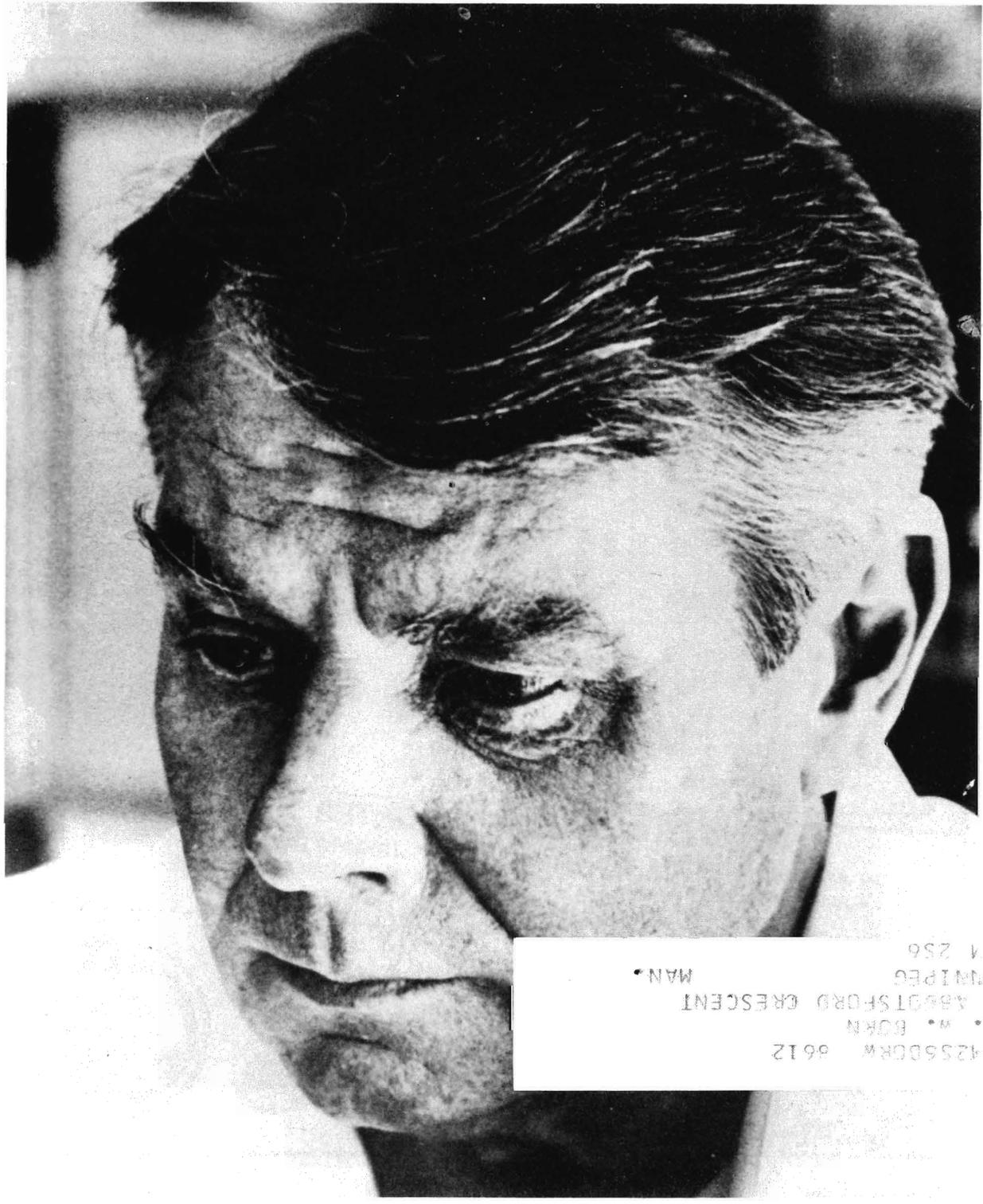


mennonite mirror

volume 14/number 7

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ForeWord

It is a rare leader who can take a group of diverse individuals and blend their unique characteristics into something that surprises them all and transcends everything anyone reasonably expected. Such appears to have been the case with the visit of Robert Shaw to Winnipeg and his participation in the church music seminar. One hesitates to describe it as "his participation," because Mr. Shaw was much more than a mere participant. People came expecting a once-in-a-lifetime experience; at the very minimum they received it. One can only admire Mr. Shaw for accepting an invitation to conduct a non-professional choir comprised entirely of people he had no opportunity of selecting through audition. It took courage not only to accept the challenge but also of putting one's reputation on the line. The experience of singing under Mr. Shaw's direction was such that two people were moved to write about it. Wesley Berg, who teaches music at the University of Alberta, points out that we all know that perfection, or something like it, is a quality that can be achieved if we but work for it, at the same time he says, Mr. Shaw showed us how that achievement may be attained. David D. Duerksen, a retired teacher, writes on Mr. Shaw's lecture at a special service for the singers in the Elmwood MB Church where he made some observations on the role of art and music in worship.

Mary Enns spent a good part of this past summer in Europe, an extended stay that included a trip to the Soviet Union. She expected the U.S.S.R. Tour to provide useful background for a writing project, and found that it delivered much more.

There is a third instalment of the translation of *Eine Mutter*, which this time is the rather sad episode of a youth whose fragile grasp on sanity is lost; a loss that is followed by his disappearance.

Journalism is a career that is as interesting and relevant as the practioner makes it. One person who takes his career seriously and whose career is unusual even for journalism is John Sawatsky, a man who spent part of his childhood in Manitoba but who grew up in British Columbia. He is the kind of journalist who will not stop with the superficial answer and who avoids pursuing the "fad" stories. He looks at the stories others are ignoring or at areas where the "story" is not yet evident. The article in this issue, re-printed from a recent issue of *Content*, a magazine for Canadian journalists, provides an insight into Mr. Sawatsky's journalism career.

Many of our usual features are in this issue. As you encounter them, please take the time to read at least part of each one.

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Robert Shaw

A glimpse of the perfection we know is attainable but rarely achieved

by Wesley Berg

Robert Shaw: An evocative name for many of us. I can still recall the sounds of the "Hallelujah Chorus" or "He Watching Over Israel" from my father's old Robert Shaw Chorale recording whenever I want to. Or need to. A colleague confesses that it is the inspiration gained at a Shaw workshop that has sustained him through many hours and years of rehearsals. I remember another friend, well-trained in the craft of beating time, who came back from a week under Shaw a changed person. He had finally learned something about the art of music. It is also well-known that Shaw has become an orchestral conductor, a task for which many choral conductors are technically and temperamentally unsuited. That change of career is viewed with some regret — if only the Chorale would go on tour one more time! — but also with admiration for the wide-ranging talent it indicates. And everyone who has taken part in a church choir, male choir, or community choir has sung one of the arrangements

he and Alice Parker have done. A figure of legendary proportions for Mennonite choral singers and conductors, a figure about to become flesh during the sixth Church Music Seminar held in Winnipeg from January 20-25, 1985.

As the excitement and anticipation mount, we begin to hear about the demands he is going to make on us. This is obviously not to be a week of slapping together a concert as best we can, hoping to be excused because we have less than a week together and, of course, there are workshops to attend and visiting to do. We will be asked to perform at the highest levels of artistry and sensitivity. Grim warnings are given about how uncompromising and particular Mr. Shaw can be. Tangible evidence of his meticulous approach to rehearsals has been presented to us in the form of marked scores that everyone is to copy. Even the organizers of the event seem to

have some doubts about the wisdom of his coming. Just why is he coming? Will he be embarrassed? Will he embarrass us? Where will we stand when measured by international standards? Just what implications does this have for the traditions of choral singing that we have developed and cherished over the years? On the other hand, we are told that this will be the finest choral ensemble ever to be gathered in Winnipeg.

When the host finally assembles on Sunday evening, having participated in regional rehearsals the previous Sunday, the promise of quality turns out to be accurate. The sound is glorious. We had been told there would be 40 tenors. Now we count 72. Later, Mr. Shaw will assure us that "not even the Mormons in Salt Lake City have so many tenors and basses!" But it soon becomes apparent that the 275-voice choir finds it difficult to sing softly. In spite of repeated admonitions to save our voices the volume mounts, voices become strained, and some of us look forward to

seeing how Shaw will deal with the problem. And how we will respond. Will it be possible to tame this magnificent beast in less than a week of rehearsals? It isn't hard to think of other large choirs where the basses never did learn to sing on pitch or in time. But it is hard to think of a choir that has had a bass section quite like this.

The first two rehearsals are led by Bill Baerg and George Wiebe, with John Martens in charge of the smaller Bach choir. We hear again and again that Shaw does not plan to work on notes. We have heard this at other workshops, of course, but this time it has been taken seriously. Although many of us have never sung the Brahms *Requiem*, the singing is secure, with just a few spots needing work. It is becoming clear that Shaw's uncompromising demands are probably the only way to achieve a first-rate performance under such circumstances. In the meantime the conducting and organ seminars, repertoire reading and hymn singing sessions begin. One of the wonderful aspects of this year's seminar is the fact that it is spread over six days rather than a weekend. This makes for a much more humane rehearsal schedule.

Not quite so austere and forbidding as we had been led to expect, a bit folksier and slightly more genial than his reputation would have suggested. But even the cheerful "*Goode Morjes!*" with which Shaw greets us on Tuesday morning is given with the same intensity that characterizes his conducting. As the rehearsals progress our anticipation and trepidation turn to admiration and respect. There is nothing to fear so long as we share his passion for detail and his concern for accurately presenting what the composer has written, and so long as we are prepared to concentrate completely on singing as beautifully as we can. There are minute instructions on where to place accents, on when to begin a diminuendo, and exactly how to get precision from a large choir at the end of a note or phrase. We learn that expressiveness for a large ensemble resides in the accurate translation of the score into sound, "where the architecture of the music matches the nobility of the text." There are also poetic images. "Expressive enough to squeeze one tear, but not enough to break a heart." "Hell isn't eternal fire, it's rabid dogs tearing at your limbs and face!"

The results are astonishing. We sing a true, shimmering pianissimo of incredible power and intensity, the ends of words and phrases acquire a unity of purpose and execution that makes each

moment in the rehearsal a satisfying musical experience in itself, and as we sing beat numbers instead of text the contrapuntal lines in the fugues begin to coil and mesh with exhilarating precision. Detailed, highly technical instructions to the sopranos on how to achieve a proper crescendo in the phrase that begins the last movement result in a moment of extraordinary beauty and emotional impact. There are basses on the other side of the room who are glad they don't have to sing until the next page so that they have a moment to compose themselves. How does he do it! Of course he has 45 years of experience, but most of us have asked choirs to do similar things. The difference is that here we have remembered to do what we were told. Indeed, we have begun to improve without being told. At first it seems hard to explain, but eventually one begins to realize that along with knowing exactly what to do, Shaw brings to his work such an outpouring of energy and such total concentration and conviction that not to do what he asks is unthinkable.

The morning before we meet the orchestra, we start the day off by offering Mennonite citizenship to Mr. Shaw. An

operation removing part of the brain, after which he will speak nothing but Low German, is rejected as inappropriate for a man who may have to work with Mormons next week. A second alternative, baptism by one of the two official methods, proves to be a sensitive issue in a group equally divided between GCs and MBs. So we retreat to neutral territory once more and immerse ourselves in the music of Brahms.

Leaving the womb of the rehearsal hall proves to be a shock. Greater distances and the presence of an orchestra demand a kind of visual attentiveness that was unnecessary in the smaller college halls. A new seating arrangement, new singing partners, brighter lights — and the first rehearsal with the orchestra is a disaster! "What went wrong?" we wonder. Just when we thought we were doing so well! But our feeling of privilege and pride at having been a part of this group grows when the next rehearsal goes magically well, with very few words having been said. At the dress rehearsal Mr. Shaw thanks us for "one of the most beautiful experiences of my life." Does he really mean that? Not only have we been privileged to work with one of the great choral conductors

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of our time, but it is becoming clear that this may be one of the finest choirs we will ever sing in as well.

Many singers, especially those from outside Winnipeg, who have been able to concentrate completely on music all week, are beginning to think reluctantly of returning to their home churches. Will it ever be the same? At the moment it is hard to imagine that one could ever try to do *"Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen"* with a church choir again. The spell remains unbroken at the Friday morning worship service in the Elmwood Mennonite Brethren Church. The congregational singing is heavenly, the Heritage Singers under George Wiebe tear at our heartstrings as they sing a group of Mennonite *Kernlieder*, and the combined college choirs provide a vivid example of how doctrinal and denominational differences can be transcended through music. Robert Shaw comes from a long line of preachers and looks very comfortable behind the pulpit as he gives the sermon. As creatures called to participate in Creation, he tells us, the church is the logical and obvious place in which to express our creativity, and the arts will become an increasingly important medium of creative expression as material resources dwindle and populations grow.

The final concert is a triumph. Not because the audience rises spontaneously in a warm ovation. Not for us, or even for Robert Shaw. It is a triumphant demonstration of how passionate concern for detail and a total commitment to the faithful and disciplined interpretation of the score can take us soaring into the realm of the spirit. "Only in the last 10 percent can one hope for the Spirit to do its work." "There can never be too much discipline, only insufficiently motivated discipline." Artists live in a purgatory of perfection, a life requiring rigid discipline in the acquisition of a technique and the pursuit of a vision. But occasionally, beyond the discipline and hard work, there is a fleeting glimpse of the perfection that we sense must be attainable yet rarely know how to achieve. Is it too much to say that we have both tasted, and seen a way to, the Kingdom? That was Robert Shaw's gift to us.

Wesley Berg teaches music at the University of Alberta, Edmonton, and is on sabbatical in Winnipeg this year. He has just finished writing a book on Mennonite choral music.



A Meditation on Worship and Art

by David D. Duerksen

"You may or may not agree with everything that he has to say." With these words CMBC music professor, George Wiebe, introduced the internationally acclaimed choral and symphony conductor Robert Shaw, who gave a lecture on Worship and the Arts from the pulpit of the Elmwood MB Church on Friday, January 25. During the lecture, a prominent Mennonite minister and conference worker sitting next to me whispered: "This is not exactly what we usually hear from Mennonite pulpits." Because what Robert Shaw said was somewhat unusual, also somewhat controversial, we might try to recapture some of his thoughts as sifted through the limited filter of one who is somewhat ill at ease in both the world of the arts and the world of theology.

Shaw began his lecture by discussing the nature of worship. He stated first that the worshiper must approach God with a sense of awe, mystery, sensitivity to and admission of pain, and above all with humility. He illustrated this point by contrasting the strong beat and the almost presumptuous self-confidence reflected in some of the gospel songs in which he was cradled and nurtured, with the much greater dependency, humility, and sensitivity to pain in the lyrics and in the melody of "Amazing

Grace." He further emphasized that the "horizontal" relationship with human beings is an important component of worship. "God is one, but it takes two to find him." He also talked about the value of formal ritualistic worship, where worship becomes an act in which we contemplate both beauty and the eternal.

Next Shaw raised the question of the meaning of art. He elaborated on several meanings. First, he reflected upon art as the flesh become word, that art provides for an exchange of ideas or values otherwise incommunicable, and that "Art is the open hand of man reaching out to his brother."

What do the arts have to offer? Shaw suggested a few answers. They point the way to self-discovery. They are concerned with birth, death, and reincarnation, but never with commercialism. They give us historical perspective, leading us to deal with our own beginnings and to explore our roots.

At this point Shaw raised the question of the artist's responsibility to the church in the matter of worship. The artist ought to give his best, because only the best is good enough for God. In his view the pitfall of developing an esoteric elite of artists could be avoided by generous doses of common sense,

good manners, and humility on the part of all worshipers. The artist ought to bring to his service in the church the right motivation, the skilled craftsmanship necessary, the historical perspective, and the creative miracle of a continuing revelation.

Shaw's final question focused on the responsibility of the church to the arts in worship. Because the worship experience involves the whole person, the church ought to avoid at all costs "a rigidity in the arteries and a softness in the head." The mind cannot be left behind in the worship experience. The church ought to confirm that the Creator's hand is still working in the lives of mankind. If, indeed, there is a Creator, he must be still living and loving. God is creative still, and if mankind was made in his image, the church must provide a home for all that is creative. It must move away from platitudes. While the church has emphasized, and rightly so, Jesus as the Son of God, the way, the truth, and the life, he was also the Son of Man who in his humanity touched the people with whom he lived.

So much for the thoughts of Robert Shaw. Rather tentatively, I would like to add three observations from my stance between the world of the arts and of theology. In first place, it appears to me that the world of theology has not sufficiently exposed itself to the liberalizing and humanizing influence of the world of the arts. Our rigid theological categories have frequently clouded the compassion of Jesus, who said: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Karl Gerok recognized this frequent lack of humanness in Christianity in the line, "*Doch dass ich auch als Christ ein Mensch geblieben — es reut mich nicht.*" Although some would have problems with the theology of Aldous Huxley, his own summary of his works in a nutshell shortly before his death might well be heeded: "Let us be a little kinder to each other." And frequently where our theological barriers have become too high, we might also recall the words of Robert Shaw: "Art is the open hand of man reaching out to his brother."

My second observation relates to the world of the arts. Frequently the road map for life and for death presented in the world of the arts is somewhat vague; at times this map is confusing in its complexity and for many incomprehensible. Here theology has an important contribution to make in providing a sharper focus and a clearer direction of the Way that bridges the waters so safely for us. It behooves members of the artistic community not to shout "platitudes"

and "clichés" too quickly when it comes to the language of worship of their fellow believers. For what may be clichés to some, may be the bread of life to others to sustain them as they cross the bridge over their troubled waters. In making this crossing all of us will need all the help we can get from God.

My final observation relates to both camps. From the vantage point of my lonely valley, it appears to me that we have not sufficiently recognized the commonalities nor explored enough ways of integration in the worlds of the arts and of theology. In the area of the musical arts we seem to have progressed farthest along this way. The merging of the two worlds in a genuine experience of worship was for me climaxed in the most moving rendition of Brahms' "Ein Deutsches Requiem" by the 270-voice Seminar Festival Chorus under the direction of Robert Shaw as a great "Amen" to much of what the celebrated international conductor had tried to express in words earlier that day. The text was scripture, especially close to me because I knew most of it from memory from the German years of my life. In a powerful musical sweep, with most colorful artistic blending of chorus, orchestra, and soloists, the conso-

lation and the comfort of a caring God, and the promise of a future resurrection made me realize that I was not alone in my valley after all, but rather that I was in this worship experience finding beauty and truth and God with the others who rose to give their final applause. Somehow I sensed that this applause was not ultimately for the choirs, the orchestra, the soloists or the conductors, but for Him before whose Love in due time every knee shall bow and whom eventually every tongue will confess as Lord of all.

David Duerksen is a retired High School teacher living in Winnipeg.

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Departure at Frankfurt, Mary Enns, Edwin and Henry Redekopp.

by Mary M. Enns

A search for family roots yields new friends and rich experiences

Our three-month stay in Europe this past summer included 15 days spent in the Soviet Union. Peter's and my travelling companions throughout these 15 days were Henry Redekopp and his son Edwin. The purpose of this private tour was a sort of pilgrimage, a search for roots, a look into the past for each of us. Initially and chiefly, however, it was a journey to seek to provide atmosphere and colour large and small details that might lend themselves to the shaping of a book I had undertaken to write. The project, I should explain, is a somewhat complicated and difficult one in view of its protagonist, a most unusual, controversial yet lovable woman who in her mature years became convinced of her mandate from God — the call to be a prophet, a "watch on the tower." A woman with a strong social consciousness, she was in reality far ahead of her time. Remarkable is the fact that she remained intractable in her convictions and pursued her goals regardless of what some of those close to her thought, or indeed the church, the community. When Henry Redekopp commissioned me to write a book that would honour the memory of his step-mother Selma Redekopp, he decided that a journey to the Soviet Union, where the family's origins were, might provide some sort of clarity as well as stimulation for the project. Any thought of specific research of the subject in Russia was of course out of the question. At the end of the two weeks, however, all four of us knew that our time had been well spent. We realized clearly that this sort of experience does not leave one untouched. Personally, because of some of the things that happened, I knew I would never feel quite the same again.

The Mennonite World Conference is finished and this morning, July 30, Henry and Eddie, Peter and I are on our way to Frankfurt, Germany. There we share coffee and impressions of Strasbourg with a host of Winnipeg friends who are now leaving for Canada. A few hours later we are on our way to Moscow.

On the long drive from Moscow's airport to our Intourist Hotel in city centre we are impressed with the many apartment blocks, grey and drab and strictly utilitarian. Henry guesses there are about 10 times as many cars on the road now than in 1969 when he was here with his son Albert. For Eddie, Peter and myself Moscow, Red Square, the Kremlin, Gum Department Store, the Tretyakov Art Gallery and the evening at the Tchaikowsky Theatre are all first-time experiences and very exciting. Henry speaks a passable Russian, which is fortunate for the rest of us who have tried diligently to work on essential words and phrases in order to enjoy contact with the people with whom we are now to rub shoulders.

Approaching the sixth largest city in Russia, Zaporoshe, by air we see open-pit iron mines. Smog and pollution from smelters make it impossible to keep our

windows open at night. Orange-jacketed women street cleaners are out very early on the city's principal street, the wide, 12-km-long Lenin Prospect. From our balcony we watch them and look beyond to the Dnieper River on the right.

In order to visit some of the former Mennonite villages in the Molochnaya Colony and Khortiza we had earlier arranged to join the tour group led by Dr. John Redekopp. We share a full day with these friends from Waterloo, Vancouver, Kamloops, Kansas and California, accompanied by our guide Olga. In Molochansk (Halbstadt) we are welcomed by the head of the local Soviet (the mayor) in what was once the Heinrich Willms estate, a large property still well preserved and impressive. Willms is even today spoken of as "an honourable citizen." His large flour mill, some distance away, is now used for the production of powered milk. We are shown the Mennonitische Zentralschule, its columns standing firm and strong, the bank, the Maedchenschule, the hospital and the sanitarium for children.

The crops in this area are corn, sunflowers, cucumbers, melons, apricots, cherries, apples, pears and grapes.

Near Tokomka we stop by the roadside for a simple picnic lunch and a comfort break, ladies to the forested right side of the road, men to the left. We eat mulberries off the trees and find them as tasty as our parents had led us to believe. Then we're off to Friedensdorf, Gnadenfeld, Landeskrone and finally Waldheim, the birthplace of Sigrid, Henry's late wife. At one time farm implements were manufactured in her family's (the Neufelds) factory.

Because our time is limited here the two Redekopps decide to take an all-day trip back there on the following day. Now, however, we are taken on a tour of the 13,000-acre collective farm named after General Shurs, a war hero. It would seem that most Canadian tourists are shown this farm, some 10 miles out of Halbstadt. I am intrigued with the bits and pieces Lyena, the young teacher of English language on the farm, tells me over a period of several hours. She initiates a correspondence. She is beside me also at dinner where we are feasted royally and presented with small, typically Russian souvenirs between toasts, speeches and translations. The courtesy and genuine friendliness we are extended here and elsewhere is becoming a pattern we carefully store in our memory banks.

Of particular significance to the Redekopps is our one-day tour to the Old Colony villages of Kronsthal and Osterwick, where Henry spent a part of his early childhood; the two villages are now combined into what is known as Donitchkoya. The 85-year-old Mennonite school is still there. Enormous, brilliant dahlias grow boldly along a picket fence. Morning glories cling to windows, walls and fences. Burgundy red apples tempt passersby when they've torn their eyes away from vineyards luscious with deep purple grapes almost ready for harvest. Gaggles of geese waddle along the side of the road nattering at goats tethered here and there.

The Redekopp home is gone with only a large bare spot showing its exact site. The familiar home of their former neighbour stands intact. Accompanied by our guide as well as the mayor of Donitchkoya, we search in the nearby, neglected cemetery for the graves of Henry's grandparents. The sun broils down on us and the air is heavy and pleasantly pungent with the aroma of weeds growing in profusion. Six or seven sunken, tilting gravestones are the only remainders of what was once a Mennonite cemetery. "Franz Klassen, Maria Wiens" — and, there it is; we

need to bend down low to read the name. It takes several men to straighten it and then, distinctly we read: "Ruhestaette des Gerhard Redekopp, geboren Feb. 15, 1834, gestorben Oct. 11, 1888. Selig sind die Toten die in dem Herrn sterben."

"This is grandfather's grave," Henry says quietly. "And there you see it — our name is spelled with a double "p", not just one. Grandmother's grave can't be far away." Almost lost in weeds, some distance away, we find the other stone: "Maria Funk Redekopp."

A very moving experience for our two friends, the discovery of the burial place of their ancestors. They inquire of the mayor whether they might leave him money to have the two stones restored to a solid upright position. "That will not be necessary," comes the answer, "I will personally see to it."

In Khortiza we are taken to the 700-year-old oak tree, *die alte Eiche*, so well-loved and remembered by the Mennonites. When they first arrived here in an otherwise almost treeless area in the 1780s they took comfort and courage from the solid stability of this beautiful tree. Today wedding parties come to have their photographs taken in front of it. We are told they walk around the splendid wide tree with its strong firm branches, symbolically desiring that some of the beauty and charm of the tree will bring beauty, good fortune and durability to their marriage. We pick a few mulberries and green gage plums nearby and reflect on our good fortune.

On Saturday evening we attend a two-hour Russian Baptist service in an over-filled church on the outskirts of Zaporoshe. An excellent 40-voice youth choir sings in between the four sermons and a lengthy, fervent prayer session. Though three of us understand nothing of what is said we enjoy the reverence, the sincerity, the warmth and friendliness of the people. When they insist we sing for them we do our best with "Amazing Grace" and "Gott ist die Liebe" helped by Eddie's guitar accompaniment. At a 6:30 service on the following morning, 31, mostly older parishioners are baptized in the Dnieper River. Peter and a young man with a movie camera take pictures of the entire service.

From Simferopol in the Crimea we drive the 69 kms through the lush forests of the Crimean Mountains to Yalta. In the twelfth century this was a tiny fishing village, its name taken from the Greek *Yalos*, meaning shore. With its warm climate, its bracing sea air, it is

today a health resort of the first order. Small boats, luxury liners and hydrofoils ply its waters. The beaches are crowded with sun- and salt-water worshippers. Late every night the four of us sit on our balcony drinking *chai* (tea). We luxuriate in the warmth, the total silence and serenity everywhere, our eyes resting on the dark outlines of the park below and round about us. Beyond that the moon cuts a shimmering swath across the waters of the Black Sea in harmony with the twinkling lights of the city's shoreline.

The drive to Lastochkino Gneздо, the Swallows Nest, is through incredibly lovely mountain country. The castle set high on the edge of a cliff directly above the Black Sea was built long ago by a German baron for his beloved. The White Palace Livadia, now a sanitarium, was originally the residence of the Czars and the Imperial court. In 1945 it was the site of the renowned Yalta Conference. We entered the great hall where the three heads of state, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin signed the communiqué which affected the course of history so drastically.

We also visit Anton Chekov's house, set in a forested area, where he wrote, among other things, *The Cherry Orchard*, *The Three Sisters*, *The Fiancée*. Other great people such as Pushkin, the operatic basso Chaliapin and Gorky also lived here at some period in their lives.

We spend five days in Pyatigorsk, Caucasus. Once a military fortress, it is today a health resort richly endowed with mineral springs as well as the Yes-sintuki Mud Baths. From the air we see the snow-covered 18,450 ft. Mount Elbrous. Our plans to go up that mountain are unexpectedly thwarted by road washouts, our guide Ludmilla informs us. Based in Pyatigorsk (meaning "five mountains"), we make good use of our time to take various day tours. Our most important journey into the past takes us to Kochubeevskaya I and II. This is the new name for the former Mennonite sister villages Wohldemfuerst or Velikoknajchkoye (here are the "roots" that led to this trip to Russia in the first place) and Alexanderfeld or Alexanderdorf, das Oberdorf and Unterdorf, respectively. On this two-hour drive we pass an old Mongolian village where according to tradition the house walls facing the street are windowless. We pass the village where Andropov was born and where Suslov lived.

Having taken a wrong turn in the road

we see several bands of gypsies, less colourful than poverty-stricken. They suffer our appearance in their territory without particular interest. Traffic on the Rostov-Baku Highway is surprisingly heavy, pollution belching from every larger vehicle. I feel uneasy because Kostya, our young driver, is taking a few too many passing chances. Out of curiosity we stop at a small market and buy the pitch black sunflower seeds that are eaten in their soft shell, some tiny, sugar-sweet sickle pears and a watermelon to go with the lunch packed for us by our hotel kitchen. We spread a tablecloth on the banks of the Kuban river, a fast flowing, muddy river fed by streams from Mt. Elbrous. We waded in its shallow shore waters in remembrance of our parents who swam and cooled off in it many times. It seems our roots have sent their tendrils even into the banks of the Kuban River.

We walk along the wide main street of Wohldemfuerst, many years ago a prosperous village, now a quiet, non-descript little hamlet almost forgotten in the pursuit of progress. What has happened to the productive orchards, the vineyards, the grain fields, the fine brick houses with their many splendid varieties of roses, the imported ornamental trees? Had I dreamed all these things during my later childhood? Or are they stories I heard lonely settlers in a new country of Canada tell with longing? I remind myself that my parents and my aunt and uncle Friesen walked this very same street. My father proposed marriage to my mother in the widow Fischer's lovely garden. But where is their house and garden? The school is still there, the bank and the Kapelle shared by the MB and the GC congregations for Saengerfeste and wedding receptions. The hospital, shaded by large trees, is now a TB sanitorium where the patients — gaunt, apathetic old men — walk about outdoors in their pajamas and Schlorren, for it is very hot. No one smiles at us.

There is very little Henry can point out as being "theirs" and "ours," or the Reimers' or the Friesens'. He does show us the approximate spot where they could have lived and also where my parents might have lived and I was born. But whatever happened to the sunflower seed mill on my father's yard owned jointly by himself and the late C. A. DeFehr? Or Tante Mascha's store where children could buy penny candy or the big "Lebkuchen" for a kopek? Someone in the village vaguely remembers the name Fischer, my grandmother. The grocery store has plenty of shelves

stocked sparsely with staple foods. The meat counter is nothing like those we take for granted at home. An old crone standing at her gate is sweltering in a sweater, cotton stockings and extra socks inside her "pantoffeln". It takes courage to ask if I might wash my hands under her "rukamoynik". Every early Mennonite used this simple zinc water-container with a dispenser at the bottom. This one hangs on the trunk of a tree. Her yard is crowded with shade trees, a few fruit trees, a vegetable plot, a rabbit hutch, chickens optimistically pecking away in search of bits of grain, and a duck and her 10 ducklings hurrying away to safety because I'm an intruder. I linger, but an invitation to see her little house is not forthcoming. "Dasvidanya," I smile and leave. I realize that this is one of the few times in Russia that my advances were not met with friendliness.

Back in Pyatigorsk at the mineral springs Eddie buys a "kruschka" and we drink the health- and vigour-ensuring sulphur water — that is, we manage by encouraging each other with "down the hatch, fast." Closeby is the Lermontov Gallery. This building, originally constructed in Warsaw, was dismantled by the Russians after World War II and brought into the city. Its stained glass rose window is lovely, but for the most part the building is sadly in need of a few coats of paint. Lermontov, Russia's beloved poet, lived in Pyatigorsk and we are duly impressed with his home, the fine old furnishings, his hand-written poetry, his sketches and paintings. He was a man of the people, opposed to the Czar and the aristocracy, and because of his writings twice exiled to the Caucasus. A great admirer of Byron and Scott, he died in a duel here in 1841 at age 26.

One morning we drive to Suvorovska to search for Henry's earliest roots — his birthplace. Upon repeated inquiry he discovers it is actually Suvorovska II he needs to find. Our guides are vague and we are forced to abandon further plans here.

Back in Moscow by August 14, we prepare to bid our host country a fond farewell. We four decide we have had a great many valuable experiences here, though we were not allowed to do everything we had hoped to. Never once have we felt uneasy here, or secretly observed or checked up on, though we may have been. We were treated with respect and deference and almost always with warm friendliness. For all this we shall remember our days in the Soviet Union with gratitude. mm

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This edition we announce the winner of the contest published in the January edition: from the 64 entries, Mrs. Peter Thiesen, of Waldheim, Saskatchewan, was selected the winner. A cash prize has been sent.

In the next edition (April) we will announce the winner for the February contest. We are giving extra time so that more of you can enter and not have to be concerned if the mail delays your edition of the *Mirror*.

The answers to January were revel, mirth, amuse, enjoy, frolic, and revolution.

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 April 1, 1985.

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Ministry on the Road

Herman and Katharina: Their Story. Dr. Abram H. Neufeld, translator and editor; cover sketches by Kevin Norcross. Winnipeg, MB: Christian Press for the Centre of M.B. Studies in Canada, 1984, 230 pp., \$8, pb.

a review by Peter B. Paetkau

The role of the itinerant minister or *Reiseprediger* was of great significance to the Mennonites in Russia. Though the ministry of these men was crucial to the stability and growth of congregational life in Russia, relatively little documentation has survived to record their activities for posterity. Therefore it is of considerable interest that one of the most eminent of these men, Rev. Herman A. Neufeld, kept a journal covering some 50 years of his ministry, including his latter years in Canada. His journals (comprising some 8,000 pages) upon which this book is based, provide important additional information on how Mennonite Brethren congregations in Russia functioned between the years 1880-1920.

As noted in the foreword to the book, the establishment of the itinerant ministry occurred at the first general conference of the Mennonite Brethren Church in 1872 "in order to promote evangelism and church extension." It was decided among other matters that the itinerant ministers should maintain a diary, and report to the conference on a quarterly basis. These reports were then to be circulated among the congregations in order to promote evangelism. Even though it was expected of itinerant ministers to write detailed accounts of their experiences, it simply did not happen very often. The Rev. Neufeld evidently is the only one to have complied in a thorough manner.

It was Dr. Abram H. Neufeld who recognized the value of these journals not merely for family members, who held various volumes in their possession, but also for the Mennonite Brethren Church. Over the years he began collecting the journals, comprising some 23 volumes. Thus he could begin the task of translating and abridging them into a more manageable work. Mary Enns, staff writer with the *Mennonite Mirror*, assisted in editing Dr. Neufeld's manuscript.

mm review

The book, subtitled *The Autobiography of Elder Herman A. and Katharina Neufeld in Russia and in Canada*, is a fascinating account of much more than the itinerant ministry, Bible conferences and the general activity of the church. The broad vistas of Mennonite colonies scattered throughout the vast domain which is Russia open up in this easy-to-read and highly captivating book as Elder Neufeld refers to the annual conferences and frequent Bible Study courses and travels extensively not only to every Mennonite settlement in Russia but to Europe as well to participate, for example, in the 1897 Alliance conference in Blankenburg, Germany. The book also supplies significant insight into life in the colonies. His description and analysis of the tumultuous period after the turn of the century is both extensive and perceptive.

En route to Canada, during a stopover in Latvia, Neufeld hastens to purchase paper, pen and ink in order to resume his daily journal. Soon after arrival in Winnipeg on November 14, 1923, he spent a few days touring "this clean and modern city, with a very busy shopping area." As early as the following weekend, Neufeld continued his itinerant ministry at Winkler. He continued to pursue his travels in this country the remainder of his days, not only in Manitoba and Saskatchewan but also with trips to Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, as well as to west coast centres in California and in the Fraser Valley. Everywhere he met North American Mennonite Brethren leaders of the time, and commented on activities wherever he went.

To read this interesting autobiography of a man who was on the road as an itinerant minister in Russia and in North America for almost 50 years is to obtain valuable insight into that ministry and into the general activity of the Mennonite Brethren Church from a keen observer.

mm

CHILDREN SINGING

The Mennonite Children's Choir and the Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School will be sponsoring a musical concert at the Grant Memorial Baptist Church on April 12, 1985.

Hans Vanishes

First in Spirit and then in Body

I remember the chaos and confusion that followed the Great War. For a long time we received no news from Ohrenburg. By this time I was already living with my daughter in Barwentje. Then one day the kitchen door opened and in walked a man dressed in typical Mennonite fashion, accompanied by a young lad about sixteen years of age. I was speechless, completely surprised.

"I guess you don't know who I am, do you?"

"You're my son-in-law, Heinrich Janzen, aren't you? Is it true? Tell me I'm not dreaming. And who is this young man?"

The young person with Heinrich looked pale and his eyes darted back and forth, restlessly.

"This," said Heinrich, "is our youngest son, Hans, who was with us when we last visited you."

Even though Hans looked disturbed and disoriented, I recognized the traits of our family in his facial features. Heinrich looked tired and depressed. It was not a happy reunion.

"Why are we standing here in the kitchen? Let's go in and make ourselves comfortable," I said.

As I opened the door to the *Esszimmer*, Heinrich came close to me, indicating that he wanted to speak to me privately.

"I must tell you why we've come, mother," he whispered. "I'm taking Hans to — to Bethania."

Bethania was, I knew, an institute for

*In this third excerpt from Peter G. Epp's **Eine Mutter**, the narrator tells the sad story of one of her grandsons.*

by Peter G. Epp
translated by Peter Pauls

the mentally ill. Later in my little room Heinrich told me what had happened to his son Hans.

"Hans was always a precocious boy," Heinrich confided. "All he talked about during his last year in the village school was about going on to the *Zentralschule* in the neighbouring village. He wanted to be like his Uncle Peter, who at the time was studying abroad. His brother Simon often used to say that we should let him go. It was obvious to all that Hans was not interested in farming. But our means were still too limited for us to be able to send him to the *Zentralschule* here in the south.

"When people began to talk about building such a school in our settlement we were all very excited. Simon was convinced that Hans would be happy there. The school was finally built and Hans was one of the first students to register. Before I took Hans to the school on his first day, I called his sister Agatchen and his brother Simon aside and told them how much I appreciated their hard work, how much I wished that I could have offered them this opportunity as well. But neither one was envious. Agatchen said she was pre-

pared to work ten times as hard as she had in the past — anything for dear Hans. Simon expressed similar sentiments. Those two would have done anything for their brother. Simon used to run out to meet Hans when he came riding home from school in the afternoons. He would hold the reins while Hans dismounted and then lead the horse into the barn. All this just so Hans wouldn't have to dirty his hands or his boots. Of course Hans protested at first but he soon came to accept these favours.

"I used to watch them through the window of the *Grossestube* and wonder if all this attention might spoil Hans. Would he come to think that he was better than others? Simon and Agatchen wouldn't let him help with the chores either. They always said that Hans had too many homework assignments. And he did work very hard at his studies. Always, his Uncle Peter was his hero. We all wondered if he would continue on as his uncle had. Such thoughts made Agatchen and me a bit uneasy. It wasn't that we begrudged him these opportunities but we wondered if one ambition might not lead to another. What would happen if his dreams failed to materialize? What would he do after he graduated from the local school? Even during his first year at the *Zentralschule* Hans repeatedly said he intended to go on to the *Gymnasium* in Ohrenburg and then to the university in Kasan. Four years at the *Gymnasium* and four more

at the university! That's as far as it's possible to go in our institutions of higher learning. Of course, Hans never gave any thought to the expenses, to the fact that we couldn't possibly raise the money to pay for all this education. Agatchen and I worried a lot about him. Sometimes I thought he would have been better off if he had never left the farm in the first place. I know how important a good education is these days but if it only leads to unrealistic desires and ambitions which can never be fulfilled wouldn't it be better to leave it alone? With all these doubts I could never really be happy, even when we received news of his remarkable progress in school. Agatchen used to say she was sure he was running headlong into nothing but unhappiness.

"Hans, in the meantime, continued to make all kinds of plans for his future. He told us he hadn't decided whether he would become a doctor, an engineer or a professor, as if he had complete freedom of choice. 'I can do anything I want,' he would say. And his teachers' reports made me think, sometimes, he might be right. They all said they had never had such a capable student and they were certain he would go far, given the right opportunities. I can speak openly of their praise, now that all his hopes and dreams have been dashed."

Every now and then, while he gave me this account, Janzen would get up and see what Hans was doing outside, on the *Beischlag*, or the yard.

"But, how is he now?" I asked.

"He's very quiet, very listless. He was in the hospital in Ohrenburg for some time. They told us there that his case was by no means hopeless. However, when the civil war came to an end in our region and it was possible to travel again we decided to bring him to Bethania."

Janzen hesitated for a moment. Then

he looked down and his voice became lower, almost a whisper.

"He thinks he is an officer and that he must rejoin his regiment."

"How long has he been this way?"

"During the war years," Janzen continued, "our settlement found it increasingly difficult to maintain the school. Many of the young people were conscripted. Simon too was away from home for a time. Then they sent refugees and displaced people from Poland to our region, strangers who had to be billeted in our homes. Taxes were high and crops were poor. And then the revolution. New regulations. Atheism in the schools. Finally, the teachers themselves recommended that the school be closed temporarily. Hans was in his last year. And so he wasn't able to finish his program of studies, unable to graduate. We were all very disappointed.

"At first, Hans seemed to be coping with all this reasonably well. In the fall, he said, everything would be back to normal. But the school didn't reopen at the end of the summer. Winter came and people forgot all about the school. During the summer, Hans had kept busy helping on the farm but in winter there wasn't much for him to do. He just lay on the bench in the *Sommerstube* and stared at the ceiling. He didn't even open his books which he kept locked up in his *Kasten*. Sometimes he would ask if we had anything for him to do. He felt so useless, he said. I asked him if he couldn't continue working through his textbooks by himself. Once, I remember, he got out some of his books and laid them out on the table. He even got out paper and made some notes. A half hour or so later, I found him stretched out on the bench again staring into space. I sat down beside him and asked him if the books were too difficult for him, if he needed the help of his teach-

ers. 'I don't understand anything anymore,' he said, weeping, his face pale and drawn. 'I'm useless, not good for anything, a nuisance. Why don't you throw me out? What am I going to do? What's going to happen to me? I don't fit in anywhere.' I noticed that he wasn't just a child sulking. I didn't blame him or scold him in any way but tried to cheer him up as best I could. I told him that we must continue to believe that God still guides our lives and that He will see to it that all things work together for our good if we love Him. I asked Hans if he believed this, but I noticed that my words didn't make any impression on him.

"There was nothing we could do as a family but encourage each other and Hans and wait patiently and hopefully for an improvement in his condition. We decided that we would treat him as a patient who is slowly recovering from an illness. And, while he didn't seem to become worse, he didn't improve much either. Just depressed and listless. We couldn't seem to interest him in anything. Once I saw him writing something but when I looked again later I found only a jumble of words that made no sense at all.

"One day, shortly after the Cossacks had again taken control of our region, he became quite excited. 'There is only one thing I would like to do,' he said, 'but I know you wouldn't let me.' I asked him to tell me what it was and why he thought we wouldn't let him have his way. 'I would like to join those Cossacks who rode by here yesterday,' he answered. I got up, walked over to him, took his head in my hands and looked into his eyes. I thought that there must be some way to make contact with him, to bring him back to reality. There was something about his eyes which I found very disturbing but I continued to look at him, calmly and steadily. 'Hans,' I said, 'we can't let you do that, and I don't think you really want to, do you?' He didn't reply, never talked about it again, but his condition remained unchanged. We tried to keep him busy by giving him this or that task to perform but even though he usually did what we asked him to he did so absentmindedly, as though his thoughts were on something else entirely. Sometimes he would forget what we told him and so we couldn't really depend on him.

"Then, one evening, it all came to a head. Agatchen and I had just gone to bed when I heard voices outside. I looked out of the window and saw Hans standing there talking to another boy. I



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could hear their voices, but couldn't understand what they were saying. This was something new. Might this be a sign of improvement? I opened the window quietly. I could make out only an occasional word here and there. Hans was doing most of the talking. Suddenly I heard Hans's companion say, clearly and audibly, 'I'm going home. I think you're crazy!' I can't tell you how much those words hurt me. I saw the other boy leave and Hans standing there, all by himself, still talking. I waited a few minutes, then got dressed and went out. Hans was still talking, unaware, apparently, of where he was or what he was saying. I brought him into the *Sommerstube* and put him to bed. A week later I took him to the hospital in Ohrenburg. He thought I was taking him to his regiment.

"Hans's mother suffered as only a mother can. For years she had felt intuitively that something like this was going to happen, in spite of all our good fortune. 'How could it be otherwise in this world,' she used to say. 'We have no cross to bear.' She said this without bitterness. Often she would dream of some impending sorrow or burden that would remain with us for the rest of our lives. 'I feel so light and free,' she said

one day, 'and yet I feel it's all so wrong — I feel like one of those big work horses on Sunday, without its heavy harness, ashamed almost of my good fortune. We always wanted more, more land, a new home. We wanted a beautiful new *Droschky*. Now we can take Hans to the hospital with it. We wanted to visit our old home in the south. That's where Hans met his Uncle Peter who awakened all those ambitions in him. It's because we want to have so many worldly things that we are being punished.'

"The children, Agatchen and Simon, disagreed strongly with this attitude. They refused to regard Hans's sickness as a punishment. But their mother continued to look for a cause, for a meaning to all this suffering. 'Isn't there a reason for it?' she asked. 'We came to this new settlement because we wanted a better life for our children. We worked so hard to make this dream come true. Always it seemed that everything we did met with God's approval and blessing. We set ourselves certain goals. We asked for God's help and He seemed to grant us our hearts' desire. But, while we were making preparations for the visit to our old home in the south, God was preparing new experiences for us. We did not know then that Hans would meet his uncle there who would arouse ambitions none of us had ever dreamed of. Nor did those people who helped to build the new school, the carpenters and masons and all those people who brought the bricks and lumber to the building site, have any way of knowing what all that actively would lead to. And our Hans is the victim of these circumstances. Why weren't we given some warning that these events would only lead to his destruction? Everything seemed to lead, without our knowing it, to this unhappy event. Was this meant to be the end of all our hopes and

dreams? Were all our hopes false and illusory from the very beginning? Could God really have willed Hans's breakdown? Why weren't we given some warning, some premonition of what was to come? Didn't all the signs indicate instead that we might safely journey down the road we had taken, even though, as it now turns out, it was the wrong road? If the right road and the wrong are so much alike, if there are no warning signs of traps and dangers that lie ahead, how are we poor mortals to find our way in this life? Perhaps we never will understand. Then all we can do is to quietly carry our crosses when they are laid upon us.'"

* * *

And what did finally happen to Hans? His father brought him to Bethania and returned, alone, to Ohrenburg. My son-in-law Klassen promised to let Hans live with his family if he should recover and be released from the hospital. If his health permitted, he would be allowed to attend the *Gymnasium* together with Klassen's son Abram. Later that summer, Hans was released. He seemed to have recovered completely, although he was very quiet, even more timid and shy than usual. His Uncle Peter tutored him privately to prepare him for school again that fall. So it seemed, for a time, that his sickness had been nothing more than a means to bring him back to the south where he could continue his studies. But, we noticed even then that Hans was not the same as he had once been. He didn't really enjoy studying. He was listless, unmotivated, often depressed. One day he disappeared with a Cossack regiment that passed through our village. It was impossible, in all the confusion of those troubled times, to make inquiries, to have the government help us in our search. We never heard from him again. He simply vanished, as so many did in those days. mm

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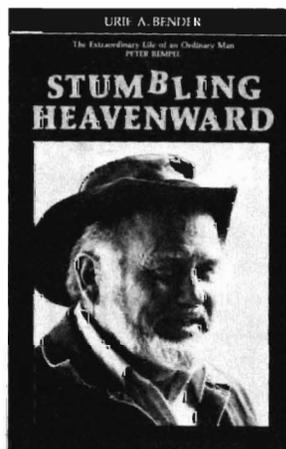
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the poet's word

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I changed my name
But all who saw me said I was the same
I changed my place
But every stranger knew my face
Alone and yet surrounded
Like a lady in black lace
I changed my mind
But all who followed me before
Followed now still even more
A multitude gone blind
I changed my way
Because my heart was leading me
But saw before the end of day
A Zaccheus in every tree
I changed my song
So that the words were wrong
But no one knew.
For each one thought that it was true
They sang it all day long
And when I died
They hung me up around inside
To look upon my ageless face
Which even death could not erase.

— by Clint Toews

COMING EVENTS

- March 8-10: Youth Peace Conference, CMBC.
- March 17: English Cathedral Music: Winnipeg Singers, conducted by John Martens.
- March 21-23: "Die Emigranten". Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, Gas Station Theatre.
- March 24, 8:00 p.m.: Mass in B Minor, by Bach. Winnipeg Philharmonic Choir. Conductor Henry Engbrecht.
- March 31, 3:00 p.m.: Bach's Passion According to St. Matthew. Mennonite Oratorio Choir. Conductor George Wiebe. Centennial Concert Hall.
- April 12: Mennonite Children's Choir and Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School Musical Concert, Grant Memorial Church.

The concert conducted by Robert Shaw as part of the seminar on music will be broadcast on Command Performance on CBW FM on Sunday, March 31 from 3 p.m.

The annual Art and Music Festival will be held from 3 to 9 p.m. on Saturday, April 13, at the Grant Memorial Baptist Church, Waverley Street and Wilkes Avenue. Exhibitors are invited and should call Helene Hildebrand 667-5647.



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observed along the way

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

by Roy Vogt

• It is extremely cold and dark one morning late in January when I board a bus to Steinbach to pick up our new car. This trip does not generate much revenue for the bus company; I am the only passenger. That may explain why the driver is not particularly pleasant. A few miles outside of Winnipeg on the Trans Canada highway we encounter the lonely figure of Steve Fonyo, beginning the last cold stretch of his walk into Winnipeg. Later in the morning he will be greeted by thousands of well-wishers along the road. I admire the spirit of this young man tremendously. He is doing nothing outwardly "useful" — he is, after all, merely *walking* — but he is demonstrating something that we all need to see: the courage and vision to which even an average individual can aspire.

• The last Saturday in January takes me to the Winnipeg Bible College in Otterburne. An almost comical series of circumstances has led to this. A few weeks ago a good friend and colleague of mine in the economics department, who also happens to be Jewish and Marxist, came across a brochure advertising an all-day seminar on Theology and Economics, for business people and students, at the Winnipeg Bible College (WBC). He was disturbed to note that the only resource person for this event was one of the directors of the Fraser Institute in Vancouver, an economics "think tank" that virtually equates capitalism with Christianity. He wrote to the college, asking them to invite a Christian colleague of his to respond to the viewpoints that would be expressed by the Fraser Institute representative. The college graciously agreed to this and asked him to suggest a name. It was then that my colleague



wrote to me: "You have been asked by the WBC to take part in a discussion of Theology and Economics with Dr. Walter Block of the Fraser Institute. I hope you will accept." Marxists obviously believe in planning — and manipulating. My Jewish-Marxist friend and I decide to drive to the WBC together. We are both somewhat appalled at the rather crude attempt on the part of the guest speaker to relate religious ethics to capitalist self-interest. I happen to believe, against my Marxist friend, that the capitalist-market system is the best economic system yet devised by man, and clearly much superior to the communist systems of eastern Europe, but like all human systems it is not without some fairly significant problems, particularly when viewed from an ethical point of view. The guest speaker chooses to gloss over virtually all of these problems. Both my friend and I feel moved to counter-attack on a number of points. What bothers me most is the speaker's ideological approach to truth. All economic truth flows through the channels of private property and free enterprise, and through no others. I am impressed by the response of students and faculty to the presentation, though I continue to wonder why a community like ours which professes to build its values on such Christian virtues as compassion and brotherhood feels most at home with an extremely individualistic and competitive business ethic. I am impressed and also somewhat amused by the ability of my Jewish-Marxist friend to quote from Old Testament scripture on this occasion, reminding the Christian audience that Adam Smith and Milton Friedman should not be the main basis for reflecting on theology and economics. My friend, whose name happens to be Isaiah, sounds and looks like an Old Testament prophet.

• With another prophet-type friend of ours named Thiessen we spend an evening watching the Chai Folk Ensemble at the Concert Hall. As in past years we thoroughly enjoy the exuberance and talent of these young Jewish dancers.

• An evening in early February produces a miracle. The Jets finally beat the Oilers. Fortunately, due to previous injuries, a certain member of our family is not involved in this rare defeat. This permits us to widen our grin right from one ear to the other. The rest of the winter now holds more promise.

• Other evenings in late January and early February are spent in the homes of several friends in and around Winnipeg, including another enjoyable reunion of our Soviet tour group. A tip to wives travelling to the Soviet Union: if a Soviet customs official asks you to prove that your pearl necklace is not a highly expensive genuine one, don't try and impress him with your knowledge of pearls. He will believe you that it is not genuine if you simply tell him that your husband bought it for you.

• Old friends once again drop in from numerous interesting places. A good long visit is had with Eric Friesen, the most recent emigrant to the United States. Compared to him we live an absolutely sedentary life. One morning Ernest Epp, formerly of Elm Creek, then professor of history in B.C. and Thunder Bay, and now NDP Member of Parliament for Thunder Bay, drops in for coffee. He has some amusing tales to tell about being confused with the Hon. Jac Epp. I don't think Ernest minds not being quite so honorable — at least not yet.

• A Saturday morning in early February is spent at the Westin Hotel with supervisors and managers of one of our largest "Mennonite" firms, sharing some thoughts on new directions that labor-relations might take in our business enterprises. I find such encounters tremendously invigorating. Many of our Mennonite business families worry about having enough children to take over the firm when the right time comes. Others worry about having too many children with such ambitions. It is good to see a few that seem to be managing this problem fairly well.

• Early in January new resolutions

were made to get the body back into shape in 1985. My wife comes groaning home from aerobics. I decide to push away from the table a little earlier. Unfortunately, very generous friends, and particularly a 10-course dinner with Chinese friends to celebrate their New Year in February, make this job almost impossible.

- In mid February the back of a rather cold winter is broken with our annual skiing trek to Hecla Island. There, amid the tall, silent pines, one knows that life is good.

- Overheard in a Steinbach restaurant, where the sages of that town are discussing William Schroeder (who may or may not have distant relatives in southern Manitoba) and his artificial heart. *Wiebe*: "Pretty soon we will consist only of artificial parts. We will have artificial hearts, lungs, livers, kidneys, legs, arms, brain, and what have you." *Friesen*: "Yes, and if that's so — if you have people who are made entirely of artificial parts, how will you be able to tell a Mennonite apart from others." *Sawatzky*: "That's easy, the Mennonite is the one who before each operation will bargain over the price of the part that he is about to receive."

On that reassuring note — till next month. mm

Oratorio '85

The Mennonite Oratorio Choir
accompanied by the
Manitoba Chamber Orchestra
presents

Bach's
St. Matthew Passion

Conductor: George Wiebe

Soloists:

Henrietta Schellenberg,
John Bartlette, Lois Watson,
Victor Engbrecht,
John Martens, Mark Watson,
Phil Enns

Date: Sunday, March 31, 3 p.m.

Place: Centennial Concert Hall

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DIE EMIGRANTEN

Das Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre bereichert auch in diesem Jahr wieder die Theatersaison mit der Aufführung von Walter Schlichting's Bühnenstückes *Die Emigranten*.

Walter Schlichting wurde 1927 als Sohn eines Muellers in Halbstadt, Sued-Russland geboren. Während des Krieges siedelte er nach Deutschland um, wo er sich in der Landwirtschaft betätigte.

1948 emigrierte Walter nach Kanada und verbrachte das erste Jahr auf der Farm seines Onkels. Darauf zog er nach Winnipeg, wo er das Handwerk eines Malers und Tapezierers erlernte und nebenbei die Abendschule besuchte, um sein Abitur zu schreiben. Dann folgten zehn Jahre harter Arbeit in seinem Beruf zusammen mit dem Studium auf der University of Manitoba, was ihm seinen B.Sc. (Eng.), gefolgt von einem M.A. in deutscher Literatur einbrachte.

Nun ist Walter bereits seit über zwanzig Jahren als Ingenieur tätig und ist zur Zeit bei Manitoba Hydro angestellt.

Seit seiner Kindheit hat Walter sich für allgemeine Kunst interessiert und seinen schöpferischen Drang als Maler und Dichter zum Ausdruck gebracht.

Walter war erster Präsident des neugegründeten Freundschaftsbundes (1950) und hat sich seit der Zeit an vielen Aufführungen verschiedener Organisationen beteiligt. Sein Talent widmete er unter anderem dem Jugendverein der First Mennonite Church, der Deutschen Vereinigung, dem Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre, sowie dem Mennonitischen Kinder Chor.

Walter ist Vater von drei Kindern. Seine Frau Elisabeth (geb. von Straelborn) teilt seine Liebe zur Kunst mit ihm. Seine Freizeit verbringt er am liebsten in der Natur oder beim Schachspielen.

Heute sehen wir mit Interesse der Aufführung seines ersten Bühnenstückes entgegen und wünschen ihm Glück und Erfolg.

In monatlanger Vorarbeit habe sich die Mitglieder des Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre auf ihre neuste Vorführung vorbereitet die unter der Regie von Alfred Wiebe über die Bühne geht. Vorstellungen sind im Gas Station Theatre, 445 River Ave. 8:05 Uhr Abends, March 21, 22 und 23. Eintrittskarten im Preise von \$8 sind von Mitgliedern des WMT, Mitspielern und von Heinz Janzen, — tel: 783-5912 zu erhalten.

Two History Projects Discussed at MHSC

The Mennonite Historical Society of Canada (MHSC) met on December 8, 1984 at Conrad Grebel College in Waterloo, Ontario and made major decisions about the upcoming supplement to the *Mennonite Encyclopedia* and the projected third volume of *Mennonites in Canada*.

Mennonite Encyclopedia

The Society took several actions in response to the question of whether to establish a Canadian office for the *Mennonite Encyclopedia (ME)* project. In keeping with the MHSC motion of last year, it was agreed to cooperate with the Institute of Mennonite Studies (IMS) on the one volume supplement to *ME*. However, the MHSC decided not to establish a Canadian office.

The three Canadians who have been asked by IMS to serve on the *ME* editorial board, Rod Sawatzky, Harry Loewen and John Friesen, are also being asked by MHSC to serve as a committee on behalf of MHSC to advocate its concerns in the *ME* supplement.

Mennonites in Canada, Volume III

In regards to the ongoing project of *Mennonites in Canada, Volume III*, several things were decided: an arrangement has been negotiated between Conrad Grebel College and MHSC that Frank Epp will be released one-third time from his teaching responsibilities for three years beginning with the 1983-84 school year, to work on Volume III, *Mennonites in Canada*. The cost of this one-third time will be shared equally between Conrad Grebel College and MHSC.

Secondly, a readers committee was established. Ted Regehr will head it up. He has been asked to form the committee. This committee will work closely with Frank H. Epp in an advisory capacity. It is expected that this readers committee will begin to function in 1985 because Epp expects to do much of his writing then. The readers committee was also asked to advise Epp on two additional questions: (a) how far in time Volume III should go; (b) whether a fourth volume should be projected at this point.

A third major decision was the acceptance of Frank Epp's offer to make a proposal to the next annual meeting regarding the restructuring and strengthening of the MHSC. He was given the authority to name his own committee.

Looking into the stories other journalists aren't covering

by Peter Edwards

When Soviet defector Igor Gouzenko hit journalist John Sawatsky with a lawsuit, he hoped to continue his reign of fear over the press. Instead, Gouzenko sparked Sawatsky's often-unflattering biography, *Gouzenko, the Untold Story*.

Gouzenko was suing because of comments made in Sawatsky's book on the RCMP Security Service, *Men in the Shadows*. The lawsuit meant Sawatsky was faced with the possible loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars in damages, plus \$13,000 in legal fees, and the delayed release of the paperback edition of *Men in the Shadows*.

"It was ironic," says Sawatsky. "He sued me to try and suppress the story and preserve his name in history. He was very conscious about his name in history. "He caused me to look into him further."

Gouzenko died of natural causes weeks before their scheduled court date in 1982.

Sawatsky has concluded Gouzenko carefully crafted his public image by threatening reporters with lawsuits. At one point, *Canadian Forum* was going to run a Lloyd Tataryn article on Gouzenko's harassment of the press. The story was dropped for fear of a Gouzenko lawsuit.

"My whole philosophy of journalism is to look at the stories the media aren't covering," says Sawatsky. "By doing that, I think I can make the best contribution to society."

That's an attitude Sawatsky honed in the late '60s and early '70s at Simon Fraser University, when he wrote a muck-raking column called Merry Go Round for the student newspaper, *The Peak*. A reader survey showed Merry Go Round was the best-read item in *The Peak*. One item on conflict of interest caused a department head to resign. Another story led to a change in the university library's loans policy.

Sawatsky moved to *The Peak* by an odd route that involved student government and a beaten-up 1955 van. Sorely lacking funds, Sawatsky lived for eight



John Sawatsky

months in his van. First he parked it on university grounds, and when he could no longer dodge campus security, he moved into bush area near the university. When the Municipality of Burnaby declared his van a fire hazard in the spring, Sawatsky was forced to look for alternate accommodation.

It was about this time he learned that student council members were given offices. Sawatsky ran for council, was elected, and spent the next four months living out of his office.

Simon Fraser had a well-deserved reputation for radicalism, and Sawatsky was caught up in the crusading spirit, but found himself frustrated by polarization in student politics. At this point — inspired by the research-intensive city columns of the Vancouver *Sun*'s Allan Fotheringham — he decided to join *The Peak*.

"I felt by exposing things and exploring things, I could make a better contribution," he says, "There was too much partisan rhetoric, I tried to break the logjam."

After finishing his Canadian politics studies, he was hired on by the Vancouver *Sun*. When he'd finish his shift

as a city reporter, he'd work for free tracking down leads for Fotheringham.

When the *Sun* sent him to Ottawa, he quickly decided that many of the press corps suffered from a pack mentality and that too few of them looked beyond Question Period in the House of Commons.

"I never did join the pack in Ottawa," he recalls. "Between the CBC National and the *Globe and Mail*, they really control the news in Ottawa. So I didn't read the *Globe and Mail* and I didn't watch the CBC National."

Instead, he went out on his own, and uncovered the RCMP break-in into the offices of the Agence de Presse Libre du Quebec (APLQ), which won him and the *Sun* a Michener newspaper award.

"I was going down blind alley after blind alley," says Sawatsky. "There were times I'd get so frustrated, I'd say to hell with it, I don't want any more of it."

His reputation grew with *Men in the Shadows* in 1980, and, two years later, he published *For Services Rendered*, the mysterious story of Leslie James Bennett, former head of RCMP counter-intelligence against the Soviet Union.

"The APLQ (story) was so hard," he recalls. "*Men in the Shadows* was tough. By the time I did *For Services Rendered*, it was a piece of cake."

What helped make it easier was the reputation Sawatsky was gaining for jealously guarding his sources. While promoting *Men in the Shadows*, he carried his confidential records with him everywhere.

"I still think I've got sores on my hands from carrying that briefcase," he jokes, adding that he wouldn't let it out of his sight even when doing television interviews. "I put it right at the foot of the cameras, the one I was looking at."

While *For Services Rendered* was easier, it wasn't without its problems. On April 20, 1983, two RCMP officers searched his Ottawa home for information on an investigation described in the book called "Operation Cutknife" and its principle character "Long Knife."

The case may go to the Supreme Court, and Sawatsky could end up in jail for contempt. "I still think I'll have to go to jail at some point for not revealing my sources," he says. He doesn't lie awake

worrying about it.

He gives two reasons for not revealing sources. The first is theoretical: "A reporter should not be an agent of the Crown. They should make their own case and leave our role to that of informing the public."

The second reason is practical; his stock as an investigative reporter would be next to worthless if prospective sources didn't trust him.

While he's careful not to leak the names of sources, he also refuses to take off-the-record information or pay for interviews. When he first approached Mrs. Gouzenko, she gave him a list of conditions, including the right to pre-read the manuscript. One by one, she dropped the conditions, and when the interviews took place, they were totally on-the-record. "The source I keep confidential, but the information, I don't," he says, "... A reporter has a duty to inform the public of the information that he's gathering. The only reason people tell him things is because he can pass it on on a widescale basis. The minute you don't do that, you're abusing your trust with the public."

"Maybe the comparison isn't exact, but as far as I'm concerned, that's the same as a civil servant absconding with money."

Interviewing techniques are something he'll be teaching this year while holding the Max Bell Chair for authors at The University of Regina School of

Journalism and Communications. He says he'll try to teach students to listen to their subjects and not begin interviews with preconceived ideas.

While Sawatsky's an interested listener, he doesn't try to get chummy with his subjects. Instead, he places a heavy emphasis on professionalism, which has helped him cultivate usually tight-lipped police sources. "I never socialized with them, but they told me things that were quite amazing," he says.

"I do a complete account, so nobody can accuse me of doing a knife job. After awhile, they respect you for that and they know you're an honest, independent person. They can't buy you and they can't avoid you."

While in Regina, Sawatsky will be working on a book on lobbying, which may be ready for release in the fall of 1986. "I saw the process in Ottawa and I was always wondering why the media didn't do it."

"We tend to think we don't have lobbying here like they do in the United States. That's not true at all. In the United States it's open. Here they go where the real power is and that's the bureaucracy. That's all behind closed doors."

Three groups have stood out behind these closed doors, says Sawatsky: the now-defunct Quebec Liberal caucus, banks, and agriculture groups.

"Vested interests are necessary," he says. "I don't knock them. I'm just saying it should be open."

More openness in government wasn't behind the federal government's new Access to Information Act, Sawatsky says. He has yet to make an application to use it.

"I find I can get information more efficiently and more completely through my traditional means —

through interviewing, and that kind of thing. The act, I've become convinced, was a method by the government to try to contain the release of information."

"Traditional means" is another term for lots of legwork and interviewing. "You don't have to be brilliant or anything like that. You just really have to have a desire to do it."

Sawatsky's aggressiveness is disguised by his soft-spoken manner. He's the seventh of eight children of German-speaking Mennonite immigrants who farmed near Winkler, Man. He was eight when his family moved to B.C., and the rest of his childhood was spent in the Fraser Valley. A boyhood job selling encyclopedias helped pull him out of his shell. "I had to teach myself to be assertive," he says.

Thirty-six and single, Sawatsky's a self-confessed loner. The enforced solitude of writing a book doesn't bother him, and he doubts he'd be comfortable taking on an investigative partner.

His individualism is seen in his hobby of cycling. While he hasn't owned a car for more than three years, he has a fleet of bicycles and his touring jaunts include trips through the Rockies, along the Mississippi, and through New England. If he gets another vehicle, he guesses it'll be a van to hold the bikes.

Self-employed, Sawatsky's savings were absorbed by his early years of investigative journalism.

"I was brought up in a Mennonite family, but the religion thing I've left," he says. "Maybe you could say I do my job religiously. I like to think journalism is not an ordinary job. If I wanted an easy job, I'd find something else. If I wanted a lot of money, I'd also find something else."

Peter Edwards is a reporter with the Regina Leader-Post; reprinted with the permission of Content, a magazine for Canadian Journalists.

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Not for Narrow Evangelicals

a review by Harry Loewen

When he was still working on his *Not as the Scribes*, Paul Hiebert told a writer for the *Mennonite Mirror* that the book would not necessarily be a popular one with some Mennonites (See *Mennonite Mirror*, Apr. 1984, p. 6). Now that the book has appeared there is no doubt that there will be raised eyebrows not only among some Mennonite readers but also generally among Evangelicals who are not familiar with Hiebert's previous books on Christian-philosophical issues (See his *Tower of Siloam* and *Doubling Castle*).

While *Not as the Scribes* is "another book about Christianity," the author, a 93-year-old retired chemistry professor and decided Christian living in Carman, Manitoba, rejects "the so-called miracles of the Old Testament, the magician's tricks which Moses was said to have performed [before] Pharaoh . . . or the story of Jonah and the whale, or of Joshua persuading the sun to stand still at the battle of Gibeon where the Jews wreaked their vengeance upon a defeated enemy" (p. 36).

Professor Hiebert also has difficulties with the stories about a cruel and vengeful tribal God of the Israelites. According to the author, the Old Testament "has its moments of inspiration but it cannot be regarded as divinely infallible or all its parts as being equally inspired" (p. 88). "We must give the Old Testament writings their place in the development of thought concerning God, but we can no longer regard the entire Bible . . . as being the inspired and dictated word of God which must never be questioned" (p. 90).



review

The author, however, believes "in the miracles of Christ and his virgin birth as the Son of God" (p. 37). Jesus was God's supreme gift to man: he loved humanity and life, he came to reconcile man to God, and above all, he exemplified and established the love of God and love for one another. In fact, the theme of this popularly written book is the love of God in the lives of Christ's followers. "Without the embodiment of Christ as the Word made flesh in our human affairs we would have no understanding of God's love" (p. 54).

Since for Hiebert God is Love as revealed in Christ, Scriptures and all of life are to be interpreted from this premise. Those who call themselves Christians will love God and their fellow men and in the end will be resurrected to a new life and fellowship with God. Those who live for self and reject the love of God will reap the consequences of such a life. For a loving God to commit man to an eternal punishment with fire is to deny God's goodness and mercy. As the author puts it: "Man, in his self-love may alienate himself so completely from God that there can be no place for him in God's kingdom and he would be assigned to that no-land of nothingness An eternal hell would, in the archaic imagery of the Bible, be the devil's victory" (p. 46).

Paul Hiebert never belonged formally to the Mennonite Church, but as he wrote in his *Doubling Castle* (1976): "It was that 'honest theology' of the Dutch Mennonites to which I was exposed as a growing boy and which, I am sure, has influenced my thinking and my striving since it gave me a sense of the Peace of God which so many in that [Mennonite] community seemed to have reached" (p. 37).

This religious Mennonite outlook is evident throughout this latest book. Similar to the Anabaptist-Mennonites, Hiebert places the New Testament above the Old Testament in matters of faith and morals, and regards the life and example of Jesus Christ as more authoritative than the Pauline and General Epistles. Like the more sober traditional Mennonites, Hiebert rejects the histrionics and pretensions of the conversion and hell-fire evangelists and questions the claims of the "born-againers" with their often crass materialism. Reminiscent of the 16th-century Anabaptist Hans Denck, Hiebert insists that it is not religious ceremonies and literalism that characterize the Christian disciple but love and following Christ in life.

This book contains nothing new for the theologian or scientist. Professor Hiebert writes from the heart and from a rich store of life-long experiences and reflection on the Christian faith and life; the book is intended to benefit the general reader. And for the serious and receptive reader the book will prove not only provocative and stimulating but also enriching and liberating.

The book is written in a smooth-flowing, conversational style, but it would have benefitted from more careful proofreading. Paul Hiebert was not born in 1982, as the inside title page indicates, but in 1892!

Paul Hiebert, *Not as the Scribes* (Winnipeg: Queenston House Publishing Co. Ltd., 1984), Paperback, 104 pages.

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manitoba news



Eric Friesen, of Minneapolis-St. Paul, was the guest speaker at the Annual Meeting of the Mennonite Publishing Service (*Mennonite Reporter*) held in Winnipeg on February 9. During the meetings **Allan Siebert**, western editor, announced his resignation, effective in the summer of 1985. He plans to return to university studies. The Mennonite Reporter will maintain a full-time position in Winnipeg.

Jack Penner, a Halbstadt area farmer, is the first president of a new provincial farm lobby group, Keystone Agricultural Producers. Keystone was formed last year after the Manitoba Farm Bureau dissolved when key supporters withdrew because of disagreements during debate over the Crowsnest Pass Freight rate abolition.

Harry Loewen, professor of Mennonite studies at the University of Winnipeg, was invited to speak at an MCC peace study seminar in Vancouver. The seminar, held on January 19, 1985, in the Killarney MB Church, was attended by students and interested persons of all ages from Vancouver and surrounding areas. Well organized and ably conducted by **Marilyn and Carl Dahl** of Burnaby, the morning and afternoon sessions included two papers by Loewen, panel discussions, and questions and comments from the audience. The titles of Loewen's presentations were: "The Peace Message in the Nuclear Age," and "Mennonites and the Urgency of the Peace Message." One participant expressed the sentiments of all present when he said: "More of our people need to grapple with these questions. Too bad that those who need to know about peace issues seldom attend such study seminars."

After 11 years as pastor of the Niverville Mennonite Brethren Church, **Abe Konrad** has declared his intention to resign, effective in mid summer.

The Post Road Arts Council has hired **Judi Derksen**, of Altona to organize the 1985 Central Region Juried Art Show. The Show will be hosted by the Arts Council June 12-15 at the Schwartz Heritage House in Altona. For more information about the show, call 324-8740 or write to the Juried Art Show Committee, Box 1627, Altona, MB R0G 0B0.

Jack Murta, minister of State for Multiculturalism, has announced the establishment of a new position at the assistant deputy minister level with responsibility for multiculturalism. Douglas B. Bowie has been appointed to fill this position.

Susan Froese is the new director of the recently organized **Mennonite Book Club**. An active member of the Charleswood Mennonite Church, she has been responsible for many years for directing the annual Mennonite Festival of Art and Music at Polo Park.

Treasures and Traditions, an art exhibition organized by the Manitoba Multicultural Museums Committee, opened at the Ukrainian Cultural Education Centre, 184 Alexander Ave. East, on February 10. It continues until April 21. The exhibition displays paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and rare books from the Chinese, Icelandic, Jewish, Mennonite, Polish, Serbian, and Ukrainian communities.

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*Walter Schlichting, a Winnipeg playwright, was recently awarded the prize in the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's Playwriting Contest. Pictured above receiving the award is Mr. Schlichting, with Alfred Wiebe (right), the director of the play, and David Riesen, Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre president. Mr. Schlichting's play, **die Emigranten**, will be presented on March 21, 22, 23 at the Gas Station Theatre.*



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A dozen essays on fundamentalism

by V. G. Doerksen

A new book from the Brethren Press gets our attention by asking on its cover: *Fundamentalism Today: What makes it so attractive?* Some illuminating answers are given in the 12 essays by various authors that make up the book.

For many of us fundamentalism had become a historical term, but events in the past several years, particularly in the U.S., have kept this term and its connotations alive and given it a new force and meanings, particularly in the political realm. The alliance of a rightwing ideology and fundamentalist dogma have dominated the political life of a world power; a 'born again' peanut farmer having been replaced by a 'born again' Hollywood actor as a symbol of leadership.

It is fitting that this book have a chapter on "Reagan and the Evangelicals," which describes how the president came from his "vague religious background" to become a champion of the Moral Majority. The writer concludes that Reagan "has used the evangelicals for his own purpose" and that, "like Esau of old the evangelicals will eventually discover they have sold their spiritual birthright for a bowl of conservative lentil soup."

There are articles as well on creationism, sexism, liberalism and on the electronic church. The book's orientation can be seen in titles like "Fundamentalism as a Case of Arrested Development" and "Creationism as a Rejection of Responsibility." But at the same time there are articles by representatives of some of these positions, and a somewhat polemical foreword by Jerry Falwell himself.

In an article on the "Attractiveness of Fundamentalism" Vincent P. Branick examines some of the major problems faced by the Biblical scholar and the disenchantment of the young student who must be introduced to concepts like 'myth,' 'biblical criticism' and the like. It is so much easier to believe that 'the Bible is the Word of God' and to leave it at that. Why would one want to

tinker with something so close to the centre of the faith? And yet, one cannot escape the fact that the Bible itself is the product of a long process, and indeed, that that process is not yet complete, as more and ever more versions appear on the scene.

The inerrancy question is one that is not dealt with as such, and that is perhaps an unfortunate omission, since this old question has also come back to haunt us. In many ways, though, this general study of the current state of fundamentalism is very useful for Mennonites, who in their various denominations and congregations are trying to find an appropriate place in a world which is no longer 'out there' and of which they are more than ever a part.

mm

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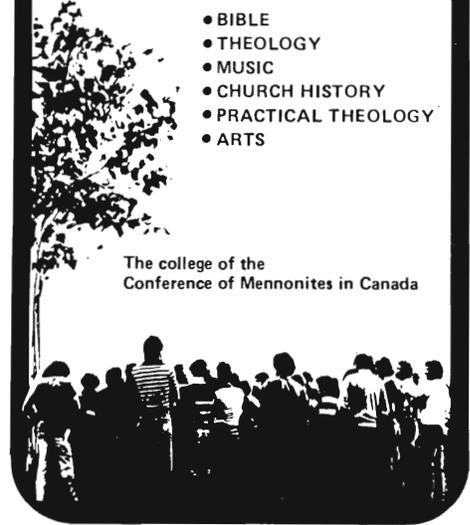
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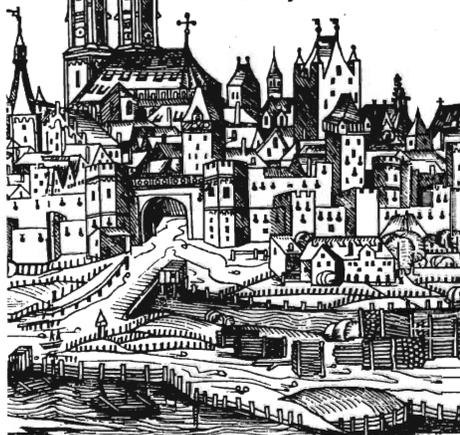
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Manitobaner Studieren in Deutschland

Immer mehr Schüler und Studenten kommen im Laufe ihres Studiums nach Deutschland und bereichern dadurch ihre Erziehung. Darunter sind natürlich viele Mennoniten, obwohl für sie ein Deutschstudium nicht mehr so selbstverständlich ist, wie es einmal war.

In den letzten Jahren ist die Reiselust soweit gegangen, dass ganze Schulklassen nach Deutschland gereist sind, wie es z.B. eine Klasse der Fort Richmond High School machte. Die Gruppe besuchte eine Schule in Trier, allerdings nur für eine kurze Zeit, wo die kanadischen Schüler aber dauerhafte Eindrücke sammeln konnten.

Etwa zwanzig Schüler der elften Klasse nehmen jährlich an einem dreimonatigen Austausch teil. Darunter sind wohl die meisten aus mennonitischen Familien und etwa die Hälfte aus den zwei Schulen: Westgate Collegiate und MBCI. Dieser Austausch besteht darin, dass deutsche Schüler im Herbst nach Manitoba kommen und bei den Familien der hiesigen Austauschschülern zu Gast sind, wofür im Frühling die Manitobaner zu den entsprechenden Familien in Hamburg, Bremen und Umgebung ziehen.

Ein jährlicher Sprachwettbewerb — woran im letzten Jahr rund 1500 Schüler teilnahmen — ermöglicht auch Reisen und Studien in Deutschland als Preise für ausgezeichnete Leistungen. Eine Gewinnerin, Kerstin Roger (MBCI) schrieb über ihre Deutschlandreise:

„Obwohl ich feststellte, dass mein Deutsch flüssiger geworden ist, glaube ich, dass dieses Erlebnis mehr eine menschliche Erfahrung als eine akademische Lernzeit war.“

Obwohl in Manitobas Schulen mehr Deutsch angeboten wird als anderswo, ist es trotzdem der Fall, dass viele junge Leute erst auf der Universität entschließen, Deutsch als Haupt- oder Nebenfach zu studieren. Hier sind die Kurse intensiver und nach kurzer Zeit können Studenten ihre Studien in Deutschland ergänzen.

Das sogenannte Werkstudentenprogramm ermöglicht es, dass Studenten, die nur ein paar Semester Deutsch studiert haben, für den Sommer nach Deutschland gehen können und dort entweder arbeiten oder studieren. Seit vielen Jahren schon haben junge Studenten auf diesem Weg den Sprung in eine andere Sprachkultur gewagt, oft mir sehr gutem Erfolg. Für obere Semester kommen andere attraktive Möglichkeiten in Sicht. Stipendien für Sommerkurse am Goethe Institut werden jährlich verliehen. Noch interessanter sind Ganzjahresprogramme, für die Stipendien vom Deutschen Akademischen Austauschdienst vergeben werden.

In den letzten Jahren sind Studenten der Universität Winnipeg nach Mannheim gegangen, durch Professor Harry Loewen und das Auslandsamt der Universität Mannheim vermittelt. Die Universität Manitoba, die ihrerseits einen

Austausch mit der Universität Trier aufbaut, hat in der letzten drei Jahren Studenten nach Trier geschickt, die zwei Semester dort studierten und reisten. Grosszügige Stipendien vom Friesen Foundation (Altona) und Assiniboine Travel Service (John Schroeder) haben dieses neue Programm einen guten Anfang gegeben.

Über den Wert eines solchen Austausches äusserte sich Bev Suderman (Hauptfach Religion und heute tätig im Mennonite Heritage) wie folgt: „Wenn ich an mein Jahr in Deutschland denke, muss ich gestehen, dass die müden, alten Bezeichnungen — horizontenerweiternd, bereichernd, bildend — tatsächlich die Wahrheit sind. Nicht nur das Erlebnis der Universität, sondern auch die Möglichkeit zu reisen, viele Leute kennenzulernen, und nicht nur solche aus der akademischen Welt, sondern auch durch das MCC im freiwilligen Dienst, die Möglichkeit das Ost-West Phänomen aus erster Hand kennenzulernen — dieses alles hat das Deutschlandjahr für mich unvergesslich gemacht.“

Viele Kontakte und viele Möglichkeiten also! Es ist heute leichter, trotz allem, ein solches Bildungserlebnis für unsere Schüler und Studenten einzuplanen und zu realisieren. Durch einen solchen lebendigen Kontakt mit der deutschsprachigen Welt kann ein echtes Deutsch auch in Manitoba gefördert werden. **mm**

Prädjasch en aundre Menschen

by Victor Peters

Oom Joakopp Happna wea Ältesta fonn dee Barjtholsche Jemeent en wond en Winkla. Etj well wellijch jleewen daut hee de jescheitsta en ontlijchsta Mensch enne Welt wea. He staumd fonne Kaump, em Nippa, krajt soo aus miene Grootmutta. Aule Kaumpna komen em Himmel, soo jlewd etj weentjchstens. Oom Happna wea aul aus Jung no Kanada jekomen, oba hee bleef sien Läwe lang en Kaumpna. Ältest Happna es aul lang doot. En hee, krajt soo aus miene Grootmutta, ess opp'm Winklaschen Kjtjthoff begroft. Beid haben eenen Graufsteen, enn opp beid sajcht't: "Geboren auf der Insel Chortitza." Se wearen beid en bät stolt daut see fonn doa kaume. Wann jie daut nijch weeten, de Ensel wort "Kaump" jenannt.

To Altesta Happna siene Tiet wea schmeatjen nijch Sind. Weens nijch mank de Barjchthola. Soogoa de Prädjasch schmeatjen. Aus Oom Happna eascht doot wea ändat sijch daut. Langsomm head een Prädja nom aundren opp too schmeatjen. Bloos Oole Prädja Loeptje fonn Roosenfeld head nijch opp. Waut sullen de aundre oba mett am doonen? He wea oolt en de Lied hilden opp am.

Poa mol haude de Prädjasch Unjaräd mett Loeptje. Hee sull doch daut Lausta auflajen. Oba Prädja Loeptje wea tjeen kjeenet Boomtje woont sijch fonn jieda Bries beejen leet. Hee schmeackt wieda.

Eenes Doags storf Prädja Loeptje. En daut wort jesajcht daut eenje Lied, etj well nijch Nomes nannen, jesajcht hauden, nu wea daut Probleem jelöst. Oba en de Barjchtholasche Jemeent wea Trüa, wiels, soo aus etj aul säd, de Menschen hilden opp am.

Prädja Isaak Reima, nijch too fewatjsejn mett Prädja Hoage, trokk no 'Kulle. Enjlända säden "Plum Coulee."

Oba wie säden 'Kulle. Prädja Reima wea uck bedient jinga aus Oom Hoage. Büta däm haud Reima ne russländsche Frü. Oba sest wea hee all right, en jeweelijch uck sea ernst, soo aus en Prädja senne mott.

Aus noam tweeden Weltjrijch sofäl Russlända wada äwakaumen, wull Reima siene Frü haben daut äa Maun äa Frintschoft uck metholf hää too komen. En hee deed. Hee gauf eene Birgschoft no de aundre, en de Russlända kaumen en schauften oppe Forms, manke Beeten, moltjen Kjäj, en foodaden Schwien.

Mank de Nienenwaundra wea uck en "Cousin" fonne Reimasche. Sest wea hee nuscht aundasch aus aundre Russlända oba hee haud en Dietschlaunt eene Hoagdietsche Frü jefriet. Opp soont hoole se bie ons nijch sea. Em-mahan es eene Hoagdietsche bäta aus ne Engelsche, ooda Rusche, ooda waut't sest noch jeft. Oba daut es nijch soo aus'et mott.

Na jie weete je woo Hoagdietsche sent. Se sent sea hoach jeleat, weeten aules bäta, en hoole fäl fonn sijch. Soowaut erwarten Reimasch uck. Nü kaum daut oba gauns aundasch. Dem Enns siene Frü, see heet Lily, wea op'm Launt oppjewossen, haud sijch mett äre fäle junge Jeschwista eromjebauljcht, en haud fäl Freid aum Läwen. See wea nijch jelead, en säd uck nijch fää. Bloos se jintj nijch no Kjtj. See wea kathoolsch. Daut wea awajens en 'Kulle nuscht Nies. Doa wearen de measchte Lied dietsche Menschen (so säden de Lied wann se Mennoniet meenden), oba

daut gauf doa uck Lutherans, Church of God, en sogoa Katholiks.

Goot, eenen Sindach haud Reima wada jeprädiicht. Siene Prädichten wearen emma sea ernst. He säd selwst, dissen Sindach haud he stoatj aun Well-em Wiebe jedocht. No eene haulwe Stund wrunscht dee aul sea urüjch eromm. Woo lang wudd dem de Eewijchtjeit fäkomen wan'a stunden lang wudd motten stell setten en tohorjchen.

Nodem se "Nun danket alle Gott" jesungen hauden, jintj aules no Hüs. Uck Prädja Reima. Aus hee no Hüs kjemmt sitt hee woo Lily en äre Kjinja fern opp'm Lawn Jriepa Spälen, en eena dem aundren uck hanschliesat wan se sijch katchten.

Reima docht noch: "Na kraj: aum Sinn-dach Femeddach, wann de Lied üte Kjtj komen, bie mie opp'm Hoff. Waut woaren de Lied dentjen." On doamett kjrijcht Lily am too packen, fonn hin-jen, en drascht am han, aus wan hee uck too de Jriepaspälasch jehaaed. Prädja Reima wull noch waut sajen, oba donn fong Lily en äre Kjinja am aun too kjitlen daut hee nijch fonne Städ kunn. En je oja he stankad, je oja kjitelde se am.

Doabie kaume de Kjtjelied fonn de Church of God — de hauden emma daut latste üt — febie. See trüden äre Oagen meist nijch aus se Reima soo opp'm Lawn sa'en. Oba waut kunn de sajen, ooda doonen? En Lily, dee wist nijch bäta. Daut wea en Dietschlända.

En Horndean wea tjeene Kjtj. Oba em Winta, wann nijch fäl too doone wea, büta too curlen, dann wea doa jeweelijch eene Wätj Owentfesaumlinj. Dan kaumen feschiedne Prädjasch han, en wearen uck goot prepared, wiels daut wea nijch easy too de Horndean too prädjien. Soogoa de Frües wearen aul en bät toff, fone Maunslied goanjich too räden.

Aul em Farjoa jinjen de Joakopp Ennsche en de Jaun Waulsche — daut wea de Garage-Waulsche, nijch de Post-Waulsche — jieda met ären Twenty-two, satten Peachcans oppe Fenspast en derchlahchaden dee mett'm opp Ziel scheeten. En em Hoawst, wan de Jacht aunftong, haud de Doellsche jeweehlich den easchten Reebock jeschoten.

Na äa Maun, Doell, wea uck de basta Gunsmith en Manitoba. Sogoa de RCMP fonn Winnipeg brocht äre Flinten no am toom oppfiksken. Emma wort fonn Flinten jeräd. Eamol säd de junge Doell, Edward, en gauns kjeleena Bozat, "Ha Jie aul fresche Tomatoes?"

"Jo," säd etj.

"Etj weschd de Sonn tsiel en bät dola no onse," meend Edward. Aulso soogoa no de Tomatoes sul jetsielt woaren.

Donn wearet wada soo wiet. Daut wea kolt en de Prädjasch kaumen, en aule Horndean, aus Barjchthola ooda Breedajemeenta, Sommafelda ooda Rudnaweida, Oolt-Kolonia ooda United Churcha, aul jinjen. Lumber-Yard Brüns Willie wea em Kjrlich jewast, en jehead nue to the United Church en Morden. Prädja Wellem Bua säd too am dan wea hee uck kjen Mennoniet.

Willie wea ene Navy jewast en hee festunt soon Sposs nijch. "Räd plautdietsch krakjt so aus aule aundre," meend hee, "en saul opp eamol nijch Mennoniet sennen?"

Ditt mol kaumen foats twee Prädjasch. Eena jehead too de Rudnaweida en de aundra too de Breeda, oba se wearen beid mol Sommafelda jewast. See kunnen beid mol plautdietsch aus jeschmät. Hoagdietsch stuckad en bät. Oba daut moak nuscht. Wie kunne aul plautdietsch fäl bäta aus hoagdietsch.

Dee Prädjasch heeten Derksen en Klossen. Se hauden uck boolt en Pattern. Derksen fetald de Kjinja eene Jeschijcht, en Klossen brocht den Message.

Dee Jeschijcht woont etj fonn Derksen behoolen hab jinj soo:

"Horjcht Kjinjatjes, en paust schmock opp. Se jie mol hasslijch jewast? Stot mau too. Etj wudd daut jleewen wellen. Denkt mau moal no. Se jie mol derjch dem Stacheldrot jekropen en haben bie de Noabasch Arbüsen jestolen? En de Noaba haft jünt jeseenen en jüne Mamme fetalt, en dee haft jünt tseowens de Moasch folljeheift? Daut es uck gauns rajcht. Enne Schreft sajcht 'et 'Du sollst nich stehlen!' En wan soon't nijch schwind aufjewant woat ritt'et en, en dann kom jie ent Fiejatje. En daut well jie doch

nijch. Jie wellen en't Himmeltje, woo wie aul han sellen, en doa woat nijch jestolen."

Wann Derksen derjch wea kaum Klossen aune Reaj. Daut wea dann so teschen hoagdietsch en plautdietsch, oba mea plautdietsch. Ditt moal räd hee äwa "De latzte Tiet."

"Etj stal mie daut soo fäa," säd hee "etj sto aum Kjtjhoff, opp eamol gone de Jräwa op. De Doodes stonen opp. Jie sajen: 'Joa, oba de Sätja!' Etj saj jünt, "De Säker werden kjeiweln!" En dann beschreef hee woo harlijch daut wurd sennen, en wem wie aul traffen wud-den.

Eenen Owent predijcht hee äwa "Dauss groosse Leiden in der Welt." Etj docht aunftongs he wudd fielleijcht äwa de Christenfehlung unja Nero räden, oba etj kjand nijch Klossen.

He fetald woo goot siene Frü koaken kunn. Enn wann se aules foadijch haud, dann satt sijch de Famielje aum Desch en eet sijch scheen saut. En woa wea de Frü? Dee wea hinjare Schien jegonen en haud jehielt. Wiels see wea opp'm Diet. Joa, joa, säd Klossen, wie wisten foaken goanijch woo goot wie daut hauden, en woo aundre Menschen lieden musten.

Wie en Horndean hilden opp Prädja Derksen en Prädja Klossen, wiels dee wisten woofonn se räden. **mm**

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When Idealism Turns to Disillusionment

Recently a young person who had been a minister for several years showed me a letter of resignation that he was writing to his church. Near the end of the letter were approximately the following words: "As I have indicated, most of my reasons for taking up a new type of work have nothing to do with negative experiences that I may have had in the ministry, nor to a fundamental change in my faith. I wish to remain a member of the church. However, I would not be entirely honest if I didn't admit to some disillusionment. The ideals with which I entered the ministry have not been destroyed, but they have been battered. I now need time and a certain distance to work through my disillusionment."

At its best the Christian faith produces great idealists, without whose calls to righteousness and truth the world would be infinitely poorer. However, many idealists find eventually, as their experience of the world deepens, that their ideals are based at least partly on illusions. When this discovery is made, perhaps over a long period of time, they often react in one of several different ways. From personal observation I would identify, first of all, the *romantic escapist*, who shuts his eyes to newly-perceived realities and retreats into a world of fantasy. The result may be a life of unusual sweetness and enthusiasm. "The world is oh so beautiful!" The person is praised for never saying anything critical about anything or anybody. However, such admiration is tinged by an underlying awareness that the person is not functioning adequately as an adult. His innocence is perceived as a form of escape from something, and not as a mature, thoughtful affirmation of something positive. At the opposite extreme one finds the *cynic*. Some cynics seem always to have affirmed only negative values — a perverted form of idealism — while others have bitterly retreated from a more positive vision of the world and insist that it was all a sham. I believe it was Robert Frost who said that he never dared be too idealistic in his youth, lest he become too cynical in old age. The cynic looks at a piece of pinewood with a few knots in it, and sees only the knots; what impresses him most about a rose are its thorns. I feel great sympathy for the disillusioned idealist but have always been puzzled by those cynics who almost insist that the only correct vision of the world is a dark one. It appears that such cynics too are escapist; by affirming darkness they avoid the responsibilities that a more positive vision might impose on them.

Neither the *romantic escapist* nor the *cynic* react adequately to the new, often harsh realities they encounter in life. It seems to me that when such realities begin to assail our idealism the only honest and healthy solution is to keep one's eyes open to the total reality that one knows through both past and present experience. Some, but by no means all, of the old affirmations may have to be changed, or even dropped, but these, together with new affirmations that may also be made,

can be shaped together into a new vision of life. The process may indeed be a very difficult one. If some of the old ideals were based on illusions, a deliberate program of "dis-illusionment", which means simply the casting off of old illusions, is in order. If we believe that God is a God of truth, then an honest re-evaluation of our faith will ultimately reshape our faith, possibly in quite radical ways, but it will not diminish it.

My faith has changed a great deal over the years, part of a natural process, I would think, of growing older. Part of that process has been painful, but that is true of all learning. Basically my faith has become a great deal simpler than it was. Some years ago I heard an evangelist exhorting his audience to return to a simple faith. Good advice, I thought, but when I listened to all the things that, in his words, a Christian must believe in order to be called a Christian I found it anything but simple. Many people seem to feel that to believe more you have to believe more *things*; that a person's faith can be tested in terms of adherence to a list of statements, all of which undoubtedly bear only a weak resemblance to that powerful and mysterious God who created this universe. I marvel at our desire to package God into neat little boxes of doctrine.

I believe in God — despite much evidence that makes such belief difficult. I believe that God is good and cares for us, though that too is not always apparent.

I rejoice in the fact that God has many followers, both in the Christian Church and outside of it.

Finally, though I think that Jesus of Nazareth is inadequately and often wrongly captured in hymns and doctrines about him, and there is much about his life that I find puzzling, the portrayal that we have of him in the New Testament is the closest thing that mankind has been given of a portrait of God's essential being. Much of my continuing idealism is rooted in that faith.

Some years ago E. V. Rieu, a famous Greek scholar without any strong interest in the Christian faith, decided to try his hand at translating the four Gospels from Greek into English. He thought of it largely as an intellectual exercise. However, in the course of his work he was deeply moved by the personality of Jesus and in the introduction to the published translation he observes: "Superimposed on all my previous impressions is one of power, tremendous power, utterly controlled. A strong wind swept through Palestine, but if it rooted up the rotten tree, it did not crush the injured reed." Rieu went on to record his conviction that on this man there was truly the mark of God, and that the words of Jesus are the Magna Charta of the human spirit.

It is this kind of reality, above all else, that should keep our idealism from slipping into cynicism.

Roy Vogt

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