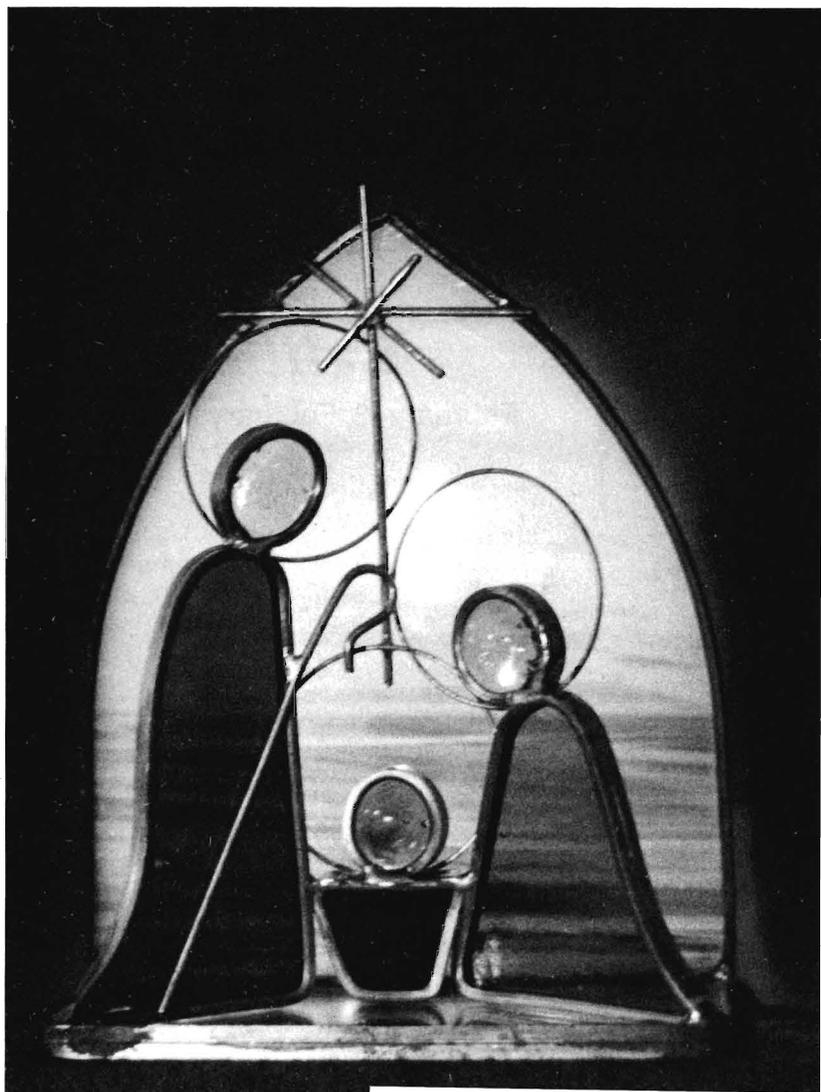


Mennonite MIRROR

volume 18 / number 4 / december, 1988



While all things were in quiet
silence, and night was in the
midst of her swift course, thine
Almighty Word, O Lord, leaped
down out of thy royal throne,
alleluia. *Christmas Vespers, Western Rite*

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Mennonite MIRROR

volume 18 / number 4
december, 1988

ForeWord

The poetry of Sarah Klassen has appeared quite frequently in the pages of not only of this magazine but also of others. This edition opens with a prose piece by Dora Dueck giving us an insight into her remarkable creativity. An English teacher in a Winnipeg high school, she believes poetry should have meaning, be accessible, and be a challenge. Some examples of her work, along with a review of her most recent book of poems is also part of this issue.

Most of us take music for granted. Some is enjoyed in concert, or in a car; some tries to soothe us in elevators and other public spaces; some is even an assault on our ears; and some is also used to persuade us to buy or to vote. With this variety, it is hardly surprising that music has a place in healing. Chas Dyck is a music therapist, that is he uses music as a way of probing and healing the minds of those with mental disorders. He has found it a challenge that can lead to unique rewards. Our second article by Dana Mohr describes his professional process.

In this month's Observed, Roy Vogt recalls the words of the prophets, only to find that he attributed the words to the wrong one. In our other column, Tim Wiebe compares seasonal rhythms in Manitoba and Ontario.

Tim Wiebe also writes a thoughtful essay on television evangelism. The methods, their successes, and personal excesses have fuelled countless discussions. But Wiebe observes that the onus is as much on us to keep them honest as it is on the evangelists themselves.

The Poet's Word, along with items in German, and Our Word, focus on Christmas — a time when we reflect on the meaning of the season and remind ourselves of the Christ who came to provide us with the way of salvation.

Many people have tried in various ways to live by biblical principles, in particular in accordance with Christ's example. These have included efforts to establish uniquely Christian communities. The Grain of Wheat community in Winnipeg is one example that was established in 1981, and which now embraces a varied group of Christians committed to each other and to the worship of God. Paul Redekop describes this community in a long article this edition.

It takes a lot of effort to avoid the commercial pressures to spend, especially when offered the twin enticements of a low price and quality. To pay more for what may be equal quality is an act of defiance. Tim Wiebe explains that the latter may be a more "just" way of buying. This edition closes with our German and Low German section, the Manitoba News, and finally with our Christmas Our Word meditation. .mmm

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Sarah Klassen

BEGINNING SOMETHING VITAL: POET SARAH KLASSEN

by Dora Dueck

Many of us, upon hearing the designation "poet," may vaguely recall the bards we studied in high school and imagine an anemic or even tubercular person, of somewhat tortured mind, who lives through a variety of tragic circumstances, only to die young.

Our impressions of contemporary poets may not be any more reassuring. They are flamboyant, we may think, or rebellious (and, if Mennonite, they've left the church) and their writing is obscure: surely they agonize too much!

These are stereotypes — terrible generalizations, really — but even if we know it, something of them lingers, for when we meet Sarah Klassen and discover she is a poet, and a good one too, we may find ourselves somewhat surprised. She doesn't seem to fit.

Sarah is an attractive but unassuming woman in her middle years. She's of calm and settled temperament. She's a teacher of English at River East Collegiate. She

walks to and from work every day. She's involved in her church. She likes to travel, read, cross-country ski, cycle, knit. In sum, Sarah leads an interesting and active, but by her own definition, rather ordinary life.

Over the past few years Sarah has also become a poet. Her poetry has been published in numerous magazines, and her first book of poems, *Journey to Yalta*, has recently been released by Manitoba's prestigious Turnstone Press.

So, in learning to know Sarah, we can revise our opinion of what poets are and do. Still, if we're surprised, it doesn't matter. Sarah says she is, too.

As a child, growing up in a small Mennonite family, she did not write stories or poems. "We weren't asked to do much creative writing when I went to school," she says. "I can't think of one poem I wrote as a child, or even in high school, or the years that followed."

The only early hints of the writer-to-

be were a fascination with words and an "addiction" to books. (This habit was a problem because she was dependent on a limited school library and friends who, unlike her, lived in houses with books.)

Sarah chose teaching as a career. She enjoyed teaching and didn't consider doing anything else.

In the early 1980's, however, through her teaching of English, Sarah became more aware of the process of writing. It struck her as ironic that she was instructing students to write but not trying it herself.

At the same time she became restless with teaching — a profession which can become very consuming of both time and creativity, she says — and started "looking around for something else." On a year off school she attended the first of several writing workshops. She found that "something else."

"Writing is a reflective activity," Sarah says. "teachers must be doers. I had a

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need to reflect.”

She decided on poetry as her main form of expression partly because the length and nature of it suits a teacher's schedule. It is something she can do in snatches.

Much of Sarah's poetry arises out of her own experiences. She writes, of course, about teaching, about students. Another subject that interests her keenly is history, because it's "all story." The title poem of her book, and a group of poems within it, concern a tour she took to Russia and Sarah's probing of her Mennonite past. (This spring she co-authored a major readers' drama, *Keeping Faith*, for the Mennonite Brethren centennial celebration in Manitoba.)

Exotic countries like China, which she has visited twice, spawn poems, but so do familiar Manitoba places — "angels with furred wings" at Portage Place, skiing at Birds Hill, and Oak Hammock Marsh at the moment when

*the sun
slashes through lead clouds,
The earth's cold skin catches fire.*

She reflects on matters of faith. Her response to messages on the prophets in the River East MB Church was a series of poems on those Old Testament characters.

Books are also an important source of poetry for Sarah. She concurs with Flannery O'Connor's comment that writers are most often "set going not so much by life as by something they've read."

Sarah has not been content to be published only in religious or Mennonite magazines, striving instead to test her art in the literary press. Her poetry has appeared in magazines such as *Poetry Canada Review*, *Border Crossings*, *Contemporary Verse 2*, and *The Fiddlehead*.

On being Mennonite, she comments, "I don't have the love-hate relationship with the Mennonites that some other writers do; I've been as much aware of the strengths of community as of its narrowness. I've enjoyed a lot of encouragement from my church as well as individuals."

Long-time friend Esther Wiens, professor at Mennonite Brethren Bible College, who describes Sarah as "a happy person — for she has great inner strength and the capacity to enjoy life," says that it is "tremendously exciting" to see Sarah's development as a poet. "It's an example of beginning something new in mid-life that's really vital. It's more than a hobby."

Accepting the label "poet" for oneself is not necessarily easy, nor does it come immediately. It involves both risk and responsibility. But Sarah says she is beginning to see herself as a writer. It becomes, she says, "a way of life." She

works seriously at her craft, reading avidly, and revising or writing almost daily.

Sarah admits she is hesitant to reveal too much about herself. But her poetry speaks for her. It is steady, precise, intelligent, generous rather than strident. It appears almost dispassionate. Yet there is a kind of gathering power in the lines, the revelation of a keen and delighted eye, a simplicity that disarms and then forces the reader to see anew, and to think.

What should poetry be? Her answer is that it must have meaning, be accessible to readers, and it must also challenge.

"Sometimes a poem leaps into being," she says. "Other times it presents more of a problem. You don't always know where it's going to end."

Sarah won't speculate on her future, either, saying only that she'll continue to write. Perhaps, she suggests cautiously, there will be a second volume of poems. When that happens, we won't be at all surprised. **mm**

Afterthought

There was no room
for infants on my agenda.
Children were not even on my mind
which was crammed with plans
for temple renovations
and blueprints for arenas
and fear.

My legions had enough to do
subduing stubborn Jews.
Nothing should interfere
with royal schedules, least of all

alien astrologers, loaded with gold
spices and a taste for travel.
I should have sent them packing,
not listened to their dreams
and star-talk. I caught something

of their vision. A strong sweep
of bright twigs. Hosannas
meant for an unknown king.
I caught the reek of rank flesh
and shuddered
as I felt the kingdom reel.

The throne, I thought, is no place
for the weak. No room in palaces
for indecision. Orders
come easily with experience, and so
the innocents
dark-eyed, laughing
were slaughtered. All

except for one boy
biding his time in the shadows
of pyramids, playing in reeds
beside the river
watching wheat ripen.

No king is perfect
I tell myself. It's not much
consolation.

— Sarah Klassen

REVIEW

Reviewed by Victor Doerksen

Journey to Yalta, a book of poems by Sarah Klassen

Another remarkable book of poems by a Winnipeg Mennonite author is being published by Turnstone Press this fall, a collection in three parts by Sarah Klassen, whose work has appeared in several Mennonite and other publications and who has already gained a reputation as a poet who uses language with great sensitivity and economy. Readers of the *MB Herald* will know her more specifically religious poems, which is not to say that this collection is not religious, but only that the religious sense here is universal and characterized more by Mennonite history than by doctrine:

ORIGINS

Hard to say
how we got talking
on the bus from Sebastopol
past shivering wheatfields
cradled like white lakes
in the folds of Crimean hills
about Felix Manz.

Was it the history professor
or the pastor from Altona
started us rehearsing
who we are. Mennonites

having come a long way
like to return
in herds like lemmings
to places of death.

Frozen forests declared out of bounds
we surround the old oak tree we owned
once. We stretched warm limbs
along its rough-ridged branches, its roots
loved the same rivers we loved. We believed
it would always be summer

always Sunday. On Chortiza Island
we fall to our knees
searching reluctant undergrowth
for evidence of our having been here.
Our fingers trace names
once chiseled deep
in weathered stone.

Hildebrand Friesen Regier

Rare for us to travel
the whole bloody way
back to the cold Limmat River.
Felix Manz in the small boat
bound hand and foot, his heart breaking
free
to watch sunlight dancing
on radiant peaks of ice-topped mountains.
It's where we were born.

In its first section, *Journey to Yalta*, the poet merges the experience of a trip to Russia with the earlier Mennonite life in the Crimea. Present sanatoriums remind her of past (and present) suffering; battleships at Sebastopol, pollution in the Black Sea, the "malignant toxins of Chernobyl," are contrasted with past and present pleasures. Klassen's language in this series of poems is

almost conversational, but always carefully chosen and balanced:

Married life

Great-grandfather was seven years
between wives. A wise God-fearing man they say
who walked upright beside the plow
leaving a straight furrow. Winters he milled wheat
waited uncomplaining for rains in spring
for his sons to sow wild oats
before taking women to wed.
His oldest daughter died in childbirth.

Great-grandfather's hair and beard turned white
with flour dust and age, his face weathered
from winds moaning across the steppes.
In the slow ripening of years

he may have grown lonely like Adam
although he walked with God. He may have remembered
Isaac gnashing his teeth in anger
when the lovely morning sun flooded the tent.

In the fulness of time God stepped in.
Her name was Maria just like the first.
She was young and strong and didn't mind his hair
whiter than her father's.

She walked quietly beside him, bore him
eight more sons. Millers and strong farmers
they surround the old man
sitting in honour beside her coffin.

Although Sarah Klassen is very much her own poet with a voice of her own, one is reminded of the poignant poems of Audrey Poetker for her dead relatives in "November, 1987 (for Cathy and Christa)," especially in the reversion to German *Begraebnislieder*.

A second section, entitled *Minor Oracles*, deals with a whole catalogue of Old Testament figures from Abraham to Herod and features the minor prophets. A fine example is her "Zephania:"

Zephania

I can't believe the preacher
would choose this sun-bright perfect June
day for a sermon on judgment. Geraniums
strut scarlet along white fences, emerald leaves
glitter with dew. Under blue skies
our polished cars gleam in the street.

We are at peace. We exchange bright words
between prayers, approve the organ prelude
the yellow roses. I browse through
the morning bulletin. Only three chapters
in the prophet Zephania. Skimming images
of closed fists and fire
blood poured out like dust
loud wails from the fishgate, I grope
in growing panic for words
of mercy. There must be grace here
somewhere, before twelve o'clock.
Before the last anthem signals time
for the benediction.

The last part of the collection is titled "Neighborhood Watch," a selection of what might be called occasional poems, ranging from

the moving "Missing (for Candace)," written from the midst of the search for Candace Derksen, to the casual humor of the disposal of fall leaves in "Temptation." Everywhere Klassen writes with a careful ease, more relaxed than in some earlier work but never verbose.

This is a beautiful collection of enjoyable, mature writing, poetry that will not shock, but will stimulate reflection and imagination.

This book is available at Mennonite Books.mm



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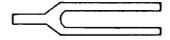
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Music is one way to bring healing

by Dana Mohr

Chas Dyck

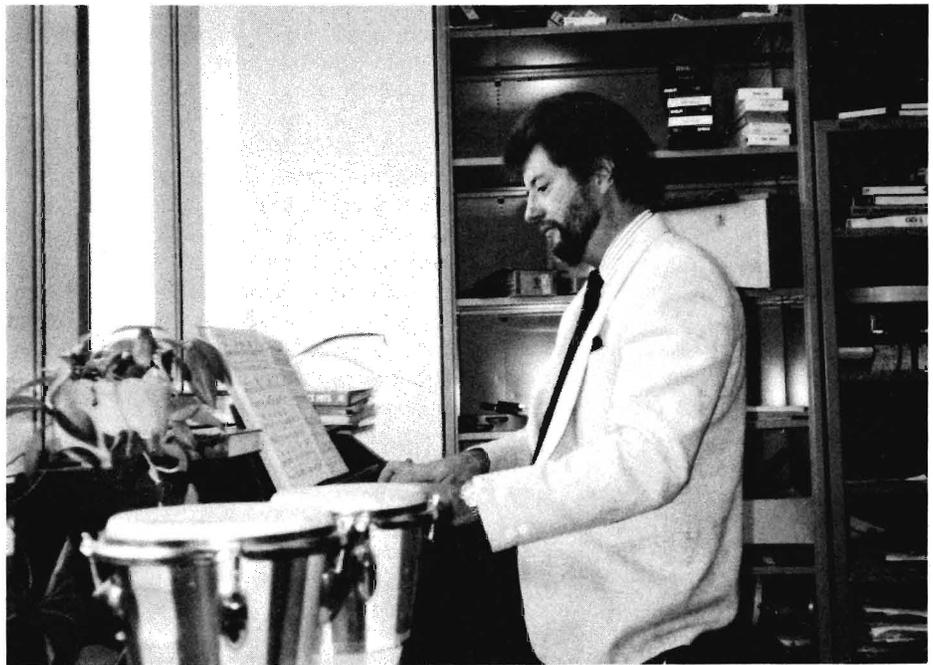
Picture the scenario: You are confronted with a stranger who is completely non-communicative; a man who according to all reports has been unwilling to speak for many months, and who is clearly not happy about being brought to see you. Add to that the fact that you have had no access to this man's history, and therefore absolutely no idea as to why he refuses to talk. What would you do?

If you were Chas Dyck you might sit down at a piano and play a familiar tune, or you may sing a few verses of an old favorite song. Better yet, you may hand the fellow a tambourine and encourage him to play along. Chas Dyck is a music therapist at Deer Lodge Centre and for him the scene just described is a familiar one. Every day, armed with the powers of music, Dyck attempts to solve the mysteries of the human mind.

"I'm playing detective a lot of times," agrees Dyck. But playing detective is only a small part of a music therapist's work. Once a patient's problem has been uncovered, Dyck then works in conjunction with a team of medical health professionals to resolve it. Music therapy is a relatively new discipline, but it is rapidly becoming recognized as an effective means of working with many different patients, the blind, the disabled, the emotionally disturbed, exhibiting disorders of various kinds.

The Canadian Association for Music Therapy, established in 1974, defines it as: "The skillful use of music as a therapeutic tool to restore, maintain and improve a client's mental, physical and emotional health. The nonverbal, creative and affective nature of music facilitates contact, self-expression, communication and growth."

Dyck has been working at the Deer Lodge Centre since 1984, and is one of only three qualified music therapists cur-



rently in our province. After working in the business world and teaching music for a short time, Dyck decided he wanted to put his musical talents to a more meaningful use. He investigated music therapy and was convinced that it was the career he'd been seeking. He returned to school after an absence of several years, and he worked towards his degree, a Master of Creative Arts and Therapy from Hahnemann University in Philadelphia. This school, Dyck believes, is one of the best of its kind. "It's a very psychotherapy oriented program. It's a medical university and this program was part of the mental health sciences component." To prepare himself for the master's program, Dyck spent one year in Washington working on a pre-masters degree in music. Several

years earlier he had obtained a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Manitoba.

Upon graduation in 1984 and his subsequent return to Winnipeg, Dyck was unsure whether he would indeed be employable in our province. Music therapy was still a very new idea, relatively unheard of in Manitoba. "I sent a resume and a letter to every conceivable place that might have use for a therapist." Much to his delight, Deer Lodge Centre recognized Dyck's potential and hired him. Dyck admits, however, it was tough going at first — he had to prove not only to himself, but to his co-workers that music therapy could in fact achieve positive mental health results.

Dyck persevered and skeptics were

soon won over. "I had some pretty bad cases, but with some of them I had quite good success," he recalls. "When people noticed the changes, those were my best tools in terms of creating a positive reaction to my discipline."

Because of his work environment Dyck deals exclusively with an elderly population. But he is quick to point out that, "being geriatric is not a disorder. It is an age group. That's all it is." There are, however, certain conditions which are more specific to this population than others — stroke, disabling diseases, memory loss — which can result in a patient's inability to cope.

Each situation is unique; each requires a different technique. Dyck's approach, "depends on the patient and the nature of the disorder. If they are very agitated and overstimulated I'll use listening and relaxation techniques because any over-involvement will just add to their excitement. If they are understimulated or depressed, you want to give them something physical to latch on to, to make contact with reality. If you get people to be involved in actual music making it can be a really good way to help people uncover issues they are sensitive about, because it is such a non-threatening activity.

Dyck often deals with patients who for various reasons are out of touch with reality. He relates the story of a woman with severe physical limitations caused by a negative reaction to a prescription drug. The woman violently denied her situation and created a far-fetched, elaborate story to explain her disability, all the while convincing herself that in a year she would be cured. So sure she would recuperate in 12 months time, she refused all physical therapy. It was at this point Dyck's aid was enlisted.

For several months, therapy consisted of music sessions designed to encourage the lady to talk about the songs, about memories, and about pre-trauma events. Dyck says, "eventually she refused to come because she had an unconscious awareness that we were getting close to the root of the problem." Not one to give up easily, for the next three months Dyck continued to visit the woman in her room, and he played music to her for 15 minutes at a time. "Just so she'd be aware of my presence and know I hadn't given up on her." On it went until quite unexpectedly, "one day she was willing to return. There was no acknowledgement of the time she hadn't come, we carried on as usual, but she was more ready to enter into the therapeutic process more deeply."

Therapist and patient began writing a song together, a gift to her husband.

Often she spent entire sessions revising particular words she was not yet able to deal with. Verbally working through the problem, Dyck says, was one of the most important aspects in her therapy. "The process is much more significant than the final outcome." The therapy continued until one day a breakthrough occurred. "She finally realized that her story just wasn't true. Little by little cracks had been forming in her wall."

With this patient Dyck was able to see a specific change in behaviour. She was motivated to deal with her physiotherapy and was able to return to a relatively normal level of functioning. As encouraging as this case was for Dyck, unfortunately they do not all end quite as satisfactorily. "Sometimes the differences aren't as clear and it can be discouraging, and there is potential for burn-out. Often with the geriatric population all you see is deterioration." Dyck explains that a therapist can't reverse the natural process of aging, but "within the parameters of their disability you can make patients function to potential at any given time." And, while therapy is not always 100 per cent successful, it can still provide some very positive benefits. "We may never actually get at the reason for the problem. Sometimes these issues are so repressed by age, but we can allow relief for the situation by providing them with a creative outlet for their anger."

Institutionalized persons often feel a sense of uselessness, as if they've lost control of their lives, and this can lead to intense anger or depression. To counteract these emotions Dyck says, "I try to give them more things they can have control over. I give them lots of decision-making opportunities. I let them pick out music. If they don't have the ability or the motivation I help them narrow it down."

Music therapy shares similarities with many other emerging disciplines. In fact, it is one of a group of creative arts therapies which includes art, movement, psychodrama and poetry. Of these, Dyck believes, it has the most in common with psychodrama. Both are ultimately most concerned with the process rather than the end product. "What's important is how much contact was made between the therapist and the client."

Art therapy, on the other hand, produces a visual, permanent product. It is not as process oriented, but diagnostically it can be more useful than music therapy because of the symbolism revealed in the art.

Dyck firmly believes in the value of his work, and he intends to continue to grow with the challenge. It is clear what music therapy can do for the patient, but Dyck

reaps much more than just the satisfaction of a job well done. "Music therapy is a process between two or more people, me possibly seen as the leader. I'm a part of the process and in a sense it's also therapy for me. The amount of getting in touch with my feelings that I have to do as a therapist is difficult, but it's rewarding. I'm getting some of those same positive feelings that I hope my clients get." mm

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OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

Quoting from the prophets and other fall tales

In the weeks leading up to Christmas people find occasion to celebrate many things. One such celebration takes me to my home-town of Steinbach in early November. My cousin Frieda Neufeld, who has been active in the ladies' auxiliary of the local hospital for many years, has asked me to say a few words at the 50th anniversary celebrations of the auxiliary. The theme we choose for the evening is, "Steinbach As A Caring Community." I am proud of the fact that one of my aunts, the late Maria Vogt, started the first hospital in Steinbach 60 years ago, with her brother Abram, and my two older twin brothers were the first children born in that hospital. That is where my life began too, in the cold of winter after my father pulled my mother through snow drifts on a sleigh. Later that hospital became a nursing home and I always enjoyed telling our children how I was born in a senior citizen's home.

Steinbach was good to our family and to many others as well, so I have no difficulty in preparing a talk on the chosen theme. However, I somehow have the impression that the celebration will be a small one, possibly 50 people or so meeting informally in the basement of the Mennonite Brethren Church in Steinbach. As I arrive at the meeting a few minutes before the opening I am very surprised to see that the parking lot is completely filled, and more cars are arriving. I assume a different service must be taking place in the sanctuary. Imagine my surprise, on entering the church, to discover that the auxiliary celebration has attracted about 500 people, filling the sanctuary. I am escorted to the front, still in a state of semi-shock, and fortunately am given a seat next to his worship, Mayor Ernie Friesen, my uncle. The thanksgiving service turns out to be an interesting one. Dozens of auxiliary members take part in various segments of the service, and I am able to observe people I haven't seen in years.

The talk I had prepared is perhaps a little too informal for this setting but I use



by Roy Vogt

most of it anyway. In reflecting on Steinbach's past I recall how in an earlier period, about 35 years ago, a school friend of mine, Alf Warkentin, foolishly tried to run for political office as a Conservative. Everyone knew that Steinbach was thoroughly Liberal. Little did Alf know that only a few years later a dramatic speech by John Diefenbaker in the Steinbach Tabernacle would convert everyone to the Conservative side. The ghost of Diefenbaker lingers on, even though the tabernacle is gone. Rumour has it that the Heritage Village in Steinbach may erect a monument to Steinbach's old Liberals, so that the current generation will be given at least some glimpse into an ancient Steinbach tradition.

I try to end my speech on a more serious and challenging note. Steinbach has been strong on charity, to its credit, but like every other community it is faced with the task of achieving even greater justice. A "just" community, I suggest, is one in which differences between rich and poor will not become too great, and the good works of the well-to-do will not depend too much on low wages paid to the average worker. Unfortunately, as a cynic has observed, there are philanthropists who "give away what they should have given back." In the spirit of the late Rev. Jacob Epp, who used to preach so dramatically in this very church, I ask the audience in closing to "remember the words of the prophet Amos who reminded us that the Lord has shown us what is good, and what does He require of us but to love mercy, do justice, and walk humbly with our God."

I considered this famous verse to be a most fitting summary of the whole evening but later, as I sit next to an older friend over cake and coffee in the church basement, she brings me down to earth by asking gently, "wasn't it the prophet Micah, and not Amos, who said that?" She is right, of course, and I am reminded again of how we are destined to walk humbly through this world, whether we want to or not.

Around this time members of our family also have the privilege of celebrating my father's 88th birthday. It is a quiet occasion, because frailty and illness are the unwelcome companions of father's old age, but we remember with gratitude the many good things in life that we owe to him.

There are other good moments that lighten up the pre-Christmas season. We enjoy visits with friends in the country, and as far away as Kenora, and in the quiet corner of a favorite restaurant the winter cold is easily forgotten. Perhaps most memorable is an evening at the symphony, featuring the incredible clarinet playing of Richard Stolzman. I know very little about this instrument, or about this guest artist, but the sound and spirit he conveys go with me for days.

The university continues to hum with activity. In a period of a few weeks we have interesting guest scholars from Yugoslavia, China, and Hungary, all of whom give us unique insights into the dramatic changes taking place in their home countries. Unfortunately the students are so busy with tests and essays that few attend the special lectures given by these visitors. I am sometimes reminded of George Bernard Shaw's observation that the only thing that interfered with his education was his schooling.

Just when everything seems to be going well a good bout of flu has the power to remind us how delicate the balance of life really is. Maybe an illness like this is just God applying the brakes. In any case, a few days in bed in November allow me to catch up on some reading and some radio listening, and to test whether cries of woe can still elicit pity from my wife, and a cup of tea every half hour. Thank goodness they do, although I believe that my wife is even more grateful than usual that she has a job outside of the home.

But now illnesses are behind us, the Christmas season approaches, and with all of you we want to rejoice at the coming of the Christchild. May there be peace and joy in your home — and the promise of a good year in 1989. **mm**



Peace on Earth

There were in the same country
shepherds abiding in the field, keeping
watch over their flock by night. And, lo,
the angel of the Lord came upon
them, and the glory of the Lord
shone round about them:

and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto
them, Fear not:

for, behold, I bring you
good tidings of great joy, which
shall be to all people. For unto you
is born this day in the city of David
a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.
And this shall be a sign unto you;

Ye shall find the babe wrapped in
swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.
And suddenly there was with the angel a
multitude of the heavenly host praising
God, and saying, Glory to God in the
highest, and on earth peace, good will
toward men.

 DWFriesen

Passion or passivity? Dealing with television evangelism

by Tim Wiebe

The tears were streaming down his face. "I have sinned!" was his tortured cry. Thousands of faithful parishioners were jammed into the Family Worship Centre in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. His own family, stunned by his revelation of having had a number of encounters with a prostitute, mouthed their forgiveness. It was high drama time again — or at least melodrama — in the world of TV evangelism.

The latest victim to fall from grace: Jimmy Swaggart. The same fiery preacher who had helped bring to light the sexual indiscretions of Jim Bakker. The same soul who went to Oral Roberts to have exorcised from him the demons of lust which were supposedly piercing his flesh with their sharp tenterhooks. And his would-be mentor, of course, was just a few months clear of an \$8 million gambit in which he literally put his life in God's hands pending, of course, the receiving of the desired amount of cash. (Ironically, the man who helped Roberts reach his stated total — a greyhound racetrack owner from Florida — suggested that Oral needed psychological help.)

The past 18 months have shown us the worst in TV evangelism. We have seen documentaries of the effects on several religious figures of wealth misused and power abused. And the questions arise: what role, if any, do these pounders of the electronic pulpit play? Do they further the cause of the gospel? What steps have they taken toward cleaning up their act? Why were they not called to account sooner? Can they still be a positive force in spreading the message of Jesus? These are among the questions to which this article will address itself. It will be suggested that the possibility exists for TV evangelism to be an effective method of spread-

ing the gospel, but only insofar as those who use it are held appropriately accountable by the members of the Christian church at large.

Let's begin by defining the problem. Perhaps the most important word with regard to any critical analysis of the business of TV evangelism is the term "integrity." Billy Graham spoke of that quality at this year's National Religious Broadcaster's convention, which claims 1,350 members and includes such notables as Jimmy Swaggart, Oral Roberts and Jim Bakker.

There Graham said, "Our highest vision must be to glorify God by our personal lives. We must live what we preach. A man of integrity can be trusted. He's the same person in his hotel room a thousand miles away from home as he is preaching in the pulpit."

And a man of Graham's stature can make such a statement. He has always operated on a salary determined by his organization and has made the financial status of his association open to perusal. Further, he has tended to be much less blatant than many of his counterparts in his appeals for money. Indeed, he has gone so far as to say, during several of his televised crusades, that if the money doesn't come in, he will accept that reality as a sign that his ministry is no longer viable. Not that Graham has been perfect. His crusades south of the Mason-Dixon line in the late 40's and early 50's were segregated. His uncritically close relationships with presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon are common knowledge. His support of a militaristic America has often expressed itself in the high profile army personnel allowed to testify at some of his evangelistic rallies. But he has shown the grace to admit past

mistakes and to take stronger stands against such atrocities as the arms race. He has, in a word, held himself accountable to his responsibility as an evangelist, and has used the medium of television to further fulfill that calling.

Unfortunately, personal integrity has not been the most salient feature of many of Graham's colleagues. Too many of the TV evangelists populating the Sunday morning airwaves have parlayed a desire for power and money into a theology which equates financial gain with God's blessing. Such theology has led to lifestyles which, suggests Jim Wallis in the June, 1987, edition of *Sojourners*, "...bear the stamps of celebrity status more than the marks of sacrificial discipleship."

Now, those who have faithfully followed these preachers must deal with the disillusionment occasioned by the events of the past 18 months. They must deal with realities coming more clearly to light, such as the use by some TV evangelists of unethical methods of fund raising. (One such tactic, according to Wallis, is the "bait and switch" method, in which money is raised for one thing — like feeding hungry children — and then used for another, like meeting general operating expenses). Would-be followers must deal with the style in which some preachers run their ministries more like conglomerates or personal fiefdoms accountable to no one other than church organizations responsible to a specific support base. His final judgment is a harsh one. Why was nothing done, he wonders rhetorically? "...Because most of us won't argue with success, wealth and power, not even in the church."

Success. Wealth. Power. Are these emphases which we see in the world of TV evangelism the result of too much

exposure? Or are they part and parcel of the actual message these folks are preaching? Let's take a brief look at a few of the ministries and their messages before we try to answer that question. Here are some of the "top guns."

Jimmy and Tammy Faye Bakker: Their multi-million dollar PTL (Praise the Lord) network had as its centerpiece Heritage U.S.A., a Christian amusement park. Those who donated to certain levels were promised several days annually of free access to the facilities of Heritage. The Bakkers themselves preached a "success and bless" theology, and their lavish lifestyle has been amply documented in the media over the past few months. Bakker was an ordained pastor in the Assemblies of God, a Pentecostal body.

Oral Roberts: Robert's preaching roots extend back to the healing and revival circuits he traipsed in the 1950's. Founder of the university in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which bears his name, and initiator of the financially strapped City of Faith medical centre, Roberts has gotten good mileage out of the principle he's dubbed "seed-faith." Gifts donated by partners in his ministry will multiply back to them in terms of personal blessing. Roberts claims to have had frequent visions of and from God, and has often acted accordingly to

carry out these divine directives. His son, Richard, is now being given more and more responsibility in the ministry.

Robert Schuller: The creator of "possibility thinking," a kind of updated version of Norman Vincent Peal's "positive thinking," Schuller recently celebrated his 15th anniversary in the opulent Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove, California. His theology combines popular psychology with Christianity, and calls its adherents to use creative energy to turn "problems into possibilities" and "scars into stars." Even the crucifixion of Christ falls, for him, into the category of a "problem" turned into a "possibility." Supporters receive letters of appeal each month promising a gift — pens, plaques, books, telephone caddies — in exchange for donations. Schuller is an ordained minister in the Reformed church.

Jimmy Swaggart: This fire and brimstone cousin of 1950's rock and roll legend Jerry Lee Lewis was, until his recent fall from grace, the king of the religious airwaves. He used a condemnatory, impassioned style and a flare for piano and singing — his records have sold in the millions — to weekly whip his followers into a frenzy. His anti-Catholic harangues have been muted of late since a crusade trip to largely Roman Catholic South

America. His self-named bible college and World Outreach Centre together stand as the second largest employer in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Swaggart, like Bakker, is an ordained minister in the Assemblies of God.

Jerry Falwell: Here we move into a different camp; that of the religious right or the moral majority. Falwell's Lynchburg, Virginia academy — appropriately named Liberty University — is a fundamentalist, strongly pro-American, politically conservative school. A case in point: the graduation speaker for this year's commencement exercises was none other than Oliver North. Falwell's political endorsements were doubtless factors in Reagan's election in 1980 and return to office four years later. To his credit, Falwell was among those to call for financial accountability among religious broadcasters, although that may have been in part due to his wanting to "get the facts" after taking over the financially troubled PTL network from Jim and Tammy Bakker.

Pat Robertson: Owner and operator of an entire TV network, Robertsons' recent political campaign for the republican nomination brought millions of people from the religious right into the political process. He called for stronger emphasis



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on traditional moral values, for prayer in schools, and for strong action against communist incursion. Oral Roberts and Jimmy Swaggart were among the 350 National Religious Broadcaster's Association members who endorsed his candidacy. Robertson was dogged with questions about his dishonesty with regard to his stated degree of involvement in the Korean war and by a number of outrageous statements; among them a claim to have had inside knowledge of the plight of the American hostages in Iran during the 1979-1980 hostage-taking incident.

The conclusions would seem to be obvious. In one way or another, money, wealth and power are themes which have typified the message of each of the above preachers. But this article was not intended as a polemic. The TV evangelists have, to their credit, begun to make changes; practices which many have been following with integrity all along. The National Religious Broadcaster's for example, have adopted a new financial code which makes financial disclosure mandatory for all members. A new Ethics and Financial Integrity Commission has been started, and a stipulation has been made that the board of directors of a given ministry must not be related to the organization by family or employment. In other words, some steps toward establishing accountability on the part of TV broadcasters to their national organization have been put in place.

And the TV preachers do have something to offer us, however much the message might be obscured by materialism. They do preach on the importance of holiness of life in Christ. They do recognize the need to call for a decision of faith. They do claim a reverence for scripture. They do evidence a regard for the salvation of souls. We might want to broaden the implications of each of these points and extend their relevance into the arena of political and social justice. However, once *can* find in the message of these individuals a few seeds of sincerity from which a genuine Christianity might sprout. The TV evangelist, in other words, may have a role to play.

The question, of course, is what the nature of that role should be. Some would suggest that TV evangelism already fills a needed place as a kind of supplement to regular church attendance. As Reginald Bibby notes in his sociological study on religion in North America, *Fragmented Gods*, the TV evangelists are supported, by and large, by those who are already church members. Only two percent of those who regularly watch such programs never attend church. So perhaps in

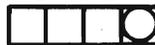
a society in which religion, in Bibby's phrase, is consumed "a la carte" — used primarily for the rites of passage such as baptism, marriage and death which the church provides — the medium of TV evangelism can serve as a means of helping individuals re-commit themselves to the work of the local congregation.

There are problems with this approach, however. The TV evangelists we see tend to be rather status-quo oriented. They tend to ignore the nature of salvation as a political and social reality. They tend to ignore the nature of conversion and the new birth as experiences which move us from isolation into communities in which we live sacrificially as disciples. As Charles Templeton, former evangelist-turned journalist observes, "...television Christianity is an undemanding faith ... that tells listeners that to become a Christian, all they have to do is 'believe.' Standards of membership are so low that some so-called 'television ministries' are prepared to enrol as a believer anyone willing to say no more than 'thank God it quit raining.'" (in *Charles Templeton: An Anecdotal Memoir*). He goes so far as to suggest that the TV evangelist's gospel is a pious pablum offered in a form that renders the teachings of Jesus incomprehensible, as unlike New Testament Christianity as a newspaper horoscope; promising not persecution and ostracism as the result of following the way of the cross, but belief in the reward of an easy life.

So here is the rub. Television evangelism, if it is to be credible and if it is to further the cause of the Christian church, must become truly evangelical. Its call to commitment must involve and extend to the political and social realities of our time; to the problems of our world. The personal and financial ethics of those who use the TV medium must be tied in with their appeals for funds. Why shouldn't contributors have free access to the financial statements of a given ministry? We certainly expect as much from our churches! And TV evangelism must work, not toward the building of individual empires, but toward the furthering of the church and its mission. A Jimmy Swaggart must not be allowed to decide, against the wishes of his parent denomination, to begin preaching three months after his "fall from favour" when the disciplinary sentence given him by his denomination extends to a year. It is only as accountability of TV preachers is insisted upon by their home denominations and accepted by those who watch their programs that those in the electronic pulpit will fully be able to speak the truth. Those of us who occasionally sup-

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For Christmas let's all be
full of the right



From the entries to the October puzzle, Joyce L. Derksen, of Brandon, was selected winner.

Answers to October are rate, kraze, panel, baste, and daze.

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.

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port such ministries have the right to tie our giving to knowledge of how our money is being used, and to expect that the personal lives of the evangelists will measure up to the sacrificial standards of the gospel they preach. We are accountable to God. But God's will is expressed, not to individuals in isolation, but to people in communities of faith.

The onus, then, is as much upon us as it is upon the TV preachers. We indulge their passions insofar as we support their ministries uncritically or by way of passive indifference. Passivity is never a good thing, and TV more than any other medium probably encourages it. In challenging the message of those on the airwaves, we need to remember the example of Jesus, who passionately took on the staid religious situation of his time and "...became an affront to the status quo religious leaders and an embarrassment to the political system... Salvation is political and social. All evangelicals must remember Matthew 25. When we come before God, he will ask us about the poor, the sick, the imprisoned, the lonely, the hungry..." (from the *Mennonite*, April 9, 1985, Bernie Wiebe's editorial). And as we call those in the world of TV evangelism to be more genuinely evangelical, we will need to heed the message which is, at best, at the core of their preaching; namely, that we must look to our own hearts to ensure that we are pure, holy and willing to be used by God in faithfulness to God's word. **mm**

THIS WORD FROM DOWN EAST



Rhythms Old and New: Christmas in Ontario

by Tim Wiebe

This Christmas season, I've been doing some adjusting. You see, my experiences of the season have always been associated with the sights and sounds and smells of the prairies. I recall the gradual progression toward the end of December ... The first cool nights in September. The final, brilliant flashes of summer's former glory in early October. The sodden, barren days of mid-November. Then, at last, the first snow, just prior to Advent's beginning ... closely followed by the most phenomenal cold snap since I can't remember when and the Christmas-through-New Year's-week. I've run the roads, seen the harvests, smelled the moist autumn leaves, and heard the call of the loon.

Now, from my Ontario vantage point, those experiences are more memory than fact, save for a jam-packed week at home which I know will go faster than I think possible. Yes, I've definitely been doing some adjusting.

But there's a rhythm here, too ... a movement of sorts toward that greatest of days. There is the luxuriously long autumn, stretching languidly to the end of October. There is the close of the Stratford Festival — and a final showing of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* to mark the end of the Fall and the beginning of the pre-Advent lull. There is the onset of the maple syrup season in early winter, and the novelty of store shelves crammed with bottles of sweet Ontario vintage. And there are the mixed signals which seem to typify winter's expression out here ... a little snow, a lot of rain, and a good deal of sleet when neither of the above is specifically available.

So there's a trade-off, at least. And perhaps a bit more. More, that is, of the same ... more of the same kinds of events and experiences and affirmations which ever since I can remember have helped me feel part of the community of faith. Events such as a Christmas concert rendered with zeal and skill by the students and staff of a Mennonite high school. Experiences such as enjoying a mass

Mennonite choir's performance of a major classical work. And affirmations such as finding myself at home and appreciated in the church to which my family and I have chosen to belong.

I will return to Manitoba for a week of Christmas. It will seem too short a time. It will feel strange to be visiting the place I've called home for so long. And it will be impossible to re-savour the many things which I have come to love about my home province — sharp winter nights, old and dear friends, special cultural events, a hockey game or two.

But deep down, I won't feel as though I've lost touch with anything truly important. Family will remain supportive, no matter the distance. Old friends will remain loyal, and will be cherished all the more when seen. The sights and smells of the prairies will be evoked countless times when something out east strikes a responsive chord. And the poetry of the Christmas message will remain equally profound regardless of location. Indeed, it will mingle with a fresh set of images as I head east again.

In the process, those eternal words will resonate, on the one hand, in ways never before heard, and will speak a hope and comfort, on the other, which I've experienced countless times before within the community of believers:

*And the Word became Flesh
and dwelt among us
and we have seen his glory
full of grace and truth. mm*

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CHRISTMAS DAY

Poor shepherds and wise, rich wisemen
Came to see the child
Who turned darkness and gloom
On the earth's floor
To love and truth
In the hearts of men
Who visited Him on
Christmas Day!

LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS

The small, dim tree lights
And the glimmering candles
With the golden coin of a sun
Give way to a brilliance all
Round the stable where a babe
Is born in humble domain,
Because the day is Christmas!

by Grace Hartley

CHRISTMAS CAMELS

When desert caravan
brought gold
and frankincense
and myrrh,
wise men
bearing gifts of homage
to the newborn King
reverently entered in
while haughty camels
curled their lips
in supercilious grin.

Like skeptics disdain truth
had they plodded ignorantly
across the sands of time
only to view
with rude contempt
the love and joy and peace
extended
just inside the Door divine?

by Alma Barkman

WINTERLIFE

Some say that winter is all wrong
for the birth of the God — man.
But what better time?
Spring, bursting forth new life from old?
Summer, long days for toil and labour?
Fall, the harbinger of death?
Nay, winter is just right;
amidst the endless soiled, mercury days,
in the very grip of death,
life at its lowest ebb.
What better time
for Life to be born?

by Brian S. Hill



the Rush/the Beat of christmas

the rush/the beat of christmas is in tuneless
muzak of the shopping centre
tinkle-clang-gong of santa bells for poverty
buy: sell, buy: sell
exchanging sweated blood-money for yet another
cabbage patch kidlet while santa struggles
for survival.

⊕ money-lenders are in the temple
this time with jesus as chief merchant
no longer anti-establishment but this time
the top christly Merchant of them all.

the rush/the beat of christmas is in
the frantic, fanatic
sell: buy, sell: buy
and please from those lesser fortunates
for blessed christmas tax-free donations
starvations in Africa, former Bread-Basket when
jesus walked the World

⊕ civilization screams "Mismanagement!"

the rush/the beat of christmas is in
electric consumer steel ⊕ plastic trees and
creeping vinery
⊕ stoned consumers high on non-renewable
resources ⊕ permanent plastic neon clutter
trash eternal.

the rush/the beat of christmas is in
endless hallelujah chorus of winos
dying slow death in dreamings of a white christmas
reality: slowly freezing to death in sub-zero
White Christmas while bing crosby croons in firelit
parlors
womyn beaten to pulps from ownership marriage
contract
skids think daddy is a mean santa claus
on the beat of christmas
⊕ spent the even screams, running to crisis
shelternville.

the rush/the beat of christmas is on
the airwaves, static elves, santas, scrooges,
baby jesuses, wise men and virgin maries to sell, sell,
sell on the wondrous airwaves.
soup kitchen, food bank, news of poverty comes into
televisioned homes:
"let's take a little time now," announcer says,
"to view the situation of those less fortunate then
we during this season of giving", buying, selling,
trading birthrights
for a dish of cranberries with holly.

⊕ the rush/the beat of christmas is in
the bright, manic eyes of the children lost
in WonderWorld
of "what's under the tree for ME?"
"⊕ santas in his heaven, all's right with our world
the miniature status-seekers,
tiny-to-tinier New Consumers,
Capitalistic to the very Soul ⊕ Core of Being.

the rush/the beat of christmas is on
silent, holy night
barter of cheap trinkets to lull
middle class white americas into
never-never land of false snow,
false hollies, false egg-nogs,
false nuclear family security
edging into drumbeats
false piety and hope.

by Lynette

POET'S WORD



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The Grain of Wheat Community is much more than an experiment in creating community

by Paul Redekop

In September of 1981 a group of 20 adults came together in Winnipeg from throughout Canada and the United States to begin an exploration in Christian faith which continues today. These were the founding members of the Grain of Wheat Church Community in Winnipeg's west end.

The centre of their church and community life is a rather plain two-and-a-half storey house at 232 Home Street, very much like all of the other houses on this street on the fringes of the inner city. Some of these houses contain immigrant families, others are rooming houses, and properties rented out by absentee landlords, while others are in the process of "gentrification." Yet others are owned by members of the Grain of Wheat community, all of whom live within easy walking distance of 232 Home Street.

The group that came together in 1981 shared a common vision of a Christian community as the visual demonstration of oneness, of who they were and what God was calling them to do. Some came from a house church community they had been involved with in Hamilton, Ontario. Others came from an intentional community in Kansas that was a part of the Shalom Circle of Communities.

They came together, for many at great personal cost and risk, in Winnipeg, and began the process of getting to know each other. One member compares this process to taking a mail-order bride. Although they had all corresponded, and knew they shared a commitment to the sharing of resources, spiritual commitment and prayer, there were not many further assumptions they could make about what their lives together would be like. While the largest number were of Mennonite background, the others are from such diverse backgrounds as Catholic, Baptist, Presbyterian and other churches.

Jake and Irene Pauls are two of these

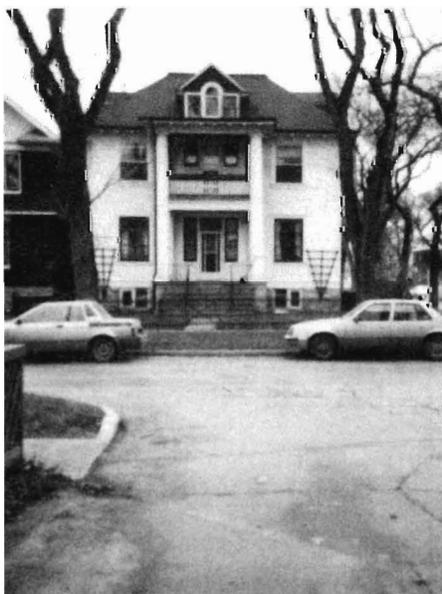
founding members. Jake is a bearded man of indeterminate age. He has a manner about him that is remarkably gentle, while at the same time steadfast and rather determined. His wife Irene is a trim and energetic woman with a direct gaze. They live in a large house on Home Street which they share with another church member who lives upstairs. Jake speaks at length about the early days of the community.

He describes the first year together as a time of learning about one another, of exploring covenant together, in terms of the kind of commitment they would make to their common life together, economic co-operation, a particular life style, and the place of children and family life. What has emerged is a way of life in which people are open to each other, and closely connected. In the process, the community has grown to the point where it now

numbers approximately 100, including children.

The emphasis in the organization of this community has been on the priesthood of believers, where each member has gifts that he or she can offer, as well as needs that can be met through the group. To emphasize this, members speak of "servant-leaders" as opposed to elders of the church. There are always at least two such servant-leaders, sometimes three. In addition, a committee of four individuals is responsible for the worship service, taking turns planning the service and meeting occasionally to co-ordinate their efforts. Another group of four to six people is responsible for educational activities. Others take responsibility for leadership in the smaller groups through which members meet regularly.

Economic co-operation has been an important concern since the inception of the Grain of Wheat community. The goal has been to share resources, and in the process to get away from the feeling that individuals and families must fend for themselves in the economic marketplace. The community has not reached the point where they have a common treasury, with shared ownership of property. There are special problems in an urban environment which members have struggled with, such as what to do if and when members leave the community. However, a "Jubilee fund" has been established, which has been employed as a vehicle through which extra resources can be shared. The fund has to this point been used as a source of interest-free loans to members who are in need of assistance. A committee administers the fund, and determines who will receive such loans. A plan that is under consideration at the moment would have the fund serve as a vehicle through which all of the mortgages of community members could be paid off. As each member's payment is completed, they would continue



Grain of Wheat on Home Street

to pay the same amount into the fund, with this money being employed to pay off the mortgages of the others.

Sharing occurs in more informal ways as well. Members can call on one another for assistance. Also, a number of families share or have shared their resources on a more day-to-day basis; sharing their dwellings and household expenses, having meals together, and so on. The number of children is an important feature of the community, with children making up half of the total group. As a result, child care is an important issue. A great deal of informal sharing back and forth of child care responsibilities takes place. In addition, a regular sort of nursery school for the "pre-schoolers" is held three mornings a week. Several people rotate the responsibility of acting as facilitator of this group.

Members strive to share their lives with one another in other ways as well. They each belong to smaller groups of six to eight adults who meet formally about every two weeks, as well as gathering informally at other times for meals and other kinds of activities. In their regular meetings, much of the time is devoted to personal sharing. However, in these groups, members will also address various aspects of their lives together. For example, one group is presently planning a number of sessions on prayer disciplines, to be followed by a series devoted to lifestyle issues, such as the use of time. Each group has one member who acts as co-ordinator, while another provides pastoral leadership.

Worship services are held in the basement of the house at 232 Home Street. There is a two-hour worship service, with the children included in the first 45 minutes. This is viewed as a celebrative kind of time. The group is small enough so that birthdays can be acknowledged, and people can share the important events and experiences of their lives. The remainder of the worship service can be quite varied, reflecting the ecumenical nature of the group. The rest of the house of worship houses a retreat and prayer house. Included are a chapel, a prayer room, and guest rooms where people can spend a night, or stay for a week if they like. This is to be a place where people can retreat, withdraw, but which is at the same time within the city, and therefore more immediate and accessible. Daily prayer meetings are also held here, at different times each day, so that the varying schedules of members can be met.

It is acknowledged that things have not always been harmonious within this close-knit community. The "greenhouse" can sometimes become a

"hothouse." The early years were in retrospect highly stressful for many. It was stressful to have to question all aspects of their lives together, including many things which members of more conventional churches can take for granted, such as the nature of the worship service.

Later some fundamental conflicts emerged. Some saw a more active role for the church in acting as Christian witness to the broader society; as a more prophetic voice, to challenge the injustices in the world. Others were, however, more concerned with individual growth and healing, and the unity and cohesiveness of the group as a whole, and these latter concerns have tended to prevail. This is not to say, though, that the Grain of Wheat community is entirely inward-looking. They have recently applied to become members of MCC, and hope to come into contact with a broader worldwide Christian community. As well, efforts are underway to establish two new intentional church communities; one in Winnipeg's north end and another, a rural community, south of Portage la Prairie.

Kate Geiger is one of the members of the community who is involved in establishing the community near Portage la Prairie. She is an attractive and lively young woman in her twenties, who became involved in Grain of Wheat two years ago, when she came to Winnipeg on a voluntary service assignment with MCC. Kate likes the small group support system which the church provides, and also the openness to exploring new ways of worship, and new ways of relating to one another. Kate lives in a household which also includes a married couple, their young daughter and a grandmother, and a single man. Kate finds life in the household, as well as with other children in the community.

Sex roles have been a concern in other intentional communities, and so I ask Kate

about this issue. She indicates that while there is still room for further development, she believes the Grain of What community is more open than most churches. Women are becoming more actively involved in leadership, and just this past year, it was decided to use inclusive language. Kate also notes that, perhaps because of the de-emphasis on work and career outside the community, a number of fathers of young children have decided to stay at home with their children. She feels that this has in turn served to lessen sex role differences.

Beyond the obvious characteristics of geography and size, different members have their own ideas of what makes the Grain of Wheat community unique. Jake Pauls focuses on the need to provide a context in which people can learn to love one another, in a world which often makes this very difficult. Irene Pauls feels that the community makes it easier to be accountable to one another, and through accountability to learn to love and trust. Kate Geiger sees the group as a way of holding together different ministries, and providing a place for different expressions of faith in a common community. **mm**

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Bridgehead: Alternative Trading for Those With A Taste For Justice

by Tim Wiebe

We've all seen the commercial. It's set inside an elaborate villa in the southern hemisphere. A group of men, obviously from Central or South America, are pleading their case.

"For you, Senor, the best coffee beans in the whole country. Only 500 dollar."

But the object of their obsequious behaviour turns down the money. And rejects subsequent, cheaper offers. The beans don't measure up, he says, on behalf of his North American multinational employers. We, the viewers, are to be impressed with the quality of his product. And we're expected to miss the colonial-racist overtones of the commercial, in which citizens from a developing country literally beg their North American "godfather" to accept their raw materials at the lowest possible price. The commercial is surprisingly, and sadly, effective.

And where's the tangible evidence of this so-called colonialism? Let's take two walks down two rather different aisles of produce. The first looks much like the one you know from your local supermarket. Various coffees are attractively, almost seductively displayed. And the prices are right. You can have 300 grams of Colombia's finest for less than \$3. Or the economy-size 700 gram tin for under \$7. And on it goes. Rows and rows of high quality product, harvested thousands of miles away by dint of back-breaking labour, selling for a song.

But wait a minute. Do these prices reflect fair payment for the small farmers and hacienda workers who have grown the crops? Or do they reflect more the ability of large corporations to make use of cheap labour — plantation workers earning between 50 cents and \$2 a day — to keep down the prices of their products on the world market? Let's stroll down a different aisle. The selection is somewhat poorer, and the coffees are packaged simply and efficiently. Inside, the quality of the product is roughly similar to that found in the supermarket. Each product carries the same label — Bridgehead: An Alternative Trading Organization. And the prices are high. You pay \$6.35 for 250 grams of filter coffee. You shell out \$11.50 for 500 grams of coffee beans. Compar-

bly higher prices are marked for other goods, such as cashew nuts, vanilla beans, and teas from the Two-Thirds World. These are the kinds of prices, according to the company whose name the products bear, which we *should* be paying if we are genuinely interested in benefitting small scale farmers in developing countries.

So what is Bridgehead? The company is part of OXFAM Canada, and imports high quality coffee, tea and other products from developing countries. As an Alternative Trading Organization (ATO), it attempts to direct more money to small scale producers. It looks especially for democratically-run producer organizations where profits are shared equally. Its goals involve by-passing multi-national food companies to help provide Two-Thirds World workers higher returns on their labours and encouraging these workers to develop self-reliance in the process. Bridgehead deliberately pays a supplement on top of the basic market prices, and directs these monies to farmer's organizations, which use the funds for the benefit of their members. For example, thanks in part to a matching grant from the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), Bridgehead will be able to provide around \$60,000 to an agricultural extension project in Nicaragua, with \$15,000 of this coming directly from a "premium" which is part of the sale price of every package of Nicaraguan coffee sold by Bridgehead. The company is currently attempting to expand its operation through solicitation of private donations and negotiation for selling rights with a major chain of food stores.

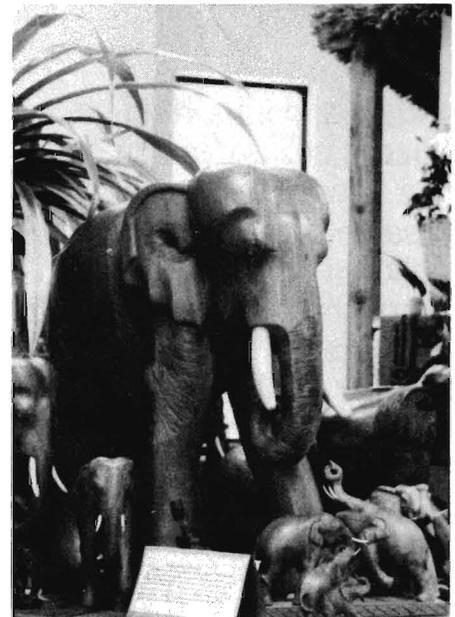
And what can we do? We can encourage our churches, schools and places of work to stock Bridgehead products. We can purchase the products ourselves. And we can help make others aware of the importance of paying a fair price for the products they consume from developing countries. If we're serious about living justly, then it is essential that we pay a fair price for the Two-Thirds World products we enjoy. By supporting organizations such as Bridgehead, we are treating those who produce these goods as equals; not as individuals dependent for a meager sub-

sistence on the multinational dole. We are supporting an approach to working with those in developing countries similar to that employed by our own Mennonite Central Committee; that is, encouraging the self-reliance and dignity of those who produce the goods by paying them a respectable price for their products.

So if you've a taste for justice — and if you enjoy the types of products which Bridgehead sells — then why not consider purchasing a few items from this unique, alternative trading organization? In so doing, you are making an investment in the lives of workers and small scale farmers from developing countries. Your dividend? Nothing less than helping improve the daily lives and sense of self worth of people living in these countries. And that type of return is impossible to label with a price tag!

Bridgehead products are available at the Global Gift Shop, 134 Plaza Drive, the Olive Branch Gift Shop on Henderson Highway, and from the company's main offices at 397 Kent Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 2B1.

David Ringer is the person responsible for supplying Manitoba handlers of Bridgehead products, and can be contacted at 1274 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, telephone 489-2926.mmm



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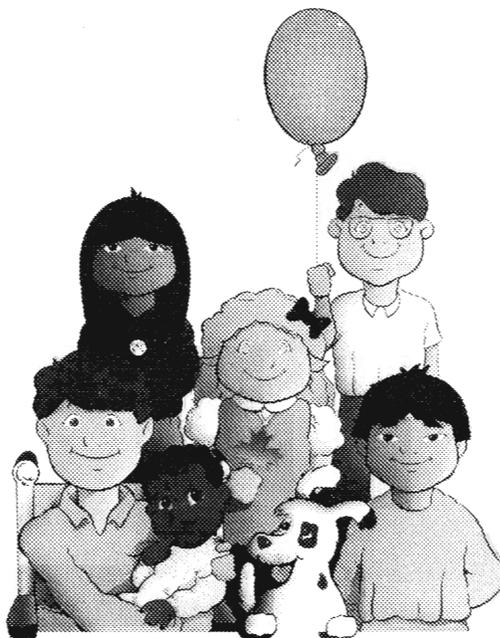
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Tunney's Pasture,
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REVIEW

A Musical Evening with the Duncans

A review by Al Reimer.

Prairie Performances presents An Evening of Music for Two Pianos featuring Chester Duncan and Laurie Duncan, duopianists, October 13 and 14, 1988, at the Muriel Richardson Auditorium, Winnipeg.

Last season Prairie Performances, the newest concert series in town, got off to a good start with three concerts ranging from the Lieder-singing of soprano Henriette Schellenberg to the delightful vaudeville turns of the Enns Family. This season will also be full of variety and entertainment with three "Evenings" of playing and singing.

"An Evening of Music for Two Pianos" with the father and son combination of Chester and Laurie Duncan at the piano proved to be a splendid season opener. The two Duncans are among the most accomplished musicians and composers in our fair city, with Chester now in retirement after a long career as an English professor and CBC radio critic and Laurie coming into his own as a performer and composer.

The Duncans got off to an electrifying start with a powerful rendition of Stravinsky's ballet *The Rite of Spring* as arranged by the composer himself. With its pagan vitality, surging rhythms and unrelenting energy this is music that can punch you in the gut one moment and stroke you sensuously the next. Either way it dominates and has its way with your emotions. Not exactly fitting music for a sedate, largely Mennonite audience, one might think. Perhaps not, but the Duncans did it full justice. Their playing was both muscular and seductive, exemplary playing that fully exploited the rich textures and variety of dynamics and colors made possible by two pianos. Of particular interest to me was the wonderful rapport between father and son, with Laurie taking the lead in some fiendishly difficult playing and Chester supporting him with great energy and sensitivity.

The Viennese-schmaltz-lovers in the audience may have felt assaulted by the Stravinsky, but it was an exhilarating way to open the concert and nobody I'm sure fell asleep during the first half.

The second half offered the kind of

romantic and lyrical music that most of the audience, one would assume, had come to hear. There was the Third Movement from Brahms' *Third Symphony*, with its lovely main theme exquisitely played by Chester Duncan, Arensky's *Suite for Two Pianos*, which to my ears, though well done, seemed a bit routine, almost dull after the Stravinsky, and Ravel's *La Valse*, which again featured some lovely playing.

A most satisfying concert, I repeat, but where was the audience? The Muriel Richardson Auditorium at the Art Gallery was not much more than half full, the smallest house I have seen in these concerts. It would be a pity if some people had stayed away because the artists are not Mennonite, in a concert series that is, I think, perceived as being "mennonite" because most — though not all — of its organizers, donors and participating artists have so far been Mennonites. One would hope that Prairie Performances could expand its audience base solidly

into the non-Mennonite local community as well. That it has not yet done so is evidence by the fact that there were not many non-Mennonites to be seen in the sparse opening night audience, even though the artists were from the larger community.

The next concert in the series — An Evening of Choral Music — is scheduled for next February and will feature Henry Engbrecht's University Singers. Let's hope that Mennonites and non-Mennonites will combine to fill the Muriel Richardson for that one. **mm**

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Fritz Senn:

Der Weizenkönig und der Griebenprinz

(Eine kurze Geschichte aus dem Nachlaß)

Kurz vor dem Ersten Weltkrieg, im Jahre 1912 oder 1913, hatte die Mennonitenkolonie in Südrußland eine sehr gute Ernte, man kann sagen eine Rekord-ernte. Der Weizen war ohne Brand und Rost und trocken eingebracht worden. Auch die übrigen Getreidearten sowie die Bastanfelder waren sehr ergiebig — Stallböden, Scheunen sowie Nebengebäude waren mit Vorräten gefüllt, und auf dem Hausboden lag der prächtige Weizen aufgeschüttet. An den Strohhäufen waren Kürbisse und Kawunen aufgehäuft. Nur die Kartoffeln waren noch im Felde. Es war Ende September, der Winterweizen war schon eingesät. Ein vierundzwanzigstündiger Landregen zog übers Land. Nun waren die Bauern befriedigt und hatten Ruhe. — Oder auch nicht? Jetzt grübelten sie über Weizenpreise. Nach einem angenehmen Mittagsschlaf liegt der Bauer Epp und überlegt, wie er einen Teil seines Weizens am besten veräußern kann. Er muß zum Jahresende 1000 Goldrubel haben. Durch Ersparnisse hat er einen Teil davon, 700 Rubel, in der Teedose. Und den Rest muß er aufbringen! Da stellt er sich die Frage: Wer macht eigentlich die Weizenpreise? — Und er kommt zur Überzeugung: Das kann nur der Weizenaufkäufer Chaim Althofsen sein. Er läßt ihn für morgen rufen.

In der Nacht regnet es. Epp hört das Regenwasser aus der Dachrinne laufen. Da fällt im Nebenzimmer, in der großen Stube, etwas Schweres hart auf den Fußboden. So gestört in seinen Überlegungen, ist der Bauer mit einem Satz aus dem Bett, macht Licht und betrachtet den Schaden. Ein großes Stück Putz unter einem Balken der Decke ist zu Boden gefallen. Bauer Epp begreift sofort: Der Weizen drückt! Also muß Abhilfe geschaffen werden, mitten in der Nacht. Mit der Nachtruhe ist es vorbei. Mit Hemd und Unterhose bekleidet und Schlorren an den Füßen, geht er in den Stall und zündet die Stalllaterne an. Der Knecht, der dort schläft, ist erwacht und fragt, wer da sei. Bauer Epp beruhigt ihn, er solle nur weiter schlafen. Er selber habe noch etwas zu erledigen.

Mit der Laterne geht er durch die vordere Stalltür und den warmen Regen ins Nebengebäude, in dem sich die Werkstube befindet. Dort sind die beiden Stützen aus Birkenholz. Außerdem braucht er zwei Holzkeile, Beil, Säge und Hammer.

Mit Stützen und Werkzeug ausgerüstet, geht er zurück durch den Stall ins Haus. Er freut sich, daß es regnet. Jetzt muß der eingesäte Winterweizen herrlich gedeihen. Bei Laternenlicht stützt er den Balken am Boden, wo die gefährdete Stelle ist, und denkt bei sich: Der Hausboden muß entlastet werden. Er legt das Werkzeug beiseite, löscht das Licht und geht wieder zu Bett. Aber den richtigen Schlaf kann Bauer Epp bis zum Morgen nicht finden. Er wälzt sich im Bett hin und her und brüdet über den Weizenpreis. Immer noch hört er das eintönige Rauschen des Regens, und schließlich döst er ein.

Bei Morgengrauen erwacht er und geht an sein Tagwerk. Noch bevor Epp gefrühstückt hat, meldet sich Chaim Althofsen an der Vordertür. Chaim, ein kleiner, flinker Mann mit dunklem, breiten Backenbart, ist der Getreideaufkäufer für drei Dampfmühlen in der näheren Umgebung, die Tag und Nacht Weizen mahlen. Ihren Roggen lassen die Bauern lieber in den Windmühlen mahlen, weil sie das grobe Roggenschrot dem feingemahlten Weizenmehl vorziehen. Bauer Epp begrüßt seinen frühen Gast und führt ihn ins Haus. Chaim hat eine lederne Tasche unter dem linken Arm. In der rechten hand trägt er eine kleine Weizenwaage. Beide Männer nehmen im Vorhaus Platz. Vor zwei Tagen hat Epp ein Schwein geschlachtet, und im ganzen haus duftet es nach gebratenen Grieben. Es war nicht die Zeit, in der man Schweine zu schlachten pflegte, aber ein junges Pferd hatte das Schwein verletzt, so daß es zur Not-schlachtung gekommen war.

Ehe Epp den Gast zum Frühstück einlädt, gehen beide auf den Hausboden und beschauen den Weizenhaufen. Chaim nimmt ein Taschentuch, legt es auf den Boden, schüttet eine Handvoll Weizen hinauf, faltet und bindet es zum Mitnehmen zusammen. Einfacher wäre

es gewesen, er hätte die Waage auf den Dachboden mitgebracht, aber Chaim lebt mit Berechnung; so bekommt seine Frau freies Hühnerfutter. Epp lädt Chaim zum Frühstück ein, was dieser mit Freuden annimmt. Epp ruft seine Frau, und nun wird aufgetragen — Weißbrot, Schwarzbrot, für jeden einen Teller heißer Grieben und eine Tasse wohlduftenden Kaffee. Der Bauer faltet die Hände und betet ein lautloses Tischgebet, während Chaim schon am Griebenessen ist. G gesprochen wird nicht. Chaim hat seinen Teller früher als Epp geleert, und auf Epps Geheiß bringt die Frau jedem einen zweiten Teller Grieben. Nach dem Essen geht Chaim ans Weizenwägen und hat plötzlich Gewissensbisse. „Was wird meine Mamma sagen, daß ich hab gegessen Grieben vom Schwein?“ — Der Bauer überhört das; er ist mit seinen Gedanken beim Weizenpreis. Chaim verschließt die Waage und verkündet: „Nummer eins.“ — Das bedeutet: der beste Weizen. — „Ich hab' es auch nicht anders erwartet, im ganzen Rayon von Halbstadt bis Altonau produziert niemand einen besseren Weizen, und ich erkläre Sie zum Weizenkönig. Ihr Wunsch wird gewährt, zehn Rubel pro Tschetwert. Aber nicht ausposaunen, sonst ist die Kunde davon heute noch in Altonau!“ — Darüber ist Epp hochofren und lädt Chaim zu einem dritten Teller Grieben ein, was auch angenommen wird. „Wenn ich der Weizenkönig bin, dann sind Sie der Griebenprinz,“ behauptet Epp.

Während Chaim seine Sachen an sich nimmt, sagt er: „Die 300 Goldrubel muß ich in Tokmak von der Gosbank holen.“ Und Epp solle den Weizen so bald wie möglich an die Mühle liefern. Chaim verabschiedet sich.

Am nächsten Tag holen Epp und sein Knecht die notwendigen Säcke von der Mühle und liefern den Weizen ab. Am dritten Tag bringt Chaim Althofsen dem Bauern die 300 Goldrubel. Das ist sein letzter Weizenkauf.

Im nächsten Frühjahr wird Chaim von den drei Dampfmühlen mit einer größeren Summe Geldes auf Geschäftsreise geschickt — und kommt nie wieder zurück. Siebzehn Jahre hatte er allseits Vertrauen genossen. mm

DEE WIENACHTOWENT

fonn Agnes Wall

Aus dee Fäaminda fonn Hosefeld sitj toom easchten Mol een Frumensch aus Leara meede wulle säde see äa fuats oppe städ waut see aules fonn äa wulle onn waut see onnbedinjt doone must, wann see bie an enne School oabeide wull. Easchtens sull see dee Kjinja eene haulwe Stund ea dee Enjelsche School aunfunk, Dietsch läse onn schriewe leare. Tweedens sull see no Meddach no dee Enjelsche School bieblische Jeschijcht onn Katetjismus unjarejchte. Soo wudde dee Kjinja, wann see eascht groot weare onn bie Jemeent worde, dän Katetjismus enn twee Sindoag ütwendijch oppsaje kjenne. Dreddens, onn ditt wea sea wijchtijch, meende see, sulle dee School-kjinja too Wienachte ennee we onn aum Heljeowent wea emma äa Wienachtfast. Daut sull aula opp dietsch senne. "Mett däm Enjelschen Unjarejcht woascht du die aul weete, doatoo best du je no School jegone," säd dee bowaschte Fäaminda, Kjeene Hauns Jott Hiebat.

Dee Leararin säd too aules jo wiels see nijch bāta wist. Daut wea äa easchtet Joa aus Leararin.

Aus dit nu aules berät wea onn dee Fäaminda wajch jinje, säd junge Hendritj Ha Hiebats äa Hendritj, "Etj jleew nijch daut dee Mejal (enn Hosefeld säde see emma Mejal) awaheipt School hoole kaun. Mie weens sit daut nijch doano."

Sie blooss stell," säd Kjeene Hauns Jot Hiebat, "Frei die leewa, daut wie wām ha'. Learasch, wann uck mau Mejales, sennt bie dise Tiet schwoa too kjrie. Festo mie rajcht."

Dee aundre Lied enn Hosefeld dochte uck, see wulle jiern weete woo daut mett dee niee Leararin jintj. See fruage dee Kjinja, oba dee säde nijch fäl. School wea äwent School. Soogoa dee Tooms Tee Hiebatsche docht see must weete, woo daut wea onn see haud noch niemols Kjinja jehaut. Aum Foarmafoon wort ditt aul derjchjerät. Wann jie nijch weete, waut enn Foarmafoon ess, woa etj junt daut nu dietlijch moake. Daut ess enn Foon wua mea aus twee Mensche opp eenmol toop noble kjenne. Daut ess een bätje soo aus wann enn groote Jeschafta een "Conference Call" jemoakt woat, blooss fäl interssaunta.

"Etj hope ons Beant leat waut," sefst eene Mutta aum Foon. "Hee ess kjrajt soo hoatlearijch aus sien Foda. Nu saul hee sitj noch too eenen aundren Leara jewane,

onn daut es noch 'ne Leararin."

"Wie woare je daut aul ennwoare waut see dän Dach äwa mett dee Kjinja deit wann daut Wienachtfast ess. Bott dann woa wie wachte motte."

Aus daut eascht Nowamba wea brochte dee Kjinja aulahaunt Jedijchta onn Jesprejcha no Hus, dee sulle see toom Heljeowent ütwendijch leare. Dee Kua funk uck aul aun, Wienachtleeda too eewe.

"Etj säd dee Leararin daut onse Tina nijch soo fäl ütwendijch leare kunn aus see äa jejäft haud. Tina wea noch too junk. Oba dee Leararin säd, onse Tina wea soo kluak, dee kunn mea aus daut," fetald dee Iesaak Hiebatsche gaunss stolt. Dee Mummtjes weare mol wada aum Foon.

"Daut heat sitj aul nijch too schljacht," säd dee Hauns Teewsche, dee waut Hiebatsdochta wea. "Oba wie woare aufluare motte, onn mol seene waut daut fonn Wienachtfast jäwe woat."

"Daut Program woat aul gone, oba etj head daut dee Leararin daut gaunse Fast nijch enne School habe well, soo aus wie daut emma jehaut ha'," säd nu eene aundre Stemm.

"Nijch enne School senne? Waut rädst du?" fruach dee Tooms Hiebatsche.

"See säd see haud jeheat daut enne School soo weinijch Rum wea, daut wie nijch aula doa sette kunne. See well daut enne Kjoatj ha'. Wann daut enne Kjoatj ess, meent see woa wie aula sette kjenne, fonn Anfang bott Enj."

"Waut saul daut? Fäle fonn ons gone oba no dee aundre Kjoatj. Butadäm sennt wie jewant, daut dee Wienachtowent emma enne School ess. Mie woat daut nijch no Wienachte fäakome, wann daut aundawāajes ess. Etj jleew etj bliew tus," säd nu dee Tooms Hiebatsche.

"Onn ejt jleew nijch daut du daut kaunst, Auna. Du best fäl too nieschea-rijch," meend äare Sesta onn lacht enn bätje.

Doa wort fetald daut Jeat Jott Hiebat nijch kome wudd. Oba aus daut soo wiet wea, saut hee schmock, enn sienem bas-ten Kleet (see säde enn Hosefeld "Kleet" too eenem grootsindoagschen Äuntsuch) bie siene Fru oppe Kjoatjebentj. Dee Jeat Jott Hiebatsche wea eene fonn dee Mummtjes dee dochte, eenje Oomtjes must fäajesajcht onn äara wea eena fonn soone. Äwajens weare uck aule Mensche too disem Owent jekome. Onn wuaromm sulle see uck nijch? Daut weare äare

Kjinja dee doa Jedijchta onn Jesprejcha oppsaje wulle onn uck Wienachtleeda sinje.

Dee Kjinja weare aula sea schmock aunjetrocke onn saute opp eene besondere städ. Dee Mäatjes weare de Hoa jekrust onn dee Junges glaut jetjamt. Dee Kjoatj wea mett Wienachtbeemasta, bunte Lijchta onn aulahaunt Schmuck ütje-straumt. Opp eene städ wua dee Kjinja oppsaje wudde, wea een kjeena Speajel aune Waunt aungehonge. "Teewsche, woaromm henjt dee Speajel doa?" fruach dee doowa Oomtje Joakob Hiebat äa. See säd blooss, "Sh, see fange aun."

Aules wea stell. Dann wea daut soo, aus wann sitj doa een Säajen äwa dee Lied enne Kjoatj läd. Jiedamaun wea daut soo aus wann doa enn Wunda passead. Opp eenmol weare see enn eene aundre Welt. See haude kjeene Sorje. An wort soo leeftolijch too Mood onn see weare opp eenmol aule Mensche goot.

Dee kjanste Kjinja funge aun onn daut jeef emma enn bätje Spos. See weare soo nietlijch onn soo fein daut jiedamaun an aum leewste haud dretje kunnt. Dee kjeene Liestje säd äa tsmilijch langet Jedijcht lud onn one stäatje bliewe opp. Dann dreid see sitj twee mol enne Rund, daut äa roodet Rocktje mau so wept onn kjitjt aulem frintlijch aun. Dee Toohorjcha lachte en bätje too sitj han, soo freide see sitj too äa. Nu wea dee Reaj aun Auntje. Aum Aunfank bleef see een bät stäatje, oba eene Mummtje enn'e Fesaumlung säd, soo daut Auntje daut heare kunn, "Daut shot nuscht," onn Auntje kunn wada auleen wieda. Eatmaun Pee Hiebats äa Peetatje kunn sien Jedijcht goot onn auls hee oppsad, rolld hee sienen nieen Swetta bott bowe unjrere Oarms nopp onn dann wada langsaum rauf. Siene Mama wort en bät root, oba donn freid see sitj doch, krajt soo aus dee Aundre. Dee sassjoasche Obrauch funk lud onn dietlijch sien Jedijcht aun, dann säd hee opp eenmol, "Fodatje, mie jeit daut hia nijch mea scheen," onn rand onn sad sitj bie sienem Foda onn Mutta han. Siene Mama naum am uck fuats oppe Schoot onn docht wann see eascht Tus weare, wudd see am daut natjes bie-brinje, daut soo waut nijch must. Dee Mummtje, dee hinja an saut, stritjeld däm Obrauchmett mett de Häunt äwre Hoa.

Onn soo jintj daut wieda. Dee oole Wienachtleeda woone see aula ütwendijch kunne, betsaubade an wada fresch.

Aus Hiebats Doft, dee aul mearere Joare nijch mea soo goot gone kunn, soogo auleen ferr aule stunt onn sien Stetj oppsaje deed, kullad siene Mama eene Tron de Back rauf onn doa weare uck noch aundre feijchte Uage enne Fesaumlung. Enn däm kkleenen Spell, waut dee jratre Kjinja fäadrage, must dee eene Jung emm Speajel kjitje onn too sitj råde. "Teewsche, doawäjen honk dee Speajel doa," säd dee doowe Oomtje Hiebat, wada opp ludes.

Gaunss stell sunk dee Kua toolatst *Stille Nacht* onn dann jinje dee Lied rut. Daut wea knackent kolt onn dee Stearn-tjes blitsade onn blentjade enne kolde Nacht, soo aus wann dee gaunse Welt emm Tsauba lach onn no daut Kjriskjint luad. **mm**

Die Mennonitische Umsiedlerbetreuung berichtet

Im Jahre 1987 konnten 14.262 Personen aus der Sowjetunion in die Bundesrepublik Deutschland einreisen.

Im ersten Halbjahr 1988 sind allein über das Grenzdurchgangslager Friedland 19.398 Personen angekommen. Außerdem sind rund 1.500 Rußland-

deutsche in Unna-Massen und in Nürnberg aufgenommen worden; bis Ende Juli 1988 waren es insgesamt 20.924 Personen.

Während es im Jahre 1987 unter den Umsiedlern 1.500 Mennoniten gab, konnten in den ersten 7 Monaten dieses Jahres bereits 1.600 Mennoniten aus der UdSSR ausreisen.

In Neuwied befindet sich der Sitz der Mennonitischen Umsiedlerbetreuung; sie wird von **Hans v. Niessen** vollamtlich geleitet.

Im Übergangslager Unna-Massen kümmern sich seit Jahren kanadische Mennoniten um die neu zugezogenen Umsiedler. Nach der Verabschiedung von Karl und Margarethe Fast halfen zwischenzeitlich die Eheleute Waldemar und Gertrude Thiessen aus, die selber erst in diesem Frühjahr aus der Sowjetunion (Karaganda) gekommen sind. Seit Mitte August hat wieder ein kanadisches Ehepaar, Jakob und Henriette Schellenberg aus Winnipeg, die betreuerische Arbeit im Lager übernommen. Sie sind vom MCC (Mennonite Central Committee) für die Dauer von zwei Jahren der Menn. Umsiedlerbetreuung für diesen Dienst zur Verfügung gestellt worden. Zusätzlich gibt es neuerdings eine Betreuungsstelle auch im Grenzdurchgangslager Friedland. Dort sind ab September die Eheleute Frank und Susan Isaak als unsere Mitarbeiter stationiert.

Möglicherweise werden wir auch in Nürnberg noch Mitarbeiter einstellen können Infolge des starken Zustroms ist es erforderlich, daß wir für die Umsiedler neue Orte suchen und dort auch Gemeinden gründen, damit die traditionell bevorzugten Orte Neuwied, Bielefeld, Espelkamp, Lage, Detmold, Wolfsburg und Frankenthal entlastet werden. Besonders schwierig ist zur Zeit die Wohnungsfrage. In den genannten Orten gibt es nicht mehr genug Wohnungen, wohin die Neuankömmlinge ziehen könnten, um in der Nähe der Ihren zu sein. **mm**

Hans von Niessen, Leiter der Mennonitischen Umsiedlerbetreuung in Neuwied.

Weihnachten 1940

Wir bringen ein Weihnachtsgedicht aus dem Kriegsjahr 1940, zuerst erschienen in der Kinderecke des Boten, 25. Dezember 1940. Es scheint, je mehr sich die Welt verändert, je mehr bleibt sie sich gleich, oder?

Hörst du das Glockengeläute?
Siehst du den Christbaum dir an?
Siehst wie die Kinder sich heute
Freuen, daß Weihnacht begann?
Hörst du die Lieder erschallen
Mitten in festlicher Pracht?
Hörst du die Lieder verhallen: —
"Ehre sei Gott!" "Stille Nacht"?"
Hörst du und siehst du das alles,
Sag, warum bist du nicht froh?
"Friede und Freude!" so schall es!
Warum singst du nur nicht so?

Ach, ich hör die Glockenklänge,
Seh, wie Kinder Waisen werden,
Eltern kinderlos;
Wiederum erneut.

Doch ich sehe auch das Sterben
Und den bitteren Tod,
Unbeschreibliches Verderben,
Nie geahnte Not.

Seh, wie Brüder sich ermorden
Auf der ganzen Welt;
Wie vom Süden bis zum Norden
Keiner Frieden hält.

Seh, wie Kinder waisen werden,
Eltern kinderlos;
Wie man kalt und roh auf Erden
Tötet klein und groß.

Hör das Stöhnen und das Klagen
Überall im Land;
Jammer, fürchterlich Verzagen,
Wo man Freude fand. —

Sing nur deine frommen Lieder!
Sing sie Jedermann!
— Ich, ich freue mich nicht wieder —
Freue sich, wer kann!

Ja, sieh nur unsre Sünden
Und alle unsre Schuld!
Dann suche zu ergründen
Des ew'gen Gottes Huld!
Die Welt liegt im Verderben,
Wie sie noch immer lag;
Ringsum herrscht Not und Sterben
Seit dem Versuchungstag.

Da sandte Gott aus Liebe
Uns jenen Sohn herab,
Der sich aus freiem Triebe
Für uns zum Opfer gab.
Mit Gott sind wir versöhnet
Durch seines Sohnes Blut.
Und wie die Welt auch höhnet,
Er starb für sie zu gut.

Drum singt die alten Lieder,
Wie man es stets getan,
Von Gottes Liebe wieder!
Es freu sich jedermann!

Dankt Gott für den Erlöser!
Dankt ihm durch Jesus Christ,
Daß seine Liebe größer
Als unsre Sünde ist!

— VON KARLO (ABRAM FRIESEN)

MANITOBA NEWS

Rudi Engbrecht has been elected President of the Canadian Council of the Teachers of English (CCTE), a professional organization committed to the professional development of English teachers. Rudi teaches at Grant Park High School in Winnipeg and is a member of First Mennonite Church.

Abe Schellenberg, editor of the *Mennonitische Rundschau*, will be retiring from that position by June 30, 1989, following more than nine years.

The Manitoba MB Conference has approved the planting of a Native church in Winnipeg. **Larry Wilson** has been appointed for this ministry. He graduated from Peguis High School and Briarcrest Bible College.

Abe and Irene Neufeld of the Portage Avenue MB Church, are serving in a ten-week ministry in Germany and Austria.

Gerald and Beverly Dueck Neufeld, Crystal City Church, have begun a three-year term in Burkina Faso as missionaries with the General Conference Mennonite Church.

On Octoba 19, **D.W.Friesen and Sons** of Altona officially launched a new \$2 million Komori press. President David Friesen explained that with this new press the company was moving into the 50-inch market, enabling them to print sheets double the largest size of any previous work. He said that the press will allow Friesen's to print more coffee table books and to move into educational books. Friesen emphasized that they received no government grants for this expansion.

The **Village of Gretna History Committee** won a Prix Manitoba award for its 356-page local history book: *Gretna: Window to the Northwest*. The book was described as an outstanding example of a local history which incorporates into a coherent and intelligible whole chronological, general Manitoba and thematic history with archival research, photographs and family detail. **F.G.(Garry) Enns** was the author of the history, with **Gaile Whelan Enns** playing a significant role in research, assisted by **Abe and Margaret Loewen**.

The Winnipeg Art Gallery held a display of the paintings of **Wanda Koop** during the month of November. Entitled *Northern Suite*, the series arose out of the artist's travels to northern Manitoba and Baker Lake, N.W.T. The work has been shown in Vancouver and also in London, England.

Kathy Koop, potter, has won the first prize in a juried show sponsored by General Foods and organized by the Ontario Crafts Council. Her work will be included in a travelling exhibit of five prize-winning coffee services. The exhibit will be shown at Craftspace in Winnipeg next June.

Peter Dyck, known by many as "Mr. MCC", will be the feature speaker at the January 20, 1989, MCC Canada Annual Meeting public session in Calgary.

Mennonite Health Services (MHS) and the MCC Mental Health Program invite college or graduate students pursuing careers in mental health fields to apply for **scholarships**. The scholarships will be between \$500 and \$1,000, and are available to students in Canada and the United States. Applications and supporting data must be received by February, 1989. Apply to: Mennonite Health Services, Box M, Akron, PA 17501.

Ernie Friesen, mayor of Steinbach, has been appointed vice-chairman of the Manitoba Film Classification Board. Friesen, a former assistant superintendent of Hanover School Division, joins 16 others on the board.

A **David Schroeder Symposium**, sponsored by Canadian Mennonite Bible College, is planned for June 14-17, 1989, at the CMBC campus. The symposium will honor Dr. Schroeder who will be retiring after 30 years at the college. "Theology and the Hermeneutical Community" will be the topic for 12 papers presented by scholars from CMBC and other academic institutions from across Canada and the United States. Included in the Symposium program is a keynote paper by Schroeder himself.

Katya Martens, 15-year-old daughter of Bill and Dagmar Martens, has experienced success as a model after winning a "Look of the Year Contest" sponsored by an agency. She has made the cover of one magazine, done a commercial, and travelled to Tokyo with a modelling agency.

Steinbach school teacher **Melvin Toews**

has encouraged his grade 6 students to hone their writing skills with the production of a monthly newspaper entitled "Class News." This six-page newspaper tells of the joys and tribulations of the class members. It also contains samples of the jokes which countless parents have enjoyed with their school-age children. e.g. "Surgeon to patient: "I had to remove one of your livers, but you'll be up and around in no time or I don't know my medicine." "A scientist crossed a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker. The bird not only carries messages but he also knocks on the door."

Each year the University of Manitoba awards several hundred **entrance scholarships** to graduates of high schools in Manitoba. The following award winners are graduates of the three Mennonite high schools in Manitoba: David Pries, Jennifer Lynn Schulz, Cindy Darlene Epp, Patricia Friesen, Karen Gusto, Nancy Louise Loewen, all of Westgate Mennonite Collegiate; Vickie Leann Ronald of the Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute; and Sandra Jane Hildebrand of the Mennonite Collegiate Institute.



Frank and Susan Isaac of Winnipeg, are beginning three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Friedland, Germany, where they will work with Umsiedler, people of German ancestry who are emigrating from the Soviet Union. Frank received a bachelor's degree in English and German from the University of Manitoba and also attended Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana. He was last employed as pastor of Springfield Heights Mennonite Church in Winnipeg. The Isaac's children are Carol, Kathy and Paul.

Linda Beaupre and John M. Hutton of Thompson, have begun two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Belle Glade, Florida. Beaupre works as a social services coordinator and Hutton as an

immigration advisor. Beupre received a bachelor's degree in social work from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Hutton received a bachelor's degree in history and theater from the University of Winnipeg. Hutton was last employed as a constituency assistant for a Member of Parliament in Thompson. Beupre last worked as an adult education trainer in Thompson. Beupre and Hutton are members of St. James the Apostle Anglican Church in Thompson. Their children are Kelsey Joy and Andrea. Hutton's parents are Miriam and William Hutton of Winnipeg. Beupre's parents are Dorren Beupre of Cranberry Portage, Man., and Vic Beupre of Thompson.



Art and Mary Reimer of Steinbach, are beginning four-month Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, Pennsylvania. Art will work as order processor and Mary as packer with SelfHelp Crafts. The Reimers were last employed as co-owners of a store in Steinbach. They are members of the Evangelical Mennonite Church in Steinbach.



Justina Hamm and Mary Peters, both of Winkler, are beginning a three-and-one-half year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, Pennsylvania, where they will work as packers with SelfHelp Crafts. Hamm is a member of Reinlander Mennonite Church in Winkler, while Peters is a member of the Sommerfeld Church in Winkler.



Neil and Susan Wiebe of Steinbach, are beginning four-month Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Akron, and Ephrata, Pennsylvania, with SelfHelp Crafts. Neil will work as a stock clerk and Susan as store clerk and teller. The Wiebes previously served with Red Rock Bible Camp. Susan was last employed at a houseware, hardware and lumber store in Steinbach. Neil is retired from teaching high school in Steinbach. The Wiebes are members of the Evangelical Mennonite Church in Steinbach.



Hilda Kasdorf of Niverville, is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Belle Glade, Florida, where she will work as a community health nurse. Kasdorf previously served with MCC in Haiti. She received a bachelor's degree in nursing from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Kasdorf is a member of Westwood Community Church in Winnipeg. Her mother is Susanna Kasdorf of Niverville.

Correction: In our October issue we showed the wrong enrollment for Mennonite Collegiate Institute at Gretna. It should have reported an enrollment of 129.

OPPORTUNITY: Single young women 21-35 years to perform child care and housekeeping duties on a live-in basis. Must love children. For more information and application form write to: M/M E. Clayton, 26 Atkinson Road, Winnipeg, R3R 1Y8, telephone 204 895 9462.

COMING EVENTS

December 11: Winnipeg Singers Christmas Concert. Crescent Fort Rouge United Church. 8 pm.

January 22-28. Mennonite College's Church Music Seminar.

January 27 and 28. Performance of Elijah. Mennonite Festival Chorus with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. Centennial Concert Hall. Conductor: Helmuth Rilling. Soprano: Edith Wiens.

January 29. Edith Wiens Recital with Irmgard Baerg. Jubilee Place. 3 pm.

February 5. Winnipeg Singers. Petite Messe Sollonelle. Crescent Fort Rouge United Church. 8 pm.

February 16 and 17. Prairie Performances. Choral Music with the University Singers. Henry Engbrecht, conductor. Muriel Richardson Auditorium. 8 pm.



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REVIEW

Five centuries in 'a cappella'

Review of the Winnipeg Singers, *Five Centuries of A Cappella Music From Around the World*, Sunday, October 16, 1988.

by Mavis Reimer

The Winnipeg Singers opened their 15th season in mid-October with a Sunday evening concert of a cappella music at Crescent Fort Rouge United Church. What might, with a less accomplished choir, be felt as a lack of accompaniment was, for this choir, an opportunity to celebrate the unmatched flexibility of the vocal instrument. The music included selections from widely varied periods, styles, and moods; and the choir mastered, with equal grace, the arch playfulness of John Farmer's "Fair Phyllis I saw" and the overfull melodrama of Arthur Sullivan's "The long day closes." Voices were effectively percussive in Pierre Passereau's "Il est bel et bon" and Ward Swingle's arrangement of a Handel air; clear and true in Canadian Paul Hindemith's song cycle; and warmly resonant in Bach's "Komm, Jesu, Komm." The disciplined singing of the chorus was also evident in the dynamic range conductor John Martens could ask for and get in such pieces as Benjamin Britten's "Hymn to St. Cecilia." The pianissimo singing here and elsewhere was particularly beautiful.

The first part of the concert was loosely organized into two sections: songs of nature and love from the 16th and 17th centuries and English part-songs and catches from the 17th to 19th centuries. The post-intermission segment of the concert, by contrast, seemed more catch-all than interesting variety, inexplicably including both Bach and Lennon and McCartney. The two Beatles' songs seemed to me the only real missteps of the concert. The swing and drive of "Can't buy me love" was reduced to regularity and the naive charm of "Michelle" did not survive the rubatos of this arrangement.

But they were small missteps in what was a glorious opening to the Winnipeg Singers' new season. Much travelled and highly acclaimed within Canada, the choir will end this season with a tour of Germany and Austria in August. The concert program notes suggested that the tour would be the choir's "greatest challenge yet." It seems likely that it will also be its greatest triumph yet. **mm**

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OUR WORD

Capturing a sense of God's presence at Christmas

Once again this Christmas Eve we hope to attend the choir service in our church, with our children, to capture a sense of God's presence in our midst (or, perhaps better said, we wish to discover again that we are in the midst of His presence).

Somewhere in the songs, or in the greetings that we will exchange with friends, or possibly in the quiet humming of *Silent Night* by the choir as it leaves the sanctuary, the wonder of His coming and of His continued presence with us may capture our hearts again and we will go home with thanksgiving.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

The power of this message remains the power of the church in our time. As I look over our congregation on Christmas eve I recognize in others the same need that I find in myself: the need to know that in a mysterious and sometimes very dark world we are not alone, and we are not here by accident.

Disappointment and misfortune do haunt us, but they cannot remove from us the care of a loving Father. I discover this not only in the quietness of prayer, and in the beauty of the Christmas hymns, but in the lives of those around me. There is much weakness here, but also a tremendous amount of strength, grounded in love. In addition to numerous acts of personal kindness, these people have been moved to build hospitals and homes for the old and the frail. Their goodness has the power to inspire.

Just as a humble stable once cradled God, so the Christian Church, with all its weaknesses and false pretensions, has cradled Him for us through the centuries. We can be thankful for that. However, our gratitude should never make us smug or complacent. There are several lessons to be drawn from the Christmas story. One is that God can meet us in the most unpromising places — including the Church at its weakest moments. Another lesson must surely be that God's presence is never confined to those places that we prepare for Him, or to those institutions that we build in His name. He is always prepared to surprise us, to show up in places, people, and institutions where we would least expect to find Him. The fact that we bear the name "Christian" is no guarantee that He is able or willing at any given moment to work through us. What seems to interest us may not interest Him at all. While we are celebrating past achievements He is moving on to new places of need and hope, using people who act in His name as well as those who don't. A reading of such an interesting passage as Matthew 25 makes this abundantly clear. Very few of the "religious" people in Jesus' time recognized Him at all, but that didn't deter God. He simply moved on, and used those who would listen.

God is indeed always with us — as the Christmas message joyfully proclaims. He goes to all people in their need — to those who acknowledge Him as well as to those who deny Him, and He loves and cares for them all. But God never allows us to fully "capture" him, to appropriate His power and His presence so that we can be sure that we are acting in His name. He knows, I suppose, that we would only abuse such power. Therefore He surprises us, as He did at that first Christmas. Those on the inside of religion thought they had a corner on Him — but He fooled them. Let us not make the mistake of trying to corner Him today, by assuming that through a particular confession of faith or membership in a particular "Christian" community we can guarantee that His presence will be revealed or activated through us. Let us simply thank Him for His love, and humbly ask Him to lead us to lives and places where He can use us. **Roy Vogt**

A Tribute to Mary Madeleine Enns

Three years have passed since this
"Great Lady" came into my life and heart.
I met her on a bus tour of Eastern Canada.
Mary was our capable Hostess.
She fussed over each of us, making sure
we were comfortable and happy.
Mary was a "Superb Being."
She fought her illness with
great determination, courage,
and her abiding faith in God.
I prayed for her daily, along
with numerous friends whose
lives she had touched and enriched.
God took Mary "Home"
the sixteenth of August,
Nineteen hundred and eighty eight.
my birthday.
Mary will remain in our hearts.

— by June Blair

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