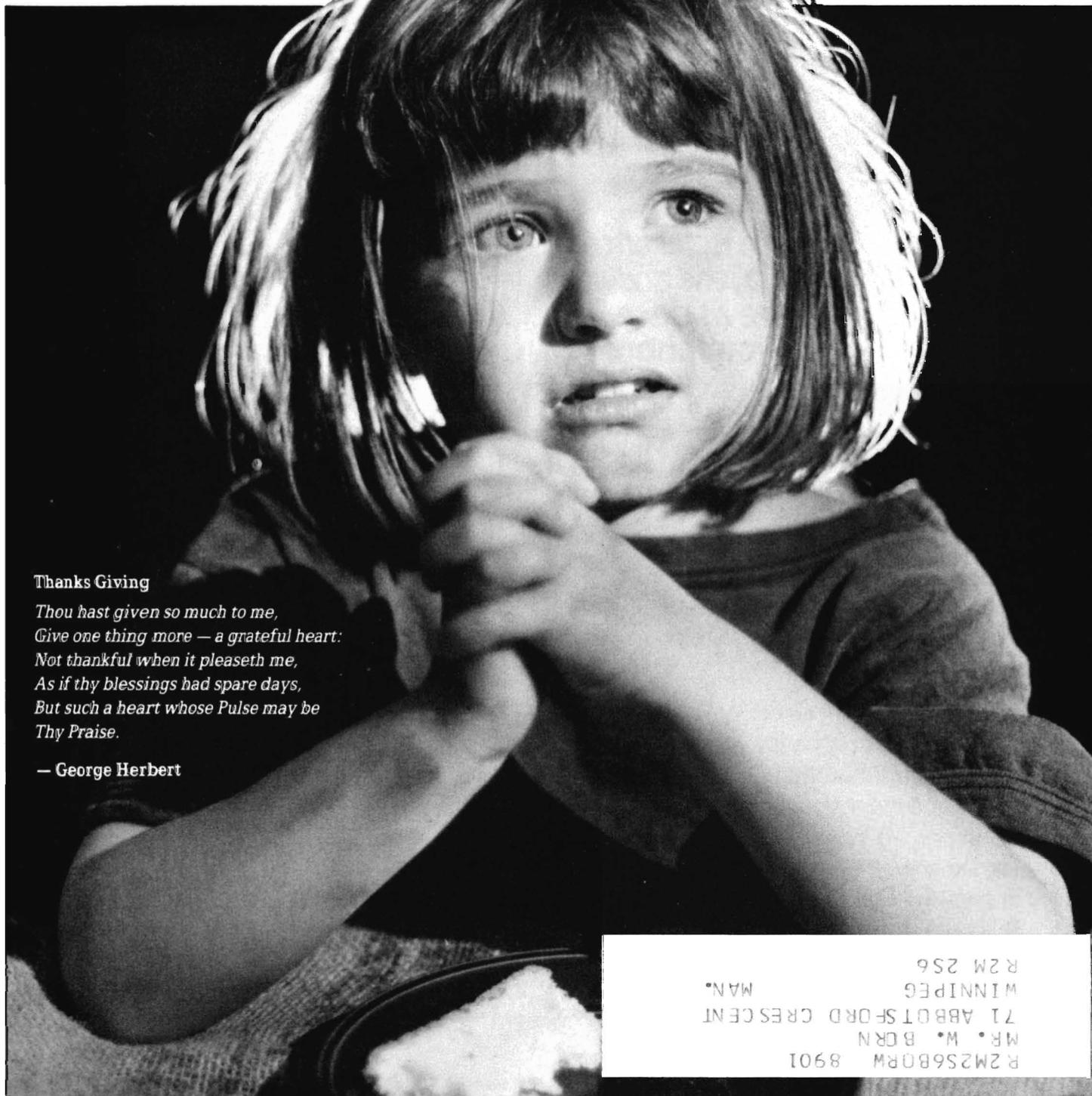


# Mennonite MIRROR

volume 17/number 2/october 1987



## Thanks Giving

*Thou hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more — a grateful heart:  
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As if thy blessings had spare days,  
But such a heart whose Pulse may be  
Thy Praise.*

— George Herbert

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## ForeWord

Visiting another country is always an eye-opening experience, but there was nothing to prepare Roy and Ruth Vogt for their visit to India this past August. What they saw assailed their senses both positively and negatively and they said "it was like no other place that we have ever visited." In the first of two articles, the Vogts describe the sights and sounds of the country, and in the second article they will explore the MCC contribution to India. Other aspects of the Vogts' oriental tour are covered in this month's *Observed Along the Way*.

George K. Epp had an opportunity to return to Paraguay this past summer after an absence of more than 30 years. In his article in this issue, he describes what he observed and comments on what he believes to be changes for the better in this land where Mennonites settled.

A lot has been written in the newspapers and newsmagazines about "biotechnology," and it has become rather trendy to talk about it. In general it's a way to work with living resources for economic development. One of the pioneering firms in Canada is ABI Biotechnology Inc., a still very young firm headed by Albert Friesen. A short article in this edition presents us with a profile.

Many of our readers have valued the poems of Tim Wiebe and Elmer Suderman, and in this issue there is a real treat — a page of poetry by each.

Modern technology can be marvellous when it works, but it sometimes doesn't. The situation Tim Wiebe explores in his tale of Sugar Beet Siemens is not electronic or biotech; by modern standards it's "old" technology a mechanical device intended to make beet weeding easier.

Life is hazardous enough without having to face the added stress of living in a war zone. Chris Lichti examines one woman's response to the tensions in Nicaragua.

In the German section, there's another *Das Wort von Hinten*, several short items as well as a Low German piece by Jack Thiessen.

Book section editor Harry Loewen has found seven more books that may be of interest to *Mirror* readers.

Our issue closes with its usual *Our Word*, this month around a thanksgiving theme.

**The Cover:** The cover this month is intended to highlight thanksgiving and was prepared by Steve Penner of Altona.

# Mennonite MIRROR

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# Visit to India

No place has filled us simultaneously with so much pleasure and so much sorrow.

It is the sorrow, however, that lingers . . .

By Roy and Ruth Vogt

*(The first of two articles in which the writers describe their recent visit to India. This article provides general impressions of India, plus some reflections on the kinds of involvement people might choose to have in such a country. The second article, to be published in the November issue, describes the development work of the MCC.)*

Last winter, while planning our trip to Japan and China (see *Observed Along the Way*), we received an invitation from good friends in India, Peter and Greti Peters, to extend our trip to Asia by visiting them in their home in Calcutta. The invitation included the opportunity to travel with them to various cities and villages in India where MCC and other development agencies are trying to improve the living conditions of Indian people. The Peters are in charge of the Mennonite Central Committee work in that country and are now into their fourth year of service.

The invitation appealed to us immediately. We enjoy getting to know new peo-

ple and places but we had never seriously thought of going to India. Our reluctance stemmed partly from a feeling that this is an unusually poor country and to travel through it as a tourist might simply make us feel very guilty. We also knew that India often had monsoon rains in summer, and extreme heat.

However, the opportunity to renew our friendship with the Peters and to observe India through their work efforts was irresistible. On August 21 we said farewell to the travelling companions with whom we had spent three weeks in Japan and China. They boarded a flight from Hong Kong to Vancouver, while we departed the same day from Hong Kong for Bangkok, Thailand. Bangkok is about half-way between Hong Kong and Calcutta and we had arranged to spend three days there to "rest up" before India. We were extremely glad that we had booked a cool, comfortable hotel in Bangkok, because the city turned out to be a lot hotter and dirtier than we had imagined. Apart from a few outstanding palaces and temples there was little in the city that appealed to us, so we spent some enjoyable days reading and relaxing in our room.

We arrived in Calcutta on the morning of August 24, and were happy to be met at the airport by Greti Peters and an MCC driver. Almost immediately the city began to assault our senses. First, the incredible heat and humidity hit us as soon as we stepped out of the plane. We had never before experienced a combination of 35 degree temperatures and 100 per cent humidity. Next, as we



*Rickshaw driver during monsoon in Calcutta.*

emerged from the airport to walk to the car we were immediately surrounded by an assortment of young and old beggars, who pulled at our arms asking for money, and a group of equally eager but more helpful young people who insisted on carrying our luggage. We felt helpless. To whom do you give the job? Do you give money to the beggars? Our experienced hosts told us to move ahead quietly but firmly. We would have plenty more opportunities to express generosity, and to examine whether it would really serve a useful purpose.

On the flight from Bangkok to Calcutta we had discussed how, and to what extent, we would be able to immerse ourselves in the life and culture of a country which we would only be visiting for 10 days. It seemed to us that there were at least three different levels to such immersion. First, one could simply *observe*. This we obviously intended to do. Second, one could try and *help* people in need. We thought that we should at least attempt to do some of this, though it would obviously be very limited, and likely quite ineffective. We anticipated that guilt alone would compel us to do at least a little bit. Third, one could try to *identify* with the people by living like them. This, we knew, we would not be able to do, though we would likely be tempted to think that we should.

Three levels of immersion: observing, helping, and identifying. Looking back on our visit we realize that those, like us, who come to a country like India prepared only for the first level of immersion, observing, will feel guilty every day about not moving on to the second level, of helping. But, of course, both lack of time and appropriate experience rule out such an additional commitment. At some point one simply has to acknowledge that. We also began to sense that those who do make this second level of commitment, by living in the country for a longer time and by becoming actively involved in *helping* projects (this includes both native people who may live there all their lives, or foreigners who come for a few years or months) feel the pressure to move on to the third level of immersion, to complete identification with the poor. They have before them such figures as Mahatma Gandhi, Mother Teresa, and the Polish priest who is celebrated in the best-selling book about Calcutta, *The City of Joy*. We rightfully admire the extraordinary commitment of these people but, as their own biographies make clear, there is a tremendous jump from helping people to identifying with them. There is obviously some overlap — effective helpers will inevitably identify considerably with



*Camels in Rajasthan.*

those they are helping — but there is also a very wide gulf separating them. We could possibly see ourselves spending some years in a country like India trying to help, but it would take a special call from God to make the leap to virtual identification. Still, it seems, those who make the commitment to help are haunted by the challenge of an even deeper level of commitment just as we, who came merely to observe, always felt guilty about not helping more. We must all know our calling and live within it.

But we have gotten ahead of our story. From the first day of our stay in India to the last, from Calcutta in the East to New Delhi, Jaipur, and Agra in the North West

the India that we saw assailed our senses, both positively and negatively, like no other place that we have ever visited. Bearing in mind that our travels within the country, though covering several thousand miles, were nevertheless limited to the northern half of it, we would like to share with you some of the very vivid impressions which that part of the country made on us.

Having been the guests of India we think it appropriate to begin with some of the positive impressions that it made on us. This is easily done because a few of these were extremely powerful ones.

The more we saw of India the more we were impressed with the tremendous



*Street scene outside Mother Teresa's Home for the Dying in Calcutta.*

vitality and energy of its culture. Calcutta throbs with activity. Almost every street is alive with people hurrying to work in rickshaws, bicycles, cars, or on foot, with people washing themselves, bargaining — carrying on many activities that we normally do in our homes. There are frequent parades and religious celebrations. The newspapers are filled with controversy, and Parliament seems to be in constant turmoil. We were reminded again and again that India is indeed the greatest, most populous democracy in the world. This is true not only in a formal, constitutional sense — that they have an elected Parliament — but in a more fundamental, grass-roots sense. Everyone has an opinion and is determined to express it. Blowing the car horn frequently and loudly is only one of the more irritating manifestations of this healthy instinct. It was this vitality which likely prompted a native Anglican vicar to say to us that he would sooner live in Calcutta than anywhere else in the world.

The vitality of the people also extends to the economic sphere. Although, as we shall note, there are areas of extreme poverty, India has, by the reckoning of the World Bank, become the seventh largest industrial nation in the world. We were very surprised to observe how self-sufficient it is. There are virtually no foreign

cars, and fewer foreign products, like soft drinks and fast-food establishments, than, for example, in China. Though distribution remains a serious problem, and recent droughts have greatly reduced foodstocks, India generally produces enough foodstuffs for its people.

We were also deeply impressed by the richness and variety of Indian culture. The ancient religions of Buddhism and Hinduism have combined with the more recent infusions of Islam and Christianity (through the invasions first of the Moghuls and then of the British) to give India strong and unique cultural and religious traditions. The colorful dress of Indian women, the vigorous religious observances around the Hindu temples, the delicious, pungent Indian food (which makes our American food seem very bland), the frequent sight of camel herds and the chance to ride an elephant — all of this and more excited us very much. Above all there are the buildings of the past. The British architectural heritage in India is impressive, particularly the Victoria monument in Calcutta and the India Gate and the former Viceroy's Palace in New Delhi, but these are definitely overshadowed by the forts, palaces, and mausoleums built by the Moghul rulers several centuries earlier. In the city of Jaipur alone there are at least three or

four palaces that rival or exceed any that we have seen in the west. Fort Amber, just outside of Jaipur, and the Red Fort at Agra, are breathtaking in their size and beauty. The Moghuls even managed air conditioning in their forts by a skillful use of air and water flows. But the most beautiful building we have ever seen is the famous Taj Mahal at Agra. We had come prepared to be disappointed — which is often the consequence of unrealistic expectations — but what we saw exceeded our imagination. We just sat for a while in complete awe. Built in the 17th century by the Moghul Emperor Shah Jahan as a mausoleum for his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal, who died while giving birth to their 14th child, this white, marble edifice gleams as fresh and beautiful as if it had been built yesterday. The emperor began to construct a complementary black mausoleum for himself across the river from the Taj Mahal, the base of which is still there, but was thwarted by one of his sons who imprisoned him for his extravagance. It was probably just as well (though not for the emperor), since the beauty of the white Taj Mahal is enough for the eye to feast on.

There is, therefore, very much in the Indian past and present to be admired and enjoyed. Mention must also be made

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of the great individual leaders that have emerged from this nation. In New Delhi we visited the places where Mahatma Gandhi and Indira Gandhi were assassinated and we were reminded not only of their tragic deaths but of their tremendous contribution to their country and the world. We also have profound respect for the late Prime Minister Nehru. Mahatma Gandhi had a powerful vision; it was left to Prime Minister Nehru to implement it. During our visit we also became acquainted with a number of Indian people who are trying with rare dedication to improve the lot of their people. In addition to the staff of the MCC, whose work will be described in the next issue, we were impressed by persons like Major Michael of the Church's Auxiliary for Social Action (CASA) in New Delhi, who was our host for several days, and a young woman, Moon Sharma, who accompanied us on our visit to Agra. The quality of character of these people impressed us deeply.

In one of the history books on India which we read in Calcutta the writer begins with an observation which is approximately as follows: "People of Indian origin have gone into all corners of the world and have made their mark as scientists, businessmen, and professionals. However, in their own country they have not been able to create a society which works."

Such an observation must be qualified by the many positive achievements that we have noted, but at its core there appears to be a sad, paradoxical truth. Despite all the vitality of its culture and some undoubted economic progress, the India that we saw left us deeply discouraged and disturbed. Calcutta is not India, but it is one of the major cities of India, with a population of more than 10 million. Despite the enthusiasm of the Anglican vicar for this city, we came to feel that it is a human disaster. Conditions were even worse than we had expected. The people on the streets give it a certain vitality, but when one looks more closely at the emaciated condition of most of the rickshaw drivers and the tremendous difficulty of their work, when poor women and children are to be seen digging through every garbage heap for food and other items, when at night one cannot go for a walk because of the dozens of bodies that are lying prone on every block of sidewalk — then all this vitality quickly loses its lustre. We were not surprised to be told by a city authority that there are about four million homeless people in the city. The obvious misery of these millions kept us awake for most of the first nights that we were there. Our visit to Mother Teresa's House for the Dying moved us

profoundly but as she herself has said, it is a drop in an ocean of suffering. Beggars, many of them badly deformed, tugged at us everywhere. Crippled children would put gobs of mud on our shoes, and then ask for money to clean them. To be told that they were likely working for professional syndicates of beggars, hardened our hearts a little but did nothing to alleviate their condition. We saw numerous acts of charity but little evidence of justice. The economy was strong enough to produce wealth, but apparently not just enough to overcome wide-scale misery.

Cities like New Delhi, Jaipur, and Agra show less obvious signs of extreme poverty, but even here there are thousands of people without homes and without visible means of support. Travelling by train from New Delhi to Agra we passed hundreds of people lying beside the railway tracks, eating and sleeping in the open as best they could. Our railway car was cleaned by a boy of about 10 years who, we were told, spent his days travelling back and forth on the train, sleeping in a corner of the car, and earning a pittance from the official cleaner who was paid a decent wage by the railway but was probably earning another salary elsewhere.

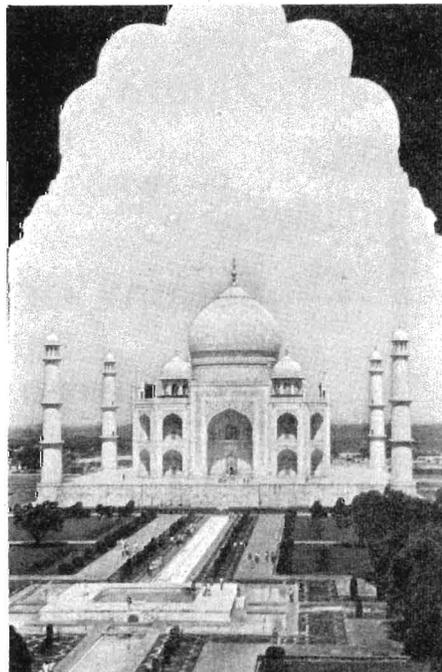
Wide-spread corruption and violence are the inevitable result of such great disparities in income and privilege. Bribes must be paid everywhere; army officials extract a non-existent road tax as we travel from Jaipur to New Delhi by car. The carnage on the highway is staggering. After witnessing the remains of five head-on collisions on a short stretch of highway we request that we sit in the

same car the rest of the way so that if we "go" we will at least go together. We have seen chaotic traffic conditions in many countries, but India is the first country in which we were too afraid to drive. The reckless defiance of the drivers seems symptomatic of an angry, anarchistic spirit in large elements of the population, spurred on by deep religious, cultural, and economic differences. The newspapers report numerous incidents of government corruption but what appals us even more is the apparent inability of the government to do much about the misery that we see.

We saw many poor people in China, but there one had the impression that people were now working with a common purpose, and through the universal provision of such necessities as health care and education a certain justice prevailed. We sensed much less of this in India.

In an ocean of suffering, even a few drops of charity are better than none. In our next article we will report on some of the significant development work that we observed in India. Our respect for this work was increased considerably by our visit, but so was our sadness over the conditions that we observed. Our overall impressions, and the memories that we now have of them, were undoubtedly colored by personal physical discomfort. A monsoon rain one day, followed by almost unbearable heat, alleviated only partially by occasional swims in the Olympic-size pool left by the British in Calcutta, contributed to a growing feeling of weariness. But it was India itself that moved and disturbed us. No place has filled us simultaneously with so much pleasure and so much sorrow. It is the sorrow, however, that lingers most vividly in our memories.

(Part two next month)



#### EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF FAR-EAST TRIP

The *Mennonite Mirror* invites you to a fund-raising slide presentation by Roy and Ruth Vogt on their recent trip to Japan, China and India.

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## PROGRAM COMMITTEE NAMED FOR WINNIPEG ASSEMBLY

Mennonite World Conference has announced the naming of a program committee for the 12th Assembly, planned for July 24-29, 1990, at Winnipeg, Manitoba (Canada).

Jake Pauls of Winnipeg, pastor of the Bethel Mennonite Church, will chair the committee. He also serves as MWC vice-president for North America.

Other committee members, all Canadians, include Victor Adrian, Abe Bergen, Roland Marsch and Edman Stoesz of Winnipeg; Jon Bonk of Kleefeld, Manitoba; Marilyn Houser Hamm of Altona, Manitoba; Vickie Dyck of Rosthern, Saskatchewan; Holda Fast of Clearbrook, British Columbia; Martha Smith Good of New Hamburg, Ontario; Joyce Schimpky of St. Catharines, Ontario; and Harvey Sider of Fort Erie, Ontario.

Adrian is general secretary for Mennonite Brethren Missions/Services. Bergen is director of youth and young adult ministries for the Conference of Mennonites in Canada. Marsch is conference minister for the Canadian Mennonite Brethren Conference. Stoesz is a pastor in the Evangelical Mennonite Mission Conference.

Bonk is a teacher at Winnipeg Bible College. Hamm is co-pastor of the Altona Mennonite Church. Dyck is a drama teacher at Rosthern College. Fast is an assistant pastor and a teacher at Columbia Bible Institute. Good is a part-time pastor. Schimpky is camp director for Camp Crossroads. Sider is bishop of the Canadian conference of the Brethren in Christ Church.

The program committee held its first meeting in September. The theme for the Winnipeg assembly is "Witnessing to Jesus Christ in Today's World."

Around the world, Mennonites and members of related churches will be invited to study themes related to Jesus Christ together during the next three years as part of a "faith and life" emphasis leading up to the 12th Mennonite World Conference in Winnipeg.

Members of the MWC executive committee heard plans and gave enthusiastic backing for the global learning and sharing process during a July 20-21 meeting at Asunción. The nine-member panel met both before and after the mid-July sessions of the MWC General Council.

A special Faith and Life Committee will carry out a seven-point task: 1) Prepare a study document based on the 12th Assembly theme ("Witnessing to Christ in Today's World"); 2) Arrange for inter-Mennonite study groups among congregations throughout the world; 3) Plan

for co-ordinators in each continent to gather material and draft preliminary statements; 4) Integrate these materials into a single document for discussion in a Faith and Life consultation just prior to the Winnipeg assembly; 5) Give leadership to a study process that continues throughout the assembly; 6) Prepare a statement for adoption by the Winnipeg assembly; and 7) Edit a publication after the assembly to summarize the findings and results of the study process.

Helmut Harder of Winnipeg will give staff time to the project, especially in its early stages. Currently on sabbatical from his teaching position at Canadian Mennonite Bible College, Harder will write a draft of the study guide from September to November, while also filling speaking

assignments in Taiwan. After a process of revision, the guide will be translated into various languages for use by the worldwide churches.

Harder came to the executive committee prepared with some of the theme-related questions he'd like to see the churches grapple with in the next three years:

Harder outlined a tentative schedule for the committee's work through Winnipeg. He is targeting a December 1888 date for sending the study guide to the churches, permitting them to undertake their study during 1989.

# Concert

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# Paraguay Thirty Years After . . .

by George K. Epp

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On December 18, 1954, Agnes and I left Paraguay. The last six weeks of Paraguayan experience was on the Leprosy Mission Station, "Km 81," not far from the capital of the country, Asunción. In November, 1954, Asunción was busy electing a new president, and one got a taste of what I later realized was Western style politics: promises, promises, of a golden age around the corner. But after the seven revolutions Paraguay had just experienced people like myself were skeptical, and Paraguayans celebrated the occasion, it seemed to me, cheerfully ignoring what was promised by politicians.

The man they elected was a "winner" and that is what counted. He had the support of the Colorado Party (a conservative Social Democratic orientation), and the important support of all branches of the armed forces: army, cavalry, and the navy (two cannon boats, and a detachment of marines — a legacy from the war with Bolivia in the early 1930s). In the past these branches had often sided with different candidates, and the navy was especially important, because their cannons could be very convincing. But this time, for one reason or another, all branches supported General Alfredo Stroessner. Yes, he was a general, but then the previous civilian presidents had not been very convincing administrators, although they all knew the value of money and always emptied the national bank before going into exile.

This general promised to fight corruption, bring order to the country, build roads to stimulate the economy, develop energy sources, agriculture, and a social welfare system. I thought the Colorados had a tall order, and wondered how they could do it in half a year (the average duration of governments at that time).

Well, over thirty years later — on June 18, 1987, at six o'clock in the morning, our plane, one of four DC-8s belonging to LAP (Lineas Aereas Paraguayas), made a perfect landing on Aero Puerto Stroessner. We were 15 minutes early (we had expected to be three hours late). What in the world was this? Was I in Paraguay?

But customs officials quickly convinced me that I was really in Paraguay.

I had been invited by the Mennonite Teachers' Federation of Paraguay to introduce Mennonite literature to teachers. "Mennonite Literature from Zuerich to Filadelfia (1525-1987)," was my topic. The three-day conference gave me an opportunity to speak to 150 teachers and representatives of the school boards. It also introduced me to several of the chief administrators of Mennonite colonies (by now there are twenty colonies in Paraguay, with a population of 20,000). I also had an opportunity to address churches in Volendam and Asunción, and had many discussions with Mennonite business people individually and in group settings. Then, courtesy of the colonies, and the help of Pastor Heinrich Paetkau (United Mennonite Church of Asunción), who planned my itinerary, I was given an opportunity to see the ITAIPU power project on the Parana River, the wheat-fields of south-eastern Paraguay, the economic development of the major Mennonite colonies, and something of the economic, social, and political pulse of the city of Asunción (700,000). The four weeks were packed with experiences and impressions.

Thirty years later, the same man, Alfredo Stroessner, is still president. That is incredible in our world, but even more incredible in South America. Indeed, Paraguay is abnormal for present South American standards. It is a dictatorship, but that does not make it unique in our world, and certainly not in South America. Can you name a democracy that has lasted and retained credibility as a democracy in South America? The unique feature of Paraguay is that in a world of violence and economic chaos in every corner of the continent, it has been the only country in South America where 3.5 million people for the last 30 years have lived in peace. Of course, this is peace in a dictatorship, but let me quickly add something to think about. In thirty years

nobody has had the idea of killing this dictator. He attends dozens of public functions every year, has visited the Mennonite colonies many times, and every project in the country. While I was in Asunción, he drove through the city with two motorcycles leading the way and two cars following, that was all. They killed Samoja in Asunción, but nobody has seriously threatened Stroessner.

When Stroessner, now 74 years old, announced his intention to step down, the Colorado party immediately split, and both wings claimed him as their candidate. This is because this dictator is very popular, and nobody wishes to see the current peace destroyed. And what about the opposition, the "Liberales," who have representation in the national assembly? My friend, Guillermo, asked one of the prominent "Liberales" what he thought of the present situation. He was quick to respond: "You know I hate this government, but we are too divided, and Stroessner will win hands down against any candidate. You see, we all realize that the man deserves credit for 30 years of peace and progress."

Yes, there has been progress. In 1954, women could not walk the streets of Asunción safely after nightfall, but when I mentioned that, only the older people could remember. The streets are now safer than our streets in Winnipeg. For a whole day I walked among the people of the old market place in Asunción, because it seemed to be an area which had not changed in that city. I never got the feeling that somebody was after my wallet. This is not to say that there are no thieves in Paraguay, but one can feel relatively safe there. Yes, and a bus ride is another mindboggling experience. Buses are usually packed, and up front there is a very simple way of taking care of smaller and larger paper bills. A box, next to the driver openly displays piles of the paper bills . . . My question: "How can the driver keep the money so exposed? Is this not a temptation for thieves?" Paraguayans seemed puzzled by my questions. "But how does the thief know that the driver will not shoot him?"

Don Pedro, a Spanish-speaking neighbor of one of my friends, had just bought his first car. Proudly displaying his new purchase, and status, he took to the road without paying attention to the traffic. As a result, a car barely missed him. Don Pedro reached for his pistol, but he had forgotten to take it along and thus he was prevented from taking revenge.

Yes, this is South America and we have to learn a lot before we understand the impulsive South American way of thinking. Paraguayans are a very friendly people, and it is easy to make friends, but like all South Americans they are very sensitive to the naive advice of the "Gringo."

I also took time to visit the Asunción prison. Would they let me in, a professor with a Canadian passport? They looked at me inquiringly, and then let me go with one observation: "Please avoid gatherings of more than three people." I visited a Mennonite who is waiting for his trial. Although he is innocent, he was arrested with the top 25 men of the Central Bank who are being tried for corrupt practices. I visited with that man for a long time, and he showed me every corner of the prison, except the dangerous criminals' section. He introduced me to several of the prisoners who had a project going — building a chapel for Protestant prisoners. Proudly they showed me their progress (a roofed shelter and an altar in one corner of the prison yard), and I placed an order for two "guampas" (a large cup made of the horn of an ox), which they sell to earn money for their approved chapel project. When I left, I was sure that I did not want to go to prison in Paraguay, although conditions were much improved over what they were in 1954.

The president's attempt to bring corruption under control seems to be serious but also limited and dangerous. Recently he appointed Dr. Werner Thielmann as head of the liquor commission, with the instruction to weed out corruption (the first Mennonite in high government position). This Mennonite finds himself in strange circumstances — his house has to be guarded day and night, but he is doing his job and is earning the respect and approval of the ordinary man on the street.

In general one gets the impression that this dictator actually has more power than he is prepared to use. In early June, the president's son-in-law, Humberto Dominguez Dibb, was arrested for obstruction of justice while drunk. He was soon released, but the point is that the president's family is not untouchable. It would seem that Stroessner knows how to use power without alienating the people. Stroessner's motto, displayed on a

national monument, reads: "Peace is my Task. And with this task I honour my people." Cynics may wonder about the meaning of peace, but the Paraguayan campesino looks at Nicaragua and El Salvador and the rest of South America and then points out to you that for the last ten years his country has been leading South America with the rise of the GNP. In 1986 it was 5.3 per cent, compared to 3.5 for Mexico and Brazil, 3.3 and 3.4 for Colombia and Ecuador; while Bolivia, Venezuela, and Argentina had records of -2.2, -0.6, and -0.3 (information from *Neues für Alle*, Asunción, June 19, 1987, based on data from SEC — Latin American Service for Cooperation). Then my Paraguayan friends also proudly showed me the largest power project of the world — ITAIPU, a joint project with Brazil. Yes, they are proud of their achievements.

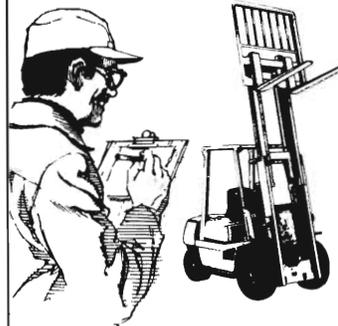
When we left Paraguay in 1954, Paraguay had 70 km of paved highway. Now I travelled 2,000 km of excellent paved road, from Asunción to ITAIPU and

Ciudad Stroessner, from ITAIPU through the jungle to Trinidad and Encarnación, and Encarnación to Asunción, and finally from Asunción over the long new bridge crossing the Paraguay River, to the northern part of the Chaco Boreal. To these roads, Mennonite colonies have added between 1,000 and 2,000 km of well-built red clay roads. Stroessner had promised roads, and roads would stimulate the economy. Today Paraguay produces wheat, soy beans, cotton, peanuts, milk (guaranteed for four months without refrigeration), cheese, lumber, vegetables, and citrus fruits. . . . The country, which thirty years ago was totally dependent on imported grain, is now self-sufficient, and will soon be able to export. "And now," my friends told me, "we have solved our energy problem, and soon you will see our industry developing."

I wish you well, my friends; maybe there is a better way than revolution and bloodshed.

mm

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## New Book Notices

by Harry Loewen

Thomas N. Finger, *Christian Theology: An Eschatological Approach, Vol. I* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald Press, 1985). Hardcover, 368 pages, \$26.50 Can.

Written by a Presbyterian-turned-Mennonite, *Christian Theology* deals with biblical doctrines from a "believers church" perspective. Finger begins this systematic theology not with a philosophical discussion about God, but with the biblical teaching about the end time or last things. The author believes a living hope, that is looking toward the consummation of all things in the future, has always motivated the believing community in its faith and life.

Denny Weaver of Bluffton College, Ohio, writes about this book: "... there is no term which clearly identifies the orientation of the kind of theology represented by Finger's work. It is neither liberal nor conservative nor Fundamentalist. Nor would I characterize it specifically as Evangelical. Rather, this is a believers church systematic theology."

Willard Swartley of the Institute of Mennonite Studies in Elkhart, Indiana, writes: "This is kingdom-oriented theology. (It is) an important perspective on the atonement which combines the themes of conquest of evil with disarming love. Discipleship thus emerges as an intrinsic ingredient of this eschatological approach to theology."

Herald Press expects to release the second volume of this work sometime next year. It will treat theological anthropology, ecclesiology, and the doctrine of God.

Alfred H. Redekopp, *Jacob Thielmann and Helena Kroeker. A Family History and Genealogy of their Descendants* (Winnipeg: Alfred H. Redekopp, 1987). Paperback, 315 pages.

This is a book about the author's great great grandparents Jacob Thielmann and Helena Kroeker born some 200 years ago. The Thielmanns established themselves in the Ukraine, founding a large estate in Kudashevka. Due to the success and prosperity of the estate, the Thielmanns' enterprise became the subject of a book written in Russian prior to the First World War.

Genealogist Alfred Redekopp who worked on this book for many years has dedicated his labour of love to "Helene Thielmann (nee Kroeker), the widow with the three sons, from whom all Russian Mennonite Thielmanns have descended." The meticulous detective work into the numerous descendants of the "original" Prussian-Russian-Mennonite Thielmanns and the many photographs included in this volume make this work both interesting and valuable to all those Thielmanns and their relatives, especially in Canada, who have descended from this line.

The book may be purchased from Alfred Redekopp, 229 Home Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Peter Penner, *No Longer at Arms Length. Mennonite Brethren Church Planting in Canada* (Winnipeg: Kindred Press, 1987). Paperback, 178 pages, \$24.95 Can.

Author Peter Penner, a professor of history at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., has spent several years in Canadian provinces working in home missions. In this history Penner traces the development of the Mennonite Brethren mission churches in Canada and gives interesting historical data about the people who worked in them. The book includes numerous photographs of mission workers, leaders and church locations.

Penner does not merely record the events of MB home missions but writes with loving concern about movements and directions in his church. In the introduction to the book he writes: "Mennonite Brethren have gone a long way on the evasion route. They appear more non-conformist to everything Anabaptist-

Mennonite and more conformist and accepting of everything North American evangelical-fundamentalist than I would wish. Occasionally you may feel this coming through too strongly. I therefore beg your indulgence because I am writing about the church I love and in which I grew up." And the book concludes with the following observation: "... we seem to be more conformed to the North American way of life than the New Testament would allow, and less non-conformist than our history and heritage would suggest" (p. 156).

This is a timely history of MB home missions on the eve of Mennonite Brethren 100 years in Canada (1888-1988). This book is a must for all MB church leaders and all those who are interested in Canadian-Mennonite history.

Oleksa Hay-Holowko, *Duel With the Devil* (Winnipeg: Communigraphics/printers aid group, 1986). Hardcover, 236 pages, \$22.50 Can.

This is the story of a Ukrainian nationalist and writer who was caught between two forces and ideologies during the Second World War: Soviet Communism and German Nazism. He fought both, was imprisoned by both, fled from both, and in the end managed to escape to Canada in 1949. The author stresses the Yalta Agreement between the Soviet Union, Britain and the United States according to which Soviet citizens were to be returned to their former homeland (the Soviet Union) against their will. Russian Mennonites who passed through the war years in Europe will no doubt find the book interesting, for many Mennonites were also returned to the Soviet Union after the war.

Robert Shelton, *Loving Relationships: Self, Others, and God* (Elgin, Illinois: Brethren Press, 1987). Paperback, 270 pages, \$11.95 US.

James B. Nelson of United Theological Seminary writes: "This is a marvelous book! The author explores the many and complex dimensions of loving relationships with exceptional theological and psychological clarity. Drawing upon an impressive range of the relevant literature, Shelton weaves it all together in his own insightful way. The result is one of the most useful, enriching, and readable books available on the subject of love."

This is a book for pastors, counsellors, parents and all who are interested in human relationships from a Christian perspective. The book includes a useful bibliography.

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## YOUR WORD

### LATIN LETTER

Dear Ms. Toews, et al., *Hamlet*, III ii 229 (Bevington). *Pereant qui post nos nostra dixerunt.*

J. L. Braun  
Winnipeg.

James Overholt, **From Tiny Beginnings: Meditations.** Drawings by Iona Overholt (Elgin, Illinois: Brethren Press, 1987). Paperback, 70 pages, \$4.95 US.

These are poetic meditations for young and older readers. According to the blurb on the back cover: "This unique collection of meditations explores how God calls each of us to grow in faith and increase our awareness of God's glorious creation."

•

Donald E. Miller, **The Gospel and Mother Goose.** Illustrations by Lisa Miller (Elgin, Illinois: Brethren Press, 1987). Paperback, 127 pages, \$6.95 US.

"Once upon a time there were no stories for children. For that matter there were no stories for anyone. People did not laugh because there were no stories to laugh at. People did not understand one another because there were no stories to understand. People did not form communities because there were no stories to hold them together. And people were afraid of the world around them because there were no stories by which to relate to it. So God looked upon the people and was moved, because God was a great storyteller. Therefore God put stories in the hearts of people, and the people began to tell stories to one another. They began to form communities and become curious about the world. But best of all, there were stories for children."

Thus begins this interesting and informative book about stories and storytelling. Miller sets out to interpret a number of classical and modern children's stories, and then to compare them with the gospel story.

"The comparison," according to the author, "takes place as a reflection from both sides in order to find common themes and differences." In his approach he attempts to be "dialogical," as Paul Tillich used the term. According to Tillich all culture is religious in its depth, and it is Miller's hope "to find the religious depth of representative children's stories." "The ultimate goal of this book," the author explains, "is to deepen the sense of the power of the story, to encourage storytelling in intimate settings, and to enlarge our ability to evaluate critically the stories we tell children."

The book focuses on stories in the collections of Mother Goose, the Grimm brothers, Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson, Frank Baum, C. S. Lewis, A. A. Milne, and others.

Parents and teachers of younger children will benefit greatly from this useful book. The sketches by Lisa Miller add to the beauty of this book. **mm**

### COUSINS CELEBRATE WITH JOINT CONCERT

There is a special treat in store for residents of southern Manitoba when two "native daughters," who have established distinguished musical careers elsewhere return to share their talents in their home community. Karin (Redekopp) Edwards and Ingrid (Sawatzky) Suderman, who are cousins, both born in Winkler, will be giving a concert in the Winkler MB church on October 23 at 8 p.m. A second concert will be held at the Young United Church in Winnipeg on Sunday, October 25 at 3 p.m.

Karin, the daughter of Jake and Elsa Redekopp of Winnipeg, began formal piano lessons at the age of four and appeared at age five as accompanist for her mother, a violinist, and her mother's violin pupils. Even though music played an important role in the Redekopp's family life, the parents did not encourage any of their five children to become professional musicians. But Karin became a professional in every sense of that word.

She won many awards in Canada as she developed her musical career, including the LMM diploma Gold Medal, the Canadian Gold Medal for the ARCT diploma, and the university gold medal in music from the University of Manitoba. With a full scholarship from the Canada Council, Karin completed the Master of Music degree and a PhD in performance at Indiana University. She has taught at several universities in the United States, and is presently a full-time piano instructor at Wheaton College. As a soloist, Karin has performed in recital and with orchestra in Canada and the United States, and on Canadian national radio.

Karin's husband, Mark, is also a professional musician, a pianist and organist, and as a piano duo or piano-organ duo they occasionally give joint concerts.

Margaret Hawkins, choral conductor of the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra where Karin was accompanist, speaks glowingly of Karin's qualities as a musician and an individual: "She plays beautifully. She loves music. Her skills are superior in all technical and artistic matters. She has earned great stature in this community. She is without a doubt one of Milwaukee's most revered musical treasures. She's rare: a scholar with passion, a musicologist with no prejudices, a sweet-natured and very demanding musician. She is, most of all, an intelligent enthusiast."



Karin Edwards



Ingrid Suderman

Ingrid Suderman, daughter of Jacob and Tina Sawatzky, now resides in Vancouver and has also had a distinguished career as a lyric soprano. Her musical studies took place in West Germany, the United States and Canada. Some highlights of her career include winning the Northwest Regional Metropolitan Opera auditions in Seattle, singing at the Lincoln Centre in New York, a CBC-TV Offenbach Special, *Can-Can to Barcarolle*, shown throughout North America, and performing Strauss' *Four Last Songs* with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Ingrid performs as a recitalist, oratorio soloist, and operatic singer. Her recitals have included numerous CBC broadcasts. Her appearance in *Messiah* highlights on KVOS-TV with the Vancouver Bach Choir and members of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra has been shown throughout Canada and the U.S. for the past few seasons.

The 1985-86 season marked the debut of the musical offering *The Chamber Ensemble* featuring five of Vancouver's finest musicians, with Ingrid as resident singer. She sings a Telemann cantata, and Ravel's *Chansons Madecasses* in the Musical Offerings early 1987 concert. She recently released her first record album, *Sacred Arias, Songs, and Spirituals*.

Ingrid is particularly well-known for her performance of the *Messiah* for which she is in great demand across Canada, perhaps because the music and text speak to her own religious faith. Ingrid is a committed Christian and member of the Mennonite Brethren church. By the late 1970s she was one of western Canada's busiest lyric sopranos, but she cut back on her engagements to have a family. Now her son and daughter, Edward, 9, and Lauren, 7, are in school and busy with their own musical interests, and Ingrid has turned her attention back to her own career.

The program to be presented in Manitoba includes songs by Gluck, Mozart, Hadyn, Dvorak, and piano music by Chopin and Lizst.

# OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt

## The Other Side of the World

• When digging holes as youngsters in Steinbach my friends and I would often joke that if we dug deep enough we would ultimately hit a Chinese on the head. We had learned enough geography in school to know that China was on the opposite side of the globe. However, we didn't stop to think that it would be the feet and not the heads of Chinese that we would hit.

• The dream of boring through the earth to China was given up a long time ago, but the desire to travel there in a more conventional way only increased with time. This August the dream became a reality for my wife and me, and for twenty-one other people who had obviously nurtured similar hopes. This month's "Observed" is therefore a series of impressions that this trip made on us.

• The first meeting of our entire group takes place in the Vancouver Airport on Saturday morning, August 1. A few of us know each other, some from a previous trip to the Soviet Union, but for most it means getting acquainted for the first

time with new travelling companions. For three weeks we will be together in our own little world, like passengers on a ship. At the beginning of such a trip I always wonder how individual members of the group will get along with each other. Ours is a very diverse group, made up of four men and nineteen women, a half dozen teachers and an equal number of nurses, a retired farmer, several business persons, and an odd assortment of professors and writers. Most, but not all, are Mennonite. They come from four different provinces. Though there appear to be reasons to fear how this mixed group will function, all such fears prove groundless. The next three weeks demonstrate that a group like this can be a marvelous way of getting to know other people as well as other worlds. Each member of the group turns out to be a real trooper, eager to explore new foods and traditions.

• A Canadian Airlines flight of about nine hours takes us across the Pacific to Japan. We arrive in Tokyo late Sunday afternoon and are met by a Japanese

guide who has a bus ready to take us to our hotel. We will be spending five days in Japan and from the first hour as we ride into Tokyo our minds are assaulted by new sights and sounds. We are struck first by several high structures which are completely surrounded by netting. Our guide points out that within each netted structure are dozens of Japanese golfers, driving balls into the nets from platforms that are three or four storeys high. The incredibly dense population of Japan forces even golf to become a vertical rather than a horizontal game.

• Our hotel is first-rate, better than any hotel in Winnipeg. This turns out to be true in several places on our trip. The rate posted on the door indicates that if we were travelling alone we would have to pay more than \$150 U.S. each for the room. As members of a group we have paid considerably less. For dinner that first evening our guide takes us out of the hotel — where meal prices are too high — to several smaller restaurants just a few blocks away. Here we enjoy a good meal for less than \$10 each. Forget what everyone says about terribly high prices for such things in Japan. With a little shopping around most costs can be kept within reason.

• In the next five days, which I will not describe chronologically, we share a lot of interesting experiences. These include a bullet-train ride to Hiroshima where, on August 6, exactly 42 years after the first atom bomb was dropped on that city, we participate with 55,000 Japanese in a moving anniversary service. Our trip was timed to permit our involvement in this event. As the whole city becomes silent for a minute, at exactly the moment shortly after 8 a.m. when the bomb struck, the immense tragedy of that act — and of all of man's cruel acts towards man — is driven home to us as never before. Later we are surrounded by dozens of Japanese school children who want to know our reaction to this event. We are rather conspicuous in a crowd of dark-haired Japanese.

Another highlight of our stay in Japan is an early-morning visit to the Tokyo fish market. We leave our hotel lobby before 5 in the morning in order to catch the action in the daily fish auction. In a city of more than 10 million, where almost everyone eats fresh fish every day, this is a huge and exciting enterprise. The market covers several acres and hundreds of different species, from large tunas which sell for more than \$1,000 each to small eels, all sold at auction as they come off the boats. The auctioneers seem to be even more dramatic than our colorful characters in Canada — though maybe the fact



Tour group in Hong Kong.

that everything is being shouted in a strange language creates this effect. We don't mind sloshing through the water on the concrete floors to take in this great human spectacle.

There is, of course, so much else to do in this fascinating country. A few hours of shopping in the Ginza district of Tokyo, a visit to the Shogun's palace in Kyoto, a boat ride on Lake Hakoni, a brief glimpse of Mount Fuji; these are just a few of the things that will always remain in our memory. On the whole Japan seems to have produced a society that functions well despite the immense population. The cities are clean and the service almost always efficient. One of the few discordant notes hits us as we walk to the subway early one morning. On the way we see a large number of young people sleeping on the sidewalk. Our guide tells us that unemployment is beginning to grow and young people coming to Tokyo for work increasingly find themselves without work and without money. Our guide himself received a salary until recently but is now forced to rely entirely on commissions. Unfortunately the sharp rise in the value of the Yen has curtailed travel to Japan. Instead of staying for a week or two, as they did in the past, most tourist groups like ours stay only for 4 or 5 days. The majority bypass Japan altogether — which is too bad because everyone in our group agrees that our visit was very worthwhile.

- From Tokyo we fly to Shanghai, our gateway to China. As we take our bus from the airport to the hotel (having been met by two Chinese guides, one from Hong Kong and one from Beijing), we are dumbfounded by the tremendous difference between living conditions in Tokyo and this Chinese metropolis. What can one say? Shanghai is a dirty, crowded, impoverished city. The hovels that serve as homes along the road shock us deeply. The traffic is chaotic, with thousands of bicycles criss-crossing at will against the flow of motorized vehicles. Everyone seems to be living on the sidewalks, where they cook, wash, and relax. However, later walks in the evening prove that at night they all seem to have some covered place to retreat to. Our hotel, which was once a residence for French businessmen, is clean and comfortable but somewhat shabby. The hotel in Tokyo spoiled us. However, in the next few days we discover that our first impressions of Shanghai were somewhat misleading.

Early in the morning of our first day in Shanghai we notice young and old people emerging from their hovels and their run-down apartments neatly and cleanly dressed, hurrying off to work on their

bicycles or engaging in vigorous exercises on the street. As we tour the city later we discover that it has a lot of vitality. Consumer goods seem to be in plentiful supply — more than I have observed in the Soviet Union, and one can bargain for most of these goods in the numerous free markets.

The impression that we form as we move through various parts of the country — from Shanghai to Suchow to Beijing (formerly Peking) to Xian, Guilin, and Guangzhou (formerly Canton) is of a nation that is still quite underdeveloped, indeed quite primitive in such basic facilities as housing and transportation. However, people are well-clothed and fed and appear to be working hard to change their economic conditions.

There are, of course, vast differences across this large country. Beijing is more attractive and developed than Shanghai; Guilin takes our breath away with its natural beauty, while Xian is drab despite an impressive city wall. One senses everywhere, however, that this is a country on the move. The 20th century has not belonged to China — as was once predicted — but watch out for the 21st!

For us the two weeks in China are extremely rich in experiences. A marvelous morning is spent climbing the Great Wall north of Beijing; it exceeds our highest expectations. An all-day river cruise near Guilin takes us through the most beautiful hills we have ever seen, and gives us a glimpse of people and water buffalo whose life is tied entirely to the river. North-east of Xian we witness one of the most incredible things I have seen in my life: hundreds of life-sized soldiers and horses made of fired-clay by a Chinese emperor more than 2,000 years ago, as part of a vast permanent army designed to protect him after death. Each of these soldiers is unique, apparently modelled after actual members of the Emperor's army. Some look like poor academics, reluctantly pressed into military service, while others are proud warriors ready for action. They were discovered in the last decade and excavations are going on to uncover the thousands of soldiers that are still buried under the earth.

Many other things fire our imagination, including several excellent acrobatic performances, visits to factories and medical clinics, to temples and palaces, to beautiful parks and interesting shops. The quality of goods made from cotton, silk, and wood, impress us and we eagerly buy numerous table cloths, carpets, dresses, shirts, and fans. Our Chinese guide watches us with glee and observes that with our dollar purchases we are "helping

to make China green." The hotels in China are another surprise. I have never seen a better hotel than the Great Wall (Sheraton) in Beijing, and the White Swan in Guangzhou runs a close second. The rooms are spacious and clean and we have no problems with plumbing or bugs. Every hotel is air-conditioned, as are the buses, so that the heat seldom bothers us too much (it is almost always above 30°C and a few afternoons do wear us out). Though this is supposed to be the rainy season we needn't have bothered with umbrellas. We use ours for about one hour on the entire trip. The food is also very good, although when we arrive in Hong Kong after two weeks everyone is anxious to return to western cooking.

- We had scheduled almost three days in Hong Kong as a climax to the trip. It turns out to be a bit of an anti-climax. China has excited our imagination and has relieved us of most of our shopping money. Hong Kong is beautiful, but it is also very congested and busy. We spend a lovely evening having dinner on Victoria Peak, and another group dinner in our hotel on our last evening going over all of our impressions. It is heartening to hear many of the members say that they got much more than their money's worth. Travelling to the Orient is expensive — but what an experience!

**NOTE: Roy and Ruth Vogt will be showing slides of their trip to Japan, China, and India on October 21 at 8:00 p.m. in First Mennonite Church, Arlington and Notre Dame, Winnipeg. Admission is \$5 in support of the Mennonite Literary Society.**

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# Biology can be a business to affect the way we live

**F**or the weak of stomach, the word "biology" conjures disturbing memories of fungus infested Petri dishes and the intricate inner works of some embalmed furry animal. In biology class, every part of a student's affectionately named specimen would become well known before the final exam. Even if no further levels of the science were pursued, the general biology class, along with Eric the rat, provided one with needed lifeskills. Former students have no trouble with cleaning jackfish or long neglected fridges. As well, knowledge of basic concepts helps one at least partially appreciate the great strides made in today's rapidly expanding scientific world.

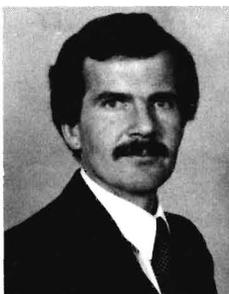
Great faith has been placed in the notion that scientists will continue to discover cures to keep us living longer, or provide ingenious products to enhance our health and well-being. Few realize the difficulties and costs of discovering and developing lifesaving ideas into a marketable product. Recently, medical advances have been accelerated by the emergence of biotechnical firms which combine biological research and technology with effective business and marketing. Their impact on society may be as significant as the computer, and has prompted the Science Council of Canada to urge greater Canadian involvement in this rapidly developing industry.

One biotechnical company with good potential for success is located in Manitoba. Headed by Dr. Albert Friesen, in conjunction with scientific advisors such as Dr. H. G. Friesen (who is no relation),

by Bob Hummelt

ABI Biotechnolgoey Inc. is attempting to apply research and commercial skills to enhance the food and health care industries. Their Fort Garry laboratory's most exciting development lies in the genetic engineering of synthetic proteins. Most notable is its Recombinant Human Growth Hormone used to treat dwarfism. There are strong hopes that a licence for its distribution in Canada will be obtained in 1988. Other products, such as Factor VIII, used in the treatment of hemophilia, and Interleukin-2, used for the treatment of AIDS and Multiple Sclerosis, are progressing well.

The company is currently producing diagnostic kits. "Intoxisticks" can now be found on drug store shelves, providing imbibers with some indication of their blood alcohol level by matching the hue of saliva-wetted sticks to a color coded chart. Eventually, cholesterol and glucose levels might be determined with similar



Albert Friesen

kits. Attention is also given to the production of anti-cancer drugs, protein separation and antibody production. The biggest seller to date is a disinfectant (Viroidinix) widely used in research labs to combat viruses such as AIDS and Herpes.

Biotech companies such as ABI have altered the manner in which discoveries are developed for society's use. In the past, university scientists performed the basic research and their ideas were refined by engineers. Now it is possible for private laboratories to make scientific breakthroughs. Critics suggest that vital discoveries made in private laboratories may be withheld from other scientists if profits are the main motive for research. However, even as a "bioentrepreneur," Albert Friesen sees his firm as a vital technical link between universities and industry. He feels that the marriage between research and business objectives is needed: that universities should not be expected to fund the development of their ideas. Rather, the universities should concentrate on probing problems and looking for answers. In turn, business can pursue a profit by developing what is needed in the marketplace. According to Dr. Friesen, the growth hormone to treat dwarfism would not have advanced so rapidly if the private sector had not tried to capitalize on the findings of Dr. H. G. Friesen and others.

While Albert Friesen believes the government should spend more public money on research through universities and institutes, ABI plans to fund its enterprises using sound financial management. Although application has been made to the recently announced Western Diversification Fund, the company presently relies solely on receipts from Intoxisticks, the lab disinfectant, and private investment. To date, \$7 million has been raised. There are currently 300 stockholders, and the stocks will be tradeable when they are listed on the exchange next year. The company employs a total of 23 people, many of whom would otherwise have had to go outside of Manitoba to use their skills.

Dr. Friesen, a member of Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship, has found that his Mennonite faith has helped him in this commercial venture. Recognizing a connection between business, family and church, his Christian integrity has helped build positive relationships with business contacts, staff and colleagues. Most importantly, Dr. Friesen feels fortunate to be able to use his gifts in the vital area of health care, directing a company whose motto is, "In Business for Life."

Bob Hummelt is a teacher at Westgate Collegiate in Winnipeg.

---

# POET'S WORD

## LICHEN FAITH

Nine years later  
the smell of peat  
is as pungent  
as when first I walked  
these undulating shelves of rock  
straining at an angle  
to keep balance  
grappling like the moss  
for security  
somewhere along the eternal  
granite shield  
Tough existentialists  
these gnarled plants  
living on wisps of soil  
find somehow a heartbeat  
in the stone  
from which to draw subsistence.  
It seems an anomaly  
— crumbling a fragile piece  
of sod between my fingers —  
that in this barren setting  
I should feel myself scoured  
clean and tenuously  
renewed.

— **Tim Wiebe**, *Canadian Mennonite Bible  
College fall retreat.*

## Betrayal

Scratching idly  
with a dulled nickel's edge  
I find my garish meal  
interrupted  
by matching tires  
a skill testing question  
five hundred dollars  
and a moral dilemma.  
Images converge:  
blood money  
corporate entities wringing wealth  
from subsistence labor  
. . . preaching and practicing  
and innumerable ways in which the prize  
can be put to "good use."  
My calculator tabulates identically  
three times;  
information is neatly supplied.  
I compromise \$3 for registered mail  
and await the arrival  
of either the thirty pieces  
or my sense of integrity.

— **Tim Wiebe**, *after having played and  
won at McDonald's "McMillions."*

## Meaningful Exhaustion

Peering at your reflection  
you trace darkened circles  
as if probing a wound  
wondering  
did you choose this service  
— work for the night is coming —  
or did Someone grasp you  
to squeeze out every drop  
of commitment;  
forearms knotted with effort  
wringing you dry?  
But there could be peace  
mirrored in that gaze;  
and the same hand that binds you  
to responsibility  
might also free you to walk  
beside still waters  
drink deeply  
and kneeling  
encounter redemption  
in the face you see.

— **Tim Wiebe**

## Last Rites

A few muddy drops still cling  
to hairy hands cupped  
over the watershed  
of history.  
Harsh, wild harbinger  
senses the Spirit  
hovering  
over a new creation;  
feels himself suddenly  
archaic drained  
brutal sun drying  
the last moisture  
from his calloused palms.  
As if by rote,  
he plunges knotted forearms  
back into the stream:  
continues the work astounded  
that symbolic actions  
have been eclipsed  
by redemption  
flesh,  
and fire.

— **Tim Wiebe** *inspired by the  
Matthean account of Christ's  
baptism.*

## The Way to Eden

- I. Miles of wilderness  
paradise entangled  
with brambles, bush,  
huge palm trees:  
seemingly indomitable.  
Indians — huts as meagre  
as their farms subsistence  
shared by cows, chickens, pigs  
igloo shaped coal ovens  
another source of hope  
lifegiving manioca squeezing out life  
amidst the undergrowth —  
greet us with bemused smiles  
and friendly waves.  
We return their salutation  
uncomfortable royalty  
as our bus clatters  
over cratered roads  
and rickety bridges  
spanning swift streams  
lebenswasser  
in this unkempt land.
- II. Then, startling incongruity  
Linearity, angularity  
order  
imposed upon the wild  
in neatly laid out streets  
straight fences  
measured plots — typical  
Mennonite grid —  
and a church at centre  
built simply  
to near perfection.
- III. A gemeinde is gathered  
in this promised land yearning  
for freedom . . . heaven . . . purity —  
familiar themes;  
a chord resounding in consonance  
with five centuries  
of wistful seeking  
to cultivate utopia. I wonder  
how long  
this newest garden  
will last.
- IV. We depart having shared  
and received  
and the village's precision  
gives way  
to the rough hewn unpredictability  
of the routes we travelled  
to enter the kingdom I'm not sure  
whether I prefer  
this reality  
or that of the lonely Eden  
we've left behind.

— **Tim Wiebe**, *the Faith and Life male choir in  
a small Mennonite colony in East Paraguay.*

---

**CONVERSATION WITH MY WIFE AT SIX A.M.  
AFTER AN HOUR OF DRIVING**

It's certainly not very clear today.  
We won't see the sun come up and  
there are two telephone poles  
snapped off by a strong wind they  
must have had here recently. Look,  
there's a windmill all by itself  
in the middle of the cornfield.  
Do you suppose there was a farmhouse  
there once?"

"Probably. I wonder if we'll run  
out of gas before we find an open  
filling station and where there's  
a good place to eat breakfast."

— by Elmer Suderman

**PROMISES TO KEEP**

The eight o'clock bell is ringing.  
I should be going to teach my class  
Waiting to discuss Robert Frost's  
"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

But I stand here at the window  
Looking at the sun celebrating its ascent  
From out of the Minnesota River. The early light  
Taps for admittance between the long and narrow  
Paralleled layers of clouds, and, granted permission,  
Transforms streets, bare elms, and clapboard houses.

I have never seen this sun, these clouds,  
Before and will never see them again.

I have never seen this town before,  
New this morning under undulant clouds  
Haloed by the morrow-cold sun  
And refurbished by tinted river mists.

Nor have I seen this smoke  
Leaning only a little here and there,  
Not undecided, as I am,  
But rising in a tranquil helicine  
Committee to constantly reforming beauty.

I have promises to keep. My class waits.  
Frost, who stopped between the woods and frozen lake  
Would understand why I hesitate  
Between the class and silent motion of the morning.  
But Frost has taught me I must go  
And help my students understand  
That promises are made to keep.

— by Elmer Suderman

**I SHOULDN'T HAVE**

My father smoked for years.  
My mother thought it was a venial sin,  
but told me once  
she still enjoyed, years after his death,  
the smell of a freshly lit  
cigarette  
and always took a deeper breath.  
I reminded her one day  
of what she'd said.  
She looked at me sternly  
and said: "I never told you that  
or if I did I shouldn't have,  
even if it's true.

— by Elmer Suderman

**WHAT MY FATHER SAID**

This is what it was like  
when I came to this land:  
the only lights  
the dim glow of kerosene lamps.  
We blew them out early  
and smelled the darkness.

I liked to walk  
starless night  
better than today's  
deep-depression  
gray smog lights

bare trees taught me the way,  
darkness more sure than  
than dull light today.

We understood each other  
the dark and I.

by Elmer Suderman

**THE SMELL OF POETRY**

I am lying in bed,  
not asleep, but thinking  
that it's a relief not to be dead.  
My wife is shining shoes.  
The strong smell of dye  
drenches the house.  
I stroke my whiskers;  
my fingers carry the clean  
smell of soap.

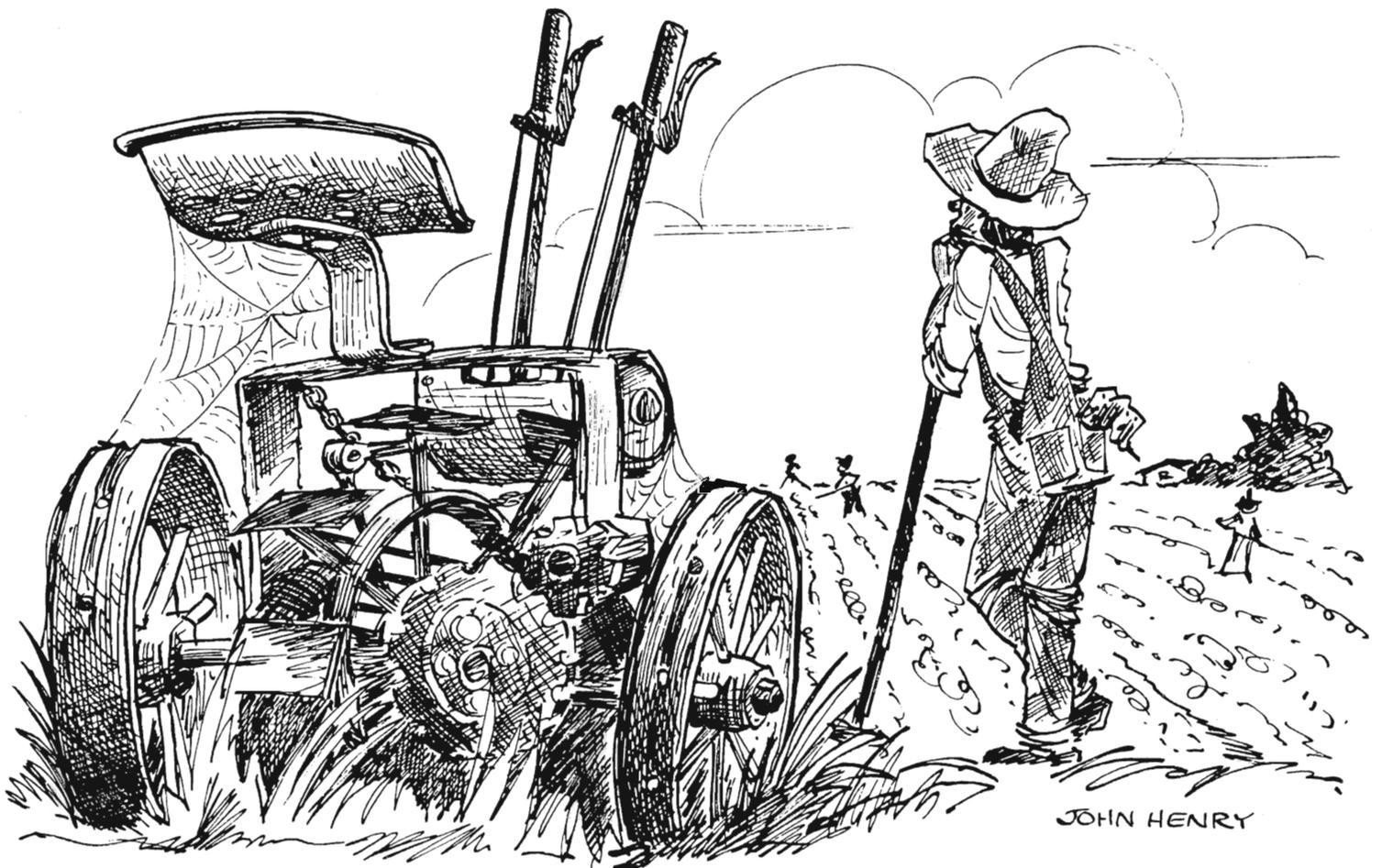
The smell of freshly baked bread  
mixed gently with the sweetness  
of oranges we ate  
to cut the rice  
and pork chop taste of dinner.  
On Saturday night  
the whole house smells  
of poetry.

— by Elmer Suderman

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# The mechanical miracle of Sugar Beet Siemens

Or Sunshine Sketch of Maple Dell  
(With apologies to Stephen Leacock)  
by Tim Wiebe



JOHN HENRY

Perhaps you've seen him during some relaxed drive along a dusty prairie road on a parched summer day. He's hard to miss. At six feet four inches, resting against his black handled hoe, Bill "Sugar Beet" Siemens is a formidable figure. At the head of a row, leaning on his ominous-looking implement, he surveys the distant columns of beetle-sized workers toiling in the hot sun. During beet-weeding season, Bill is in his element — marshalling forces which include retired men and women earning a few hundred dollars with which to purchase presents for seldom seen grandchildren, young mothers striving for money for a few extra baby things, and lean teenagers sent to live with relatives by urban parents still connected to the country who are only too glad to get rid of them for a few weeks.

Bill's army knows no barriers of color or creed. Indeed, when the weeders gather around the water jug during the mid-points of morning and afternoon, there is something almost ritualistic about the low buzz of their conversation:

"Yep — she's a hot one!"

"That's right for sure — more o' the same tomorra."

"That last row, she was fulla weeds."

"Mine too — Bill's goin' ta be tight-fisted this year if ya ask me."

Invariably, Bill would join these holy throngs — adding his own words of wisdom to the fraternity:

"Well, the prices they're a goin' down — so either I lower my pay out per acre, or you folk work faster and cleaner!"

At which comment nervous laughter would ensue. Bill, it was said, had been a notoriously fast weeder in his time — and he'd occasionally do a row just for fun — wielding his sharpened blade with scythe-like accuracy . . . curling a point around weeds so intertwined you'd think both beet and weed would be lost — only to realize a perfectly spaced row — done as if by machine.

Invariably, too, the weeders would find a bonus in the neatly written cheques he'd hand out in clearly labelled, alphabetically arranged envelopes at the end of both weeding and checking seasons. The workers — seeing Bill's precise work — and responding to his good-natured gibes, made sure their own efforts were as near-perfect as possible.

And Bill loved to reward their emulation with his own generosity.

Of course, Bill was also a widely experienced man. You don't haul beets to the big city sixty miles north twice a year without becoming an expert on urban living and technology! Why, Bill had been the first in the district with a black handled, double-edged hoe, the one to introduce a thermal water jug, the one to insulate the outdoor privy for the cold rainy days . . . and it was this kind of technological wizardry which made him the most successful beet farmer for five miles in any direction.

So it was with no small interest that Bill stumbled upon an ad in a farm magazine extolling the virtues of an automatic beet weeder. He'd discovered it in the outdoor privy during a cold, blustery day — and, uncrumpling the page during a period of personal meditation, decided to put it to even better use and keep it.

Bill was a practical man, and soon began envisioning costs, possibilities, profits. The salesman who described the contraption to him at the implement dealership where, thirty years ago, he had picked up his hoe, used a lot of jargon, out of which Bill's keen ear picked up such terms as "experimental," "sure to succeed," "guaranteed for one year," "sure to pay for itself," and "sign on the dotted line." Bill complied, obviously. He knew a good deal when he saw one.

Bill was surprised, of course, when the machine arrived in a box — piecemeal — with instructions in six languages, none of

which made sense. And he was of course frustrated at having to forfeit curling season in order to figure out how to put the beast together . . . not to mention his weekly poker game in a dimmed corner of the Canadian Legion Hall. And of course, people looked and talked askance at and about the cold steel skeleton taking shape in his yard — a garish, prehistoric-looking monolith on moonlit nights.

But Bill was at the forefront of technological advancement, and proud of his own forward thinking approach to life.

He even got the machine to work on a cold day in the middle of April. The thing started with a spluttering roar that frightened his loose livestock back into the safety of his rickety barn. Even though it stopped just as quickly, Bill "Sugar Beet" Siemens knew he was just a few hours of tinkering away from actually using the machine on the fields.

Bill was a proud man when he appeared at Janz's barbershop in nearby Maple Dell for his weekly haircut, and announced, in his strong clear, voice:

"Well, boys, you can tell your folks to take the summer off, 'cause I've got me a gizmo to do the work — guaranteed to pay fer itself insidea 10 years; a sure fire winner!"

He didn't even notice the silence that had descended on the room — leaving only the buzzing of bluebottle flies to indicate any sign of life. He was too busy describing — with machine-like precision — his latest wonder

". . . greatest thing since the black-handled, doubled-edged hoe!"

Bill was at the phone in May, as usual, taking requests for employment on his beet fields. Requests were from former workers, relatives, friends — the network of people who knew Bill from PTA, church, Wednesday night poker, Thursday night curling, his weekly stint at the barbershop, and all the other activities he

engaged in which made him a well-rounded, respected person in the community.

Bill met each request with a cheery "no, got me a gizmo — profits — pay for myself — take the summer off; you deserve it!"

Word in Maple Dell travels quickly, and Bill's phone quit ringing by the beginning of June — save for a few volunteering as "gizmo mechanics", adventurous types obviously smitten with visions of themselves as giants of technological prowess.

Bill even hired a few of them.

It was a strange summer. Bill's former workers actually showed up every day — lunch pails and hoes in hand — to view the mechanical miracle.

And were treated to a number of firsts.

Such as Bill "Sugar Beet" Siemens exercising a gift for profanity he usually saved only for poker games and missed take outs in curling, achieving a level of eloquence he'd never attained in those clearly less important endeavours. Obviously, this was progress.

Such as Bill breaking his black handled hoe over the frame of his multi-bladed contraption — clearly delighted to replace the ancient tool with something so much more efficient.

Such as Bill weeping over the sight of freshly weeded rows spaced with machine-like precision — absolutely no weeds in sight and at least a dozen healthy beets per quarter mile row intact! A miracle of technology.

The people were amazed!

Technology and its marvels had come to Maple Dell.

So it was with absolute astonishment the retired men and women and the young mothers and the lean teenagers who'd toiled for Bill before received polite calls for him requesting help "... just to fill in while the gizmo is being upgraded."

And it was with surprise many noticed Bill — toward the end of that summer — back standing at the south foot of the rows of beets on his field — leaning on a brand new, black handled doubled-edged hoe — communing around the water jug, marshalling his troops, and neatly writing out bonuses for his devoted workers; all the while expressing his concern for carefully weeded rows.

The teenagers returned to the city with spending money for school, young mothers earned money for baby things, and the retired men and women were soon enclosing crisp, new two-dollar bills in the birthday cards intended for each distant grandchild they claimed.

And as for Bill's gizmo, well, the upgrading continues — beneath the laundry he often hangs on it. Yes, the upgrading continues. Just listen to Bill describe his improvements any time in the barbershop or Co-op store or in the foyer before and after church.

He'll give you an earful.

Drop by sometime as he leans meditatively — fully alert of course — on his hoe, and he'll update you on how helpful the gizmo was and soon will be again. You'll walk away impressed as always by this man's innovative, forward thinking approach to life.

In the meantime, Bill's black handled hoe still symbolizes the most successful beet farm for five miles in any direction, and his gizmo stands silent, wind whistling through its skeletal frame; steadily upgrading itself. Even the birds are using it now for nesting — among other things — obviously aware of the endless possibilities presented by this mechanical miracle. Clearly, they haven't been fooled by the rust, either!

*Written by Tim Wiebe this past June for his grade 12 English class as an introduction to Leacock's **Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town.***

#### **FRIESEN TO SPEAK TO SYMPOSIUM IN NOV.**

The annual Mennonite Studies symposium at the University of Winnipeg will take place on November 5 and 6, 1987. Three papers, presented by Prof. Abraham Friesen of the University of California, Santa Barbara, will deal with Reformation issues and the Anabaptists. The titles of the three lectures and the date and times are as follows: 1. The Reformers and Anabaptism (Thursday, Nov. 5, 11:30 AM); 2. Humanism and Anabaptism (Thursday, Nov. 5, 7:30 PM); 3. Monasticism and Anabaptism (Friday, Nov. 6, 7:30 PM).

All lectures will take place in Room 3C01 Centennial Hall, University of Winnipeg. The three sessions are open to the general public and there is no charge.

Prof. Friesen is spending the fall semester at the Mennonite Studies Centre where he is engaged in research and writing. He has completed a manuscript on Martin Luther and Thomas Muntzer and is working at present on Menno Simons.

## **SPECIAL DEPARTURES**

- 1) **Middle East Tour**  
Two weeks including Cairo, Beer-sheba, Jerusalem, Tiberias, and Tel Aviv with Dr. Bernie Wiebe, Mennonite Studies Centre; from *October 29 to November 12.*
- 2) **Caribbean Cruise**  
An interesting, relaxing, and fun-filled 10-day cruise on Holland America's *SS Rotterdam* departing Fort Lauderdale to: Curacao; Caracas, Venezuela; Grenada; Martinique; St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; and Nassau, the Bahamas. Frieda Unruh, Mennonite Mirror *January 27*
- 3) **Lisbon/Madeira**  
Dr. David Riesen; *March 27*
- 4) **Cruise**  
*March 26*
- 5) **Middle East**  
H. Visch; *April 30*
- 6) **Australia Tour**  
Dr. Bernie Wiebe; *May 1*
- 7) **Europe**  
Labor Management Tour; *May 2*
- 8) **China**  
China, Japan, Hong Kong; *May 4*
- 9) **U.S.S.R.**  
Dr. L. Klippenstein; *May 11*
- 10) **Europe/Church History**  
Dr. George Epp; *June 30*
- 11) **U.S.S.R.**  
Al Reimer and James Urry; *August 4*
- 12) **Middle East Tour**  
*October 4*

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by Chris F. Lichti

# A vibrant woman and a gruesome war

I would like you to meet Trinidad Garcia just as I did while in Nicaragua with the Witness for Peace delegation. I'd like you to see her healthy brown face framed with thick black wavy hair and experience the warmth of her greeting as her calm yet lively eyes meet yours. I'd like you to experience life in her home and village and sense the incredible strength and vitality of her spirit. But, since I know probably not one of you will ever meet Trinidad I would like to introduce you to her in writing.

The trip to Trinidad's home from Managua, the capital city of Nicaragua where our plane landed, is a long one. The ride is incredibly bumpy and our bus groans as it makes its way along the road through the mountains. Yet, the beauty of this country captures our attention and the conditions of travel seem minor. As we journey the last hour and a half our bus driver is much more cautious and is watching the road closely. This is a tense part of the trip as we've been told the U.S. backed counter revolutionary army known as "contra" have been planting land mines in the road recently and several vehicles have been destroyed as well as people killed and injured. As we approach Trinidad's village called Las Praderas, it becomes more evident that a war is in progress as soldiers and guns appear to be a common presence.

Now, I'd like to introduce you to Trinidad. She lives in that house in about the center of the village. It's a little larger than most others and is the only one painted. Since she is very articulate and welcomes the opportunity to tell her story to North Americans I'll let her take over from here.

"As Chris has told you my name is Trinidad Garcia. I was born in Jinotega, the village you travelled through about 1½ hours from here. I have lived here in this co-operative farm for about six years now. I am 35 years old and have been married to Camilo Castro for 15 years. We have five children; Josué 13, Jayro 11, Leslie 10, Marisol 9, and Winston 6. I have given birth to three other children, one of whom was stillborn, one who died of meningitis at 3 months and another who died of tetanus at seven months. If I had not lost

these children as well as having two miscarriages, I would have 10 children.

"Our family moved to this co-operative about a year after the triumph of the revolution when Somoza, who had been dictator of Nicaragua for 40 years, was ousted. Life before the revolution was difficult. The landowners we worked for took all the profits of the land we worked. There used to be great disparity between people who lived in the city and those of us who lived in the countryside. The city people had access to lots of supplies, but few of those supplies were ever transported to those of us who lived in the mountains.

"Today, we also have trouble getting supplies. There is very little oil and sugar and we're suffering from that. But, that is not the fault of anyone except the war. Since the revolution, there are more supplies in the mountains; roads have improved, and health care has increased, making the difference between country and city folk much smaller.

"It was May 14, 1980, when we began our co-operative. When we first saw our land we fell in love with it, even though we had no idea what to do with it. We had no farming experience nor did we know how to organize ourselves. We had only our own strength to go on, but we learned. Before the revolution, we cared only for ourselves. Now, because of the war, we have learned to take care of each other. Since the men were mobilized in the militia (a defense force composed of farmers from the village), it was we women who ran the co-operative. Each had her own task to do. The government gave us this land. A loan from the bank and money from the government helped us get started. Being able to get a loan from the bank was one of the best things after the revolution. Before, there was no such thing as a loan.

"On October 18, 1983, our village was attacked by 3,000 contra soldiers. About 7 militia were guarding the co-operative and all were killed in the attack. The contra soldiers came through the village and destroyed the bank and library. Then they started coming to the houses. They come to ours first because it was at the beginning of the village. They dragged my father out by the hair and put a gun to

SOIL  
GRAIN  
STORE  
WHEAT  
BAKER

SNTHAK

## MIRROR MIX-UP

L I S O

S O I L

A R I N G

G R A I N

S E R T O

S T O R E

T H A W E

W H E A T

K A R B E

B A K E R



"It is more blessed to give than to receive" - and especially at this time give **THANKS**

In this edition we have no winner to announce because this edition was completed before the closing date for the September puzzle.

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

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

**Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by November 10, 1987.**

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Name

---

Address

---

City/Town

---

Postal Code

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his head and shot him. They also killed the teacher. It was a gruesome killing. They first cut off his leg, gouged out his eyes, tore his nails off his fingers and then put a rope around his neck and twirled him around until he was dead. The contra continued down the road pulling people out of their homes. They stripped them of their clothes and took any money they had, tied their legs and arms and shot them all in front of everyone. They then proceeded to put gasoline on all the houses and burn them. Before burning the houses they cleared out all the utensils and supplies and took them away.

"We got a loan to begin our co-operative again. Since all the men were in the militia, we women decided that if we didn't work, we didn't eat, so we formed a brigade and began harvesting. Three of us cooked, three cared for the children and the rest did the harvesting. The money gained from the harvest was used to buy food and clothes and pay off the loan.

"Many people suffer psychologically because of the war. My brain has never functioned the same because of the trauma of seeing people's arms and legs flying off because of grenades. If my daughter, Marisol, hears anything about contra she won't eat and sometimes she can't concentrate in school. I also see many people turning to alcohol lately in order to block out the problems of war.

"What keeps me going on in life with the war still continuing is the blood of my father and heroes of the revolution. It helps me believe in the revolution and that it was worth it. While you have been here it has been calm, but we always live in fear and terror. We live for the day when we can go to sleep without fear. We want to live in peace. I don't see hope of that for myself in my lifetime but maybe for my children or grandchildren. I hope they can have freedom. From the beginning of the co-operative we have struggled and we will continue to struggle no matter what happens."

I hope your "visit" with Trinidad has given you a glimpse into life in Nicaragua. The words I have used to tell her story are partially mine; however, all the information is hers. I lived in Trinidad's home for three days and grew to appreciate her ambition, intelligence, warmth and hospitality. She is a unique individual but her experience of life in Nicaragua is not unlike that of many others there. My trip convinced me that the war imposed on Nicaragua is wrong. We as Christians must do all we can to bring an end to painful stories like that of Trinidad. Let us pray and work for peace and justice in our world.

**mm**

**You're Invited to  
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October 22nd, 23rd, 1987
2. **An Evening of English and German Folk Songs**  
The Enns Family and Friends Singers  
February 11th, 12th, 1988
3. **An Evening of Viennese Songs**  
Kadri Irwin, soprano; Victor Engbrecht, baritone; John Bartlette, tenor; Dorothy Sonja, piano  
April 28th, 29th, 1988

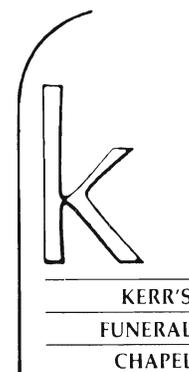
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# MANITOBA NEWS

**Westgate Mennonite Collegiate** reports a near capacity enrollment this year of 274 students. Of these, 18 are from Hong Kong and four from Germany. In addition, eight exchange students are visiting from Germany for three months with Westgate students. In spring the Westgate students will travel to Germany for a three-month stay. One new teacher, Loren Brown, will be instructing French 8, 200 and 300; Science 7, 8 and 9 and Religion 9.

**Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute** begins the 1987/88 school year with new facilities, a full complement of 430 students and 25 teachers. New teachers this year are Robert Klassen, Andrew Klassen and Doug Schulz. **Robert J. Klassen** is a graduate of MBCI, Brandon University (BSc, Ed Cert) and McMaster University (BScHon, MSc). Robert is a member of the Richmond Park MB Church in Brandon, Manitoba. **Andrew Klassen** is a graduate of MBCI, Royal Conservatory of Music, Toronto (ARCT), Western Board of Music (A Mus.) and the University of Manitoba (BMus, BEd). Andrew is a member of the Elmwood MB Church. **Doug Schulz** is a graduate of Briercrest Bible College (BRE), Mennonite Brethren Bible College (BRS), University of Winnipeg (BA), University of Western Ontario (BEd) and Mennonite Biblical Seminary at Elkhart (MDiv). Doug has taught at Beacon Christian High School in St. Catharines, Ontario and most recently held the position of registrar at MBBC. Doug is a member of the Valley Gardens MB Church. The oldest part of the school, the Talbot Avenue wing, has been completely renovated into a large library area. The new Riverton Avenue wing has added four classrooms, a computer lab, a student services area, a band room and a 600 seat auditorium. The auditorium will be available for use by the wider community for musical and dramatic performances. The basement of the new building remains unfinished for the present.

**Mennonite Collegiate Institute** in Gretna has an enrollment of 109 students this year. New Staff members are **Henry Dick**, mathematics and physics teacher, and wife **Mary** who will be assistant cook. **Claude Goulet** of St. Jean will be teaching French. **Jamie** and **Marje Heide** are the new residence life co-ordinators. **Loretta Sawatsky** will teach music, English and Bible. **John Thiessen**, returning

from an MCC assignment in Berlin, will instruct religious studies and church history. **Deborah Zehr** will serve as a residence life co-ordinator. New head cook is **Elma Loeppky**. Plans are underway for a major celebration of MCI's centennial in 1990. They include publication of a history of the school and commissioning of a musical drama.

**The Winnipeg Mennonite Elementary School** has experienced an increase in enrollment, from 220 students to 245 this year. This has necessitated the opening of two new classes. Two new teachers have joined the staff. **Ken Bartel** will be teaching Grade 2, while **Robert Dyck** will be teaching Grade 4. Two teachers, **Elisabeth Bergen** and **Lydia Penner** have moved from part- to full-time appointments.

**Canadian Mennonite Bible College** this year has an enrollment of 176 full-time students, with a total of 230 students. **Dr. Helmut Harder** is on leave and is living in Taiwan, where he is preparing a study guide for use at the Mennonite World Conference, and he is writing a book on salvation. **Dr. Waldemar Janzen** is on study leave and is writing a book on Old Testament Ethics. **Gerald Gerbrandt** has returned from leave, which he spent in Cambridge, England and Collegeville, Minnesota, doing research on Deuteronomy.

At **Mennonite Brethren Bible College**, **William and Irmgard Baerg**, music professors for more than 20 years, are on sabbatical. Assistant professor **John Martens** will conduct the school choirs, **Christine Longhurst** and **Dr. Peter Letkeman** will instruct courses in music. Part-time lecturers **Dr. Gerald Bowler** in history and **John Derksen**, **Cornelius Buller** and **Ken Reddig** have been appointed for another year. **Travis Reimer**, pastor of Westwood Community Church, will teach a course in church leadership.

A sod turning ceremony was held August 10 for a 14,900 square-foot addition to **Steinbach Bible College**, scheduled for completion by September, 1988. The addition will house an expanded library and additional office space, and will facilitate the separation of the high school and Bible college into distinct units.

A private members bill passed by the **Manitoba Legislature** in July had a sig-

nificant impact on four Manitoba Bible colleges. Introduced by Emerson MLA Albert Driedger on behalf of Winnipeg Bible College and Theological Seminary, the Mennonite Brethren Bible College, the Canadian Nazarene College and the Canadian Mennonite Bible College, the bill exempts these colleges from municipal and education taxation.

A Quebec window manufacturer has been presented with the first **C. P. Loewen Award** by the Canadian Window and Door Manufacturers Association. The award was introduced to honor contributions to the industry made by Loewen, the late chairman of Loewen Windows of Steinbach. The inaugural award was presented to Raymond Dallaire, president of P.H. Tech Inc. of Levis, Quebec.

A former Steinbach man active for many years in the broadcasting industry in British Columbia has been named head of that province's automobile club. **Dennis Barkman**, 54, who managed radio station CFAM when it was established in Altona in 1959, has been president of Fraser Valley Broadcasters since 1969. He lives in Abbotsford. As head of the 465,000-member B.C. Automobile Association, Barkman will be responsible for both the day-to-day operations of the association and the setting of long-term goals.

A new garment factory has opened in Altona in the former MCC Self-Help Centre building on Main Street. **Galaxy Garments International** presently employs 16 operators making denim wear fashion products. The staff working with mechanic **Don Falk** and supervisor **Elizabeth Thiessen** will be expanding as quickly as possible and may be up to 50 in a few months.

The **South Winnipeg Kinder-schule**, a newly established German Nursery School for three- and four-year-olds opened in September at Hope Lutheran Church, 1400 Pembina Highway. Teacher is **Johanna Jansen-Tacchi**. The school is open two hours a day, for three days a week. Parents interested in enrolling their children in the school can contact Manitoba Parents for German Education at 338-7405 for more information.

**Harold Enns**, son of Peter and Kaethe Enns of Sargent Avenue church, has begun an MVS term working with disadvantaged children.

**Lori Harder**, daughter of Wally and Sally Harder of Sargent Avenue church, has begun an MVS term in Wichita, Kansas.

Newcomers to Canada from Mexico, **Henry Hildebrand** and his wife **Margaret** recently won \$50,000 in the provincial lottery. The Winkler residents,

parents of nine children, will use the money to purchase a home.

**Phyllis Wiebe** of Winnipeg is the new president of Canadian Women in Mission of the General Conference. She succeeds **Anita Froese** of Altona, who served as president for six years.

**Gordon Janzen** of Charleswood Mennonite Church began serving as pastor of Trinity Mennonite Fellowship in Mather, Manitoba, in mid-September.

**George and Renata Dyck Kroeker**, Bethel Church, Winnipeg have begun a two-year term as teachers of English at the Nanchong Teachers' College in China.

**Dave Ringer and Abe Bergen** of Bethel Mennonite Church were ordained to the pastoral ministry in a service at the church on May 31.

Hanover School Division administrators had to hire four new teachers after the opening of school in September because of an unexpectedly high enrollment, particularly in Steinbach schools. There was an increase of 200 students over the previous year, 100 more than anticipated. The division had little difficulty finding good teachers, as 750 candi-

dates for 30 open positions were interviewed in spring.

**John and Christine Longhurst** have returned from a two-year stay in Dallas, Texas. John was working as director of the Dallas Peace Centre. He has recently been appointed as information services writer for MCC Canada, replacing Doreen Martens, who now is a full-time staff writer for the Winnipeg Free Press. Christine recently graduated from Southern Methodist University with a master's degree in sacred music. Christine is now teaching Music and Worship, and Music 90 at MBBC; is conductor of the Winnipeg Intermediate Youth Orchestra; conductor of the Mennonite Community Orchestra for the fall season; and co-conductor of the River East Mennonite Brethren Church choir.

**Margaret Franz** was appointed CMC conference editor effective October 1, 1987. Margaret brings to this assignment more than 25 years of work experience with the conference as teacher of music and fine arts, and as librarian at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College (CMBC). During the last several years she

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Anabaptism in its Time*

with

**DR. WALTER KLAASSEN**

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has also carried major responsibility for the publishing and editing work of CMBC Publications which this year released four volumes. Ms. Franz is a graduate of Ros-thern Junior College, in Saskatchewan, and Bethel College in Newton, Kansas. In addition she has done theological studies at both CMBC and Mennonite Biblical Seminary in Elkhart, Indiana. She has completed the pre-masters year in English at University of Winnipeg and holds an ARCT degree in piano from the University of Toronto. The CMC Conference Editor is responsible for the monthly *CMC Insert* in the *Mennonite Reporter*, the *Annual Conference Report*, the *CMC Yearbook*, the *Sunday School Project Calendar*, and the *CMC News Service*. Ms. Franz will continue her involvement with CMBC Publications. She is a native of Saskatchewan and a member of the Charles-wood Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.



**Cindy Wiebe** of Winnipeg, is beginning a one-year SALT assignment with Men- nonite Central Committee in Hualien, Taiwan, where she will be working as a nurse's aide and chaplain assistant at the Christian Mission Hospital. Wiebe received a bachelor's degree in theology from Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg. She is a member of the Bethel Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. Her parents are Elma and John Wiebe of Winnipeg.

**Debbie and Marvin Letkeman** of Morden, are beginning two-year Men- nonite Central Committee assignments in Warburg, Alta., where they will be work- ing with youth orientation units. Debbie

will be working as a cook and houseparent and Marvin as a carpenter and house- parent. Marvin was last employed as a carpenter in Morden. Debbie last worked as a sales consultant in Morden. The Letkemans are members of Glencross Mennonite Church in Morden.

**Dorothy and Manfred Enns** of Winkler, have begun one-year Men- nonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, Pa., where Dorothy will be work- ing as MCC hostess and Manfred with the maintenance department. The Ennses previously served with MCC in Akron. They are members of Grace Mennonite Church in Winkler. Dorothy's mother is Mary Dyck of Winkler.

**G. Darlene Heinrichs** of Winnipeg, has begun a six-month Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Winnipeg, where she is working as secretary and receptionist with Mediation Services. Heinrichs is a member of Bethel Men- nonite Church in Winnipeg. She and her husband Barry have one child, Rebekah Ann.



**Elisabeth Stannard** of Winnipeg, most recently of Victoria, B.C., is beginning a one-year SALT assignment with Men- nonite Central Committee in Taiwan, where she will be working as an English teacher at an elementary school in Taipei. Stannard received an international bac- calaureate diploma from Lester B. Pear- son College of the Pacific in Victoria. She is a member of the St. Vital Baptist Church in Winnipeg. Her parents are Jac- queline Stannard of Winnipeg and Bill Stannard of Thompson, Man.

**Agnes and Peter Stobbe** of Boissevain, have begun two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Hindman, Kentucky, where they will be working in adult education and literacy. The Stobbes previously served with MCC in Akron, Pa. Peter received a bachelor's degree in education from the University of Man- itoba in Winnipeg. The Stobbes are mem- bers of Boissevain Mennonite Brethren Church.

**Marilyn Funk** of Steinbach, is begin- ning a three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Washington, D.C., where she will be continuing as coordinator of tutoring and enrichment

with Community Children's Ministry of the National City Christian Church and beginning work as program coordinator for MCC Washington. Funk received a bachelor's degree in education from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. She was last employed as an elementary school teacher in Steinbach.



**Karla Reimer** of Morden, is beginning a one-year SALT assignment with Men- nonite Central Committee in Assiut, Egypt, where she will be working as a teacher's aide. Reimer is a graduate of Morden Collegiate Institute. She is a member of the Morden Mennonite Brethren Church.

#### COMING EVENTS

**October 20, 21:** J. J. Thiessen Lectures sponsored by CMBC. Speaker Dr. Walter Klassen. Topic: The Emancipated Laity: Anabaptism in its time.

**October 21:** Report on Japan, China, India by Roy and Ruth Vogt 8:00 p.m. First Mennonite Church.

**October 22, 23:** An Evening of Lieder. Henriette Schellenberg. Judith Siebert. Place: Muriel Richardson Auditorium Winnipeg Art Gallery. Sponsor: Prairie Performances.

**October 23 and 25:** Karin Edwards, piano, and Ingrid Suderman, soprano, in concert, Winkler MB Church, 8 p.m. October 23, and Young United Church, Winnipeg, 3 p.m., October 25.

**November 5 and 6:** The annual Men- nonite Studies Symposium with Dr. Abraham Friesen, University of Califor- nia, Santa Barbara, on the theme Refor- mation Issues and the Anabaptists; see page 20 for details.

**November 8, 9, 10:** East-West lectures sponsored by MCC. Speaker: Dr. Walter Sawatsky.

**November 8:** Public presentation; North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church.

**November 9:** Mennonite Brethren Bible College, three lectures.

**November 10:** Canadian Mennonite Bible College, three lectures.

**November 15:** Mennonite Community Orchestra Family Concert, Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute gym, 3 p.m.

**November 14:** Mennonite Literary Soci- ety, Inc. annual meeting Birchwood Inn 9:30 a.m.

#### LITERARY ANNUAL MEETING CONVENES AT BREAKFAST

The Mennonite Literary Society, Inc., will hold its annual meeting over breakfast on

Saturday, November 14

9:30 a.m.

Birchwood Inn

2520 Portage Avenue

All Members are invited to attend. For reservations call the *Mennonite Mirror* office at 786-2289.

**Viktor Hamm** of MB Communications, who was born and raised in the Soviet Union, travelled there during the summer months. Together with his wife he visited Moscow, Riga, Karaganda and Alma Ata. The purpose of the visit was threefold: to monitor the radio ministry, visit churches, and to get a fresh look at life in that country. They observed that, in spite of opposition, the church in the U.S.S.R. is alive and vibrant; for many people, radio programs are the only spiritual food they receive; there is a great demand for Bibles, which are popular among the young people as well as the older generation.



**Lorri Peters** of Winnipeg, is beginning a one-year SALT assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Bukuru, Nigeria, where she will be working as a secretary and studying part-time at the Theological College of North Nigeria. Peters was last employed as a salesperson at Winnipeg Square. She attended Fort Garry Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg. Her parents are Abe and Anne Peters of Winnipeg.



**Leanne Dyck** of Starbuck, is beginning a one-year SALT assignment with Mennonite Central Committee in Zambia, where she will be working as a secretary

at Macha Mission Hospital. Dyck studied music at Candian Mennonite Bible College in Winnipeg, Man. She was last employed as a secretary and salesperson at Reiss Furs in Winnipeg. Dyck is a member of the Springstien Mennonite Church in Springstien.

### MANITOBA PROGRAM OFFERS HELP TO ABUSERS

Winkler, Man. — Ken Sawatzky has seen a lot of family violence in his job with the Children's Aid Society and volunteer work with a local family violence committee. It has convinced him "that if you don't deal with the perpetrator, or the abuser, you really are providing only bandaids service. . . . In the long run, you're not solving the problem."

But until recently there was no one in southern Manitoba equipped to help men who chronically abuse their wives or children overcome their habit of violence. This area, which has a high concentration of Mennonites, also suffers from many cases of family violence.

His concern and that of a colleague, Diane Delucia, led to the creation of Changes, a new group therapy program designed to help batterers learn to express their emotions without resorting to emotional and physical abuse. The program is funded through a government program and by Mennonite Central Committee Manitoba as a Christian service to the community. Local churches have been encouraged to become involved.

The primary objective of the program is to help batterers acknowledge and deal with their abuse, not necessarily to bring families torn apart by violence back together.

"It's important that these men begin to accept responsibility for what they were doing and recognize that violence of any sort is not acceptable," says Sawatzky. The average abuser is good at making

excuses, minimizing his actions and even blaming his victim for the violence. Batterers who are never forced to reckon with the sin of violence often go on to abuse others.

The second goal is to help abusers replace aggression with assertion. Many abusers — up to 80 per cent — have grown up either watching or being the victim of family violence and have been taught by example that violence is the way to maintain control.

That idea, Sawatzky says, is reinforced by pop culture, which still teaches that it's the role of men to be tough, in control and invulnerable, while women are supposed to be passive and weak. Many men, especially those from conservative, patriarchal religious traditions, are heavily influenced by this picture of masculinity. They're often insensitive to their own emotions and have a hard time expressing sadness or pain. They tend to channel their own feelings into violence and have difficulty empathizing with the pain they inflict on others.

Although pastors and others are increasingly aware of the issue, there still seems to be a "conspiracy of silence" in many parts of the church and society that only encourages an abuser to feel his actions are justified.

Through group exercises, men taking part in Changes are encouraged to recognize strong emotions as they arise, empathize with the feelings of others and formulate a "control plan" that will allow them to express their feelings without violence. A "buddy system" is established

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to give the men a chance to help one another.

It's a long, difficult process, especially since participants may be there against their will. That's one reason the program will be expanded in length next time around, says Sawatzky — lifetime habits aren't quickly overcome, and even if the man changes there will be major readjustments in his life and in the family "power balance" that he will need help to struggle through.

Sawatzky hopes to see area churches take a more active interest in Changes by referring members involved in family violence and/or by placing an intern with the program who would eventually be able to lead it. It's important that the churches and professionals cooperate, he says, because in ministering to batterers you have to work with the whole person.

"If you deal only with the emotional and the physical aspects and leave out the spiritual, then you're missing something. In the same way, if the churches feel they can approach it purely on a spiritual level, then they will lose out as well, because that's not a wholistic approach. It doesn't deal with the whole person. That reinforces the need for us to work together."

#### ABUSE PACKET DEVELOPED

Nearly two million women a year are abused by male companions and nearly 50 per cent of all women are assaulted sometime during marriage. The law defines "assault" as the intentional use of force against another person without their consent. But for an abused woman much more is involved than that defini-

tion suggests. It can include sexual, psychological and emotional abuse.

The traditional response of the church to domestic violence has been one of silence. This silence is perpetuated by shame and denial of the fact that people in our families, churches and communities are being abused in their homes, according to the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) Domestic Violence Task Force.

In response, this task force has developed a new resource, *The Purple Packet*, a compilation of articles, case studies and other information about domestic abuse. Incorporating a biblical and theological perspective, the packet is an attempt to break the silence surrounding domestic abuse and is designed to increase awareness about the nature and dimensions of abuse and to help clarify the church's role in responding to such families.

Copies of *The Purple Packet* may be obtained by writing to: MCC Office of Criminal Justice, 220 West High St., Elkhart, IN, 46516; in Canada write to: MCC Canada, 134 Plaza Drive, Winnipeg, MB, R3T 5K9. The cost of the packet is \$3.

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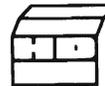
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# Sheldon

fonn Jack Thiessen

“Woo nannt eena biem Schriewe eenen Mensch, woon’a noch läft enn stankat?” fruach etj latst eenen Frint.

“Oh,” säd’a, “sea eefach, biem Nome, wiels wann eene Jeschijcht wertjlich soo ess, dann jleewt dee doch kjeena; doaromm nann am ruhijch biem rechtjen Nome.”

“O.K.,” säd etj opp Englisch, “hia hast se.”

Sheldon ess en Jud, enn hee fuchtel met de Henj romm wann’a rät meist soo’s dee Dirijent K.H. Hee ess sea kluck enn uck schratjlich nieschierijch, enn butadäm weet hee mea auss fea Derchschnettelle toop. Enn wann hee, bie-spielswies, mol “singing” ooda “jumping” sajcht, dann deit hee dat fein soos’ett mott; hee sajcht “singink” enn “jumpink.” Oba hee kaun uck Hochdietsch enn aus hee doamett foadijch wea, dann must etj am uck noch Plautdietsch biebrinje. Enn dat kunn hee soo schmeissijch, dat etj jleew, siene Fäafoadasch motte manke Menniste emm Judeplon jewont habe, wiels hee räd boold Plautdietsch aus de Dretja-Dertjsche. Jo, kratjcht soo.

Latst troff etj Sheldon, ooda bäta jesajt, hee troff mie, wiels hee mie beseatje kaun. Oppem dreentijnschen Gonestock kaun’a aunjeschwätjt, schnoof enn schweet enn murcheld, oba hee kaun mie beseatje. Enn donn foll mie siene Lāwensjeschijcht bie. Enn dee well etj aule, woone dat nich too drock habe, fetale.

Sheldon wea siene Tiet een ütjelotna Donna, eenje Joa tridj. Oba mie jintj dat scheen mett am, wiels etj jleijch Mensche woone nijch emma mett folle Betjse rommrane. Jo, oba waut heet dat, ütjelote? Well, aus hee studead, schetjete “wie” am eenen Somma no Dietschland,

omm doa too schaufe. Hee wea noch nijch fief Minute enn Frankfurt aus hee sitj ut sienem Schemmedaun (jo, eenen oolen ladanen, woonen siene Oolasch noch ut Russlaund mettjebrocht haude) eenen grooten, jalen Judestearn rut hold, enn dän spald hee sitj aune Brost aun, enn jintj doa felenjd de Gausse bett Cafe Kranzler, enn doa sad hee sitj han enn fonk aun mett de aundre Jude Yiddisch too rāde, dat de Mensche de Kjwiell oppdreajd.

Daut wea mau een Biespell.

Aus hee tridj no Kanada kaun, schetj hee de italienische Botschaft enn Ottawa sass Dolla enn feftijch Tsent; mett dat Jeld sulle se, soo säd Sheldon, de Tsekjreete südlich fonn Room oppfikse. Hee haud Senn fe Missjoon, säd’a.

Na jo, dann kaun de Winta enn Winnipeg, enn de Mensche haude dat drock enn wackelde mett äare Hinjarenja omm, enn rāde fonn sharing enn caring enn causes enn concerns. Enn waut deed Sheldon? Hee wea goastrijch, enn hee kunn sitj dat uck leiste, wist’a doch gauns jeneiw, dat’e Jude fäl mea fetseie kjenne enn doone aus de forgiving Nietestamentla.

Eenen Friedach kaun’a aun, enn fruach opp Plautdietsch, “Heascht Du lot aum Sinndach maunchmol ‘Ask the pastor?’”

“Jo,” säd etj.

“Dann drei disen Sinndach mol dienen Northern Electric aun, wiels etj mott dām Prädja mol omm Rot froage.

“Doo etj,” säd etj.

Enn wess woa, aum Sinndach lot aus

‘Ask the Pastor’ schmock no de fromme Prädjasch-Oat derjche Näs sea näjenkluck aunfonk, wea uck Sheldon mett eemol aum Drot.

“Jo, Pastor,” säd Sheldon, “etj ha een Problem.”

“Sprätj Die ruhijch ut, mien Jung,” säd de Prädja.

“Etj spāl aul dree Joa fe de Kelvin Kickers Footbaul, enn etj hab dän Rekord enn Winnipeg aus Place Kicker.”

“Scheen, scheen,” säd de Prädja, “eena kaun uck aus Place Kicker wittenesse!”

“Mau langsomm,” säd Sheldon. “Ditt Joa sett etj emma oppe Bentj, wiels mien Coach lat mie nijch kicke!”

“Waaromm nijch?” frajcht dee ‘Ask the Pastor’. “Waut’s looss?”

“Hee haft sitj betjeat, enn hee sajcht Jude ha enn sienem Coaching-Plonuscht nijch too seatje!”

“Mett dām woa etj rāde motte,” sajt dee Pastor, “Ess dat aules?”

“Nā, doa ess noch een kjlienet Problem, dat sull etj fleijcht erwāne!”

“Soo’s waut? Enn een bāt jijcha, wiels etj hab dat drock emm Wienboajch dess Herrn; etj mott doa noch sea utauste fondoag de Nacht!”

“Na jo, mie ess dat eajentlijch sea peinjlich, oba etj haud emm Somma een Onjletj, enn se habe mie beid Been aufjenome.”

Rumps! enn dann wea dat Telephon doot!

Daut died kjeene twee Joa enn donn haud Sheldon nijch blooss M.S., jo hee wea mett eemol oolt enn meed enn februckt, enn siene Been weare waltj enn schlaup, enn hee kickt nuscht nijch mea, aus hee opp sienem dreetijnschen Gonestock langsomm aufschwätjt. **mm**

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## VESTIGIA

### Nach Bliss Carman

Es war ein Tag so hell und licht,  
Ich sucht' nach Gott, und fand ihn nicht.  
Doch sieh! an eines Bächleins Rand.  
Bei einer roten Lilie fand  
Ich seine Spur im Grase dicht.

Als ich dann tief und tiefer drang  
In dunkle Schatten den Bach entlang,  
Allwo in heil'ger Dämmerung Fried'  
'ne Drossel sang ihr Abendlied,  
Vernahm ich seiner Stimme Klang.

Und als ich ganz verwundert fand,  
Wie nah doch der Himmel dem Erdenland,  
Fuhr rauschend durch den Weidenbaum  
Ein Windstoß aus des Himmels Raum —  
Da spürt' ich leise Gottes Hand.

Erst als die Sonne nah am Rand  
Des Horizontes vor mir stand,  
Sucht' sinnend ich mein Hüttlein klein, —  
Da sah im goldnen Abendschein  
Ich deutlich Gottes Lichtgewand.

Und es ergriff eine heil'ge Lust,  
Ein heil'ger Trieb mein Herz und Brust  
Zu mehrer Schönheit hier und Zier;  
Und mein Entzücken sagte mir:  
Gott wohnt tief in meiner Brust.

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### Zu "Das Wort von Hinten"

Frau Uta Ranke-Heinemann hat recht. Als ich 1983 auf dem Hambacher Schloß in der Pfalz an so einer Deutsch-Amerikanischen Feier teilnahm, kamen mir dieselben Gedanken und ich sprach sie auch bei der Gelegenheit aus. In Gesprächen mit verschiedenen Gästen — bei Bratwurstbrötchen und Getränken — wies ich auf die Ironie und offensichtliche Heuchelei der Feier hin. Vor 300 Jahren wären die deutschen Quäker und Mennoniten nach Amerika ausgewandert, weil sie in der Heimat nicht geduldet wurden, und nun seien die Deutschen recht stolz über die großartigen Beiträge, die diese deutschen Auswanderer in Amerika gemacht hätten. Man hörte mich freundlich an, doch wollte man nicht die feierliche Stimmung mit unpassenden historischen Tatsachen stören.

H.L.

## Das Wort von Hinten

*Als Vizepräsident Bush von der USA 1983 in Deutschland die frühen deutschen Einwanderer feierte, erwartete er nicht die Gegenstimmen, die von vielen Seiten aufkamen. Eine solche Stimme war die der Tochter des ehemaligen Präsidenten der Bundesrepublik, Heinemann, die katholische Theologin, Uta Ranke-Heinemann, die in einer Krefelder Kundgebung folgende Anklage vorbrachte:*

### . . . Sehr geehrte Christen und Christen,

es gibt nämlich zweierlei Christen, z.B. die Verfolger und die Verfolgten. Zahlreich sind die Opfer der Christenverfolgungen, ich meine die, die von Christen verfolgt wurden. Ihre Zahl ist weit größer als die der Christen, die von Nichtchristen verfolgt wurden . . .

Wenn wir heute von den dreizehn Krefelder Auswandererfamilien reden, dann reden wir von Menschen, die von Christen verfolgt und unterdrückt wurden. Die Auswanderung dieser Quäker und Mennoniten vor 300 Jahren ist kein Grund zu einer Feier oder einem Jubiläum, sie ist ein Grund zur Scham . . .

Es hat damals eine Art Krefelder Appell gegeben, den der Krefelder evangelische, reformierte Bürgermeister im Jahre 1655 verfaßte. Der Appell war an den Landesherrn, den Prinzen von Oranien, gerichtet und verlangte, den Mennoniten solle der Aufenthalt in der Stadt Krefeld oder wenigstens die öffentliche Ausübung ihres Gottesdienstes verboten werden. Sie seien nämlich eine Gefahr für die Stadt Krefeld, weil Krefeld im Krieg Verteidiger brauche, die Mennoniten aber seien Kriegsdienstverweigerer und ihretwegen, die sonst nirgend geduldet seien, werde Krefeld verachtet.

Sie waren also Kriegsdienstverweigerer. Es gibt nämlich zweierlei Christen, z.B. die gewaltlosen und die, die Gewalt predigen. Im Hirtenwort der deutschen Bischöfe zum Frieden vom Mai

dieses Jahres heißt es: "Die Kirche hat aus Jesu Zeugnis der Gewaltlosigkeit . . . nie eine . . . für alle verbindliche Regel gemacht." Daß das so ist, finden die Bischöfe richtig, und sie fahren fort: ". . . wie es manche Gruppen in der Geschichte der Christenheit immer wieder versucht haben und heute noch versuchen." Daß es solche Gruppen gab und gibt, das finden die Bischöfe nicht richtig. Zu diesen pazifistischen Gruppen mit Jesu Regel der Gewaltlosigkeit gehörten als Hauptgruppe die Quäker und Mennoniten, deren dreizehn Krefelder Familien wir heute feiern.

Die Wahrheit der Quäker und Mennoniten aus Krefeld scheint vergessen, denn nur so ist es zu erklären, daß der Herr amerikanische Vizepräsident, wenn er kommt, um diese Krefelder Kriegsdienstverweigerer zu ehren, in seinem Gepäck Raketen mitbringt, daß er also gar nicht merkt, daß er sich in der Etage vertan und auf der falschen Hochzeit tanzt . . .

(Aus: WIDERWÖRTE. Friedensreden und Streitschriften, erschienen im Torso Verlag 1985, S.74-76 auszugsweise)

Gerhard Loewen,  
aus Feld Blumen.

V.G.D.

---

### Achtung!

Wann irjendwää fonn onse Läsasch noch Plautdietsch schriewe kaun, dann schetjt june Jeschijchte ooda Jedijchta ooda waut daut dann noch jeft hia nom Speajel. Wann dee interresant sent enn uck noch fein jeschräwe dann woa wie dee aul brucke kjenne.

Enn jie brucke junt uck goanijch äwa daut Rajchtschriewe dän Kopp tweibräätje, daut woa wie hia biem Speajel aul foadijch brinje.

Schetjt mau hää, wie woare mol seene wää Plautdietsch schriewe kaun — entwäda Schnette riete ooda waut opp earnst.

---

# OUR WORD

## Thanks Giving

*Thou hast given so much to me,  
Give one thing more — a grateful heart:  
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As if thy blessings had spare days,  
But such a heart whose Pulse may be  
Thy Praise.* — **George Herbert**

**T**hough we set aside one day each year for Thanksgiving we know such a day can only mean something to us if it reflects, or encourages, an attitude of gratitude which permeates our daily living.

What is gratitude, and how do we best express it? Most of us feel a sense of gratitude when something good happens to us: a compliment from a friend, the birth of a healthy child, or the receipt of a gift. We then express our thanks in words, such as a prayer before a meal or a card of thanks, or with return gifts and compliments. There is clearly something very natural and appropriate about such expressions of gratitude.

However, the occasional expression of thanks for specific good things that happen to us doesn't necessarily add up to a thankful life. Even a thoroughly morose person will sometimes be moved to give thanks for a stroke of good fortune, without altering what is essentially a thankless, joyless disposition.

If we express thanks only in response to the good things that happen to us our gratitude can, of necessity, be only a very sporadic thing. The fact is, of course, that clearly "good things" happen to us only occasionally, and not very reliably. If our gratitude is limited to the obviously nice things that happen to us it is possible, as we have indicated, to give thanks in seemingly adequate ways without, however, acquiring a thankful, gracious spirit. A supposedly devout farmer may, for example, grumble all day about the bad weather and the low farm prices and yet dutifully instruct one of his children to say grace before the meal. At best we might say that such a person has an occasional thankful heart.

But, you might well ask, is it possible to express thanks all of the time, or even most of the time? Even if it were possible, it wouldn't be a useful exercise to spend a great deal of each day formally expressing thanks to God, or to friends, for the good things that we experience. First of all, we would obviously neglect a lot of other things that we ought to be doing. Further, much of our thanksgiving would become hollow and meaningless with repetition. Jesus warns us against the useless heaping up of empty phrases.

No, what is needed is not a lot of words of thanks — though on occasion words are extremely appropriate — but the creation of a spirit of joy and thankfulness which permeates everything that we do. To repeat the thoughts of the poet, what we need is not so much word-responses to good things that occasionally happen to us, but a grateful heart "whose Pulse may be Thy praise."

A thankful heart is one which accepts life — **all** of life — on its terms. Our human life is filled with good things as well as bad, with disappointments as well as successes, with difficult days as well as with easy days. The thankful heart exults in this mixture. Each new day is accepted as a new day of discovery. Some of those discoveries may be painful ones — on any one of those days we face both the possibility of a new joy and the threat of a new failure. Each day, in fact, presents each one of us with the possibility of life or death.

What God desires for each of us is a spirit which welcomes all of life with all of these possibilities. It is hard to believe that He wants us to spend a great deal of time praising Him with words. Do we really think that God's ego requires so much reinforcement? Neither does He want us to focus so exclusively in our thanksgiving on the good things that happen to us (a heart that is thankful only on good days will soon learn to curse the days that aren't so good). No, He has created human life with an immense array of different possibilities. The thankful heart is one which accepts this and rejoices in it.

Each one of us has the basic, simple choice of either welcoming the life that is given to us, or of cursing it. This doesn't mean that we shouldn't try to improve it where it becomes too burdensome, or that it is always easy to accept the blows that life sometimes deals us. It hurts to get hit, and the hurt may last for a long time.

But even in the midst of our efforts to improve our lot, and in the darkest moments of our life, we should strive for a spirit of serenity and joy which comes with accepting the life that God has given us. A part of that life consists of doing what we can to make it even better. Another part of that same life is to accept the hurts that cannot be avoided, including the ultimate hurt of getting older and dying.

Let us in this season of Thanksgiving resolve to accept with joy all that our life on this earth has to give to us. And may our thanks consist not only of occasional words, but in a heart which gladly accepts the risks and the promises of our life. Such a heart is able to master this life because it is constantly stimulated by life instead of being defeated by it.

Shortly before his execution by the Nazis in April 1945, the young German theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer, contemplating the possibility of his death, wrote the following words:

"Should it be ours to drain the cup of grieving even to the dregs of pain, at thy command, we will not falter, thankfully receiving all that is given by thy loving hand . . . ."

While all the powers of good aid and attend us, boldly we'll face the future, come what may.

At even and at morn God will befriend us, and oh, most surely on each newborn day!"

May God grant us such a spirit of thankfulness.

— Roy Vogt

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