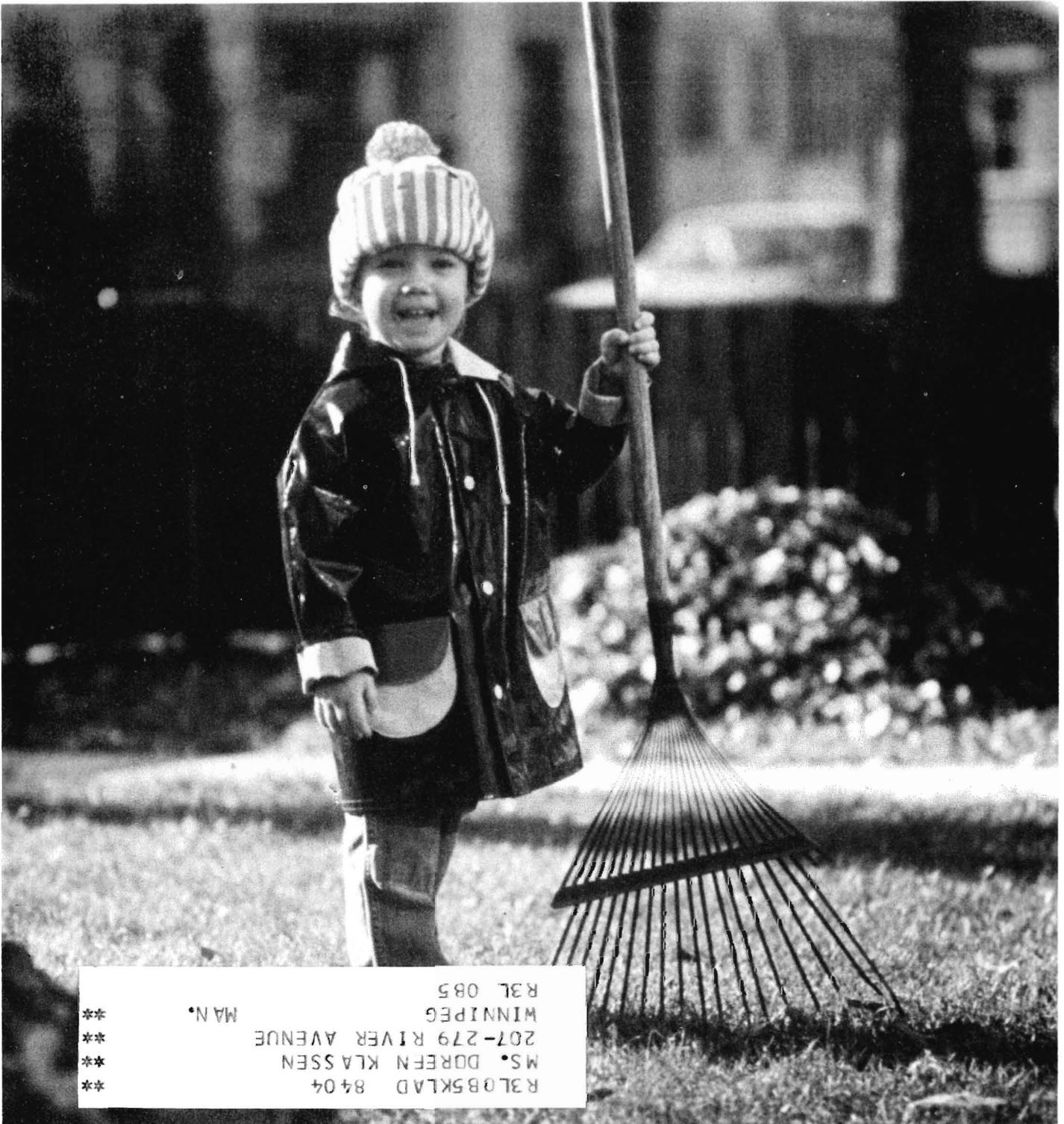


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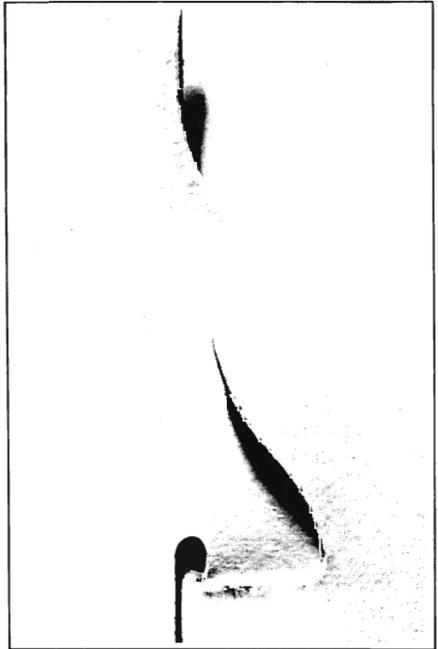
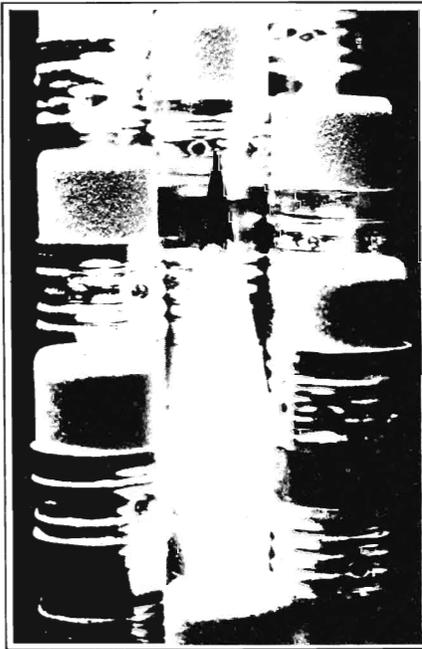
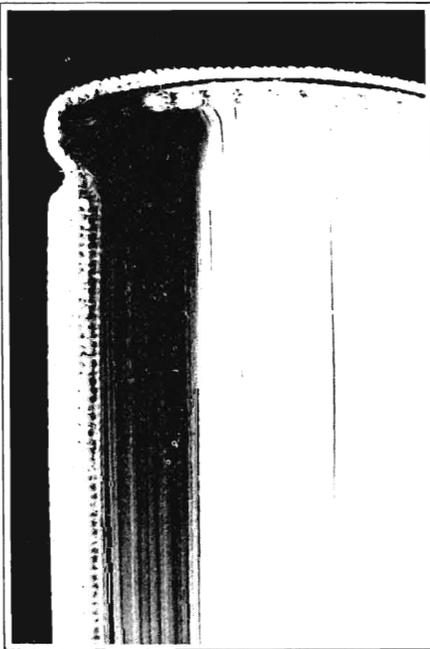
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ForeWord

In the past the *Mirror* has printed poems only when and where they could be fitted in. We want to change that casual practise. We now receive enough submissions of good poems from various Mennonite poets to warrant a special poetry "page" or two in at least some of our issues. We begin our "The Poet's word" feature this month with two English poems and one German by Helmut-Harry Loewen, a fine young Winnipeg poet, and three by Elmer F. Suderman, well-known American-Mennonite poet from Minnesota.

We would encourage readers with a talent for the writing of serious poetry as well as for lighter verse to submit either single poems or more. Since this is a trilingual magazine, poems can be in English, High German, or *Plautdietsch*.

A second feature that begins this month is "Airmail Word." From time-to-time we get a letter from a friend of the *Mirror* who goes abroad for one reason or another. The letters are too long to include in the regular letters column even as their content is inappropriate there. At the same time, however, the letters are meant to be shared with a wider readership. At present we don't know how often there will be an air mail word, but when one does appear we hope you will appreciate it. The first appears in this issue.

Still another new item this month is "A Personal Word," a column that is designed to provide a short biographical and personal insight into the life of a person of note to the Mennonite community. We can't always get a full-length feature article ready on such people, but at the same time there are people who know enough about such personalities to write a short sketch. A personal word is a column designed to bridge the gap.

With these words of introduction, read this edition and tell our advertisers you saw them when you looked in the mirror.

The cover: Gareth Neufeld, a teacher in Landmark, provided this picture of a typical autumn activity.

Mennonite Literary Society ANNUAL MEETING

Publishers of the Mennonite Mirror

The annual meeting of the Mennonite Literary Society, Inc., will be held Friday, November 18th, 1983, 6:00 p.m., at the St. Regis Hotel. The agenda and annual reports will follow. Please clear your calendar now for this interesting and important event.

mennonite
mirror

inside

volume 13 / number 2

october 1983

Poets' word / 5, 27, 28
In death no remembrance / 6
Observed along the way / 10
Advice on things that can't be taken / 12
Airmail words: The day we took the bus / 15
Hasty marriage that lasts 65 years / 17
A personal word: Abraham Friesen / 19
Manitoba news / 20-22
Your word / 23
Review: Gnadenthal / 24
Der Mut zur Barmherzigkeit / 25
Auls Eck Koa Foahre Lead / 26
Zur Diskussion / 27
Our word / 30

Mennonite Mirror

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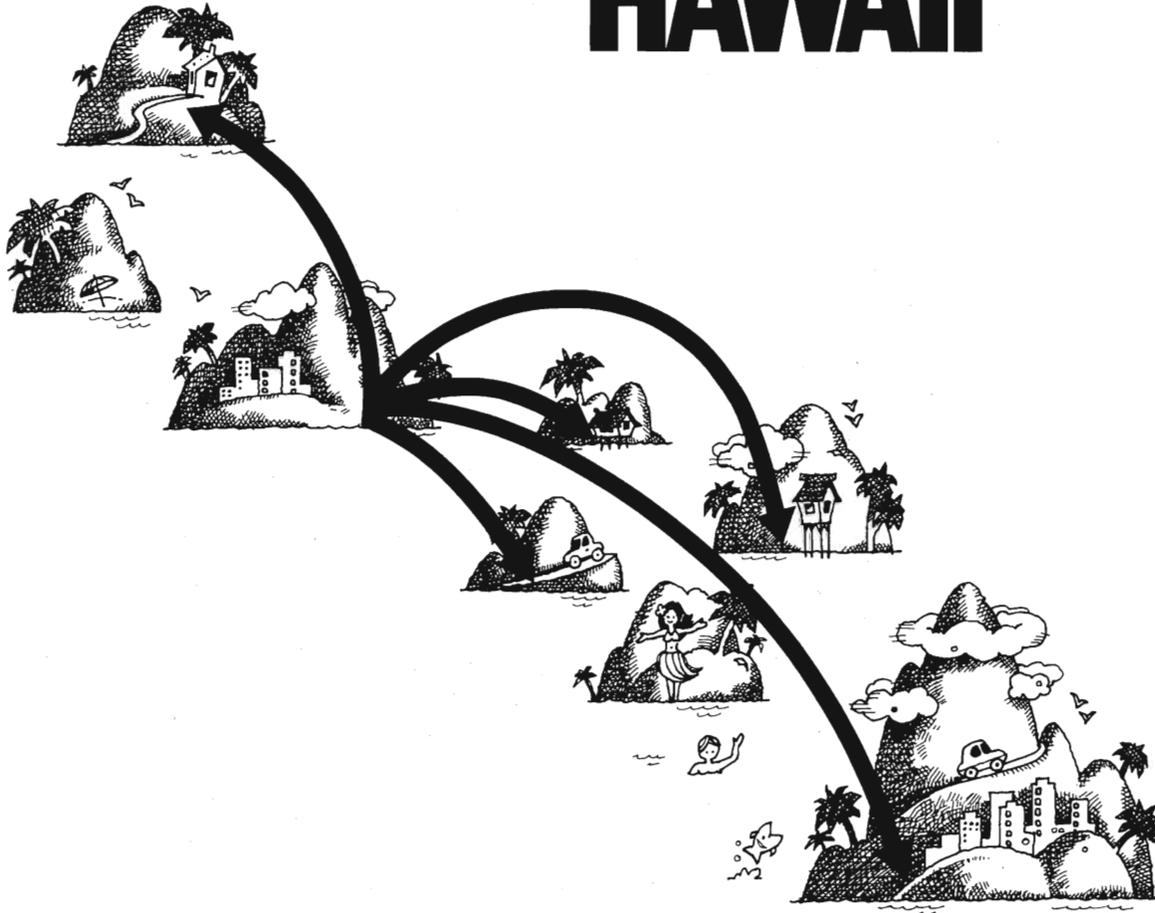
Board of Directors: Rudy Friesen, Mary Enns, and Wilmer Penner.

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.

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Domesticated Solitude

Bullfrogs listening to the silence
croak a pale place in the sky.
The east reddens.
Mist curls up off the solitary
stubble field, wrapping me in its arms
and the breeze, cooled by darkness,
fans my soul. Now there is
sufficient space around me,
the horizon all my own,
my solitude domesticated
as my dog, keeping my company.

What to Make of a Diminished Thing?

While I was driving highway 81
I saw a fence post caught just a little
to the left beside the setting sun.
I did not see it long, though I slowed down
so I could look a little longer.
What does one make of a diminished thing?
You look and look and look still longer
until diminished thing begins to sing.

Where I Belong

A man ought to belong someplace.
I do not belong where
horizons are close at hand
where there is noise and hurry.
I belong when I am able
to see the land unfold,
see cloud-shadows move quietly across grass;
see from slight elevations
to the end of the world
into the deep silence,
where creation started;
see to the far-away horizon
and beyond,
beyond even the reach of time
and bear with no hurry,
and silence,
an ancient and inviolable bond
between man and land
and live with its ancient
and terrible awe.

by Elmer Suderman



the poet's word

new occidental hotel

strange meeting him again
after all these years
a friend from childhood sundays spent
whispering in church balcony pews
not listening
the rye-filled glass
smeared with fear
magnifies the waste etched in the furrows
of his forever-young face
and he spoke of the waste
of the being wasted by
whisky
 women
 words
he told of the thinking
that expends itself
wastes itself in
 words
on the words . . .
it was to the words to which
he always returned
when ascending from the
depths of his despair
he came to cunning words
 playful words
 countering words
 painful words
he said he came to words
to their brainstorming fury and
 poetic flurry
because he hadn't heeded
 the one word

by Helmut-Harry Loewen

In Death No Remembrance

by Maurice Mierau

This is a fictional narrative based on historical documents. Thanks to Ken Reddig, Velma Mierau, and M. B. Duggan.

Part One

There is a kind of joy in me at the large room, almost empty except for the benches of the worshippers. This is our church, and I am elder Jacob Wurtz of the Rockport Hutterite Colony near Freeman, South Dakota. We members of the council sit facing our flock in the long white school house. We are silent in this sacred time, and the children stare out the five windows at the sunset as all the rest of us repeat each line of the German hymn after the preacher. The youngest sit in front, the oldest in back. The men sit to the left and the women right. The second preacher, Reverend Zechariah Peter, stands now behind the table and speaks the word of God to us: "God is a God of law. He demands that order should prevail and control us in every way. Practicing love will do away with all enforced laws. As it is written.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, and his leaf shall not wither. But the ungodly are not so." Now the preacher kneels on a little stool and prays for patience with the death-seeking world as we all kneel with hands folded shoulder-high. Then we slowly file out of the school house in long black rows, the men putting on

their round black hats and the women black and white kerchiefs.

Crossing the yard the wind bends the poplar trees over the creek, so we hold our hats and rush to the kitchen. Here we eat supper in communion with one another, seated in order from oldest to youngest, with our council coming in last. As we eat my joy cools and I remember the Great European War which broke out in the year 1914 and lasted for four years until 1918. Almost the whole world was involved in this Great War and so was the United States, mostly against Germany and Austria. Since our colonies were located in peaceful America, it must have been God's will to try us if we were true Christians in the communal spirit. When America entered the war and not enough men volunteered as soldiers, conscription was introduced. It did not matter to what church the young men belonged, they had to register by August 5, 1917. We Hutterites did not want to stain our conscience with blood, but our enemy Satan worked through his children and pretended that they only wanted to find out who belonged to which church. Only those people who did not belong to a church would be conscripted into the war service.

The third day after this was very hot. The wheat fields wave and everything feels heavy in that heat, the horse and buggy throws up dust into air filling up

with white and blue sky. Off in the distance our binders are going, each with four horses and men walking beside to stop the wheat from piling up. The ears are very full and heavy this year — the Lord has blessed us abundantly. The dust clears and I can see the Hofer brothers pulling the long stalks of wheat and pushing them through the binder. Behind in the pasture are the mulberry bushes and all looks peaceful. There are three Hofer brothers, from oldest to youngest, Michael, David, Joseph, and their half-brother Jacob Wipf. Old Hofer was a gardener and a carpenter in the winter, and his wife was a good woman. To think about him makes me very sad, for I have bad news for his sons. The buggy stops and I step off into the white road with the telegram. To get their attention, I wave my hat: "Hey! Hey!" They stop the horses and come over with black handkerchiefs to wipe off the dust and respectfully take off their hats. They are full of joy to see me but I have sad news. The telegram says that the Selective Service Act of 1917 needs them to report to Camp Funston in northern Kansas. Their faces fall at this, and they hug each other, weeping. They must soon leave from us. God knows if they will ever return to the community. We don't want to think about it.

September 6, 1917, the Hofers and Wipf went to the local draft board to have their names written down. All

those coming from Hutcheson County sat in the City Hall in one row and there received the evening meal. When their names were taken we parted from our brothers, and they left with the godless soldiers from Parkston (our city) to Camp Funston on the train. There was much weeping.

We were on the train. I, Joseph Hofer, and my three brothers travelled all night and arrived on September 7 in Sioux Falls, Iowa. When the train stopped we all got off and at the depot was a cart with our breakfast. It was ordered by the authorities and consisted of a cup of coffee and two pears. We stopped there for an hour. We arrived at twelve noon at Omaha, Nebraska, where our meal was brought to us by some Red Cross nurses. By six o'clock in the evening we arrived in Lincoln, Nebraska, where we were served our evening meal in a hotel. During the time we ate there was a blonde woman half-naked who danced and sang music on a stage to entertain the soldiers, to put them in a good mood and give them some fun. After our meal we all went back to the train where our beds were prepared for the night. We were very tired and slept right away since we had not slept the night before. We travelled all night and on September 8 in the morning we arrived at Camp Funston, Kansas.

I should mention that when we passed through Omaha and Lincoln there were always big bands playing and lots of singing going on. It was very loud. In Omaha we saw a young Amish man being pulled by the beard and forced to kiss the flag even though he gave steadfast resistance. We prayed and felt a great sadness for him.

We were safe on the train, having used a two-by-four to barricade the door of our long empty room. There were some Americans next door to us who left their door unlocked. They came to our door and said, "We would like to speak to you." We did not anticipate any trouble, since we knew them. Then they stormed into the room and cut off our hair, moustaches, and beards with open razors and knives. Someone told the conductor about this and he ordered them to leave the room, which they did. Following this incident, there was no further trouble till we arrived at Camp Funston in Kansas.

When we arrived we were greeted by our preachers who had waited already for us. There was householder Paul Stahl and Reverend Zechariah Peter as well as Christian Waldner from Breadle.

We were told before we left our homes to take only clothes which were not worth saving, since all our clothes would be burned as soon as we got there. This was done with all the clothes of the soldiers. Everything was put in a large heap and burned. They wanted to do the same with our clothes, but Reverend Peter and preacher Christian Waldner took everything back with them to Junction City, six miles from Camp Funston, where they had taken lodgings.

When we had gone to our quarters and rested a bit we were measured for pants and shoes, and in fifteen minutes the uniforms arrived and we were told to put them on. We resisted because it was against our church. They then called Sergeant Dayley who read to us the laws which we had to obey — if not, we would be punished. Because the preachers had spoken to them, they realized that they could not persuade us with words to put on these uniforms, and so they took us before some officers and dressed us by force. Before they put the uniforms on us, doctors looked at our naked bodies to see that we were clean and free of a filth called venereal disease. Then these godless men took away our German Bibles. "Kaiser-kissers" they laughed.

The brothers from Rosedale, who were on the same train with us, stayed only half a mile away. Their names were Andreas Hofer and Zacharias Hofer. They also were forced to wear uniforms; they could keep only their own underwear. All this was against the preachers' instructions. One day after the Reverend Peter had visited to pray with us, we met Sergeant Dayley who told us he had heard from Washington that we would be allowed to take off our uniforms now. He also told us that he would put us together with the other brothers (none of them would work), which is what happened. In the next few weeks more Hutterian brothers arrived at Camp Funston: they were Paul Stahl and Jacob Tschetter, Joseph Waldner, Peter Entz, Paul Entz and Paul Kleinsasser from New Elm. Now we were altogether twelve brothers.

One of the trains coming in carried 1,500 men and they came off the train like cattle. All together there are about 60,000 men here. All are trained in the art of murder and thus are led by Satan.

That same afternoon at one o'clock we were told to appear again so that the law could be explained to us. They threatened us, which was not a good omen and it disturbed our preachers when they heard about it. They admon-

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ished us to be steadfast and true and were happy to see that none of us did any camp work. Later a captain arrived and ordered us to work in the camp, cleaning up vegetable peels and other kitchen garbage. He did not want to send us to drill with the soldiers, but we refused this work since it was all connected with war. They brought us sacks to sleep on and let us rest for one day, since we spent all night praying with the preachers. Zechariah Peter explained to the officers that for us even to clean up our rooms in the camp would be against what we believed in. Lieutenant Jones then told the preachers that he would send a telegram to Washington to inquire what should be done with people like us; after that he would let us know. Our hearts were heavy when we thought about our homes where we could sit quietly in the evening with our loved ones, and get up in the morning fresh and praise the Lord for it.

Our preachers came in the morning from Junction City with many words of comfort. As soon as we had finished our prayers we were ordered to assemble outside. There a head-count was held and we, and the Mennonites and some others amounted to fifty-three men. Then we were taken to appear before a higher authority about a mile away,

where we had to wait in some designated rooms. We knew that our quiet hours had ended. In the large room they threatened us with severe punishment if we did not obey the law and clean the camp. The preachers were happy to see that we persevered in refusing all of the officers' commands. Yes, we had decided not to take part in this war in any way, we would rather go to prison than stray from our vows and beliefs.

After we were called to have lunch, we were told by an officer to get on the garbage trucks and help clean up all the refuse. Some of the Mennonites gave in at this time, but we twelve again refused. Because we refused to board the trucks, the enemies of Christ turned the first four of us over to six soldiers with rifles, each one had one slung over his shoulder. Behind our unhappy brothers the soldiers with their pointed rifles herded them as if they had done something horrible. They passed large crowds of jeering people and then were put on the trucks and driven away. The first four men who were treated like that were Peter Entz, Paul Entz, Joseph Waldner and Jacob Tschetter. In the same manner I and my three brothers were taken away after a little while. For our supper we received dry hard bread and water and were forced to sleep on

the floor. It is a terrible thing to see all this and it wounds our innermost feelings.

We were not allowed to get up in the morning without permission, and when we stood up between several soldiers we were mocked and treated with contempt. Our dear preachers were told to leave, they could not guide us or talk to the officers anymore. We prepared ourselves for more temptations so that with God's help we would be secure against all sly attempts of the devil.

After this the seducers came back once more and forced us to clean our rooms. We did this in fear for our beliefs. We were not even half done when the godless hordes and sons of Pilate came in rage and threw us onto the war vehicles and brought us to a bath house. The Mennonites were not with us anymore at this time because these children of Herod had tricked them into cleaning kitchen garbage, which our preachers said was military service. Therefore the Mennonites and others had been put in separate rooms. The evil-minded soldiers made fun of our church and beliefs and then began beating us with their fists all over our bodies. Joseph Waldner was so badly beaten about his face with fists that he was not able to eat anymore.

Then the soldiers shaved our heads and beards. They again asked us if we would do work on the camp, and when we refused they gave us what they called a water-cure. They held us by the ankles and pushed us under ice water up to our nostrils until we were breathless, which was done to scare us. They did this three times to us until they had cooled down their rage. Even though we refused to eat, drink or sleep that night, it was a great comfort to be together as twelve brothers in these times of temptation. We promised each other not to give in, that we would not deviate from our path neither to the right nor to the left.

It was October 7 when our preachers came to visit us again; we were full of joy and thanked God. Elder Jacob Wurtz was allowed to give a sermon in the rooms, which was conducted with many tears, but we gave our thanks to God that we were able to have a sermon even though it was not as comforting as at home. Elder Wurtz greatly encour-

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aged us when he read us the story of Daniel and Susanna. We all sat on the floor and he stood and softly read the Scripture:

Now two elders were appointed that year as judges. It was of them that the Lord had said, 'Wickedness came forth from Babylon from judges who were supposed to govern my people.' These men were constantly at Joakim's house, and everyone who had a case to be tried came to them there.

Susanna, Joakim's beautiful daughter, used to go and walk in her husband's garden. Every day the two elders saw her entering the garden and taking her walk, and they were obsessed with lust for her. They no longer prayed to God, but let their thoughts stray from him and forgot the claims of morality. Day after day they watched eagerly to see her. Then they agreed on a time when they might find her alone.

Elder Wurtz told how Daniel cleared Susanna's good name and the corrupt judges were put to death. The judges were so blinded they could not see a clove-tree different from a yew-tree, and they were destroyed by the angel of God. Then the whole assembly gave a great shout and praised God, the Saviour of those who trust in Him.

As we woke up early in Junction City we talked things over and decided it would be best if some of us would stay behind and not all visit those in the camp. I, Elder Wurtz, stayed behind, but Reverend Andrew Peter and Joseph Wipf went off to visit the brothers in Camp Funston. It was a very lonely day for us, since we stayed most of the time in our rooms. We did not go out on the streets because it was a godless city and everything we saw was against God and His holy order.

The next morning, October 11, we again all went to see the brothers in their empty rooms. As we approached their house one of the brothers came and told us that Lieutenant Jones had forbidden us to come to the house and visit the brothers, since we were German agitators. We asked to speak to this officer but he did not come out of his office but asked one of us to come inside and tell him what we wanted. I went inside begging God for help. When I asked Lieutenant Jones politely for permission to visit the brothers he refused, saying "Get the hell out of here you goddamn German coward!" With this terrible

blasphemy he slammed the door, but I had spoken out against him with a true heart. He must have thought in his heart as Pharaoh did when Moses asked him to let his people go free. To cut off his evil thoughts, I asked permission to see the brothers for five minutes, which he gave me. Everything is in God's hands, and he promised us that not a hair of our head should fall against His will.

Instead of sitting around in our hotel rooms with heavy hearts we thought that we should look for some work; it would clear our heads and make us forget our troubles. But we did not want to work in this evil city, so we went outside the city and took some work digging, which was very hard and tiring. We knew the wages would not be very good but we continued with it.

On October 13 a telegram arrived at Camp Funston. About one hour later we questioned our brothers if they had heard anything about the telegram, but they did not know anything and our hearts started to fill with sadness and all sorts of evil thoughts occurred to us. They only could tell us what Sergeant Dayley had been told about the telegram. While these rumors went around we heard that some trains with soldiers were supposed to leave. They wanted us all to unload a truck full of coal before we left for Junction City, despite their knowledge that we would refuse to do this, as we had refused all of their orders. We were in great fear that some of our preachers would be detained and sent to prison, and so some of the brothers gave in and helped unload the coal.

Continued next month



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LET'S BE TRULY

THANKFUL FOR OUR

LAND OF 

From among the 35 entries to the June Mix-Up, Mary Dyck, of Winkler, was selected the winner. A cash prize is on its way. Answers to the September puzzle were reap, grain, frost, color, wheat, tropic.

Now turn your attention to this month's puzzle.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by October 20, 1983.

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observed along the way



by Roy Vogt

September

● It is the end of August, and for us it is moving time. After months of waiting we have sold our house and the day has arrived for us to move into the bungalow that we have bought near the university. (Our neighbours are still fighting the purchase of our home by a social agency, but the fight no longer involves us.) We rent a truck to move the goods that can be packed into boxes; the heavy things are left to professional movers. We don't ask friends to help because we don't want to feel obliged to help when they move. I know too many people my age who have injured their back because they tried to save a few dollars moving. We Mennonites have a tradition of self-reliance, which we associate with a deep sense of personal responsibility, but sometimes it may simply mean that we are cheap. I can't believe the amount of junk that we have accumulated over the years. And, of course, it all gets carted from one house to the other. It seems that it is easier to carry things than to throw them out. We arrived in Winnipeg with three suitcases about twenty years ago, after a year of study in Germany, and now it takes three truck loads to carry our worldly possessions. Almost a truck full eventually finds its way to a thrift shop. Finally even the sandals that I have worn for twenty years are deemed expendable. Limits must be placed on sentiment when you move into a smaller home.

We have decided that this will be our last move. Each item is so much heavier than it was the last time. The next time it will be up to the children to take us where they will, or where we must.

How thoughtful people are! We have just dragged the last load into the house when a friend arrives with delicious sandwiches and wine. Next day our new neighbours arrive with similar supplies. Things are looking up.

● It is now the long weekend in September and we take our trailer to one of our favorite spots: the Hecla Island campground. It is hot and windy but one of the beaches faces northeast, away from the wind, and we enjoy a few

beautiful days of swimming, loafing, and hiking. I would advise those who fear a certain romantic streak in themselves never to walk with their loved one along the 10th and 11th fairways of the Hecla golf course at dusk. It is not good for business.

● In one of the last warm evenings of fall we are invited to a birthday party, to celebrate the birth of a scholarly Mennonite publication, the *Journal of Mennonite Studies*. Harry Loewen, who has done an admirable job of filling the chair of Mennonite studies at the University of Winnipeg, has joined with some colleagues in creating this new medium of Mennonite thought. May it delight its readers as much as this birthday barbecue which helped to launch it!

● University classes resume and on the first day I face 150 students in one class alone. The lecture room is huge and somewhat dark, and I can hardly see the faces of the students in the back row. I try to discover what the students know about economics, and as usual a few of them respond extremely well to my questions. Later I have the opportunity to ask one of these students in private where he learned so much, and he replies with a grin, "At Stoney." I look forward to further revelations of this kind. A few eager and dedicated students, regardless of their background, can create an atmosphere of learning even in a large classroom.

● Why do the most innocent little ventures sometimes result in so much grief for us? Shortly after moving into our new home we ask a carpenter to build a screened porch and deck for us. He has done odd jobs for us before but this is a new venture for him, and for us. The price he quotes seems reasonable. However, to his surprise the building permit calls for the pouring of six fairly deep piles. One morning a huge truck rumbles up to our front lawn. It is there to dig the holes for the piles, but in order to maneuver itself into place a few choice trees will have to be cut down. We refuse, and the carpenter searches for a smaller vehicle. It arrives on a rainy day and the holes are quickly dug.

Then the power in the house goes off. The hole-digger had done its job efficiently, cutting right through the underground hydro cable in the process. Hydro workers arrive after a few days to reconnect the wires, but they in turn accidentally cut through the T.V. cable. Finally a Videon technician restores things to normal. Our carpenter has aged noticeably in the process.

● An evening in September is spent at a very enjoyable banquet, hosted by friends celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary. These friends have experienced a tremendous tragedy in their lives but a combination of faith, tenacity, and courage — and, yes, anger — have enabled them to keep going. We all know that anger can be destructive but when an injustice occurs truly moral people must of necessity respond with anger. Those people who are able to remain serene and calm in the midst of injustice demonstrate not their moral superiority but their immoral indifference. Righteous anger is a powerful weapon for good; it has the power to purge and to cleanse, as well as to destroy. The danger is that it will deteriorate into bitterness, and bitterness, as a friend once observed to me, is a poisonous fruit that we always end up eating alone. Our friends are trying to work from anger to serenity and many of us have been encouraged by their honest struggle.

● One morning in September I receive an interesting call from a member of the McDonald Commission, which is studying the future of the Canadian economy. One of the concerns of the commission is the potential for economic development of native communities in northern Canada. This member has heard from federal government officials that the Mennonite Central Committee has helped to initiate some unique ventures in this area and he would like the MCC to share its experiences with the commission. This is something that I have discovered before: while the MCC is required by limited finances and personnel to restrict itself to small projects, the integrity and

creativity of its work is much admired by outside observers.

● A Saturday morning brings together a dozen members of the editorial committee of the *Mennonite Mirror*, to plan another year's writing. The editor, Al Reimer, has recruited a few new writers and these, together with our older work-horses, will try and keep you informed on what is happening in the Mennonite community, and what isn't. We don't pay our writers much, but a lunch "on the house" at a favorite restaurant rounds out an enjoyable planning session. After thirteen years the spirit remains strong.

● It is my privilege this fall to participate in a series of classes initiated by Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA) on the theme, Economics and Social Justice. About 35 persons have signed up for thirteen weeks. A small group of academics and businessmen share the teaching. It is a tremendous challenge, both in theory and in practice, to apply the Christian faith to modern business practices. The good thing about these classes is that the students have a wide range of experience and expectations.

● Late one evening, after other work has been done, a few friends meet to make the annual exchange of hockey tickets. Over the years I have lost my enthusiasm for some sports, but I still enjoy watching hockey. This year would be a great success if the Jets could beat the Oilers at least six times out of eight. Many other winter woes would be lightened by such a result.

● In mid-September a dinner meeting is held with the Intourist travel representative from Montreal. We are trying to put the finishing touches to the itinerary for a group trip to Hungary, Austria, and the Soviet Union next year. Many flights to the Soviet Union have been cancelled because of the shooting down of the South Korean plane. Nothing — not even the possibility that it was being used for some kind of surveillance — can justify this act. We all have reason to be angry. At the same time, I am convinced that in the long run it remains as important as ever, if not more so, that wherever possible friendly contact with the people of the Soviet Union be maintained. We are not fundamentally better than they, and there is much there to be observed and enjoyed.

● The end of September finds us back for one night at Hecla, sharing a room with our children before two of them take off for Europe. This marks an important transition in our family and we

observe it with a few last meals and some vigorous tennis. Hecla in fall is a

good place from which to say goodbye, for now.

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Advice on things that can't be taken away from you

by Mary M. Enns

At 65 David Redekop looks back at a many-faceted experience of life. A man of enormous energies, he has come a long way from the early hardships he knew. His mother died when he was two and he spent the next few years with his aunt until his father remarried and they all emigrated from Russia to Canada. His growing up years in Saskatchewan and British Columbia consisted of dogged hard work and determined studies. With maturity came business responsibilities, church and conference commitments as well as work with people and community organizations. All this eventually led to a great deal of travelling around the world.

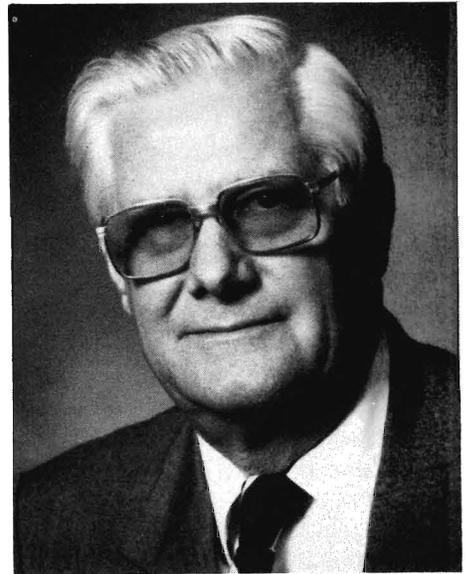
A philosophy which has helped to guide his thinking was implanted by words his father said to him a long time ago: "Son, try to get an education; that's one thing the Communists can't take from you" (his father had almost lost his life several times by threatened executions and had made miraculous escapes). "Don't put your trust in material things" (he had lost everything he owned in Russia) "but put your trust in God because He has helped us through so much. Never gamble; it's not scriptural to get money for nothing. Earn your money; work honestly for it."

Having to fend for himself early and scabbling for whatever work and education he could get gave him a bent for practical thinking and a strong will. These characteristics were to manifest themselves later in his shrewd and thorough tactics and in his ability to make quick decisions in what he soon discovered he enjoyed most: the organizing aspect of anything, whether business, church work, establishing Christian organizations in various parts of the world, or Camp Arnes where he

was one of the founders and later president. "My emphasis," says Redekop, "was always on Christian education from a practical point of view."

He spent his childhood and adolescence with his family in Saskatchewan. As a 17-year-old he worked in B.C. in the Dirty Thirties for \$50 a month. Half of this was paid him in lumber, which in turn he sold. "But then that was all relative to the times," says Redekop. "After all, I was paying only \$12 a month for board and room. But I was determined I was going to waste no time, so in the evenings I worked on an electrical course by correspondence." Two years later he was in Winkler, Manitoba, enrolled in high school and bible school, and eventually graduating from both. He spent his summers on full-time jobs and started doing electrical work in his spare time.

With the outbreak of World War II he established a conscientious objector's standing. When he got a call for this service he was in hospital with a kidney infection. Later there was some confusion about his status and when that was straightened out he was permitted to work as a CO, not in the bush like most of his friends, but in electrical work on training planes. The two years he worked at MacDonald Brothers Aircraft were interesting and challenging. During this time he wrote his electrical contractor's exam and obtained his license. When he suggested that he be allowed to go into his own business, the authorities were skeptical, but they agreed to give him 60 days to prove himself. Redekop admits: "That's when I did more hard work and praying than ever before. But after 60 days I felt my credit rating was established. They allowed me to work my own business and



Dave Redekop

pay a certain amount to the Red Cross until the end of the war. Those were the years when the tough part was getting the materials and supplies. I would cross over to the U.S. in my truck and pick up the needed supplies and pay the necessary duty at the border."

David had married Kay Hiebert of Ontario in 1942. "In 1948 when we could afford a motor trip to California, it came to me that we had been fortunate in so many ways that in gratitude I would like to put my business to use for the expansion of God's kingdom. This has been my philosophy since and that is where my energies have gone. I've never gone out to become a great businessman because I didn't really devote my time to it. The important and valuable issue in business is your time. But I've been fortunate in having very good, trained personnel and my son David managing it all. Since I quite literally used my business to pay my way, much of my travel for CBMC (Christian Business Men of Canada) has been at business expense."

Redekop's involvements are numerous, his contribution to society sizable.

Commitment in the South End MB Church began when the Redekops moved to Winnipeg in 1943. Here he pioneered the work of a mission Sunday School. "We had the rough kids from the streets, kids that were hard to handle." He and his small group of teachers, including his wife Kay, put into practice everything they had learned at Bible school. After five years he was asked to be the superintendent of the regular Sunday school, a position he held for 21 years. Steady growth in enrollment eventually led to the building of a new church, the Portage Avenue MB Church. His work with the congregation soon extended to the provincial conference and later the Canadian conference, an involvement which continued for over 30 years, the last three years as its moderator.

As former moderator and chairman of the Mennonite Brethren MCC committee as well as a member of the MCC board, Redekop is familiar with issues of vital concern today. Asked whether the church should have something to say on issues of social welfare, inflation, unemployment, he is emphatic: "The church has to be concerned with the social conditions of its constituency, and MCC could well be the agency here. Our conference certainly supports the Ottawa MCC office and Bill Janzen. We have had several issues of great concern, as for example that of abortion. We think MCC should take an even stronger stand against abortion when according to Alliance for Life abortion has, in the last 12 years, been responsible for 592,341 deliberate deaths in Canada against the 99,449 Canadian lives lost in the wars of the past 80 years. But it's difficult to say what we could do about inflation and unemployment. I feel we have a responsibility to people in need. Personally, I believe strongly in private enterprise and that one of the best ways of helping people is to respect them as individuals and help to get them on their feet. When I was in China a year ago I found it interesting that they are departing from the socialistic philosophy. We visited the communes which are, the news said, making people lazy. Certainly China has no unemployment and we wouldn't either if we were to follow their example. They export their road-building equipment and build their roads with pick and shovel. They export the machines to make rugs and make all their rugs by hand. Cheap labour, and they're employing their people. At the same time the people are not challenged to use their talents to the best of

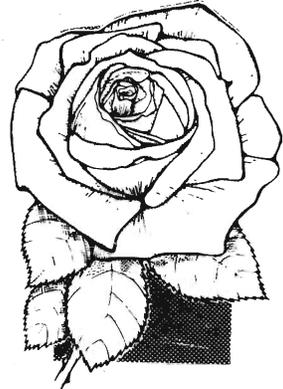
their capability. But because of their socialistic set-up everybody just keeps working, putting in time, whether or not they're accomplishing much. It's no answer to inflation. But it's inevitable, the Chinese are shifting toward free enterprise, more so than Soviet Russia, and at the cost of unemployment. With that will come the use of machinery. Though inflation and unemployment is worldwide now, Japan's economy stands highest, as well as Germany's. Both put a great deal of emphasis on the individual and free enterprise.

Maybe here in Canada we could help some of the unemployed establish their own business. Here our workers would revolt if our roads were to be built with pick and shovel. In China revolt has simply not been a strong part of their past when people were born, lived and died all within the radius of 25 miles. MCC has done a lot of good going into needy countries, helping them to better their conditions. We should strive toward free enterprise, because it is the businesses that employ the people. There has been too much emphasis and education on socialism and too little on the merits of free enterprise."

Tragedy struck the Redekop family in 1971. On their way home from a vacation in Ontario, Kay was killed instantly in a car accident. David stood beside the car, dazed, just before the ambulance took him to hospital. He recalls: "I cared about nothing else. When I got home I told my son I would like to turn everything over to him. I just wasn't interested in the business any longer. David suggested I stay on as president and he would manage Redekop Electric. I learned to accept what had happened, to leave the past behind me and to look to the future. Now I'm involved in several other businesses but only on the sideline, with very little time spent there.

In 1972 he was married to Anne Hiebert Pauls, Kay's widowed sister. To-

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gether they established a home so that their extended family of children and grandchildren in Manitoba, Alberta and Ontario could visit them.

Redekop has been a vital part of Christian Business Men of Canada (CBMC) since 1945 and has travelled extensively on their behalf. In 1960 he and five other men covered 23 countries in seven and a half weeks. It was a good if exhausting experience meeting with CBMC personnel, pastors and missionaries — sometimes for breakfast in Paris, lunch in Brussels and an evening meeting in Amsterdam. In 1973 he went on a round-the-world trip. At the 1977 CBMC World Conference he was elected international chairman and continued in that capacity until 1981, when he retired from active membership. He now fills in only with speaking engagements.

Asked about CBMC emphasizing the evangelical rather than supporting projects, Redekop agrees: "Yes, Christian Business Men deliberately do not get involved with projects. As individuals, yes, but not as an association because you would then have to set up a completely different financial base. It isn't a matter of withdrawal of support but rather looking at what the association can best do. But people do come to us as individuals for assistance, of course."

He has been active for many years in the Gideon organization as president or as zone leader, but now is a member only. Since 1977 he has led a number of tours: to Korea, Japan and Hong Kong, to South Africa and South America, to China and the Middle East, and to Australia. In 1984 he hopes to lead a tour, which will include the Mennonite World Conference, to Russia and Eastern Europe.

At 65 you're still reasonably young today. What then is left for David Redekop to do, to organize? Aside from travel he is interested in languages and would like to spend six months in Quebec studying French. He has always shown great interest in Mennonite music-making and in German theatre. "Our heritage, our roots are of utmost importance," he says. "I have a very real interest in that sort of thing and have tried to keep it alive. Our children can learn from our forefathers. They set us a good example in their tremendous faith in God. In spite of hard times they never let that go. And they were industrious; they had learned to work. I appreciate what our background, our upbringing has given us. I feel we're not faithful

enough in passing all this down to our children. The German language is very valuable and has been a great help to me on my travels." In his business Redekop promotes German music and spiritual records. "I became interested in records long ago when my brother Henry was the president of Winkler Bible School. They had no German records so I bought some equipment and began to do some recording for them. I've also been instrumental in the preparation of two family books, one from my mother's side, the other a Redekop book where we traced the family back 250 years. My brother Abe, the father of Joyce Fink in Cologne did most of the work for that book."

Thinking back and pondering on life with its good fortune as well as its desperate tragedy, Redekop feels that "Everything that we like to call our own, such as the business, our properties, our bank account, our family and even our health and talents are merely entrusted to us. We need to make the best use of these during our life-time."

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Ralph and Hannah Friesen, with their children, Nathan, 11, and Jennifer, 8, are on a three-year teaching assignment in Zimbabwe, Africa, under the auspices of World University Service of Canada. They began their assignments in January, 1983.



air mail word

The day we took the bus

by Ralph Friesen

At Sandringham Secondary School, the day you get your pay-cheques is the day you go to Harare, 67 kilometres away. You go because in Harare is the Standard Bank branch where the school has its account, and where you can cash your cheque without being charged for the service. You go, also, because somehow you've managed to spend all the money from your previous cheque, and you're desperately short of cash. And you go because you have to stock up on a month's supply of groceries and sundries.

So, off we went, last Saturday morning, having actually deferred our departure to that time although the cheques had been distributed the previous morning. We, the typical Canadian family (husband, wife boy, girl) piled into our trusty VW Beetle and roared off to town, leaving Sandringham behind in a cloud of red dust from the unpaved road that runs from the school 27 kilometres to the main highway to Harare.

In Harare our first stop was the bank, where I queued for only 20 minutes (it seems that all banks always have queues) before getting the loot. But when I returned to the car and turned the key in the ignition, nothing happened. We were not alarmed. The car had done this before, several times, and each time we'd been able to solve the problem by manipulating the main wire to the distributor. Some kind of loose connection that would have to be fixed sometime. Well, I jiggled the wire while my wife turned the key but still — nothing. A passery-by offered advice; I detached the wire wherever it was detachable, re-attached it, jiggled it some more — all to no avail. The engine was serenely dead.

So, we knew we were in trouble.

On a Saturday in Harare, the garages are all closed, or, if they're open, no mechanics are on duty. We still had to shop, and we had to get back home. Though it was only 10:00 a.m. there was some need for urgency, as all the stores would close by 12:00 or 12:30, and by 6:00 p.m. it would be dark. Why not call the Automobile Association of Zimbabwe? I had joined mainly to get maps and travel information from them, but they also advertised a break-down service.

Pay-phones are scarce in Harare, even downtown, but luckily there was one just by the bank. As I approached it, though, I was suspicious, as it had no queue. Sure enough, the phone receiver had been ripped out of the booth, just the kind of thing that is liable to happen to any object left out overnight — another reason why we wanted to get the car going.

I tried the accounts office of a department store, where I was graciously allowed to use the phone. The Automobile Association promised someone should be around to give us a hand shortly. We waited, no one came, we fiddled some more with the distributor, no one came, I went to another store and phoned again and was told that they were having difficulty finding us. Indeed. I gave directions even more precise than the ones I'd already given, and after fifteen more minutes the AA man came. He swiftly diagnosed our problem as a defective solenoid, which meant we needed a new part, which meant that the car would not be repaired before Monday.

"But why not try a push-start?" he suggested. We pushed the car, my wife released the clutch, the engine came alive! Great! Now we could quickly do

our shopping (it was after 11:00) and head for Sandringham; the following week I would bring the car in for servicing. Pushing the car to make it start might be a bother, but it was no big obstacle.

Unfortunately, after a few blocks, the engine died again. We pushed, started, died, pushed, started died . . . this was no way to get to Sandringham. The car was determined to stay in Harare.

It now crossed our minds that we should phone the World University Service of Canada field office staff at their residence. After all, their job is to help us, the teachers in the program. The car couldn't stay on the street, nor could we, a middle class suburban-type family. But, remembering that participants in the program are chosen partly for their self-reliance, we decided to phone the AA-recommended towing company and take it from there.

Luckily, there was a phone booth nearby. Luckily, too, the phone's receiver was still in it. Unluckily, though, the mouthpiece had been removed from the receiver. Oh, well. I went into the nearest shop, made the call, and once again we waited, this time for the tow truck. My wife went off to get a few basic supplies. The truck came, and it turned out that our car could be stored in the towing company's yard until Monday, when they could take it to a garage for repair. So, we were making progress.

We were also getting thirsty, and hungry. We now planned, with some hesitation, on taking the bus back to Sandringham. With hesitation, I say, because in Zimbabwe white people don't take buses. They all drive cars. Besides, buses are often very crowded and drivers reckless. But then, how could we have come to Zimbabwe in the first place if we weren't prepared to take some risks? We decided to have lunch and then try

the buses.

The Chinese restaurant that we wandered into was like an oriental heaven, a sanctuary where no troubles could enter. Screens decorated with scenes of long-gowned women in gardens, murals depicting stories of love and tradition, surrounded us. A woman's voice singing exotic melodies came over the speaker system; hundreds of bottles of alluring liquors glinted on the shelves in the bar. Why worry now about cars and buses? As we drank our drinks and consumed the food (our first Chinese food since coming to Zimbabwe last January — good!) drowsiness overtook us, like the pilgrims in *Pilgrim's Progress*. We felt more inclined to find a bed than a bus.

Nevertheless, the hour growing late (1:30 p.m.) we bestirred ourselves and headed for the bus terminus, only a few blocks away. This turned out to be only a local terminus, however; the one for buses going to rural points was some distance off. A kindly policeman offered to walk us to a place where we could catch a taxi which would take us to the

right terminus, where we could catch the bus we wanted. Our bus left at 2:00, he thought, and even though it was now past that time, we might still catch it.

In a short time, we were dropped off at the terminus. Now, our idea of a bus terminus had been formed by what we knew from Canada — a building where you buy your tickets, lanes for buses, schedules of departures and arrivals, announcements over the loudspeaker system, etc. What we found was quite different: just a parking lot with buses here and there, and people seated on curbs, waiting.

Everyone was black, except us. At our school the same is true, but there we know others and are known, so that it is possible to forget the colour of your skin. Here at the bus terminus we were freaks, "Europeans" with cars, actually naive enough to think we could travel on a bus just like black people. My daughter clung to my arm. People stared. Once again we thought of phoning the World University Service office.

But having come this far I was determined that we should at least try our best, so I approached a group of young men who looked like they might be conversant with the system (there **had** to be a system, didn't there?) and asked them if they could point us to the Chibero bus, the one we wanted. They regarded me skeptically, then pointed obscurely to a bus not far off. This turned out not to be the right bus. We repeated the routine with some young ladies who pointed us in a different direction, which again did not lead to the Chibero bus. We had learned long before that in Africa you find your way by asking, and if directions seem not satisfactory (for no one likes to leave you with no directions at all) then you simply ask someone else. Now a young man came up to us and said, "I hear you want to go to Sandringham." (How did

he know? He must have been informed by the first men I'd approached.)

"Yes."

"You are unlucky. The bus just left ten minutes ago. I was also hoping to go on it"

But all was not lost. There was another bus going down the main highway which would drop us at the road going in the direction of our school. That would still leave us with 27 kilometres to go, but we knew that other teachers were in Harare this day and might well be by to pick us up.

We boarded the bus, to assorted cheers and greetings from the passengers, who seemed surprised, but pleased, to find we were joining them. I returned the greetings in fractured Shona. And we were off. After stopping for fuel somewhere in an industrial area we at last got into the familiar highway, despite my wife's earlier fears that we were headed exactly in the wrong direction. The bus made several stops along the way, including one at the Hunyani River where women held up freshly fried fish to the windows for passengers to buy.

Dropped at our corner, we were comforted to see a couple of our students, who said they expected another bus would be coming. And come it did, the very bus we had missed, but which had stopped elsewhere and been delayed. Once again the passengers were surprised to see us get on: "Don't you have a motorcar?" one said to me. We found seats at the very back of the bus (there was no sign saying "Whites to the back of the bus"; these were the only free seats) near a woman with a baby about 1½ years old. When the baby saw us, she burst into tears, crying loudly and opening her mouth wide so we could see the candy still sticking to her tongue. Everyone laughed and the mother tried to comfort the child but the shock of seeing these strange white beings was too great, so the father took the baby to another seat.

The bus careened along the washboard road, the un-insulated windows setting up an incredible racket with their rattling. No one seemed to mind. Some people drank beer, some talked, a few actually appeared to sleep.

We dropped off at Sandringham with a satisfied feeling — true, we had no car, few supplies, and the butter my wife had bought was melting; but we were home, and we'd managed it on our own and with the help of the Africans themselves. We'd seen something of the Africa that the ordinary motorist doesn't get to see.

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Peter and Margarete Schwarz on their wedding and today.

A hasty marriage in the midst of political upheaval endures for 65 years

by Hilda Matsuo

The celebration on May 5 this year of Peter and Margarete Schwarz' 65th wedding anniversary touched off a search into the chain of events which led to their hastily contracted marriage so long ago.

Married in a Lutheran church at Josessthal, a town situated about a mile from the Mennonite town of Krongart near Yaketrinoslav in Russia, they continued on to the country holdings of Peter's parents, Hutor Veselig, Anasztasie Masiyovka, (Veselig for Happy), some 15-20 miles away. The hutor itself was situated some five miles south of

Hochberg, a small town wherein resided Lutheran families like the Jankes, and Mennonite families like the Schellenbergs and Klassens. There were many people there to help celebrate the double wedding of the two Schwarz brothers, Peter and Karl. Children barred with a rope the doorway of the parental home that was to become the first home of the newlyweds as well. After presenting gifts to the children, the young brides in white and their husbands proceeded across the threshold to be presented with bread and salt by their parents. (In this case by three sets

of parents.)

Inside, a vesper meal, suited to the occasion, the second Easter day, of coloured eggs, ham, 'moos' and 'paska' was served. Outside, at one end of the main house was a tent fashioned from canvases used on the farm. An earthen floor covered with millet eased dancing. Beer and vodka were served but not in excess, and children rejoiced in a vanilla drink 'feyalke'.

Sixty-five years later, friends and relatives gathered at the Schwarz' family home in the oldest Russian-Mennonite village in Canada, Kleefeld, Manitoba, for a 'vesper' of beautifully-decorated open-faced sandwiches, 'platz' and other goodies, drank tea and coffee and chatted, while the children consumed quantities of 'Tang' and brownies. A fitting way to celebrate the anniversary of a ceremony hastily contracted because of the events of 65 years ago but happily sustained over the years.

We all know of the Great War and the Revolution in Russia. Far less documented is the cataclysmic event that brought Margarete Schwarz, then Baumgart, to Russia in the first place. Historian after historian only mentions the evacuation of masses of German-speaking people from Volynia to interior Russia in 1915.

By the way of background, historian Giesinger, describes the German problem by saying that "while their families were harassed and persecuted behind



the lines, 250,000 German soldiers served loyally in the Tsar's armies and many died for their country. Their lot was difficult throughout the war. They were distrusted and discriminated against, were not permitted promotion to officer's rank, and were not accepted in military schools. They were the scapegoats of military defeats on the western front, although no case of treason was ever found among them. By 1916 most of them had been transferred to the Caucasus to fight against the Turks. Here they distinguished themselves at the capture of Ezerum in February 1916, where their old enemy, the Grand Duke Nicholas, used them as shock troops against the fortress."

The young bridegroom, Peter Schwarz, also served on the Turkish front, and although not a Mennonite, because of pacifist convictions, chose to serve in a work regiment rather than engaging in active combat.

As for the Mennonites, always somewhat aloof from the other German colonists, they became even more so during the course of the war. Unlike the others, (and much like young Peter), their young men were exempt from the bearing of arms, being required to serve only in non-combatant capacities. Nevertheless, about 12,000 of them were drafted and these rendered notable service in the medical corps, in military hospitals and on the battlefields. At home their families had to share the oppression and persecutions of the rest of Russia's Germans. In 1915 under the threat of the dispossession laws, in an attempt to avoid being expropriated, the Mennonites discovered they were of Dutch origin rather than German and appealed to the authorities for recognition of this fact.

We pick up the tale of the Polish Germans once more. The further the Russians were driven back by the German forces, the worse they behaved toward their German populace. All the evidence of German thrift and industry was destroyed in the wake of the retreating Russian armies, and return to their homes after 1917-18 meant return to the 'scorched-earth' of that policy.

Ethnic Poles too suffered. Whereas German Poles according to Margarete Baumgart received preferential treatment vis-a-vis employment in interior Russia, many Poles perished miserably in the interior.

Death knew no racial boundaries as it took its toll of Polish Germans. Old and young suffered miserable deaths from cholera and dysentery. People whose forefathers became Poles 100 to 150

years ago were forced from their homes to live for up to two months in woods and swampy meadows. Upwards of some 140,000 German Poles, almost a fourth, were thought to have been forcibly evacuated from Poland.

In the case of Margarete Baumgart, the family was allowed to return briefly to the home town of Schladov in the spring of 1915 when the cherry trees were in bloom. They came to see if any stored preserves abandoned in their buildings were left. Russian troops who had 'requisitioned' their home beside the Vistula for a field hospital informed them that Poles had taken their food and cleared all furniture and belongings onto a manure pile, smashed everything and set it on fire. The house itself was filled with straw stained by the blood and filth of the wounded. Their fruit trees were cut down to single stems and left to simulate an army to aircraft overhead. A cousin's family, the Bucholtzes, with an orchard just outside Warsaw was deported at this time as well. (Mathilde Bucholtz later married Heinrich Sawatsky son of a wealthy Russian Mennonite family with whom she found shelter and employment.) More importantly for our story, three children of the Franzke family were deported. Mrs. Franzke was an aunt of Albertina Baumgart's husband Christian Ratz and lived in Altdorf, also known as Ollschinke. When the Russians retreated the Franzke children were forced to drive the family's cows before the army. The Russians in keeping with their 'scorched-earth' policy were 'requisitioning' them.

The Baumgarts, meanwhile, arrived at the station in Warsaw with horses whose purchasers were required to deliver them to the station. While there Margarete spied one of the Franzke children, Olga, in the station washroom. The Franzke parents in the meantime were suddenly cut off from rejoining their children by a rapid advance of the German front. The children, after the chance encounter with Margarete, attached themselves to the Baumgart family and stayed with them after and during their uneventful and orderly removal to Yaketrinoslav in the interior.

The Baumgarts soon found employment at the factory 'Shedovar' where spades for digging trenches, iron and tin were manufactured. The Franzke children were then billeted with the Schwarz family of Huter Veselig, (formerly part of a large Huter Jerro). A boy, Gustav, and the girl, Olga, remained with the Karl Schwarz family, parents of

Peter Schwarz, and another boy Erich left to stay with members of their extended family. The Haas family hoped to adopt Erich since they had three daughters. Three years later, in the spring of 1918, sometime after Polish Germans began their slow return to Poland in 1917, Margarete Baumgart and her brother-in-law came to fetch the Franzke children from the Schwarz and Haas families in readiness for an early return to Poland.

Young Peter Schwarz, home from the front after the Revolution, lost his heart to the raven-haired Margarete who initially rejected him because she felt her father would need her at home. However, encouraged by his sister who noticed his pining, and in turn by his mother, he left for Yaketrinoslav with them, leaving the carriage early in order to seek out Margarete in private only to discover to his surprise that Margarete had run into his mother and sister and had already invited them to spend the night at the house rented by her family. One thing led to another and before long Margarete who had been pressed by Peter to sit on the porch with him, pledged her hand in marriage after due consent from her father Jakob Baumgart.

The two were duly married on May 5, 1918 after knowing each other for about a month. Her parents then returned to their home in Poland to find all the buildings razed in fires set by the Russians in retreat. Left behind at Huter Veselig, Margarete wept out of sheer homesickness.

The young couple survived a raid by the 'reds' during the period of anarchy which followed, narrowly missing violent death which claimed some Mennonite neighbours and also survived the famine. In 1926, although thought to be foolish by relatives who felt things were improving in Russia, the young couple left for Canada.

The other bridal couple of sixty-five years ago fared less well. Karl's beautiful Adelina died of childbed fever a few years later. Karl remarried, became the lay-minister in his collective at Hochberg and died in the frozen wastes of Siberia after having been banished to that place along with his fifteen-year-old son on the strength of the false testimony of a former friend.

mm

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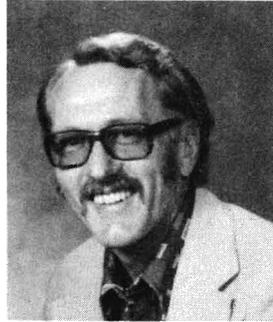
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a personal word



Abraham Friesen

Abraham Friesen, professor of history at the University of California at Santa Barbara will be returning home when he delivers the Mennonite chair lectures this October 20 and 21.

Dr. Friesen grew up on a farm near Winnipeg and attended the MBCI high school here. After studying at the University of Manitoba and spending a year in Goettingen, he taught at his alma mater for several years. His doctoral studies were at Stanford University under the renowned Renaissance scholar Lewis Spitz.

In his doctoral dissertation Friesen addressed the Marxist interpretation of the Reformation, focussing especially on the work of Wilhelm Zimmermann, a 19th century German historian, whose study of the Peasants War served as a basis for Engel's understanding of that period. Friesen's thesis has been actively debated by current Marxist and non-Marxist scholars.

These studies have resulted in a major book, *Reformation and Utopia* (1974), and a number of articles. Friesen has also published on Thomas Muentzer and other figures. He is currently writing a book on the Renaissance.

Although he was probably not born in a log cabin, Abe Friesen had what could be termed a hardy childhood, learning to skate on open frozen bodies of water around Oak Bluff and riding to school on horseback. When he came to MBCI he found the boards around the hockey rink constricting and personally extended the length of the rink to suit his larger purpose. Some of his friends and admirers think that Dr. Friesen has taken the same approach in his academic work, confronting the questions of his

discipline with Anabaptist boldness and at times polemical tone.

An eminent German historian said of Friesen's book that in it a severe lecture had been delivered to those Marxist scholars who were simply content to adopt the interpretation of Engels. Readers may have noticed that the model of confrontation is used as a basis for the Mennonite chair lectures to be delivered by Prof. Friesen.

But I do not think that he plans to attack us Winnipeggers as much as he will take his usual vigorous approach to the subject matter. Meanwhile, in his 108 Mile retreat, Abraham Friesen is building the log cabin he never had, dreaming about golf (a sport which like history demonstrates what often happens to good intentions) and thinking about how much or how little we learn from the past.

— Victor Doerksen

PLAY WRITING COMPETITION

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre announces a play-writing contest with a prize of \$500 for an acceptable original play on a Mennonite theme in either German or English, preferably written by a Mennonite. Deadline for submission: June 1, 1984.

The successful play will be produced by WMT in its 1985 season.

For further information contact: Dr. David H. Riesen, 422 Kingston Crescent, telephone 247-6268 or Mr. Alfred Wiebe, 73 Smithfield Avenue, telephone 338-7263.

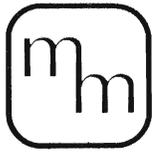
Creating Chaos

Three men were arguing over which profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "The Bible says that Eve was made by carving a rib out of Adam. I guess that makes mine the oldest profession."

"Not at all," said the engineer. "In six days the earth was created out of chaos — and that was an engineer's job."

Said the politician: "Yes, but who created the chaos?"



September 17 was the opening day for **Olive Branch**, a gift store operated by the Olive Branch Christian Community. Ten families are involved in this non-profit organization, which aims to support people in Third World Coun-

tries through the sale of handicrafts. The group is presently working with the assistance of MCC Self Help. Olive Branch is located at 185 Henderson Hwy., and is open weekdays and Saturdays from 10 to 6, Friday 10-9 p.m.

A. K. Penner and Sons of Blumenort and Steinbach recently opened a new home improvement centre in Portage la Prairie. The new Portage store is similar to an outlet in Morden, while the company owns and operates one of Western Canada's largest building centres in Clearspring Village shopping centre in Steinbach. The company recently opened two 18-suite apartment blocks in Steinbach.

Twenty international visitor exchange program persons from Europe, South America, Africa and several Asian countries arrived in Canada in early August for a one-year cultural exchange program, sponsored by MCC.

The **Mennonite Village Museum** in Steinbach recently received a grant of \$15,000 for its project "Cultural Education Program '83", from the Minister of State, Multiculturalism.

The **Commission on Overseas Missions** of the General Conference Church has elected **Jake Harms**, leading minister of Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, as its Chairman for the next triennium.

Andreas Schroeder of Mission, B.C. will be writer in residence at the University of Winnipeg for the current academic year.

The **Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School** held an open house on September 26. Enrollment in the school this year stands at 99, an increase of 20 students over the preceding school year. **Len Barkman** is the new principal. Educated in Manitoba, he has taught in the Hanover School Division, and served for several years in mission schools in the Bahamas and Central America. New chairman of the school board, replacing Dr. Henry Friesen, is **Ken Epp**.

The opening program for the **Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute** was held in the school gym on September 26. Enrollment is 432 students, of whom approximately 55 per cent are from the Mennonite Brethren community.

Dr. Henry Friesen is one of four distinguished Manitoba doctors to be honored at the eighth annual International Awards Dinner of the St. Boniface Hospital Research Foundation, to be held at the Convention Centre on Sunday, Nov. 6th. Dr. Friesen is recognized as a leading Canadian researcher in the field of endocrinology and has won many awards for his work. He is head of the department of physiology in the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Manitoba.

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MOZART'S VESPER

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The CMBC Singers and Ensemble
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Victor Engbrecht was a winner in the voice category of the National Festival of Music, held in Winnipeg at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, August 28 to September 1. This highly acclaimed festival for young Canadian musicians verging on professional careers was designed to create a high-profile national program for talented youth. Victor began serious voice studies in 1980 at the CMBC with Henriette Schellenberg. Since then he has done concert work in Winnipeg with local choirs, including Winnipeg Singers. He played a lead role in Puccini's "Gianni Schicci" with Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre. He is the winner of two scholarships, from the Manitoba Registered Music Teachers Association, and recently received a scholarship from the Manitoba Arts Council. He is also the winner of the 1983 Rose Bowl Trophy from the Winnipeg Music Festival competition. Victor is the son of Henry and Erna Engbrecht.

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Once Loved

"How was your trip?" the co-worker asked the returning vacationer.

"Well," he signed, "have you ever spent four days in a station wagon with the ones you thought you loved best."

Memory Lapse

"I'm worried," the patient said to his doctor. "I can't even remember what street I live on."

"Well, one thing's for sure," the doctor reassured him. "It must be a mental block."

Kevin T. Hamm of Unity, Saskatchewan, was elected president of the Canadian Community Newspapers Association at the association's annual meeting in Winnipeg in July.

Neil Unrau of Lowe Farm is beginning a three-year term with Native Ministries of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada. He has been assigned to Manigotogan for one year and then will join the staff of Youth Opportunities Unlimited in the core area of Winnipeg. Unrau has a B.A. degree in zoology from the U. of Manitoba and a M.A. degree in peace studies from the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart. His parents are Peter and Mary Unrau of Lowe Farm.

For the first time in 60 years the Mennonites in Mexico are reading their own newspaper. An eight-page, German-language tabloid newspaper, edited by **George Reimer** and **Helen Ens**, both of Southern Manitoba, is now being published twice monthly in Mexico as a supplement to *Die Mennonitische Post* of Steinbach, Man. Most of the estimated 40,000 Mennonites in Mexico are Old Colony, although there are also large numbers of Sommerfelder and Kleine-Gemeinde. The Old Colony and Sommerfelder Mennonites left Canada for Mexico in 1922 after the Canadian government broke its 1873 promise to the Mennonites regarding separate schools and the use of the German language in instruction. Parents who refused to send their children to public schools were fined and in some cases livestock and goods were confiscated.

Abe Neufeld who has recently returned to Winnipeg following many years of missionary service in Austria, has been appointed leading minister of the Portage Avenue M.B. church in Winnipeg.

Carla Braun of Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg has left for a one-year term of VS to Birmingham, Alabama. She is the daughter of Ernie and Anne Braun.

Sonja Neudorf of Bethel Mennonite Church is serving for a one-year term of V.S. in the Salt program in Markham, Ontario. Sonja is the daughter of Henry and Bertha Neudorf.

An Inter-Mennonite **Peace Group** is meeting regularly in Winnipeg for study and action in the area of peace. Interested persons should call co-ordinator Else Barg for information. Ph. 786-3970.



Dr. John H. Neufeld, pastor of the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, has been named President of Canadian Mennonite Bible College. He will begin his duties in summer 1984. The President-elect has been on the pastoral staff at the First Mennonite Church since 1969. In recent years he completed a Doctor of Ministries (D.Min.) program at Bethany Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois, alongside his pastoral duties. He graduated in 1982. Neufeld is an alumnus of the school he will be serving, having graduated in 1956. He also studied at the University of British Columbia, Western Washington State College, and the Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries, Elkhart, Indiana. He received a M.Div. degree from the seminary in 1969.

William and Naomi Stoesz of Steinbach have begun three-year assignments in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, with Mennonite Central Committee. He will work in agriculture and she is a guest house hostess. The Stoeszes have served with MCC in Greece from 1971 to 1974 and in Zaire from 1978 to 1979. William last worked as a loans officer in Steinbach, while Naomi was a homemaker there. He received his bachelor's in economics from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. The Stoeszes attended Kleefeld (Man.) Evangelical Mennonite Church. His parents are Cornelius and Barbara Stoesz, and hers are Henry and Margaret Braun, all of Steinbach. Their children are Maria, Jonathan and Paul.

Jay Neufeld, pastor of the Dinuba M.B. church in California for the past four years, has begun service as pastor of the Elmwood M.B. church in Winnipeg.

Allan Kroeker of Winnipeg participated in a symposium on Regional Arts at the University of Western Ontario, Sept. 30 - October 2. Kroeker, a film director who has directed several widely-acclaimed films for the National Film Board and other groups, gave a presentation on the work being done in film on the Prairies.

A new association has been established for the preservation and promotion of heritage languages in Manitoba. The founding conference of the **Manitoba Association for the Promotion of Ancestral Languages** was held on Saturday, Sept. 24th, at the University of Winnipeg. Over 30 languages were represented. **Harry Schellenberg** was a member of the steering committee which organized the conference, which received funds from the federal Department of Secretary of State and the provincial departments of Education and Cultural Affairs/Historical Resources.

Members of the community are invited to attend Saturday coffee parties at the International Centre, 700 Elgin Avenue, from 10:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. to meet with newcomers to the city.



County Court **Judge J. Barkman** of Steinbach was recently sworn in as chief county court judge in the province at the Law Courts Building in Winnipeg. Judge Barkman graduated from Manitoba Law School in 1951. He practised law in Steinbach from 1951 to 1972 until he was appointed county court judge in April, 1972. During the ceremony former Chief Justice Samuel Freedman called Judge Barkman "hard-working and even-handed". "He exemplifies what a judge should be", said Freedman.

COMING EVENTS

- October 18, 19: J. J. Thiessen lectures, C.M.B.C.
- October 20, 21: Mennonite Studies Lectures.
- October 21: Mennonite Community Orchestra, 8:00 p.m. Young United Church.
- November 4, 5: Symposium on inter-Mennonite relations at MBBC, Wpg.
- November 24: Premiere showing of the film, "And When They Shall Ask". Centennial Concert Hall.
- November 25, 26: MCC (Manitoba) annual meeting at Portage Ave. MB Church, Winnipeg.

Carole Sawatzky, of Winnipeg, has begun a 10-month voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Winnipeg with the Development Education Drama team. She just recently graduated from the Fort Richmond Collegiate and had a number of part-time summer jobs throughout her high school years. She attends the Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg, where her parents, Peter and Anne Sawatzky live.



John and Elizabeth Peters of Dauphin will be working in a teacher resource center in Jos, Nigeria, for the next three years with Mennonite Central Committee. John last worked in employment services in Dauphin, and Elizabeth taught in Gilbert Plains, Man. He received his bachelor of arts from University of Manitoba in 1972 and his bachelor's in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. He received his teaching certificate from Manitoba Teachers' College in Winnipeg. Elizabeth received her bachelor of education from University of Manitoba in 1976. She also received her teaching certificate from Manitoba Teachers' College. The Peters have previously served with MCC — he in 1964 at the Rosthern (Sask.) Youth Farm as a farm worker, and she in 1967 in Perth, Ont., working at Camp Merrywood for crippled people. The Peters are members of St. Paul's United Church in Gilbert Plains, Man.



Anita Ens of Winnipeg, is joining her parents in Kampala, Uganda, for a one-year term with Mennonite Central Committee. Her assignment is undetermined. Anita's parents work at Makerere University in Kampala. Adolf Ens is a professor, and Anna Ens is a librarian. Anita graduated from Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna, in June. She is a member of Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg.



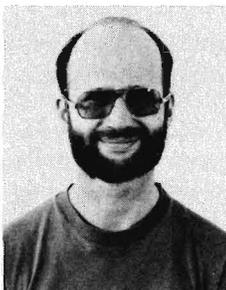
Lawrence and Margaret Peters, of Winkler, Manitoba, have begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee at Attawapiskat, Ontario, where they will serve as teacher and nurse, respectively, in a native community. Lawrence graduated with a Bachelor of Education in English/Math from the University of Winnipeg in 1981. Margaret received her diploma in Nursing from the Grace Hospital School of Nursing in 1981. They are members of the Emmaus Fellowship in Winkler. Their parents are Jake and Lydia Peters, and George and Mary Baerg, all of Winkler.

John Longhurst, Winnipeg, has begun a two-year local voluntary service assignment in the MCC Canada office, in the Information Services department. He is replacing Robb Nickel, who left this position after three years, to go into full-time studies at Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. John graduated with a BRS degree from the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in 1979, and from the University of Winnipeg with a B.A. in History and Religious Studies in 1980. Since that time he has served as associate editor with

the *Mennonite Brethren Herald* in Winnipeg, and for one year with the Mennonite Brethren Board of Missions and Services. In this connection he spent four months overseas as a travelling reporter/correspondent/photographer. Longhurst is married to the former Christine Epp, and they are members of the River East M.B. church, Winnipeg.



Miles Reimer, of Winnipeg, has begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as a Youth Worker at Youth For Christ in Saskatoon, Sask. He has attended the Mennonite Brethren Bible College, and was recently employed at Winnipeg Welding Supplies. He is a member of the Braeside EMC church in Winnipeg, where his parents, Peter and Marie Reimer live.



Richard Noël, of Winnipeg, has begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee as administrator in the Disabled Peoples International organization. Prior to coming to Winnipeg he served several months as secretary/assistant to the director in the Montreal House of Friendship. He attended the Bellerive Evangelical Lutheran Community church in Quebec. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. Gerard Noël, live in Sherbrooke, Quebec.

M.C.I. in Gretna opened the school year with a Homecoming on Sept. 18th, attended by over 300 people. Enrollment at the school this year is 166 students. **Mr. John Dyck** is a new teacher on staff; **Martha and Virlon Unruh** are new houseparents; **Mr. Phil Bender** and **Mr. Lawrence Friesen** are serving as part-time French teachers.

your word

A NOTE TO CLARITY

In response to your article in the September issue on "MCC Thrift Shops" my children and I feel the need to add a perspective not mentioned by the writer and that is the warm support and encouragement given to me by my husband Henry Baerg. His sudden passing in spring has moved us to focus our thoughts often on his service for the Lord.

We were called jointly to serve in Germany with the "Umsiedler" under MCC and IMO in the deaconate ministry. We appreciate the interest in the MCC Thrift Shops shown by the *Mennonite Mirror* and my involvement therein but my husband's role also needed to be mentioned and our service in Germany clarified.

Henry is now in the presence of our Lord but for us, his family, it is a part of the memory we will always cherish.

Sincerely yours,
Justina Baerg and children
Winnipeg

WOULD BE MISSED

Thank you for the reminder to renew my subscription to the *Mirror*.

I enjoy it very much and surely would miss it if I neglected its renewal. I especially enjoy the stories written by Rhinehart Friesen and Hannah Friesen, as well as the rest of the *Mirror*. Keep up the good work!

Marlene Plett



Kathy Elizabeth Harder, of Brandon, is beginning a two-year voluntary service assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Langley, B.C., where she will be serving in the Out of School Care Program. In 1981-82 she attended Red River Community College in Winnipeg and Assiniboine Community College in Brandon. Since then she has been working with Respite Care. She is a member of the Grace Mennonite Church in Brandon, Manitoba, where her parents, John and Anne Harder live.

HOLDEMAN COMMENT

I would especially like one issue of the recent one that has the Holdeman article in it.

... My husband is an invalid. Has been in a nursing home for 14 years. He is still a holy saint in that church. I was expelled in 1977. Went through a terrible torture then. They tried to murder people spiritually. The little that I had, they destroyed in me. I was a mental wreck then. So I've tried to get myself together. As where could I go but to the Lord and to God's word. I have more under my feet than what I ever did before. Praise the Lord. Though I do have my share of trials and testings, since there is always that church wall, between me and my husband. Maybe a good thing we can't live together, as he would be that kind. He is so stuck with that church. I've attended the EE Free church the past six years here in Steinbach. Thanks be to God. It has hurt. But sure has helped many of us to get to see and learn to build on the word of God rather than the church.

Sincerely
Kathryn Penner (Claude)
Steinbach

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A New Mennonite Journal

The new Mennonite journal we have been waiting for has at last appeared. The first issue of *Journal of Mennonite Studies* deals with Mennonite studies in many areas. There are articles on Mennonite studies in history, sociology, economics, political science, literature, geography, education, psychology and religion.

Authors of articles include such names as Ted Regehr, Leo Driedger, Calvin Redekop, John Redekop, Roy Vogt, Harry Loewen, Bill Klassen, Gerald Friesen, Peter Erb, and others. There is also a substantial review of Frank Epp's *Mennonites in Canada, 1920-1940. A People's Struggle for Survival*, Vol. 2, which was published last year. The *Journal* issue concludes with a reflection on the future of Mennonite studies by John Lapp of Goshen College.

The first issue of the *Journal* is not only important because it is the first, but because it summarizes in an exhaustive manner what has been and is being done in all areas of Mennonite studies in North America. Anyone who is seriously interested in any aspect of Mennonite studies cannot afford to by-pass this first issue. Especially educators, pastors, ministers and students in colleges and universities will benefit from the articles of the *Journal*.

The *Journal* is published by the Chair in Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg, in cooperation with the Mennonite Literary Society, Canadian Mennonite Bible College, and Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society.

Subscriptions and/or donations should be sent to: The Editor, *Journal of Mennonite Studies*, University of Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 2E9. The cost of a subscription is only \$6 per issue (the first issue contains 208 pages). For donations to the *Journal* income tax receipts will be issued promptly.



Gnadenenthal 1880-1980

A review by Andre Oberle

In 1980 Gnadenenthal celebrated its Centennial. To mark the occasion a committee involving eight present and former Gnadenenthal residents under the chairmanship of J. P. Redekopp produced a book to serve as a record of life in Gnadenenthal during its first one hundred years. Mrs. Elisabeth Peters became the editor of the volume.

The authors of the book are to be congratulated for the thoroughness with which they handled their difficult task in examining every aspect of the village's life in word and image. Their painstaking research and commitment to the project is evident throughout the book. The work is divided into six chapters.

In the first chapter, "Gnadenenthal 1880-1924," Paul F. Peters presents a detailed account of Mennonite life in the Ukraine and of the Mennonite migrations to Gnadenenthal. The author then investigates the daily life of the pioneers and he does so with sympathy and admiration. He also takes a close look at the administration of the village over the last one hundred years and its relationship with the outside world. Mr. Peters concludes his chapter with a sympathetic account of the exodus of the inhabitants of Gnadenenthal to Mexico in 1922-24.

In the second chapter, entitled "Religion," Ruth Sawatzky Bock deals with the years 1924-1982. She relates the arrival of the Russländer and investigates the religious organization of the town. The thoroughness of the author is to be highly commended as she examines

sensitively the various aspects of religious life in Gnadenenthal.

In his chapter on Education (1923-1982), Ben Sawatzky covers the same time-span with a focus on the school life and related activities of the village. His detailed account of the contributions made by the various teachers of Gnadenenthal is particularly valuable and a fitting tribute to the individuals who gave so much to the youth of Gnadenenthal.

Chapter four, written by Mary Ellen Neufeld, is entitled "Agriculture" and presents a detailed investigation of the economic factors that came to shape the village. In her thorough examination she also illuminates the changing lifestyles of Gnadenenthal's citizens as the village prospered.

Margaret Peters Froese gives a most interesting account of "Social and Cultural Aspects" in chapter five. Her description of the musical life of Gnadenenthal and of the way various festivities were celebrated provide valuable insights indeed into the village's life over the past one hundred years. Some readers may be quite amazed to find how many musicians of national and international repute have come to us from Gnadenenthal.

The final chapter, written by Mary Ellen Neufeld, reminisces about the Centennial Celebrations held in Gnadenenthal during July 19 and 20, 1982. Those who witnessed this memorable occasion will find a fine summary of events here. Those who did not participate will appreciate the fact that the

author has managed to catch the atmosphere of that event as well.

The book *Gnadenthal 1880-1980* is very well written, diligently researched and profusely illustrated with photographs, maps and tables. Reminiscences of many residents quoted in the book give valuable insights into the life and atmosphere in Gnadenthal. A great many of the photographs are simple snapshots and lend a pleasing informal character to the book. The volume reminds one in many ways of the school year books in that almost every reader will find familiar faces within its covers.

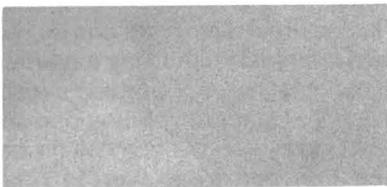
The story of Gnadenthal will be of interest not only to those readers who know and love Gnadenthal personally but also to every reader who is interested in finding out more about everyday life in rural Manitoba during the past one hundred years.

Gnadenthal History Book Committee. Gnadenthal 1880-1980. Edited by Elizabeth Peters. Altona: D. W. Friesen, 1982. 232 pages, Hardcover. (For information about the book write to: Gnadenthal History Book Committee, Box 367, Winkler, Man., R0G 2X0.)

Andre Oberle is Associate Professor of German at the University of Winnipeg.

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review

Der Mut zur Barmherzigkeit

Eine Rezension von Helmut-Harry Loewen

In einer frühen Schrift, die eine Kritik der Philosophie Hegels zum Thema hat, schreibt der junge Karl Marx, dass „radikal sein“ heisst, „die Sache an der Wurzel fassen. Die Wurzel für den Menschen aber ist der Mensch selbst.“ Diese Sätze könnte man als Motto für die schriftstellerische Tätigkeit Johannes Harders wählen, denn das Menschliche (und nicht weniger: die Unmenschlichkeit der Menschen) stellt das grosse Thema der umfangreichen politischen, religionsphilosophischen, und literarischen Schriften dieses genialen Denkers dar.

Der deutsche Doktor von Moskau, ein Roman, der ursprünglich 1940 in Stuttgart erschien und der jetzt in seiner fünften Auflage wiedererschienen ist, gibt die Geschichte eines wahren Menschenfreundes wieder. Erzählt wird vom 1780 geborenen rheinländischen Augenarzt Dr. Friedrich Joseph Haas, der 1806 von einem russischen Fürsten nach Moskau gelockt wird, wo er einen raschen Aufstieg in den höfischen Kreisen erlebt. 1825 entscheidet sich dieser Freund des grossen deutschen Philosophen Schellings und der Brüder Turgeniews die Stelle des Stadtarztes von Moskau zu übernehmen. Zwei Jahre später wird er zu einer führenden Position im Gefängniswesen ernannt, wo er das Leiden zahlloser Schuldiger und Schuldloser vor Augen hat. Die nach Sibirien Verbannten sind „die klaffende“ Wunde in einem auf nackter Gewalt beruhenden System“, wie der Autor in einem neuen Nachwort schreibt. Das Engagement des deutschen Doktors für die am Rande der Gesellschaft (kaum) lebenden Menschen, ob Kranke oder Verbrecher, ob Arme oder Entwurzelte, macht ihn zur Legende,

zum Heiligen in den niederen und erniedrigten Schichten Moskaus, aber sein Eintreten für die vom Leben Beschädigten stösst ihn aus den höheren Kreisen, in denen er sich einst bewegte.

Aus der Sichtweise der Unterdrückten erscheint die Welt als ein Jammerthal. Es ist eine Welt, die, fern der gesunden, gehobenen, und glänzenden Kreise der fürstlichen Schichten des vorrevolutionären Russlands, eine kranke, geschundene, und dunkle ist. An einer Stelle schreibt der Erzähler: „Allmählich gewöhnen sich die Augen an die Dunkelheit. Da stehen Männer und Frauen, Greise und Kinder. Ein hockendes Weib nährt einen Säugling, auf den seine lautlos geweinten Tränen fallen. An den Wänden kriecht Ungeziefer. Der Dunst dieser Menschen schlägt wie ein Pesthauch durch die halbgeöffnete Tür. Das Gemurmel in der grossen Zelle verstummt langsam. Nur ein paar Kranke krächsen und husten. Ein Fluch geht in einem tiefen Seufzer unter.“ (S. 163) Es ist ein Seufzer der leidenden, menschlichen Kreatur, die die Ohren des Doktors vernehmen, und es sind Schreie, die er nicht vergessen kann, denn „es ist so viel Leid in diesem lieben Volk“ (S. 192).

Die Welt, wie sie im Roman dargestellt wird, ist eine der Kontraste. Die Oberschichten leben von der Frohn der Mühseligen und Unterdrückten. Glanz und Elend des zaristischen Reiches werden plastisch beschrieben. Aber trotz der Dunkelheit des Lebens in den vergessenen Ecken dieser Gesellschaft findet der Doktor Hoffnungsfunken. Er sagt: „Ich habe hier ein Leben lang gelernt, wohin wir alle gehören, und wir sind in diese finstere Welt, die doch auch wieder so viel Licht und Glück hat, nur darum geschickt, damit wir einander nach Hause helfen. Wenn so ein

Vergessener ein Fünkchen von diesem Licht sieht, ein bischen Glück erfährt, dann wird ihm geholfen . . . Da sprechen sie von Verbrechen, Krankheit, oder Unglück — aber es hängt alles zusammen, aus diesen drei Fäden wird das schwarze Tuch, das sich immer wieder vor die Augen der Menschen hängt, gewebt. Und man muss es zerreißen, zurückschlagen, damit sie nicht verzweifeln.“ (S. 238-239) Mitleid wird mit dem Imperativ eng verknüpft, wobei es als die dringendste menschliche Aufgabe verstanden wird, die soziale Verhältnisse aufzuheben, in denen der Mensch eine vernechtete, verachtete, und versklavte Existenz führt.

Johannes Harder hat dieses Buch zu einer Zeit veröffentlicht (1940), in der Begriffe wie „Fanatismus“, „Mut“, und „Heldentum“ politisch verfälscht wurden, um die Zwecke des Faschismus zu dienen. Fern dieser unmenschlichen Ideologie kehrt er diese Begriffe um, humanisiert sie, in dem er ihren verdeckten, radikalen Ursprung im Menschlichen ent-deckt. Gegen den Fanatismus eines lebensnegierenden „Blut und Boden“-Rassismus, schreibt er vom „Fanatismus des Guten“, wie er im Bemühen des Doktors, menschliches Elend aufzuheben, zum Ausdruck kam. Im Kontrast zum Pseudo-Heldentum des „nordischen Mannes“, gibt er den Begriff des Helden eine radikalere, weil menschlichere Wendung, in dem er wahres Heldentum als „Mut zur Barmherzigkeit“ versteht. Schliesslich zeigt er — ähnlich wie sein Freund, der russische Germanist Lew Kopelew —, dass es viele Gemeinsamkeiten zwischen dem deutschen und dem russischen Volke gibt. Der aufmerksame Leser wird vieles von Harders Roman lernen, denn er zwingt — mit der sanften Hand eines schreibenden Meisters — zum Nachdenken über Ich, Wir, Welt, und Heimat. Möge das Buch eine werte und breite, wenn auch verspätete Leserschaft wieder finden.

Johannes Harder, Der deutsche Doktor von Moskau (Giessen: Wilhelm Schmitz Verlag, 1983), 277 pp. und Nachwort.

Helmut-Harry Loewen, who has recently returned from two years of study at the Universitaet Mannheim, West Germany, is now writing his doctoral thesis on the Jewish philosopher Walter Benjamin and is teaching German part-time at the University of Winnipeg.

Auls Eck Koa Foahre Lead

Von John C. Neufeld

“Nu hab eck gaunz jenoach. Emma wann eck groats waut auntjefonge hab onn bat aewre Ohre enn dee Oabeit sie dann tjemst du opp onn wellst jefeat senni. Daut ess hechste Tied daut du foahre leascht,” saed miene leewe Gret to mie auls wie latzt vonn dee Staut trigkaume, woa eck wichtje Jeschafte too besorje haud.

“Horch moal,” saed eck too Gret, “Du hast emma soone goode Biefall, oaba ditt ess ena vonn dee baste. Morje fang eck aun foahre too leahre wann du mie woascht wiese wo daut mott.”

Aum naechsten Dach sad eck mie hinja daut Stia onn Gret sad sich bie mie han.

“Tjitj moal,” saed see, “daut Koa foahre ess gaunz eenfach. Drei dissen Schwengel nopp, schuw den Knoop nenn, tratj dissen Knupps rut, stiej opp daut Dink doa unje, onn wach best.”

Miene Auntwoat wea, “Na daut ess doch eenfach jenoach. “Oaba bie mie selbst docht eck soo, “Du hast nicht mett mie jeraekent”.

“Oaba waut ess ditt,” wull eck weete.

“Daut ess die Haundbrams. Dee hoalt maun aun wann maun dichtig enne Eng ess, onn seha schwind stell hoole mott,” saed Gret.

“Waut mott maun doane wann dee Bramse moal nich hoole,” wea miene Froag.

Auls wann daut soo gaunz selbsverstaendlich ess gauf see mie den Roat, “Dann stia opp waut billjit opptoo.”

Aum Aunfang prust onn host onn tetjad daut Auto den Wach entlang, auls soo een neckschet Kauf. Oaba dann ferr eene gaunze Meil, jink aules soo

glaut auls wann maun opp Eia foaht. Mien Selbstvertrue steach hundat Prozent. “Soo nu verstoah eck uck too foahre,” docht eck soo bie mie. Onn doabie steach eck dichtig opp dem Geshewel onn gauf amm Tijitt. Gret tjitjt mie soo een baet beaengstlich vonne Sied aun.

“Horch eenmoal,” saed eck too Gret, “mie heat sich daut soo auls wann dee Zylindasch klaupre.”

“Ach du heascht aul wada waut. Daut sent aewerhaupt miene Tjneje,” wea aere Auntwoat.

Aules jink auls jeschmaeat bat wie bie eenim roden Licht aunhoole musste. Dee Motoa bleev stohne. Daut Licht wachselde vonn rot opp jreen, dann wada rot onn jreen. Een Polizist kaum aewa.

“Na waut ess hia loos,” saed hee, “hab wie tjeene Foawe dee die jefaulde?”

Een Polizist, onn dannmoal soowaut too froage wann eck auls verreckt hia trock, doa dreid ommzacht onn toojlick omm daen Motoa enn Gang too brinje. Mett eenmoal hab eck doch daut rechtje jedoane. Daut Auto sprunk opp auls soo een Hoas, streept daen Polizist onn eenen Bus dee jroats verbie foah, sprunk aewa daen Wachraund onn baulad jaejen eenen Boom. Dee Polizist kaum wada aewa. Gret frintelt am vonn Oha bat Oha aul von wiet aun omm am een baet milda too stemme, onn saed too gaunz unbefange, “Hee leat foahre.”

“Waut Kuckuck. Na daut haud eck mie nie jedocht. Wolang saul disse Lektion noch aunhoole? Doa sent noch andre Lied dee dissen Wach brucke welle soo boalt auls mien Sonneschien doamett voadich ess,” saed hee.

**idylle für sharipha
göttingen 1983**

ich sitze im garten
wo jenseits der rosenhecke
die weite beginnt
es ist eine blaue
grüne
goldene
weite
diese unendliche vertrocknete weite
kann die feuchte nähe küssender lippen
nicht ersetzen
es ist eine entfernung
die in der verdichtung der erinnerung
aufgehoben wird
mit gelassenheit sehe ich
dein blühendes gesicht in der mittagshitze
durchschimmern
und ich kann vernehmen
das süsse ertönen eines
fernen elysiums

von Helmut-Harry Loewen



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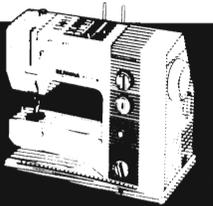
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Why Mennonites should help protect the right of French Canadians

The question of French language rights in Manitoba has occasioned, and continues to occasion, vigorous discussion and considerable ire, as much in the Mennonite community as any other.

Those who oppose the proposed federal-provincial agreement appear to be unaware of the facts — that Canada is a country which is historically and constitutionally composed of two nations; that French *and* English have always been the official languages of its legislature, laws, courts and schools. Manitoba was the first new province to enter Confederation, and the Manitoba Act of 1870 made French and English the official languages of the courts and legislature. An English majority in 1890 illegally and unconstitutionally enacted legislation making English the sole official language of the province.

This 1890 decision is now being challenged — and rightly so. The vehicle is the simple matter of a parking ticket. Roger Bilodeau is prepared to go to the Supreme Court of Canada to argue that this should be written in two languages. Manitoba's two top constitutional lawyers, according to *Free Press* writer, Frances Russell, agree that the province risks anarchy if the Supreme Court were to rule that Manitoba was required by its 1870 constitution to pass all laws in English and French.

Regardless of the hypothetical outcome of any Supreme Court decision, the main issue remains one of justice and due regard to the constitution.

Rather than risk this Supreme Court decision, Attorney-General Roland Penner opened negotiations with Ottawa and the Société Franco-Manitobaine to draft a constitutional amendment heading off the Bilodeau case, now adjourned before the Supreme Court. The amendment appears to this writer to be eminently reasonable and a satisfactory resolution for both English and French. It gives the province until January 1, 1987, to provide French language services at government head offices, Crown corporations, agencies and boards, and another 10 years to translate into French some 14,000 pages of laws and regulations. It also provides Manitoba with \$2.4 million in federal money to assist the province in translation and the provision of French services where warranted.

In announcing the draft agreement, the minister emphasized that it does not impose any obligations on the vast majority of Manitobans who do not speak French. It does not affect any individual, corporation or non-governmental in-

stitutions nor any municipality or school board. If one takes the time to read through the draft agreement, one wonders what has aroused all the furore. No one is being harmed, or forced to speak or read French, and a long-standing injustice is being corrected.

What is particularly surprising to this writer is the response of parts of the Mennonite community, including some of those who represent our community in the legislature. One Mennonite MLA informed the House that the French-language policies of the government are divisive. Surely they become "divisive" only when they encounter such opposition. It is particularly shameful that the issue has become politicised, with each side accusing the other of attempting to use this issue to gain the votes of certain sections of the community.

Perhaps our memories are too short. Surely Mennonites, who appreciate the privilege of exemption from military service, should be zealous in guarding the rights and privileges of other minority groups. When the Mennonites first came to Canada they were promised complete freedom in the education of their children, a promise which was later revoked when provincial control of their schools was forced upon them. While this promise should have been observed, it was not equivalent to a constitutional guarantee such as that given to the French-Canadians. Knowing the feeling of betrayal that such events can cause, we should be sensitive to the hurts of others.

When an ad-hoc group of Mennonites presented a brief to the legislative committee, supporting the French community and the proposed legislation, some of the sharpest questioning came from Mennonite committee members. They implied that an ad-hoc group of approximately 20 people in no way represented the Mennonite community as a whole. That may well be. It should be made clear, however, that the group does represent a significant number of Mennonites from all church conferences, and of all political persuasions, who believe in justice. They join with the majority of ethnic groups in Manitoba who recognize the importance of supporting minority rights.

As Christians, we are enjoined to love our neighbours as ourselves. As Mennonites, can we not put aside our political biases and, remembering that love and justice are inextricable, join the fight for the rights of our francophone neighbours?

— by Ruth Vogt

Every good gift and every perfect gift
is from above. James 1:17



Good gifts

In the coming holiday season we remember the gifts God has given us—food, health and the gift of His Son.

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At Christmas MCC provides food for poor families in the U.S. \$15 sends a bag of groceries.

Women of the Mennonite Church of Zaire hold women's seminars that include Bible study, nutrition and sewing. Participants then lead seminars in surrounding villages. \$15 trains one leader. \$175 buys materials for one seminar.

Covered cisterns in West Bank hold water from the brief rainy season for irrigation in dry months. \$235 builds one cistern.

In Prince Albert, Sask., VSers offer a program for youth prone to delinquency. \$50 pays for group activities for a month. \$15 sponsors a youth camper.

There are few school supplies in rural Bolivian classrooms. \$15 buys maps, a blackboard or textbooks. \$100 equips one classroom.

MCC is sending canned beef to drought victims in Zambia. 44¢ ships one pound. \$18 sends a 42-pound carton.

MDS is repairing 20-30 flooded homes for low-income families in Louisiana. Materials to repair one home cost \$3,000. Donations of any amount will help a family return home.

In Bangladesh women piece blankets for hospitals and orphanages. \$5 provides materials for one blanket. This year's goal is 6,000 blankets.

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