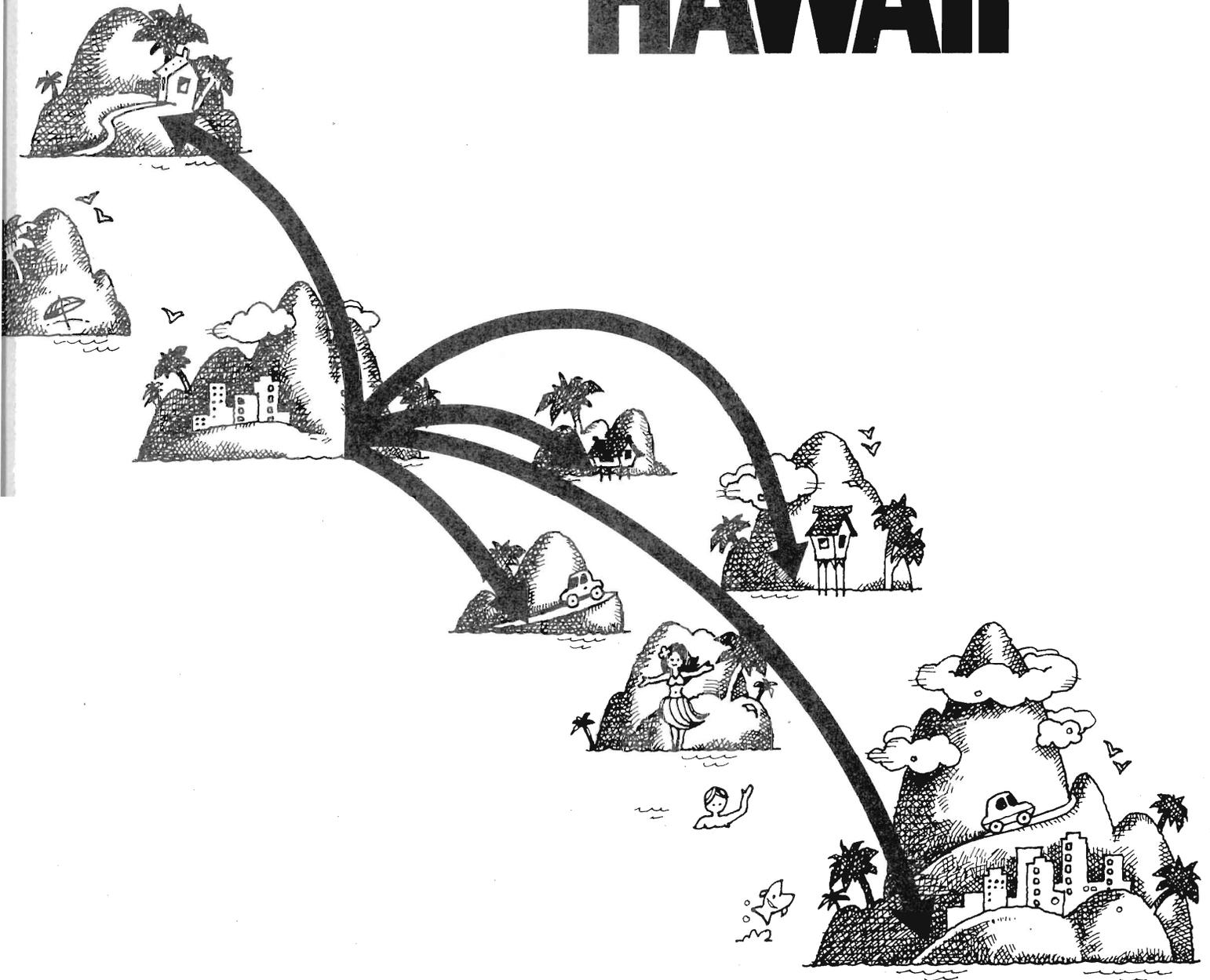
september 1983



R2M2S68DRM 8404
MR. W. BORN
69 ABGUSFORD CRESC.
WINNipeg
R2A 2S6
MAN.

CPAIR'S

HAWAII



Call us 1st.

CP Air 

Vancouver • Victoria • Calgary • Edmonton • Winnipeg • Toronto • Ottawa • Montreal



ABOUT THIS ISSUE

With this issue the *Mirror* is reviving its practise in earlier years of giving a brief introductory description of the contents of each issue. We hope readers will welcome this innovation (or restoration) that will hopefully give them a general picture of what lies between the covers and in between the ads.

The emphasis in this issue is on Mennonite youth, on how our young people view themselves, the world and their relationship as Mennonites to older Mennonites and to the rest of the world. Jeff Loewen, the son of Dr. Harry Loewen, and a local university student, has some sensitive and insightful things to say about the summer he spent at the University of Mannheim in Germany. David Petkau, another student, is an unusual young man who several years ago undertook a remarkable (and hazardous) solitary canoe trip through Manitoba's northern wilderness. In doing so he tried to come to terms with himself, with the vast profound of the wilderness, and the way in which man has to learn to be human through speech, even if he only talks to himself or curses at the enemy "out there." Finally, there is a moving short story by David Bergen in which a young Mennonite finds that he is able to relate more meaningfully to his half-senile but emotionally honest grandfather than he can to his rather smug father.

Another new (and young) writer — Anita Tiessen — is to be welcomed to our staff this month. Anita has just completed a course in journalism at Red River Community College and her story on Justina Baerg and the Thrift Shops is her first full-scale article. We hope there will be many more from her in future. We also have an interesting report on the 25th anniversary of Westgate. How time flies! It seems like only yesterday when the school first opened its doors.

Another "first" in this issue is the "serious" story in *Plautdietsch* by Jack Thiessen. Who would have anticipated such a change in direction! Our publisher Roy Vogt is continuing his highly popular "Observed Along the Way" this year, we are happy to report. Our readers love the personal tidbits served up by Roy with his special blend of gentle irony and self-deprecating humor. Enjoy!

The Cover: *A tranquil view of a Canadian wilderness, a photo taken by David Petkau, author of his canoe-trip journal on page 5.*

KRAHN'S TV LTD.

SALES — SERVICE — RENTALS

COLOR TV and VIDEO RCA — HITACHI

STEREO EQUIPMENT

VHS — MOVIE RENTALS

MICROWAVE OVENS

Phone 338-0319

1143 Henderson Hwy.

mennonite
mirror

inside

volume 13 / number 1

september 1983

Mirror mix-up/4

Agon and splendor: A solitary canoe trip/5

A summer in Germany without a sense of leaving home/7

A still small voice that could not be ignored/11

Observed along the way/13

Fiction: Reality and such/15

Review: To love this plant/17

Review: Apartheid in South Africa/18

Manitoba news/19-24

De Reehmabeintj/24

Vergangenheit wird zur Gegenwart: Ein

Erlebnis/26

Your word/29

Our word/30

Mennonite Mirror

Publisher, Roy Vogt

Editor, Al Reimer

Managing Editor, Edward Unrau

Associate Editors: Ruth Vogt, Harry Loewen,

Victor Doerksen

Writing Staff: Betty Dyck, Mary Enns, Hilda Matsuo, Peter Paetkau, Wilmer Penner, Mavis Reimer, Doug Koop, Lora Sawatsky and Mirror Mix-up: Bob Matsuo.

Business committee: Bob Friesen, Rudy Friesen, John Schroeder, Jack Thiessen, and Leona Penner; advertising sales, Frieda Unruh.

Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

President, Roy Vogt

Vice-President, Ed Unrau

Treasurer, Arkie Wiens

Secretary, David Unruh

Office Manager, Frieda Unruh

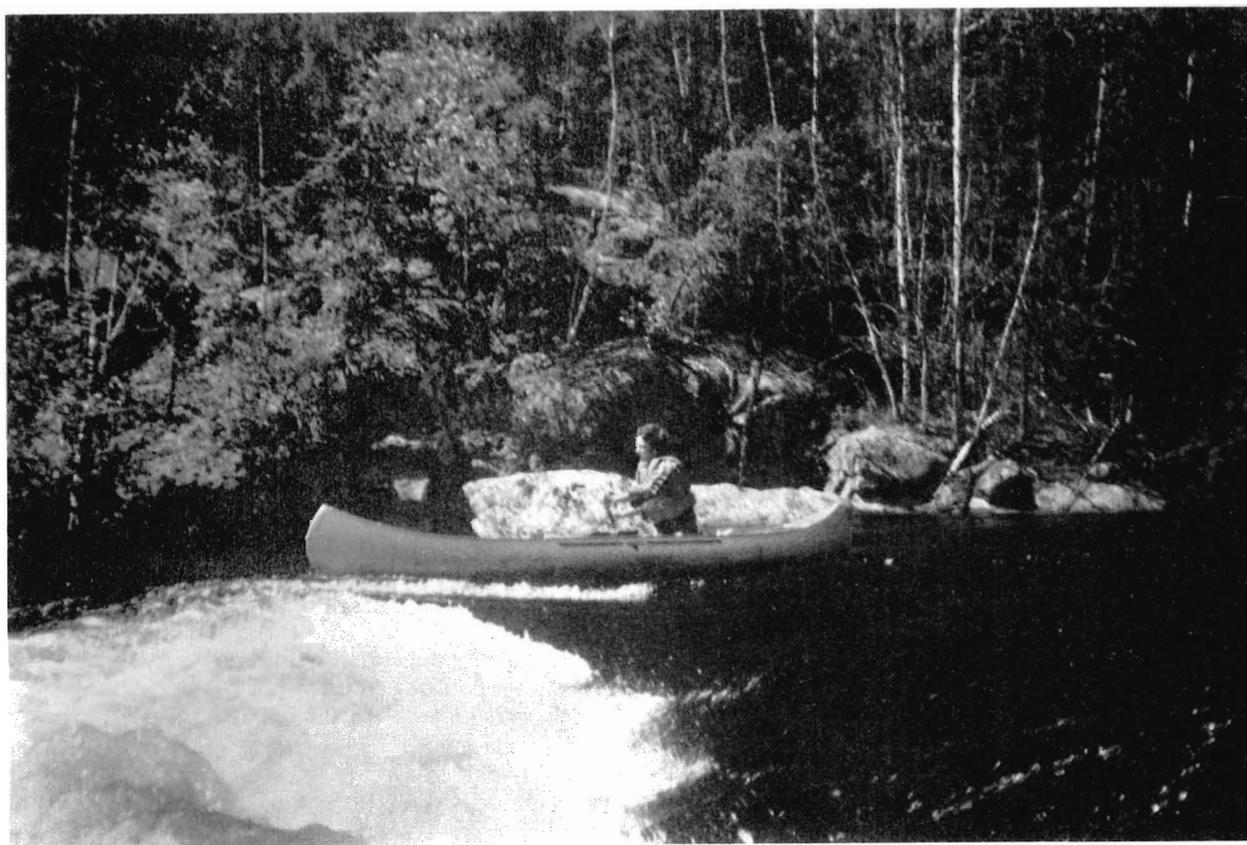
Board of Directors: Rudy Friesen, Mary Enns, and Wilmer Penner.

The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year from September to June for the Mennonite community of Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc.

All business and editorial correspondence should be addressed to 203-818 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0N4, telephone 786-2289. The Mennonite Mirror observes the following part-time office hours: Monday 1 to 4 p.m., Tuesday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., Thursday 9 a.m. to noon.

Subscriptions \$8 for one year; \$14 for two years; and no charge for those on pension.

Second class mail registration 2658



by David Petkau

Agony and Splendor: A Solitary Canoe Trip

In the following account I have attempted to communicate my experience of a canoe trip which I took after my graduation from high school. The trip lasted two and a half months, during which time I canoed a little over a thousand miles. I made the trip by myself.

The trip should have been a turning point in my life. It was not. Its impact began to diminish only too soon after it was finished. I am only now beginning to understand the significance of the driving force which made the idea of the trip exciting to my imagination at the time.

The city is another very different world and one in which I found myself soon after my canoe trip. The isolation

and alienation in a city can often be more trying and more difficult to cope with than the loneliness that one has to deal with on a trip like mine.

Northrop Frye talks of the split between nature and civilization and of how man creates a world of his own making that is in conflict with the natural world. It has taken me a long time to realize and accept the fact that a human being is only developed in relation to and because of other beings.

I now realize that the most important thing I learned in making my solitary trip and writing about it is the incredible importance of speech in breaking out of the dark, black hole of consciousness. Speech brings images and frames of reference which enables us to break out of the confinements of consciousness.

In the beginning was the Word, in the

beginning was an articulation: the silence of nature extends outward to infinity, but man must break that silence with speech to become fully human.

The beauty. The silence. The tranquility. The absolute serenity. Was it a dream?

The loneliness. The pain. The swearing. The exhaustion. Was it a dream?

The awesome power. The fear. The terrible turmoil and destruction. The peace. Was it a dream?

A dream? Maybe, but it was a dream I will remember for a long, long time.

July 5th

At long last I am ready for my canoe trip into the wilderness of Northern Ontario and Manitoba. I thought this moment would never come. All the dreaming, the planning, and the pack-

ing is finished now. Finally.

Bidding farewell to my parents, I swing my canoe east and start my long battle upstream on the Winnipeg and other numerous Canadian rivers.

As my hometown of Pinawa disappears from sight, I realize what a horrible mistake I have made.

July 15th, Day 11

This is terrible. The emptiness in my stomach will not go away. The loneliness. Lord, I wish I was home.

Today, I face an insurmountable obstacle. Three miles of bush. Fifteen miles of walking. Nine miles loaded with packs weighing up to 200 pounds. I have dreaded this portage for days.

The rain has stopped finally. Everything is drenched. Shouldering my canoe, I set off and promptly lose the trail. The depressing rain starts again, and with that signal the mosquitoes swarm to attack. I am forced to cower under my canoe with my misery for company, while swarms of mosquitoes score repeatedly despite my best defense of insect repellent. The rain lets up eventually, and half an hour later I find the trace of a portage.

My legs are continually cramping. My whole body aches and cries out. Deadfalls barricade the trail. I am constantly climbing mountains and cliffs. The exhaustion.

This is my last trip . . .

I made it! I made it! All right!!

It feels so good. The cool, fresh water surging, soothing my aching filthy feet. The wet, dripping hair. Just being able to sit in my canoe, floating on a mirror. Hearing a lonely loon's cries miles away. The beauty.

Damn! There is a storm coming. Hurry! I throw up my tent. I try to heave my heaviest pack out of my canoe. I do not have the strength; the pack and I end up in the water. Damn! A perfect ending to a perfect day.

July 24th, Day 20

This trip is turning me into a demented, raving lunatic. I hate this. I detest, I loathe this. Day after day, cooking, packing, paddling, portaging.

Today paddling across Pakwash Lake I experience four-foot waves attacking from the rear. Every time a wave dares slop any water into my canoe, even a drop, it enrages me. I scream at those waves. I swear at them. I threaten to kill them. They keep coming, relentlessly.

July 26th, Day 22

Another portage. This one is three-quarters of a mile long. I can not take this any longer.

Please, God, help me

More falls. More portages. I quit. Damn it, I quit.

I shoot those rapids I had worked so hard to come up. It is the best part of the entire day.

I work my way to a logging road nearby and hitch a ride back to civilization.

July 27th, Day 23

I cannot quit. My parents drive me to Berens Lake, which is a little farther down my route. It is all downstream from here until I reach Lake Winnipeg.

Strangely, I feel at ease. At peace. Even the loneliness is gone.

August 11th, Day 38

It is caused by a massive slow-up of water. The water dropping down a chute encounters slower water at the bottom of the chute. A standing wave results.

There stands a magnificent example of a standing wave, a massive six feet high.

My throat becomes tight and dry. My palms begin to sweat. My heart pounds. I start to shake. I cannot take the portage around it; the wave silently challenges me.

I walk back to my canoe with the adrenalin flowing and a sickness in my stomach.

I stuff all my loose gear in the packs and tie them in to give stability to my canoe. I run back to check the rapid again. I check my knots again. I swallow with difficulty and push off.

I shoot the upper rapids with no problems. I come around the corner and there it is. Terrifying huge. It silently laughs at me as I slide down the chute and into its grasp.

I am plastered by it. I come up what seems like minutes later with my canoe beside me. My packs are gone!

The next standing wave hits my canoe and me, and again we are sucked under; and again and again.

The water piles up against a cliff and we are swept into an eddy and back into the rapids.

I am exhausted and lose my grip on my canoe. Under again and again. This time I am swept out of the rapid.

I get occasional glimpses of my canoe and packs floating downstream. Half an hour later we are all reunited. I do not lose a thing.

The Lord was truly with me.

The wave silently laughs at me as I paddle out of its sight but I will be back.

August 16th, Day 43

Paradise. Lake Winnipeg. A full moon dances in the water. The gentle lapping of the water. Isolated cries of geese further north, beckoning. The sound of my paddle gliding through the

water. Brilliant stars. The serenity. The tranquility.

I am lost in space and time. Beautiful.

Suddenly, the moon plunges into the lake on fire, and everything is masked by fog. Beautiful.

August 18th, Day 45

Seven-foot waves explode against the shoreline, hurling themselves in enraged fury, seeking the destruction of everything and everyone.

I am terrified on my lonely, puny island. I want to get off Lake Winnipeg as soon as possible.

September 14th, Day 72

Tomorrow, I arrive home. I will have paddled over one thousand miles, portaged over two hundred and fifty times, climbed and dropped hundreds of feet in elevation. But that is not important. I have fallen in love with the Canadian North.

I fall asleep on this my last night out, wondering and worrying about what the future holds for me.

September 15th, Day 73

There it is. Pinawa.

As I canoe to our dock on the Winnipeg River, I feel different. I think I have changed. For the better, I hope.

The peace.

(David Petkau is a student at the University of Winnipeg and the son of Dr. Abram and Jane Petkau of Pinawa.)

House For Sale

Across street from Burrows-Bethel Church. Two storey, solid stucco over brick. New plumbing, new furnace, self-contained suite upstairs. Ideal for older couple. \$30,000. Phone 774-1405.

INTER-MENNONITE RELATIONS:

**MB's and GC's in Canada
A Symposium**

November 4-5, 1983

**at the
Mennonite Brethren Bible College**

Papers presented will cover MB-GC relations in pre W.W.I Russia, as well as relationships in music, literature and church work.

For more information, write to:

Centre for M.B. Studies in Canada

77 Henderson Highway, Winnipeg, Manitoba

R2L 1L1

Ph. (204) 669-1626

A summer in Germany without a sense of leaving home

by Jeffrey Loewen

This was a journey back for me because by this time I am at "home" in Winnipeg. In fact, it was hard to believe that since the end of April I had been in Germany. As far as the geography of my experience went, yes, I was in Europe. In Mannheim, West Germany. But was I really there? I would ask myself: Where is the Europe that I left behind after my third trip to the continent in 1981? I had by now lost the tourist-mentality that had dominated my other trips. This was good; but at the same time, it made me feel as if I had arrived there without really "being" anywhere at all, despite the fact that I travelled to Paris for a weekend and throughout my corner of Germany. With the tourist in me gone, I could observe, give myself to images, artifacts, memories, without the schmaltzy sentimentality of those fine people who (beginning in May already) step off tour buses with cameras swinging from their necks, in Bermuda shorts, Hawaiian print shirts, and Foster Grant sun-glasses. Heidelberg, for instance, would be a perfectly charming city if only the tourists would exercise some restraint. As P. K. Page observes in *The Permanent Tourists*:

Somnolent through landscapes and by trees nondescript, almost anonymous, they alter as they enter foreign cities — the terrible tourists with their empty eyes longing to be filled with monuments.

Perhaps this is the reason why I did not feel as if I had left home when I arrived in Germany: Everywhere I turned, America was glaring at me, reminding me who I was. Although I do not address myself to America in par-



ticular, I want to say something about it because never before have I learned so much about *us* as I have in these three months in Germany. I mean, the audacity of America abroad with her McDonald's golden arches one hundred metres from the Kölne Dom, or "Ami" soldiers, well-fed and watered, strutting down the Champs-Élysées in Paris with portable stereos blasting out tunes from home, is enough to disturb anybody's sense of decency. But I suppose that in many ways we are all foreigners — tourists — even at "home" here in Winnipeg: permanently passing through historical ruins, forever collecting tokens, charms, memories, and clinging to them like life-preservers. We must tell stories; we have many to tell. Without verbal expression our memories would become museum pieces, well-dusted, perhaps varnished and golden like idols, but above all, forgotten. It is the need to recreate a part of my life through language that compels me to write down a few impressions of my time spent in Germany. So, where is Europe? I will find her in a story perhaps, hidden, and waiting to be found out:

I/ I would often sit at the window in our kitchen in the apartment in which I lived, and write letters. From the window, I could see the railway station and TV antennae obstructing a hazy view of the Pfalz (a beautiful area of hills, forest, quaint villages and endless vineyards). The view was normally hazy due to numerous factories on the Rhine River (chemical exhaust from the smokestacks of Alcan and BASF) which, although giving Mannheim the worst air and water in all of Germany, gave the sun a vivid red-orange glow at sunset which was quite breath-taking.

II/ I went one afternoon with my brother Harry into Ludwigshafen, a city across the Rhine from Mannheim. We visited an art gallery and were interested by some of the work of German Impressionists. Afterwards we ate at McDonalds. On the wall were about twenty photographs of beautiful old baroque buildings scattered throughout Germany which had recently been converted into McDonalds restaurants. They were all the same on the inside: cheery colours, friendly employees in polyester uniforms, plastic tables, and corporate propoganda urging us to buy everything from fries to "Happy Mac Shakes". On the outside, though, they were all unique old monuments to the past; except, of course, the yellow letters placed across the façades of the

buildings, identifying them as eating establishments where one could be sure of consistency in the quality of food served, the friendliness of the service, and the impeccable cleanliness of the aluminum serving counter. I call this banalization of the everyday the "McDonaldization" of Europe and the world.

III/ In the early evening I would often go for a walk along the Rhine. To get there, I had to walk a good distance through the town: past churches of all shapes and sizes, past bakeries and delicatessens, past parks filled with chil-

dren running around after dinner and old men playing chess or Skat on the park benches. But there was one building which seemed to go unnoticed by the citizens of this particular neighbourhood; I noticed it right off the bat. It was a five-story building painted three shades of brown over its good, solid concrete surface. It was certainly well-built and carefully planned for maximum efficiency with its two entrances. It also had some impressive white lettering on it which read: Seats 1,278 people. It was a fall-out shelter. I often wondered what it must be like for the people living across the street in tene-

BE AN ARMCHAIR TRAVELLER — IT'S FUN



proudly presents

FASCINATING FEATURE-LENGTH TRAVEL FILMS

All with their producers/narrators in person

MAIN SERIES EIGHT FILMS

CHOICE OF FOUR COMPLETE SERIES

6:00-8:30-2:00-8:00 p.m.

CENTENNIAL CONCERT HALL

* AMERICAN SOUTHWEST with Don Cooper	Oct. 3-4	* SWITZERLAND with Stan Larue	Feb. 2-3
* VIENNA with Chris Borden	Oct. 24-25	* COME TO THE CASTLE with Meyers & Perrigo	Feb. 27-28
* POLAND with Jon Hagar	Nov. 21-22	* SPAIN with Ric Dougherty	Mar. 26-27
* WE SWEDES with Ed Lark	Jan. 18-19	* NEW ZEALAND with Ken Armstrong	Oct. 4-5

Season (8 films) \$32.50, 30.00, 27.50, Students \$25.00

Single (1 film) \$5.50, 5.00, 4.50 Students \$3.75
plus agency fee

MINI SERIES OF FOUR — FABULOUS FILMS

Choice of Two Complete Series

2:00 & 8:00 p.m.

CENTENNIAL CONCERT HALL

* ARGENTINA with Clay Francisco	Dec. 6	* IRELAND with Bill Madsen	Mar. 1
* GREAT GREAT LAKES with Frank Carney	Jan. 10	* EUROPE'S TEACUP COUNTRIES with Don Cooper	Apr. 16

Single (1 film) \$4.75, 4.25 Plus agency fee

Season (4 films) \$15.00, 14.00

Tickets at CBO 667 Stafford Square
ph: 475-9055 and charge them

PROSPECTUS MAILED ON REQUEST!

ment houses to wake up each morning and, looking out of their windows, to see that number.

IV/ The administration of West German chancellor Helmut Kohl has given the Reagan Administration the "go ahead" to station its controversial Pershing II missiles in Germany. The newspapers have been calling the coming fall *Heisser Herbst* (Hot Autumn). They expect violent demonstrations when the missiles are brought over in late autumn. The Kohl administration has taken the opportunity to pass stricter demonstration laws for the occasion, hoping to minimize what will inevitably result in blood-shed: anyone asked by a police officer to leave the site of a demonstration, regardless of whether or not the individual is involved in violent activities, must do so or risk the consequences, which range from a fine for disobedience to a crack on the head from clubs designed for this purpose.

In the face of the slogans and lies that the politicians throw at us, I thought of a few in response:

and once again
we return full circle
it's the '50s again —
rockabilly music
mini skirts
cold war escalation
and a meltdown ahead
demonstrators/cops in the streets
politicians and their guns
bible-banging brethren
leading boys to slaughter
blue-eyes beauties
Bob Jones Jerry Fallwell
these moral mighty
'gonna blow us down —
only, it's the '80s
there may be no one left in a decade
to sing songs of liberation and the
warm new birth.

The peace established by weapons is not peace at all; it's the calm before the storm.

V/ Johannes Harder can still laugh after eighty years. We visited him at his home in Schlüchtern, a small village of lush green hills and the textured smells of cows and sheep. He tells us stories, sends greetings along to his Winnipeg brethren, and with fiery conviction racing through his animated poses and wild eyes, demands radical change from the political, social and religious orders. Not willing to let himself be mowed down, he talks about demonstrating, Bolshevism, and intellectual anarchy. When the "Heisser Herbst" arrives he too will be among the angry demonstrators. He is an example to fol-

low and an inspiration that pulls us away from nihilism. He knows the dark vision of my impressions, but knows too the endless possibilities of change.

Through these impressions I have tried to convey the sense of urgency that I experienced while in Germany; not just political urgency, but religious-cultural urgency. A frequent topic of discussion among friends from Winnipeg was Mennonitism. What can we do as Mennonites to change things for the better? was one question we discussed. But an even more fundamental question we asked was: Exactly what is a Mennonite? What are the different levels of our tradition and how do we situate ourselves on these levels (e.g. political, social, sexual, artistic levels, to name a few)? How far does our identity as Mennonites extend? These are, obviously, questions not easily answered; but they are the questions which will have to be answered by my (our) generation.

I can safely argue that my generation feels frustrated. For many, the choice has been between joining the Church and accepting its stasis, or turning one's back on the tradition in hopes that satisfaction may be found elsewhere. Because neither of the choices is worth

making, it is up to us to carry out the changes necessary if we desire to sustain our tradition. It is up to us to re-define what it is to be Mennonite. We must demonstrate our frustrations with criticism and questioning if we are to fashion ourselves into a Mennonite community capable of contributing to change and liberation at every possible level. It is with this hope that I remain within the tradition; and it is with the wish for change that I hope to see the present state of the Church break out beyond its self-suffocating bounds, to explode into new and necessary forms of expression.

(Jeff Loewen is a student at the University of Winnipeg and the son of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Loewen.)

WANTED

Executive secretary/office manager

good typing skills, writing ability, and working knowledge of German, full or part time. Send resume to: David Dueck, Dueck Film Productions Ltd., 202-1695 Henderson Hwy., Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2E 0B1.

Westgate



For the new school year we need
your support

Please participate:

1. Opening Program — September 18
2. Workday — October 14
3. Pray for us

Together we can provide a Christian Education for our youth.

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate

86 West Gate
775-7111

Egypt, Israel and Greece: November 29-December 17, 1983

Tour Host: Dr. Frank C. Peters

1984 Mennonite World Conference Tours

- 1. From Rome to Witmarsum
— Church History Tour:
June 30-July 21, 1984.**
Host: George Epp
- 2. Soviet Union Tour:
July 1-21, 1984**
Hosts: John Friesen and Abe Dueck
- 3. The Church Through the Centuries:
July 6-23, 1984**
Host: Waldemar Janzen
- 4. Exploring the Middle East:
July 9-23, 1984**
Hosts: David Schroeder and Gerald Gerbrandt
- 5. CMC Choir Tour to Europe:
July 13-August 9, 1984**
Host: Helmut Harder. Music Director: Bernie Neufeld
- 6. Eurail Youth Backpacking Tour**
(Details to be announced in Fall.)
- 7. Exploring Renaissance and Reformation Centres:
July 11-August 9, 1984**
Hosts: Henry Krahn and Ken Reddig
- 8. Austria, Hungary and the Soviet Union:
July 29-August 17, 1984**
Hosts: All Reimer, John R. Friesen and Roy Vogt
(Waiting list only.)
- 9. Central Europe Tour of Germany and Italy:
July 30-August 14, 1984**
Host: John Bergen
- 10. Romantisches Deutschland:
Following the Conference**
Hostess: Mrs. Victor Peters

For complete details on these tours, please call:
John Schroeder, Lori Neufeld, Hilda Driedger, Ruth Wiebe

ASSINIBOINE TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.

Portage at Broadway
219-818 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 0N4

Phone: 775-0271

1-800-262-8893 (Toll-free outside Winnipeg)

CMBC 1983
CANADIAN
MENNONITE
BIBLE
COLLEGE
600 Shaftesbury Blvd.
Winnipeg, Man. R3P 0M4
(204) 888-6781

OPENING PROGRAM

Sept. 25, 2:30 p.m.

at
Canadian Mennonite Bible College

Guest Speaker
DR. DAVID EWERT
President of MBBC

the
**J.J. THIESSEN
LECTURES**

with
DR. CORNELIUS DYCK

*"RETHINKING
THE ANABAPTIST VISION"*

October 18 - 19, 1983

The still small voice That could not be ignored: Do something for those who need help

by Anita Tiessen

The words "Thy will be done" flow effortlessly from Christians' mouths when they recite the Lord's Prayer. Putting those four words into action, though, often stirs up tension between "my will" and "Thy will".

Eleven years ago, Justina Baerg struggled with her incongruous desires to comply with God's leading and pursue her career.

At that time, she was working for Field Enterprises, more commonly known as World Book Encyclopedia. In her six years with the company, she had moved up from being a door-to-door saleswoman to a position as divisional director supervising over 50 salespeople.

According to Justina's plan, she would stay with the company, hopefully becoming a regional director if a position opened up. But in the midst of moving ahead with her career ambitions, she relates, she "had an experience I will never forget. It was so vivid. It wasn't a dream. It was a distinct voice saying that in order to help the needy I should help to raise money."

The calling was not to organize a few bake sales or a car wash during her spare time but to devote herself wholly to the fund-raising task. Drumming up dollars for the poor would have meant resigning the position she had worked hard to attain and intended to keep. "I didn't want to give up my job. I thought I had a selling career ahead of me. I couldn't just give everything up."

Her answer to God's call was "Lord, another time. When I'm retired," a response she temporarily justified with her dedication as an active church and conference member.

Her background as a Christian volunteer, however, had also prepared her for God's leading. Outgoing, energetic, and willing to accept responsibility, she had



Justina Baerg

been involved as president of her church ladies' auxiliary and with the Manitoba Women's Conference, and was in charge of compiling the book *Manitoba Mennonite Women in Mission*.

Volunteerism also ran in her family, with her mother making soap and quilts for MCC and her father serving as church treasurer for over 20 years and as school board chairman, as well as raising money for immigrants who couldn't repay travel debts. In addition, of the nine children in the family, three have served with MCC and all are active in the church.

Coupled with her volunteer spirit was a series of incidents "that I haven't told anyone. Through them God spoke to me and I had no choice but to give in. It was so painful. I gave up my selling career. I gave up everything."

Although her words have a sobering ring, she didn't mourn extensively over the end of her career. Pursuing her mandate to help the needy, she offered her services to MCC, but they couldn't

match her talents with a service opening. Then, still keeping to her familiar sales terrain, Justina took the initiative and visited the Altona thrift shop (second-hand store), the only Mennonite thrift shop in North America at that time. After the trip, she says, "it was so clear to me that this is what I should be doing. God really revealed himself to me." From then on, she diverted her energy and enthusiasm into developing thrift shops.

Having first overcome her own opposition to God's direction, Justina then set out to change others' resistance to her ideas into forms of support. At a meeting of church representatives called to discuss the possibility of opening a thrift shop in Winnipeg, she found that hesitation was the prevailing mood. "It was a new idea and with most new ventures people want to know that it's going to work. 'Who would buy used clothing?' was the first question they all asked," Justina reports.

Many Mennonites didn't buy second hand clothes at that time because of their negative connotations. When people realized that thrift shops did not stock junk, however, attitudes changed, so that most volunteers, for example, now also double as customers.

Back in 1972, when Winnipeg's first thrift shop opened its doors, few volunteers or anyone else bought the clothes. Daily sales seldom exceeded \$1, a situation which fed the uncertainty about the store's viability. But having given up her career to develop the shops, Baerg wasn't about to give up because of the slow start. "I was so confident that this was the right thing and that God was on our side," she says fervently.

The local laundromat owner acknowledged the need for the store by pointing out poor families from the surrounding area. Applying the aggressive-

ness she had developed as a salesperson, she went to people's homes in the neighborhood, explaining the purpose of the shop and its benefit for them.

"People came and saw the quality. It was neat and clean and the clerks were friendly." Word of mouth spread over a period of months until the response from the community was overwhelming.

By offering low-priced used goods, the shops tapped a real need among low-income families. People who entered the shop wearing tattered outfits would light up when they found they could leave with bags of clothing for only a few dollars. "It's so rewarding to see that we can help those in need. We have an obligation to help the needy," Justina says with quiet confidence.

The used articles fill a local demand, while the cash collected meets overseas needs. Money raised in the stores is directed into MCC relief and development work. "This is one thing we all had to decide on because if we had different projects it wouldn't work. Everyone has their own thing that they'd like to do," Justina says.

Contributions have increased tremendously from the days when the store was just breaking even. Last year, the combined proceeds from all Manitoba stores hit \$300,000.

With the experience of operating the Winnipeg stores behind her, Justina Baerg picked up her speaker's podium and traveled across Manitoba, inspiring ladies' groups to establish their own shops. At any given meeting she would go from outlining the basics involved in running a shop to setting up an organizing committee. Usually one meeting was enough to get the women into action, although resistance at some gatherings took longer to overcome.

Not every community needed to call on Mrs. Baerg to open a store. "Some stores were already operating and just needed some guidance. I tried to help out until they got on their feet," she says modestly.

Since planting the seeds in people's minds, Justina has seen 11 shops open their doors. "They have mushroomed in

these past 11 years. God has really blessed this work in a wonderful way."

Although Mrs. Baerg acted as the catalyst in Manitoba's thrift-shop movement, she doesn't emphasize her role in their success. Rather than heaping glory on herself, she praises God for any progress or accomplishment. Comments like "God has been blessing this effort in a great way" pop up continually, whether she's talking about the tremendous profits or about strong volunteer support. Her attitude definitely embodies the thrift shop motto: "Whatever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

While God has blessed the thrift shops, it was the volunteers who kept the stores running smoothly. Some people preferred just to donate their time once a week or once a month, but others kept thinking up ideas for the shops even when their shifts were over.

Mrs. Baerg recognized the enthusiasm of these volunteers, and encouraged them to develop the shops into stores they could be proud of. Annual meetings were the perfect setting for brainstorming sessions, because they "gave volunteers the opportunity to stimulate interest and exchange ideas." Successful plant and bake sales were also initiated by the broad base of volunteers.

Justina encourages not only creativity, but also inter-Mennonite fellowship among volunteers. Church members who were complete strangers have been drawn together through the co-operative effort of running the shops. While the social aspect is secondary to helping the poor, she stresses that it is an important benefit. "I've made friends through work, some that I have traveled with. People I have never known before have become very close friends," she says.

About three years ago, Mrs. Baerg resigned as provincial co-ordinator because she "wanted to give others a chance to get involved." After a four-month MCC term in Germany, she picked up her work again with the shops, this time as a volunteer at the

Watt Street store in Winnipeg. At times she would like to increase her involvement, but feels "it is important to get fresh ideas in and to let different people have input."

As she reflects on her decision to leave Field Enterprises more than a decade ago, neither regret nor bitterness creeps into her voice. Enthusiastically she explains that "I don't regret giving up my career. The rewards have been beyond expectation. The whole idea is a story of God's leading, God's blessing and what he can do through people's lives if you're willing to submit to his will."

Justina Baerg epitomizes Mennonite Christian values of service and self-sacrifice that shed their light over us all.

(Anita Tiessen is a young writer living in Winnipeg.)

Reimer Agencies (1969) Ltd.

253 Main St. & Clearspring Mall
Steinbach, Manitoba

Ph. 326-2425
453-5562 (Winnipeg direct)

Reimer Welsh Agencies Ltd.

184-2025 Corydon Ave.,
Tuxedo Shopping Centre
Winnipeg, Manitoba
Ph. 453-9219

Key Insurance Agencies Ltd.

Watt & Melbourne Ave.
Winnipeg, Man.
Ph. 669-0143

All classes of insurance
— bonds — Autopac
Service you can depend upon.



ALLMAR DISTRIBUTORS LTD.

WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • VANCOUVER

"distributors of wholesale building materials and architectural hardware"

observed along the way



by Roy Vogt

Summer, 1983

Well the *Mirror* is back for another year and so is this column. Since its last appearance a whole summer has passed. In my line of work the four months, May to August, are completely separate from the rest of the year. University classes and exams are finished by the end of April and they don't begin again till the first week of September. "Oh," my friends are inclined to mutter enviously, "that means you have four months of holidays." To ask a university teacher what he does during the summer is like asking a pastor what he does between Sundays. The time is there to be used in many ways; some may use it productively, preparing better lectures for next year, writing a new book or article, catching up on the reading of books and articles written by others, counselling students, etc. Others, for all the reasons common to human beings, may choose to let time and life pass them by. Given their freedom to choose, I am surprised at how hard many of my colleagues work during these months. The university is now almost as busy in summer as in winter. There is more time to discover and develop new ideas and to discuss them with others. In order not to bore you I will not say much about my own work. Most of the summer was spent on the re-writing of a first-year text in economics which will be published in 1984. The first edition was well received but constant up-dating is required. I am also desperately trying to keep up with the new literature in my field. Sitting with a book at the lake is not all play, though I would sooner do that than cut the grass or repair a roof. Apart from the work, the summer has been an unusually interesting one. All I can give here are a few highlights (and perhaps some "lowlights").

• May. The last two weeks in May find us in England, celebrating our 25th wedding anniversary. It is a homecoming for my wife, who moved to Canada from England in 1954. We are treated royally by friends and relatives — so

much so that the belt buckle retreats another notch. Some of the closest relatives live in beautiful northern Wales. It is a moving experience to worship one Sunday morning with my aunts and uncles in a 13th century stone church in the lovely Welsh village of Caerwys. Outside in the ancient graveyard a number of my Welsh seafaring ancestors lie buried. In the green valley below Caerwys is the even smaller village of Afonwen, the parental home of my mother-in-law. One of the cousins we meet is a pilot on the Mersey River. Every day he travels eight miles out into the ocean, where he boards a large ocean-going vessel which he will guide into Liverpool Harbour. He has many interesting stories to tell. I feel instantly at home with these people, and they in turn appear to be intrigued by their new cousin from the colonies. The fact that I put my salad on the bread plate, and use the fish knife to spread butter on bread, only heightens their warm feelings toward colonial primitives, and causes my wife to wake up laughing in the middle of the night. One of the highlights of the trip is a three-day stay in a 17th century farm cottage in England's Lake District. We are surrounded by mountains and sheep, and by a series of lakes that are the equal of Lake Louise in beauty. "Here we danced and sang and slept, in a dreamland all our own."

• June. We are back home, to celebrate weddings and wedding anniversaries with friends. I am fascinated by these events. Everyone knows how difficult marriage can be, and yet there remain those who perceive its tremendous potential for growth and adventure, and those veterans who look back and cherish each difficult and joyous moment. Even most of those who fail, go on seeking such a relationship.

June for us is also a very trying month. Our home was put up for sale in January. In April a non-profit organization called Winnserv made us an offer to purchase, in order to establish a group home for eight moderately retarded adults. Some of our neighbours, particularly a medical doctor and a social

worker, decided to oppose this move. In mid-June their arguments against the sale of our home for such a purpose are presented to a community committee of five city councillors in Charleswood. More than a hundred concerned individuals, and representatives of all the churches in the area, also appear at the meeting to speak in favour of the development of a group home in our residence. After a 5½ hour hearing the counsellors vote unanimously to permit it. However, that is not the end of the matter. The neighbours take the matter to court, asking for an injunction against the sale of our house. After our lawyer and the lawyer for Winnserv have prepared their defence the neighbours withdraw their request for an injunction and instead make an appeal to a committee of city council. This appeal is heard on July 28, and is unanimously rejected. But this again does not clear the way for the final sale of our house, and the opening of a group home.

At the time of writing, in mid-August, the possibility of further court action continues to hold up the sale. In the meantime, the more than 200 persons on the waiting list for such a home go on waiting, the sale of our house remains uncertain, and we have had to learn to live with the open hostility of some of our neighbours, and with the disappointing realization that neither their personal values nor their professional ethics are sufficient to provide a neighbourly welcome to persons with a lower IQ. However, we have been extremely encouraged by the support of hundreds of other neighbours and friends, and by the tremendous amount of sympathy and patience shown by the city councillors. My appreciation for some of our politicians has risen sharply through this experience.

There have been lighter moments in all this as well. Mowing the front lawn has become more interesting, because we are constantly interrupted by curious passersby who want to know whether this is "the Oxford Street house which has caused all the controversy". Most of them add, "hang in there" when

informed that it is. Also, in anticipation of the sale of our house we had bought a piece of land on which we wanted to build our own home. An architect friend drew up some designs and we submitted these to three Mennonite builders for tender. Then we discovered the truth of what a friend told us some years ago: "If nothing else holds the Mennonite community together it is gossip." We soon heard via the Mennonite grape vine that we were planning to build a large and fancy home for \$200,000. Our plans actually called for a bungalow at less than half that cost. We are sorry to disappoint all those who were hoping to discover gold faucets and crystal chandeliers in our home. In the meantime, partly because of the delays mentioned already, we have given up our building plans entirely. The land has been sold and we have consigned the building of our own home to the land of dreams. It has been a summer of useful lessons.

• Summer is also a time for lazy days at the lake. One weekend we are invited by friends to their cottage in the Whiteshell. Is there anything more refreshing than Whiteshell lake water on a hot summer day? We are also introduced to the mysteries of Trivial Pursuit. On two other weekends we have friends join us at a rented cottage north of Grand Beach. Earth would almost be a paradise if one could join the water of the Whiteshell with the beaches of the east shore of Lake Winnipeg.

We also take pleasure in the fact that friends use the summer for outdoor parties. Nothing brings on a thunder storm faster than the prospect of an outdoor barbecue. However, in the case of one of our fortunate German friends, it always rains on the morning of his annual lawn party, and then clears up beautifully for the actual feast time. God obviously doesn't smile only on Mennonites.

And thinking back on this summer I cannot forget the many good friends who passed through, and did not forget us. We in turn, on weekend forays to Toronto and Minneapolis, did not hesitate to land on them. "Friends are peo-

ple who, when you happen to go there, have to take you in."

And lastly for this time, I am glad to have survived the rigorous challenge of the *Kielke Klassic* once more. Next to walking into the male shower room at the YMCA I have seen nothing so ridiculous in my life as 200 Mennonite golfers all congregated in one place — some as thin as a rake, others with protruding bellies — trying to imitate professional golfers on a difficult course like Pine Ridge. It took five hours to

play, because people were so busy changing their score cards, drinking cold Mennonite pries, and comparing notes on which Mennonite businessmen were as unsuccessful in their business as in their golf game. Two fellows had come from as far away as Chicago and Germany to take part in the improbable spectacle. I gave up before the 14-hour event was over — but I am sure that next year I, and at least two hundred other duffers with delusions of grandeur, will return. For this our people left Russia!

mm

RADIO SOUTHERN MANITOBA

- ★ Matinee (11:00-12 Noon and 2:10-3:00 p.m.)
- ★ Saturday Matinee (1:00-5:00 p.m.)
- ★ Inspirational Music (3:00-4:00 p.m.)
- ★ Musicale (6:00-7:00 p.m.)
- ★ Evening Concert (7:00-8:00 p.m.)
- ★ Gems of Melody (11:00-Midnite)
- ★ Classics till Dawn (12:00-5:00 a.m.)

Enjoy Your Favorite Music,
All Day . . . Every Day
on

CFAM
950

CHSM
1250

Magdalene's Sewing Shoppe



1419A Henderson Hwy. in the Boardwalk Mall 339-2023
Sewing Machine Sales and Service



- Zwicky Cotton and Silk Thread
- Calicos
- Quilting Supplies
- Classes in: tailoring, basic sewing, traditional and machine quilting.

FEHR-WAY TOURS

Escorted Coach Holidays

1050 Henderson Hwy. John Fehr
Winnipeg, Man. R2K 2M5 President
Phone (204) 338-9389

Fehr-Way is the Fun-Way

A fiction special by E. M. Loewen

Reality and Such

He was a farmer. In Vita. Now he is 84 and chained by his brow which is furrowed like the field he once cultivated with a rusted Massey Ferguson. Things being so, the rust has crawled from the tractor to his body and he needs Ventolin. He depresses the button, sucks in sharply and exhales, his lungs straining and sagging like spent carnival balloons. Lowering the inhaler to his lap he smiles meaninglessly, shifts his long loose weight and sighs, "so."

So. They sit in a half-moon from left to right: middle, old and young. Ted's father raises his head from cupped hands and searches for a sane word or a logical sentence. It is important to him.

"Have you read the paper today, Dad?" he asks.

His father, Ted's Grandpa, nods, his powdered head bobbing, his grey matter swishing unseen in his sunken skull. His jowl wags as he gathers the strength to speak.

"I am aware of the paper. I read it. Once a week. Maybe. It's become so awfully silly. Do you not think?"

Does he not? Think? Ted's father smiles and asks, "Has it?" The old man does not hear. He leans forward in his chair, as far as his restraint-jacket allows, belches, grins, sighs and says, "so." Reaching for Ted's hand he squeezes it and whispers sincerely, "Glad you could make it."

Ted squeezes back and winces as his nose encounters the burp. He breathes through his mouth, pulls his sweaty hand from the old dry palm and studies his grandpa's cracked fingernails. Almost dead.

You see, the old man before him generates incontinence, sweat and exhaustion and with the mind twisted a certain way it is possible for Ted to think of his Grandpa as deserving this plague. Still, this caricature of fate cackles to the tune

of his flatus and when he stretches his weak arms outwards to lustingly gather in a passing nurse he appears to be drawing towards his rattly chest the putrid humanity who share his plight.

A spasm passes through Ted's thigh. As he massages his lean muscles he has the feeling of not being in touch with the baser side of his self, of missing something, as one who wears pyjamas to bed misses the knowledge of the touchable, swimming flesh. Even so the armor Ted wears will be loosed . . . is being loosed. Those things which are hidden and creep from abscesses and cavities betraying his tidy youth become shards of reality, like his grandpa's ear which, from the angle Ted sits and sees, is furry with hair and layered with wax.

Once a month, since his return from college, there is this descent to Donwood Manor. The drive out, the walk in, the toothless caved in faces lining the corridor walls like hollow plastic targets in a shooting gallery, and then his grandfather, at the end of the line, not yet hit by the cork from the popgun. POP. The targets at the edge are always left till last. There is the usual one-minute beam of recognition from the old man and then time stops and somehow the wall is more fascinating than visitors and Ted must deal resolutely with the waxy ear and the smells of the Manor.

The middleman, the one who is father and son, tugs his Gideon New Testament from his shirt pocket. The old man inhales another shot of Ventolin. Ted looks despairingly at his father who thumbs through the Word. He will not be ambushed. Scraping his hair towards his Grandpa he presses a boney shoulder. The shoulder's head complies and turns. "Yes, my boy?" his Grandpa asks.

"It's my birthday tomorrow, Grandpa," he announces.

"So." There is a pause, long enough to hear the crackling of pages from Acts

to Romans and — aha — Ephesians, then, "How old, twenty-one?"

Ted, surprised, nods. Respectfully he adds a verbal confirmation, "Yes, twenty-one."

His Grandpa muses and says, "I think I was married at twenty-one. Wasn't I Henry? Around that age? Henry?"

Ted's father looks up irritably. He sees his future mirrored in his procreator and he finds it inconvenient. Impatience mottles his wide face. Lodging a preacher-soft index finger in Ephesians 6 he queries, "Age for what?"

The old man answers ponderously, his thick glasses bloating his eyes, his lips parched with phlegm and his limp hands fluttering like his mind. "Twenty-one, when . . ." he stumbles, "When I married."

The son is abrupt. "No, dad. Twenty-eight. You were twenty-eight when you married. Mom was twenty-one."

"So," is the reply, "So, this is it."

Ted strokes his grandpa's hand, wanting to shout, "Yes, Gramps, yes, you were twenty-one," but he only strokes. The old man ignores the stroking and watches the wall.

The middleman has found his passage. He does not ask permission to read. He does not need it. He just reads.

The droning voice does not stir the old man. Ted, still stroking, senses the senility before him and knows the polarity of ailing age: Joy-Grief. In senility there is joy, a rampaging sense of the heavenly plucked from somewhere, where?, and spilled out and over as a mug brimming insane with Guinness, and then the grief, those flashes when the mind clears and the restraint jacket is just that, a restraint jacket, and the bowels crave Metamucol, because all that really matters, really, really matters, is to stoop once a day to the porcelain bowl.

Ted's father flips a page, needlessly breaks the back on the Gideon and reads on, his pious lips taut as they move for he knows neither the young boy or old man are listening.

Faith, to Ted's Grandpa, always was. As an ubiquitous activity spinning in, outside of, and over the body, faith touched him as it has no one in his family since; a vestige of earlier stages of belief.

His son found faith in the church, the Mennonite church. As one who views the eclipse of the sun through a pinprick in a cardboard box, so Henry found his vision for the Mennonite Brethren Church. One aim, one desire; to grow. And the solid look-you-can-see-it church expanded as a beach ball

stretches when fed air. Ever so calmly Henry maintains his vigil, surveying the expansion through his pinprick. Dangerous.

Ted, raised on the principles of Apostle Paul, Menno Simons, and, inconsequentially, the heartrending spumings of evangelist Rudy Boschmann, finds his grandfather's faith intriguing, his father's view one-eyed and his own this-worldly belief a poor excuse for a life absorbed in self and limited by now. Like Hume's Philo he finds himself with no fixed station or abiding city and is at once and always the victorious sceptic. Ticklish.

The middleman is done, his proclamation of truth, solace to the aged and soliciting to his son, finished. Ted is also finished. His grandfather has regained the joy of the senile, picking up a week old newspaper and burrowing into the front page for the fifth time that day. All is well.

When lunch appears on a faded green tray the old man bends, nay, leaps towards it like a zealot with a mission. His movements are decided and firm. The limp macaroni is guided from plate to mouth without hesitation. The mound of corn, golden nuggets panned from a sea of waving stalks, wanes beneath the monotonous waggle of the crinkled mouth. This is the ground he stands firm on. The spoon, knife and fork become the spade, scythe and pitchfork of his past. Years of habit guide the farmer as he culls and crunches. Sliding the last spoonful of vanilla pudding into his mouth he savours it as he would a memory locked forever in a still-living braincell.

Ted's father, anxious to leave, releases the bow of the bib tied at the nape of the old man's neck, lifts the body of the cloth to the sated face and gently wipes the grey mouth and chin, removing a noodle here, streams of milk there. The old man glows wonderfully, his mouth lightly weaving, "Thank you, son."

On that cue Ted's father says, "It's time we left, Dad. I'll be back next week."

"Fine, just fine," is the benevolent reply.

Ted, still sitting, whispers to his father, "You go ahead, I'll be five minutes." The middleman nods, brushes his father's brow with his lips and moves from the room as if guided by the linear projection of his mind; purposeful and out of touch.

When alone with his grandfather Ted sits dumbly, his uncertain quest for the old man's soul dissipating with the silence. No matter, the lack of con-

versation does not touch his Grandpa. Ted, now parallel with the shrunken body, presses his right elbow against the spindly arm beside him, his life-vibrant flesh singing through the old man's thick wool sweater and connecting warm. They stare at the Reality Orientation chart crouched on the wall. Date: July 22. Day: Wednesday. Year: 1981. Weather: Hot. Next Holiday: September 7, Labour Day. Silence.

The old man shifts in his chair, opens his mouth to the ceiling and clucks. Swinging his eyes from the chair, to Ted, and back again he finally speaks.

"I think," he begins . . . "I believe," he corrects, "that I am holding a red hot iron by the wrong end," and he chuckles sadly, breathily concluding, "Gawd."

This time he takes Ted's hand in his

own and he strokes, really, and the tips of his fingers are cold. It comes as a shimmer from a lamp with a poor connection. Though brief, it is there, and Ted, aching, sees beyond the furry ear. Turning, he pulls his grandfather's head softly upwards and kisses him tender-wet on the mouth. "By-by, Grandpa," he whispers.

The filmed eyes mist and swim beneath their bifocals. The brain grinds, clicks and sputters. Then, then the beaming smile glows upward like so and the flash of recognition slams home and Wednesday it will be and it is hot today so why the sweater?, and the old man's hands flap out and smooth over the young face, there, and the lungs burst with joy as the mouth mimics the grandson and proclaims loudly, confidently, "By-by, John."

mm

WORLD CONFERENCE '84 TOUR GUIDE

— Your adventure begins with our 6 page colour brochure —



Write or call today for your FREE copy. It's ALL In the brochure!

- * 4 reasons why you should go in '84
- * full details on our program of 21 tours
- * offers inexpensive Comprehensive Insurance plan
- * Experienced tour escorts
- * Information for independent traveller
- * Interview with Paul N. Kraybill, executive director MWC '84

MENNO TRAVEL SERVICE

— 3 offices to serve you —

• 31951 South Fraser Way
Clearbrook, B.C. V2T 1V5
Ph: (604) 853-0751

• 851 Henderson Hwy.
Winnipeg, Man. R2K 2L4
Ph: (204) 661-2406

• 33 Lakeshore Road
St. Catharines, Ont. L2N 7B3
Ph: (416) 937-0550

* The official travel agency for Mennonite World Conference XI Assembly

To Love this Planet

A Review by David D. Duerksen

In the prime of manhood at the age of 35, David Waltner-Toews, in this volume of poetry as in his previous volume, *The Earth is One Body*, is in love with our planet. To be in love with planet earth means to be a good custodian of its treasures. It means, as the title indicates, good housekeeping, a philosophy, as stated on the back cover, "at once universal and immediate." Like Victor Frankl, the poet tells us here that in working, in loving, and in our coping with suffering along the way, we are weaving life's web of meaning renewed in every generation.

The 39 poems in this volume are dedicated to the poet's mother "who taught me to wash dishes with dignity." The theme of the dignity of work pervades many of the poems. The poet, learning to use a vacuum cleaner on a warm February day, the young married man baking his first pie, the long dish-wars awaiting the newly married couple in the domain of "Lord Kitchen" (without a dishwasher), the mundane task of making sandwiches, the veterinarian examining a cow's rectum, or Rudy Wiebe wiping the sweat from his brow, calling a spade a spade as he digs for his roots till nightfall — all are but samplings of different types of work explored and developed in earthy but unique and powerful images supporting the simple but beautiful affirmation in the dedication.

Furthermore, these poems are also an affirmation of loving family relationships. "Our Love" and "The Next Ten Years," a tenth anniversary poem for Kathy, reveal a conjugal passion both physical and spiritual which the poet envisions as spilling over to underprivileged parts of the world in their posterity. "The Truth" for son Matthew

and "Baby Love" for Rebecca abound in wistful paternal affection. That family relationships are very important to the poet is also evident in his dedication of poems to his brother and his wife, and to each of his three sisters and their spouses. Each of these poems, while making reference to the immediate has also an element of the universal. For example, "Grocery List," for Wilma and Barry, at the immediate level describes the delight and agony experienced in transcending the grocery list, but ends with the "sweet and sour" rewards of transcendence in life.

In "Changing the World," for Elfrieda and Wayne, familial love merges into universal love in the fundamental image of seeding lilies in the cracks of concrete city streets. The implication appears to be that seeds of love sown in a concrete jungle of a world of stone hearts and taking root in the "unseen faults" will eventually make the concrete buckle and lead to "a new green- ing from year to year."

In addition to the affirmation of work and love, the most poignant poems in this volume arise from intense suffering. "Emmanuel" is a cry for consolation at a time of deep grief following the untimely death of the poet's father. "Christmas, 1979" is most moving in its stark simplicity when the poet describes the unexpected Christmas visit of his father after he has been dead for almost a year. "The Door" for brother John and Eleanor, is a most intense catharsis of the poet's grief with emotions moving from some reticent bitterness against a church perhaps having hastened his father's departure by working him too hard over the years, to an agonizing lyrical outcry against the finality of death making a mockery of all eulogiz-

ing. Then, "all passion spent," the poem ends with a modest hope as the door opens and, "Someone is there — a guide perhaps."

In "The Nazi Victory," dedicated to Irving Layton, the poet moves from personal suffering to suffering for a world for whom "the brute has been sanctified" in which "old baal cruises slinging his hymns about the atom's peaceful uses." Like Hitler we commit the worst crimes against humanity and are quite smug about it. The terse three-stanza poem is a tragic lament for a planet from which love has departed. But the last section of poems, "Making the Days Count," ends with a ray of hope in the rebirth of a younger generation, "radiant and vulnerable as new goslings" to face a new morning.

Some time ago a small inter-generational group between the ages of twenty-six and sixty gathered for an evening of reading and discussing poetry. Although none of us were literary experts, we were moved by the universal themes, the powerful images, and precise diction in poems from Waltner-Toews' *The Earth is One Body*. In spite of the lack of punctuation in much of the free verse of these good housekeeping poems, the capitalization at the beginning of some lines, the triple-space caesuras, the stanza form, and the attractive arrangement of the poems by the Turnstone editors, contribute to easy reading. Reading the poems aloud will do more for all who love this planet than the most positive review ever could. Even a sixty-year-old like myself can in part understand them.

David Waltner-Toews, *Good Housekeeping* (Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1983); 91 pages.

David Duerksen is a recently-retired high school English teacher.

Apartheid in South Africa

A Review by Irving Hexham

Sponsored by the Mennonite Central Committee in 1974, Ernie Regehr spent two years writing and researching in Southern Africa. The result is the present book. It is a useful introduction to both South African history and the growing conflict between church and state in South Africa.

The book is divided into three sections. In the first, Regehr deals with a number of recent events. He begins with the Soweto revolt which is placed in its social context by a discussion of South Africa's racial laws. Against this background he discusses the role of the church in South Africa and recent conflicts between church and the state. In the second section Regehr gives a short but valuable history of Southern Africa. This section concludes with a discussion of the role of Calvinism in Afrikaner politics and the development of Black nationalism. Section three looks in more detail at the relationship between various South African churches and the state from 1960 to the present. The book ends with a discussion of violence and non-violence as political options in South Africa. Regehr points out the dilemmas faced by Christians in this situa-

tion. He emphasizes the complicated nature of the discussion and the role of violence in maintaining the state. Finally he appeals for Christians in South Africa to opt for a non-violent solution through a sustained effort to implement Christian principles and justice in South Africa.

The great strength of this book is the large number of facts and figures which Regehr has condensed into a relatively short text. Its major weakness is his dependence upon English language sources and general lack of sympathy for Afrikaners. Nevertheless this is a very valuable and useful book which deserves to be widely read. It introduces the problems of the South African situation and focuses the attention of Christians upon one of the most pressing problems today. More importantly it presents North American readers with a large amount of information about the opposition of both Black and White Christians in South Africa to apartheid. As a discussion of Christian opposition to the nationalist regime it is excellent.

Ernie Regehr, Perceptions of Apartheid (Kitchener and Scotdale: Herald Press, 1979).



ART KROEKER
204 Grant Park Plaza
Bus: 284-0570
Res: 269-7467

Your Personal Financial Advisor

OFFERING YOU:

- ★ Retirement and Estate Planning
- ★ Investment for Capital Growth
- ★ Income Tax Counselling
- ★ Brokered Annuities
- ★ Life and Disability Insurance

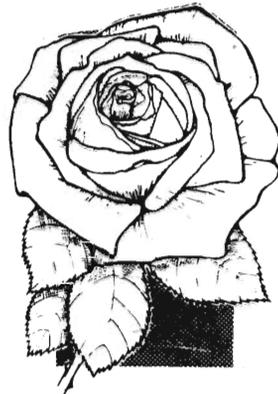
Investors
PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE

Telephone: 947-6801 Area Code: 204

David G. Unruh B.A., LL.B.

Christie, De Graves, Mackay
Barristers & Solicitors
400-433 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. R3B 3A5

ROSE PARADE TOUR



TOUR NO. CT12 - 17 days
WINNIPEG DEPARTURE
Your visit to Las Vegas and Los Angeles (and Disneyland) will be climaxed by the beautiful Rosebowl Parade in Pasadena, California.
December 26th

\$1,195.00

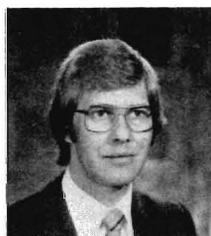
p.p. twin

LIMITED SEATS ONLY



301 Burnell 775-8046
or

See Your Local Travel Agent



Ken Peters

JOHN FEHR INSURANCE

1050 Henderson Highway
Phone: 338-7811

HOMEOWNERS PACKAGE
COMMERCIAL • FIRE • LIFE

AUTHORIZED **AUROPAK** AGENT

Courteous Professional Service

Call us for a Quotation for all your Insurance needs



The Steinbach *Carillon*, published by **Eugene Derksen**, received two awards at the annual Canadian Community Newspapers Association convention, held in Winnipeg on August 1. The paper was awarded a blue ribbon for general excellence, plus a first place in the best family news content category.

Jake Klassen for the past two years on the music faculty of the Mennonite Brethren Bible College and earlier teacher of voice and conducting at Winnipeg Bible College, has been called to be minister of music at the Killarney Park MB Church of Vancouver.

The village of **Gretna** celebrated its 100th birthday with a Homecoming Weekend at the end of July. Over 2,000 former villagers and friends registered for the occasion.

Approximately 100 people attended the Forsteier, Sanitaeter C.O. Reunion held at Camp Assiniboia near Head-featured a worship service, congregational singing, a business session and a talk by guest speaker Rev. Harvey Plett.

Over 400 former students and teachers attended the centennial celebrations in July of the Ridgewood School district, which was formed in 1883. The district named for its "ridge", was situated east of Steinbach, taking in the area known as Blumenhof and Giroux. The Ridgewood schools were closed in 1968 after the unitary divisions took over.



Henry Neufeld has retired after 10 years as superintendent of the Garden Valley School Division, and 37 years of teaching and administration work in the area.

Provencher MP **Jake Epp** has announced he will definitely not seek the leadership of the provincial Progressive Conservatives. The announcement, made in Winnipeg on August 1, ended months of speculation that he would attempt to succeed present provincial leader Sterling Lyon when he steps down later this year. Leadership hopefuls include MLA **Bud Sherman**, and MLA **Harry Enns**.

Doreen Klassen, professor of music at Steinbach Bible College, has signed a contract with the University of Manitoba to have her Master's Thesis published. The title is: *Singing Mennonite: Low German Songs Among the Mennonites of Southern Manitoba*.

Seven young people from southeastern Manitoba were among 33 chosen to participate in the 1983 Manitoba Youth Choir. The choir, partially supported by the department of cultural affairs and historical resources through the Manitoba Choral Association, met at St. John's Ravenscourt School in Winnipeg on August 21, for nine days of study and rehearsal under director James Frankhauser. Members were selected by taped audition. Representing Steinbach were **Cynthia Doerksen**, **Lisa Epp**, **Mary Jane Hiebert**, **Michael Plett** and **Peter Rempel**. From Kleefeld were **Gerald Fast** and **Christopher Bartel**.

Jake and Elsie Bergen, of Leaf Rapids, Manitoba, have moved to Stoney Creek, Ontario, to become pastor couple at the Mountview Mennonite Brethren Church.

Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute of Winnipeg has announced the appointment of three new staff members for September: **Susan Sarlo** will teach French, **Brian Plett** will teach social studies, biblical studies and physical education. **Ralph Wagner** will teach science, math and geography.

The financially troubled **Winnipeg Bible College** and **Theological Seminary** in Otterburne received an emergency loan of \$150,000 from the provincial government during the summer. The college is independent, and, unlike the

universities, receives no regular funding from the government. MLA's Albert Driedger and Bob Banman sponsored a bill in the legislature which would have seen the college receive a substantial property tax cut. The bill was defeated in late May. While not directly supported by any Mennonite church organization, the college has many Mennonite students.

An "International Honour Citation" was awarded to **Elmer Hildebrand** at the recent National Religious Broadcasters Convention in Washington D.C. Hildebrand is the vice-president and general manager of Golden West Broadcasting, operators of CFAM and several radio stations with a base in the Mennonite communities of southern Manitoba. The award was given "in appreciation of outstanding service in religious broadcasting."

The **Tapestry Singers**, conducted by Sharron Wiens and accompanied by Earl Isaac of Morden, were winners this year of the provincial level competitions for the City of Lincoln Trophy. The trophy is awarded annually by the National Competitive Festival of Music for the best performance by an adult choral group of 18 or more singers.

After much discussion, the Hanover School Board recently decided to continue a pilot **German bi-lingual program** in Grunthal. The decision was difficult because fewer children entered the program in the pilot year 1982-83 than had been expected.

The **MCC (Canada)** executive committee met in Winnipeg June 17 and 18. Major concerns discussed included budget cuts because of a seven per cent short-fall in income, victim-offender ministries, U.S.S.R. ministry and Handicap Concerns.

22 Volunteers attended a **MCC (Canada) orientation** in Winnipeg June 14-24. Sixteen of these have gone to Canadian locations and six to locations in the U.S.

Glen and Crystal Dohie of Winnipeg are beginning a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as workers/coordinators in the Family Crisis Centre in Goderich, Ontario. After high school Glen took business education, also driver training and training in evangelism. Crystal has attended Canadian Bible College, University of Winnipeg and the Catherine Booth Bible College. They are members of the Baptist Union of Western Canada

in Winnipeg. Their parents are Abe and Helen Enns of Rosenort, Manitoba, and Elsie Dohie, Winnipeg.

Abe and Helen Enns of Rosenort have begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as houseparents in a home for mentally handicapped adults, called SPIKE, in Winnipeg. Earlier, Abe Enns studied at Mennonite Brethren Bible College, Tabor College, and the University of Manitoba, where he graduated with degrees in science and education. They are members of the Mclvor Mennonite Brethren church in Winnipeg.

Joyce Martens of Winnipeg has begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as accounting assistant in the MCC (Canada) office, Winnipeg. She graduated from the College of New Caledonia in 1980 and has a business office degree. She is a member of the Sterling Mennonite Fellowship, Winnipeg. Her parents are David F. and Martha Martens, of Burns Lake, B.C.

Cheryl Buhler of Winnipegosis is beginning a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as a Dietary Aide at St. Clair O'Connor Community in Toronto. After graduating from the Winnipegosis Collegiate in 1979 Cheryl attended Elim Bible School in Altona, from which she graduated in 1981. She spent the summer of 1981 as an MCC summer gardener in Kelowna, B.C. Cheryl is a member of the Needham Mennonite Church in Winnipegosis, where her parents, the Henry Buhlers, also live.

Peter and Sandra Reimer of Gretna have begun a two-year voluntary service assignment in Winnipeg. Peter will be serving at Rewarding Employment Skills Program Engaging Communal Tradition (RESPECT), and Sandra will serve at the Marymount Residential Treatment Centre. Both have recently completed an MCC assignment at OPAL, New Brunswick, in a home for the mentally handicapped, where they served as counsellors. Prior to that, Peter served one summer as a volunteer gardener with the MCC gardening program. After graduating from high school in Gretna in 1975, Peter has been employed most recently in the Gretna Credit Union. Sandra graduated in education from the University of Saskatoon in 1980. Peter is a member of the Gretna Mennonite church and Sandra is a member of the Grace Mennonite church in Regina.



John Klassen



Alice Enns



Ken Doerksen



Chrystal Bartel



Marion Braun



Peter Wiebe



Marlene Pauls-Laucht



Helmut Penner

RADICAL REFORMATION: A SERIES OF LECTURES

This year's Mennonite Studies guest-lectures will be delivered by Prof. Abraham Friesen of the University of California's history department.

The lectures will deal with Anabaptist-Radical Reformation themes: 1) Luther and the Saxon Radicals, 2) Zwingli and the Swiss Brethren, and 3) Menno Simons and the Muenster Anabaptists.

As will be seen, radical reformation issues such as questions of authority, church and state relations, rebellion and revolution, peace and non-violence, and sexual morality — to name only a few — find relevant application in our society and world. The questions and discussion at each session will bring this out.

The three lectures will take place at the University of Winnipeg as follows: Lecture 1 on Thursday, October 20, 1983, at 8 p.m. in Room 3C01 (Cent. Hall); Lecture 2 on Friday, October 21, at 11:30 a.m. in Room 359 (Manitoba Hall); Lecture 3 on Friday, October 21, at 8 p.m. in Room 3C01 (Cent. Hall).

The lectures are open to the public and free of charge.

GOING FOR A BAROQUE NIGHT

The Mennonite Community Orchestra is preparing for the fall concert on October 21. It will be a Baroque Concert featuring Bach, Telemann and Handel. The conductor will be **John C. Klassen**, whose favourite classical music is from the Baroque Era. Conductor of the Winnipeg Schools Orchestra for 15 years, he is music, mathematics and computer science teacher at J. B. Mitchell School.

The concert will consist of music by Bach, Telemann and Handel.

The organ concerto, the harpsichord concerto, the recorder and cello concerto, and the oboe concerto require a basic string and continuo accompaniment. To give an exciting balance, the orchestra will also perform Handel's Royal Fireworks Music which uses many a string, but a rather formidable array of winds: as many as 26 oboes, up to nine horns and bassoons and a triple contingent of percussion.

The four harpsichords will be played by musicians from Winnipeg. **Alice Enns** and **Marion Braun** both graduates of the School of Music, U of M, performers and teachers of Winnipeg and **Chrystal Bartel**, graduate of C.M.B.C., accompanist and music teacher, and **Marlene Pauls-Laucht** accompanist, teacher and Manitoba Representative of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto.

Helmut Penner is an avid recorder player who will, together with cellist **Peter Wiebe**, a graduate of Brandon University, perform a recorder and cello concerto by Telemann.

The Bach, Handel and Telemann with the addition of an organ sinfonia by Bach, played by organist **Ken Doerksen**, a Telemann work for three oboes and three strings and the Brandenburg Concerto #3 for strings promises to be an exciting and unique concert. Don't miss it — Friday, October 21 at 8:00 p.m. at the Young United Church, Young and Furby.

Sandra Lou Janzen of Winnipeg has begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee at the Project RESCUE in Atlanta, Georgia. Earlier she served a short time in MCC work as counsellor at OPAL, in New Brunswick. She is a member of the Steinbach Mennonite Church in Steinbach, where her parents, George and Elsie Janzen, live.

Lin Loewen of Altona, Manitoba, is beginning a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Ephrata, Pennsylvania. He will serve as order processor at the MCC warehouse. Lin attends the Gospel Tabernacle in Altona, where his parents, Jake and Helen Loewen, live.

Fifteen new members were added to the **North Kildonan Mennonite Church** on May 22nd. One was accepted by transfer and 14 others were baptized including six Vietnamese who came to Canada less than four years ago: Patricia Bordyniuk, Jacob Funk, Trung Viet Luu, Rhonda Martens, Lap Thanh Dang, Minh Thi Dang, Kim Chi Phan, Huu Loi Phan, Rev. David Epp, Rev. Jacob Wiebe, Helga Born, Eduard Lage, Melissa Loewen, Linda Janzen, Gregory Guenther, John Ilg, Thang Hong Luu.

David A. and Justine Friesen Foxall of Winnipeg are beginning a three-year term with Mennonite Central Committee as country representatives in Chad. David served previously as an assistant in Overseas Services in MCC Canada's Winnipeg office. David holds a bachelor's degree in history from the University of Calgary in Alberta and a master's in international affairs from Carleton University, Ottawa. Justine worked as a teacher at Red River Community College in Winnipeg. She attended the University of Calgary and received a bachelor's degree in linguistics and a teaching certificate in teaching English as a second language from Carleton. They attended the Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.

Justine's parents are Henry and Henrietta Friesen of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. David's parents are George and Ruth Foxall who work with Sudan Interior Mission in Kaduna, Nigeria.



John A. Janzen of Steinbach has been appointed as assistant-superintendent of the school division. He replaces Gilbert Unger, who is the new superintendent. Henry T. Thiessen retired as superintendent in July. Janzen has been a teacher and administrator for 21 years. He is a member of the Steinbach Mennonite Brethren Church.

Henry and Kathleen Martens of Mitchell, Man., are beginning a two-year term of service with Mennonite Central Committee in Akron, Pa. Henry works as maintenance assistant and Kathleen is administrative assistant in Financial Services. Previously Henry worked as an automobile parts clerk at Penner Chevrolet and Oldsmobile in Steinbach, Man. Kathleen worked as a secretary/accountant for Tops in Steinbach. Both Henry and Kathleen graduated from Steinbach Collegiate Institute. They have two children, Leah Ann and Japheth Shem. Kathleen's parents are David H. and Hilda Voth Penner of Steinbach. Henry's father is Henry A. Martens, also of Steinbach.

Several of **radio and TV spots** will be distributed to Canadian stations in 1983, by Mennonite Radio and Television Council (MRTC). The board of MRTC met in Edmonton on May 14th to plan production and distribution of the broadcast materials. MRTC represents the religious broadcasting interests of at least four Mennonite Conference groups in Canada. Plans are also underway to produce a series of two TV spots (one 60 seconds, the other 30 seconds) for release in Canada in early 1984. Although the final theme selection is still in process, it will likely focus on "hope and security." It was agreed that the message of Christian hope was very timely, given the present threat of nuclear war, unemployment, etc. Mennonite Board of Missions, of the Mennonite churches in the U.S., may also participate in the project. The new executive of MRTC was elected, including **Vic Sawatzky** of Winnipeg as chairman, **Dan Block**, Winnipeg, as vice chairman, and **Waldo Neufeld**, Winnipeg as secretary.

A Note from the Editor

When the *Mirror* began publishing the names of Mennonite university and college graduates in the June issue several years ago, it did so as a well-intended public service. We thought it would be nice to end our publishing year by providing graduating students and their parents, friends and interested readers with a public record of the academic achievements of our young people in institutions of higher learning.

What we did not anticipate was the extreme difficulty — the virtual impossibility — of compiling lists of names that are both accurate and complete. The only way we can do the compiling, of course, is to go over the lists of graduates looking for what we recognize as "Mennonite" names. But we don't always recognize even the traditional ones, like "Rogalsky" or "Entz" let alone names like "Kobayashi," "Beisbrecht" or "Smith" that are not "Mennonite" at all. Our problem is compounded by the difficulty we have in obtaining the lists in time for our June issue, as the universities and colleges can't release them in advance.

The result is that we receive indignant phone calls and letters from parents complaining that names are missing from our lists, sometimes rather obvious ones at that.

We would like to remedy this situation by suggesting that readers in whose families there are graduates take the initiative by sending us the names early, especially if the names are not of the traditional Russian-Mennonite variety. If we still miss some names we would appreciate readers sending them in during the summer and we will run them as a supplementary list in our September issue. We would also invite readers to submit names of Mennonite graduates from institutions outside the province if they wish to do so. Similarly, we will try to compile lists of fall graduates for our November issue.

In the meantime, we apologize sincerely for the omissions and oversights and promise that we will do our level best to make our June and November lists as accurate and complete as possible. We hope that this suggested procedure will work and that we will not have to discontinue publishing the lists altogether.

The **J. J. Thiessen Lectures**, first inaugurated in 1978, have already become an established tradition at CMBC. The lectures are in honour of Rev. J. J. Thiessen, founder and long-term chairman of the CMBC Board. Each year a distinguished scholar or churchman is invited to the CMBC campus to present a series of lectures on a major topic. This year CMBC is pleased to announce that **Dr. Cornelius J. Dyck** will be the special guest lecturer. Dr. Dyck, no stranger in Mennonite circles, is professor of Mennonite studies at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries. He has been at AMBS since 1955, serving in various functions, from business manager to professor of Anabaptist and sixteenth century studies. In 1962 he completed his doctorate at the University of Chicago. Besides being a teacher, Dr. Dyck has written and edited several books, such as *An Introduction to Mennonite History* and *A Legacy of Faith: Heritage of Menno Simons*.

The topic of the Lecture Series for this year is "Rethinking the Anabaptist Vision". There will be four major addresses: 1) Authority: Scripture alone?; 2) Idealism: Can the Vision be Realized?; 3) Peace: Uniqueness Through "Gelassenheit"?; 4) The Arts: Sacred or Profane?

The J. J. Thiessen Lectures will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 18 and 19. The morning address will begin at 10:00 a.m. and the evening address at 8:00 p.m.

*Due to popular demand
An Extra Departure*

AMISH PENNSYLVANIA

ST. NO. 6 -

14 Days —
DEPARTURE: Oct. 19

\$850

p.p. (twin)

Highlights of this tour to include Chicago, Williamsburg, Washington, D.C., Mt. Vernon, and much more. The serene beauty of the gentle Appalachian, Blue Ridge and Shenandoah Valley combined with the historic political and cultural significance of the Eastern States, make this 14 day package an unforgettable experience.



301 BURNELL

775-8046



OR SEE YOUR
TRAVEL AGENT

The stampede grounds at Morris, Manitoba will be the scene of this fall's annual **Manitoba Mennonite Central Committee Auction Sale**. The all day event will be held on September 24, 1983 and hundreds of volunteers are busy planning and preparing for it. As in past years, this year's sale will feature hand-made quilts, home-baked goods, packaged frozen meat and farm produce, crafts, antiques, and machinery. Local businesses are also providing items for the sale. The unique feature of the auction is that all goods and services are donated, including those of the auctioneers. A much appreciated feature of past sales has been the food booths, and this year's hungry crowd will not be disappointed. Ethnic foods in abundance will fuel spectator and purchaser alike, not to mention the volunteers. Last year's auction sale, also held at the Morris Stampede Grounds, raised over \$65,000 for third world relief and development projects administered by the Mennonite Central Committee.

A new **Mennonite Your Way Directory IV** will be published in March 1984. Leon and Nancy Stauffer, originators of the Mennonite Your Way program, say the **Directory** — covering 1984, 1985 and 1986 — will highlight travel to Mennonite World Conference being held July 24-29, 1984 in Strasbourg, France. The Stauffers, who compile the MYW directories with the help of their three children, invite you to write for an application form by November 30 if you wish to be listed as a host in **Mennonite Your Way Directory IV**.

Anyone wishing to become part of the Mennonite Your Way hospitality network should request an application form immediately from: Mennonite Your Way IV, Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538. Registration closes November 30, 1983.



Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Wiebe of Winnipeg celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary this summer. They were married in South Russia in 1922 and after emigrating to Canada Rev. Wiebe worked as a farmer, businessman and later as leading minister of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. The Wiebes have 6 children, 16 grandchildren, and 8 great-grandchildren.

Cellist **Thomas Wiebe**, 16, of Winnipeg, was among six city prize winners in the national finals of the 1983 Canadian Music Competitions in Montreal. The provincial finalist in string competitions in May, Wiebe won a \$450 prize for his performance in the competitions. Tom, a student at MBCI, is the son of Menno and Lydia Wiebe. **Susan Hoepfner**, a 20-year-old flutist of Canmore, Alta., was judged the CMC grand prize winner.

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate began the new school year with a record capacity enrollment of 272 students. **Gayle Wiebe**, a graduate of the school, will begin teaching there in the fields of music and language arts. **Hedy Martens** and **Jake Pankratz** are returning after one-year leaves of absence.

Woodland Supply & Mfg. Co.

861 McLeod Avenue,
Winnipeg

G. Bock

Telephone 668-0079

W. Regehr



Experts in millwork, stairwork, cabinets, and finishing supplies. Suppliers of hardwood, door casings, mouldings, and hardware.

MENNONITE WORLD MEMBERSHIP OF 698,000

Worldwide Mennonite membership is placed at 698,300 in the Mennonite and Brethren in Christ World Directory for 1983 to be released soon by Mennonite World Conference.

The directory and membership summary reveal the existence of 130 Mennonite and BIC "groups or organized bodies" in 52 countries. The 1982 figures were 689,500 members, in 125 groups, in 50 countries.

About one half of the conferences provided updated figures in 1983.

By continent, North America continues to have the largest Mennonite population, at 329,600. (Conversely, that means that over half of the world's Mennonite and Brethren in Christ members, about 369,000, live outside of North America.)

Asia and Africa, interestingly enough, show identical totals in the 1983 summary: 102,300. These totals reflect a slightly larger increase for Africa than for Asia since last year's poll.

European Mennonites number about the same as in 1982, 94,600 (a number which includes an estimated 55,000 Mennonites in the Soviet Union), while Mennonites in Central and South America are 69,400 strong as compared to 67,300 in the 1982 summary. A figure of 100 is used for Australia to include the small organized church based in Fennell Bay and an estimate of Dutch Mennonites on the continent.

New groups that appear for the first time in the 1983 directory happen to be exclusively in the Spanish-speaking world: Mision Evangelica Menonita, Bolivia, 48 members; Iglesia Evangelica Menonita, Chile, 400 members; Iglesias Evangelicas Menonitas en Venezuela, 50 members; Comunidad Cristiano, Burgos, Spain, 35 members; and Comunidad Cristiana de los Hermanos Menonitas, Spain, 14 members.

Never before this year has there been a directory listing for two of these countries, Venezuela and Chile.

Groups which show a membership number in addition to an address for the first time are the London (England) Mennonite Fellowship, 15; and the Irish Mennonite Movement, 9.

The directory listing under Ethiopia no longer carries name, address, or officers of the Meserete Kristos Church in Ethiopia, forcibly dissolved by the Ethiopian government in early 1982. The figure of 7,000 members is still used for that country.

The popular **World Adventure Tours** series will begin again in September at the Centennial Concert Hall. Each presentation is a full-length feature travel film narrated in person by the writer/producer. Season and single ticket information and brochures are available by contacting Celebrity Box Office ph. 475-9055.

Choice Resources, Inc. a non-profit, inter-church book distributing company, has announced its entry into the field of party selling. Anyone interested in becoming involved in any aspect of Choice books home book party plan should contact the office at 1445 Erin St. in Winnipeg, or phone 783-7447. Particularly needed for this fall are couples or individuals who would open their homes as hosts for book parties.

Peter and Greti Peters of Winnipeg and daughter Karen left in August for the People's Republic of China for service with the China Educational Exchange. They will be teaching English to medical personnel at the Chongqing Medical College in Sichuan Province. The Peters are members of Charleswood Mennonite Church. Peter Peters has served MCC many years as chairman of MCC (Manitoba) and as a board member of MCC (Canada) and MCC (Akron).

COMING EVENTS

- Sept. 24: Manitoba MCC Auction Sale, Morris.
- Oct. 18, 19: J. J. Thiessen Lectures, CMBC.
- Oct. 20-21: Mennonite Studies Lectures
- Oct. 21: Mennonite Community Orchestra, 8:00 p.m. Young United Church.
- Nov. 4, 5: Symposium on inter-Mennonite relations at MBBC, Winnipeg.
- Nov. 24: Premier showing of the film, "And When They Shall Ask," Centennial Concert Hall.

MENNONITE LITERARY SOCIETY, INC.

Benefactors: A. J. Thiessen, R. H. Vogt, C. W. Wiebe.

Patrons: Friesen Printers, P. J. B. Reimer, Triple E.

Sustaining Members: Dr. Peter Enns; A. A. DeFehr, Rudy P. Friesen, D. K. Friesen, Dr. W. J. Friesen, Ernst Hansch, Dr. William Klassen, Walter Kehler, Harry Loewen, John Martens Co. Ltd., Dr. Fred Pauls, H. W. Redekopp, Dr. Al Reimer, Abraham Regier, Garth Reimer, Jack Thiessen, A. F. Ventures, Dr. Peter Vogt, A. J. J. Wiens.

Donors: Margaret Albrecht, Jay J. Armin, Peter Barg, Mary Born, M. Barkman, Alex Braun, John Dahl, Anna Derksen, Elvera Doerksen, V. G. Doerksen, J. H. Dueck, David D. Duerksen, J. H. Dyck, Elsie Dyck, D. Eides, Elizabeth Elias, John Enns, John W. Enns, Peter B. Enns, Susie Enns, G. H. Epp, E. J. Enns, S. J. Enns, Anna Epp, Werner Fieguth, N. Fransen, Ed. J. Friesen, David G. Friesen, David Friesen, Mrs. J. S. Friesen, Rolande Friesen, Dr. R. F. Friesen, J. J. P. Funk, Dora Giesbrecht, Peter Giesbrecht, Frank Giesbrecht, H. H. Goertzen, E. H. Groening, Helen Janzen, M. J. Hamm, Arthur Harder, B. Hildebrand, Hugo Jantz, Walter Kampen, Henry Kasper, Helene Klassen, Lawrence Klippenstein, Mary Korneisen, John G. Krahn, Art Kroeker, E. Langeman, W. Lehn, Tina Loewen, Dr. G. Lohrenz, Bob Matsuo, Jacob Martens, Bernhard Martynes, Harry Neufeld, Henry Nickel, Paul Neustaedter, Peter B. Paetkau, Jac. D. Penner, Paul Peters, Leona Penner, Vern Penner, Dietrich Peters, Dr. Paul Peters, Peter H. Peters, Peter Peters, Anna Reimer, Ben Reimer, Lotha Regehr, D. H. Reimer, Mavis Reimer, Richard Reimer, Herman Rempel, Katharine Rempel, Herman Riesen, David Riesen, Nick Riediger, Robert Saunders, Peter G. Sawatzky, George Sawatzky, Frank Sawatzky, Lora Sawatzky, Rudy Schulz, Allan Siebert, John J. Siemens, M. Schellenberg, Henry Thiessen, P. J. Thiessen, Miss Frieda Unruh, Henry Unruh, Ben Unruh, J. H. Warkentin, David Winter, John Winter, M. Wohlgemut, Ulrich Woelcke, Winnipeg Building & Decorating, I. J. Warkentin, Henry Wiebe, Anna Willms, P. J. Wiens, Aganetha Zacharias.



For all your home-sewing needs

REMNANTS By the Pound	FABRICS By the Metre	
PATTERNS	THREADS	ZIPPERS
ECONOMY TEXTILE		
Main Store 1021 Pacific	714 Watt Street	2086 Ness Avenue

STAFF CHANGES AT CMBC

One addition to the staff is **Clayton Loewen** who is the new admissions counselor at CMBC. He is replacing John Klassen who is now working for the Winkler Berghaler Church as an assistant pastor. Clayton is a 1979 graduate of CMBC and has worked for the Conference of Mennonites in Canada for several years.

Harry Huebner and his family have returned from a two-year MCC assignment in the West Bank. With a fresh understanding of the Middle East situation Harry is looking forward to integrating these insights into his peace teaching.

Another returning member is **Esther Wiebe** who was very busy composing and publishing music during her sabbatical leave. Esther spent a large portion of her time composing two major commissioned pieces. One was a cantata for the General Conference session in Bethlehem titled *That They May Be One*. The other major piece, *The Abiding Place*, has been composed for next summer's Mennonite World Conference. Barbara Smucker, a CMBC resident last year, wrote the text.

Rudy Baergen has been asked to join the faculty on a half-time basis for two years. Being a former member of the CMBC Board and also a graduate of the college, Rudy is well acquainted with the CMBC environment. He has just recently completed his Ph.D. course work at Union Theological Seminary, Virginia and before that he taught at Rosthern Junior College for seven years. Besides teaching courses on the New Testament and Peace studies, Rudy will be busy working on his dissertation.

Ron Boese will become the new maintenance and grounds supervisor at the college. Ron will be relieving Eric Reimer who has more than adequately assisted us since the death of Pete Peters. Ron grew up on a farm in the Tofield, Alberta region. He attended CMBC for one year and has also done four years of volunteer work with MCC. As well, over the years Ron has managed several car wash/gas stations. His wife, Pat and their family have lived in Winnipeg for many years, and are members of the Bethel Mennonite Church.

De Reehmabeintj

von Jack Thiessen

Peeta Niefeld haud enn Russlaund eene groote Wirtschafft enn fief Junges. Waut Niefeld besondasch scheen jintj wea goot buhre, oba waut ahm noch scheena jintj, wea de Schustarie. "Daut es siene Flus," saed siene Fru foaken, woon'e Niefeld emma "Mame" nannd.

Niefeld haud enne Faealeew een Stoffje enjerejcht mett Neimeschien, Leest enn eene Reaaj Homasch enn Tange enn Pleiasch enn Oate enn Nodle; kromme uck jeboagne enn jlitje. Uck Petjtwearem haud'a enn een ladanett Schaldoak enn siene Reehmabeintj.

Enn doa moak Niefeld Saele trajcht; enn uck Schooh, Pereestje enn Schlorre wann'et senne must. Enn doah emm Stoaftje wea Niefeld foaken opp siene Reehmabeintj auntofafe. Emm Winta ooda no Fiaowent neid'a daut "de Schnodda Fia foot," — een baet enn groffa Utdruck, saed'e de Mensche, wiels Niefeld too de Breedajemeend jehead, oba kjeena saed daut oppludes, wiels sonst diad daut Neie ooda daut Fletje bediedent lenja . . .

Oba schnorrich wear'et, wann

Niefeld aun siene Schustarie saut, dann wea hee een aundra Mensch, dann wea hee frindlich enn oppjeriemt enn utjelote; jo, dann sung hee rusche Leeda enn uck Dietsche. Rusch sung hee, "Ich bete an die Macht der Liebe" enn "De Lorelei" enn "Scheen ist die Jugend" opp Dietsch, oba waut am daut scheenste jintj wea "Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben," . . . Jo, donn hold Niefeld foaken siene Junges, siene Bonsch Junges toop enn donn word doa enn'e Schustarie jesunge waut Zeich enn Lada helt, saed Niefeld. Enn schmustad.

Aundre Mensche sunge measchtens opp'e Stap wann se mett'e Pead oabeide deede; wann dee Sonn unjagone wull enn de Pead wellja worde enn daut Onjetseffa noleet enn de Loft frescha word. Jo, donn sung Niefeld uck, enn hee sung soo daut Orlik enn Maschka de Ure spetzte enn maunchmol sogoa Schrett hilde.

Oba aum scheensten jintj Niefeld daut enne Schustarie mett siene Junges sinje. Baus, Tenor, twee ooda dreestemig . . . see sunge. Enn wann de Men-



George Kasdorf
Res. 668-9222

Are Your Insurance COSTS Increasing Yearly?

We Offer

3

- Year \$rice Protection
- Senior Citizen Discount
- Smoke Detector Discount
- Replacement Value Contents

Enquiries Welcome

- Homeowners • Business • Contractors Equipment
- Bonding • Tenants • Boats • RRSP

AUTHORIZED AGENTS FOR



2211C McPhillips, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Telephone 338-7816
1668 Main Street, Telephone 339-9231

Liberty Insurance Agencies (1978) Ltd.

sche daut Sinje nich so scheen jeheat haud, haud'e se woll jedocht, "Schnorrich, schnorrich, woa jeit daut bloos han mett Niefeld enn siene Junges?"

De Tiet kaum enn de Tiet jintj. Enn donn fong de Tiet aun too ranne. Enn donn wear'et mett eenst sowiet: Schwotaja gauf'et aum Himmel enn de wulle nich meea fetratje. Jo, enn donn gauf'et Jewitta enn daut word diesta.

Joahrelang. Niefeld docht, "Daut woat aulwada, mau aufwachte!" Enn hee buad enn neid enn hee sung. Oba mau een baetje enn mau langsam enn mau eenstemmich, wiels Niefeld siene Junges, Obraum-enn Johaun enn Peeta enn Jasch enn Isaak lenjst enn Kanada weare. Eascht schreewe se foaken, donn worde see doch woll ritj enn haude daut fael too drock, jo fael too drock enn donn word daut schriewe emma wietleftja . . .

Enn Niefeld buad, enn donn buad hee ut; hee schustad noch, oba boold dreid de Neimeschien langsam enn Niefeld haud den Schustahoma boold lenja enn lenja opp sien ladanett Schaldoak lidje. Enn siene Brell bleff lenja enn lenja enne Fupp. Enn sinje? Bloos noch aum Sinn Dach enne Kjoatj. Sest saut'a doah enn Russlaund emm Darp Tus enne Schustarie. Enn wea een baet febiestad. Siene Fru, Mame, uck han enn wada Auna jenannt, nu daut de Kjinja utjefloage weare, wull am aufentoo eene baet Troost too raede enn stemmd daut Leed "Scheen ist die Jugend" aun, enn Niefeld rauspeld sich uck den Hauls enn sad uck loos oba am faeld de Freid enn dann festommd daut Leet. Manchmol wees de Niefeldsche am Bilda fonn'e Grootjinja ut Kanada.

"Sitzt daut ess Kennett, daut ess Heater, doah hinje steit Cattrien, aules Peeta siene," oba Niefeld sad sich nich mol de Brell opp . . . "Dee kjenne je nich mol Dietsch," saed'a enn jintj lidje . . .

Hunga enn Truah puttade bie Niefelds aune Daea. Jrebbe, dentje —

"woo ess'et bloos maejlich." Enn boold word de Heimat jeajne Frieheit fetuscht enn Niefelds foahre loos no Kanada opptoo, no Kjinja enn Grootjinja enn waea weet waut noch aules . . .

See kaume enn Kanada aun. Niefeld kjreajch noch eemol Wind fonn Hinje enn hee laed noch eemol loos. Oba woahann? Woa sie etj hiea Tus? Waea finjt sich hiea bloos trajcht? Jo, sogoa siene eajne Kjinja weare am framd jeworde. Jo, jo, ses naume an fein opp enn gauwe an Kost enn Quottea oba Niefeld reatjt daut nich too . . . Enn waut de Niefeldsche wea, de saed nich fael, see saed bloos see wea fe daut Laund too oolt, see word hia nich so rajcht tusich. "Mie bangt," saed see enn ar flautad de Kjenn. Enn donn laed see sich han enn folgt de Henj enn hield. See socht aea Schaldoak omm sich de Trone too wesche, fung'ett oba nich. Enn bruckt daut uck nich meea . . . "Auna ess wajch," saed Niefeld bloos.

Aus enn wannea enn woaromm dee Mensch too sich kjemmt enn woaromm de Mensch hia enn Kanada noch seldna too sich kjemmt aus sest woa-waea weet soont aules, docht Niefeld bie sich. Oba waut halpd daut Raede? . . . Jenoch, nom Bejrafnis kaume Niefeld siene Junges, Obraum enn Johaun enn Peeta enn Jasch enn Isaak toop. Enn toom easchten Mol enn Kanada no twintich Joa — no aewa twintig Joa — haude see Tiet, naume sich Tiet; see fetalde, beroatschloage, enn jinje enn sich, aus see mett eemol sage, daut aea Foda doa biem Grauf auleen stund enn sienen schwotaten, oolen Hoot aum Raund enne Henj hild enn rund enn rund dreid. Enn donn wada . . . Foda wea an soo goot aus framd jeworde . . . wo wea daut aules maejlich, wea haud daut jedocht . . . See haude daut fael too drock jehaut, jo, fael too drock jehaut . . .

De Junges wudde Foda nu no Peeta naeme enn Jnodefeld. Eascht wudde

see am halpe siene kjiene Wirtschauft opptoorieme enn donn, enn twee Weatj sull hee bie Peetre enn Oat nenntatje. Em Darp Jnodefeld.

Enn wess woa, enn twee Waetj wearet donn uck sowiet. See weare aule fief Junges noch mol toop jekome enn holpe-Foda nu biem ommtratje. Jo, enn waut meen Jie, waut tweschen Hus enn Staul dichtbie dee Faealeew emm Stowtje stund? Feine enjerejchte Schustarie, mett eene Reehmabeintj enn mett aulem Toobehea . . .

Enn donn sad sich Oohmtje Oole Peeta Niefeld uck aul oppe Reehmabeintj dol, muak sich daut doa maklich enn fung aun too neie enn Naejeltjes enntoschlone. Enn donn sad'a de Neimeschien enne go daute Schnodda Fiea foot. Enn donn mett eenmol stemmde aule sas groote Niefelds enn noch eene haulwe Duts Kjlienantjess enn uck Oat enn noch twee Schwaejasches daut Leed aun, "Hab oft im Kreise der Lieben." Enn donn bleef de Tiet stone, jo, dee Tiet dreid tridj enn rannnd aewaroasch. Enn Niefeld kjitjt aewre Brell enn derjche Brell enn saed, "Mie ess fondoag maklich. Mie ess tusich." Enn neid enn sung enn sung enn neid. Enn schloag Naejeltjes enn. Enn schmustad.

mm

Have you ever moved and forgotten your mirrors?

To change your address simply cut out the mailing label which appears on this magazine, and affix it to the space below:



and write in your new address:

Street _____

City/Town _____

Postal Code _____

and then send it to our office:

Mennonite Mirror
203-818 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg R3G 0N4



Klassen Funeral Chapel Ltd.

1897 Henderson Hwy.

WINNIPEG, MAN. R2G 1P4

Spacious Chapel
 Personal Service

Phone 338-0331

Reasonable Prices
 Easy Access
 Ample Parking

Vergangenheit wird zur Gegenwart:

Ein Erlebnis

von Harry Loewen

Die Geschichte, die hier folgt, erlebte ich vor 35 Jahren und in diesem Sommer ist sie in einem gewissen Sinne zum Abschluss gekommen. Durch sie habe ich etwas tiefer ins Geheimnis des menschlichen Lebens blicken können.

Es war nach dem letzten Weltkrieg. Die Flüchtlinge aus dem Osten strömten in die westlichen Gebiete Deutschlands und wurden unter den Bauern verteilt. Obwohl manche der Bauern durch diese Massnahme sich überfordert fühlten und die ungewünschten Gäste demnach behandelten, schickten sich die meisten in die neue Sachlage und liessen den Vertriebenen Menschlichkeit und Gottes Barmherzigkeit erfahren.

Mit meiner Mutter, Bruder und Schwester kam ich zu Familie Bucker, die uns freundlich aufnahm, uns zwei helle Zimmer in ihrem Hause anwies, und uns an ihrem Tisch mitessen liess. Vor dem Fenster des Zimmers, in dem mein Bruder und ich schliefen, standen ein Apfel- und Birnbaum, die mir besonders gefielen. Sie erinnerten mich an meine Heimat in Russland, wo wir viele solcher Bäume in unserem Obstgarten hatten.

Für Wohnung und Speise musste ich als der Älteste — ich war etwa 16 Jahre alt — nach Möglichkeit in der Bauern-

wirtschaft mithelfen. Meine Mutter und die zwei jüngeren Geschwister hatten weniger zu tun, obwohl auch sie mithalfen den Hof sauber und geharkt zu halten und andere Dinge zu verrichten. Wir hofften, dass wir unsere lieben Wirte nicht allzu lange belästigen würden. Unser Ziel war das ersehnte Kanada, wo wir endlich Ruhe und ein besseres Leben nach den vielen Strapazen der letzten Jahre finden würden.

Trotzdem Bückers streng katholisch und wir Mennoniten waren, machten die konfessionellen Unterschiede keinen erheblichen Abbruch in unserem Verhältnis und in der gegenseitigen Achtung. Vater Bernhard Bucker war ein etwas zurückgezogener Mann, der neben seiner Arbeit wenig Zeit und Interesse für Religionsgespräche fand. Frau Bucker dagegen sprach öfters von ihrem Glauben und wollte wissen, was es mit den Mennoniten auf sich hatte. Wenn immer wir zur Gebetsstunde oder zum Gottesdienst am Sonntag gingen, pflegte sie uns nachzurufen: „Betet auch für uns.“ „Onkel“ Bucker, der ältere unverheiratete Bruder, war Küster in der örtlichen Kirche. Jeden Tag hatte er „Dienst“ in der Frühmesse und während des Tages arbeitete er mit uns zusammen bei der Feldarbeit, beim Wassergräbengraben, oder beim Holzmachen. Über Glaubenssachen sprach er nie oder nur selten. Er konnte es nicht verstehen, warum wir Flüchtlinge jeden Sonnabend baden mussten. Er badete nie, meinte er, und war doch alt geworden!

Die Kinder der Familie Bucker waren

alle älter als ich. Annie, die schon nahe an dreissig war, versuchte uns Mennoniten klar zu machen, warum der katholische Glaube der richtige sei. Eines Tages wurde sie recht böse auf mich, als ich darauf bestand, dass Maria nicht nur den einen Sohn Jesus, sondern auch noch andere Kinder nach Jesus hatte. Gertrud, einige Jahre jünger als Annie, war ein blühend-aussehendes Mädchen, dessen eine Schwäche war, beständig in Kranken-beziehungsweise Gesundheitsbüchern herumzublättern und nachzuschlagen und bald diese oder jene Krankheit an sich festzustellen. Sie brauchte somit nicht viel in der Wirtschaft tun. Alfons, der Erbe des Hofes, war drei Jahre älter als ich. Ich schaute zu ihm auf, als zu einem, der alles wusste und konnte. Ich sehe heute noch, wie er seine Pfeife rauchte, uns Geschichten erzählte und uns oft zum Lachen brachte. Was mir besonders an ihm gefiel, war, dass er es uns nie fühlen liess, dass wir nur Flüchtlinge oder „Schwarzmeerdeutsche“ auf seinem Hof waren.

Hilde Bucker, die ein halbes Jahr älter war als ich, war sozusagen das Aschenbrödel im Hause. Sie musste nach den Kühen und Kälbern sehen, melken, beim Dreschen und Heumachen ihren „Mann“ stellen und tun, was die andern nicht taten oder nicht tun mochten. Ich musste ihr bei der Arbeit oft helfen. Ich merkte bald, dass Hilde mich gern mochte und ich sie auch. Sie hatte eine silberne Stimme und konnte herzhaft lachen, was uns beiden die Arbeit erträglich machte. Von Liebe zwischen

uns beiden kann natürlich nicht die Rede sein, obwohl wir von den andern öfters geneckt wurden. Sogar Frau Bückler meinte eines Tages beim Mittagstisch, dass wenn ich erst in Kanada bin, müsste ich Hilde zu mir kommen lassen und sie heiraten. Wir würden, meinte sie, ein gutes Paar ausmachen. Hilde und ich wurden dabei bis über die Ohren rot und wussten nicht, was darauf zu sagen. Dass es Frau Bückler ernst war, glaube ich nicht, wusste sie doch, dass so etwas völlig ausgeschlossen war.

Nach etwa anderthalb Jahren kam die Stunde des Abschieds. Wir wanderten nach Kanada aus, wo für uns ein neues Leben begann. Wir arbeiteten schwer, besuchten die Schulen, wurden älter, heirateten, und gingen unseren Berufen nach. Bald waren die Kriegsjahre, die Nachkriegszeit, und leider auch die Familie Bückler mehr oder weniger vergessen. In den ersten paar Jahren in Kanada blieben meine Mutter und Familie Bückler noch in brieflicher Verbindung, dann hörte auch dieser Kontakt bald auf. Ich hatte es gänzlich unterlassen Bücklers je zu schreiben. Ob ich es versprochen hatte, weiss ich nicht.

Diesen Sommer, als ich in Deutschland war, machte es sich so, dass ich die Familie Bückler aufsuchen konnte. Von Mutter hatte ich mir ihre Adresse geben lassen, doch ihre Telefonnummer hatten wir nicht. Ich würde sie somit einfach mit einem Erscheinen überraschen müssen. Von Mannheim nahm ich den

Zug nach Osnabrück, stieg paar Mal um, kam nach Ahaus, von wo ich dann mit einem Taxi nach Gemen fuhr. Bei der Kirche und beim Gasthaus stieg ich aus. Ich sagte zum Taxifahrer, dass ich mich schon zurecht finden würde.

Hinter der Gaststätte im Garten arbeitete ein Mann. Ich ging zu ihm, stellte mich vor und fragte nach Familie Bückler. Herr Hubert Hölscher, der Gastwirt, war sehr freundlich und sagte, dass er sich der Loewens und mancher anderer Mennoniten, die vor Jahren nach Gemen kamen, sehr gut erinnere. Den Weg zu Bücklers liess er mich nicht zu Fuss gehen, sondern bot sich an, mich mit seinem Auto dahin zu fahren. Da es schon spät am Nachmittag war, nahm ich sein Angebot dankbar an.

Ich erkannte Bücklers Hof gleich wieder — das Haus mit dem Stall daran, die Scheune, den Schuppen und das daran grenzende Gehölz von Buchen und Eichen — nur dass alles etwas kleiner zu sein schien als vor 35 Jahren. Auch schien das Unkraut hier und da auf dem Hof reichlicher zu wachsen als damals, sonst aber war alles sauber und an seinem Platz. Wo früher Pferdewagen standen, waren jetzt motorisierte Maschinen untergebracht. Was mir gleich auffiel, war, dass die zwei Obstbäume vor dem Fenster unseres damaligen Schlafzimmers verschwunden waren. Nicht einmal Stumpfen deuteten die Stelle an, wo die Bäume einst gestanden und uns mit ihrem Rauschen jeden Morgen begrüsst hatten. Mich beschlich eine leise Wehmut.

Langsam ging ich auf die Haustür zu, klopfte an und wartete. Als die Tür sich endlich öffnete, stand ein älterer Mann mit ergrauendem Haar vor mir, der mich fremd von oben bis unten musterte. Es war Alfons Bückler, den ich an seinen Augen erkannte. Ich sprach ihn mit seinem Namen an und stellte mich vor. Nach einigem Zögern verzog sich sein Gesicht zu einem wohlwollenden Lächeln, er reichte mir die Hand, und wir umarmten uns. "Wir haben so oft an euch gedacht und ihr habt nicht geschrieben," sagte er fast vorwurfsvoll. Was konnte ich sagen?

Alfons bat mich herein zu kommen und führte mich in die Küche und Esszimmer, ein grösserer Raum, der an den Stall stösst. Alles wie damals, nur dass in der einen Ecke ein Fernseher prominent aufgestellt war. Am Tisch sassen mehrere Personen, zwei Jugendliche, ein alter Mann und eine ältere Frau, die ihre Mahlzeit einnahmen. Die ältere Frau war Hilde Bückler. Als Alfons mich vorstellte, legte Hilde ihr Besteck nieder, schaute mich mit offenem

mennonite
mirror

A year-long look in The Mirror?

Your Gift Subscriptions
may be included on a
separate sheet.

Subscribe this week and you will receive the *Mirror* each month and see more of the magazine that tries to take a comprehensive look at what Mennonites in Manitoba are doing.

The *Mirror* is published 10 times each year from September to June.

The current annual subscription (10 issues) is
\$8 for one year
\$14 for two years

Send your cheque or money order, together with the coupon below to:

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

name

address

city/town

postal code

**LEHNST
HANSCH**
CONSTRUCTION LTD

- Project Managers
- Engineers
- General Contractors

PHONE (204) 233-7881
1333 DUGALD ROAD
"TERRACON PLACE"
WINNIPEG, CANADA
R2J 0H3

Munde an, sonst aber schien sie nicht eine grosse Überraschung über mein plötzliches Erscheinen zu verraten. Sie war freundlich und redselig, doch merkte ich, dass ihre einst helle und feste Stimme jetzt zitterte und heiser war. Hilde sagte, dass sie sich einer Kehlkopfoperation hatte unterziehen müssen und seitdem eine schwache und unsichere Stimme hatte. Auch entschuldigte sie sich, dass sie keine Zeit hatte, ihr Haar machen zu lassen, denn ihre Schwester Gertrud, die krank im Bett liege, nehme sie ganz in Anspruch. Sie sagte es ohne zu klagen.

Ich fragte nach der Kranken. Die beiden Geschwister führten mich ins ehemalige Schlafzimmer ihrer Eltern. Ich erinnerte mich an die eine Weihnacht, als wir als Familie für Frau Bückers in diesem Zimmer einige Weihnachtslieder sangen. Jetzt lag im Bett der Eltern die einst blühende Gertrud schwer krank, ihr Gesicht, Arme und Hände nur Haut und Knochen. Wäre ich nicht auf diese Erscheinung vorbereitet worden, hätte ich Gertrud nicht erkannt. Ich begrüßte sie, reichte ihr die Hand und sprach einiges mit ihr. Sie lächelte matt und ihre Hand lag schwach in der meinigen.

Bei Kaffee und Kuchen erzählten mir Alfons und Hilde in kurzen Zügen ihre Geschichte. Die Eltern lebten nicht mehr, auch der „Onkel“ ist schon vor Jahren gestorben. Annie starb bald nachdem wir nach Kanada ausgewandert waren. Eigentlich wusste ich schon, dass diese nicht mehr lebten — Mutter hatte es erfahren und mir vor Jahren mitgeteilt. Was ich nicht wusste, war, dass Alfons und Hilde nicht geheiratet hatten und dass sie beide nicht allzu gesund waren. Bauerngehilfen und Nachbarn halfen den beiden Geschwistern die Wirtschaft zu versorgen. Der Arzt käme regelmässig ins Haus, um nach Gertrud zu sehen. Als ich nach ihrer Krankheit fragte, legte Hilde ihren Finger auf die Lippen und bat, nicht zu laut zu sprechen, da Gertrud im Nebenzimmer alles höre. Es sei wohl Krebs, flüsterte Hilde mir zu.

Nach diesem knappen Tatsachenbericht, wurde ich über mein Leben befragt. Ob ich Lehrer und Prediger geworden war, wie ich es schon damals werden wollte; ob ich noch so schön malte, wie in jenen Jahren; ob Kanada unsere Hoffnungen erfüllt hatte; ob ich verheiratet wäre und eine Familie hätte, usw. Während ich noch auf diese und andere Fragen antwortete, verschwand Hilde und kam kurz danach mit einer Karton-Schachtel zurück, in der sie vor uns zu kramen begann. Zuerst brachte

sie ein Papierröllchen hervor, rollte es auf und zeigte mir ein Bild in Wasserfarbe, das ich als von mir gemalt erkannte. Es war eine jugendliche, nicht allzu künstlerische, Nachahmung von Casper David Friedrichs „Das Kreuz im Gebirge.“

„Das ist doch von dir,“ sagte Hilde und schaute mich schelmisch von der Seite an, „nicht wahr?“

„Ja,“ sagte ich, „aber heute male ich nicht mehr. Ich bin kein Künstler, wie ihr von diesem Bilde sehen könnt.“

„Hier ist noch etwas,“ sagte Hilde, „das wirst du bestimmt erkennen.“ Sie stiess mich mit dem Ellbogen an und lachte. Es war ein altes Passbild von mir, auf dessen Rückseite in einer Knabenhandschrift klar zu lesen war, „Für Hilde von Harry.“ Alle drei lachten wir über den Sechzehn- oder Siebzehnjährigen mit seinem glatten Gesicht und dichten doch kurzen Haar.

Noch am selben Tage musste ich weiter reisen — ich versprach nächstes Mal mit meiner Frau zu kommen und sie länger zu besuchen — doch ehe ich zum Bahnhof nach Ahaus gebracht wurde, wollte ich noch die Zimmer sehen, in denen wir damals gewohnt hatten. Während Hilde zum Auto ging, zeigte mir Alfons das Eckzimmer, das meine Mutter und Schwester bewohnt hatten. Die Strahlen der abendlichen Sonne schienen blendend durch die schneeweissen Gardinen auf die hoch aufgetürmten Federbetten. Das Zimmer war jetzt unbewohnt. Auch das Nebenzimmer, wo mein Bruder und ich vor Jahren geschlafen hatten, stand leer. Beide Zimmer rochen nach Mottenpulver. „Wie du siehst,“ sagte Alfons, „brauchen wir diese Zimmer nicht mehr. Das Haus wird immer leerer.“ Er schaute mich bedeutsam an.

Beim Auto verabschiedete ich mich von Alfons. Er würde nicht zum Bahnhof mitfahren, da jemand bei Gertrud bleiben müsste. Ich versprach bald zu schreiben und nicht so lange damit zu warten, wie bisher. Alfons sagte, in ihrem Hause sei Hilde die Schreiberin und dass sie im Namen der Geschwister schreiben würde. Hilde meinte, dass sie nicht fehlerlos schreibe, doch würde sie auch schreiben.

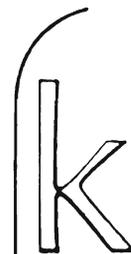
Auf dem Weg zum Bahnhof wurde nicht viel gesprochen. Ein Nachbarmädchen, das mitgekommen war, erzählte mir manches über ihre Schule und was sie mal werden wollte. Kurz bevor wir ausstiegen, sagte Hilde: „Wir hoffen und beten, dass Gertrud doch bald heimgehen könnte.“ Dann fügte sie nach einer kurzen Pause hinzu: „Es

wäre so viel besser für sie.“

Im Zug dachte ich noch lange über das nach, was ich soeben erlebt hatte. Das alte Volkslied vom „goldenen Wagen,“ das wir oft in der Jugend gesungen, wollte mir nicht aus dem Sinn. Beim Summen des Refrains, „Wäre so gerne geblieben, Aber der Wagen der rollt,“ dachte ich über das Leben in seiner Vielfältigkeit nach. Hier war für ein kurzes Stündchen lang die Zeit stehen geblieben. Oder: die Vergangenheit hatte sich mit der Gegenwart flüchtig verbunden und somit einen Zirkel geschlossen. Vergänglichkeit und Wiederkehr, Jugend und Alter, Leben und Tod — all dieses gehört zum menschlichen Leben. Hierbei steigt die Frage auf: Was ist der Sinn des Lebens? Ein grosser Dichter sagt: „Der Zweck des Lebens ist das Leben selbst.“ Das stimmt wohl, doch für den Gottgläubigen hat das Leben noch eine andere, eine tiefere Dimension. Gott gibt ihm den Lebens-Ordem, erhält ihn, füllt sein Leben mit Sinn, und bringt es am Ende zum Abschluss. Gott ist das A und das O, der Anfang und das Ende, auch des menschlichen Lebens.

Nur wenige Tage nachdem ich Bückers in Gemen besucht hatte, erhielt ich die nachricht von Gertrud Bückers Heimgang.

**Kerr
owned and
managed since
1887**



**KERR'S
FUNERAL
CHAPEL**

**120 ADELAIDE STREET
WINNIPEG 2, MANITOBA
CHAPEL OFFICE 943-6688**

DECLINES CREDIT

On page 10 of the May, 1983, issue of your paper you state that I invented the snowmobile that was driven by Dr. C. W. Wiebe. This statement was wrong, as I merely built the first snowplane in Steinbach. Also I did **not** build the one shown in the [Wiebe] biography written by Mavis Reimer. Please print a notice regarding this matter as I do not wish to take credit for someone else's achievement.

Sincerely yours,
F. W. Sawatzky
Winnipeg, Man.

Editor's Note

The *Mirror* is happy to clear up the errors pointed out by Mr. Sawatzky and regrets that they occurred. However, much as we respect Mr. Sawatzky's scrupulous honesty and modesty, we are obliged to point out that he is an important pioneer in the fields of aviation and winter vehicles in south-eastern Manitoba and that he has not yet received the public recognition for his achievements that are rightfully his. The *Mirror* intends to rectify that by featuring an article on Frank Sawatzky's career in an upcoming issue.

ONE HOLDEMAN CHURCH THAT REJECTED "PURGE"

The article in the May issue "A Personal Commitment Challenged and Renewed in Holdeman Excommunication" is very factual but could prove a bit one-sided for the unsuspecting reader who is not well acquainted with Holdemans. It should be publicly known that not nearly all Holdeman congregations are as we know them to be at Greenland, Rosenort, Kleefeld, Steinbach, etc.; in fact, they represent an ultra-radical faction as the result of the Purge '75-77. One Holdeman congregation in Manitoba, namely the Whitemouth congregation, has seen the errancy and destructiveness of the "purge" and the "panel" and has since about 1978-79 retreated to the once biblical method of church administration and Christian love and openness that was widely evident before the "Purge" of '75-77. Therefore, the ties be-

tween the "greater" Holdeman congregations and the Whitemouth church, have been virtually non-existent and to say the least, *very strained*. The Whitemouth Church, currently relies on the American Holdeman churches which are generally regarded as much more "open" minded and have seen the futility of the "Panelling" way. I will personally testify that in the Holdeman congregation at Whitemouth, the Church of God in Christ has returned to its biblical basis of church administration, confessed its mistakes, made restitution and love once again has broken through the barriers of law and custom. I have seen it happen; my late uncle was an influential leader on the Panel mentioned in the article (MM May 83) but he later saw the error of it and did what he could to rectify a bad situation, though it cost him his popularity in the other Holdeman churches in Manitoba. Therefore, I feel, the Whitemouth Church of God in Christ should be classed along with the other "Holdeman" congregations and be given the recognition it deserves for having returned to the pre-purge era of spiritual openness and Christian love that once was very evident in the other congregations, namely, Greenland, Rosenort, Kleefeld and Steinbach.

Sincerely
R. Loewen
Winnipeg

(The *Mirror* is grateful to R. Loewen for giving us a more balanced picture of the Holdeman congregations. We can only hope that the troubled congregations our article dealt with will also get back to normal soon.)

PENNER DESERVES BETTER

I was a little embarrassed for all of us when I read David Bergen's article on Roland Penner.

When the Attorney General of Manitoba is kind enough to grant an interview to a reporter from the *Mennonite Mirror*, he deserves better than to have his physical appearance described rudely and crudely. After all, his figure, whether stomach or backside, is totally irrelevant to the story.

Alderman Jacob Penner, Roland's father, had a very fine reputation for honesty, integrity, for fine worthy public service, even though he was a Communist.

Apparently he was already a Marxist student when he came to Canada at age 24. I would assume there was ethical-moral training with no religious reference in Roland's upbringing, so I doubt

that Roland decided about God as he speared a tomato.

Aside from the unfortunate beginning, David Bergen's article was quite good, I thought, except at the end, where there is again reference to his "haunch". Too bad these small discourtesies mar the article somewhat.

I am proud of the *Mirror* and value your and Roy's initiative and competence in getting it out.

With best wishes,
Helen Janzen
Winnipeg

PENNER PANNED

I wish to express my displeasure with the June, 1983, edition of *Mennonite Mirror* (volume 12/number 10). To use such phrases as "Roland Penner is a man who deserves respect" and "He is impressive even if he doesn't believe in God" within the pages of a magazine directed to people of the Mennonite faith is an example of poor taste and bad judgment. There are enough secular magazines that promote and praise such people, I fail to see why you should. Since the word "Mennonite" refers to a specific belief in God no wonder Roland Penner stated that he was not a practising Mennonite. How can he be if he doesn't believe in God? Could your time not be better spent promoting the Mennonite faith in God?

Robert Pauls
Carman, Man.

PENNER OFFENDS

I am an interested reader of the *Mennonite Mirror*. For the most part the articles are informative and historically interesting. Until I received your last issue!

I was appalled when I read David Bergen's article about Roland Penner. I've known from before that Penner is an atheist. Then to see it in print in this periodical, in his own admission, made me feel sorry for the man. He is in great need of salvation, of the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

Is your paper in such desperate need for copy? Couldn't you find more educational and spiritually uplifting articles to fill the pages of your paper? I deplore your choice of material in this instance. I especially find the first and last paragraphs of said article very offensive.

I beseech you and your editorial committee will be more selective when you receive articles for your publication to be printed.

A regular reader,
who requests that his
name be withheld.

The *Mirror's* Faith in the Future

We are going into our thirteenth year (no, we are not superstitious) with a kind of wary optimism and sober enthusiasm because we are not quite sure what the long-range future holds for us. It's no secret that the *Mirror* has been struggling a bit financially in the last two years. As a business operation, we are caught not in one but in several "catch-22" situations.

The first is that in order to hold and hopefully increase the number of our readers we are obliged to upgrade our product at a time when publishing costs are rising steeply and advertising revenues lagging, or at best remaining stationary. Secondly, whenever we try to raise significantly our number of paid-up subscribers we run the risk of mass cancellations, thus eroding the base of readers required to attract advertisers. The irony is that if even a simple majority of our readers became paid subscribers our financial problems would be solved.

Unfortunately, we have yet to find a way of convincing several thousand of our readers to pay for their subscriptions. On a more positive note, however, we were saved from another whopping deficit this past year by a simple appeal we made to those of our readers who are senior citizens and therefore not required to pay. The seniors came through splendidly with donations of over \$4,000 and thus reduced our deficit for the year to manageable proportions.

We are again forced to budget for a deficit this year, but it remains to be seen whether we can find another way of reducing or even eliminating that deficit. If our paid subscribers will respond as generously to an appeal this year as our seniors did last year, we can certainly hold the wolf from our modest door for another year. However, a long-range solution to our financial problems will in all likelihood have to come from private and corporate donors willing to contribute on a regular basis.

That's the financial side, troubling but by no means critical. Our optimism and enthusiasm are not misplaced when we look at the *Mirror* as product, the magazine you, as readers, see, handle and read ten times a year. During the past year we have received many favorable comments on the much-improved appearance of the *Mirror*, as well as on what is printed on the better-quality paper we are using. We keep trying to improve our quality by bringing in talented new writers, as well as by raising our editorial and technical standards wherever possible. And in spite of the extra cost, we are determined to stick to a 32-page format in order to give readers maximum depth, diversity and richness of content. Whatever else happens, we refuse to compromise the overall quality of the magazine.

In view of the continued difficulties and obstacles we face with the *Mirror*, we have to ask ourselves from time to time whether it's worthwhile to keep alive a free, independent, but also a precariously funded general magazine for

the Mennonites in this area. So far our answer has always been a resounding yes. We think we have staked out a unique place for ourselves among Mennonite publications. We try to extend lines of communication between practising Mennonites and those at the periphery. We want to help push back Mennonite ethnic frontiers, broaden Mennonite cultural horizons. We aspire to explore Mennonite peoplehood and community in all their range and variety. We are interested not only in the safe and comfortable backyard and church pew of Mennonite experience but also in the borderlines where Mennonite life and experience shade off and merge with the rest of society.

Some of our readers don't like our liberal, often broad and undefined approach to Mennonitism. They think that approach leads us into a worldly and shallow coverage of Mennonite experience. But we also have readers who applaud us for trying to be something other than a mere reflection of church or religiously oriented papers. Occasionally we run an article that brings the wrath of our more traditional readers thundering down on our tender heads, as evidenced by the strongly negative responses to our article on Attorney-General Roland Penner in our June issue. One of the facts of journalism is that most readers accept the good things (the items they approve of) without comment, but do not hesitate to vent their spleen bluntly when they disagree. And that, of course, is their privilege so long as they don't wax too intemperate.

Yes, we intend to continue fighting the good fight as long as we can. Our faith is that it is great to be a Christian Mennonite in this city, in this society, and that by publishing the *Mirror* we are helping to define and celebrate that experience. We will also continue to address ourselves critically to various Mennonite issues and attitudes, to provoke at least some of our readers into new ways of thinking and feeling about Mennonite experience, to make ourselves generally more conscious of our role as Mennonite Christians in a society that seems to get more bafflingly complex and harder to adjust to all the time.

And so, we will continue to publish the *Mirror* just as long as financial circumstances permit and, even more importantly, as long as we can present clear, challenging, comprehensive reflections of Mennonite life, faith, and culture. The time may come when the Mennonites in this area will be virtually indistinguishable in a cultural and ethnic sense from the rest of the community. If and when that happens we may declare ourselves redundant and quit. But so long as we can come up with fresh and interesting answers to the fundamental questions "What is a Mennonite?" and "What constitutes Mennonite experience?" we will keep alive our humble *Mirror*.

And may it remain uncracked and untarnished for many more years!

— Al Reimer

**THORNE
RIDDELL**

Chartered Accountants

Offices throughout Canada



Suite 300-386 Broadway
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0A9
Telephone (204) 957-1770

International Firm:
Klynveld Main Goerdeler & Co.

William Martens

Barrister and Solicitor

137 Scott Street
(Stradbrook and Scott, 1 Block east of
Osborne)

Winnipeg, Manitoba
R3L 0K9
Telephone 475-9420



WINNIPEG WELDING SUPPLIES LTD.
45 ARCHIBALD STREET, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
R2J 0V7

PETER W. DOERKSEN

Business 233-3434
Residence 269-3877

Garth P. Reimer

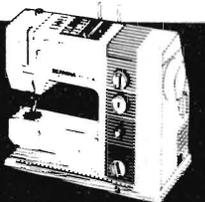
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public

CAMPBELL, MAXWELL, KOZMINSKI,
JACKIEW & REIMER

400-208 Edmonton Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1R7

Telephone 942-3311 Residence 475-5655

It's easier
to use,
it's simply
better.
The new
Bernina.



Bernina record 930 electronic.

BERNINA

*Bernina: A reputation for
performance, reliability,
and good service.*

Dorothy Penner

159 Irving Pl.
Winnipeg, Manitoba
334-2702

**Winnipeg Building &
Decorating (1968) Ltd.**

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

● A COMPLETE REMODELLING SERVICE ●

DONALD T. MacANGUS — HENRY THIESSEN
56 Ellen St., Winnipeg, Man. — 942-6121

FROLAND ENERGY CONTROL

*Large Savings on Commercial Heating
Overhead, Hot Water, Electric Heating*

Henry Froese 334-1197
15 Woodcrest Dr., Wpg. R2V 2T1

G. K. BRAUN INSURANCE SERVICES LTD.



LIFE AND GENERAL INSURANCE

INCLUDING



For service, phone or come to:

171 Donald St., Rm. 301 Box 130,
Winnipeg, Man. R3C 1M4 Rosenort, Man. R0G 1W0
Phone: 942-6171 Phone 1-746-8411

Denny's Meat Market

333 Wilton St.

Specialists in home freezer meat

-452-9792

DENNIS DUECK
PROPRIETOR

GERMAN SPOKEN

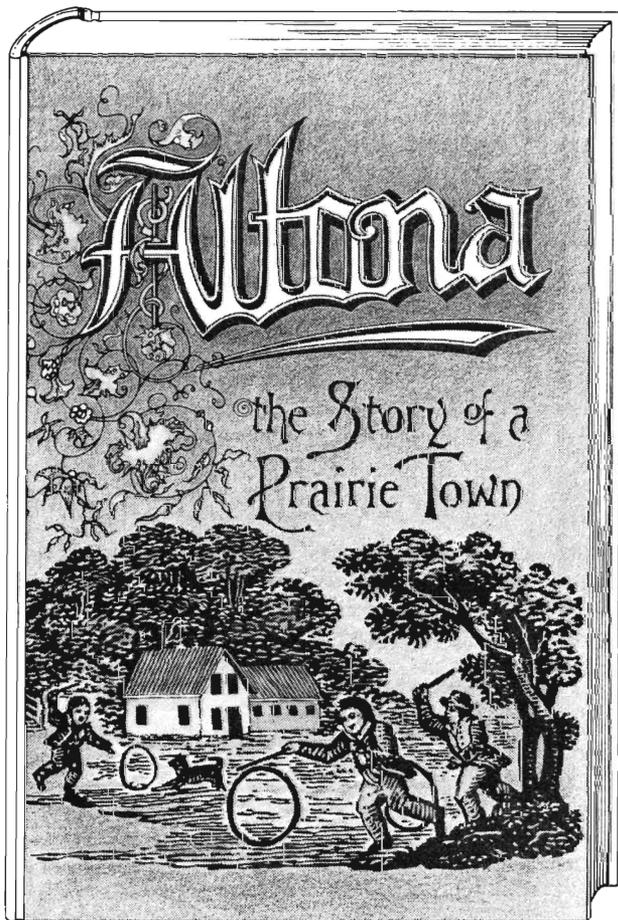
Edelweis Florist

1110 Henderson Hwy.
Phone 339-5515

"The Small Shop with the Personal Touch"

ALTONA

The Story of a Prairie Town.



This is more than a chronological story. Against the background of history, the author Esther Epp-Tiessen has also sketched the struggle of the Mennonite pioneers to maintain their identity, and at the same time adapt to the current and changing conditions of society around them. And in it we also learn what it is to be a Canadian and at the same time to be part of a minority group.

The book is written for a general audience and in popular style. However, its bibliographic documentation, numerous tables, maps and illustrations increase the book's attractiveness for both the general reader and the scholar of Western Canadian history, religious studies, ethnic minority studies, and of course, Mennonite History.

I wish to order _____ copies of
Altona: The Story of a Prairie Town,
at a cost of 25.00 plus 2.00
postage and handling.

Enclosed please find my cheque
or money order in the amount
of _____. (Do not send cash).

Please mail to:

Mail Orders To:

Friesen Bookstore
Altona Mall
Altona, Manitoba R0G 0B0