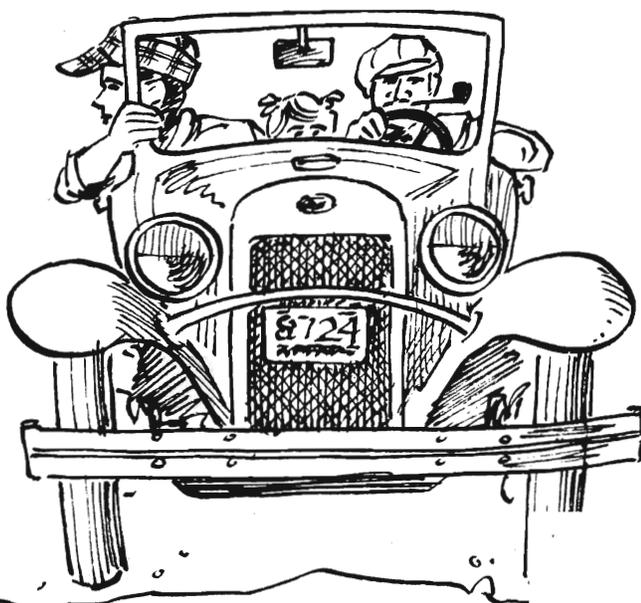


# Mennonite Mirror

volume 16/number 10/june 1987



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## **A Letter From the Publisher:**

# **Important Transition for the Mirror**

This issue marks an important transition for our little publication. After nine years of solid, imaginative editorial leadership, Al Reimer has decided that it is time to turn those duties over to someone else. We could hardly refuse his request, having prevailed on him each year for several years to give it at least one more year. He has gone more than the extra mile, having put his best literary skills and his valuable time into a work for which he has not received a cent of remuneration.

I would like to thank Al on behalf of the whole *Mirror* staff and its readers for his contribution. He has chaired our monthly editorial meetings, pursued writers, edited dozens of their articles, and has given to the *Mirror* the inspiration and guidance that it needed to become an important part of the Mennonite community.

A sign of the respect accorded to him is the excellent editorial committee that he has been able to assemble. Some of these people are shown in the photo above. They have served willingly under his capable direction. Any virtues that the *Mirror* has can be attributed largely to this group of talented writers, and others who have worked with them.

It is with pleasure that we can announce that this committee, together with Al Reimer, will go on with its work, perhaps adding a few new members. Al has promised to continue as a copy editor and to edit the Low German articles.

The new editor, Ruth Vogt, was chosen by the members of this committee, and brings many years of experience to her new job. We can be sure that when she was growing up in Nottingham, England she never dreamed that she would be editor of a Mennonite publication in Canada. However, since joining the Mennonite Church in Elkhart, Indiana, more than 25 years ago, she has been very active in the Mennonite community, assisting on projects for the MCC, teaching in both Mennonite High Schools in Winnipeg (in both English and French) and writing and editing for the *Mennonite Mirror*. She has also taught French at the University of Winnipeg Collegiate and is currently involved in several teaching programs in adult education in Winnipeg, teaching English as a second language for new immigrants. She plans to spend between one and two days a week at the *Mirror* office when she assumes her new position in September, which is the beginning of our 17th publishing year.

— Roy Vogt

## **ForeWord**

This issue opens with a short story by Frances Fast exploring the idea of what it means to be a "good man," and suggests that appearances may not be everything.

There are several reviews this edition, of performances and books of interest to the Mennonite community.

There is also humor in this issue; first Al Doerksen describes the frustrations of winning but also losing in a way that makes the point that sometimes the only thing you can do is take events in stride. Author J. Braun defines his version of how he assesses potential Mennonite female companionship. Then there is a A-Z guide to appreciating the alphabet, Mennonite style.

Perhaps one of the toughest assignments is to make peace, and an article on page 17 describes that it can be a costly venture.

Many of our other features, such as *Observed along the Way*, the *Mix-up* contest, the German section, and *Manitoba news* are found inside.

Finally, this is the last edition until September. May your summer be a nice balance between sunshine and rain, leisure and sessions with your "things to do" list.

# **Mennonite Mirror**

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

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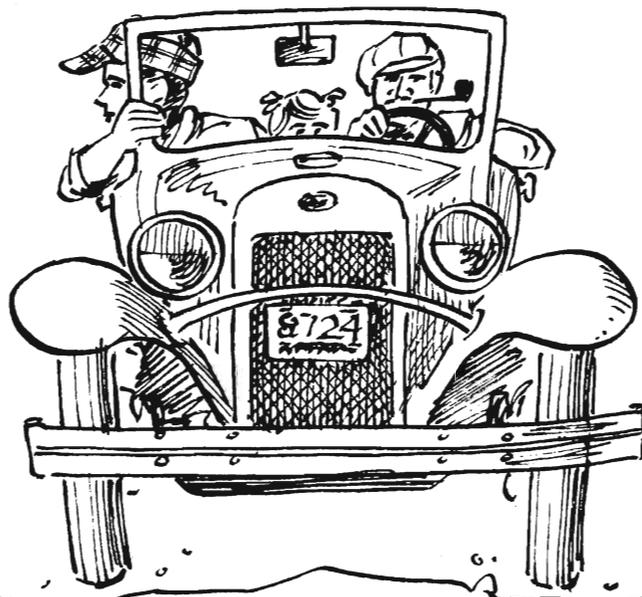
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A short story by Frances Fast

# The Ladies and the Man

"He hasn't come yet, Mama. When is he coming? Mama?" Her nose pressed flat against the panes of the front window.

"What are you so anxious for? Leona! Watch those plants."

She was watching the plants. "I just like his car." She liked everything about him, was the truth, and yesterday he had lifted his tweed cap at her, as if she were a lady. Yesterday he had lifted his cap, and smiled, and winked at her. And there was the car. Today that all was to be hers again.

"Ian McIvor?" said her father. He walked heavily to a kitchen chair, and sat down to button the cuffs of his shirt. "He's late. Later than yesterday." There was sweat on his upper lip, and his shoulders moved with his breathing. But he smiled at his daughter, as if that was irresistible. "Have you fallen in love with the Englishman?"

"Yes," she whispered intensely. "But he is a Scottish man, not an Englishman. Tina said."

"Yes. That's right."

"She says it's the car," said her mother, from the far side of the kitchen.

She hadn't heard the whispered confession.

"Ah."

"Isaac?"

The man shifted around in his chair and looked at her.

"You are too sick. Stay home."

He didn't answer, and she shrugged in exasperation. "If you must buy half wild broncos that tear through fences, I guess you must." She spoke sharply. And then, because he was her husband, and she loved him, she said, "I hope you find her. This has dragged on . . ."

"Sitting in a car and being driven around can hardly hurt me. And Ian assures me he has the time. It was his offer."

"Yes. Yes. Forgive me." But still spoken with an edge.

The girl was wise. She knew her mother worried about her father. She knew her father was more tired than in the summer, when he bought the nervous mare. And in the summer more tired than in the winter before. But he was still her father, who was aware, with affection, of every move she made. Her mother should not be sharp one

moment and gentle the next, in that inconsistent way. But that was how her mother was. That was how worrying had made her. When the sharpness was for her, for Leona, she mostly paid little attention. Her mother didn't mean it like that. Her mother knew very well that she wouldn't get along without Leona. That was probably why she had said no, Leona wasn't going to school yet. Probably it had nothing to do with the two miles being too much for her legs.

Thomas banged his head against a chair and had to be comforted. And then the baby cried in the bedroom, and her mother sent Leona to check on him. "He'll be wet. Find a dry diaper, Leona. I'll come soon."

But, terrible thought! "What if he comes? Tell me right away."

"Leona, just go."

So sharp again. Leona went in agony. She heard her father chuckle and offer to take Thomas on his lap. Her mother came and picked up the baby, and Leona flew back to the front window.

"See. There he is!" she shouted triumphantly.

The long-nosed Ford, with its rumble

seat open and its roof down, roared up the lane and puffed and stopped in front of the door. It was a wonderful car. Ian McIvor (she always said his name whole; just "Ian" didn't work) put his long legs on the ground in front of him, took a pipe out of his mouth — a pipe! — knocked it with his fist and laid it on the little ledge above the steering wheel. He smoked because he was an English, no, a Scottish man. They did that.

"Well, go invite him in, Leona," her father said. But Leona was suddenly shy, and made herself small behind the table. Ian McIvor had to knock, and open the door himself to Isaac's "Yah, come in."

"Good morning, Isaac. Sorry I'm so late. Morning, missus," to Anna in the bedroom doorway, the baby in her arms. He laid his tweed cap on the table and pulled out a chair, sitting down with the chair back to front and his elbows on

its back. "Where to today? I thought toward Ste. Therese. We've been most other directions. Have you heard anything?"

"North is fine, yes. No, I haven't heard anything. Not anything new since yesterday."

"I'm ready when you are," said Ian McIvor. He tapped with his fingernails on the chair back, and leaned around to reach for his cap. His eyes went around the room. And they lit on Leona, a bright-eyed rabbit clutching at a chair. He smiled at her. When he smiled his white teeth showed, and his dark moustache curled up, and something happened to his eyes, so that Leona's stomach, so secure a thing normally, jerked itself loose from its rootings and did a somersault inside of her. "You coming along for a ride?" he said. She felt her eyes stretching out wide. "It's a

nice car, I think. Want to see if you like it?"

That had to be answered, and quickly, before the chance would be taken away from her. "Yes!" she said, finding her voice somewhere, desperately.

Her mother made a shushing motion with a free hand. "You don't need to, Ian, really . . ." She looked for help to her husband, who shrugged.

"She'll be in nobody's way," Isaac said.

Ian McIvor looked at Leona again, up and down. "No problem. She'll need something warmer to wear. Nippy out, even with the sunshine."

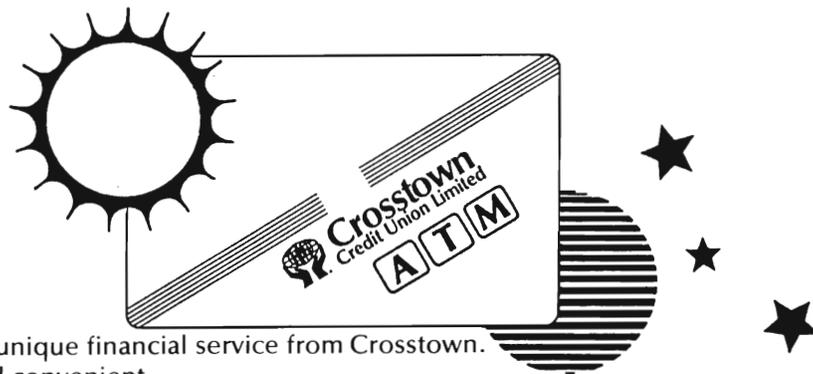
"All right." Anna became brisk. "Here, Leona. Go to the outhouse first. I'll find some overalls for you. Hurry."

Leona ran out, and then in. "See you don't get in their way," her mother said.

Leona struggled out of her dress, and

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into a flannel shirt of Benny's, and overalls he had outgrown. "I can just stay in the car, Mama. I won't get in anybody's way," she said fiercely. The overalls were boughten ones, with hooks on the straps that Leona couldn't manage by herself. Her mother buckled them for her, reaching down. "I look like a boy, Mama."

"Well, you have to stay warm. This jacket too." The jacket was Tina's from last year. It had a hood and red buttons.

Leona walked straight-backed to the door, very conscious of the honour being done to her, like to a lady, even though on the outside she was wearing boys' overalls. Her mother handed her a syrup pail, surprisingly heavy. "Look after that," she said, "and make sure the men eat when they get hungry."

"Yes, Mama. Is there some for me, Mama?"

"Of course. Now don't make them wait."

Ian McIvor took the lunch pail from her and set it in the back seat. "Okay, in you go," he said.

She had to scramble behind the steering wheel, above which the pipe lay. Her father was heaving himself into the other side. Her father looked not so tired. The crispness of the air, with the sunshine, could do that, she thought. Leona sat in the middle, very straight. She pushed back her hood and folded her hands in her lap. And Ian McIvor put his long legs under the steering wheel, stuck the pipe in his breast pocket, and made the car move with hardly a roar. From the doorway of the house her mother waved at them, but Leona was too full of joy to be able to make herself wave back.

Down the lane, which was rough and rutty. Past the neighbours, Doerkens and Schellenbergs, and then Otto Doerkens, who had the fierce dog. Past the school, where Benny and Tina were stuffed up inside, while she was out on the road with the cold air stirring the top of her hair.

And when they turned Leona saw it was a road she had never been on before. The poplar bush crowded close, some yellow still, mostly grey and bare, with only a strip of blue sky above. "Is this to Ste. Therese?" she whispered to her father.

"Not straight, no. We're looking for a horse, not a town."

"Oh." In that case, there was no knowing where they might go. They might go wherever there was a road.

"Well Leona," said Ian McIvor from above her, "do you like the car?"

She had to twist her head back to see him and answer. "Yes. I like it." He wasn't smiling now. But the thin line of his moustache, and his eyes, still did funny things to her stomach. And then he did smile, and she felt herself smiling back, and she had to hurriedly straighten herself and look at the road again.

"How come you're not in school yet? You're a long-legged thing."

Looking up at him to answer didn't work. She kept her eyes on the dust of the road, on the strange barns and hay stacks flashing by, and answered seriously. "Mama says, not long-legged enough. But I know English already. And I know all the letters. And I can write all the things in Benny's primer."

"Ah. Good for you."

But mostly they didn't notice her at all. Which was as it should be; they were looking for a runaway horse. She had very good eyes, and could help look for the horse. The road they were on twisted and turned beside the river. On the other side of the river bare patches of brown land were plowed in long straight lines. There was no brown mare with two white feet rolling herself in the earth.

"Do you know anybody along this way? Ian McIvor asked her father over

her head.

"No. Not along this road. It's all French."

"Neither do I. But that wouldn't stop a horse." That was a joke. "I'll stop and ask at the next place."

The next place was a tiny, tilted-over grey house with a grey barn behind it, and dry weeds everywhere. But the woman who came to the door as they drove up was very pretty, with smooth dark hair and a full-skirted green dress. Ian McIvor got out and talked with her, and the lady put her head back into the house and called, and a man came to the door and they talked some more. No, they hadn't seen or heard about a loose horse, they heard the man say. Leona put her hand on her father's knee, and for answer he smoothed down her sun-bleached thatch.

"No luck," Ian McIvor said. He turned the car on the narrow yard. "I suppose she could have gotten across the river."

"Let's look some more on this side," her father said. "We can cross the river at Ste. Therese and work our way back the other side if we find nothing here."

They asked at many places, all morning. One English farmer said he'd heard something about a loose horse, but

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hadn't himself laid eyes on it. The store-keeper at Mantie Corner sucked his teeth. "Might be old Plett said something. Lena? Was it Plett talked about a loose horse yesterday? Yah, Jacob Plett." He told Ian McIvor where Jacob Plett lived, and they drove there, but nobody was home.

"Humph!" said Ian McIvor, and backed and twisted his car and finally got it turned around.

Leona had never been on this road either, but it looked like what she had seen once before, with more open fields than bush, and the blue sky very big. The car drove fast. And then Leona could no longer concentrate on looking for the mare. "Papa, I have to go," she whispered in German.

He tch-tched, and said why hadn't she said so back at that store, where there was an outhouse.

"I didn't have to then."

The car slowed up and came to a gentle stop. "Will that bush do?" Ian McIvor asked. Leona nodded, and her father said yes, it would. He opened his door, and bent his knees for Leona to scramble over. She stood up, and then sat again, her face suddenly hot. "The overalls. I can't do them myself," she said, looking at her father. Ian McIvor reached over, with one arm behind her head, and opened the buckles for her. When she came back from the bush, clutching at the straps, he got out of the car to let her in on his side, and fastened the buckles for her. "That's what you get for wearing men's pants," he said. But he was teasing, not ashamed. "You'll have to practice by yourself sometime."

"Yes," she said. They both got back in, and he reached for the lunch pail in the back seat.

"Is it time for this?"

Her father said it was. Ian McIvor pried up the lid with his pocket knife, and Leona passed out the buns and cheese and molasses cookies.

They chewed busily, and when that was done Ian McIvor jammed the lid back down, tossed the pail to the back, and smiled down at Leona. "All set?" he said.

She smiled back, with a smile that came up from her toes. But her belly no longer lurched. She was used to him. "Does 'all set' mean ready to go?"

"Exactly."

"Hm. Yes. All set."

"Isaac?"

"You have spent more than enough of your time on this. Go on home if you want to," said Isaac. "I am very grateful to you. Very."

"She's got to be around here someplace," Ian McIvor said. "Esau back there knew what he was talking about." And he started the car. "If I hadn't been so late we'd probably have caught the man back there at home. Oh well, that's how it goes. I had a good excuse, was out to a dance with Louise last night. In Coulet. Did you know we were going to be married?"

Isaac smiled and said no, he hadn't known. "Louise Anderson?"

"Uh huh."

"The girl who teaches at the Garwood school?"

"That's the one." The dark line of

moustache was curving up in a decided smile, though his eyes were almost closed from squinting along the road.

"Good for you," Isaac said. Leona had never heard of a Louise Anderson, and couldn't remember where Garwood was. Sometimes she felt so ignorant. She set her spine in a straight line, and prepared to look for the lost horse. That she could do.

And they did find the mare. A big-voiced and big-barned farmer, more than three miles from the not-at-home Plett, said yes, one of his boys knew something. A reddish mare, two white sox, dark mane? Yes? Lost a week ago?

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A boy, recently grown to full height and weight, with red spiky hair above a beety face, shambled curiously out of the barn. Leona crawled out of the car from interest, but she made herself small behind her father's legs. There were too many big men.

The son knew exactly where he had seen the horse. "Tree miles straight east," he said, "den a little into d' swamp. She didn't look in too good shape. Sick. Cou'nt get close. Den she made off into d'scrub. Don't tink she'll have gotten far. I was on my wheels, di'nt know 'bout tramping round in dere in good shoes. And she di'nt want to be caught. Sorry." The huge boy shrugged.

"Well, let's go look," Isaac said.

Ian Mclvor picked Leona up under her arms and dropped her into her seat.

"You from Goulet, you said?" the farmer asked as Ian fitted himself into the car.

"Southeast of Goulet, mile, mile and a bit."

"Dumb place for a horse to make off to," the boy said.

"If she's the one."

"Oh, it sounds to me like it must be," the farmer said. "Not dat many horses running round loose."

"S'true."

They drove the three miles straight east, crossing as they went the line between open prairie and scrub bush. Ian Mclvor stopped the car beside a large patch of coarse grass. "Is this swamp?" he asked skeptically. "That was three miles."

"Looks dry enough. But it rained a week ago. Could be wet."

They got out to look, and Leona trailed behind, too curious to wait in the car. The ground underneath the brittle grass was dry enough along the edges, but very soft with matted vegetation and moss. They circled the clearing. Where the ground dipped suddenly water squelched around the soles of the men's shoes, and Leona squelched behind.

"Who owns this?" Isaac asked Ian's back.

"Crown, I think. Don't know."

And then Ian stopped without warning. The horse lay on her side in the long grass, legs stiffly in the air, very dead.

Isaac caught up and stood beside Ian, looking down. Leona peered around her father's legs. "That's Bonnie," Isaac said.

"For certain?"

"Yes."

Leona could see that too, in spite of the horrible stiff legs and sprawled out

head. She had seen dead animals before, but this was not nice at all. "She's all swolled up, Papa."

"Because she's been dead for awhile," he said.

"You said she was going to have a baby in Spring, Papa."

"Not anymore she won't," Ian Mclvor said. "Wonder why?" He crouched down to have a look at the horse's stretched out head, but didn't say anything else. Leona walked to the horse's head and squatted, imitating Ian. She reached with her hand, but he grabbed it, jerking it back. "Don't touch. You don't know what she died of."

"Nyah," Isaac said, "and we won't find out either."

Ian got up and stretched. "Stupid lady to run off."

"Well, that's that. Guess we leave her here. It'd be impossible to drag her anywhere."

"Yeah. There won't be much left by Spring. Pity."

"Well," said Isaac slowly, "that's the last half-wild horse I buy." Ian Mclvor looked at him with raised eyebrows, and Leona remembered that her father was sick. Half-wild horses required strong men, not sick men. Bonnie had gotten away because her father wasn't strong any more.

They trudged back to the car, Leona tramping beside her father and holding his hand for comfort. There was nothing more to say about the horse. But Isaac shook Ian's hand, and thanked him again.

"No problem," he said. "You had to find her. There's a bridge straight ahead, isn't there? I think I'll take that road, come around by Goulet."

The ride in the car was almost over. There could not ever, anywhere, be anything as nice as riding in that car. Leona leaned back, now that she didn't need to keep her eyes open for sight of Bonnie. Ian Mclvor's tweed cap slanted down toward his right eye, and he smoked his pipe. He had lit it beside the road. "I still like your car," Leona told him, looking up.

He grinned around the pipe between his teeth. They clattered into Goulet and over the railroad tracks. He took the pipe out of his mouth and waved it to the right. "See that? S'where the dance was last night." The hall was a long, low-roofed building, painted white, bigger than a school. A dance! English, no, Scottish men, danced. They went to dances with ladies. Seeing the hall made that real.

"Well lady, you can't keep your eyes open anymore, can you?" said Ian

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Mclvor as he stopped in front of their house.

"Yes I can."

Isaac got stiffly out of the car, and Leona crawled after him. "Thank you again, Ian. It was . . . very good of you."

"No problem." He waved to Anna, who had come to the door at the sound of the motor. And then he roared away. Leona waved after him, but he didn't see her.

"Well?" Anna asked sharply.

"Dead," Isaac answered. "We found her. Yach, but what a chase. You're right. No more wild horses."

"Go lie down, Isaac."

"Yes. I will. Leona was, all day, a very good girl."

"Good." Very sharply.

Isaac stumped to the bedroom. Leona gulped water from the dipper, and then sat down on the kitchen floor to fight with the overalls' buckles.

"Are the others coming home soon, Mama?"

"No. Over an hour yet." Anna sat down, and looked at her daughter on the floor. "I can help you."

"No. I have to learn for myself. Mama?"

"What?"

"Ian Mclvor is a very good man, isn't he?"

"Yes. We don't deserve that kind of neighbour. All the Mclvors."

"He didn't have to drive Papa all around, looking for Bonnie."

"No. But you said, he's a good man."

"He's very good."

"Yes."

"He smokes. He smoked a pipe, now, when we were along."

"I knew he smoked. Of course."

"It's wrong to smoke."

"Of course it's wrong to smoke."

"And," she said, grimacing in her struggle with the buckle, "he dances. He goes to dances. That's why he was late this morning. Did you know that?"

"Well, I'm not surprised. His mother has talked of that before. They do."

"You told Tina it was a sin to dance."

"Of course it's a sin. It's very wrong. But just because . . ."

"But Ian Mclvor is still a very good man. He goes to dances, and he's a very good man. I **know** he's a very good man."

"Leona, what . . .?"

"You can't be a Christian if you go to dances, can you, Mama?"

"No. It's . . . Leona, what do you know about that?"

"Maybe God has different rules for Scottish people and us?"

"No. He can't have."

"Is Ian Mclvor a Christian?"

"Yes . . . no. How should I know? I hope so. What's gotten into you?"

Leona thought. "You can't be in love with someone if they're going to marry someone else, can you?"

"You can," said Anna, an irresistible

chuckle hurriedly batted down. "But it's not a very useful thing to be."

"Well, that's all right then. But he is a very good man. Anyway. There Mama! I know these buckles now. He said I have to practice these horrible buckles. Mama, when I am big and a lady I think so I will anyways wear overalls. **mm**

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# review

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## Baroque afternoon

Several hundred people gathered in the gymnasium of the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute for the spring concert of the Mennonite Community Orchestra on May 24, and in general they went home glad they had come — especially if they liked Baroque music.

The concert was something of a transitional event in that it was also John Klassen's last appearance as the orchestra's director. Having finished two terms, he has decided to pass the baton on to someone else.

The afternoon opened with the *Sinfonia in D Major* for organ and orchestra by J. S. Bach. Organist Ken Doerksen made a masterful contribution to this piece with the lively clarity of his playing. It was a joyful way to begin the afternoon.

The *Concerto in D Major* for mandolin by Antonio Vivaldi followed, with Alex Hiebert in the solo role. This was a fast-paced and difficult work where the soloist with a rather tiny instrument must play strong enough to be heard above the orchestra. For the most part, Hiebert succeeded.

The third work was the *Brandenburg Concerto #4* by Bach with three soloists taking the lead role, Derek Tuba and

Patricia (Ratzlaff) Ng on recorders and Karen Klassen, violin. This was a well-executed piece with the solo sections rising nicely above the main orchestra. Both soloists and orchestra gave this piece the light touch it requires.

The highlight of the afternoon for this reviewer was the *Adagio in G* for organ and violin by T. Albinoni. Ken Doerksen and Karen Klassen wove their themes in and out of the orchestra with great skill. It is a work that must be listened to to be appreciated and must be heard "for real" in order to be felt — on Sunday, the long, low notes of the strings and the organ actually made the building tremble.

The choirs from Westgate and MBCI concluded the afternoon. The young men from the choirs sang one selection from Bach's Cantata #208 with the ladies following with a second (Sheep may safely graze). They then combined to sing several selections from *The Sound of Music*. While the choirs sang well, they were never really able to rise above the orchestra with the consistency that is necessary to make it a good chorus/orchestra combination.

The MCO is planning its next event this fall — watch for the notices.

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# observed along the way

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by Roy Vogt



## Moving Into Summer

• As this is being written — in mid May — we are enjoying a beautiful Spring and appear headed towards an equally beautiful summer. The farmers are complaining about low prices, but almost everyone else has good reason to be in high spirits.

• Everywhere people are on the move. One weekend our oldest daughter arrives from Edmonton with a friend and four children. They pull into our driveway at midnight, after a non-stop 16-hr. trip in one of these new people vans. The two women look remarkably fresh, but the most incredible scene greets us in the back seat of the van. There are their four kids, all under two years of age, strapped side-by-side into their car seats with glazed expressions on their faces. Where have their fast-moving mothers brought them now? By the time we get them into the house they are, of course, wide awake and a merry time is had till 2 a.m., when the mothers finally fall asleep exhausted. The kids are up again at 6:30, ready for action.

It is great to have the grandchildren back with us again, if only for a few days. This is long enough to see their father, and the Oilers, beat our Jets. I vowed that since this is likely our son-in-law's last year in professional hockey I would cheer for his team, but our daughter notices how high I jump when Doug Smail ties the score for the Jets in one of

the games. This, unfortunately, is the Jets' last moment of glory. They quickly fade from the race, leaving us free to cheer for the Oilers without reservation. By the time the Stanley Cup is finally decided I hope to be in Europe, far away from all the noise and strife. I love hockey, but after 90 games it becomes a little bit too much.

New adventures await me in places like Vienna, northern Yugoslavia, and Berlin, where people haven't even heard about the Oilers or the Jets. However, I'll report on this in our September issue.

• A Sunday afternoon in May takes us to the annual Mennonite Art and Music Festival, where there is a good chance to sample Mennonite food and art, and to visit with people. I listen with interest to several numbers by the Mennonite chamber orchestras, followed by a trio of very talented female singers. Unfortunately, after a wonderful opening song this group decides to entertain us with a series of insipid Christian pop songs — which all seem to have the same melody and the same words: "Jesus takes my hand, throughout this promised land; He knows just how I feel, and His love is very real" — or something like that. I like simple Christian songs — "Amazing Grace" is one of my favorites, but these new songs are not merely simple, they are puerile. The complex reality of our lives doesn't necessarily have to be expressed in complex words or melodies, but it demands

from the artist a mature reflection on life, evoking thoughts and images that correspond to life as we actually experience it. This group is capable of so much more, but their fine voices and good use of acoustics do not manage to hide a very superficial series of songs.

• It seems to me that the Christian Church is losing the ear of many thoughtful people because it chooses to address them in nice, warm, cosy, and sentimental ways, when life is often hard and disturbing. We need warmth and encouragement in the midst of our problems, but the problems must be addressed in an honest and mature way. Someone, sometime in May, tells me about a new minister in his church to whom he listens with great interest. "What do you really appreciate about this minister?" I ask. The answer is rather forthright: "There is very little 'b-s-ing' in his message. He talks to us as adults, without pretension or sentimentality. He lets us know that life is not child's play and challenges us to see the Christian faith as a mature response to real life."

This comes about at the same time that our church is debating the merits of opening our whole Sunday morning service to small children. There are many who would welcome this — and numerous congregations have for years had "family" services in which children are participants, but I hope very much that our church will resist the trend. There obviously needs to be a warm place for the children in the church, but there must also be a place where adults can have their concerns addressed in an adult way. I don't want to hear a cute story on Sunday morning. I want to sing songs that are meaningful to me, and hear sermons that speak to situations that are real to me and filled with substance.

• Some of you may recall that last year I described in this column an unfortunate experience I had trying to buy a suit at the Bay. I couldn't find any clerk to serve me, in two different stores. Later I received a letter from a Bay manager, apologizing for the incident and assuring me that the service would be greatly improved in the future. Well, this month the time has come to prove that. I carry no grudge against the Bay (I have never believed in economic boycotts) and so when the time comes to buy some luggage I decide to call the Bay store in the St. Vital mall to see if they have a certain type of garment bag that is widely advertised. The clerk answers immediately, but regrets that they carry a very limited supply of luggage in that store,

and I had best call the downtown store. I do this, but for a long time no one answers the telephone. Then, when I am just about to hang up, a woman in an exhausted voice picks up the phone and apologizes that there seems to be no one in the luggage department and she has come over from another department to respond to the call. Unfortunately she knows nothing about the luggage items in stock, but promises to bring someone to the telephone who does. I wait for a few minutes, till finally the same woman is on the phone again: "I am very sorry, sir," she begins, "but the manager of this department is apparently in a training session at the present time, and the only other clerk is on a coffee break." Too bad, once again I am unable to make a purchase. Fortunately another store has the piece of luggage that I want. Maybe next year I'll have better luck at the Bay.

- As usual, strange things also happen on the golf course. I was sure that this year would be the best one ever. Whenever I casually swung one of my golf clubs in our rec room during the winter the whole thing seemed to be incredibly easy. That natural, smooth swing would bring the Pine Ridge course to its knees. This feeling of confidence is with me as I step up to the first tee for the first time in late April, my golfing partners waiting in anticipation of a tremendous drive. A few practice swings assure me that all is in order. Then, with left knee properly bent, my head cocked slightly to the right (a la Jack Nicklaus), eyes squarely on the ball, I begin the slow back swing which will quickly be transformed into a powerful forward thrust of arms, hips, and club. The club swishes past me, the ball takes off — my eyes follow its course — a little to the left, then more and more to the left, over the hedges on the left side of the fairway, onto the 10th fairway where another group of golfers has the pleasure of watching it land on foreign soil. My partners avert their eyes; they are indecisive; they don't know whether to laugh or cry. My mind cannot endure the sudden, complete collapse of an illusion. It fixes itself on an image of the cartoon character, Charlie Brown, who each year is persuaded by Lucy that she will hold the football for him so that he can make the perfect kick. Each time, however, she pulls the ball away at the last second, leaving him to nurse both a bruised bum and ego.

Golf is the ultimate bruiser of egos. One of my partners is a friend who knew nothing about the game until I introduced him to it twenty years ago. I could

always beat him easily, but in the past five years he has turned the tables, developing skills that I had never dreamed (or hoped) would be there. Teachers always hope that students will advance, but not beyond the level of the teacher. However, one consolation is mine this spring. On a fine May day, on the longest hole at Pine Ridge, this upstart partner unleashes the longest drive I have ever seen him hit, and much longer than anything I have been capable of this day. Though he is deeply humble by nature (we call him Reticent Rempel), his chest puffs out with justifiable pride at this feat, and he lays down a challenge to me: "I'll give you a dollar", he says, "for every foot that your drive beats that." He knows very well that the odds are heavily against me, but he has made one mistake: never fool around with a Vogt when it comes to money. "Patience, dear heart," I tell myself as I prepare to swing, "your friend is trying to psyche you into forcing your swing." The follow-through is the smooth one that I have been waiting for in vain for a whole month, the ball takes off high and straight — the kind of trajectory that makes even the most disappointing game worthwhile — and it lands just beyond my partner's ball — just enough to preserve his dignity and to get me a free beer. That little victory carries me through a few more weeks of disappointing scores.

- Life goes on, of course, in even more happy and tragic ways. One evening I receive a call from a woman with whom I went to school briefly about 40 years ago. Her father is dying in a Winnipeg hospital. They have no connection with the church and I am the only minister they know. I meet her at the hospital a few days later, and together we visit her father, who is gasping for breath, shrivelled up on his bed. I know enough about his life to realize that little of it was pleasant. It would be easy now to call his sins to mind, or to encourage a confession of guilt, but somehow this does not seem consistent with the respect that one should show such people. He is able to talk haltingly, and remembers me from the time that we were briefly neighbors in Steinbach. I knew most of his large family, and we both laugh as we recall how terrified we were of his mother whenever we knocked a home run ball from our yard into hers. Perhaps, I have to admit, she had some reason for her anger, since we regularly stole from her beloved crab apple tree the best apples in town. A rare grin crosses his face, and he whispers to me, "I'm glad you enjoyed them, and

that you got away with it." Then he looks at me with frightened eyes, knowing what is happening to him, and I ask him, "Do you feel at peace with yourself?" I try not to ask the question accusingly, but it would be good to know what he is feeling. He replies in as most haunting way: "I have just never understood." I ask, "What haven't you been able to understand?" He hesitates, and then repeats with even more pathos, "I don't know. I just never understood." I think I know now what he is trying to say. He has not been able to make sense of his own life, or of the world. I have no prepared lecture to give him. Instinctively I take his hand, and as one brother to another I whisper back to him, "None of us understands very well. Maybe it is enough that we are understood." His head falls back on the pillow. I ask whether he would like me to pray with him. He nods assent, and as our hands are clasped in each other we ask God for His mercy and understanding.

A few days later this sad man breathes his last. A small family circle gathers at the grave site. They have a few good memories to lighten their grief. But then, God's love is not limited to heroes of the faith. It is present here too, perhaps especially here, where it is most needed.

mm



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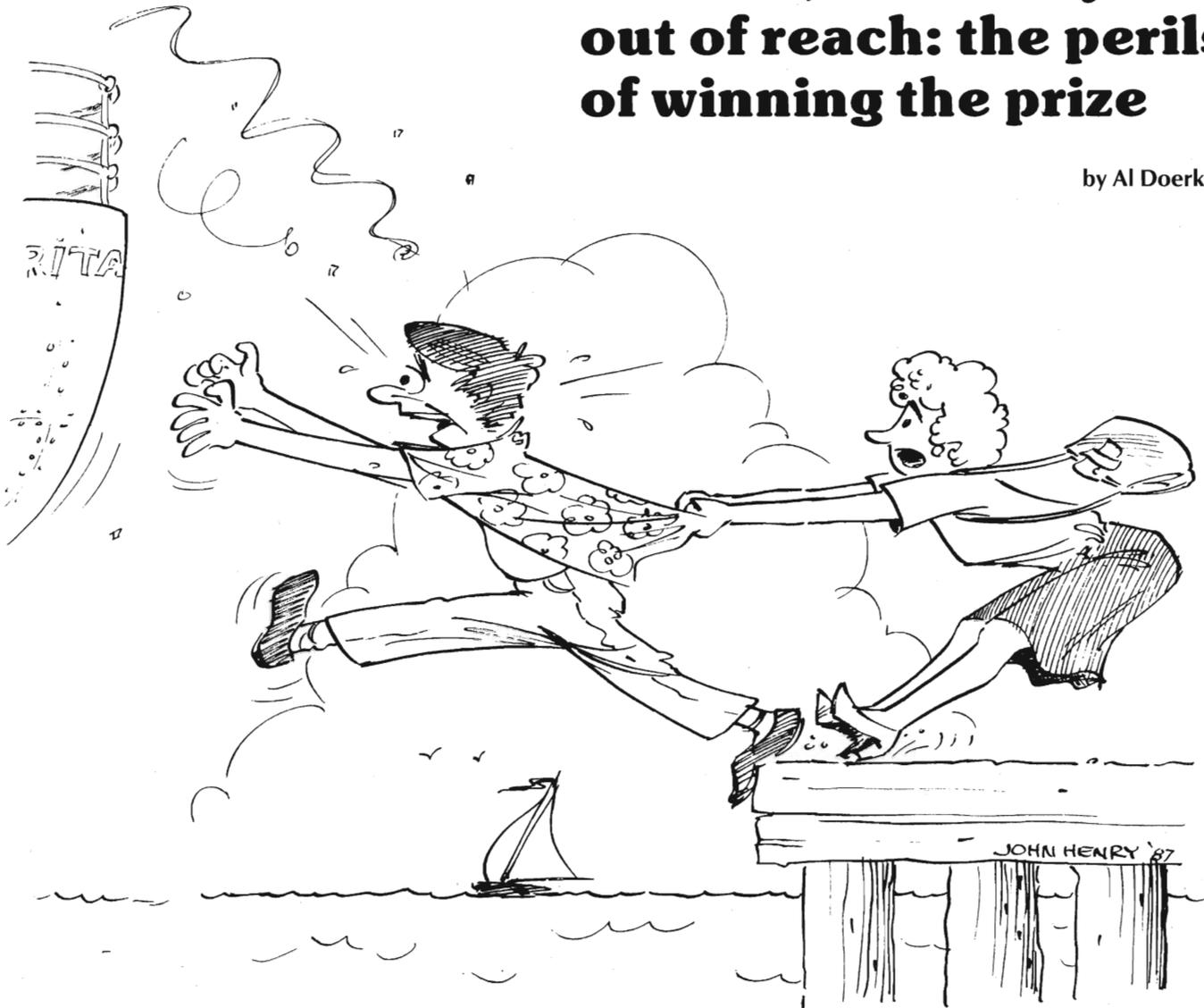
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# So near, but always out of reach: the perils of winning the prize

by Al Doerksen



**B**reakfast on the Upper Deck! For months, we had looked forward to our cruise on the *Britanis*. It was September, to be precise, that my business card had been pulled from the hat at the Wardair seminar as the winner of a cruise for two. Montego Bay, Aruba, Cartagena, San Blas and Panama—we looked forward to each port of call. Now we were here in the warm sun. I still remembered the groans from the regular hopefuls at the Wardair seminar. Al Doerksen again! My luck was considered too good. They remembered that my name had been pulled twice before in the previous six months. It was not right that someone should win so often . . . but of course they didn't remember that my St. Lucia trip didn't materialize because Unitours went bankrupt! Not much of a prize that. And the second win was a box of prints—which I had to frame. (I

also had to answer a skill-testing question.)

We selected the last week of January as a good time to be away. Wardair Holidays agreed. A week prior to departure they confirmed one cabin available—Category 7 inside—which they assigned to us. Air Canada came across with the AD 75s to reduce the cost of travelling to Toronto to meet the Wardair flight. All through the week prior Agatha and I debated the wisdom of going—there was so much work to do, it seemed irresponsible to be away. But we were committed, and besides the weather had turned motivatingly cold.

Friday, January 23: Worked all day, bought groceries for the kids for next week, went to an MCC meeting, and then the Doerksens had a 9:30 pm farewell dinner at Nibblers Nosh. Home by 10:45 and packed by 12:30 am.

Headed back to the office to clean up some last minute files. Agatha issued about \$7,000 worth of tickets. I wrote some memos, did accounting and cleared my desk (partially). Left the office at 6:05 am, headed home to change and then took a 6:35 taxi to the airport for the 7:00 am departure of AC190. Close but no problem. Departure was scheduled to be on time.

At 7:10 the captain announced minor problems with the gyro. Expected to depart shortly. Woke up at 7:45 still on the ground. Started to work with the flight attendants on contingency plans. If we didn't leave soon, we would miss our noon Wardair connection from Toronto. The stress levels of the past few days and hours were supposed to be subsiding. Instead they were rising again. Went back to the gate to have a message sent to Wardair re possible late

arrival. Finally at 9:25 the problem was announced solved and we pushed back about 300 feet from the ramp. And there we sat. We now had a problem with an indicator light relative to the operation of the flaps. Another 20 minutes elapsed and then that too was repaired. But it was now 9 am, and our two hours of fuel consumption meant we needed to top up. By now we knew we could not make the Wardair flight but we also could not get off. The once-airborne apologies re-inconveniences and the assurances that "problems with re-scheduling connections are not anticipated" seemed less than comforting. Our only hope was that the Wardair flight would also be delayed.

It was not. As we rolled up to Terminal 2 at about 12:15 pm, we witnessed the painful sight of our Wardair flight taxiing away from us toward the runway. What to do?

After releasing a frozen door and coaxing a sluggish ramp, Air Canada referred us from the flight attendant to the gate attendant to a check-in attendant to "Sorry, try Wardair." We tried Wardair. They could re-schedule us to Montego Bay the next day but the cruise would be gone. Re-scheduling the cruise would not be possible, they said. Our only option was to chase it. Agatha looked for sked options—nothing possible before a 10:30 arrival.

At 1:40 we heard a boarding announcement for Montego Bay! A CP Air charter! Madly looked for and located the tour operator—Treasure Tours—but the handling agent said she couldn't sell us space even though she had 5 seats. Called the CPAir Holidays/Treasure Tours res office and secured authorization from the supervisor to buy two one-ways at \$150 each to Montego Bay. The flight was scheduled to depart 14:14 with a flying time of four hours and minues although a fuel stop in Orlando might be necessary. We had a fighting chance—it was our only chance. The ship was due to sail at 7 pm.

We had to sit apart—Agatha in row 3, Al in the last row in the blue air section. Agatha's Northern Telecom seatmate urged her to have the captain radio ahead. And then came the wonderful message:

Mr. and Mrs. Doerksen,

We have radioed ahead to try to ensure that you catch your ship. Our operations staff asked that you get off the airplane first. The Wardair rep, Mr. Tom Barter, will personally drive you direct to the ship. Best of luck to you both,

Regards,

Andrew Henwood, Captain.

We were elated Everything worked like clockwork. We were first off the plane. Our bags were right at the hatch and they were taken in immediately. The WD rep escorted us through immigration and customs—no problem—and to his waiting car. A puncture—oh no! . . . "No, not a puncture," Tom declared, "only low." We drove. We could see the Britanis—in the berth—waiting. We drove and then we saw the Britanis—out of the berth—not waiting. It had sailed sans the Doerksens! (A moment of silence, please.)

No, readers, chasing it with a speed-boat could not be arranged. Nor was a helicopter. So we went to see what Tom, Ingrid and Rita could cook up now . . . not many options. Aruba was a long way away—maybe an Air Jamaica Kingston KLM Aruba connection. They'd check and call us in the morning. In the meantime we had been booked in the Upper Deck Hotel. And that's where we had breakfast—in Montego Bay. And it was during breakfast that we decided that spending another \$389 US each to fly Air Jamaica Miami Eastern Airlines Aruba was not worth it. We decided to cut our losses. We had at least had breakfast on the Upper Deck in Montego Bay.

**Epilogue:** Al and Agatha Doerksen flew back to Toronto on Wardair 791. Because they were feeling sorry for themselves, they upgraded to the big seat option. In Toronto they checked into the Marriott Hotel and watched *Ruthless People* and they laughed. The next day they returned to Winnipeg, and went back to the office in the afternoon. Selling travel. mm

#### STEINBACH HOSPITAL PLANS SEPT. EVENT

On a Sunday, on or about September 20, 1987 the expanded and upgraded health care facilities of Bethesda Hospital in Steinbach, will be officially opened for public inspection. During the past seven years accumulated donations total \$378,544.77. Individual records have been kept on the 386 donors. It has been decided that, as an expression of thanks to the 84 individuals and organizations who have provided the financial support with accumulated donations of \$1,000 or more, an impressive Donors Wall will be unveiled on Opening Day. The Donors Wall will be located in the new front entrance lobby. It will consist of individual bronze plaques mounted on walnut panels. Plaques, earned by July 27, 1987, will be arranged alphabetically. Subsequent plaques will be cast by Bay Bronze and mounted chronologically, annually.

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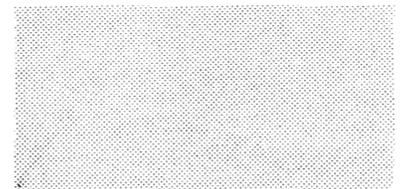
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## Be Still My Heart

*(twenty-five times)*

by J. Braun

*Fool (to Lear): Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!"*

Okay. I admit it. With a humble and contrite heart.

Who am I, in this Age of Sexual Reapportionment, to play the critic? When did I become qualified to set forth standards? Where do I get off, picking and choosing? What gives me the right?

Just because heads turn my way when I enter the Georgian Room? Just because I'm built like a timbermoose? Just because I have a bulging file at the Menonite Singles Service? Just because that woman sitting next to me in Plattdeutsch 101 keeps giving me sidelong glances?

Just because on Wednesday nights when I should be at choir practice I am alternatively engaged in a clandestine rendezvous with a certain someone at the 8'Schtove? Is it because I consider GQ *de rigueur*?

Just for these and many other reasons, you expect me to lay bare my soul for your mere edification?

Well, maybe. But not for those reasons.

It's because it's Spring and I'm one who knows (and I know you know) it is the time of year when a young man's

thoughts turn to fancy. It's as natural as the crocus busting loose from hibernation. It's as regular as the Red flooding Uncle Jake's back forty. It's as seasonal as a paradox flying north over Altona.

That's why. 'Nuff said?

I am going to do this sincerely. I am going to do this in a forthright manner. I am going to do this with candor and I am going to do it unflinchingly and because it needs to be said. And because I will do anything. Anything within reason. This is reasonable.

So okay. Hold the phone and get a

grip on something solid.

What makes Mennonite women sexy? Here's 25 reasons:

1. Eyes. A major-league factor. They reveal meaning to what she says. There is a tribe of Bergthalers south of Winkler whose daughters all have Bette Davis eyes, and are able to give you that **look** that turns your knees to jelly and your toes to cupcakes. If you girls are reading this, please contact me via this publication. I'd be pleased to send you an application.

2. When there's nothing on God's green earth that would convince her to vote Tory. If her parents are Tory and she was raised that way, well I guess I don't have to know everything.

3. Somehow the sweet aromatic combination of chicken soup and slightly faded Evening in Schanzengeld . . .

4. A woman who can recite her family tree (six generations back) and find third cousins twice removed.

5. If she can womp up a hearty casserole. Or build a superior corned beef on rye.

6. There's a lot in the way she cuddles a cat.

7. One who, when it's her turn to dust, does so with my old cotton boxers.

8. If she grins like the Mona, chuckles at Bua, giggles at my wit (even when it isn't). And who can whistle between her

fingers.

9. A hearty sneeze never hurt anyone.

10. Complexion. When it comes to cosmetics, most Mennonite women prefer modesty. Appropriately so. They've all got healthy natural coloring.

11. A corollary to item 10. Freckles. When I was but a young and callow fellow, my father informed me that freckles developed after mothers immersed their infant's faces in corn flakes. I still believe this.

12. Any woman whose name is Catherine, or any derivative thereof. Katherine Hepburn. Kate Jackson. Kathryn Harrold. Catherine Deneuve. Kate the Great.

13. If her favourite Bible verse is Proverbs 27:14.

14. A robust but clear singing voice is mandatory. But not with Treble Teenian hoopla.

15. Foreheads. Here there's no shortage. Most Mennonite men are fairly prominent in this area and their daughters all appear to be of standard Ernie Hemingway issue. A large forehead indicates big brains.

16. One who goes to sleep by "Classics Till Dawn" and wakens to Allan McPhee.

17. If she saves her Texaco dishes for company only.

18. Whose face lights up with warm recognition whenever any of the fol-

lowing are mentioned: John Updike, Pachelbel, Stephan Grappelli, Bernard Hinault, Arnold Dyck, Meryl Streep, Frank and Pete Mahovovich, Ella Fitzgerald, Fyodor Mikhail Dostoyevsky, Red Rock, Ed Broadbent, Yehudi Menuhin, Lake Wobegon, Jessica Lange, Bud Grant, Rudy Wiebe, Hank Williams, and Sardi's.

19. I will never fall in love with a lousy speller.

20. Who can chew knacksoat with graceful technique. I've seen this done only once. And it was not in Plum Coulee.

21. If she appreciates my poetry:

Rose are red,  
Your eyes are sky blue.  
I wanna hoe beets  
In the row next to you.

22. Who knows that the French tongue is really no different than our own.

23. Who seems to be listening even when she isn't.

24. Who travels through life's ups and downs with you but there's always a firm bounce on the bottom.

25. Finally, as Dief the Chief would say, "Isn't she wonderful? Wonderful, wonderful. She has everything I lack. Everything."

Now. Call off your dogs. *Oi joi joi!*

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### MENNONITE ALPHABET SOUP

A is for trendy Uncle Alf.

He likes to drive a Saab himself.

B is for Barkman in Mr. John B.

To tell him apart from John P. and John T.

C is for Clara, a city clerk

She counts the pens and calls it work.

D is for Denver and Delbert Dyck.

They're equally poor, so take your pick.

E is for Uncle Isaac's Ed.

He keeps a bottle behind the shed.

F is for hard-up farmer Frank.

Even his wife belongs to the bank.

G is for backslider Gerhard Guenther.

He hasn't been to church all winter.

H is for business man Herman Harms.

He's heavily invested in turkey farms.

I is for Irving Isaacs' Irma,

MCC's new recruit for Burma.

J is for weird Mrs. Julius Janz.

She wears purple underpants.

K is for careless Karen Kehler.

She made a mistake when she married a Fehler.

L is for worshipful Lavender Lepp.

She opens doors for the Hon. Jake Epp.

M is for union member Marie.

It's rumored she works for the NDP.

N is for Bible student Norm,

Expelled for raiding the women's dorm.

O is for Rosenort's Olfert trio.

They sing gospel songs con brio.

P is for groovy Professor Pauls.

He still comes to class in overalls.

Q is for Blumenort's Quiring sisters.

They walked to Steinbach and now have blisters.

R is for Rosemary's sister Ramona,

Related by marriage to half of Altona.

S is for seamstress Suzanna Schmidt.

Her Anne Klein copies never fit.

T is for busy Reverend Toews.

He preaches, teaches, and digs the graves.

U is for big fat Franklin Unger,

Doing his best to beat world hunger.

V is for a vain Victor Vogt,

Showing off his fake fur coat.

W is for drop-out Wilbert Wieler,

Now a wealthy auto-dealer.

X is for Schellenbergs' new son Xavier,

A brother to Bruno, Baretta, and Bavier.

Y is for little boy Yasch from jantsied,

But which is jantsied is not agreed.

Z is for wise Judge Zacharias.

She tries the crooks without blame or bias.

— by Marjorie Toews

## Reaching out in peace brings first death, then reconciliation

A four-member Paraguayan investigation commission has released its report concerning the killing last December of five Ayoreo Christians as they sought to make friendly contact with tribespeople in the northern jungle of Paraguay.

The five deceased, all Ayoreo Christians from Campo Loro, were among a party of 34 seeking to reach the Totobiegosode, a related tribal group, with the gospel.

During a late January visit to Filadelfia and Campo Loro, the investigative panel received statements from members of the Christian delegation, from the Totobiegosode, and from missionaries of the New Tribes Mission, which conducts evangelistic ministry among the Ayoreo and runs a 6,000-hectare settlement project at Campo Loro.

The report concludes that the killings came as a result of historic hatred between the Totobiegosode and the Guidaigosode, the tribal clan to which most of the Ayoreo visitors belonged. The report chronicles a series of violent confrontations over the years.

Pojay, the Totobiegosode villager who initiated the deadly attack, said his father had told him about a massacre 30 years before when unarmed men came to them claiming they wanted peace. As soon as the Totobiegosode laid down their weapons, the visitors seized them and slaughtered the villagers. "I remembered well the story my father had told me," said Pojay. "He always warned me about the Guidaigosode."

Cadui, a Christian visitor wounded in the attack, concurred with Pojay's statement: "The Totobiegosode thought their last day had arrived. They were fearful because they thought we were the same as always, that we would

attack and kill them. Of course, they could not know that God had entered inside us and had changed our way of thinking."

The commission observed that upon entering the village the visitors had moved quickly to touch the Totobiegosode men, which according to an Ayoreo custom was supposed to seal peace. In so doing, they ignored the warning of an expedition leader who had counseled a more cautious approach. "But so great was the desire of the Guidaigosode to reach the Totobiegosode they did not pay attention to his advice. The first groups broke out running inside the village to 'touch' the Totobiegosode. According to Ayoreo tradition (and a broader tradition among the Zamuco groups), touching an enemy establishes a strong relationship of solidarity, responsibility and reciprocal faithfulness, for which reason each Guidaigosode ran to touch as many Totobiegoside as possible."

The report continues, "Umay touched Pojay, who dropped his weapons to the ground. Then Umay ran to touch another one. At this point Pojay shouted, 'We're going to kill you' and planted his spear in Umay's side, finishing him off with machete blows to the head.

"Umay was carrying a tape recorder which fell to the ground, and it continued taping the sounds and voices until the tape ran out; he was also carrying a Bible in his hands."

When five of the visitors were dead, and still the group did not fight, the Totobiegosode came to realize the desire for peace was sincere.

Said Edovejai, a Totobiegosode who, ironically, wounded his own brother (one of the visitors), "Finally I could be

convinced. Then we put down our spears and they walked into the village and touched us. Then I went to look for the women. I found them and told them, 'We killed five of them and they didn't do anything.' Then the women returned with me and when they saw our people together with the Guidaigosode they were no longer afraid."

The report goes on, "At night everyone gathered together in the village; there were songs, prayers and conversations. The evangelistic work began. The Totobiegosode said, 'What you are saying is lovely, but we don't understand.'"

The panel also investigated the current situation of the Totobiegosode at Campo Loro. After making peace, the entire group had decided to return home with their visitors.

There are 25 Totobiegosode in all. They are living and eating in the huts of those who became responsible for them in the jungle by touching them — with that gesture they are considered members of the family.

The report quotes Totobiegosode as expressing a sense of newness and also a sense of relief in their current situation.

Said Chiri, "In the jungle there were days when food was scarce; we had to go far to find honey and animals; water was in short supply. Our lands were getting more restricted all the time. In Campo Loro I see many new things that I did not know the names of — the dogs and the bicycles. I thought the dogs knew how to ride the bicycles but it's not that way."

The report predicts that, like the other Ayoreo, most of the Totobiegosode will end up finding employment in the Menonite colonies. There many Ayoreo cut wood and do field work. At Campo Loro

the New Tribes Mission maintains a ranch with slightly over 300 head of cattle; however, there is not nearly enough work at the site for a community of about 890 people.

Still in the jungle is one Totobiegosode group of 21 people. The new arrivals at Campo Loro report that they want to be part of a group to go and bring these people in as well.

Interviewed by the panel, New Tribes personnel rejected the idea that it would be better simply to leave the indigenous people to themselves in the jungle: "If you ask any one of those who have come out of the jungle if they would like to return to live as before, the response is always a resounding, 'No,'" said one spokesman. Mission workers cite particularly the increasing encroachments of ranchers and hunters, who cause the indigenous people to live in constant fear.

The investigative panel included Oleg Vysokolan, head of the organization of private indigenous institutions in Paraguay; anthropologists Wilmar Stahl and Jose Zanardini, and primary school teacher Bruno Barra, who is fluent in the Ayoreo language.

**From David Shelly, Mennonite World Conference.**



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# your word

## CAPITAL NOTE

I am one who reads the Mennonite Mirror with a certain regularity, though not a Mennonite, yet I have never written to you. My reversal of this situation is prompted by your article in the Our Word section of the May issue.

The article in question dealt with capital punishment, and while the writer is to be commended for attempting to avoid the misplaced emotionalism on this subject, I have, nevertheless, a few comments to make on his observations. The first concerns deterrence. Anti-capital punishment people are fond of pointing out that execution of criminals does not deter crime, e.g. murder. What they do not realize punishment is only one half of the equation which, when added to the other half, produces a peaceful society. That other half consists of teaching children respect for the laws of God and man so that they as adults will not commit these crimes in the first place. This teaching is not a shallow once-a-week lesson in "Bible stories", but is life-long, and done through instruction, example, discipline, and where necessary, punishment.

The writer of the article further states that, "Abolitionists contend the death sentence . . . has no place in a society that values mercy." He seems to be pleading for an alternative to the death penalty. Such an alternative already exists in the complete repentance of the criminal. Increasing prison sentences for murderers is unjust and absurd. Even Mr. Unrau admits that imprisonment "probably doesn't" have any deterrent effect.

Mr. Unrau correctly observes that there are some crimes for which the death penalty would be too harsh a punishment. I assume he is referring to murders committed, say, when a heated argument gets out of hand, and erupts into fighting, or to crimes of passion, or accidental murders. In such cases the state would be obligated to show mercy and the death penalty would not apply. Some other form of punishment (not prison) would need to be found. A form of "city arrest" would be appropriate in which the guilty person would be sentenced to live and work in a city and forbidden to leave for the duration of his sentence. Even in the case of cold-blooded, pre-meditated murders, the door to life should be open for those

criminals who completely repent of their crimes. For those who stubbornly refuse to do so, the death penalty is the only answer which is fair to all concerned.

The death penalty thus emerges as an appropriate punishment for unrepentant, unremorseful killers who commit these crimes with pre-meditated and cold-blooded intent. The death penalty would not apply in other cases of murder, cited above. This, I believe, answers Mr. Unrau's call, in the last paragraph of his article, for a punishment that is "just and fair" and allows for "mercy and compassion".

Sincerely,  
 John E. Wall  
 Altona

## TWO GERMAN NOTES

Will mir mal bei dir mein Herz ausschütten, denn mein freund, gemeinde bruder und verwandter hat mir sehr beleidigt. Er hat mir beschuldigt dass ich nicht getahn habe, und konsequent auch nicht schuldig bin.

In deinem hochgeachteten Blatt, der "Looking Glass", hat et der ganzen Lesergemeinschaft gesagt dass ich Schuld daran bin dass er seinen job verloren hat- weil die Gemeinde es so wollte. Er darf jetzt nicht mehr vorne in die Kirche sitzen, gross und mächtig, und die Leite sagen was sie zu tun haben: Nämlich jetzt "singt Lied Nummer so viel, und Verse so viel" und dann geht's los! Die Leite müssen mit. Aber jetzt ist es anders! Die Orgel geht voran und er muss mit, und dass boddert ihm, und jetzt sagt er ich habe dieses der Gemeine ingeflüstert wie ein Böser. Ist dass nicht arg, Herr Edietor?

Ich erwarte jetzt ein vollständiges "I'm sorry" von ihm. Also bitte, Herr Siegfried Enns, mach es gut, sonst bring ich die ganze Sache noch vor die Gemeine.

In tiefster Demut  
 Doft Rempel  
 Winnipeg

Aum jewäsen Fäasenja:  
 Daut Oole kjemt wada.

Wann jie eascht däm Doft Rempel fetseit haben, ooda uck feleijcht noch am toom trots (ess soont mäajlich mank ons?) dann brinjt 'ne Orjel enne Kjoatj nenn. Nu senn jie meist fuats wada aum Aumt.

Ne Orjel felangt nämlich een Fäasenja soo wie Broot no Botta

schrijcht. Jun Aumt wudd je woll mett een aundren Nome bewurdijcht woaren. Nu wudd jie woll "song leader" heeten ooda feleijcht opp enjlich "chorister." Wann jie mau 'ne stoatje Stemm haben dee sitj äwa Orjel enn daut jebloa fonn fegrülde Babies hiaren lat, dann mau "frisch ans Werk."

Äwajens waut jun Rampel äwa dee Piano sajt, daut ess soo. Daut heet, wann dee Pianist festeit Jesang too leiden dann bruck jie nijch Fäasenja noch Chorister. Daut ess oba een sea grootet wann.

Brinj de Orjel denn.

— Ron Sudermann

### ISSUES RAISED

The articles in the Mirror have continued to raise important issues for me personally and for the Mennonite community generally. I especially appreciate what I perceive as an increased attention to women's concerns over the past two years. It is encouraging to hear the voice of women in your magazine. Thank you for your continued efforts.

Hazel Loewen  
Delta, BC

### GOOD WORK

Enclosed please find my subscription renewal. Louise and I continue to read this paper with much pleasure. It also helps us to keep abreast of what is happening in the larger Mennonite family. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,  
H. F. Wiebe  
Winkler

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### NEBRASKA DEDICATION PLANNED FOR PEACE COMFORTERS

Comforters that draw their message from children's desires for peace were dedicated at Lincoln May 31 as the celebration of a nationwide people-to-people goodwill project toward the Soviet Union.

According to Bek Linsenmeyer of the First Mennonite Church of Lincoln, the service of praise was held at the First United Methodist Church, which offers a more adequate facility for the expected large crowd.

Speaker for the occasion was Paul Kraybill of Lombard, Illinois, executive secretary of Mennonite World Conference, who has made two trips to the USSR in recent months.

"We have come to the place where we want to praise God for what he has done and will do as we seek to reach out in peace," said Linsenmeyer, who initiated and has served as coordinator for the project, with help from others of her church and a local Church of the Brethren congregation.

The idea of a children's goodwill gesture to the Soviet Union was originally prompted by the television series *Amerika*, aired in mid-February in the United States. Set in Nebraska, the TV shows offered a fictional portrayal of the occupation of the U.S. by the Soviets.

Linsenmeyer decided to counter these unfriendly images by inviting U.S. children, including her own, to prepare drawings "that they would share with a friend," then involve people in churches in sewing these drawings into comforters to be sent as peace gifts to children in the Soviet Union.

Many congregations, first in Nebraska and then in at least 15 states from coast to coast, took interest in the project via word of mouth or the news media. The Nebraska peace and social concerns committee prepared a booth on the project for the April 4 Nebraska Mennonite Central Committee Relief Sale at Aurora.

Letters have now been sent to each church that either agreed to make a comforter or expressed interest, notifying them of the dedication ceremony and inviting a representative to be present.

# mirror mix-up

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ATTES



TIELE



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**HAVE A SAFE VACATION!  
TIME TO BE ECSTATIC -  
NOT A**



The winner of the April Mix-up is Mrs. W. F. Reimer of Steinbach, who was selected from among 24 entries.

Answers to April are rite, rinse, renew, pagan, alive and spring.

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 July 7, 1987.**

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# review

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## **Der Wildschütz Finds the Mark**

A review by Al Reimer

*Der Wildschütz* ("The Poacher"), a comic opera by Albert Lortzing, presented by the Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre at the (Pantages) Playhouse Theatre, May 21 and 23, 1987.

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre's major production of Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz* proved to be a merry if somewhat bumpy romp through that peculiar cloud-cuckoo-land of German operetta we have all come to know and (more or less) love. Perhaps only the Germans themselves, braced by their own hearty beer-and-sausage environment, can still appreciate the old "biedermeierliche Humor" (bourgeois humor) that made this sort of theatrical fare so completely satisfying in the last century. Granted, the plots and characters of most popular operas, even the serious ones, are inherently preposterous in a dramatic sense, but German operettas tend to take the preposterous right into the realm of the silly. Except, of course, for the music.

Ah, yes, the music, that spiritual salvation of so many vulgar sinners of the lyric stage. And *Der Wildschütz* too is saved from the dated banalities of its jokes, the superficiality of its stereotyped characters and the contrived effects of its story line by the sprightly, never-ending succession of charming melodies worked out as solos, duets, trios, quartets and choruses. Like beer in München, the rich, amber flow of music never stops and finally threatens to wash away the critical faculty itself. Lortzing has been likened to Mozart melodically. If so, it must be a Mozart made tipsy and reckless with too much beer or wine, but, yes, there are at least surface resemblances.

The production itself, as one has come to expect of WMT, was solid and well-rehearsed. Director David Riesen's very experienced hand had done wonders with the material he had to work with. However, I found the cast to be somewhat uneven in quality, with the female principals generally more at ease in their roles than their male counterparts. The unevenness was not so much there in the singing as in the acting. Elizabeth Hicks Haberl as the Countess came closest, I thought, to a professional standard in all respects. Not far behind were Heidi Geddert as the Baroness and Millie Hildebrand as Gretchen (the latter, as I have observed before, has a fine flair for comedy). Of the men Victor Engbrecht as the Count and Peter Wiens as the Schoolmaster dominated vocally and made creditable attempts at characterization (Victor will have to learn how to relax physically and carry his arms more naturally). John Bartlette as the Baron was adequate vocally, but seemed to have difficulty in focussing his role. He started off rather woodenly, then later became positively frenetic in his attempts to milk laughs from his character.

As usual, Ted Korol's sets comfortably met the standards for this type of production, and the lighting, while not brilliant (no pun intended), was adequate. Some of the costumes were ill-fitting (Ms. Geddert's comically baggy uniform pants, and Victor Engbrecht's abbreviated pantlegs, for example) but generally looked in character. The chorus was a joy to listen to, including the special children's choir in the closing scene. Conductor Bill Baerg handled his thirty-piece orchestra with practised skill, although seated directly behind him I got a closer look at his energetic back

and eloquent arms than I was prepared for. The newly-renovated Playhouse may have had its advancing years disguised somewhat with glittering cosmetics, but its structural limitations are still there. The absence of an orchestra pit causes the conductor (especially a tall, lanky one like Bill Baerg) to loom darkly over the stage and the heads of his rear line of players to seem to sit on the stage apron like old-fashioned footlights.

I came away from this performance with my German genes vibrating sympathetically, but my critical faculty reviving quickly. I suppose this kind of rather dated repertoire does fill a local need, although I note that the local press still does not bother to cover WMT productions such as this. Doing a musical stage production is enormously expensive these days and one can only hope that this ambitious venture, with only two performances, will have managed to make ends meet.

Reservations aside, this was a brave attempt to bring something new and different to local audiences and deserves to be applauded for that alone. **mm**

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# review

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## A Model Russian - Mennonite Village Worth Reading About

A review by Ken Reddig

Most Russian-Mennonite village histories have been written by former village residents. These accounts often rely heavily upon the memory of the author and upon sources within the author's possession. While attempting to be comprehensive accounts, they often depart from the original objective and become personal, family narratives.

But over the last number of years a new generation of village histories has emerged. One example is William Schroeder's *The Bergthal Colony*, and another is this fine book by Dr. Helmut T. Huebert. These histories are written by authors who have never lived in the villages they are describing. For these writers there is no option but to rely upon the fruit of their research. As a result the final product is determined less by good memory or imagination, than by diligent research. While often still relying upon the personal narratives of individuals who once lived in the village, the difference is now that the reliance upon memory is upon the collective memory of many individuals, hence a greater possibility for objectivity and reliability. Resources in addition to oral interviews are such documentation as letters, newspaper accounts, agricultural reports and photographs. Together they provide the writer with a much broader research base upon which to build the narrative.

Huebert's connection to this village is the simple fact that his mother was born in Hierschau. Little was known about this village before the appearance of this book. But through diligent research, the collection of a wide range of resources over a period of some five years, Huebert has come through with a fine book on this village, and added again to our general knowledge of Russian-Mennonite villages.

Of significance is the fact that this village, as the name suggests, was one of the planned "model" villages of Johann Cornies, a Russian-Mennonite leader in the first half of the 19th century. In Cornies' mind this village was to be a model

for Mennonites and non-Mennonites alike. The fact that he planned such a village and actually got it constructed tells us a great deal about the leadership of Johann Cornies and also about the socio-economic status of the Mennonite community as a whole. Thus, while not all Russian-Mennonite villages deserve to have a book written about them, Huebert's choice of this village has proven to be significant. The story provides us with a microcosm about how life was envisioned by colony leadership, and how, in actual fact, it was really lived. One senses the optimism and the potential for unlimited growth by the leadership. In their opinion a new age was dawning. The colonies were on the verge of making a significant impact upon Russian life. The key to bringing in this new age was a well-ordered village life.

The question remains though, did Hierschau achieve what the colony leadership intended for it? The answer is somewhat muted. With the death of Johann Cornies in 1848, and the subsequent change in leadership style and goals, modelling expectations were not pursued. The expansive plans for what the village was to become seem to have been largely forgotten. Does this mean then that the village was a failure? The answer is obviously no. In Huebert's analysis the village simply becomes an ordinary village, concerned about everyday occurrences and not giving much thought to modelling a specific form of life.

Where Huebert helps us most is with his fine sense for details about everyday life in a Russian-Mennonite village. This book makes not only good reading of an interesting and informative story, but it is a good resource with its many charts, maps and glossary. Through these added bits of information we get some idea about the weather, weights and measurements, political events, railroads, the mail, farm animals, crops, etc. A well-rounded sense of what transpired in village and colony life in

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### • MIDDLE EAST •

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# review

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## Aging and Ethnicity: a revealing look

A review by Paul Redekop

Prof. Leo Driedger is one of our most prominent Mennonite sociologists. He is an active researcher and prolific author, with many books and articles to his credit, mainly related to the topics of ethnicity and community. While many of his studies have involved Mennonites, many others have been more general in nature. Prof. Driedger's productivity continues this year with the publication of two new books on the topic of ethnicity.

The first of these, *Aging and Ethnicity*, is a collaboration with Dr. Neena Chappell, director of the Centre on Aging at the University of Manitoba. This work represents an important contribution to the study of both aging and ethnicity. Both topics have been widely studied, but separately. Those who study aging tend to make vague references to the fact that ethnicity affects the aging process. Studies of ethnic groups, on the other hand, contain specific descriptions of the aging process among members of particular ethnic groups. However, little till now has been done to bring the two together in an integrated framework.

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Russia is gained with the addition of these details.

It is, therefore, easy to recommend this book both for its content as a good village history and as a good resource on the day-to-day activities in a Russian-Mennonite village. The average reader will find the writing style acceptable and obtain a good general impression of what life in a Mennonite village was like.

Helmut T. Huebert, *Hierschau: An Example of Russian Mennonite Life*, (Winnipeg: Springfield Press, 1986). Paperback; 405 pages; Price: \$25 Can.

Ken Reddig is conference archivist, Centre for MB Studies in Canada.

The authors summarize general approaches to both aging and ethnicity, then bring the two together with their own model of the relationship between the two. This model allows us to place different ethnic groups along a continuum from traditional to modern in terms of their approach to aging. The model is used to look at the status of the elderly, review what research has been done, and to discuss policy issues related to the needs of the various members of the "eth-elder" population, as the authors describe it.

The second book by Prof. Driedger, *Ethnic Canada: Identities and Inequalities*, is a collection of articles dealing with ethnicity, with special emphasis on Canada. The first part of the book includes a number of theoretical essays on ethnicity. A second major theme has to do with the demography and ecology of ethnic groups in Canada. Ethnic Identity, stratification and conflict, and issues of human rights and inequalities related to ethnic groups in Canada are also examined. This is a collection of considerable scope and substance, which will likely be included as required reading for 'ethnic studies' courses in Canada for years to come. The book will also be of interest to members of ethnic groups who wish to obtain a broader understanding of the impact of ethnicity in Canadian society. For the more casual reader, as opposed to the serious student of ethnic studies, the way to approach a volume of this nature is to scan through for individual essays of particular interest, rather than trying to read each item from beginning to end.

The article: "Minority Conflict: Ethnic Networks versus Industrial Power", by Leo Driedger, will be of particular interest to Mennonite readers. It describes how the residents of the predominantly Mennonite community of Warman, Saskatchewan successfully opposed the giant Eldorado corporation over the

construction of a uranium refinery in the area. Driedger analyses these events through a framework which identifies three types of ethnic communities: the "traditional", the "saved" and the "liberated". The Mennonite Community of Warman, Saskatchewan is a "saved" community. It retains much of the closeness of traditional isolated communities, but also has members with contacts and experience outside the community. These members can act as links to the larger society, and lead the ethnic community in collective action. In "liberated" ethnic communities there are more such knowledgeable people, but the community itself has neither the closeness of the other two types, nor the will to take collective action. In this situation, "liberated" Mennonite congregations in Saskatoon were asked to help with the opposition to the uranium refinery, but declined due to lack of interest.

An article of a more general nature which I found particularly interesting is an overview of ethnicity in Canadian society ("Growth and Distribution of Canada's Ethnic Populations, 1871-1981, by Warren Kalbach). The author describes major historical trends, and provides an overview of the present ethnic composition of Canada. Another article: "Indian Cultural Diversity" by John Price, demonstrates the many differences among the more than 50 distinct native cultures in Canada which we tend to lump together. Many other fine contributions are included in this volume.

Leo Driedger and Neena L. Chappell, *Aging and Society: Toward an Interface* Toronto, Ontario: Butterworths, 1987. Paperback, 131 pages.

Leo Driedger, *Ethnic Canada: Identities and Inequalities* Toronto, Ontario: Copp Clark Pittman Ltd., 1987. Paperback, 442 pages.

## Important new edition of Fritz Senn's work certain to generate interest in author

A review by André Oberlé

*Senn, Fritz. Gesammelte Gedichte und Prosa. Edited by Victor G. Doerksen. Winnipeg: CMBC Publications, 1987. Quality Paperback, 311 pp., \$17.50.*

Those interested in Mennonite-German literature and particularly in the work of Fritz Senn (1894-1983) will welcome with enthusiasm a new edition of his collected poems and prose. The last significant effort to share Senn's work with a wider reading public was made in 1974 by Elisabeth Peters with a collection of some eighty poems under the title *Das Dorf im Abendgrauen*. The present new edition of Senn's work is thus very timely indeed, as much of his work is very difficult to find now for the general reader, since his poems originally appeared in so many diverse publications and are now safely stowed away in various archives.

This beautifully executed collection of poetry and prose is very competently edited by Victor Doerksen. The book features a foreword by Gerhard Ens, a general introduction by the editor, facsimiles of manuscript pages and a picture of Fritz Senn. As well, editorial notes on the various texts are provided. In the final pages the reader will find a short autobiographical sketch written by Senn himself in 1975 and a handy index of titles and first lines.

Gerhard Johann Friesen, known under the pseudonym of Fritz Senn, wrote his first poems probably as early as 1913 and published them since 1934. He is a master of portraying the nostalgia for his old homeland — the Russian Steppes. In most of the 161 poems and

eight prose texts presented here Senn evokes yearning visions of the old homeland and often expresses a deep regret at the loss of this world and its treasured values. His images are inspired by the Bible and, of course, by his closeness to the land. The plow, the plowman and the patient and ever fertile earth are recurring themes throughout.

The collection contains not only already well-known poems such as the cycle *Hinterm Pflug* (1935 to 1936) but also many lesser known works, such as the early poems, the poems written in the shadow of World War II and his later poems. Included are a significant number of Low-German poems written after Arnold Dyck's death in 1970. The eight prose works, which are thematically closely related to the poems, allow interesting insights into that facet of the author's work. One is struck by their intensely lyrical quality. It is fitting that they have been included here to allow a more complete picture of the author, although Doerksen's observation that Senn must be regarded first and foremost as a poet is undoubtedly correct.

The texts in this edition are presented in a chronological order. This arrangement permits the reader to witness the development of the author. At the same time it shows most strikingly how the same themes and concerns continued to preoccupy the poet throughout his life, while, at the same time, he always remained receptive to new impressions.

Doerksen's editorial skill is to be commended. Through his careful research he has ensured that the poems are now preserved in the form the poet intended. He has also performed the

important task of presenting this important author to a wider reading public and has thus ensured that Senn's place in the Mennonite heritage has been preserved for posterity.

In his introduction to the collection Doerksen not only explains his editorial rationale but also provides a brief introduction to the author and his work. This section will be very useful to readers already familiar with aspects of Senn's work and it will prove essential to first-time readers in helping them in their discovery of important themes and images. The editorial notes on the individual texts provide the reader with the dates and place of original publication, important variants and other information essential to bringing the work closer to today's reader. Throughout, Doerksen's sound scholarship and dedication to the author's work is evident.

The text is very generously presented and features large print on high-quality paper. The cover has been carefully designed to reflect the content of this volume. It features a stunning painting by the author's friend Arnold Dyck and depicts that aspect of the land which was so close to Senn's heart. It could indeed be the text illustration to a great many poems.

This very important new edition is sure to spark renewed interest in the work of Fritz Senn. It ensures that those who already know him will be able to rediscover him and see his oeuvre in a new light. It should also win this poet many new friends. The work is a must for all those interested in Mennonite German literature and the Mennonite heritage.

*André Oberlé is associate professor of Germanic studies at the University of Winnipeg.*

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# Manitoba news

Dedication of **Mennonite Memorial Gardens** will take place on Monday, June 22nd at 7:30 at the cemetery located at the corner of South Symington and Navin Road. Take the #1 east of the Mint for 1 km. Turn right (before the overpass) and follow S. Symington to Navin Road.

A new musical organization has been formed in Winnipeg, named **Prairie Performances** (Manitoba) Inc. The company plans to engage singers, instrumentalists and other artists within the Mennonite community for a variety of programs, concerts or recitals. Its board of directors and advisory council have now announced its first season of three concerts. All performances will be in the Muriel Richardson Auditorium at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, and the company's first season ticket sales campaign is now underway. Further information may be obtained by writing to Prairie Performances, 110 Whellams Lane, Winnipeg, R2G 0V8, or by calling at 339-8742.



**Paul Redekop** of Winnipeg, is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Winnipeg in August. He will be working as director of mediation services with MCC Canada. Redekop received a bachelor's degree in sociology from the University of Winnipeg, a master's degree in sociology from Carleton University in Ottawa, and a doctoral degree in sociology from York University in Toronto. He was last employed as an assistant professor at the University of Winnipeg. Redekop and his wife Sheilah are members of First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Their children are Laura Joanne and Brian Alexander.



**Jake Letkemann**, executive director of MCC Manitoba, has been a faithful salaried worker with MCC for five years. He's now entering a new area of service — doing exactly the same job. Since April 1, Letkemann has been participating in Sabbatical Voluntary Service, a program by which people in regular jobs voluntarily give up their salaries for a year to live on the same basis as MCC Voluntary Service workers — living expenses plus a small monthly stipend. The excess funds earned are then channelled into MCC programs. Letkemann says his decision to enter the SVS program was prompted by growing discomfort with working as a salaried administrator side by side with others serving with MCC on a VS allowance. Letkemann believes people who have been with a Christian organization for some time "should be able to be on a VS basis again" from time to time when their children are older and their needs are smaller. "It was something my wife and I had considered earlier, so putting those things together we decided this was the time to do it." As with other VS workers, the decision will mean forgoing some "extras" such as new clothing, home renovations and savings, he says.

**The Carillon** of Steinbach was recently named best all-round community newspaper in Manitoba and also won five other first-place awards in a provincial competition sponsored by the Manitoba Community Newspapers Association. The National Silver Quill award, emblematic of long service to community newspapers, was presented to **Vic Penner** of the **Red River Valley Echo**, who recently retired after more than 25 years as editor of the Altona newspaper.

**Lois Braun**, author of the recently published collection of short stories, **A Stone Watermelon**, has been nominated in the fiction category for a Governor General's award, Canada's top literary prize. Braun is an elementary school teacher in Altona.

**The Courier**, a one-man show telling the story of a Mennonite raised in the Ukraine who served as a courier in Hitler's army, was recently performed at the Warehouse Theatre as part of Agassiz Theatre's Festival One. **Vern Thiessen**, author of the one-hour drama, is a Winnipeg actor who spent two years as a member of **Face to Face**, sponsored by MCC Mediation Services. Vern has also appeared in productions for MTC Warehouse, Prairie Theatre Exchange, Actor's Showcase and CBC.

**Mary Reimer**, a member of Charleswood Mennonite Church, has been elected to the MCC Manitoba board of directors.

**Eden Mental Health Centre** plans to open a clinic in Winnipeg. The centre presently has a counselling ministry at the Concordia Hospital.

**Peter Dick**, a physical education teacher at the Steinbach Regional Secondary School, recently was presented with an award as outstanding volunteer in sport, by Manitoba's Lieutenant-Governor Dr. George Johnson. Sponsored by the Manitoba Sports Federation, the award recognizes active volunteer involvement in sport; Dick has been involved in coaching, umpiring and the organization of several different sports, including softball, volleyball, basketball, curling, golf and track and field.

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A new president was elected by the members of Manitoba Parents for German Education at the organization's Annual Meeting on April 30th. Mr. **David Kauenhowen**, from Steinbach, Manitoba, succeeds Mr. Harry Schellenberg of Winnipeg, who had been president of MPGE since its founding in 1981. The provincial board of MPGE has members from throughout southern Manitoba. The executive members are David Kauenhowen, Steinbach; Bruce Macdonald, Winnipeg; Agatha Reimer, Grunthal; Albert Christ, Winnipeg; and Ursula Kehler, Winnipeg. Regional representatives from River East, Fort Garry, Steinbach, Altona, and Grunthal will soon be elected at the local level to complete the provincial board.

Two new churches made up largely of former Southeast Asian refugees brought to Canada under Mennonite sponsorship recently joined Mennonite conferences in Manitoba.

The two congregations, now known as the Chinese Mennonite Brethren Church and Vietnamese Mennonite Church, began as an inter-Mennonite effort involving MCC Manitoba and four conferences, including General Conference Mennonites, the Mennonite Brethren, the Evangelical Mennonite Conference and the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference. All five groups had representatives on the advisory committee that worked with the fledgling church during its first four years. Each offered various types of financial and moral support to the congregation, led since 1982 by James Duong.

Cultural and linguistic differences eventually made it apparent that two separate congregations would better meet the needs of the membership, and each group individually made the decision to seek participation in a larger Mennonite body.

A "Siemens Appreciation Night" was held recently in Altona to Honor **Ray and Dorothy Siemens** who have recently moved to British Columbia after a lifetime of community involvement in Altona. Siemens, a farmer, was president of Co-op Vegetable Oils, later CSP foods, for many years. He also served as director to Manitoba Pool Elevators.

**Elim Bible School** Board does not foresee opening for a resident student program in the 1987-88 school year. Potential students are encouraged to attend Swift Current Bible Institute. A special conference is planned for November to deal with the Elim issue.



**Hugo Jantz**, long-time pastor, church worker and counselor in Winnipeg, has accepted appointment as overseas secretary of the MCC Europe program. Jantz and his wife Katherine will move to Neuwied, West Germany, in September 1987 to assume administration of MCC's Europe program for a five-year term. The Europe assignment includes oversight of programs in seven countries — East and West Germany, England, Hungary, Ireland, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. In recent years the program has focused on East-West dialogue, peace and mission, and partnership with European Mennonite churches. Jantz will be replacing Edgar Stoesz, who has directed the MCC Europe program since 1985. Stoesz and his wife Gladys will be returning to North America this fall. Jantz' wife will be assisting her husband in carrying out the responsibilities of his assignment. The Jantzes have seven children, Janet, Judith, Carole, Angelika, Marianne, Robert and Sonya. Currently Jantz is interim pastor at Maples Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg. In the past he worked at the Winnipeg office of Mennonite Brethren Missions/Services in church relations and program administration and taught at Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg. He formerly was pastor of Fort Garry Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg.

On May 3, the Pigeon Lake Mennonite Church celebrated a service of thanksgiving for their three senior ministers who have served the church for as much as 57 years. **Rev. Henry Becker** began preaching at age 22, but wasn't ordained until he married at age 34 in 1942. He felt that before he took this

serious step he wanted his wife to approve of it. **Rev. Jacob Warkentin** began preaching in December 26, 1941, and **Rev. Jacob Voth** began in 1942. All three ministers have alternately held the position of leading minister. At the celebration they all expressed great appreciation to their wives who frequently had to do the work on the farm and care for the children, while they attended to the work of the church. Rev. Arnold Voth stated at the service that he was always impressed how the three ministers discussed everything with each other and then in a united front presented their views. Over the years, these three have remained very close friends. These three men successfully and sensitively were able to deal with their church community, due in large part to a binding "chemistry" made up of varying degrees of outspokenness, intellectual insight, warmth, friendliness, kindness and co-operation.



**Edwin and Elnora Wiebe** of Landmark, are beginning two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Winnipeg. Edwin will be working in refugee assistance and Elnora as an accounting secretary. The Wiebes previously served with MCC in Fort Erie, Ont. Edwin received a diploma in education from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg and a bachelor's degree in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. Elnora was last employed as a bookkeeper in Steinbach. The Wiebes are members of Landmark Evangelical Mennonite Church. Their children are Christy, Roger and Tania.

The **Schwartz Heritage House Museum** in Altona has received a matching \$3,500 grant from the Manitoba Heritage Federation. President Al Friesen, in making the announcement, indicated that the nature of the grant requires another \$3,500 to be raised at the local level through volunteer Labour and Private and Civic Contributions. The funds will be used to construct the Wheelchair Ramp and Deck, landscape grounds, and continue interior restoration work.

# New Books for Summer Reading

Noted by Harry Loewen

*Ted Studebaker: A Man Who Loved Peace* is the title of a picture storybook for young children. Ted Studebaker was a conscientious objector to war who served in Vietnam as an agriculturalist and was killed by the Viet Cong.

Joy Hofacker Moore, the author, writes: "It has been my experience that when a child and an adult can share a literary experience deeply, a special bond develops as they discuss what they have read. I perceive this book as one that touches all persons, from the two-year-old who becomes excited about the tractor to the adult who marvels at Ted's faithfulness."

The beautiful color drawings by Jim Guenther will appeal to both young and old.

Joy Hofacker Moore and Jim Guenther, *Ted Studebaker: A Man Who Loved Peace* (Scottsdale, Pa. and Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1987). Oversized paperback, 40 pages; Price: \$9.95 US, \$13.95 Can.

*The Cornhusk Doll* is another picture storybook for children. By means of text and beautiful drawings it tells how the gift of a cornhusk doll in a pioneer setting brought peace and friendship where there had been hatred and mistrust.

At the beginning of the story the Indian father says about white people: "Wolves are all alike. To trust a wolf would be foolish, and Yellow Head is no fool."

By the end of the book, after Mary gives her cornhusk doll to her little Indian friend, the Indian father says: "Only a fool turns from true friendship when it happens. . . and Yellow Head is no fool."

Evelyn Minshull and Edwin B. Wallace, *The Cornhusk Doll* (Scottsdale, Pa. and Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1987). Oversized hardcover; 70 pages; Price: \$14.95 US, \$19.95 Can.

*Dear God, I'm Only a Boy* is the story of a retired journalist who has experienced life in its many dimensions. He became involved in the drama of history being made, the chaos in Germany at the end of World War II, the Nurnberg war crimes trials, the birth of the state of Israel. "At times the drama lapped so

closely upon Menno's heels he could smell the breath of death."

Leland Harder writes of this book: "Beautifully inspired. Every chapter a jewel — the farm stories, the animal stories, the religious conditioning stories, the war correspondence stories, the love stories."

Menno Duerksen, *Dear God, I'm Only a Boy* (Memphis, Tennessee: Castle Books, 1986). Paperback; 416 pages; Price: \$7.95 US. (Book may be ordered from: Castle Books, 233 Crestmere Place, Memphis, TN 38112.)

*Journey Toward Holiness* is a title that may come as a surprise in the 1980s. The word "holiness" reminds one of monks and nuns living in isolation or of pious Christians more concerned about inward holiness than living in the real world of business and technology.

Yet Alan Kreider, the author, is no monk nor an inward-looking evangelical. With his book he "breaks fresh ground both in his overview of biblical history and in his application of social holiness to the contemporary church" (Howard A. Snyder).

Richard McSorley of Georgetown University writes about this book: "Alan Kreider shows how personal holiness and the transformation of the structure of society are so intimately connected that they promote holiness. Holiness is not all private and other-worldly. It relates to people's immediate 'unreligious needs'."

Alan and his wife Eleanor are leading ministers in the London Mennonite Fellowship, the first Mennonite church to spring up in England since Queen Elizabeth in 1575 burned and disbanded a previous congregation.

Alan Kreider, *Journey Toward Holiness* (Scottsdale, Pa. and Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1987). Paperback; 304 pages; Price: \$9.95 US, \$13.95 Can.

*Continuity and Change* is the title of Peter M. Hamm's study of the Canadian Mennonite Brethren. In this book, originally a doctoral dissertation, Hamm argues that both continuity and change characterize the Canadian MB Church. According to Hamm, the MB Church has preserved the best aspects of faith and life of the past and at the same time strives to adapt to the ever changing and

developing social environment of Canada.

As the author puts it, "this analysis of the Canadian Mennonite Brethren becomes a case study to test the utility of an identity theory of religion, which hinges on the integration/differentiation dialectic. It is, at the same time, a serious self-study in religious sociology, by which the author seeks to gain a better understanding of the processes of growth and decline, of continuity and change, and of the ongoing tension resulting from the religious movement's confrontation with society."

This academic study includes many statistical tables and an extensive bibliography. It is well researched, objective in its approach, and cautious in its conclusions. This is reading for sociologists of religion, teachers and church leaders.

Peter M. Hamm, *Continuity and Change Among Canadian Mennonite Brethren* (Waterloo: Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 1987). Paperback; 278 pages; Price: \$24.95 Can.

*Pilgrims of a Common Life* is another book on Christian communal living. Yet it is more than an eloquent plea for this lifestyle. It is a story of how believers from the time of the early church and through the centuries sought to live according to Christ's commandment to love one another.

Winifred M. Hildel, a Hutterian Brethren from Rifton, New York, writes about this book: "Trevor Saxby writes with the authority of one who has himself wrestled with that question [disillusionment with Christendom] and has found an abundant answer in Christian communal living. That makes this historical and sociological survey unique. It is seen from within."

Having written a doctoral dissertation on Christian community of goods at Oxford University, Trevor Saxby teaches German and French and together with his wife is actively involved in pastoral and evangelistic work for the Jesus Fellowship Church (Baptist) in England.

Trevor J. Saxby, *Pilgrims of a Common Life. Christian Community of Goods Through the Centuries* (Scottsdale, Pa. and Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1987). Paperback; 207 pages; Price: \$19.75 US, \$24.95.

*First Fruit* is the title of an impressive coffee table book of nature photography compiled by Dr. Ken Kliewer of Altona, Manitoba. The book was published to raise funds for the South Park Mennonite

Brethren Church of Altona. It is thus a labour of love by the author-photographer. Both the photographer and Friesen Printers are to be commended for producing a beautiful book.

The book may be ordered from Ken Kliewer, Altona, Manitoba R0G 0B0.

*Amish Doll Quilts* is a beautiful and unusual book of rare folk art. The pictures are in stunning colors and the text explains Amish ways and customs. The book also shows, in the anecdotes and comments of Amish people themselves, and through the quilts, dolls, and toys, a close-knit community which treasures its children.

Rachel and Kenneth Pellman, *Amish Doll Quilts, Dolls, and Other Playthings* (Intercourse, Pa.: Good Books, 1986). Quality paperback; 96 pages; Price: \$15.95 US.

## 20 YEARS AFTER MWC, SPEAKERS MESSAGE ENDURES

Twenty years after hearing a speech at Mennonite World Conference sessions in Amsterdam, a Dutch Mennonite tithers' group is still going strong, according to a recent report in *Algemeen Doopsgezind Weekblad*, the Dutch Mennonite newspaper.

Stuw-Kracht-10 (Push-Power-10) is an association of members who remain anonymous, except for the treasurer, J. Jorritsma, who founded the group. At the 1967 MWC assembly, Jorritsma was moved by an address by Elmer Neufeld of Bluffton, Ohio (United States) on "Witness and Service in a World of Need."

When the applause died down after the speech, Jorritsma was concerned that the challenge not die with it. He appealed publicly for 100 people to organize a giving group dedicated to alleviating suffering. The response came, and Stuw-Kracht-10 was born. The organization, he explains, provides "Push-Power" for the givers themselves to remain faithful and "Push-Power" for the work of the agencies that receive the donated funds.

Of the original organizers 20 years ago, more than 20 are still active, and others have joined in the intervening period, so that current membership is still close to 50.

Jorritsma reported that 1986 revenues came to 32,000 Dutch guilders (about \$16,000 U.S.), and proceeds were distributed to 22 projects, primarily to meet human suffering in poor nations.

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# poet's word

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## Menno Simons Visits the Council

I think sometimes  
he visits us  
as we do our work  
church council  
around the table  
agenda Bible  
the human questions  
on an ordinary night  
and yet not ordinary  
for we are conspirators  
against the dark  
even as we reach  
out our hands  
turn the cheek  
and choose right  
we touch our wicks  
to the holy fire

then he arrives  
in his rough coat  
that smells of sea  
and ink  
and sits with us  
and our shadows  
begin to dance  
on the wall  
and we walk out  
into the night  
holding our little lights  
the wax soft and warm  
in our hands  
the flaming leaning far  
in the wind

— by Jean Janzen

(previously published in *The Christian Leader*)

*Note: The following poem was written by an eleven-year-old girl for her 90-year-old great-grandmother.*

## The Visit

Her deep blue eyes  
The face, wrinkled like a prune  
Her hands, that have held twelve children  
Her hair, grey as a cloudy dawn,  
A voice I can't understand  
Speaking of hard times, sad times  
When she worked so hard  
And in return:

Nothing

She hobbles over and touches my cheek.  
I try to hold back my tears  
For I know the pain she's gone through  
Even though I wasn't there,  
I've heard it all before.  
And as I leave I stop and think,  
I'm leaving her all alone.  
I walk over and give her a kiss  
To her it's a just reward.

And now I walk,  
Towards the door:  
I look back —  
To see her toothless smile  
So warm.

— by Aynsley Friesen  
Age 11

# Forstehumor

fonn "Fritz Fransen"

Daut ess eajentlich shod, daut wie aul dee russlendsche Forsteia habe wajchstoawe lote one daut jeemaund sitj dee Meaj jemoakt haft aul daut opptooschriewe, waut dee oppe Forstei aul Ultj enn Spos jedräwe habe. Arnold Dyck haft ons waut doafonn faustjehoole. Oba noch lang nijch aules.

Aus junga Leara hab etj ferr 45 Joa dree Joa lang bie soo eenem jewäsnen Forsteia de Feet unjrem Desch jestoake: daut heet, etj wea bie däm enn siene Fru enn Kost. Mie ess daut fonndoag bettalijch schod, daut etj nijch jieden Owend no Owendkost mie doljesat hab enn oppjeschräwe waut dee mie am Owendkostdesch aules fe drollje Dinja fetalt haud. Daut wudd sitj fonndoag sea intressaunt läse.

Besondasch bunt jintj daut maunjchmol hää, wann Ooltkolnia enn Moloschna toop opp eene Forstei deende. Dee Ooltkolnia jnäajelde doaräwa, daut de Moloschna nijch goot schwame kunne. See säde, wiels dee nijch jenuach Wota haude, muste dee oppe Schwoatbroak schwame leare. De Ooltkolnia kunne aula goot schwame, dee haude dän Nippa. Dann wort de Moloschna uck noch nojerät, daut see mett de Äajd enne Dwäaschien nennbetjte. Daut wea noch lang ea maun Äajdwoages mett hydraulic lifts haud.

Wann'et mol wua Kjast gauf enn dee Jast fonn wiet kaume, muste dee aul dän Dach ferrhää kome wiels noch aules mett Pead befoare wort. Dann gauf daut eenjawies en Problem, wua maun dee aula loagre sull. De Ooltkolnia säde, daut wea mett de Moloschna gauns eenfach. Dee leet maun oppe Bentj enschlope enn dann stald maun dee enn irjens ne Atj han enn dann weare dee too nacht oppjeriemt.

Soo haude de Ooltkolnia eent enn't aundre äwa de Moloschna too saje enn de Moloschna funge uck maunjchalei fonn de Ooltkolnia ut. Soo säde de Moloschna, daut de Ooltkolnia rajcht fäl daut Mul nijch gauns toomuake. Daut stunt nijch soo groot op aus wann se Fleaje jriepe wulle, oba schloot uck nienijch dijcht auf. Daut se too weinjich Hut haude, haude de Ooltkolnia schmock dijchtjehoole. Etj wudd je äwens uck wann mie daut soo jintj.

Dee Moloschna funge dann doch enn "research project" aun enn stalde wertlijch faust, daut de Ooltkolnia too weinjich Hut haude. See kunne oba nijch fauststale, auf de leewe Gott urspringlijch emol daut Moddel too enj jeschnäde haud ooda auf de Hut fonn däm fälen Schwame emm Nippa permanent enjesprunge wea.

Emmerhan, de Hut wea soo stiew äwrem Främ jeholt, daut daut nijch tooreatjt daut Mul gauns tootoomoake. Wann se dann doch emol daut Mul tootjneepe, reatjt daut opp däm aundren Enj nijch too, dann klaupt dän daut Oaschloch op. Wann se nootjedunge mol beides tootljitj toomoake muste, dann hold daut soo stiew, daut se de Teejes gauns ütspreede muste. Daut ess dann woll de Grund, wuaromm eensje Mensche sitj de Schoo emma enn bät too groot kjeepe. "Just in case of emergency," kaun daut dann woll heete.

Come to think of it, all those descendants of Ooltkolnia would find it much easier to live with themselves once they recognized and accepted the fact that most of their tensions are only physical.

mm

## BRAZIL CITY DEDICATES PARK TO MENNONITE SETTLERS

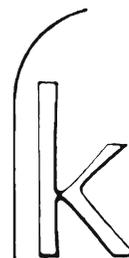
Described as "the largest park for sports and recreational facilities in all of Brazil," the new Plaza of Mennonite Colonization was dedicated March 27 in Boqueirao, a part of the city of Curitiba.

A large crowd, including many Mennonites, was present for the dedication ceremonies. First speaker Abram Pauls gave a short history of Mennonite settlement in Brazil, expressing gratitude to the Brazilian government and people for offering the Mennonites a home.

Curitiba mayor Roberto Requiao spoke of Mennonite contributions in developing Brazil and the city of Curitiba. He spoke of their faithfulness to their convictions, contributions for peace and commitment to nonviolence. "This is an important contribution to the Brazilian people," said Requiao.

In the midst of the park is a monument, shaped in the form of a compact cross pointing to the sky. The monument contains four inscriptions highlighting Mennonite origins, Mennonite beliefs, Mennonite settlement in Brazil, and Mennonite contributions in that nation.

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## Nine Years Pass Quickly

### Parting words from Al Reimer

It's been nine years — admittedly not a lengthy span in the course of human events — and I must say they have passed by quickly enough for me as editor of the *Mirror*. Still, when I translate that period into a round figure of 90 issues, it already looks considerably longer. And when I think of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of hours I have spent during those nine years planning the various issues, ferreting out subjects and ideas for articles and items, exhorting writers to do them, pleading with them on the phone to try to meet the agreed-upon deadlines, reading stacks of unsolicited manuscripts and copy-editing those accepted, trying to get new writers interested in becoming regular staff writers, standardizing the spelling of Low German submissions, and trying to meet the deadlines with my own copy — and always doing all these things part-time, on the run, so to speak — I am amazed that I have survived for nine years in this interesting and challenging post. When I accepted Publisher Roy Vogt's offer to take over the editorial reins I never thought I would hang on to them as long as I have. Nor did he, as he recently admitted to me on the golf course where, strangely enough, he and I seem to have our most candid exchanges.

More amazing than my nine-year stint as editor is the fact that after sixteen years *MM* is still a going concern showing no signs of slowing down from journalistic sclerosis or creeping reader apathy. What I take most pride in is that gradually over the years the magazine has become a local Mennonite institution whose demise, I'm sure, would be unthinkable in the minds of our loyal readers. In a recently published analysis of Mennonite ethnic culture, author John H. Redekopp calls the *Mirror* "probably Canada's best expression of the Mennonite faith-culture combination, even to the point of carrying extensive Mennonite Low German material . . . Given the tremendous and high quality reinforcement the *Mennonite Mirror* has given Mennonite ethnicity in Manitoba and beyond, the disappearance of such Mennonite ethnicity is surely remote, especially in Manitoba."

That is high praise, indeed, praise that we will try to continue to live up to in the coming years. In my inaugural editorial

in the October, 1978, issue of *MM*, I declared that my aim was to maintain the editorial policy that our founder and first editor RV had expressed so well in the very first issue:

. . . we hope to "speak the truth in love" . . . to speak the truth which demands personal integrity on the part of our writers and a sense of fairness on the part of the editors. We hope our writing will reflect the fact that there are many sides to most issues. We know that in doing so we will not please everybody, but we do not intend to bend the truth to do so.

I have tried my best to carry forward that noble editorial policy, although I am well aware that the editorial face in the *Mirror* has not always looked as bright and shining as it should. Nor, to extend my metaphor, has the *Mirror* always been held up to reflect the best or most worthy images in our Mennonite community. But those editorial principles have remained operative for me, and whatever innovations of format, style and spirit I have been able to bring to this important enterprise have been cosmetic rather than substantive in nature when compared to those expressed principles and policies.

I'm not even sure that the personal pronoun "I" is appropriate as I write about my function as editor. From the beginning I have been very much aware that as editor I was simply a part of a voluntary but for the most part smoothly functioning editorial and staff collective. I have always said that any one of the other five members of our editorial committee was amply qualified to serve as editor of *MM*. And starting with the September issue Ruth Vogt, I am very confident, will proceed to prove me right. It may seem a bit unusual to our readers that our publisher and our new editor share the same bed, as they say in politics, but to me that phrase serves as a metaphor for the closeness and informal intimacy with which we work at the *Mirror*.

I am not yet at an age when stepping down from a position and saying a formal farewell comes naturally to me, but I feel very comfortable in expressing my gratitude to those without whom I could not have lasted for nine issues, let alone ninety, as editor. First of all to Roy, who is always low-keyed and unobtrusive but who knows how to make his benign influence

felt in a hundred ways as easy to take as an encouraging word or a pat on the back. He has always been the guiding light reflected in the *Mirror* and with his financial acumen has kept it free of cracks and blemishes. Next, to Ed Unrau, the managing editor who neatly puts together this haphazard jigsaw puzzle every month with whatever bits of jigs and saws the editor hands him. Ed's quiet professionalism often prevented my mercurial temperament from rising too high. Thank you, Ed. My appreciation and gratitude as well to my close friends and colleagues Vic Doerksen and Harry Loewen, our German editor and book review editor, respectively. They have brought impressive skills and expertise to the *Mirror*, and though they are both somewhat over-qualified for their jobs (being experienced editors and academic scholars in their own right) they have performed their duties with smooth efficiency. My warmest thanks and commendation also to Mary Enns, our most dependable and productive staff writer over the years, who has written with skill and verve and heart dozens of carefully researched and well-received interview articles. Her timely contributions saved me from panic and ruin on more than one occasion. And also my deepest gratitude to Frieda Unruh, our very capable office manager, ad seller, factotum, and confidante, who has provided me with many excellent ideas for articles and stories over the years, listened (complainingly) to my complaints, and even

allowed me to cry on her frail shoulder when I ran out of complaints.

Finally, I wish to thank Ruth Vogt, our new editor, for the dedicated service she has brought to the *Mirror* from the very beginning. Her zealous concern for standards, her interest in the Mennonite community and her superior editing and writing skills have been much in evidence in her capacity as an associate editor over the years. She is eminently qualified to take over as editor. I respect and admire her personal traits and professional qualities and know that she will build discreetly on the strengths *MM* already has, and add to them in her own unique and calculated manner.

Although I look forward to having more time for my own writing and book-editing now, I am happy to remain a member of the editorial committee and will devote myself — under the grandiose title of Low German Editor — to the *Plautdietsch* side of the operation as well as continuing to contribute articles and reviews. My appointment to the position of Low German editor was in any case inevitable, as I am the only one of the editors who is fully conversant with the subtleties of the new Low German orthography.

I know the *Mirror* will be in capable editorial hands and join our readers in looking forward to a new and even more exciting era for our magazine.

— Al Reimer

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