

Mennonite **MIRROR**

volume 17/number 9/may 1988



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- Reflections on mothers • Rewards of helping •
- My Mother Didn't Teach Me to Knit •

ForeWord

The name John Bock has surfaced regularly in the newspapers, where he was quoted regularly as he attempted to explain some aspect of government policy or event as it related to the provincial "corrections" program. Dr. Bock's career path was, to say the least, unusual: a teacher who evolved into an assistant deputy minister in a department that had no direct involvement with education. Most recently his career took another turn — early retirement and an assignment in Central America. The newspapers reported his retirement, but with a certain incredulity that a man of his stature would walk away from a good job to work in a "developing country." The opening article by Paul Redekop in this edition explores in more depth the experience and the decision of Dr. Bock.

May is when we observe Mother's Day. Some cynics might say that Mother's day is an invention of the florist and restaurant business, and while there may be an element of truth there, it should not detract from the recognition we pay to one half of the set of parents each of us has. Several items in this issue explore mothers' themes. One daughter reflects on what her mother taught her, and contrasts that to what others thought her mother should have been teaching. In a short story set in a Hutterite colony, another daughter tries to be like mother while mother is away. The next major item is a personal reflection of a third daughter who found it difficult to find greeting cards that were a genuine reflection of her relationship with her mother. A further work is a light-hearted essay from a mother who finds her reward in the things her children do. These prose pieces are complemented by several poems on the two centre pages which explore Mother's Day themes.

Victor Peters concludes his two-part feature in German describing his bus tour to Eastern Europe, and Jack Thiessen is back with another Low German piece.

Roy Vogt in *Observed Along the Way* makes a passing comment on the election and goes on to make a wry observation about something that was supposed to be "no problem."

Two letters, several reviews, and a number of small pieces round out this issue. It's readers like you who make the *Mirror* worth looking into.

Mennonite MIRROR

volume 17/number 9

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RARE MAGAZINES

Readers who are "housecleaning" and who may be discarding old *Mirrors*, are asked to look for three editions: 1) 1983 Volume 12 Number 8; 2) 1984 Volume 13 Number 5; and 3) 1985 Volume 15 Number 1. Please call the *Mirror* office at 786-2289.

CORRECTION

The *Mirror* apologizes to Dana Mohr for the error in her article on Donwood West, which appeared in the April issue. The sixth sentence of paragraph 1 should read: Consider, for example: in 1986 the National Council of Welfare counted 2.7 million **seniors** out of the 25 million citizens in the country.

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Mennonite Your Way Directory V for 1987, 88, 89 is still available announce Leon and Nancy Stauffer publishers of the Mennonite Your Way travel directory. This is the 5th edition and continues to grow in popularity as a means to travel and fellowship among Mennonites and the larger Christian community. Directory V includes nearly 2300 homes in the U.S. and Canada open to receive visitors traveling through; in addition there are helpful articles about "wellness" as you travel, ideas to satisfy traveling children and a fold-out map suggesting Mennonite and Brethren agencies to visit as you travel. The purpose of this hospitality directory is to increase community spirit and fellowship both in North America and internationally. With vacation and the travel season just ahead, the Mennonite Your Way Directory V can be used to good advantage. Single copies are available for \$9 (PA residents add 6% sales tax). Write MYW Directory V, Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538.



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How did a Mennonite schoolteacher from Southern Manitoba come to be the most powerful force in corrections in Manitoba for the better part of a decade? Dr. John Bock has been assistant deputy minister responsible for corrections in Manitoba for the past several years. Before that he was the director of juvenile corrections. He has long been regarded as a major force in the corrections field. This is reflected in the concern among those involved in corrections about the impact of John's recently announced retirement. John seems to suggest at first that all of this happened by accident, and describes how a variety of circumstances led him from one position to another during the course of his career. And indeed at first there does not seem to be much connection among the various positions he has held and studies he has pursued. Yet, as he talks about each of these, one begins to notice some underlying lifelong concerns and ideals which have guided his course.

John Bock was born in 1930 into a family which would eventually include 3 brothers and 4 sisters. His parents were both teachers. His father taught in various communities throughout southern Manitoba, before settling on a small farm near Poplar Point. John attended the Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna. There, he supported himself by sweeping the school and keeping the coal-fired furnace going. He and his roommate also ran a commissary out of their room. They would sell apples, cokes, and toast made on a flatiron, and also cut hair.

After completing high school, John's first goal was to make some money, so he set off to take a well-paying factory job in Ontario. After six months of production line activity, John decided there were more important goals than making money. He came to Manitoba to become a permit teacher. He taught in various schools in southern Manitoba, while taking evening and summer courses over a period of 11 years toward his bachelor's degree.

Eventually, John reached a point which many would consider a successful career in and of itself. He had a secure position as a high school teacher, teaching courses that he enjoyed. However, he became

involved in something at this point in his life which was to take him on a very different course. John agreed to help teach a group of "non learners" during some of his spares. This was at a time when very little was available in what we now call "special education," and children with learning difficulties of all kinds were to a large extent lumped together and left alone until they were old enough to leave school.

Through his experience with these students, John came to realize the needs of students who have learning difficulties in a regular classroom, not just as his own school, but throughout the province. He became involved with a group which began to petition for change. This led him

to membership on a curriculum committee for slow learners. When it was decided that the Department of Education should develop more programs for these kinds of students, John became a consultant in special education. There he worked for years developing programs for slow learners, then later for the deaf and the blind. "It was when I started working with the blind", he says, "that I found out how incompetent I really was." He decided he should go back and learn more about the learning process. At age 41, he packed up his family, and went to the University of Michigan. There he completed his PhD with a doctoral thesis on learning aids for visually impaired children.

When Dr. Bock came back to Winnipeg, intending to return to curriculum development work, he was asked instead to become director of the newly established Child Development Services. He speaks with some pride still of the programs he initiated during that period, like a province-wide program to test for hearing impairment as one example. When he began, Child Development Services consisted of John and one psychologist. By the time he left, there were 70 professionals in the service.

One day he was asked to help out with setting up a training program in corrections. The invitation came from a former guidance counsellor who had known John from his days as a teacher. So he came to corrections on a three-month secondment. At the time, the Manitoba Youth Centre was in some degree of turmoil. John was asked to "hold the fort" until someone could be hired to handle the situation. "I started working to turn that place around in terms of its direction and philosophy; and I guess got hooked, because I couldn't stand what was being done to kids." When he arrived, the Youth Centre was guided by a "custody and containment" philosophy. He began working to change this to an approach whereby personal contact and interaction would become the source of security, and not the walls and blocks. "So one thing led to another, and I stayed. The other shop was running well, and so they didn't need me there."

by Paul Redekop



John Bock

But I've seen enough people change . . . and I firmly believe they should have the opportunity to change. Essentially it's education. You believe that people can change."

John eventually replaced the then director of the Youth Centre, who had continued to support the custody and containment philosophy. He then came into the position of assistant deputy minister when asked to be acting deputy for six months while a search was conducted to find a replacement for the previous incumbent. "I didn't really want to get into this job" he confides. "My predecessor took so much flack. Any sane person would have said no. But I guess I was hooked. I wanted to change what was wrong, although I didn't know if it could be done. Corrections in Canada has a long history of stress on custody and containment, and the general public seems to like that 'lock them up and throw away the key' approach."

"But I've seen enough people change," he continues, "and I firmly believe they should have the opportunity to change. Essentially it's education. You believe that people can change."

The goal of corrections was no longer to do things to people, but with people; to set up work, education and activity programs. This meant for example that you did not look at the gym as a place to let loose, but in terms of what skills could be taught there, so that when they got out they could play volleyball, or dribble a basketball. Staff are now generally encouraged to provide skill development, and exactly how this is done with each person is a staff decision. "If you're interested in development," says John, "then all the obstacles to development become of interest to you. In education there are the physical and mental handicaps that interfere with natural development, and in corrections we have social factors that interfere. Many of the people who come to corrections have not had the opportunity to become socially competent, because they come from environments which have prevented them from becoming so."

John's concern has not been just for inmates, however, but also for correctional services staff. "It's a very difficult and debilitating place for staff to work", he points out, "if the emphasis is on force. It's very difficult to be the keeper of another human being. It's a much more natural and satisfying and rewarding experience to be able to help another human being."

Another major concern that Dr. Bock had with corrections was that it be responsive to the community. Previously, the corrections were seen as a service to the courts, with the responsibility to see that sentences be carried out. The question has since been changed to how can corrections be a service to the commu-

nity. With the offender, this means doing everything possible to return that person to the community a better person. The focus on community responsibility has also meant the initiation of a wide range of programs which involve community participation, including youth justice committees, community service work assignments and a wide range of others.

Was it really an accident, then, that John Bock ended up where he did in the corrections field? "Looking back," he says, "I can see now that in each case, I could not have done one job without the experience I gained from the previous one. I believe that that is the way God leads you, and as a Christian, that has been very important to me."

John and his wife Ruth now live outside of Winnipeg, where John keeps bees when he has the time. They attend the Westwood Community Church. Ruth is also a graduate of MCI and a teacher by training. She has been pursuing her own education in recent years, working towards an arts degree, and John describes her as "something of a history buff." They have three children; a son who is studying to be a teacher, a daughter who is a speech therapist, and a second daughter who is studying at the Winkler Bible Institute.

Now, with his retirement from corrections, is John Bock looking forward to a life of leisure and relaxation? It certainly does not sound like it. He is planning to be very involved in volunteer work in the Caribbean and Central America with CIDA and

to visit Nicaragua, probably on his own. (He has in fact been devoting his holidays to projects in these countries for the last four years.) John will be working on developmental programs in education and management, providing management training for senior civil servants, and assisting with the establishment of teacher training programs, in countries which are just beginning to establish secondary education programs. It seems that John Bock's own personal development will continue, as he finds new opportunities to pursue his lifelong interest in education and in aiding the development of others. mm

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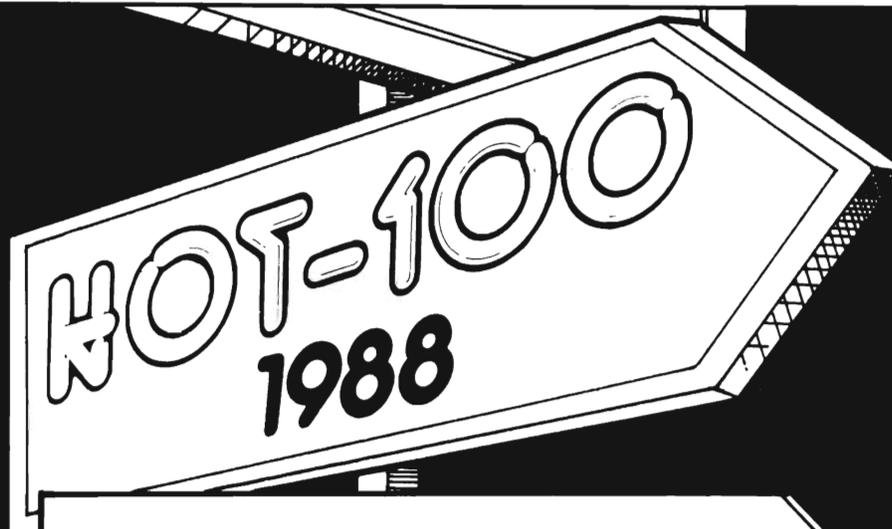
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My Mother Didn't Teach Me to Knit

by Bernice Kroeker

After the topics of house-cleaning and child-rearing had been exhausted, the subject of knitting came up. Having nothing to contribute to that conversation, I just sat and listened until a question was directed toward me. My reply was that I had never learned to knit, and then one dear woman (un)graciously announced, "I can't understand why some mothers can't be bothered to teach their daughters the important, practical things, like knitting!" I didn't reply to that comment, but it started me thinking. . . .

Now, I have never felt particularly deprived because of my lack of knitting skills, but I suppose that is partly due to the fact that when I should have been learning this very, very practical hobby, my mother was teaching me a few other important things.

I don't know how often in the 30-odd years of my life, Mom had reason to throw up her hands and declare, "Where did I go wrong?," but I'd like to point out a few places where she "went right"!

My mother taught me to always butter a slice of bread right to the edges. You'd be surprised how much better sand-

wiches and toast are without dry crusts!

She taught me to sing in the car — makes a long trip shorter and a nervous passenger more calm.

She also taught me to be enthusiastic about school, to respect my teachers, and to develop good study habits. And as direct result of these three things, I went through school and nurse's training at the top of my class, and have never had a serious conflict with an employer.

Mom even taught me to sing while I was confined to bed with rheumatic fever. Right through the hymn book! Every verse of every hymn! I still know most of them from memory. Incidentally, I suffered no permanent heart damage from the disease — the result, doctors say, of excellent nursing care. Thanks, Mom!

With the restricted activity I was forced into after my rheumatic fever, I learned something else from my mother — the meaning of the word "sacrifice"! Not my sacrifice, hers! The sugar beets she hoed and topped, all the work she did to earn enough money to buy that beautiful piano and enable me to take piano lessons. I have never played (or dusted) a piano

since, without remembering what that first piano must have cost — and I don't mean the dollar-value.

Oh, yes, then there were the long winter evenings spent memorizing Bible verses so that I could go to camp the following summer. I always knew them in time, and received praise for my efforts, but it was Mom who kept me enthused, who drilled the difficult verses into my dull mind, and who listened when I was ready to recite. I can still quote many of the passages I learned.

Even more important than the memorization, though, was Mom's making sure that I knew what the verses meant. That's how I learned what Christ's death and resurrection mean to me, personally. I can never thank Mom adequately for teaching me God's plan of salvation, so I am glad there will be a real reward for her; some day.

No, my mother didn't bother to teach me to knit — or crochet — or embroider! Besides, SOMETIMES SHE MADE ME SOO-O-O MAD! (still does, occasionally!) But, all things considered, that doesn't make her a complete failure, does it? **mm**

It was morning on a calm, unseasonably mild day in early February on a Hutterite colony in south-central Manitoba. With a start eleven-year-old Deborah awoke to the sound of the second breakfast bell, the series of peals this time not interspersed with two brief pauses. She scurried out of bed and headed for the washroom, trying to glance into her parents' room in passing, as she puzzled over why they hadn't wakened her fifteen minutes earlier.

On Hutterite colonies the kitchen bell is rung twice for each meal. The first, shortly before mealtime, is a stimulus to leave the workplace and prepare for going to the dining room to eat. It also signals the attendants of any incapacitated people — old or sick — as well as mothers with children under the age of five, that the food is ready to be taken home for these persons. Fifteen minutes later the second bell indicates that the meal is now being served.

One of Deborah's parents always wakened her immediately after the first bell. But perhaps today was Mother's turn to do laundry early and she was in the laundromat, Deborah reasoned. This was Wednesday all right. But where was Father and why hadn't he wakened her?

Among the industries on this colony there was a herd of dairy cows which Deborah's uncle was in charge of. On alternate mornings her dad walked over to help the milktruck driver load the heavy cans onto his truck. On those days Mother brought breakfast home from the community kitchen for dad and the truck driver. Still, with Mother already gone, it was unusual for dad to leave also without waking at least Deborah. She slept lightly and could be depended on to wake her older brothers, Paul 15, Andrew 13, and younger sisters, Maria 9, Anna 7, and Lydya 6, in time for breakfast.

Hurriedly she washed, combed her long wavy brown hair haphazardly and deftly pinned it up with a large barrette before putting on her black bonnet. Returning to her room after wakening the others, she heaved a sigh of perplexity and impatience as she leaned over to nudge her soundly-sleeping younger sister, "Hurry up, Maria, or you'll be late for breakfast!" Hastily she proceeded to pull on the deep red, flowered dress she had laid out the night before and tied the matching apron around her waist. Grabbing her coat from the hall closet, she ran all the way to the children's dining room. Grace over, the others were already eating as Deborah slipped into her place, so she bowed her head and silently said her own before picking up her knife.

Joy in the Morning

by Dora Maendel

'She's gone to see the doctor . . . so you and I are in charge of this.' She waved her arm at piles of clothes around her.



Sturdy and tall for eleven years Deborah had a healthy appetite and the day's breakfast was her favourite: cream of wheat, soft boiled eggs, herb tea, tomato juice and toast; but today she was too harried to enjoy it with her usual relish.

Breakfast and dishes over, she walked into the kitchen for a bowl of steaming cream of wheat for three-year-old sister Rachel. There was just time to feed, wash, and dress her before Deborah had to start off to school for the usual hour of German before English classes commenced at 9:00. Picking up her books from the living room table, she noticed how untidy it was. Only yesterday she had made it spic and span. Now, after the others had all searched for their things, there were books and scribblers sprawled carelessly on one end of the table. Scattered at the other end were scraps of the thick blue felt Andrew had left over after cutting himself a new pair of soles for the insides of his boots. On the floor beside the table, shrivelled up and dirty, lay his old soles along with scattered bits of dark brown straw. Hurrying around the corner she glanced back and saw cousin Judy opening the door and walking into the house.

In the children's dining room at noon Deborah finished her bowl of barley soup and was reaching for a piece of Wurst (homemade pork sausage) when her gaze met the twinkling eyes of her best friend Susan. "Deborah," she murmured, "let's try the hill behind the kitchen after dinner. You can ride on our long toboggan with me."

"Only one ride though," Deborah told her. "My Mother was washing and I have to see if there's a basket of clothes to carry home."

Expertly, Susan started the toboggan and the ride was wonderfully fast. Back on top, Deborah handed Susan the toboggan strings, "I have to go now!" Entering the laundromat, she was amazed to see cousin Judy just beginning the washing.

"Where's my mother?" Deborah blurted anxiously.

"She's gone to see the doctor," Judy told her matter-of-factly, "so you and I

are in charge of this." She waves her arm at the piles of clothes around her.

"I'll come down after school for clothes to hang out," Deborah promised as she vigorously shook a blouse from the wringer.

"Good," Judy looked up from the steaming washing machine. "I'll take Rachel over to our house when she wakes from her nap. Tell Maria to come and get her right after school."

"I will!" Deborah called, as she left for the afternoon session of school. Later, classes over for the day, she raced Andrew home for a snack of toast and honey with the others before heading for the laundromat. Reaching the washline, she saw that Judy had already hung the large articles: sheets, towels and comforter covers. She tied the clothespins bag around her waist and hung the blouses, T-shirts and thick, long socks. It was so mild out, the clothes hardly stiffened and a light breeze set them to a rippling dance.

It was getting dark when Deborah returned to the house with some clothes from the dryer. The driveway was still deserted. Inside, she found the house unusually messy. Rachel had even pulled down one of Mother's potted geraniums so that black earth and pieces of pot lay scrambled in a grand jumble on the living room floor.

Determined to have everything clean and tidy for Mother's return from town,

Deborah set to work energetically. It was a mammoth task, for she insisted on doing each of the four bedrooms as well as all the other living areas.

"Maria, come help me clean up!" she called. "You take all the rugs outside and shake them. I'll sweep the floors."

"I'm finishing this doll dress for Linda," came Maria's muffled, grudging answer. Shoving the colourful pile of hooked and braided throw rugs towards the door, Deborah paused beside the sewing machine in one corner of the living room. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, Maria was surrounded by mounds of fabric pieces from Mother's sewing basket.

"Come on Maria," Deborah coaxed, "let's try and get the whole house done before Mother returns. You know how pleased she'll be and she may have something nice for us!"

"Okay," Maria finally agreed. "Do I have to do just the rugs?"

"No, you'll have to do the dishes too, while I wash the living room floor."

With periodic interruptions from her brothers, supervising Rachel's play and several more trips to the laundromat for a basket of clothes, it took till suppertime to finish. She wondered where her parents could be so long; usually they were home well before supper.

Again she fed Rachel, then set about folding the laundry. By now all the family was home except Mom and Dad. Rachel was getting fussy and Deborah had a difficult time getting her brothers to do their homework rather than playing games all over the freshly-cleaned house. She wished her parents would return but there was no sign of them anywhere.

Soon it was Rachel's bedtime and shortly after that, the others' bedtime as well. When all was quiet again, Deborah once more moved about, putting chairs, books and toys in place. She knew Mother would be pleased to come home and find the house tidy. When everything was in order, she stood for another hour ironing and folding the rest of the laundry. Finally when she could keep awake no longer, she wearily prepared for going to bed herself. It would have been so gratifying to be awake when Mother returned and found, not only the house tidy, but the laundry put away as well! After a brief perusal of the day's German assignment, she fell fast asleep.

"Deborah, the first bell has rung; it's time to get up." It was her father's voice, quietly calling to her from the doorway. Already dressed, he was pulling on his workgloves and Deborah knew he was on his way to help load the milktruck. "Do you think you could bring breakfast home for Mr. Glover and me? Mother didn't

come home."

"But why?" Deborah asked.

"She's in the hospital, with a tiny, black-haired baby girl." Her father seemed surprised at the vociferous excitement with which she relayed the news to each of the others as she woke them.

This was wonderful! A brand new baby girl in the family! Deborah didn't know how she would wait out the next few days before Mother's homecoming. But soon the time came. Deborah had been busy doing as much as possible to help Judy take care of things. And when Mother placed the baby in her arms for the first time, she thought she had never seen anything so beautiful. "Welcome here, Judith Karen," she whispered as she kissed the tiny dark head, "Welcome home!"

Dora Maendel lives and teaches at the Fairholme Hutterite Colony near Portage la Prairie. She spent the first eight years of her life at the New Rosedale Colony. She graduated from the University of Manitoba with a Bachelor of Education degree in 1985.

NEW RELEASE . . .

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Library of Congress Catalog Number: 88-70276

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Confessions of a ZILCH

by Faith Eidse Kuhns

In a society of DINKS (Dual Income, No Kids couple), I am a misfit.

I'm a ZILCH.

A ZILCH is a Zero Income, Loves Children parent.

By all indications, ZILCHes are impractical dreamers.

They've given up a salary to stay at home and become the primary caregivers for what? Such temporary pleasures as receiving their infant's first smile, or catching him, all wobbly and triumphant, as he takes his first step?

Where will the extra cash come from for a library of tapes to put the child to sleep? No, a ZILCH is relegated to read aloud, time and again, books borrowed from the public library.

Trips to replenish the supply are punctuated by a toddler running from one shelf to the next. "Read this, read this!" he cries, all restless anticipation.

Literacy appreciation goes retrograde as a ZILCH's "well-read" reverts to the picture book genre.

A ZILCH wakes up for a breakfast spent admonishing the child to keep his cereal in his bowl and his juice in his cup. Tea and the morning paper are taken in stolen snatches.

Then, just when Ms. ZILCH is wondering whether the kid will ever learn — surprise! Junior brightly offers to stir the sugar in her tea. It's a small gesture, but it's evidence that he's been paying attention, observing. He, for one, is not taking this person for granted.

Indeed, he's cataloging every move with uncanny precision.

Recently, I watched in disbelief as my two-year-old descended on my blank computer, and went directly to the power switch, before banging away on the keys.

He's learning by mimicry and it can be uproarious fun.

Lately, he's been responding to any unpopular directive with an incredulous hands-on-the-hips, eyebrows-raised, "What?"

Another day, clear out of the blue, he turned to me and intoned, "You're my honey bun."

These moments, unquantified though they be, are a ZILCH's paycheques.

Being there, one-on-one, with my kid every day, gives him a chance to turn into a child that everyone can love. If he doesn't, it's my fault.

I'm reassured, though, when a prominent child psychologist reverses himself on infant daycare. Not only does Jay Belsky of Pennsylvania State University no longer advocate it. His research shows that even 20 hours a week is enough to cause long-term psychological difficulty. Surprisingly, the problems occur in socialization, an area that most parents feel good about as they watch their child mingle with the daycare group.

Says Belsky, in a recent interview with *Parenting* magazine, "Recent evidence suggests that extensive non-parental care in the first year of life is associated with increased rates of insecure infant-parent relationships and with increased aggressiveness — hitting, kicking, fighting. There's also an increase in non-compliance, which means refusing to cooperate, not heeding instructions, playing with things you're not supposed to."

There's another plus to my days at home. When Dad arrives from work, his son regales him with the events of his day. But without me to interpret the kid's fanciful assertions, Dad wouldn't have a clue what the boy is talking about. "Hervy Monster faw down," is a nonsense phrase to someone who's been gone all day. You had to be there to understand the reference.

I'm not admitting to sitting through Sesame Street every day. But I hover close enough to know which letters and numbers are featured, and to catch an occasional James Taylor appearance. What it all adds up to is that when my son reiterates what "Hervy Monster" and "Nuffie" have done today, I know exactly what he's talking about.

Yes, recreation is de rigueur for us ZILCHes. It may mean allowing ourselves to be entertained by "Letter B," the Sesame Street version of the Beatles hit. It may mean setting up a kid's toy train, or demonstrating the marvels of Lego construction.

But, don't get me wrong. Being a ZILCH is not all toy room frolic. No, there's plenty of outdoor fun, too.

When was the last time you saw a couple of DINKS sledding down a snowy hill? When, for that matter, have you seen your neighbourhood DINKS rolling snowmen in the yard? DINKS don't even have a good excuse for riding the miniature train, going to the playground or taking a trip to the zoo.

The maitre d' may hover uncertainly as I take my toddler for coffee at an exclusive French cafe. But I rather enjoy watching the boy pick up his roll and butter his sleeve. He's learning every minute, and it's the highlight of our day when he finally gets it right. It's a thrill to hear his triumphant chortle. "I did it!"

I consider myself a cured DINK. The antibiotic was a newborn, squirming and squealing next to me one morning in the delivery room.

In little ways, every day, I'm learning that children are a parents' riches.

DINKS might scoff at that. "Au contraire," they'd say. "Children are a parents' poverty." One couple even ransomed that they couldn't have a child until they'd save enough money for his house.

As for this ZILCH, I'm not ready to put my son in his own house yet. A few more times I need to hear his squeals of delight over a dish of "caterpillar" (twist) pasta. A little longer I need to feel his silky hair against my cheek as we sit down for morning story hour.

(Kuhns is a former Steinbacher, now living in Fort Collins, Colorado with her husband and son. This article was originally written for *The Denver Post*).

REVIEW

Good Food, Good Cook, Good Book . . .

Reviewed by Ed Unrau

The Festival Cookbook: Four Seasons of Favorites, by Phyllis Pellman Good; published by Good Books, Intercourse, Pennsylvania, 1987; \$17.95 U.S. hardcover with concealed spiral or \$9.95 U.S., plastic comb binding.

One of the surprising things about this book is that you don't even mind the absence of taste-teasing four-colour photos to entice you into buying and then perhaps even using this cookbook. Except for a photo of the author at the end, there isn't a single photo or drawing in this book. It is so well-designed graphically and visually that illustrations aren't even missed.

Every cookbook writer organizes recipes into categories, and for this book Mrs. Good has used the seasons to define the categories. To accommodate recipes that don't fit any season there is a section for "all seasons." Within each of these seasonal categories, however, recipes are grouped by food type.

The recipes included are not typically "Mennonite" if by that label you mean the Europe-Russian influence on Mennonite cooking. If anything, Mrs. Good's book reflects the diversity of what it means to be Mennonite by including recipes that reflect ethnic, regional, and other differences. Accordingly, you will find recipes for Newfoundland Soup, Canadian Bran Muffins, Russian Pancakes, East African Beef Curry, Korean Spinach Salad, Maryland Crabcakes, Missouri Ham, and Mother's American Cream.

The above sampling of recipe names in no way implies that this book is filled with "exotic" and therefore hard to cook food; in general the recipes can be described as practical and of the type that can be used for both "everyday" and special occa-

sions. It's the kind of cookbook you buy first for your own shelf, and then as a gift.

Mrs. Good solicited recipes from Mennonites around the world, and by attaching the names and their hometown to the end of each recipe, it is interesting to see who you know and who likes what.

The volume being reviewed is a revised version of an earlier cookbook, but with more recipes and a better binding.

Phyllis Pellman Good, a Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, resident first dis-

covered she was a Pennsylvania Dutch cook when she drew a curious audience in a dorm kitchen in New York one evening while preparing Chicken Corn Soup. She has since compiled *Cooking and Memories* and co-authored *From Amish and Mennonite Kitchens*. She and her husband, Merle, are executive directors of The People's Place, the Old Country Store, and other shops in Intercourse, Pennsylvania. A graduate in English, she is also editor of *The Festival Quarterly*.

Men, Power and Women

A review by Harry Loewen

Beyond Power is an important book by a well-known feminist writer. Marilyn French who has written widely on Shakespeare, James Joyce, and women's issues, has now published a huge book which defines and explains in detail "feminist" and "masculine" values and what they mean for humankind today.

As the title of the book suggests, French argues that the masculine power principle has brought the world to the brink of destruction and that "feminine" values such as love, warmth, understanding, naturalness and nourishment must become dominant if life on earth is to continue. She states: "(If) we are to build a new morality, it is not enough to modify the value we place on power and other 'masculine' qualities. We must replace the old deal with a new one" (p. 538).

This is not to say that all power is bad, according to French. "Power-to" is good and necessary in that it is part of nature and all of life. It contributes to development, reproduction and growth. "Power-over," on the other hand, is bad, for it is destructive of nature and life. It is the kind of power that has been exercised in male-dominated societies for thousands of years. It is this power which pollutes the earth and seeks to dominate and destroy others.

If the male principle is power over nature, life and women, the female principle is pleasure or felicity. Pleasure is not trivial, frivolous, or a selfish pursuit. It is living "with an eye to integration, fullness of experience," and felicity, things which contribute to the good of all people (p. 487). "The very core of pleasure is mutuality. Pleasure begins in the mother's womb, in warmth, closeness, satisfaction of needs, the comforting maternal heartbeat . . . Mutual pleasures are the sacred core of life: food, body warmth, love, and sex" (p. 541).

The power principle, on the other hand, is best represented in capital, corporations, the military, nuclear build-ups,

and powerful secular and religious institutions.

The religious institutions, including the church, have been male-dominated from the beginning of their establishments. In early Christianity there was a brief period at its inception when "feminine values" were uppermost. "At its inception, Christianity, like most other religions, was a revolution against patriarchy," French asserts (p. 150). Jesus came to liberate both men and women, thus creating equality among his first followers and proclaiming and practicing freedom, love and non-violence. In an age when Roman power held sway throughout the world, Jesus' teaching was revolutionary.

It was the Apostle Paul, according to French, who laid the foundation for Christianity as an institution — a foundation based on power, control and domination. "In the process of institutionalizing the new religion, giving it rules in place of a way of seeing, form rather than freedom, Paul and those who followed him altered (Jesus') message beyond recognition" (p. 151).

In times of social, religious and political change, according to French, both men and women work together to bring about reform, liberation and equality. But when the changes have taken place and the new parties and systems become established, the women are generally excluded from decision-making and power. This holds true not only in capitalistic countries but also in socialist states like the Soviet Union and China.

During the Protestant Reformation women welcomed the work of the reformers, believing with the peasants and other oppressed groups that the Gospel would benefit them as well. However, such mainline reformers as Luther, Zwingli, Calvin and especially John Knox did not really advance the cause of women. In many ways their role in society was set back. In medieval times women could withdraw from male domination by entering cloisters, thus becom-

ing independent and realitively free. Now they were tied more than ever to the home and oppressed by male-dominated institutions in church and society.

It is interesting to note that among the Anabaptists, Quakers, and some other radical reforming sects, women came to enjoy greater acceptance and equality. "Women were as likely as men to achieve [a state of spiritual regeneration], and might do so even if their husbands did not. Once admitted, women could participate in church government" (p. 175). In time, however, these radical groups also reverted to the prevailing patriarchal norms around them.

According to French, feminists "do not want women to assimilate to society as it presently exists but to change it" (p. 443). This change would mean a revolution against patriarchy which would remove "the idea of power from its central position" and replace it with "the idea of pleasure" as French has defined it (p. 444).

The last chapter of the book deals with "The Long View Forward: Humanity." As French has argued throughout the book, male power and domination have brought the world to near-disaster. What is needed now are not new values but a reordering of the old human (call them "feminine") values. "All of us possess, to

different degrees, the ability to nourish and heal, to teach and learn, to act positively and to play. These are **human**, not male or female capacities" (p. 544).

Is a new humanity possible? French is heartened by the thought of Jesus' early followers — slaves, women, poor Jews, intellectuals and others — who were sickened by the ways of power and who "craved a new and more loving, communal, tolerant way of life" (p. 544). The goal is worth striving for. Not to work toward this ideal is to give in to destruction and death.

The book, written with a passion and in

a popular style, is well documented, contains an extensive bibliography, and includes a useful index. At times the author generalizes and simplifies complex issues. There are also some unfortunate slips ("Bonhoeffer, a Catholic priest"!). In sum, however, the author's knowledge is immense, her style crystal-clear, and her argument persuasive. *Beyond Power* must be taken seriously for the good of men and women alike.

Marilyn French, *Beyond Power: On Women, Men, and Morals* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1985). Paperback; 640 pages; \$16.25 Can.

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OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt



The month of April is always a month of transition. The snow is finally gone and on certain days one even has reason to hope that summer will eventually arrive.

For most Manitobans the big transition this April is political — from one government to another. The election fever has come and gone and so have the hopes of many who were caught up in the political process. I have been gripped by political fever in the past, and will possibly be gripped again in the future, but this time around it was enjoyable to observe it from the outside.

There is much about an election that is fascinating and commendable. Given the public's low opinion of most politicians, and the abuse that is consequently heaped on political leaders, it is surprising and encouraging to observe how many good people still choose to run for political office. How tiring it must be to give the same speech day after day, to be bombarded by hundreds of requests that can never be fulfilled, to get phone calls in the middle of the night demanding action on the kitty litter that some constituent has found in his back lane! And yet, by and large, the people who choose not only to assume but to pursue such burdens of office seem to be decent and intelligent individuals. I have yet to meet one that I would refuse to sit beside in church (and these days it is possible, even in a Mennonite Church, to sit between two such persons at the same service. The trick is to make sure that the New Democrat is on the left and the Conservative on the right. Church is the last place where you want to lose your bearings).

What I find most amusing about elections, and about politics in general, is the fanatical fervour that is often created.

Ideas are important, and one political party may clearly be considered to be superior to another, but there are always people who wish to ascribe eternal significance to the differences which they discern. Some see the spectre of Hitler behind any conservative movement, while others are convinced that Stalin stands behind every social democratic party. I am reminded of what Jonathan Swift once had to say about hell:

Is there a hell?
I pray thee, it must be so,
For if it weren't,
Where would all my enemies go?

Unfortunately the month of April also has transitions of another kind. After a long, tragic illness, my Welsh mother-in-law dies (see the editorial). She was a feisty, sharp-witted lady who through her family introduced me to a world that I came to love very much. My parents always wished that I would marry a nice girl from Steinbach, but then they knew nothing about the nice girls from Wales.

Other families close to us also say farewell to loved ones during this time. Regardless of how merciful death sometimes seems, it always leaves a terrible emptiness for those left behind. What strikes us again during our own experience is the tremendous love that one experiences from others. Food, flowers, and words all help immensely to ease the pain.

One also has to deal at times with mysteries of a much lower order. I refer to a strange oil leak that begins to plague our Taurus early in April. Every morning there is this fresh oil stain on our garage floor. We finally take it to the service station and are given those ever-reassuring

words: "No problem!" Apparently all that is wrong is a broken gasket, which is promptly installed. However, next day there is a fresh stain of oil on our garage floor, and again the next. Once more we are assured: No problem. This time a leak in the transmission pan has been discovered (whatever that means), which is promptly fixed for a slight extra charge. All seems fine, till the next morning, when there is a fresh stain on our garage floor. Another trek to the station, only to be told that the transmission pan had been bent and needed rebending. Everything would now be okay. Well of course, you guessed it. Next morning there is again an oil stain on our garage floor, as big as ever. I call the service manager. "Do you know who this is?" I ask. "I'm afraid to guess," is the shaky reply. "Why don't you come over and sleep on our garage floor tonight?," I ask.

We've taken that car for many a good ride, but I'm afraid that this time it is taking us for a ride.

A fine evening — between oil repairs — takes us to Altona to show our slides on Japan, China, and India to an interested gathering in the Altona Mennonite Church. I always love the potluck suppers that accompany such meetings, and the opportunity to renew friendships with many persons from this community. We arrive early so that we can drive around town a bit to observe the many changes occurring in it. While dozens of towns in Manitoba are declining, and even disappearing, towns like Steinbach, Altona, and Winkler continue to expand. Driving through Altona I can never get over the way it is segmented by a railway track. To a Steinbacher this seems like a strange intrusion, a metal stab right through the heart. However, the community is a very attractive one and as we have also found on previous occasions, the spirit of the people is extremely appealing. The biggest employer in town, D.W. Friesens, is famous for publishing the *Mennonite Mirror*, but it also has a number of outstanding books to its credit. We marvel especially at a multi-colored volume on the Olympics, of which 175,000 copies were printed in time for the Olympics (the real publishing miracle is that it contains pictures taken at the Olympics, and was still published in time to reach Calgary before the Olympics were over).

After the election fevers have subsided the Stanley Cup mania continues. The engines of our beloved Jets sputter and flame-out before take off, grounded by those awesome Oilers from Edmonton. As

I am writing this the two Alberta rivals are doing their best to cripple each other. I'll be glad when it's all over and the survivors can return to the quieter game of golf. In preparation for this I am trying to perfect my putting on our living room rug. Unfortunately the big trick every year is to transfer the perfection from the living room to the golf course. This year I see nothing but success ahead.

In the meantime there continue to be

more serious matters to deal with. One of these is a meeting of MEDA, where I am asked to report on labour-management innovations in West Europe. I have always felt that the real bottom line of any business is not how profitable it is but how well it treats its employees. The ultimate game is not a numbers game, involving money, but a human game involving the needs and aspirations of vulnerable human beings. I am sure that at the final bar of judgement no interest will be

shown in how much money we made — but how it was made and how we treated others in the process. I am glad that more and more business people seem to be showing interest in this.

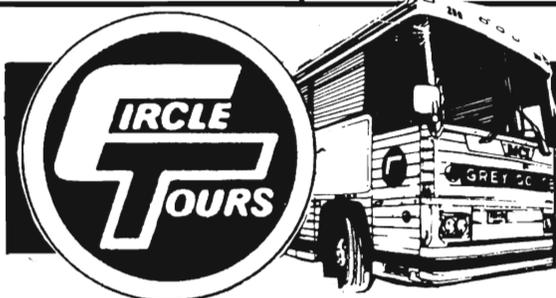
May is a month full of promise and fulfillments. There are birthdays to enjoy, visits from our children, and a 30th wedding anniversary to celebrate with a very cherished sweetheart. May your Spring be as joyful!

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POET'S WORD

Old Woman Waiting

She moves slowly
through the quiet room,
trying to disturb
as little as possible,
afraid to disturb
the air around her.

She has become
a burden to everyone,
to her daughter,
who bathes her
and cleans the room,
the grandchildren
who guiltily peck
her withered cheek
and leave once
the duty is done.

She has become
a burden to the
very air she breathes.
Good air,
air for children,
lovers,
young as she once was.
But here she sits,
ninety-one,
wasting air that could
be put to better use.

She tries to disturb
as little as possible.
She sits for hours
without moving,
waiting for the
Great Peace
to overcome her.
Yet she cannot help
but disturb the air.
Her lungs
stubbornly insist
on breathing.

Soon,
she consoles herself,
soon,
she will not even
disturb that much.

— Cathy Wall

PLAYING WITH MY DAUGHTER

Playing doctor with my daughter
stethoscope on her chest and
"We're just pretending Mommie, yes?"
I say Yes

but the toy works and
through the sprung window her heart
pounds, the delicate pink shell's not empty
but full of the sea and beats as waves
are washing my brain (not waiting stopping
missing), undulating echoes fill and widen
space beyond in spite of me and
all from one round pebble
plucked into a blue pool

I'd forgotten this
and am unable now to move.
She is everything without me
and turning a corner I saw
her alone

when we resume the game
which she directs
her eyes are very bright.
I touch her skin in awe
feeling white silent
sand

— Dora Dueck

What?! Me a "Typical Mennonite Grandma?"

Just because I save each scrap
of fabric, foil and plastic too?
And just because I bake too much
then give it all to you?

Just because I do recall
the names of relatives and friends
to whom they're married, where they live—
the story never ends?

Just because I disapprove
of smoking, drinking and the miniskirt?
And just because I pray for you
that you will not get hurt?

What? Me a typical Mennonite Grandma?
Well, thank you for the compliment!

— Selma Hooge

Farewell to my Welsh Mother

The noble head
lies slumped unconsolably on her chest,
Right arm twitching,
stabbing angrily at dark forces.

Her fierce eyes
which I now can see only
by kneeling down and looking up
See nothing.

She hears nothing
as I call her name, "Mom!"
A name I could not speak at first
but now is uttered urgently, with love.

Her head, bent awkwardly,
resisting the efforts of nurses
to set it right,
Is chiselled in strong Celtic lines.

It is robbed now
of false sentiments
and pleasant diversions.
Free of all social graces.

I remember tea parties,
and displays of courtesy,
doing the right thing,
dutifully.

I also remember
the generosity,
Never cloaked in sentiment,
drawing attention to itself.

The head is unique,
Proudly sculptured, tough,
Not yet serene.
And that is now
I shall remember her.

— Roy Vogt

CHILDREN

those who opt
for an only child
believing quantity
dilutes calibre
surely haven't heard
the quality one
is often
the second or third.

— Eileen Burnett

EDUCATION

grew up
finding father stern
trying my coltish years.
looked upon far deity
to whom he prayed
as much the same.
but God of kindness found me
through sudden touch
of my mother's hand.

— Eileen Burnett

POET'S WORD

— Lynette Dueck

INVENTING A BABA

*From a review of W. P. Kinsella's **Red Wolf, Red Wolf** we learn that in the book's introduction Mr. Kinsella "discusses the nature of storytelling, explaining how his Yugoslavian grandmother, Baba Drobney, was a master of the art." He describes her talents as "the oral historian of the family." But the last paragraph of the review informs us that Kinsella "admitted while in Winnipeg that he had no such grandmother as Baba — she is imaginary."*

Well, why not?

I'll make my tubercular Oma
even thinner, ethereal,
a Mennonite artiste placed improperly
in time;

a handful of poems for daughters
on birthdays and a dairy begun
could easily fill thousands of
pages; they are stunning
observations on
revolution/flight/ and poverty
which I discovered in a dull green box
about to be destroyed;
they **were** destroyed
but I read them all,
hiding under the stairs
because of a mild misdemeanor,
from an angry aunt
armed with a switch,
freshly cut,
probably poplar as it was spring
and near Winkler.

I found the volumes
and forgot fear,
trembling instead with the beauty
of her passionate views
(in German, old script,
which I could speed-read
sans light).

Her words leaped on me
in that gloomy place
and mightily powered
me over;
they forced me to promise
to obey; they/she
started everything.

I hope it'll sell
well.

mother-love

years of trial and error
fear-filled, pain and tear-filled days of
waiting for myopic, stubborn daughter-load
to grow and learn
grow-up and ease up on the pain
of being mother-love
sullen, stilted child-parent squabbles
watch this kid grow up with soiled brain
headstrong
willfull, on a freedom train
no white weddings
or church bells; communion of a different sort

mother-love wonders why
daughter-load wonders why
can't believe it — viewing a mirror-image of
mother-love in daughter-load, separated by years
and silver hairs, generation of femme liberation,
by husband and womyn self-denial
always creative expression in mother-love:
clean clothes,
warm blankets,
soft home-warmth generated
by mother-love to daughter-load.
for Mother's Day, you send me long-distance
mother-love,
daughter-mother, mirror image

images

Mother, you create beauty
your presence illuminates my past, my present,
my future,
illumination of mother-love warms my spirit
the blankets you create warm my family
your strong, calloused hands
(you say "ugly") have protected, loved and
thrust me into an adult world at my right time;
your beautiful mother-hands clean, cook, create
clothing, hairstyles, happy plants, sanctuary-home,
soft stories, chicken-noodle soup when i was sick and grouchy.
no familial sibling/kin
earned what mother-love you gave us
i yearn to show you daughter-love
to do for you as you deserve.
as i screamed, "i didn't ask to be born", you
bore me, you bore my growing-pains, you bore
my anger, my daughter-sass,
you illuminate my existence,
illuminate my love.
Like a leather-bound book, worn with care and
careless fingers, battered by love, pages thin
and over-used, gilt-edges faded with time, i want to hold
you like a loved, favorite volume, pages which
sometimes hurt but always teach
in mother-wisdom
in womyn-love.

Coming Events

May 21-23: Sängertreffen — A Prairie Festival of German Song.

May 21: Singalong — Centennial Concert Hall, 1:00 p.m.

May 22: Concert — Mixed Choirs, 2:00-5:00 p.m.

May 29: The Mennonite Community Orchestra Spring Concert: New Auditorium, Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute, 181 Riverton Ave. Rennie Regher, conductor. 3:00 p.m.

May 29: Saengerfest at Mennonite Collegiate Institute, Gretna.

June 4-5: Charleswood Mennonite Church 25th Anniversary and homecoming at CMBC.

June 24-26: 50th Anniversary Celebrations, Bethel Mennonite Church 870 Carter Ave.

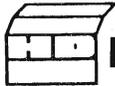
July 2-6: Conference of Mennonites in Canada annual sessions at Winkler.

July 8-11: Canadian Conference of Mennonite Brethren Churches annual convention at Winkler.

July 9-10: Homewood Mennonite Church 50th anniversary celebrations.

August 13: MCC Manitoba Relief Sale, Brandon.

September 17: MCC Manitoba Relief Sale, Morris.



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REVIEW

A boy in charge of the geese . . .

by Mavis Reimer

Smucker, Barbara. *Jacob's Little Giant*. Markham, Ont.: Penguin Books, 1987. 101 pp.

Barbara Smucker's latest novel for children, *Jacob's Little Giant*, is significantly different from the seven she's published to date. Her previous books typically have been set at tumultuous moments of world history, such as wars and civil rebellions, and have documented the movement of the central adolescent characters through equally critical passages of personal history. By contrast, *Jacob's Little Giant* is a quiet story about life on a potato farm in southern Ontario.

The central character of the novel is six-year-old Jacob Snyder, the fifth child in a Mennonite family, who is impatiently waiting to grow up and stop being the youngest, smallest, and least competent person he knows. His chance comes when his father decides to register for a government program designed to preserve a nearly-extinct species of Canada goose. It is hoped that the pair of giant geese delivered to the Snyder farm will nest and raise a family. To encourage them to do so, a protected platform is set into the farm pond and a regular feeding schedule is established. The rest of the family being occupied with more important concerns, Jacob is put in charge of the geese. His care and vigilance is rewarded at the end of the novel when the natural resources officer Mr. McLean suggests that Jacob "did the best job of all the co-operators" and his family agrees that perhaps he should no longer be called "little Jakie."

Jacob comes to feel a special affinity for the littlest gosling. The last of the brood to hatch and the weakest of the flock; this gosling occupies the same place in its family that Jacob does in the Snyder family. By hiding the gosling from the critical eyes of the adults and by reserving corn for it from the supply he tosses into the water for the rest of the geese, Jacob gives the "little giant" the time and space it needs to develop into a fully-fledged bird. By the time the geese leave the Snyder pond to migrate south for the winter, the littlest gosling is able to fly with them.

Like his "little giant," Jacob needs time and space, rather than radical shifts in

understanding, to grow up. Through a series of episodes variously concerned with Jacob's small stature, his ineptitude at playing baseball, and the operations of his father's farm, we see Jacob slowly developing. By the end of the novel, he is a little taller, a better baseball player, and is allowed occasionally to help on the farm machinery.

The novel spans the seasons of growth, opening with the arrival of a flock of wild geese in spring and ending with the flight of the Snyder geese in fall. The slow but certain changes of the seasons and the leisurely round of days in the country for a small boy form a backdrop to the theme of growing up. I suspect this backdrop reflects the experience of most of Smucker's readers more accurately than the turmoil of her adventure stories does. For most children, certainly most middle-class North American children, gaining maturity is just such a slow and sure process. Achievements are matters of leaps and bounds primarily in stories of wish-fulfillment fantasy.

A reader is asked by the strategies of this particular text not to focus exclusively on the question, "What happens next?" The pace and style of the story rather invite a reader to stop and explore the world of the novel. Unfortunately, Smucker has failed to create a world sufficiently solid and diverting to support such close attention. This is the first novel intended for either an adult or children's audience I have read that takes potato farming for its subject. Having finished the novel, however, I know little more about the subject than I knew before beginning the novel. For example, Smucker calls the four-row potato planter on the Snyder farm "a magic machine from outer space." The image may suggest Jacob's feelings of awe about the marvelous equipment his father handles so adeptly, but Smucker might better have evoked the awe and amazement for readers by allowing us to see just what the "magic machine" looks like and just how it works. Although we do learn something more about Canada geese than potato farming from this novel, it is surprisingly little, considering the amount of time Jacob spends in his tree observing

MIRROR MIX-UP

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Friendship can't be bought, rented or borrowed; it must be **earned**

In this edition, as promised last month, we announce the winners of February and March.

From among the 42 entries to February, Elma Brown of Winkler, was drawn as winner.

From the 20 entries to March, Kathy Vogt, of Winnipeg, was selected winner.

Answers to February are rapt, dear, court, charm, desire, and cupid.

Answers to March are rely, rout, dole, sweat, prose, and your word.

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 June 21, 1988.

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the giant goose family.

Smucker's habit of avoiding details is evident in a different way whenever the subject of Snyders' Mennonite religious and cultural traditions is mentioned. Jacob's Mennonite background is a fact and not an issue in this novel. Yet rather than using the textures of rural Mennonite life to build the world of her novel, Smucker inevitably glosses over the particularities to make a statement about the meaning of the details. For example, Aunt Fanny seems to both amuse and annoy Jacob, but Smucker quickly pulls away from his interesting observations about Aunt Fanny's obesity and strange clothing to explain that she is a "conservative Mennonite" who believes in "plain and simple living." I doubt that many six-year-olds would remember or care about the religious stripe of an aunt who can push dresser drawers shut with her stomach! That feat alone surely should

gain her immortality among nephews and readers.

Jacob's Little Giant is an interesting experiment in style and tone for Smucker and a worthwhile reading experience. But because Smucker did not look at Jacob's world more closely, we as readers never learn to love it. mm

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1988 Departures

Australia and Expo '88

A month-long excursion "down under" to Sydney, Melbourne, Alice Springs, Ayers Rock, and Brisbane with its Expo '88. New Zealand cities of Auckland, Queenstown, Christchurch and others are also included. Bernie Wiebe, host.
 July 10

Soviet Union

Leningrad, Moscow, Karaganda, Alma Ata, Frunze, Zaporozhe, Amsterdam. Menno Wiebe, host.
 July 11th to August 1st

Europe — Church History

Rome, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Zurich, Worms, Cologne, Pinguim, Witmarsum, Amsterdam, Hamburg, with special emphasis on Mennonite historical sites. George Epp, host.
 July 6

Japan, China, Hong Kong

Tokyo and Kyoto, in Japan, Shanghai, Suzhou, Beijing, Ki'an, Guilin, and Guangzhou, in China, concluding with a final two days in Hong Kong. John H. Neufeld, host.
 August 1

Soviet Union

A unique tour of special interest to those with an interest in Mennonite history with tour leaders Al Reimer and James Urry.
 August 4.

Europe in 1989

A study tour to examine labor and management relationships in The Netherlands, West Germany, Spain and Portugal. Roy Vogt, host.

ELIJAH, THE ORATORIO

The Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church Choir, conducted by Bernie Neufeld and accompanied by a 26-member orchestra, will present Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah* on Sunday, June 12 at 7:30 p.m. The performance will take place in the Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, corner Sargent and Garfield.

Soloists will be Lynne Braun, soprano; Anne Marie Dyck, alto; Vic Pankratz, tenor; Mel Braun, bass.

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YOUR WORD

Low German Observations

I read with interest the article on the *Low German New Testament* on page 25 of the *Mirror* for March 1988 but picked up on several pieces of incomplete information that should probably be brought to your attention.

The figure of 80,000 speakers of Plautdietsch among Mennonites is most interesting because I had been wondering how many there actually were. I would have estimated somewhat higher but have no evidence. It might be of interest to note that Plautdietsch is not only spoken by Mennonites, but also by descendants of people of other persuasions who lived in the same general area of West Prussia. Most of those people who were forced to evacuate in 1945 still live in Germany and occasionally hold reunions in Plautdietsch.

The statement "Plautdietsch, often labelled 'Low German'" is not complete. Plautdietsch is in fact one of the numerous dialects of Low German — specifically Nether Saxon Low German — that are spoken today. Low German is a language that does not have a standardized form as does High German, and neither is Low German a dialect of High German (also known as standard German).

The statement by your writer that Plautdietsch has a total vocabulary of 7,500 words would tend to indicate a most impoverished dialect. Herman Rempel's dictionary of Plautdietsch entitled *Kjeen Jie noch Plautdietsch* includes some 12,000 words. Herman would be among the first to admit that he has missed a good number. The Low German dictionary written by Dr. Wolfgang Lindow is in fact a summary of only those words common to about seven dialects of Low German, and also contains about 12,000 words.

He states in his preface that the words of the dictionary are selected only from literary sources and not from the spoken word, therefore many a word that the reader will seek in the dictionary will not be found. It would seem that most or all dialects have a much greater than 12,000 word vocabulary.

Sincerely Reuben Epp
Kelowna, B.C.

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New Book Notes

by H. Loewen

There have appeared two popularly written booklets on how to promote peace and international understanding in the world.

My Sister Tatiana, My Brother Ivan: Learning to Know the Soviets is a collection of stories and poems written by American travellers to the Soviet Union.

"Collectively, these stories portray a unique yet diverse society; warm and friendly, but closed and mysterious as well. In these pages, the Russians are revealed to be people very much like ourselves — people with hopes and fears about the future" (back cover blurb).

The book contains photos and sketches of Soviet people.

The editor, Helen Bailey, is a long-time peace activist and currently serves as Director of the Peace Museum and Centre for Nonviolence in Washington, D.C.

This paperback, 147 pages, is published by the Brethren Press, 1451 Dundee Avenue, Elgin, Illinois 60120.

•
Albert Schweitzer on Nuclear War and Peace is a collection of speeches and letters on war and peace issues by the great humanitarian and medical missionary. There are letters written to Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy, expressing Schweitzer's concern about the nuclear threat.

Schweitzer's addresses in this book are divided into four sections: Humanity and Peace, The Problem of Peace in the World Today, A Declaration of Conscience, and Peace or Atomic War. Schweitzer points to the danger of an atomic war, pleads for a renunciation of nuclear tests, and urges world leaders to negotiate peace issues at the highest levels.

The book includes a valuable introduction by editor Homer A. Jack on "Albert Schweitzer's Activism in Nuclear Politics" (pp. 1-32).

This paperback, 216 pages, is also published by The Brethren Press, and sells for \$9.95 US.

mm

Biblical Truths

Meditation in the March MM on "Easter Faith" by Victor Doerksen prompts us to consider again Biblical truths regarding Easter in that New Testament sense of the word.

An OT prophecy according to Isaiah 25:8 gives the promise: "He (the Lord God) will swallow up death forever." (1 Cor. 15:54)

Death as "an end of life" refers to the experience of all humans as also referred to in Hebrews 9:27. Yet we note in this reference there is judgment to follow man's death. This is evidently what the Apostle Paul speaks of when he says "each of us will give an account of himself to God" (Romans 14:12).

The experience of Jesus Christ was unique. Death is the result of sin (Romans 6:23). The Lord Jesus Christ was sinless (John 8:29, 46; 2 Cor. 5:21). Consequently death had no power over Him. We note His claim in John 10:17, 18. Hebrews 2:14, 15, teaches us that it, His death, was His means of victory. His Means of overcoming the enemy of God and man in order to bring man deliverance from the "fear of death."

Are we not deeply impressed as we read about our Lord's suffering and death as described in Luke 23:40-46? What made it necessary for that One and Only perfect Person this world has ever seen to come to that excruciating cry, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34).

Jesus had foretold His death, its purpose and meaning according to, e.g. John 11:31-33. In March 10:45 we read: "The Son of Man did not come to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many."

The Apostle Paul puts it in this way: "God made him who had no sin to be sin (or be a sin offering) for us, so that in him we might become the righteousness of God" (2 Corinthians 5:21, NIV).

Christ's bodily resurrection on that glorious Easter morning was the divine verification of all He had said and done. We note the blessings God now has for us in Scripture passages like 1 Cor. 15:1-4; Romans 4:23-25, 10-9-11.

Having a risen, living Saviour and Lord may we, in view of our own deaths, be able to join in with Paul's testimony, Philippians 1:21-23 and 3:10-11.

George A. Braun
Altona, MB

The descendants of **Bernhard H. Epp** (1854-1926) Lindenau, Molotschna, are reminded of the reunion scheduled for July 22 and 23, 1988, beginning at 6:00 pm Friday and ending around 9:00 pm Saturday, at the Boissevain Public School, Boissevain, Manitoba. For further information write or call: H. Fast, 299 Donald Ave., Wpg. R2K 1G5. Tel: 667-8105.

MANITOBA NEWS

Penner Foods hopes to begin construction later this year on a \$5 million shopping centre in Beausejour. One of the main tenants in the centre will be Penner Foods which will build a store similar in size to its Winkler store.

Bothwell Co-operative Dairy has been honored as Manitoba's top industrial dairy plant in 1988. The award includes recognition for the best industrial dairy plant, best quality cheese, best composition of cheese and best microbiological control over product. The company was established 50 years ago and opened a new plant in 1978. It has 33 employees.



Henry Enns of Steinbach was one of 25 Canadians to receive a national citizenship award at the first annual Secretary of State awards banquet and ceremony April 20 in Ottawa. Enns worked as a consultant to help MCC develop programs for physically disabled people. He was nominated by MCC for his volunteer involvement in establishing organizations for the disabled at the regional, provincial, national and international levels. Enns has rheumatoid arthritis and has been confined to a wheelchair for 25 years. He is currently serving a four-year term as the chairman of the International Association of Disabled people. He was opening training centres in Cuba when the announcement was made he had been selected as an award recipient.

Harold Fransen will begin work as half-time pastor with the Mississauga (Ontario) Mennonite Fellowship this summer.

Dave Friesen will retire as pastor of the Bergthaler Mennonite Church of Gretna on October 1, 1988.

Norman Voth has been called to serve the Sterling Mennonite Fellowship in Winnipeg beginning September 15, 1988.

Collin Friesen, news reporter with MTN Channel 13, recently cohosted a two and a half hour public service live production on "Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll." A panel of experts and 100 teenagers participated in the event.

A new chant, "Neuf, Neuf," was heard in the Winnipeg arena during the third and fourth games of the Oilers/Jets play-off series. The chant was recognizing the play of **Ray Neufeld**, who grew up in Winkler, Manitoba.

At a meeting held on March 21 at First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg, the **Mennonite Urban Renewal Program** (MURP) members passed a resolution to sell its existing properties, trying to sell to a buyer who supports MURP's vision. The vision began in 1981 when a fellowship group at the River East Mennonite Church purchased and renovated four inner-city apartment blocks, with the intent of providing affordable, dependable housing for low-income people. Two half-time counsellors were hired, in a program called Housing Plus, to live in the apartments and help the tenants. At the annual meeting in October, 1987, a decision was made to sell two of the blocks because of major financial problems, and the remaining two blocks will not be sold, also.

Eden Mental Health Centre is actively planning to establish a branch in Winnipeg. Its major role will focus on the area of counselling couples experiencing marriage problems, as well as family counselling service.

The annual meeting of the **Mennonite Health Association** was held Feb. 26-March 2 in San Francisco, with about 350 Mennonites and Brethren in attendance. The official theme was: Anabaptist Healthcare Roots — and Wings. **Bernie Wiebe**, managing editor of the Mennonite Medical Messenger and instructor at the Mennonite Studies Centre in Winnipeg, presented the major address in which he reviewed Anabaptists and Health Care. Between 5-10 percent of all Mennonites are in health care and/or related ministries.

In November, 1979, the **Jake Rempel** family of Winnipeg, members of Charleswood Mennonite Church, became sponsors, through MCC, of the Vene Ratisavath family from Laos. In February, 1988, after repeated efforts on the part of Jake Rempel, the mother of Vene, her sister and brother-in-law and five children arrived in Winnipeg from a refugee camp in Thailand. A joyful reunion took place.

Harry Olfert, campus administrator of Mennonite Brethren Bible College for the last seven years, has resigned effective July 31.

David Rogalsky, pastor at Grace Church, Winkler, has resigned effective in July.



Patrick Friesen, well-known Manitoba poet, and film producer for the Manitoba Department of Education, will be writer-in-residence at the University of Winnipeg in the 1988-89 term. In addition to working with students in the area of creative writing, Mr. Friesen will work on a manuscript for a new play.

Joyce Redekop-Fink, West Germany, formerly of Winnipeg and now residing in Köln, will be undertaking a major concert tour of the DDR in June, 1988. She has been receiving good audiences and excellent reviews for her work as a harpsichord solo recitalist. The tour in June will include include concerts in Dresden, Halle, Berlin, Leipzig and Eisenach, where she will be a feature artist in major musical festivals in those cities.



Dave Dyck has been appointed secretary of development, relief and related ministries with Mennonite Brethren Missions and Services, replacing **Peter Kroeker**, who retires this summer. For the last 13 years, Dyck has worked with MCC Canada.

David Winter will retire as principal of Rosthern Junior College in June, 1988.

The Mennonite Collegiate Institute opened its doors wide on the weekend of March 18–20 as staff and students hosted the school's fifth annual **Youth Orbit**. Registrations for the weekend totalled 160, with approximately half of the participants being current MCI students, and the other half being guests from around the province. Students came with hopes — hopes of getting acquainted with the MCI's school and residence life, and also of taking further steps in their faith journeys. The latter purpose was achieved largely through the input of guest speaker Darryl Crocker, a former British Columbia youth pastor who is presently studying at Winnipeg Theological Seminary.

At its February 1988 board meetings, the **Canadian Mennonite Bible College Board** approved the implementation of two new programs in service education. One is CMBC's regular undergraduate three-year Bachelor of Theology degree with a service emphasis; the other is a one-year Certificate in Service Education on the graduate level. Discussion and

planning for the service education initiative have been done in close cooperation with the MCC service education advisory committee, which is made up of representatives from MCC Canada and participating Mennonite colleges. However, each school has been encouraged to develop its own program, with the advisory committee functioning as a coordinating and resourcing committee. With financial assistance from CIDA, MCC Canada is prepared to fund the programs on a matching fund basis up to a total of \$9600 per year per college. Conrad Grebel and Mennonite Brethren Bible College are putting in place programs which are in keeping with their needs and resources.

Bethel Mennonite Church is planning a celebration for June 24–26, 1988 to be held at the church — 870 Carter Ave. This celebration is to commemorate God's leading and blessing over the past 50 years. We want to reflect in a mood of thankfulness for God's faithfulness and His steadfastness. We invite all interested persons to attend this 50th Anniversary

Celebration. Bethel was started as a joint effort by the home mission board of the General Conference Mennonite Church and the missions committee of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada in 1937. Rev. Benjamin Ewert was the first pastor. The number of persons who have had their membership at Bethel is in excess of 1280, with a current membership of approximately 540. A history of the past 50 years has been compiled and will be available at the celebrations. The book will approximately 150 pages. The cost of the book is \$12.50, plus \$3 for mailing and handling charges. Anyone wanting more information about the celebrations or interested in ordering the history book may do so by writing to: 50th Anniversary Committee, Bethel Mennonite Church, 870 Carter Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3M 2E2.



Agnes Hubert, currently acting director of the China Educational Exchange (CEE), has been appointed director of the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) Canada Service Education Program. Hubert, an Edmonton, Alta., native now residing in Winnipeg, is the first director of the Service Education Program, a joint effort of MCC Canada, Mennonite Brethren Bible College, Canadian Mennonite Bible College and Conrad Grebel College. The Program, created in 1987, links MCC Canada with the three Bible colleges and exists to "inspire, inform, prepare and equip Christians for service at home and abroad." Through the Service Education Program prospective voluntary service workers can prepare for service through studies at the three colleges and through internships in Canada and abroad. Hubert received her Master of Arts in English from the University of Alberta in 1977, where she also worked in the Registrar's office from 1978–82. From 1982–85 she and her husband, Barry Nolan, taught English at the Chongqing Teachers' College in Chongqing, China and at the Northeast University of Technology in Shenyang, China. She is a member of Edmonton's Lendrum Mennonite Brethren Church and attends the Charleswood Mennonite Church in Winnipeg.



Museum Expansion
MENNONITE HERITAGE VILLAGE
STEINBACH

The board of directors of the **Mennonite Heritage Village** approved the construction of an over — \$2 million expansion project at its annual meeting on March 28. The expansion will involve the construction of a 20,000 square foot interpretive centre which will house exhibition galleries, orientation space, administrative offices, collections preservation space and volunteer facilities. A fundraising committee for the project will

be chaired by **John Schroeder**, Winnipeg, and construction is to begin in late 1988. At least \$1 million is expected to be raised by the committee in the Mennonite community according to Mr. Schroeder. Completion is planned for 1990 when Winnipeg will host the Mennonite World Conference. The interpretive centre will be constructed north and east of the present artifacts building.

REVIEW

A review by Al Reimer

Champagne and Whipping Cream

Prairie Performances Presents An Evening of Viennese Songs at the Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg Art Gallery, April 28-29, 1988.

"An Evening of Viennese Songs," performed by Kadri Irwin, soprano, John Bartlette, tenor, and Victor Engbrecht, baritone, with Dorothy Sonya at the piano, was the third and final concert in Prairie Performances' inaugural season. The offering of Viennese songs from the Strauss-Lehar period was spirited and schmaltzy, as one would expect it to be, and for the most part ably presented, as one has also come to expect from these local artists. A near-capacity audience had obviously come to bask in the warmth and infectious gaiety of fabulous Vienna in a time when the world seemed brighter and more innocent than it does nowadays.

It would be nice to be able to say that the performance of this suave music was as winsome and smoothly executed as it was in the days of the great Richard Tauber, the Viennese tenor who sang this

music to perfection in the golden era between the wars. But this is Winnipeg in 1988. The three soloists here were not lacking in the Viennese style. They had that to a remarkable degree. The problems here were of a vocal and temperamental nature. The controlled abandon required for this type of music just wasn't there in the required quantity and quality. Of the three soloists Victor Engbrecht came closest of possessing all the necessary qualities. Victor has the right quality of voice — light, vibrant and warm — and, when he loosens up, the engaging personality, as he demonstrated in songs like "Wien, Wien nur du allein," "I hab' die schönen Maderl'n net erfunden," and "Komm, Zigány." Kadri Irwin has a sweet, clearly focussed soprano and a winning smile; she sang brilliantly throughout, although hers is not a big voice. She was particularly impressive in "Grüss dich Gott," "Mein Herr Marquis" (from *Die Fledermaus*) and "Lied und Czárdás," and was very good in all her duets.

Unfortunately, John Bartlette the tenor was indisposed and not at his best, and he has been at his best on so many local occasions. One can only admire a singer who has the professionalism to go through with a performance under what were obviously trying circumstances. I must add a word of appreciation for Dorothy Sonya, who stole the show in several numbers, such as "Czárdásfürsten Potpourri" and "Lied und Czárdás." She played brilliantly and showed a theatrical temperament that clearly charmed the audience.

Prairie Performances is to be commended for its inaugural season of concerts. It has already announced a second season of three concerts that gives promise of being equally exciting and entertaining. There is a definite need in this city for intimate, popular concerts of this kind and the response this first year, I note, has been gratifying. We look forward to more of a similar nature in 1988-89!

mm

Erich Maria Remarque's Full Circle

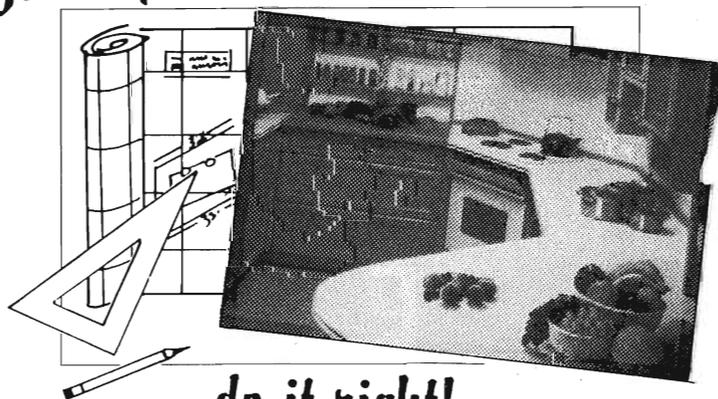
A review by Al Reimer

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Presents Erich Maria Remarque's Full Circle, adapted by Peter Stone, at the West End Cultural Centre, April 21-23, 1988.

"Not killing — that's what takes character," says Rohde, the escaped political prisoner from a Nazi death camp. That is the theme of this play by Remarque (*All Quiet on the Western Front*) set in Nazi Germany on the last day of World War II. He is speaking to Anna, the much-put-upon widow of a resistance leader, who is weary of the violence and the killing and has grown cynical over the years with a regime that seems to do nothing else. She wants to survive and she is under no illusions about her dead hero of a husband: "He left me with the memory and the uncertainty." And when the desperate fugitive Rohde walks into her life in his striped prison garb Anna is force to resume life and love once more.

This play by the renowned German novelist raises some provocative issues about "survival, identity and responsibility." It's the kind of problem play the WMT has not been doing in recent years and one is glad to see them doing something like this again even if neither the play nor the production are entirely satisfactory. If the language of the play seems a little mannered — even labored — at

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times that may be due to the translation. Then again a play of this complexity and degree of difficulty to stage with its violent action and hard-edged themes may be a little beyond the resources and means of an amateur company. Certainly there were problems here on opening night. The opening scene, for example, seemed spiritless and unfocussed. But then things got better. I did not believe either in Anna (Kathy Krueger) or in Rohde (Dave Maxwell) in the early scenes, but both players and their characters grew on me as the play went along and I came to identify with them fully by the end. Alfred Wiebe was just right as the overbearing but cowardly Nazi bully Koerner (Wiebe had even shaved off his long-standing beard — no pun intended — for the part) and Jolie Lesperance as the flighty, silly flirt Grete also became more credible after a rather awkward and over-played opening sequence.

The whole play picked up noticeably with the appearance in the first act of that accomplished veteran of the WMT Fred Janzen as the desperate Jewish prisoner Katz. The scene in which he appeared was electrifying and gave the play the much-needed lift it required to get off the ground. Another fine appearance was that of Paul Enns in Act II as the hard but sincere Russian officer. Alan Schroeder's Schmidt, the SS officer who almost succeeds in wrecking the lives of Rohde and Anna, and who epitomizes the treacherous evil of the Nazi period, had the necessary energy for the part but lacked the subtlety to suggest more than a two-dimensional stereotype.

Gerhard Wiebe, another veteran of WMT, must have worked hard to get this difficult play into a form acceptable to this particular audience. With its at times coarse language and explicit sexual references it must have offended some members of the audience, but I want to go on record as stating that in my opinion this is an honest play and that I found this to be an honest production that did as much with the play as a company of amateur players can do with such challenging material.

I applaud this choice of play and hope that WMT will continue to explore repertoire of a more challenging nature, especially a European repertoire not often seen in this part of the world. The theme of evil is an endlessly fascinating one that no playwright can ever resolve completely. The tension between living by principles, as Rohde tries to do, and learning the difficult art of survival, as Anna is forced to do, is one that speaks to all of us in whatever political or personal context we encounter it. **mm**

Too Lot

Fonn Jack Thiessen

"Nann mie Karl Otto," säd hee, "Dü best doch en bätje Mennist, nich? Jo? dann nann mie Karl Otto. Foda säd Tüs emma, soo deede de Lied daut!" So räd hee mie en Marburg fer meist en Joa aun, enn etj wundad mie een bät, wiels de measchte Menniste en Dietschlaund, woone doa lenjere Tiet rommjeschlentjat habe, weare een bät äwabrestijch jeworde, enn dee ritjchte mie framd.

Karl Otto wea Mennist ut Jantsied en Dietschlaund enn daut hee nienich enn Russlaund jewart wea enn daut sien Foda fejäte haud am fomm Nippa too fetalle . . . well, daut kunn etj uck ritje. Oba etj säd nuscht nijch, wiels Karl Otto wea Dokta enn butadäm tsiemlijch fäanam, ooda intelligent soo's Taunte Dertjsche enn de Jasch Kloosche säd'e wann se fonn Mutta äare jeleade Breeda råde. Oba daut meend bie ons daut selwje, enn be jünt woll uck . . . fäanam enn Dokta . . . daut wea Karl Otto E., enn daut hee Dokta wea enn heet, wiste de Lied aul fonn dartijch Schoo auf, enn daut hee wichtigjch wea, fonn fehtijch. So jeheat sitj daut en Dietschlaund. Enn fäanam? Daut wort eena enn wann hee lacht, wiels dann trock hee emma eene Lepp; en bätje no Hinje enn spield eene kjliene Reaj goldne Täne, oba ea eena dee aula tale kunn, muak hee sien Mültje rund enn spets enn dann schmeissijch too, enn eena saut enn kjitjt onnbeobacht no am, soo een bätje fonn'e Sied enn wacht oppen näatjsten Smeil, daut eena daut Gold too Enj tale, enn siene Nieschiea auffoodre kunn. Hee saut donn doa aus wann'a äwa irjendeenen feinen Secret nodentje en een bätje smeile must, enn wann'a lieseltjes smeild, sach'et am emma, soo's wann'a jrods Halva jenauscht haud. Jo enn noch waut mett siene Fäanamheit: Karl Otto E. lispd en bätje, enn hee drunk Bea emma utem Glauss, ooda goanijch. Enn hee aut

emma waut bätret aus wie aundre, ooda hee jintj hungrijch. Butadäm jintj Karl Otto E. emma mett eenem Stock enn mett däm kunn he soo gauns bieleafijch mea Kjrente-Wente enn Luft moake aus irjendeen Hoad.

Enn wann he soo mett sien Stock, enn sien wittet Hamd mett en siednen Schlipps, woone hee Krawat nannd, enn mett eenem Tweed en Hoot aunkaum enn jieda twintijch Schräd een Smeil foare leet — jo, dann stunt etj enn kjitjt am too enn uck aundre stunde enn kjitjte dissen fäanamen Kjeadel too. Enn daut hee doatoo mett mie noch en bätje Plaut-dietsch räd . . .? Well bie mie haud hee jewonne, ea wie aunfonge too späle. "Enn dets fe sure," soo's de jrientholscha Fraunts Friese säd, wann am mol waut oppfoll.

Daut diad uck goanijch sea lang aus etj am mol tseowents enn Marburg auleen biem Spetsearegone troff, enn Karl Otto E. soo bieleafijch too mie säd, "Etj ha mien Jeld em aundren Tweed jelote. Etj jāv die Erlaubnis, mie een Beatje too kjeepe." Etj feeld mie jebuckpenselt enn säd, "Uck twee, wann'et senne doaf." "Uck twee, fonn mie üt," säd hee. Karl Otto haud 'fea' saje sult, enn daut wea uck noch en bätje no de kjliene Sied ütjefolle.

Nom sasten Bea utem Glauss, aus etj miene Tsente aul aunfong ute Atj fonne Fuppe toop too seatje, fonk Karl Otto mett siene Jeschijcht aun, enn dee head eascht opp, aus de Hons kjreide, enn de Sonn ons em Oste bejreest. Eajentlich ess 'rejchtja jesajcht, dee Jeschijcht, dee hee donn aunfonk, head eascht tian Joa lota opp, enn dee well etj jünt fondoag tseowents fetalle. Oba eascht brinjt de Kjlienasch too Bad, wiels waut nu kjemmt ess nuscht nich fe kjliene Oare enn pludaje Opp-schnackasch.

Aus Karl Otto E. enn etj no Hüs, daut

heet no miene Stow jinje, säd hee soo bieaun, "Wann die daut endoont ess, bliew etj bie die fondoag Nacht, wiels dann kjenn wie ons noch en bätje fetalle. Haste noch en Beatje, woont etj eene kjliene Ea aundoone kaun?"

Etj gauf am noch een Beatje enn dann noch eent, enn mett soone Buddle festunt hee omtogone. Enn donn läd hee looss: "Mien Foda wea Akademika enn wort bie Leipzig Professa enn uck ritj. Oba daut ess aules febleajde Pracht, daut ess nich mea. Oba etj ha eene sea ritje, oole Taunte enn Amerika, enn wann de stoawt, sie etj boold Dokta, enn sea ritj, enn dann woa etj Bea tjeepe, enn en poa niee Harris Tweeds, enn die mol fewahne, wiels etj sie de eensja Plemenitj. Oba wann Dü noch een Beatje hast, dann woa etj am foats daut stell sette aufwane."

Mie jefoll de Jung, enn Jünt woll uck en bätje, enn wann jie noch emma nich gaunts üt am kluak woare, dann kaun etj Jünt saje, etj uck nich gaunts.

Karl Otto E. wea wertjlich en fäanama Kjeadel jewast, enn hee kaum üt bastem Hüs. Ritj enn fonn aulem, haude se jehaut, enn dann noch en bätje mea. Oba donn kaume de Kommuniste, enn muake aules jlitj enn päwde aules äwa, enn Karl Otto E. läwd enn spitjäd sitj fonne Erinnerung. Enn dee wea am woll aulahaund schul-dijch. Mett Tsinse.

Hee haud goanijch soo lang tridj mett eene feine, kloake enn scheene Mejal spetsead, enn dee haud am uck no eenem haulwen Joa no Hüs bie äare Ellre enjelode . . . Enn eenes scheenen Doages foa hee mett ar toop fonn äare Ellre no Göttingen, wuo hee studead, oba enn Wertjlichtjeit jintj'ett no Berlin, woa hee noch Betsiehunge enn Frind mett eenem follen Desch enn woame Bade haud. Enn aus äare Ellre daut utfunge, dann kjreajch Karl Otto daut mett de Betsiehunge fonn äare Ellre toodoone, enn he fluach derjch aule Exome, daut'et ruzhd, enn hee wea noch en bätje, een gaunts kjlienet bätje one Dokta . . .

Oba hee enn siene Brüt haude toop de Läwensklock festalt, enn aus de Hon dree Mol jetjreit haud, weare see onnbefriede Elre. Karl Sebastian, heet äa Kjliena . . .

Een schmocke kjliena donna mett blonde Hoa, dee sitj fein kjrellde . . . etj hab am noch en poa Mol jedretj.

Oba wie weare noch emma enn miene Stow. Karl Otto fruach, aus wie Russlenda uck soo ruch weare enne Schlopstow, soo's de Wastdietsche, enn etj säd, etj wisst daut nijch. Hee lach em aundren Bad, enn kunn nijch seene, daut etj leaje deed.

Na jo, soo jintj daut wieda. Karl Otto wond een Joa bie mie, oba wie fetalde ons mau dann enn wann, wiels wann etj tsemorjess oppstunt, jintj hee jeeenlijch schlope. Boold haud hee bie aule Frind daut latste Bea ütjedrunke, enn boold jintj hee foakna enn foakna one Buddel too Bad. Oba hee räd jieden Dach, woo hee boold sea studeare wudd, enn jieden Dach stund hee pintjlijch omm Klock fea Nomeddach opp, enn stunt aul oppem Stijch, wann de Breewdroaga aunjeschwätjt kaum. "Post ut Amerika, ooda Haumborj?" Aulwada nuscht nijch. Dee Taunte läwd noch, enn Sebastian siene Mutta wea mett de Tiet uck enj bät een-tjanijch jeworde.

Enn eenes Doages jintj etj miene eajne Läwensstratj enn tridj no Kanada. Fonn hiea üt head etj, daut Karl Otto em Laboratorium oabeid, oba mau bett Klock fea, dann jintj hee dän Postmaun bejreesse. Jieden Dach.

Dee Korrespondents leet no, oba miene Nieschiea enn mien Interesse baajd foaken opp, enn etj noabad mett Karl, enn wie lachde äwe de Beabuddle, enn waut dee sitj aules jefaule lote muste, enn woo oold siene Taunte noch woare wull, enn am omm sienen Doktaplon enn siene Fodaschaufft soo en bätje beschummele deed.

Tien Joa lota trock mie daut wada mett aule Pead emm Läwensunjaspaun no Marburg enn ditt mol naum etj mie toom easchten Mol eene Stow emm Kurhotel. Daut Hotel wea soo en bätje de Schwal

enn daut Schaffott tweschen Winnipeg en dän Himmel. Aum näjtsten Morje fonk etj aun rommtoofone enn fruach miene oole Frind no Karl Otto. "Komm doch schwind mett toom Bejrafnis; wie droage am fondoag nomeddach nom Kjoatjhoff," wort mie jesajt . . . Etj jintj uck hinjrem Woage, dee fein fonn twee swoate Pead jetrocke wort, enn fäle aundre jinje uck gaunts stelltjes hinjeraun; Karl Otto haud nü emm Tod bediedent mea Frind aus emm Läwe; na jo, docht etj mie, hee wea je uck noch en bät Mennist. Karl Otto lach em Soatj emm swoaten Tweed, enn hee haud daut Mül too, enn de Oage uck, enn daut Schmüstere wea am auf-jewesch. Hinjrem swoaten Woage jintj uck siene Fru, swoat aunjetrocke . . . dee hee uck meist eenen Rintj biem Dok-tawoare jejäwt haud, enn see haud eene Mischung fonn Trüa enn Froagetätjen oppem gauntsen Jesejcht, dee sogoa derjchem swoaten Schleia tooseene weare, enn uck Sebastian trippeld emm swoaten Auntsuch mett siene alfoasche Been sea stell enn jenietsch enn mett groote Trone enn siene bleiwe Oage. Kjeen Wuat, kjeen Jebäd, kjeen Leed. Langsomm trock wie ons tridj. Stell wea wie aule, wiels mett Karl Otto wea doch-woll uck een bätje fonn ons opp emma wajch.

Siene Jeleewde froage, nodäm see sitj een bätje feholt haud, aus wie nijch toop Owenkost äte kunne, emm Kurhotel. Etj säd too. Wie aute enn drunke een Beatje ütem Glauss, enn aus etj daut Glauss extra bestald, schmüstad see, enn säd: "Well'we noch toop Karl Otto siene Post opmoake."

See haud en Stopsel Breew enne Haund, enn eena wea fonn "Singer enne Friedlander, Attorneys-at-Law, New York, New York." Oba dee \$975,500.50 weare en bätje too lot fe Karl Otto enjetroffe. **mm**

Urgroßmutter und Löwenzahn

Ach, nun entgleitet alles ihren Händen,
was sie einst warm umfing, hält sie nicht mehr.
Mit einem Seufzer will ihr Leben enden,
das einstmals rauschte, brauste wie ein Meer.

Sie sitzt nun still in diesen Frühlingsstunden,
ermüdet von des Schicksals Auf und Ab;
in ihrem Herzen sucht sie abzurunden,
was ihr das Dassein hart und kantig gab.

Allein muß Urgroßmutter nun vollenden
die wechselvolle, lange Lebensbahn . . .
Nur dich noch hält sie in den alten Händen,
du junger, sonnengoldner Löwenzahn.

von Hedi Knoop



Questions I asked my mother Di Brandt

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Mit dem Bus kreuz und quer durch den Balkan

von Victor Peters

Zweiter Teil: Konstantinopel, Bulgarien, Rumanien

Konstantinopel

Die Stadt am Goldenen Horn-Bindestrich zwischen Europa und Asien! Von meinem „Hotel Etap Istanbul“ Zimmer aus beobachte ich den Massenverkehr über die Atatürk und Galata Brücken. Wie groß die Einwohnerschaft der Stadt ist — 6 Millionen, 8 Millionen — niemand weiß es, nur die Tatsache ist, daß täglich tausende hinzuziehen, um ihr Heil, oder wenigstens Arbeit zu suchen.

Ein Spaziergang entlang dem Hippodrom führt mich von der Hagia Sophia („Heilige Weisheit“), heute ein Museum, bis zur Blauen Moschee, die einzige in der Welt, die sechs Minarette hat, weil es des Sultans Moschee war. Von hier aus rufen die Muezzins jeden Tag fünfmal zum Gebet. Heute benutzt man gewöhnlich Kassetten und Lautsprecher. Die Muezzins wollen auch nicht mehr die vielen Treppen steigen!

Mit dem Schiff vom Marmara Meer aus mache ich eine Reise entlang dem Bosphorus, bis ans Schwarze Meer. Ich hatte keine Ahnung, daß der Bosphorus so lang und das Marmara Meer so groß sind. Nördlich von Konstantinopel fahren wir bei den massiven Befestigungen vorbei, die die Türken vor Jahrhunderten errichteten, um von hier aus den Angriff auf die Stadt zu unternehmen. Ich denke aber nicht an die Metzelei, die von hier aus um 1453 stattfand und die Konstantinopel in türkische Hände fallen ließ. Hier in der Nähe, denke ich, muß das mennonitische Flüchtlingslager gewesen sein. Das amerikanische Hilfswerk, später bekannt als MCC, gründete dieses Auffangslager für Mennoniten, die nach der Revolution aus Rußland flüchteten. Es war wohl das erste MCC Lager überhaupt.

Als der Rest der Weißen Armee unter

General Wrangel von der Krim aus evakuiert wurde, steuerte ihre Flotilla, es waren 126 Schiffe, Konstantinopel zu. Unter den Weißarmisten, die den Hafen sicher erreicht hatten, war auch die „Gruppe von 62“. Es waren mennonitische junge Männer, die in der Weißen Armee gedient hatten. Diese wie auch etwa 100 weitere mennonitische Flüchtlinge wurden vom amerikanischen Hilfswerk betreut. Später gingen die meisten der „62“ nach den Vereinigten Staaten. Ob noch einige davon am Leben sind, weiß ich nicht.

Das MCC Hilfswerk in Konstantinopel bestand von 1920 bis 1922. Von hier aus reisten Orie Miller, Slagel und Kratz nach dem russischen Bürgerkrieg zu den mennonitischen Siedlungen in Rußland und begannen ihre so achtungswerte Hilfeleistung. Kratz verschwand spurlos in Rußland. Man nimmt an, daß er (fälschlich) von den Roten als Spion betrachtet und erschossen wurde.

Ich besuche auch den prunkvollen Topkapi Palast. Das türkische Wort für Palast ist „Sarai“. Die Mennoniten in Rußland benutzten dasselbe Wort zur Beschreibung einer alten Scheune. Während der Sultan seinen Harem in dem Sarai hielt, hielten Mennoniten oft ihre Kühe in ihren Sarais!

Das heutige Museum im Palast enthält viele wertvolle historische Sachen, aber auch viel Nichtigkeiten. In einem Glaskasten liegt nicht nur ein geschriebener Brief von dem Propheten Mohammed, sondern auch einer seiner Zähne und ein Haar von seinem Bart. Dann macht mir jemand auf den 86 karatigen Diamanten aufmerksam, der einer der größten in der Welt sein soll. Mich interessiert der Diamant aber weniger als ein Kasak-Kirgise der



Khazak aus Alma Ata im Topkapi.

daneben steht, behangen mit sowjetischen Auszeichnungen.

Ich gehe auf ihn zu und erkundige mich, woher er kommt. Seine Antwort ist: „Aus Alma Ata.“ Er sei, erzählt er mir, mit einer Gruppe Sowjetbürger aus Mittelasien mit Aeroflot nach Damaskus gereist, und sie hätten auch Erlaubnis

erhalten einen Abstecher nach Istanbul zu machen, ehe sie zurück nach Moskau fliegen. Ich will dem Kasaken erklären, daß ich Verwandte bei Alma Ata habe, da ich aber das russische Wort für „Verwandte“ nicht weiß, sage ich zu ihm, daß ich eine „Sestra“ (Schwester) da habe. Nach einem freundschaftlichem Gespräch verabschieden wir uns mit Händedruck und wollen gehen, doch da hatten wir nicht mit unseren „Gefolgschaften“ gerechnet.

Die Amerikaner wittern in dem in kasakstanischer Kleidung ausgestatteten Mann mit der grossen Pelzmütze (das Wetter war sonnig und heiter) einen sowjetischen General, vielleicht sogar einen Berater Gorbatschows, und sind mir auf die Socken mit allerlei Fragen. Der „General“ und ich hätten uns doch wenigstens 10 Minuten unterhalten, was hat er gesagt? So fragt man mich. Die sowjetische Gruppe sieht, wie ich von Amerikanern umgeben werde, und sie sind ihrerseits neugierig und wollen vom „General“ wissen, wer ich sei. Da ich zu einigen Touristen auch deutsch gesprochen hatte, vermutete ein Sowjetgast ich sei wohl der Verbindungsmann zwischen den Amerikanern und Deutschen. Noch schlimmer wird es, als unsere zwei mexikanische Japaner herbeitreten. Eine sowjetische Bürgerin meint, es sind Chinesen und fragt mich, ob die „Kitaize“ auch zu unserer Gruppe gehören. Ich hole meinen kanadischen Pass hervor und versuche die Sachlage zu klären.

Bulgarien

Wir brauchten einen ganzen Tag von Istanbul (Konstantinopel) bis Plovdiv in Bulgarien zu gelangen. Obwohl die Stadt Plovdiv fast die Grösse Winnipegs hat, sagte mir der Name nichts, bis jemand mich darauf aufmerksam machte, daß sie „Philippi“ hieß. Sie wurde schon 341 vor Christi Geburt von Philipp II. von Macedonien gegründet. Auch diese Stadt wurde von Apostel Paulus besucht, und er

gibt den Philippern von damals ein gutes Zeugnis: „Ihr aber von Philippi wisset, daß von Anfang des Evangeliums, da ich auszog aus Macedonien, keine Gemeinde mit mir geteilt hat nach der Rechnung der Ausgabe und Einnahme als ihr allein.“ (Phil. 4:15).

Paulus erwähnt, daß die Philipper auch anderen geholfen haben, wie etwa den notleidenden Thessalonichern. Jetzt mußten die neuen „Philipper“ mich bedienen, natürlich diesmal für Geld und gar nicht billig. Die bulgarische Währung, die Lewa, die wie in allen kommunistischen Ländern nur von Regierungsstellen eingetauscht werden darf, hat einen höhern Wert als der amerikanische Dollar. Dabei sind die Lewa Geldscheine äusserst klein.

Die Post in allen osteuropäischen Ländern läuft noch langsamer wie bei uns. Wie Paulus damals seine weitläufige Korrespondenz befördert hat, bleibt mir ein Rätsel.

Am nächsten Tag sind wir schon in Sofia, der Hauptstadt von „Narodna Republika Bulgarija“. Unser Hotel befindet sich an der Georgi Dimitrow Strasse. Es ist derselbe Dimitrow, der beschuldigt wurde, sich am Reichstagsbrand beteiligt zu haben. Nach dem Kriege wurde er Regierungschef in Sofia. Nach seinem Tode errichtete man für ihn ein Mausoleum nach dem Muster Lenins am Roten Platz. Da ich Lenin in Moskau und Mao in Peking unter dem gläsernen Sargdeckel gesehen hatte, ließ ich Dimitrow unbesichtigt.

Das Hotel in Sofia hätte sich aber auch in irgend einer europäischen oder auch amerikanischen Großstadt sehen lassen können. „Den Gästen stehen zur Verfügung,“ hieß es in der Hotelbroschüre, „600 Zimmer, 7 Appartements, 1 Präsidenschaftsappartement, ein Restaurant, ein Grillrestaurant, der Klub ‚Havanna‘, zwei Hotelbars, eine Konferenzetage mit Saal ‚Sredez‘ (506 Plätze) und Saal ‚Schipka‘ (208 Plätze), Konferenzräume mit 11 bis 60 Plätzen, Anlagen für Simultanübersetzung in 6 Sprachen und Vielfältigungstechnik, Geschäfte für Souvenirs und Blumen, Damen- und Herrenfrisiersalon, automatische Gepäckwagen, Kellergarage und Parkplatz.“ Ja, mit 506 Plätzen ist das Hotel doch zu klein für eine mennonitische Konferenz!

Beeindruckt war ich von den Strassen in Bulgarien, und auch vom regen Autoverkehr. Die Raststätten entlang der Autobahn sind geräumig, und das Essen ist gut. Man sagt mir, daß alles so gut in Ordnung ist, weil es viele türkische Gastarbeiter aus Deutschland Bulgarien als Durchgangsstrasse benutzen und dabei auch ihre Einkäufe machen. Zudem

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treffen wir an den Raststätten deutsche und österreichische Autobusse, vollgeladen mit Passagieren, die entweder nach Griechenland oder in die Türkei reisen. Reiseziel dürften die Strände am Ägäischen Meer oder am türkischen Mittelmeer sein, und nebenbei geht man noch zum Basar in Konstantinopel. Es soll der größte Basar der Welt sein, und nachdem ich da einen halben Tag herumgelaufen war will ich es glauben.

In Bulgarien fahren wir durch das „Rosenal“, welches 70% des Rosenöls der Welt produziert. Dieses wird für die Herstellung von Parfüm gebraucht. Wir werden informiert, daß die Rosenpflücker schon vor Sonnenaufgang mit ihren Körben kommen, denn die Blüten müssen in kurzer Zeit gepflückt werden, sonst verflüchtigt sich ihr Duft. Aus 2000 Blüten gewinnt man kaum ein Gramm Rosenöl. Ein Kilo dieses Produkts ist ein Kilo Gold wert. Bulgarien verkauft dieses Rosenöl an solche Länder, die weltklassige Parfüme herstellen, besonders Frankreich.

Rumänien

Wie der Bus so auf Bukarest zusteuert — die Wege sind hier schlechter als in Bulgarien — nehme ich in Gedanken Inventar, was ich über Rumänien weiß. In Rumänien hatten meine Hutterer zuletzt gewohnt, bevor sie nach Rußland zogen. Ihre Chronik berichtet von den furchtbaren Zerstörungen und den Gemetzeln während der endlosen Türkenkriege. Hier war auch vor über hundert Jahren einer der ersten Gründer der Brüdergemeinde in Rußland, Johann Wieler aus Einlage, durch einen Unfall zu Tode gekommen. Er stürzte von einer Leiter. Sein Sohn wie auch sein Enkel, beide hießen ebenfalls Johann Wieler, gehörten zu den Gründern der Ersten (Schoenwieser) Mennonitengemeinde in Winnipeg. In diesem Lande, in Siebenbürgen, befinden sich deutsche Einwanderer schon seit dem 13. Jahrhundert. Rumänien ist auch die Heimat von Vlad des Pfählers („Vlad the Impaler“), bekannt als Dracula von Transylvanien („Dracula“ = der Teufel).

Rumänien sei das am schlechtesten regierte Land im kommunistischen Block, so steht es in den Zeitungen. Nachdem ich erst eine Woche in diesem von Naturschätzen so reichem Land war, glaube ich es. Der Staats- und Parteichef Ceausescu ist arrogant und eitel. Schlagwörter, wie sie in den Oststaaten üblich sind, erreichen hier ihren Höhepunkt. Ein Beispiel: „Genosse Ceausescu, Held unseres Volkes, du sollst uns ewig führen!“ Zum Regieren benutzt Ceausescu auch seinen Familienclan, besonders seine Frau Elena und Sohn

Nicu, der den Ruf eines Playboys hat. Zweimal wurde ich von Rumänen gefragt, was man im Auslande von Nicu dachte. Man vermutet er soll seines Vaters Nachfolger werden. Ich hatte nicht den Mut zu sagen, daß das Ausland sich nicht so sehr mit Rumänien befaßt.

Als wir in Rumänien waren, erlebten wir eine Mangelkrise — es fehlte an Oel. In dem größten Kaufhaus des Landes „Magazin Universal“ in Bukarest gab es keine Heizung. Es war Ende Oktober und kalt, und die Verkäuferinnen hinter den Ladentischen hatten ihre Wintermäntel an. In Cluj (Klausenburg), wo wir eines Abends ankamen, bekamen wir nur kaltes Essen. Selbst der Kaffee war kalt. Das Brennöl war ihnen Ende des Monats ausgegangen. Ich nehme an, daß auch die meisten Autos keine Wärmeanlage haben. Auf den Fernstrassenkreuzungen standen öfter zwei oder drei Polizeiwagen während die Polizisten um einen brennenden Autoreifen standen, um sich zu wärmen.

Auf dem Weg nach Brasow fuhren wir bei Ploesti vorbei und sahen die vielen Oelpumpen. Ob das Oel nicht ausreicht für die Wirtschaft des Landes oder ob es für Devisen ausgeführt wird, weiß ich nicht. Brasow hieß früher Konstadt. Sie wurde vor fast 800 Jahren von deutschen



Orthodoxe Kirchengängerin in Bukarest.

Siedlern gegründet und das Wahrzeichen der Stadt ist die „Schwarze Kirche“, ein lutherisches Gotteshaus, in dem auch heute noch auf deutsch gepredigt wird. „Ein grosses Problem für uns,“ erklärt mir ein Kirchendiener, „ist die Abwanderung nach Deutschland.“ Eine Woche später, nachdem wir Brasow verlassen hatten, berichteten die Zeitungen von einer Arbeiterrevolte in dieser Stadt, wobei es auch Tote gegeben haben soll.

Hoch in den Bergen der transylvanischen Alpen liegt die Burg des grausamen Vlad (Dracula). Im Dorf Bran macht unser Bus halt und wir gehen zu Fuß den langen steilen Weg zum Burgingang. Vlad hauste in dieser Festung und terrorisierte das Land von 1456 bis 1476. Er soll eine Vorliebe gehabt haben Menschen zu quälen, besonders sie aufspießen zu lassen. Bei einer Gelegenheit soll er auf angespitzten Pfählen 20.000 Menschen, Christen und Türken, aufgespießt haben. Vlad selber saß dabei an einem Tisch und verspeiste seine Mahlzeit, während vor seinen Augen Menschen jammerten, stöhnten und starben.

Die Burg wurde Jahrhunderte später Sommersitz der Königsfamilie des Landes, der Hohenzollern, Verwandte des deutschen Herscherhauses.

Der Grenzübergang von Rumänien nach Ungarn verlief nicht ohne Schwierigkeiten. Die beiden Länder haben ein Abkommen, daß die Abfertigung von Beamten beider Länder gleichzeitig erfolgt. Wir kommen an der Grenze an. Nach fünfzehn Minuten kommt ein Rumäne in schneidiger Uniform und fragt unseren Busfahrer, ob er den ungarischen Kollegen schon gesehen habe. Der gibt eine verneinende Antwort. Darauf verläßt uns der rumänische Beamte und geht zum Kontrollpunkt. Nach fünfzehn Minuten erscheint der ungarische Beamte, ebenfalls in schneidiger Uniform und erkundigt sich, ob der rumänische Kollege schon da gewesen sei. Der Busfahrer bejaht die Frage, und sagt, der Beamte sei gegangen, ihn (den ungarischen Beamten) zu suchen. Nachdem der Ungar weg ist, kommt der Rumäne wieder. Dieses Spiel wiederholt sich drei- oder viermal. Ob es Nachlässigkeit ist oder auf Anweisung geschieht, man weiß es nicht. Jedenfalls sind die Beamten freundlich und zuvorkommend. Die Umgangssprache mit unserem Busfahrer ist deutsch. Endlich nach zwei Stunden ist es so weit, man läßt uns fahren und unser Bus rollt weiter Budapest zu, während der Kassettenspieler vorne im Bus den Schluß von Enescos Rumänische Rhapsodie spielt.

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OUR WORD

Searching for an honest Mother's Day card

We are the "sandwich generation," caught between the responsibility of caring for our aging parents and our children. On Easter Saturday this year, when you left us, Mother, the upper crust of the sandwich flew away, leaving us open-faced, exposed, bereft.

Finding an appropriate Mother's Day card for you was always a challenge. You weren't the sweet, gentle, affectionate person idolized and idealized by Hallmark. At the funeral service your much beloved only son, the youngest in the family because you kept on trying until you got a boy, reminded us of your origins. You grew up in the mountains of North Wales, where life is hard, where people wrestle with the land to make a living, raising sheep where nothing else will grow. Stone walls to keep the sheep in ring these mountains — walls built by hand, of stone pulled from the ground, rough but strong. And this is the metaphor for your life.

I didn't always appreciate you. We were antagonists from the beginning, I think. I was the rebellious one and you, with your strong sense of order, made it a mission to bring me into line. And so we fought. Your standards were high. You considered the house "a mess" if one newspaper lay on the coffee table in the living room. I resented this. Your children were expected to excel in school, always be neat and orderly, have perfect manners. When I was eleven years old, perhaps sensing that you were fighting a losing battle with me, you sent me to boarding school. Let others succeed where you had failed! Though we fought at home, I considered this an exile and was deeply wounded.

It is hard, perhaps impossible, for children to view their parents objectively. You fought childhood diseases of diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles, which left you with impaired hearing and vocal chords, and inevitably a sense of social isolation. With a young family of four children you were stricken with rheumatoid arthritis and, unable to walk, were hospitalized for over three months. We children were farmed out to helpful neighbors as Father had a new job in a distant city. My host family offered to adopt me as it was "obvious that you would be a cripple." You came home from hospital, still unable to walk and all four children came down with a severe case of measles. You crawled up and down the stairs on your hands and knees, taking care of us. I still remember the celebration when you managed to walk the short distance to the end of the street. I didn't appreciate that strength and determination then.

When Father made the momentous decision to move us all to Canada, you weren't too happy. Again, I didn't readily understand the stress that this entailed for you, living in a new land where you knew no one, your adjustment made more difficult because of your lack of hearing. Then, just as we were all adjusting to Canada, learning to love the country, you returned to England with Father. A promotion, yes, but it meant leaving all your children, and some small grandchildren, here in Canada. When Father died so suddenly, so young still, you were faced with the decision of where to spend the rest of your life. You chose Canada, the home of your children. Since you had lived in Winnipeg, you chose to return here, where I lived.

You brought your British standards back to Canada with you. You always were convinced that the British were superior, and for many years failed to appreciate my Canadian Mennonite husband. "Sometimes I think," you told me, "that you lost all your standards when you married." I think I told you not to interfere in my life and that, if you didn't accept my lifestyle, you could stay away from us. Ironically it was this son-in-law on whom you came to depend, and with whom you developed a strong and close bond of affection. In a heated argument about a Shakespearean play with Jack Thiessen, your neighbor, you finally played the trump card: "Of course, you aren't British are you; how could you really understand Shakespeare?"

For twenty-two years we lived together in the same city. While you never expressed affection in tangible, physical ways, not even verbally, you showed us your love in other ways. Each spring you loaded up the back seat of your little green Toyota with bedding plants, came over to our house and made our garden look respectable. You looked after our children so that we could take vacations; you helped us out financially at times. And you sat for hours on end knitting sweaters for everyone in the family. One reads in the "homemaker" section of the newspaper that all items that have not been worn for one year should be discarded during spring cleaning. I know that I will never be able to discard any of the sweaters that you made for me.

The last years of your life were not easy. Never having lived a particularly independent life, you had to adjust to widowhood and living alone at a relatively young age. You survived a near-fatal blood disease, the excruciating pain of diverticulosis, and finally, most cruel of all, you who were so proud of your good mind, were afflicted with Alzheimer's disease. It was agony for you, for us. We all did what we could to help you to live in the community, but eventually had to make the painful decision to find a nursing home for you. You hated being there and we wished that there were other alternatives. You fell and broke your hip, and barely survived the hip replacement surgery. Following the surgery you could not walk, and so we purchased a wheelchair. You refused to sit in it, fighting the restraining bands they tried to use to keep you there. You succeeded in walking again, and never used that wheelchair.

Now you have peace after all those struggles you have endured. For me, a symbol of your indomitable spirit is the unused wheelchair, sitting in my basement, to be delivered to MCC. And the sweaters hanging in my closet. My most vivid picture of you is that of a small, frail lady, standing at the door of your room, your face breaking into a delighted smile as I stepped out of the elevator.

Mothers are not perfect. They are people. Sometimes it takes a lifetime to accept that. There has to be so much mutual forgiveness in family living. We always hope that our children will be able to forgive us. The love that developed, Mother, between you and me, was like those stone walls in North Wales: not easily made, not polished, but tough and enduring.

As your son said at your funeral, "She might have loved us differently, but she couldn't have loved us more."

— Ruth Vogt

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