

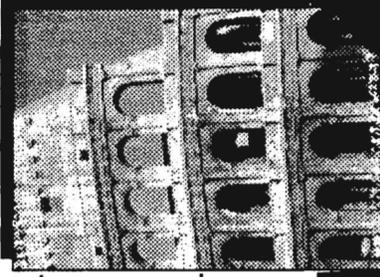
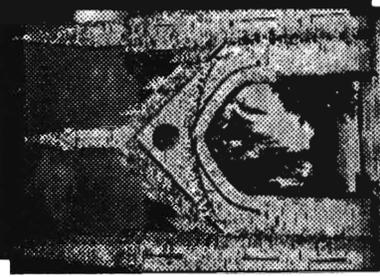
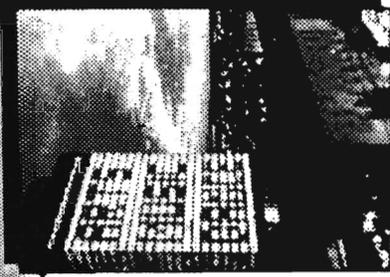
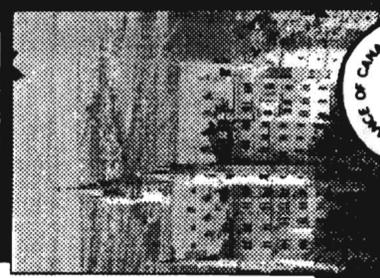
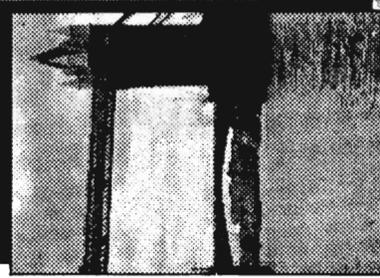
# *Mennonite* MIRROR

volume 18 / number 8 / april, 1989



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# CIRCLE TOURS

# ForeWord

This edition contains two articles by George Epp. In the first article, Dr. Epp gives us more observations on the effects of *Perestroika* in the Soviet Union. The article is mostly an interview with a visitor from the Soviet Union who, among other things, reports that the climate of openness has made some of the petty corruption unnecessary. The unexpected result is that people are honestly doing some of the things they previously did under the table.

In the second article, Dr. Epp gives us an insight into the origins of the Hutterites. While many have long suspected it, there are strong Anabaptist roots to the Hutterian way of life, and in this article, Dr. Epp explains the connections and where the Hutterian branch left the main root of Anabaptism.

An article and a review take a long look at the *Zentralschule* at Alexanderkrone in one of the Mennonite colonies of the Ukraine. The school was a landmark not only in terms of its building but also in the way it symbolized the colony's commitment to education. Ted Regehr, who wrote a book on the school, describes a visit to the old school in 1988, after he had written virtually all of his text. He found it still had the power to evoke memories of its old glory, even though he had no personal experience with the school. Dr. Regehr's book on the school is reviewed by Al Reimer.

Many Manitobans and visitors to this province of both Mennonite and non-Mennonite background, have made the trip to the Mennonite Village Museum in Steinbach. This complex preserves the past in that it describes as nothing else could the early years of Mennonite migration to the province, and gives expression to what might be called the "ethnic" component of our heritage. It takes vision to preserve the past in such a way that it is interesting to those who live in the present. Mary Lou Driedger brings us up to date on the museum.

Book reviews: There are several in this edition. One has already been referred to in this foreword. Two others examine cookbooks of interest to us all. Another review examines the third volume of Arnold Dyck's collected works, while a further review looks at the connection between the church and culture, and a final review examines MCC experiences around the world.

This month the Observed column by Roy Vogt is complemented by our Ontario observer, Tim Wiebe.

The German feature, Wilder Honig by Hedwig Knoop, continues this month.

Red faces: Those of you who read the article by Anne Konrad in the March edition and who were mystified by the headline at the beginning had good reason. The idea was to offset the lines in the three-line headline to create the kind of "correction" that arises from the prairie land survey. Well, in off-setting the lines, the words got senselessly scrambled. The headline should have read: Reflections on missing the "corrections": in the road. Our apologies.

# Mennonite MIRROR

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Editor, Ruth Vogt

Managing Editor, Edward Unrau

Associate Editors: Al Reimer, Harry Loewen,

Victor Doerksen, Mavis Reimer

**Writing Staff:** Andre Oberle, Paul Redekop, Dana Mohr, J. Braun, Tim Wiebe, Sarah Klassen, Agnes Wall, Mary Lou Driedger, George Epp, Vic Penner, Dora Dueck, Dora Maendel, Mirror Mix-up, Bob Matsuo.

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# POET'S WORD

## THAT NIGHT THUNDER CRASHED

Lying on dry buffalo grass  
that afternoon over sixty years ago  
(It doesn't seem that long)  
I saw clouds drifting  
from Oklahoma to Texas.

peaceful, friendly,  
only in a bit of a hurry  
like father walking  
from hen house to barn  
when milking was yet  
to be done  
and he was behind.

That night—thunder crashed  
and lightning cracked.  
All night long.

## LAST FAMILY VACATION

Five tiny flames reach upward  
and crack out our happiness  
from the fireplace, coaxing time back  
thirteen years when we first heard  
the wind tell the waves on these rocks  
who we were in a language we had never  
heard before. A lifetime of memories  
for our children, a short span of ours.  
The waves are subdued tonight.  
We hear the waterfall above our cabin.  
We are silent too, listening to the flame  
tell the children of the future and say  
good-bye to adolescence;  
telling us of the past and  
saying good-bye to the family,  
separating now, the children  
going their way, we going ours.

Life is more precious  
for its losses.

— Elmer Suderman

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# Corruption can wither in climate of Soviet *Perestroika*

by G.K. Epp

By now we are used to Perestroika terminology and even to some significant changes in Soviet diplomatic style. But it seems to be so difficult for us to be open to the good news from Moscow, while at the same time appraising the situation without leaving too many blind spots.

We owe it to ourselves to be critical against all unintentional and intentional misinformation. Some of the Sakharov-Bonner comments in Winnipeg (February 14-17, 1989) were real eyeopeners, and some people did not like these comments, while the majority appreciated the publicity, but paid little attention to what they said.

But Sakharov and Bonner were in Winnipeg and that in itself is undeniably a positive result of Perestroika. And there are other amazing signs coming to us via the Soviet media. In January the Moscow radio station, Rodina, started a new series on religion. The first topic was on spiritual values for which Soviet dictionaries presently do not have a definition or even a term. The gist of the first lecture was that the loss of spiritual values invariably leads to higher criminality and corruption. If it had not been in Russia, I could have mistaken the station for CFAM.

The question that immediately troubles our doubting minds is again: Is this real, or is it propaganda? With this in mind, I interviewed several Soviet citizens who have no intention of leaving the Soviet Union. A Ukrainian teacher from Odessa told me this is real, but it scares me. Changes occur so fast that we cannot digest them properly. That is why I am really concerned about the success of Gorbachov.

But how can you measure the sincerity of your government? Oh, you can see that in the behaviour of our police, of our whole nomenclature. And you know, within a few years we have lost our almost traditional fear of government and politics.

Then I talked to a truck driver from Central Asia, who I thought was a very down-to-earth observer of his world, with a sharp eye for those things that concern

the common man. This interview was recorded January 15, 1989, a few days after the man had arrived in Winnipeg.

GKE: Mr. P, we hear such contradictory reports on the impact of Perestroika that we sometimes wonder about the benefits of Gorbachov's effort for the common man. You are a truck driver. That was always a desired profession in the Soviet Union. How has Perestroika changed your life?

Mr. P: You probably hear what we hear in our country. There is no change. We are still standing in line for bread and meat. But anybody in his right mind must understand that to raise the standard of living we will first of all have to learn to work and be more efficient. Do you realize that the labour force is so undisciplined and unreliable, that inefficiency has become an accepted norm in our system? Gorbachov is trying to change that, but I agree with him that it has to happen at the production line and no government can do anything about that without some tough measures. But there have been significant changes in many areas.

GKE: Could you be specific and perhaps give us an example?

Mr. P: We have lost our fear.

GKE: How successful is Gorbachov with his campaign against alcoholism?

Mr. P: You know that is a serious problem for the Russians. My neighbor said to me: We have always been heavy drinkers and suddenly we are not to drink . . . We cannot live without Vodka. But things have changed. Yes, there is bootlegging, but where before the drunk was seen as a hero who under the influence of alcohol dared to be free, our streets now have become much more quiet. Drunks are arrested and next day they are taken to the workplace, where they have to tell their assembled colleagues what happened. Then the colleagues are told that because one of them became a public nuisance they will forfeit their bonus for

that month . . .

GKE: But that is not fair! It hits the innocent.

Mr. P: Yes, and we don't like it, but it is a very effective way of teaching these guys discipline and responsibility. Can you imagine how positively 40 angry men can treat a drunk when his drinking affects their paycheque? He will not easily forget that. We are 40 men working together, and we have four drunks in the brigade. For years we just hid the guys in a corner and did their work. They got fully paid. That was considered to be the easiest and also proper way to deal with the problem. Now that we can earn bonuses, and our brigade is a good team, we want those bonuses to go to our families. It is no longer the state, it is we who suffer, and that makes all the difference.

GKE: What about the special status of truck drivers? (Truck drivers were among the best paid professions. They had the opportunity to sell what was simply not available on the market: building material, etc. This kind of stealing was accepted and the corruption was as rampant at the top as at the bottom of the system.)

Mr. P: You will not eliminate corruption just like that, but there have been changes. With the new arrangement I do not have to rely on that kind of income. Stealing has become very dangerous and there is really no longer any need for it; at least the cause of it, which all of us could justify, has been eliminated.

GKE: How?

Mr. P: I will give you one example. In the 1960s we wanted to build a church. We were denied a building permit for that purpose. So, a church member applied for permission to build a relatively large house. He got permission to build that house, but the state did not sell building material to individual citizens. People were building houses all over the place, but there was no place in the whole country where a private citizen could buy building material. And here the truck driver would come in,

dropping off lumber or steel, or cement . . . Of course he made money, but he also helped people to live within a crazy system.

Can you call this stealing? In any case, we built that house (our church) exactly the same way. Open air worshipping was against the law; we needed a building, because only within a building one was allowed to pray. Tell me, what would you have done under those circumstances? I want to know your opinion.

GKE: I understand you perfectly, but you realize how difficult it is to explain that sometimes stealing is not stealing . . . But I know that I would have been part of the system like everybody else. By the way, you did not call that stealing?

Mr. P: No. The German prisoners of war called it organizing something, and we sometimes used their term. But that has changed. Penalties for stealing and corruption are stiff; but again, there is no longer any need for this kind of dishonesty, and when there is no need for that, there is less room for the crook. Our church has grown and just last year we again applied for a building permit. The question was: Can you pay for the material? Yes. Church members will pay. How much lumber do you need . . . how much cement will you need . . . where are your plans . . .? In two days we had settled all those issues, and we got material in a legal and honest way.

GKE: How much did you have to pay for the permit? I mean, how many people did you have to bribe?

Mr. P: You see, that is the difference. We did not pay any bribes, because the purchase now was legal. The cause for the widespread corruption has been eliminated to a great extent, and bribery has become very dangerous. We still have a long way to go, but there are definitely significant changes. The shortages are still there, but when you buy something you make a legal purchase.

GKE: What about the traditional noon hour meetings where agitators indoctrinate you?

Mr. P: (he laughed) No, we cannot do without those noon hour or afterwork meetings, but not only has the content of the speeches changed, the agitator now is much more often than not a medical doctor or somebody in that class of people. Just recently we had a doctor who told us that our life expectancy is lower than in Western countries because of our alcohol and tobacco abuse. We drink and we smoke more than in the West. You can depend on it, our Doctor told us, we will have to have serious legislation to combat these major causes of cancer. We cannot tolerate the irresponsible neglect of personal

health care. We will have to teach our people how to combat alcohol and smoking.

GKE: Amazing. You do believe that Gorbachov means business!

Mr. P: You see, the opposition is very strong, and it is right across the nation from top to bottom. He is taking risks, and I do not think people take risks when they are not serious.

GKE: You have told me that you intend to stay in the Soviet Union. Are you not afraid that the whole thing could experience a backlash?

Mr. P: Yes, I am worried that as in the past, after NEP (New Economic Policy), there could be some kind of return to past practices. But I do not think that a return to the pre-Gorbachov era is possible. No, it's totally impossible. But that does not say that we will not continue to have economic difficulties. I expect very slow change in that respect over the next ten years. **mm**

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## REVIEW

### How it once was in the kitchen

reviewed by Mavis Reimer

*A Pinch of the Past*, by Marjorie Wood (Winnipeg: Hyperion, 1988). 120 pp. pb. \$9.95.

In *A Pinch of the Past*, Marjorie Wood has collected the recipes our pioneer grandmothers produced from limited foodstuffs and with primitive equipment. Wood's readers will recognize just how severe the constraints were under which these women worked because this cookbook begins with a 26-page history of the pioneer kitchen in Manitoba.

While Wood's suggestion that it is possible to describe a generic "pioneer kitchen" because "ethnic differences in frontier situations were identified more by what was prepared in the kitchen rather than what activities were performed in the kitchen" might be challenged, her decision here to describe what was usually the case makes for an effective beginning to this book.

The information apparently has been garnered in interviews with some 50 people whose memories of pioneer kitchens provide Wood with the small details and emotional associations that allow her to create something of the texture of the pioneer experience. Many historians still assume that significant events are only those public moments that can be listed beside a specific date; Wood's description of a private place that shaped the daily

lives of our foremothers and sustained both the bodies and souls of their families is a useful antidote to such history.

Wood's book would have been more useful as history, however, had she chosen to specify the source of both the recipes and the recollections. Recipes may be attributed to an ethnic group, either in the titles or notes, although surprisingly many appear without any indication as to their origin. A recipe for a type of meatloaf called "Kibbi — Kibbee," for example, is given with an interesting anecdote about "the mother of one of the people I interviewed" who made her own bulgar, but there is no indication of who this person might be, in what area of Manitoba she lived, or what her ethnic background is. The names of people who shared "information, recipes, and warm hospitality" with Wood are listed on a prefatory page, but by title and surname only: "Mr. and Mrs. Wiebe" could identify any one of hundreds (thousands?) of couples in Manitoba.

The particular strength of Wood's book lies in the recipes themselves, all apparently tested and adapted in her own kitchen because few pioneer cooks ever bothered to articulate their methods or specific quantities of ingredients. During the pre-Christmas season, when I am seized annually by some primitive need to fill my house with the smells of good things cooking and baking, I turned to some of the recipes in *A Pinch of the Past*.

The recipe for "Sugar Cookies" resulted in cookies that disappeared as soon as they were put on a serving tray (and even before, once the cache had been discovered). The "Bubbat" with which I stuffed the Christmas turkey, while not my favourite Mennonite food, tasted authentic to me. And the perishky made from the recipe for "Ukrainian Cabbage Buns" were pronounced by my Ukrainian brother-in-law to be at least as good as the ones he makes, and possibly better.

Several times during the process of cooking and baking and steaming, I wished Wood had been consistent about listing ingredients in the order in which they were required. (Occasional cooks, I'm afraid, don't always remember that the sugar should be added to the warm water before the yeast when the sugar is listed as the third ingredient.) I also wondered why, since Wood had re-worked most of the recipes, she had not noted steps that might be saved by using a food processor. But in general, the book does what it sets out to do: it is likely to recall for many of us "what our grandmothers were and the legacy they left us in the kitchen." **mm**

Alexanderkrone Handelschule  
Matschna



## "Old" Zentralschule: it still has power to evoke image of its happier past

by Ted Regehr

We travelled in a ten-passenger Intourist van along rutted dirt roads bordering the fields which had once been tilled by my maternal grandfather. Then they were divided into strips, with each farmer cultivating his own land. Now there were only very large fields, part of the Kirov collective farm, which looked very much like the large grain fields of southern Manitoba. The field road took us from the former Rueckenau Mennonite Brethren Church, where my father had been baptized in 1907 and where my grandfather had preached many sermons, directly to Lichtfeld, the village where my mother had been born and spent her childhood and youth.

Our trip was, however, not merely an exercise in nostalgia. My father, his father and his brother had all been teachers at the **Zentralschule** in Alexanderkrone — the village immediately adjacent to Lichtfeld. When they left the Soviet Union in 1926 they had brought the most valuable and informative documents and pictures relating to the early history of the school with them, and several years ago my uncle Jacob Regehr, now living in Clearbrook, B.C., invited me to write a history of the school.

Schools, of course, do not exist in isolation. They are an integral part of a much larger community, and all the documents brought to Canada by the Regehr family obviously predated their depart-

ture in 1926, while the school itself operated until 1941.

A good deal of research had to be done on educational conditions, policies and problems in Russia before the revolution, the changes wrought by the revolution and subsequent educational "reforms," and on the events of the Stalinist terror in the 1930's and the complete evacuation of the villages just before the Germans arrived in 1941. It was my objective to tell not only the story of the school, but to set it in the larger Russian context.

The completed manuscript was sent to the publishers in the summer of 1988, and we were hoping to see the school on our trip to the Soviet Union in August. I had, needless to say, gained some clear impressions of what we would see. Dr. Gerhard Lohrenz, a former student at the school, had visited the villages and the school site in 1971 and published a lengthy description. He had painted a dismal picture. Everything was run down and neglected, and Dr. Lohrenz complained that there was nothing left that was reminiscent of the past.

In the original conclusion of my manuscript I relied heavily on this description by Dr. Lohrenz. But, two people seeing the same site may nevertheless see it very differently. The following is my revised conclusion, written after our return from the Soviet Union and published in **For Every Thing a Season**.

**Approaching** Alexanderkrone from Lichtfelde, the view is obscured by the grade leading to the little bridge over Jushnalee Creek. But at the top of that little bridge the former Alexanderkrone school comes fully, and still very impressively, into view. The architects obviously had a good eye for the coordination of the building on that particular site. The impressive gate posts at what was once the entrance to the school yard further enhance the visual impact. It is obvious that, in its prime, the school was architecturally impressive.

Both the old school building and the teacherage on the school grounds still exist, but they are in a poor state of repair. The facade and wide stairway leading up to the front door of the former school building is gone, and the front door is no longer in use. The building now serves, at least temporarily, as a dormitory and canteen for migratory collective farm construction workers. Special construction projects, particularly large mechanized dairy, chicken and hog barns, on the Kirov collective farm of which Alexanderkrone is now a part, and on other nearby collective farms, require the services of skilled construction workers, who are provided with room and board in the old school building. The building appears to be structurally sound, and some repair work and renovations in the interior were in progress at the time of our visit. It was not possible to view the inside of the building because some of the workers who had worked a night shift were asleep in the building at the time.

The former teacherage has very recently undergone a change of ownership. A young family sought and obtained permission to purchase the house from the collective farm. Initially the administrators set a price of 1,000 rubles, but a closer inspection of the building revealed that it was still structurally sound, and the price was increased to 2,500 rubles, which this young family paid. The husband and father of two children is a machine driver on the collective farm where he earns approximately 200 rubles per month, but more than twice that amount during the busy spring and harvest seasons. The wife and mother is a bookkeeper on the collective farm. When we visited there the family was busily and enthusiastically renovating and repairing the old building, and urged us to return in two years time to see the building restored. Only the residential portion of the building remains. The attached barn either collapsed or was demolished long ago.

Our tour guide told us that private ownership of rural houses had been possible for some time, but more people were now availing themselves of that option. The reason apparently is that individual collective farms can retain, and distribute amongst their members, profits earned in their farming operations, making it possible for the workers of well run and profitable collective farms to earn substantially more than their compatriots on less efficient collective farms. The family which has just purchased the teacherage is a beneficiary of these new policies.

The little park adjacent to the school building is still attractive, but substantially altered. The trees planted shortly after the school was founded have grown to the point where they now form a small and pleasant forest. The former carefully maintained paths and flowerbeds are all gone, and the centre of the grove is so shady that few flowers could survive there. We were, however, assured that the nightingales still sang in those trees, no doubt as melodiously as ever.

The villages of Lichtfelde and Alexanderkrone seem relatively well maintained. Many (perhaps up to one third) of the former Mennonite houses have survived, but their appearance is significantly altered because the barns, sheds and other outbuildings were systematically torn down and the wood used to build new central buildings during the period of collectivization.

Gerhard Lohrenz, after his first postwar visit to the southern Molotschna villages in 1971, lamented that the former beauty of the Mennonite villages was gone and that nothing is reminiscent of the past. Then there was a waterpipe which ran the length of the village, with a faucet in front of each house to provide the people with the water they needed, which particularly offended Dr. Lohrenz. And even the streets seemed dustier and the houses smaller and much more dilapidated than in the past. And indeed, when viewed by contemporary North American tourists, the old villages and buildings often appear squalid and depressing. But, for me at least, there was a great deal that was reminiscent of the past. **mm**

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## A story of a school gives insight into Mennonite colony life

reviewed by Al Reimer

*T.D. Regehr, with the assistance of J.J. Regehr, For Everything a Season: a History of the Alexanderkrone Zentralschule; Winnipeg, CMBC Publications, 1988; \$24.*

Every once in a while a work of history comes along that has a value far beyond itself, beyond whatever interest its specific subject matter has or whatever its merits of style and execution. For Everything A Season is such a book, a slim volume that contains a big book. What a pleasure it is to read the work of a competent professional historian in a field dominated traditionally by amateur historians innocent of methodology, or private memoirists zealously digging their tunnel visions, well meaning historical apologists with an ideology to protect. Starting with David Epp and P.M. Friesen, Russian Mennonite historians have for the most part been naively selective, one sided and parochialminded.

Not so this fine study. For Everything A Season serves as a veritable model for everything a good work of history should be: impeccably researched, presenting a balanced point of view, written in a lively, anecdotaly enriched style, well illustrated, and most important of all, evocative as a meaningful part of a much larger picture. In it Prof. Ted Regehr of the University of Saskatchewan not only tells the dramatic, fascinating story of a particular Russian Mennonite school the Alexanderkrone Zentralschule in the Molochnaya but in a quite superb way provides a kind of synoptic history in miniature of the Mennonites of Russia in the fateful period just before, during and after the Mennonite holocaust of revolution, civil war and the cruel Stalinist era.

For all its later fame, the pretty little school at Alexanderkrone got off to a shaky start in 1906 with woefully undertrained teachers, ill-prepared students and an overzealous school board. These facts may come as a surprise to readers who have

been encouraged to think of the Russian Mennonite private school system as one of the best in Europe at the time. The fundamental problem was that the whole concept of the Mennonite Zentralschule (roughly equivalent to our junior high school level) did not fit comfortably into the Russian school system. No Latin was taught in Mennonite schools and therefore a Mennonite education did not qualify students for entrance to Russian universities or even gymnasia (senior high schools). Regehr gives a fascinating account of how the arrogant and high handed Mennonite school board in Alexanderkrone repeatedly ignored, defied and contravened the express regulations and orders of Russian officials in the Ministry of Education.

Then, just when the school had finally found an even keel and begun to produce results, the real crunch came; the Bolshevik takeover. At first nothing much happened, except that the school was permitted to use German as the basic language of instruction again! Gradually, however, the Communists made wholesale changes in the curriculum, forbade the teaching of religion, dismissed Mennonite teachers not committed to the new system and encouraged students to inform on their parents. It became an impossible dilemma for most Mennonite teachers, but some became committed Communists and espoused the new methods. By the thirties the language of instruction had become Russian exclusively. The ill-fated Alexanderkrone school ceased to exist as such in 1941, when the villagers were forcibly resettled to Siberia.

Although the author does not explicitly make the point himself, the reader cannot help but notice that while the school began as a Christian Mennonite institution designed to educate students to become decent, useful citizens of the Mennonite community in Russia and was later forced to become an educational centre for the dissemination of alien and anti-Christian communist ideas, attitudes and values, in

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both cases its purpose was to provide a specific ideology and a certain kind of cultural orientation and social conditioning. Such is the nature of education in any closed society. Ironically, as Prof. Regehr states, the Alexanderkrone school staffed largely by German-speaking teachers, achieved its greatest academic standing during the Stalinist era of the 1930s.

As his article elsewhere in these pages indicates, Ted Regehr's interest in his subject is not only professional but also highly personal. His grandfather, Isaac P. Regehr, his father Isaac I. Regehr and his uncle Jacob I. Regehr, were all prominent teachers in the school and brought with them to Canada in the twenties most of the papers and records that made the writing of this evocative history possible. Another well-known teacher in the Alexanderkrone school was Gerhard H. Peters, who later became the longtime principal of the MCI in Gretna. The late Gerhard Lohrenz was one of the distinguished graduates of the school.

With this fine study Ted Regehr has provided an exemplary historiographical model for other Russian Mennonite historians to follow. The book is lavishly illustrated with period photos, tables and educational records. My one quibble would be that the maps provided are not quite

state of the art and better ones could easily have been found.

I was with Ted Regehr in the Soviet Union last August when he and his wife Sylvia were able to make a side trip to Alexanderkrone to see at first hand the ruins of the old school that had meant so much to the Regehr family. I remember his excitement when he returned and reported on what he had seen and the people he had talked to. And although his manuscript was already completed and at the printers he was able to include some new photos in the book and to describe his visit to the school in his concluding

chapter (reprinted here along with his article).

This is the way to write Russian Mennonite history. In the thirties and forties we had the important pioneer historical series from the Echo Verlag (now being translated into English). It's now time for a more sophisticated, more thoroughly researched series of Russian-Mennonite historical works along the lines of this fine book. I now look forward to the forthcoming comprehensive new history of Mennonite Russia in the nineteenth century by James Urry. That will be another publishing event to celebrate. **mm**

## Sanctuary

by Esther R. Wiens



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The child is a trusting  
being made for  
community.

*Eberhard Arnold*

## Anabaptist roots also are beginnings of a sturdy Hutterian branch

by G. K. Epp

Almost next door to us in Manitoba live our closest cousins in faith, the Hutterian Brethren. Most of us recognize them by their dress, but that is as far as most of our contacts go. And yet, these people are closely related to the Mennonites, even though we may look at each other with some suspicion. On one occasion I asked some Hutterian friends: Do you know the difference between General Conference Mennonites and Mennonite Brethren? With a mischievous sparkle in his eyes, one of them said *Ja, da ist kein Unterschied, ihr seid alle Weltmensche.* (We do, but there is no difference, you are all people of the world.) They laughed, but the fact is that I had been told how the majority of Hutterites may think about us. And we have our own stereotypes about Hutterites. For this reason, at a writer's working session, the *Mennonite Mirror* decided to run several feature articles on the Hutterian community.

The Reformation was an emotionally charged time. Without going into detail, I will only remind the reader of the turmoil that had shaken Europe for decades; then came the October Revolution of Dr. Martinus (Luther), then Zwingli, then others, who sought to change the world overnight. Among others were our Anabaptist ancestors Konrad Grebel, Felix Manz, and George Blaurock, the men who in January, 1525, performed the first adult baptism, which they believed to be the only true believers baptism, based on the personal decision of mature people. Of these three Grebel died a refugee in 1526, Manz died a martyr's death early in 1527 in the Limat River, in Zurich, and only George Blaurock escaped across the Alps to

southern Tyrol. He preached with great success in Clausen (Italy) and other centres, and the Anabaptists appeared to conquer Tyrol. But Blaurock was caught and in September, 1529, was executed.

We do not know whether Jacob Huter (*Hutmacher* — hatmaker) had any direct contact with Blaurock, who was known in Tyrol as Brother Jorg (George), but there were a number of Anabaptist preachers active in the area. We would assume, however, that there must have been some contact because Blaurock was most active in Clausen, Gufidaun, and all the towns of Jacob Hutter's territory and Hutter's close friends, the Walpots, were baptized by Blaurock.

Immediately after Blaurock's death, Jacob Huter (Hutter) became the leader of the Anabaptists in Tyrol. However, since

any association with Anabaptism had become a capital offense in 1529, Hutter decided to find a place of refuge for his flock. He travelled to Moravia, where a tolerant government had allowed Anabaptists to live in peace. He arrived just at the right time, because there was a lack of strong and unifying leadership in a rather mixed group of Anabaptists. Jacob's sermons made a strong impression on his audiences. However, he returned to Tyrol to prepare his flock for the journey to Moravia, and small groups were sent to Moravia.

In 1533, the Anabaptists in Moravia were going through a difficult time. Their mixed background and differing views divided the church. This may have been the major reason for Hutter's second trip to Moravia. He did not succeed in healing



A communal meal  
at the Bruderhof.

all rifts, but a strong segment of Anabaptists accepted Hutter's leadership and his concept of the new church as a body, living together and sharing all goods. They became known as the *Hutterischen Bruder* (Hutterian Brethren). After establishing order in his new church, Hutter returned to help the persecuted church in Tyrol. He arrived in his home province just in time for the harshest persecution which was to eradicate heresy from the territory of the Hapsburgs.

During this all-out hunting season on Anabaptists, Jacob Hutter was caught in Clausen, taken to Innsbruck and executed in 1536, at a time when decisive leadership was needed in Moravia. Although the Moravian Hutterian community suffered, it survived. It is difficult to arrive at a reliable membership figure for the Anabaptists in Moravia. We know that there were many, perhaps between 50,000 and 100,000, and the group around Jacob Hutter may have been around 10,000 to 14,000. When the worst persecution, which followed the Munster disaster of 1533-34 was over, the Hutterian community in Moravia experienced its Golden Age (1560-90), with about 30,000 or more persons in over 100 communities. However, after a new wave of persecution, by 1622 all Hutterite communities in Moravia had been destroyed. Many had fled to Hungary, but they did not find safety anywhere. They settled in Hungary at Sabatisch, Kreutz, and Alwinz, but were caught between the warring Ottoman Turks and the Hapsburgs.

Because the communities were easy targets for soldiers in search of food and loot, they dissolved the *Bruderhofs* in 1685. Under pressure from the Catholic Church in 1733, their last community in Hungary, at Sabatisch, agreed to have their children baptized by a priest (they rebaptized them when the children grew up.) It was at this point that a group of persecuted Lutherans from Carinthia became interested in the Hutterian community. Several of these Lutherans, among them Matthias Hofer, Andreas Wurz, George Waldner, and Hans Kleinsasser, in 1755 found remnants of the Hutterian movement at Alwinz and Kreutz, in Transylvania. The Hutterian brethren produced their old books, the records of their experience from the time of the persecution in Tyrol (1529).

Fascinated with this record, the Lutheran group decided to establish a community on the model advocated by Jacob Hutter. Hans Kleinsasser was rebaptized by the Hutterian Elder Mertl Roth at Alwinz, and a Bruderhof (community of goods) was started with 46 members at Kreutz.

This set off a new wave of persecution and under pressure Mertl Roth at Alwinz accepted Catholicism with many of his group. But the treasure of books had been handed over to the new Bruderhof. By October, 1767, the pressure had become too great for the new Hutterian community at Kreutz and they decided to find a new haven. In broad daylight, on October 2, 1767, 51 of the new Hutterians (the Lutherans from Carinthia) and 16 of the old Hutterians of Tyrolian background, altogether 67 people, left for Walachia (today Rumania). They crossed the mountains with few possessions, but they saved every old book that had been entrusted to them. To this small group of courageous Anabaptists we are indebted for much of our early Anabaptist literary heritage.

Not far from today's Bucharest, this remnant of 67 met the Russian General Prince Rumiantsev, who took them under his protection and eventually settled them in 1770 on his land, on the east side of the Dniepr, at Vishinka, not far from Kiev. For a time they prospered, but when the old Rumiantsev died, they ran into many problems. However, in 1789 several Mennonite families from Danzig joined this group. The typical Mennonite name Knelsen has survived among the Hutterian brethren to this day.

In 1841, the Russian government brought to the attention of Johann Cornies some Mennonites that were living near Kiev and facing real problems. With the help of Cornies, these Mennonites (Hutterian Brethren) were resettled and four Hutterian villages were established just south of the Molochna colony. Cornies insisted that they adopt the Mennonite village pattern and economic arrangement. They prospered and several years later a Bruderhof was added. But in 1873, together with some 17,000 Mennonites, they emigrated to the United States, where some of them established Bruderhof, while others settled in villages like the Mennonites.

Eventually, after the First World War, the Hutterian Brethren began to look for land in Canada. Today we have some 70 Bruderhofs (communities) in Manitoba. All Hutterians today are descendants of about 100 Hutterian brothers and sisters who escaped to Russia in the 1770s (the original 67 were joined by a number of refugees from Hungary).

In October, 1987, it was my privilege to visit the old patriarch of the Hutterian brotherhood, Brother Waldner, at the first Hutterian Bruderhof in North America, Bon Homme, founded in 1874 on the Missouri River. Patriarch Waldner is the guar-

dian of their most precious book, the handwritten original of the Hutterian Chronicle, dating from the early days of Anabaptism. As the old man with loving hands put that book before me on the table, I looked at it and at the patriarch with awe. What a treasure of Anabaptist History! We thank you, Hutterian brothers and sisters, for saving that precious book and many other old manuscripts for us and for generations to come. **mm**

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*The famous windmill*

## Preserving the past takes commitment and vision

by Mary Lou Driedger

When I was a little girl I spent many hours on my grandparents' farm in Gnadenthal, Manitoba. Although I didn't know it at the time, I was absorbing a wealth of information about my Mennonite heritage during those frequent visits to the small West Reserve Village.

Along with my cousins I rummaged through a huge wooden wardrobe and then dressed up in my great grandparents' old clothes. I walked barefoot down the dusty path to the village store. On the way I passed house after house attached to the barn beside it. I helped out with hog butchering bees, learned embroidery from my grandma, went gopher shooting with my grandpa, played in the hayloft, chased chickens and enjoyed suppers of summer borscht and homemade bread. Evenings my grandfather would tell me stories about growing up in the Soviet Union and immigrating to Canada.

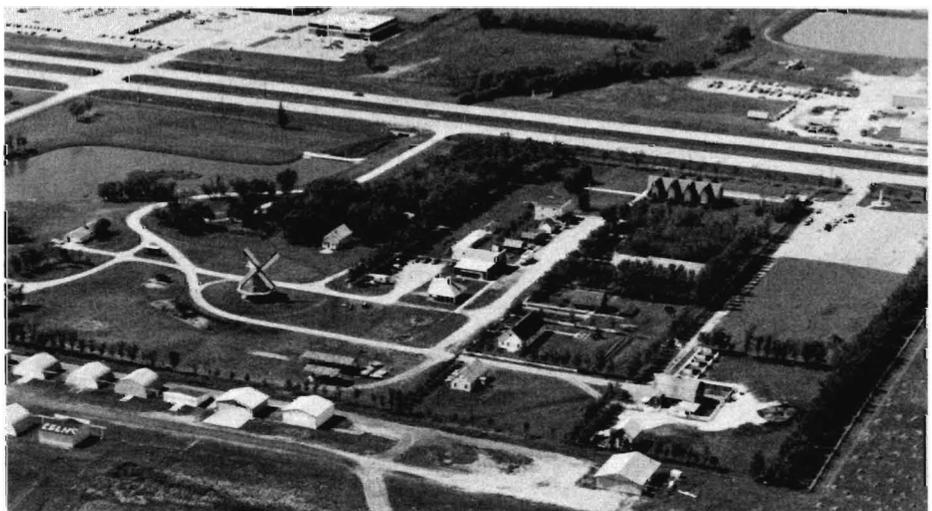
Since our family's farm was sold many years ago and my grandparents are both now nearing their 90th birthdays, I had assumed that my own sons had lost the chance to become acquainted with their rural Mennonite village roots. While researching this article I learned a great deal about a group of people who are dedicated to making sure that my children, along with many others, will have the opportunity to discover what life was like for their Mennonite grandparents and

great grandparents. That group is the Mennonite Historical Society and they have been the driving force behind the development of the Mennonite Heritage Village in Steinbach, Manitoba.

These are exciting times for both the museum and the Historical Society. A new \$2.5 million dollar building project will make it possible for thousands of school children and interested adult visitors to experience first hand what life was like in a small Mennonite village around the turn of the century. Sod turn-

ing has already taken place for the construction of a brand new resource centre. It will display and store in safe and environmentally controlled galleries the over 6,000 items in the museum's collection of artifacts. The centre will also provide space for school children to engage in "hands on" activities as part of learning about their heritage. A large meeting place will make it possible to stage theatre productions, show movies, sponsor lecture series and hold singing performances.

I interviewed Peter Goertzen and Ernest Enns, the museum's director and



*An aerial view of the village museum*

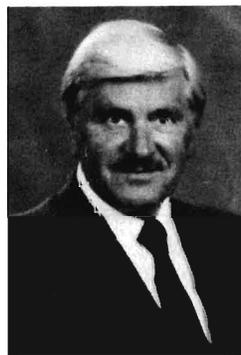
public relations manager, in their cramped office quarters. They are located in the furnace room of the present artifacts building. Clearly the expanded administrative space planned for the resource centre can't be completed soon enough. Finally, the new building will house a library for historians and staff members to do research and find information. If fund-raising goals can be reached, plans call for completion of the facility in time for the Mennonite World Conference in 1990.

Although the attractive new centre will be a welcome addition to the Mennonite Heritage Village it will only serve to enrich the already impressive site and program of the museum. At present there are about 35 buildings on the grounds including a house barn, school, church, sod hut and printery. These are staffed by volunteers and paid employees in period costume who act as guides, interpreters and educators. From May to September you can purchase a traditional meal of Mennonite food in Livery Barn restaurant, have a horse shoe hand made for you in the blacksmith's shop, buy a Mennonite cookbook, postcards or homemade jam in the general store, take an ox cart ride, or pet the goats, sheep, and horses on the farm yard.

The working windmill is perhaps the most popular and well known attraction of the museum. It has become not only a symbol for the Mennonite Village but for the whole community of Steinbach as well. The town's A Division hockey teams all sport jerseys with the windmill insignia and are called The Millers. The Steinbach

auto dealers have used the museum grounds as a location for filming TV ads. Their spokesperson is standing on the balcony of the windmill. Several years ago, the by-now-famous windmill was featured on the front cover of the Manitoba phone book.

The Steinbach community's commitment to the museum runs far deeper, however, than just a symbolic attachment to the windmill. Director Peter Goertzen emphasizes that one of the keys to the success of the Heritage Village is the dedication of the many volunteers who freely donate their time and experience to the museum. They act as tour guides and sit on the Historical Society's board. They also do clean-up work and serve and prepare food for the annual Pioneer Day celebrations. Nearly 50 volunteers come to the museum each year to demonstrate a variety of skills such as quilting, hog butchering, jam making, sheep shearing, manure brick making, spinning, corn



Ernest Enns

husking and grain stooking. The hard work of these dedicated people is certainly helping to put the Mennonite Heritage Village and the town of Steinbach on the map.

A look at the museum's guestbook confirms its growing popularity. Visitors from Helsinki, San Francisco and Quebec have signed their names along with those from Blumenort and Gretna. Last year more than 5,000 school children took advantage of the educational programs of the museum. Some came to participate in special events staged by the Heritage Village. Director Peter Goertzen tells me about a Minnesota school which has a standing reservation for the **Spring on the Farm** program. Every year they bring a bus load of young people to watch the sheep shearing, garden planting and the arrival of young animals in the barn yard. The museum director eagerly awaits the completion of the new resource centre which will make it possible to host school groups for ten months of the year rather than just in May and June as they do now.

The Heritage Village staff will be taking a careful look at the Department of Education's social studies curriculum in an attempt to integrate the museum's program with the planned course of studies for Manitoba students. Ernest Enns, the public relations officer and fund raiser for the building project, points out that the experience of the early Mennonite settlers in Manitoba is very similar to that of other prairie pioneers. All young people, not just those with Mennonite family connections, will have an opportunity to learn more about their heritage at the museum.

Visitors of all ages and cultural backgrounds have been attracted to the Heritage Village in the last several years by special theme weeks. One such theme is "communication." For seven days extra emphasis is placed on informing the museum's patrons about means of communicating in a rural Mennonite village. In the early 1900's the printery was obviously a focal point for transmitting information but to the surprise of many museum goers so was the windmill. Apparently before the telephone became a popular mode of communication the windmill sails were a means of sending messages to farms for miles around. If the sails were at right angles it meant something sad had happened. If they were just past twelve noon the miller was taking a coffee break. Still other sail positions signalled a birth or a call for help.

Many Manitobans may think that if they have visited the museum once they have seen everything there is to see. Theme weeks with topics like food prepa-

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ration, education and communication as well as special demonstrations and festivals insure that new and interesting things can be experienced and learned from repeat visits to the Heritage Village. Some of the celebrations that are becoming a tradition on the museum grounds are Pioneer Days on the August long weekend, the Gospel Folk Festival at the beginning of July, the Spring on the Farm activities during the May long weekend, the Harvest Festival over Labor Day and the Touch of Christmas events in December.

No historical site would be complete without a monument or two and if you haven't visited the museum for a while you may have missed some additions to its collection. A monument erected in memory of the delegates sent from Prussia to Russia to scout out possible land sites for the Mennonites has been transported to Canada from the Soviet Union. Another monument has been set up in memory of Mennonite martyrs. A third monument and one that really captured my attention and appreciation is dedicated to pioneer women and their important contributions to Mennonite history.

Peter Goertzen describes this special commemorative symbol. "It's a rock that looks like a loaf of bread. On it are seven plaques, each depicting some aspect of the pioneer woman's work. For example, the illustration on one plaque is of a woman milking a cow, on another plaque she is stooking wheat, on another teaching her children and on another rocking a cradle. Sometimes," says Goertzen,

"when it rains and water is running down all the sides of the rock it reminds me of the many tears pioneer women must have shed as they coped with the harsh reality of life on the cold Manitoba prairie."

The monument to pioneer women is only one of the many interesting additions to the museum grounds. Each year new and exciting features find their way into the village display. Right now the staff is working hard to restore a log house from Hochfeld that was built in 1876. Hopefully, it will be open to the public this summer.

The Heritage Village has come a long way since it's small beginnings in the early 1960's. The dedication of the Historical Society and it's employees has turned the museum into a thriving, busy place with 35 paid workers and some 300 volunteers. More than 50,000 people tour the buildings and grounds each year. The whole Mennonite community should appreciate the initiative and foresight of those involved with the museum's founding, as well as the vision and careful planning of the present administration and Mennonite Historical Society board.

Future generations will have the exciting opportunity to experience first hand what living in a rural village was like for their Mennonite ancestors. The Heritage Village extends an invitation not only to all Manitobans, not only to all Canadians, but with the Mennonite Conference in 1990 to the whole world to come and see a part of history brought to life. **mm**

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From the 29 entries to the February puzzle, Margaret Letkeman, of Morden, was selected winner.

Answers to January are skate, horse, leash, share, siren, and snake.

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## REVIEW

### Not bread alone, some Amish too

reviewed by Ed Unrau

Two cookbooks arrived in the offices of the *Mennonite Mirror*, and each had a quite different focus. One sets out to provide a "best of" overview of Amish cooking, and the other a fast way to bake bread.

The Amish book first.

*The Best of Amish Cooking*, is another cookbook by Phyllis Pellman Good, who has a reputation as a cook in her own right and is an expert on Amish and Mennonite cooking.

According to Good, the recipes assembled in this volume "go back as far as 80-year-old members of the Amish church can recall or discover" in the handwritten recipe books that belonged to their mothers, and which are still being cooked today by Amish families in the Lancaster County area of Pennsylvania. Because such tradition-bound recipes relied a lot on experience, Good has adapted the recipes so that anyone can become a cook in the Amish style.

This reviewer was soon impressed with the "ordinariness" of the dishes included in this work. Virtually all of the ingredients are what one could describe as "staples," available from the garden or nearby market. And in that sense, the cookbook might be a little disappointing, because you don't pay good money for a book that tells you how to cook "regular" food.

But on reflection, this "ordinariness" is the very essence of being Amish. Because the Amish live close to the land, and are equally close to their produce (in the sense that they harvest it and preserve it without the wonders of modern food chemistry), it is consistent for their food to be plain, wholesome, and substantial (Real Amish don't eat alfalfa sprouts).

Where many cookbook recipe titles have pretensions to greatness, the titles in

this Amish book are as plain as the people who conceived the foods; in fact, the recipe titles are mere labels. Some examples: Meat Pie, Cold Soup, Meat Pudding, Sticky Buns, Schnitz Pie, Green Tomato Pie, and Old-Fashioned Molasses Taffy.

If Real Amish don't eat Alfalfa sprouts, then Real Yuppies are likely to have some problems with a couple of the dishes included in this book: Stuffed Pig Stomach, and Souse (pickled pig's feet).

Each of the chapters in this book is prefaced by a short essay on the food category that puts Amish cooking practices into context. As well, each recipe comes with a preamble that puts the main ingredients or the dish into a specific context.

The second book is called *Breadspeed*, and was written by Elma Schemenauer, who is now a writer and editor in Ontario.

In her preamble she outlines two main reasons for undertaking this book. First, as someone who enjoyed fresh, home-baked bread, she wanted to find a way to bake it without the approximately six hours that traditional recipes require. Hence the title: *Breadspeed*. Second, she also wanted to develop inherently "healthy" bread recipes for her speedy method.

Essential to speedy breadbaking is to add gluten flour to all-purpose flour. Kneading is the traditional way of developing the gluten in bread dough; one shortens the process by adding gluten at the beginning. The other essential component is the use of fast rise yeasts. Finally, her methods avoid arduous kneading as well as the use of glitzy high tech kitchen gizmos — no food processors or fancy mixing machines — just the basics.

According to Schemenauer, it should take you two hours from the time you start to the time you wash up, for you to sit down to fresh bread, butter (corn oil margarine, that is) and your favorite jam.

Does her basic bread recipe work? This reviewer has yet to find gluten flour to add to his wife's supply of all-purpose flour. Then he'll challenge her to a bake-off — her brown pumpernickel vs the basic breadspeed recipe.

In addition to basic bread, this book also contains 29 other recipes for breads and buns and special occasion baking.

*The Best of Amish Cooking*, by Phyllis Pellman Good; published by Good Books, Intercourse, Pennsylvania; 19.95 U.S.; hardcover.

*Breadspeed*, by Elma Schemenauer; published by Farland Press Inc., Willowdale, Ontario; \$9.95; softcover.

# OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

by Roy Vogt



## The Sorrow and Joy of Spring

By the time you read this the Spring Break and the Easter season will lie behind us, along with most of the snows of Winter. However, this is being written in the days leading up to Good Friday, and though I know Spring is well on its way with all of its new hope, it is the reality of life as reflected in Good Friday that weighs on me most at the present time.

These notes are being jotted down at my father's bedside in the Bethania Personal Care Home, where he has lived for more than four years. A few weeks ago my father took his farewell from us. He had been ailing for some time, unable to enjoy the music and the reading that were his chief pleasures for more than 80 years. He now concluded that his condition was irreversible. Within a few days, it seems, he not only came to accept the fact that he was dying but he actually willed that this be so.

In the few weeks since he apparently made that decision he has refused all food. We respect his wishes, giving him only the liquids he requests. He seems now to be at peace with himself. He has not spoken a word for a few days but he knows when we are beside him. The nursing staff is extremely helpful and considerate; they see to his basic bodily needs and treat him with great respect. He is leaving us, but the pain of his coming departure is softened by the spirit of caring that surrounds him.

In the hours spent quietly by his bed one has an opportunity to reflect on many things. Foremost in my mind, of course, is the imminent death itself. At this moment, death seems proud, claiming another strong human being by means of its terrible wasting weapons. However, though my father's body is giving way day by day, I do not feel that his spirit has been diminished in any way. There are doors through which death cannot enter. There is a place where death itself dies. I believe my father will find solace there. I believe, in fact, that the Keeper of that Peaceable Kingdom has been with him all his life.

In these quiet hours one's mind also races over the past. Do we ever really know our fathers? Though they may care very much for us, as mine did, they never become our friends. At least in the past they didn't. Nowadays I know parents who would like to be chums with their children, but I think such efforts are largely futile,

and misdirected. Friends are persons with whom one can share one's most intimate hopes, fears, and crazy aspirations. One risks complete vulnerability with them. Parents never risk that completely with their children, and children seem even less inclined to risk it with their parents. At best, I think, the relationship between parent and child is based on respect, which can blossom into affection.

My father always had our respect. In a fairly closed and rigid community he fostered a free spirit of inquiry and a deep love for music and learning. Religion was never imposed, and religious questions were discussed as freely as any other questions in our home. He was disappointed when I chose to go into the ministry, because he thought I was throwing away a good education, but when he saw that my mind was made up he offered the following advice: "I have observed two kinds of ministers in our community," he said. "The first visits a widow and discovers that she is busy piling firewood for the winter. He excuses himself and says that he will return when she isn't so busy so that they can visit. The second minister also visits a widow, and also finds her busy with the firewood. He offers to help, and after the work is done they go into her house for a visit. I hope," my father said simply, "that you will be the second kind." One never forgets advice like that, though one may seldom live up to it.

Respect for such a father may eventually turn into affection, as it thankfully did with my father. In the last decade or so we always spontaneously hugged and kissed each other whenever we met; something that I would never have dreamt was possible or desirable earlier. The man who now lies quietly in this room in Bethania, slowly breathing his earthly life away, was never destined to be a saint. But he was destined to be my father, and I his son, and for this I am very grateful. My father passed away, March 12.

All is not sadness in a world like Bethania. In the weeks before Easter I often have time, while the nurses are tending to my father, to sit in the centre court of the nursing home and observe life around me. I strike up a little friendship with an older lady who always wants to know whether I am married. "I am getting gray hair," I tell her, "isn't that enough proof?"

"Oh that means nothing," she replies. "I have gray hair too and I have never been married."

While we are sitting and talking I observe Louis, a long-time resident of Bethania, who likes to shout "hell" once in a while, for no apparent reason, going about his daily task of moving a cart filled with laundry to another part of the building. He is halfway down the hall when suddenly an older lady in a wheelchair cuts sharply across his path and stops abruptly, halting his progress.

Louis motions frantically to her, to get out of his way. She holds up her chin defiantly, refusing to budge. She has scored a victory. I fear that Louis may have a temper, since he shouts "hell" so often, and may take a swipe at the lady. But after some more muttering, all to no avail, he gingerly backs up and carefully squeezes the cart past her. When he is past, the lady blithely turns the wheelchair 90 degrees and continues on her original route. She has had her kicks for the day. I expect that Louis will be recognized as a saint in heaven, and the lady will be asked to do penance by placing the crown of sainthood on his head.

Other "worlds" in Winnipeg create similar pleasure. We spend an evening at the annual meeting of our Cottage Owners Association. There are many items on the agenda and there is a large crowd in attendance. Since I have no duties at this meeting, an all too rare occurrence, I enjoy watching the "group dynamics." Our late bishop, Rev. J.H. Enns, used to observe that many people when they go to meetings feel that the meeting has been a complete waste of time if they haven't said *something*, preferably something very critical so that everyone will be aware of the great concerns they have. This meeting is no exception. Garbage collection on the beach takes an hour of heated discussion, followed by various gripes about police service and loud parties. Having a cottage at the beach seems to be a tremendous burden, and one wonders why some people put up with it. One would never guess from some of the discussion that they even pay for the privilege. Despite long and sometimes pointless speeches, there is a certain pleasure in meeting your beach neighbors in winter dress. Most of all it is refreshing to be reminded that another summer at our favorite place is not too far off.

Most of all the slush of the Spring season and the sadness of the events recounted in this column are offset by numerous visits with friends, in whose presence one is reminded that life is good. May it be so with you as another summer approaches. mm

# REVIEW

## Low-German is capable of endless language subtlety

Al Reimer, editor, *The Collected Works of Arnold Dyck, Volume III*; Winnipeg, Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society; 1988.

In 1946 when I was working on a Masters in English my university required a thesis. My advisor, whose Ph.D. dissertation was an introduction to, and an anthology of, Mormon Literature, encouraged me in my somewhat self-conscious effort to consider writing a thesis on the Russia German Mennonites in American fiction.

I was quite sure that there was not much fiction by Mennonites, certainly not in the States, though I was aware of Arnold Dyck's works. I was not sure that what literature there was, was worth writing about. My advisor assured me that a little search on my part would turn up any number of novels by and about the Mennonites, and that it would be worthwhile to consider it critically. Dr. Cornelius Krahn at the Bethel College Historical Society agreed and gave me the names of Dyck and Peter Epp, Gordon Friesen and Otto Schrag among others. I focused on these four.

and I have had no reason to change my mind since, that the novels of Dyck and Epp were preeminent among Mennonite fiction writers of the time. What seems strange to me now is that I chose not to examine Dyck's Low German stories, but focused entirely on *Verloren in der Steppe*. After all, the Koop and Bua stories were written in a language which some of our neighbors called slop bucket Dutch, a language which had, so we were told, no status among the world's languages and in which there had not been and could never be any great literature. I should have known better, having had courses in Old English and the History of the English Language.

When my parents spoke Low German where others couldn't understand them, I always tried to act as if I didn't belong to their family. Most of us first and second generation Americans were loathe even to admit that we could speak Low German. We were, after all, in a new world with a new language. It was our business to learn the language of our native country and to forget the older language.

I was poignantly aware that I was not a native but the son of foreign speakers who, it seemed to me, had only yesterday stepped off the boat although they had

reviewed by Elmer Suderman

been in this country for more than 50 years.

And then, of course, there were two world wars with Germany which made the German language suspect.

I knew, as some of my Low German speaking friends knew, that Dyck was a master in writing humorous sketches. Indeed, that was another reason that I probably ignored the Low German sketches. They did not have the high seriousness of *Verloren in der Steppe*. My mother, who frowned on literature and was sure that I would come to no good studying lies, liked to hear me read and would even help me read Koop and Bua stories and enjoyed seeing Dr. Krahn's German classes at Tabor College present *Dee Fria*. If ordinary and uneducated people liked Dyck's work it couldn't be literature could it?

If I had not changed my mind about the status of Low German before I read *Dee Oppnom*, particularly the section where Winta explains the origin of Low German to Kron, I changed it then. It was, I thought, and have had no reason to change my mind, one of the most delightful stories I had ever read and one of the most eloquent defenses of slop bucket Dutch. This section of the play is a much more eloquent defense of the Low German than his defense in the prologue to the play, although he is, I think, right on the mark when he says that *ons Plautdietsch ess fonn Husutne Buasproak, ess prost enn groff* (Our Low German is from the inside out a peasant speech; it is blunt and coarse.) But very few would argue today as Arnold Dyck does in the Koop and Bua sketches that to be a true Mennonite one must speak Low German.

One might add that it is capable of nuances of meaning and feeling, Arnold Dyck's range of which we have not exceeded. But we can, in reading Dyck, discover how many nuances he discovers in the language and what range from the intense seriousness of *Twee Breew* to the high humor of sketch 29 of *Koop enn Bua tus, woa eena sitj meist dootlache mutt aus Koop enn Bua no Winnipeg foare enn doa en Poa lange, wollne Unjabetjse fe 25 Tsent kjeepe*.

I was wrong not only about Low Ger-

man as a literary language but about Dyck's works in that language. As the Koop and Bua stories continued to come out I collected them avidly. As ethnic literature came to have greater repute, I discovered how good these stories were, both in the sheer pleasure they gave and, just as important and probably inseparable from the pleasure, how aesthetically good, how well they stood the test of time and of old and newly emerging standards by which literature was being judged.

The plays, sketches and short stories in this third volume of Arnold Dyck's collected works have always been hard to get. Some have never been collected; the rest have been out of print. Now they are available in this handsome volume. The Koop and Bua stories from *The Steinbach Post* and *Mennonitische Volkswarte* are a delightful surprise. Those who have never read them or can now reread them will be pleased to see them together. The *Forsteijeschijchte*, also never before collected, serve here as a helpful introduction to the two plays about the Russia Forest Service, *Wellkomm oppe Forstei!* and *Dee Oppnom*.

These selections, the play *Dee Fria*, the stories in *Dee Milljoonaa fonn Kosefelt* and *Onse Lied enn oola Tiet* constitute the contents of this rich collection. All lovers of Arnold Dyck's Low German works and of ethnic literature and of Mennonite characters, not to mention Mennonite humor, can be grateful for the loving care with which Al Reimer has edited this book.

Dr. E. Suderman is a retired professor of English at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minnesota. He is a frequent contributor of poems to the *Mennonite Mirror*.



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# THIS WORD FROM DOWN EAST



by Tim Wiebe

## Just a Thought Of Perceptions and Reality

I felt a twinge the other day. No, it wasn't the product of an hour-long job during which I conquered a few hills too many. And it wasn't the result of exposure to the cold weather. It wasn't even the creation of that *weltschmerz* or worldsadness which can hit you when you're feeling low. This particular vibration, to borrow a wearied song lyric, was rather a good one. Allow me to relate the story of this most singular twinge.

Marlene and I have an informal arrangement with the local Russian Mennonite church which sees us add a few musical numbers to the occasional German service. Neither of us speaks much Deutsch, but we definitely recognize in the austere liturgy of the *Gottesdienst* a part of our tradition in which we feel profoundly rooted. And we certainly feel a sense of belonging, too, in the midst of the casual, Low German conversation which fills the foyer with preworship warmth. In fact, as I mentioned to Marlene just after a recent service, it felt as though we were in either one of Winnipeg's Mennonite fellowships, or in one of the Paraguayan Mennonite *Gemeinde* we so fondly recalled from our tour of that country some two years ago. She looked at me rather surprisedly because she had the same thought! There was something about that morning's service which made us feel especially at home, and we headed for Sunday dinner at my in-laws feeling physically relaxed and spiritually refreshed.

Later that afternoon, after I enjoyed a sumptuous meal, a bit of a snooze, and some solitary reflection, the aforementioned twinge insinuated itself upon me. There was something in it of hope of the inner renewal which comes as days lengthen, suns rays strengthen, and Springs promises beckon. There was something in it of anticipation, of looking forward to Easter, sensing the end of a semester, and of reaching toward a summer chock full with visiting, choir touring, and musicworkshopping. Finally, there was something in it of reassurance of being affirmed for surviving the winter and receiving encouragement to move ahead, confidently, into the bright light of Spring and Summer. There were many more in-

tangibles involved in this brief experience, but I hope I've captured at least some of the twinge dynamics which it included.

Canadian folksinger, Gordon Lightfoot, once lamented in song his inability to tame the fleeting perceptions which passed through his mind. I usually feel that way, too. I can identify various aches and pains without too much trouble, but am often ill-equipped to deal with those moments when, against all odds, I'm surprised by joy. This time around, however, I think I've learned something about those delightful twinges which present themselves when we're most in need of such refreshing astonishment.

Allow me to share an example. I recently watched a movie in which one of the main characters, a video game aficionado, explained her philosophy of life while in the midst of an afternoon's technological entertainment. In her view, life was much like the blips of light on her video screen. It consisted of those moments of joy or sadness during which she felt genuinely alive. In between those moments, however, there was only emptiness. The best one could do was tough out the dull times and wait for the bright moments to return. I suppose she is what the theologians would call an existentialist. We're here for the present and tomorrow may never come. And I suppose, too, that we've each felt that way at times. I know I have.

On my better days, however, I'm con-

vinced that there's more to life than a series of isolated moments. Our instances of delight may be occasional and our twinges of hope fleeting, but connecting them, I believe, is no less a reality than God's all-encompassing love. Our moments and days, to borrow a biblical image, are in the hands of Providence. In fact, a fresh twinge evolving, perhaps, into an insight of sorts, tells me that if we review the many moments of our lives, we'll begin to see, if we look rightly, an emerging pattern which is being gradually woven into something lasting and beautiful. And maybe that's what working out our salvation is all about . . . Perception becoming reality. Moments developing, with God's help, into a larger pattern. And divine nudges reminding us, every once in a while, that there's a rhyme and a reason to those moments of joy which we experience when we most need them. I can hardly wait for the next twinge!

mm

## Coming Events

**April 16:** Mennonite Community Orchestra Spring Concert at Jubilee Place, 181 Riverton Ave. at 3 pm.

**April 20-22:** Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre Performance of Sanctuary. MBCI Jubilee Place 8:05 pm.

**April 27-28:** Prairie Performances Schubert Songs. Muriel Richardson Auditorium. 8 pm.

**May 5-6:** Festival of Peace. First Mennonite Church.

**May 14:** Winnipeg Singers. Crescent Fort Rouge United Church 8 pm.

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# REVIEW

## The church and culture: what relationship?

### A review by Harry Loewen

In *The Transformation of Culture* Charles Scriven grapples with the age-old Christian problem of how the church ought to witness to society. The book is a valiant attempt to show that H. Richard Niebuhr and such Mennonite thinkers as John H. Yoder are not really all that far apart. Scriven's proposition is "that the true Niebuhrian way is the Anabaptist way."

According to Scriven, a pastor of a large Seventh-Day Adventist Church in Maryland, Niebuhr believed that the mission of the church was to transform society into obedience to the claims of Christ. To do that the church and individual Christians were to involve themselves in the world's culture, using many means, including violence if necessary, to bring about wholesome changes.

The Anabaptists, according to Scriven, also believed in transformation of society for Christ, but their means of accomplishing this task excluded violence and war. Scriven believes that today, after Niebuhr, it is possible and desirable to combine the Anabaptists' and Niebuhr's ways to achieve the transformation of culture.

After two chapters of introduction to the Anabaptists' and Niebuhr's ways, Scriven examines several theologians after Niebuhr with regard to the subject. In Chapter 3, "Christian Social Doctrine at the Centre," Scriven summarizes theologies of Langdon Gilkey, Bernhard Haering, and John Macquarrie. "All these writers agree," Scriven states, "that Christianity must involve itself in the transformation of surrounding culture. All agree that Jesus Christ is authoritative for the pursuit of this task. All agree that some sort of common cause between church and surrounding culture is necessary. Each fails, however, to explain how this latter point justifies the particular

limits he paradoxically goes on to place upon Christ's authority," (p. 97).

In Chapter 4, "Liberation and Political Theologies," Scriven deals with Gustavo Gutierrez, Rosemary Radford Ruether, and Johannes Baptist Metz. In the minds of these writers there is no question that society needs to be radically transformed so that the plight of the poor can be addressed. According to Gutierrez, the struggle involves "participation in socialist revolution, its conflict, and even its violence" (p. 103).

Of the theologians who stress the authority of the Bible in the Christ versus Culture conflict, Scriven discusses the writings of Stanley Hauer, Donald Bloesch, and John H. Yoder (Chapter 5). Here Scriven shows that these evangelical thinkers all agree that the church ought to seek the conversion not only of individuals but also the transformation of social structures. This is particularly true of Yoder's writings, who, according to Scriven, emphasizes that Jesus' "mission is political and his vision is universal" (p. 149).

While Scriven is most sympathetic toward Yoder's contribution to the church-state debate, he seems to have difficulties harmonizing Yoder's thinking with Niebuhr, whom Yoder has severely criticized. In an attempt to bring the two together, Scriven emphasizes certain "dilemmas" in Yoder's thinking and suggests that an absolute pacifism may be too legalistic an approach to the problem. According to Scriven: "Fidelity to Christ seems deeper and more truly biblical when it acknowledges moral ambiguity, when it grants the need for exceptional practice in exceptional circumstances" (p. 179).

In Chapter 6, "The Social Ethics of the Cross: The Radical Vision After Niebuhr," Scriven suggests that he has found a way

of harmonizing the need for the transformation of culture and the method of achieving this. With regard to the method he draws heavily upon the Anabaptist tradition which includes discipleship, community building, modelling the way of Christ, non-violence, and involvement in the institutions of society.

While Scriven wrestles honestly with the church-state problem and the issues are clearly presented in this book, it is doubtful whether the Anabaptist way and Niebuhr's Christ and culture issues can be harmonized. The difficulty arises from several considerations.

Scriven does not seem to appreciate the fundamental differences between the nature of the church and the nature of the "world." As Yoder has argued, even if the state were to renounce violence as a means of settling its problems and maintaining "law and order," (*Taufertum und Reformation im Gespräch*, 176-177), its basic alienation from God and His claims would remain, whereas the church seeks to build islands of holiness and obedience to Christ. Nor does Scriven seem to appreciate that the Anabaptists were more pessimistic about human nature and about what they could accomplish in society than he makes them out to be. While they at first sought to effect reformations on larger societal scales, the Anabaptists soon withdrew from wholehearted involvement in the institutions of society and instead formed communities of committed followers of the Jesus way.

As Christian individuals and communities the Anabaptists seemed to realize that by their radical application of the claims of Christ in their own lives, they modelled a society which ideally was intended for all people everywhere. However, societal transformation would not happen until the victory of the Lamb of which the last book of the New Testament speaks. In the meantime, Christians can realistically continue to do two things: invite people to join their transformer communities, and witness to the powers that be, holding them to their own claims and standards of justice, human rights, and peaceful individual and international relations. This is perhaps what Christ meant when he said that his followers are the salt of the earth and light of the world (Matt. 5:13-14).

Charles Scriven, *The Transformation of Culture. Christian Social Ethics After H. Richard Niebuhr. Foreword by James Wm. McClendon, Jr. Scottdale, Pa./Kitchener, Ont.: Herald Press, 1988. Paperback, 224 pages.*

# MANITOBA NEWS

**Canadian Foodgrains Bank:** Requests for food aid from famine-struck regions of Africa and Asia have led the Canadian Foodgrains Bank to repeat its appeal for donations of wheat and canola seed. Despite a steady flow of wheat and canola donations in the annual fall grain drive, it appears that 1988 donations will fall well short of the 1987 total of 11,700 metric tonnes. The value of wheat collected in the October and November Grain Drive '88 are included in a December shipment of 10,000 metric tonnes to Sudan and Ethiopia. The value of canola seed donations will be used to purchase refined cooking oil for relief and food-for-work development projects. Under a new agreement with the Canadian Wheat Board and leading grain companies, grain donations to the Foodgrains Bank can be deposited directly at any participating elevator until the end of the current crop year.

**Carla Friesen,** Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, is beginning a six-month overseas mission volunteer term in Hualien, Taiwan. She is working at the New Dawn Development Centre and Hualien Christian School. Her parents are Jake and Sara Friesen of Winkler.

**Jake Harms,** COM Canadian coordinator, visited Paraguay, Brazil and Uruguay in February meeting missionaries and church leaders. He is also the featured speaker at the German-speaking South American Mennonite Conference in Curitiba, Brazil.

**New MVS Unit in Brandon:** Marcia Hamm, recently completing an MCC term in Saskatoon, is the first volunteer in the Brandon unit. She works half time for Samaritan Services, an organization which provides food, clothing, literacy programs, Christian counselling and Bible studies. In the other half-time, Hamm is a peace education worker with Project Ploughshares.

**David Wiebe,** director of evangelism and church growth with the Conference of Mennonites in Manitoba, will complete his term August 31.

**Al and Lou Friesen,** Charleswood Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, have begun a two-year voluntary service assignment with MCC in Akron, PA.

**A David Schroeder Symposium,** sponsored by Canadian Mennonite Bible College is planned for June 14-17 at the CMBC campus. The symposium will honour Dr. Schroeder who will be retiring after 30 years at the college. Twelve papers will be presented on "theology and the hermeneutical community", by scholars from CMBC and other academic institutions across Canada and the U.S. A keynote paper by Schroeder himself will be included.

**Art DeFehr,** president of Palliser Furniture, has been named marketing executive of the year by the Sales and Marketing Executives of Winnipeg Inc. DeFehr, the first recipient of the award, was chosen for his outstanding leadership under which his company is expected to surpass the \$150 million mark in sales this year. DeFehr has also served as president of Economic Development International, was founding chairman of the MCC Food Bank, and is a consultant for MCC's program for resettlement of South East Asian refugees in Canada. Palliser Furniture now employs 1,600 persons, and serves up to 400 retailers in Canada and the United States.

**Agape House,** Steinbach, was one of four rural Manitoba wife abuse shelters to receive additional funding, which will help alleviate some of the stress on the staff of trying to make ends meet. More outreach services may also be established, such as programs for the abuser and more help for the abused child. Also benefitting from the increase are similar shelters in Winkler, Portage la Prairie and Selkirk.

**Eduard Klassen,** a harp player from Winnipeg, and **Bill Ens,** a guitar and accordion player from Winkler, have performed in churches in Western Canada, and are giving concerts in churches in North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas. Klassen, with his South American harp, has made three European tours.

**"You can do it if you try!,"** a musical based on the songs of Fred Penner, song writer and performer, was presented by Prairie Theatre Exchange in Steinbach. It was written by Winnipeg playwright David Gillies and sponsored by the Steinbach Arts Council.

**Rhinehart Friesen,** retired Winnipeg obstetrician, has been awarded an honorable mention in the popular book category for his book, **A Mennonite Odyssey,** in the Margaret McWilliams Medal Competition, by the Manitoba Historical Society. Dr. Friesen, "hoping to make history accessible to everyone, has created a fascinating account of the struggles, hardships, and joys experienced by one of Manitoba's pioneer families." He "has written a popular story based on journals and diaries, oral history, and his own memories." This is his second book. His first, **Almost an Elephant,** is a picture book for children.

**Phil Ens,** president of Triple E Canada Ltd., Winkler, believes healthy staff relations are a mark of Christian presence in the marketplace. Triple E and its employees' association recently received the gold trophy for labour/management relations in the Canada Awards for Business Excellence competition. They were also given a Manitoba Business Innovation Award this fall for "creating a cooperative climate between management and employees."

**Steinbach:** A new \$1 million medical clinic is being planned, hoping to attract several specialists to the town. Their presence would make many trips to Winnipeg unnecessary.

Two Mennonite church agencies appeared before the Aboriginal Justice Inquiry to state their support for extensive changes to the Manitoba judicial system. Representatives of the **Native Ministries Program** of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada (CMC) and MCC expressed concern about the effect of a justice system alien to the aboriginal peoples, and expressed support for community-based alternatives to the courts and prisons. Menno Wiebe and Anna Dueck (MCC) stated that native people must be given special treatment within the justice system. The conflict between Native and Euro-Canadian law has never been fully resolved and continues to create hardships for Native people today. Only culturally-appropriate processes which are shaped by the Native people themselves can resolve this conflict. Neil Unrau of CMBC referred to the Hebrew concepts of "shalom" and "jubilee year" as underlying a concept of a legal code used to create a sense of community. Several recent proposals from Native communities for new justice systems

are based on similar ideals of restoration of relationship and harmony.

**Thomas Wiebe**, son of Menno and Lydia Wiebe, was in Winnipeg for several concerts recently. In January he and pianist Barbara Riske performed at the Muriel Richardson Auditorium. Substituting for Klara Belkin, he played with the Manitoba Trio at Eva Clare Hall, University of Manitoba. The Manitoba Trio, consisting of Jack Glatzer and Dolores Keahey and Thomas Wiebe, were in Paris, in February, where they represented Canada at a festival of new music, and also played in London. Thomas is currently a student of cello performance at Eastman College in Rochester, New York.

**John and Toots Sawatsky** of Gretna, have begun three-month terms at the SelfHelp Crafts warehouse in Akron and the Selfhelp Crafts tea room in Ephrata.

**Tim and Laverna Reimer**, Winnipeg, formerly leaders of an MCC SALT unit in Winnipeg, have now taken up a new MCC assignment of working with churches in Germany. They have three children.



**Caroline Thiessen**, member of the River East Mennonite Brethren Church, Winnipeg, is beginning a two-year MCC assignment in New Orleans, Louisiana, where she will be working as a registered nurse in a health clinic. Her parents are Hilda and John M. Thiessen of Winnipeg.

**Evelyn and Marvin Koop**, Winnipeg, have begun a three-year MCC assignment in Belo Jardim, Brazil, where they are working with a housing project for low-income people. They are members of Fort Garry Evangelical Mennonite Church. They have four children.

Winnipeg Mennonite Theatre presents Esther Wiens' **Sanctuary** directed by Alfred Wiebe, at Jubilee Place, 181 Riverton Avenue on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 20-22. The play deals with the conflicts and relation-

ships engendered when the Romeros, an El Salvadorian family, come to live in the Reimers' loft above their garage. The guests, illegal aliens, also bring the family in conflict with society. The story is told with warmth and humour. Tickets are priced at \$5 and \$8.

**Invitation from churches in U.S.S.R.:** The conference of Mennonites in Canada has received an urgent request for a pastor for support of spiritual life and union. Jake Tilitzky, pastor of Eben-Ezer Mennonite Church, Clearbrook, B.C. has been released from his pastoral duties in order to respond to this call. He will spend several weeks in April and May visiting U.S.S.R. Kirchliche Mennonite churches in Alma Ata, Karaganda, Frunze, Takmak, Novosibirsk, Orenburg and Dshambul. CMC will cover travel costs, and the Kirchliche churches will be responsible for in-country expenses. This is an important invitation, and it is the right time for such a visit. The extensive emigration of Mennonites from the Soviet Union to West Germany, resulting in losses in leadership and lay membership, is affecting the morale of those remaining. Tilitzky will take along child and adult education resources to distribute in the churches.

**Arlene and Walter Epp**, Killarney, worked for six weeks with Mennonite Voluntary Service in Kansas City, Missouri.

**Ron Geddert**, Saskatoon, has been appointed editor of **Mennonite Brethren Herald**, while interim editor, Jim Coggins will continue as associate editor.

**Aboriginal Rights Coalition** (Project North), a new inter-church organization for addressing aboriginal justice is underway, following the termination of Project North in 1987. It includes nine church bodies, Native organizations and Project North network groups. Funded primarily by the churches, the coalition will focus on ongoing aboriginal issues from a biblically-based stance of justice advocacy. The coalition is currently seeking a program co-ordinator. Suggestions may be sent to Menno Wiebe, MCC Canada in Winnipeg.

**Elizabeth Isby Bergen**, Altona, was honored January 21 at a meeting of the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society for her contributions to Mennonite studies in her work with the

**Echo**, and in "Pioneer Portraits" which described a number of pioneer families, and to the prize-winning history of Gretna.

**Elmer Hildebrand** broadcaster developer and sports enthusiast, was named Altona's Citizen of the Year. His career started in 1957 as a copywriter for radio station CFAM, and is now president of Golden West Broadcasting, an eight station network. He has also actively promoted hockey and baseball in Altona and southern Manitoba and been involved in residential and industrial development in Altona.

New Low German Testament **Daut Niehe Tastament**, printed in 1988 has been well-received. To assist readers of this mostly oral language, an additional explanatory booklet has been prepared by Peter Fast, called, "Wie reden en lesen Plautdietsch." The translator was John J. Neufeld, of Mennonite Brethren Communications, assisted by Peter Fast and Viola Reimer of Wyclife Bible Translators and others. Copies have been sold in Canada, Latin America, Europe and U.S.S.R. Printed by Kindred Press copies are available from **Die Mennonitische Post**.

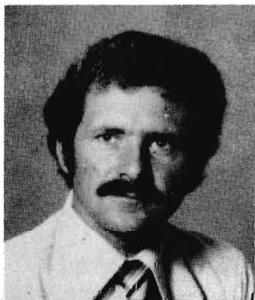
**Al Reimer**, professor of English at the University of Winnipeg, was featured in a Tabor College, Hillsboro literature class. He read passages from his historical novel **My Harp has Turned to Mourning**, and discussed techniques of writing an historical novel. Reimer, an authority of Low German language and culture, is the Low German editor of the **Mennonite Mirror**.

**MCC Canada** has launched a special appeal for \$10,000 to help evangelicals in the Soviet Ukraine import 20,000 Ukrainian language songbooks. MCC has also approved \$10,000 for Bibles for the Soviet Union, and is preparing a reprinting of the 15 volumes Barclay Bible Commentary in the Russian language in 1989, and continuing work with the Baptist World Alliance on a 15 volume Old Testament commentary, to be ready in 1991.

**Urban Plunge** of Winnipeg takes groups of people to the core area of the city on walking tours, listening to stories of inner city residents, work at a relief centre and a meal at a soup kitchen, worship at an inner city church, and times of Bible study and discussion. It is an effort to promote understanding.

**Tom Edge**, Winnipeg, formerly from Richmond, Virginia, has been appointed director of handicap concerns for MCC in Manitoba and Canada. He will work with the concerns committee in giving direction to efforts to assist disabled people. Edge was previously manager of Choice Books in Manitoba.

**Council on Church and Media**, (CCM), will hold its annual meeting at MBBC Winnipeg May 11-12. The conference will focus on "Professional Communicators: in the church, in the world." Communicators will address these questions: How can church media be a liaison between the church and the secular world? Does the church follow the secular model of communication? What ethical issues are faced by Christians who work in the secular media? CCM is a bi-national forum of Brethren in Christ Church of the Brethren and Mennonites.



Conference of Mennonites in Canada: **Gerd Bartel**, Peace Mennonite Church, Richmond, B.C. will direct fund-raising and promotional efforts for two years, beginning August 1989. Bartel will head up fund raising for the CMC building program which includes CMBC building projects. Bartel has been extensively involved in his own local church and at all levels of conference work.

**Project Peacemakers:** "Festival of Peace" at First Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, May 5-6. Spirituality and Peace making workshops plus music and drama. Keynote speakers are Bishop Donald Sjöberg, president of Canadian Council of Churches and Sister Mary Alban Bouchard, active in United Nations, author of *Peace is Possible*. Friday evening: free, open public meeting; Saturday \$10. Telephone: 775-8178.

**Mennonite Community Orchestra** Spring Concert Sunday, April 16, at 3 pm **Jubilee Place**, 181 Riverton Ave. Winnipeg. Guest conductor is Franz Paul Klassen, from Germany, and Sara

Schmidt piano soloist. Tickets available at CMBC, MBBC, Haddons Books, Northdale Shopping Centre, and JH McLean.

**1989 International Choral Festival**, Toronto. June 1-30. A once-in-a-lifetime experience: A month of exceptional choral music at "Joy of Singing," the International Choral Festival, taking place in over 50 locations in Metro Toronto. On June 22 at 8 pm Henriette Schellenberg will perform with Helmut Rilling and his Gachinger Kantorie in Mass in B Minor. The Mennonite Festival Chorus (Winnipeg) will perform Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* on Sunday, June 11 at 3 pm at Roy Thomson Hall, conducted by Robert Shaw. The festival includes performers such as the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, Tibetan Temple Singers, The Kings' Singers, Choir Boys of Montserrat and many more, with music from Bach, Berlinz and Britten, to the Best of Barbershop.

**Photographs:** An exhibition of photos by Wayne Benedet continues at the CMBC Heritage Centre until June 25.

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## World news

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**Bienenberg adds program:** The European Mennonite Bible School at Liestal, Switzerland, also called Bienenberg, established a new training program designed to meet the needs of people already active in church service. Called Bible Training for Service in the Congregation, the five-year program will offer pastors and Christian education workers the chance to pursue serious biblical and theological study while at the same time retaining their employment. The first series of courses began this past November. The Bienenberg was founded in 1950 and is supported by conferences in several European countries.

**Dutch home missions:** The Dutch Mennonite Missions Council has named Jaap and Loes de Graaff as the staff of its new missionary centre at Almere, a new Dutch city where the Dutch churches have launched their first home missions project. The Almere outreach seeks to attract people who are unchurched or who are on the fringes of church involvement, and to reach into the small circle of Mennonites already in Almere and vicinity. The mission project was approved last year.

**Soviet openness and exodus:**

Glasnost and perestroika offer Soviet Christians unprecedented freedom for outreach, but the same changes are making possible an exodus that may be calling into question the very survival of the Mennonite churches there. These were the impressions of a Mennonite World Conference delegation to the U.S.S.R. in late 1988. Paul Kraybill said the new political climate is obvious everywhere, with "new and dramatic stories of public church services, open air or in public buildings." but at the same time, for German-speaking Mennonites, there is little difficulty in getting permission to leave, and the exodus may be taking on historic dimensions in the long tale of Mennonite migrations. For example, in the first eight months of 1988, 3,000 Mennonites left the Soviet Union for West Germany. The exodus is leaving large "holes" in the congregations affected.

**Mennonite move in South Africa:** In recent months Mennonite workers in the southern African region have been discussing whether North American Mennonite agencies should start a Mennonite Church in South Africa itself. South African leaders consulted have said Mennonites should not direct their energies explicitly to establish a new church, but that if Mennonites did so, the church leaders said they would try to support it. One leader said if Mennonites did try to start a church, they would isolate themselves from the way their work has been characterized so far. As well, they argued that South Africa is already over-denominationalized. The Mennonite reputation of providing assistance without strings was noticed and appreciated, and the church leaders said this might be jeopardized. However, at least one former South African now resident in Ireland believes South African needs a peace church and that the Mennonites should move in.

**CO staus in Brazil:** In a new constitution approved by Brazil's national legislature in late 1988, the concept of an alternative to military service was approved. Mennonites in Brazil had been working to achieve such recognition and are generally pleased by its inclusion in the constitution.

**No alternative for Dutch pastor:** Klass Spoelstra, youth minister of the Amsterdam Mennonite Church, began a nine-month jail term earlier this year. He took a stand of total conscientious objection, refusing to accept even alternative service.

ONE BEDROOM APARTMENTS: available for rent in newly renovated building near Mennonite Brethren Bible College. Good access to downtown and the University of Winnipeg. Call MBBC at 669 6575 for information.

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# REVIEW

## Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger

Kreider, Robert S., Rachel Waltner-Goossen. *Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger: The MCC Experiences*. Scottdale and Kitchener: Herald Press, 1988. Quality Paperback, 390 pages, \$18.95 Can.

reviewed by Andre Oberle

Everyone knows all about the Mennonite Central Committee, right? But how much do we really know about the details; its size, for instance, and its many activities and its philosophy? Did you know, just to mention some examples, that it employs approximately 1,000 workers and 10,000 part-time volunteers, that there are 10,000 worker alumni and that the committee administers an annual budget well over \$33 million?

There are vital programs supplied in over 50 countries and on six continents and a great many of these are located in international crisis areas. Could you name all or many of those programs? If not, you should definitely read the most informative new book on the MCC by Kreider and Waltner-Goossen. Even those well-versed in the activities of MCC will find this volume to be a goldmine of information.

This important new work on the MCC is not simply an historical survey. Instead, it focuses on carefully selected scenes from a very complex history and, by presenting "Case-histories," highlights significant episodes from the six continents where MCC has been active in providing much needed service. This account is addressed primarily to MCC workers and friends, to those who might be contemplating MCC service and to all those people who are simply curious about the incredible scope of its work. *Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger* is thus directed toward a broad and general audience, and it makes excellent reading of a captivating story. Its fascinating accounts of events, written in a fast-paced and

remarkably uncomplicated prose, make it hard to put aside before it has been read from cover to cover. Since it is addressed to a general audience, the narrative is not burdened with footnotes but manages nevertheless to integrate a wealth of documentary material into the running text.

The 30 chapters of the book deal with the story of the founding of MCC, with its involvement in the Second World War and in the immediate post-war period, its many services in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, in Latin-America, in the Mediterranean and in North America. There is a special section on MCC posters which features many illustrations and explanations, in many cases by the artists, of the thought behind them. The chapter on the Victim Offender Reconciliation Program (VORP) makes fascinating reading and proves conclusively that there are effective methods beyond the traditional penal system to deal with offenders in our society, which should be used with much greater frequency. Of special interest to Canadian readers are the chapters on the Nelson-River-Diversion-Project and the chapters dealing with the Canadian Foodgrains Bank and the importance of the *Mennonitische Post*.

Preceding these accounts is a brief historical sketch on the background of the Mennonites which will be essential to the reader not familiar with Mennonite history. There are also a number of important maps on the areas discussed in the text. The appendix features a suggested reading list and a chart listing the countries served by MCC and the dates of MCC service. As well there is a fold-out chart which clearly shows the structure of MCC.

In their investigation the authors do not shy away from the more controversial and often rather painful aspects of MCC's work, such as its work in South Africa. The authors are to be commended for dealing with such difficult topics with great candor and fairness.

*Hungry, Thirsty, a Stranger* is an exceedingly well-written account of courage, vision, hope and faith. In their introduction the authors express the hope that the book will serve as an invitation to various groups "to dialogue on issues of life and death, war and peace, wealth and poverty, justice and injustice, faith, hope and love." There is no doubt that this outstanding volume will meet these goals.

This excellent fact-filled and exceedingly well-written work is recommended to all who want to find out much more about MCC's record and the inspiring scope of its current and past work.

*Andre Oberle is Chairman of Germanic Studies at the University of Winnipeg.*

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# YOUR WORD

## A STATE OF BEING

I wish to express sincere thanks to John Weier, *Where Am I Now* (or *Why I am Not a Mennonite*), *Mennonite Mirror*, Jan/89. Mr. Weier has well described the conflict which arises from a heritage which is not precisely a religion, a culture, a birthright, a genetic disposition, a process of socialization, or a kinship. Being Mennonite is a state of being which involves much more than simply a choice of religion. We are born into it, raised by it, and carry it within ourselves always.

As an "oafyefallen" Mennonite, I carry within myself an inherent skepticism of government, a strong belief in freedom of faith and conscience, a sense of global responsibility, a staunch respect for Mother Earth, and a belief in pacifism which must surely result from my Mennonite heritage. It has taken many years of rebellion and divorce from the rigid confines of the Church structure for me to concede that being born Mennonite has contributed to my current secular-humanist philosophy.

Despite the vehemence of my separation from being Mennonite, it appears now that, in many ways, I still embrace it. This thing is deeper than skin or kin; it seems lodged somewhere in the gizzard of my being. News of MCC accomplishments in the Third World, or of Saskatchewan Mennonites shipping grain to Ethiopia in the midst of their own drought pleases me, nay, fills me with a pride in my heritage. The Mennonites did that! I have been wont to boast to nonMennonite friends. The credits on a particularly fine film roll by and I have been known to exclaim, Friesen! Wiebel!, as though I vicariously share their achievement. Flipping through the *Mennonite Mirror*, I am struck by an excellent piece of writing and think proudly, Mennonite!

Through everything, including an often violent reaction to fundamentalist or evangelical religion and these past 15 years of deliberate divorce from my heritage, I remain staunchly Mennonite somewhere in the gut of my self. There is pain in this separation, an ache for that from which

I, for self-preservation, am divorced. And in the knowledge that, although I will never be Mennonite, I will never *not* be Mennonite.

Thank you, Mr. Weier and *MM* for helping me in my healing process. Sincerely, Lynnette Dueck, Saskatoon.

### TENSION AND WHY

It seems appropriate that Ruth Vogt's comments on the tension between tradition and change (*Our Word*, February *Mirror*) should be contained in the same issue as a review of the *Why* book by Tim Wiebe and Ed Unrau's interview with George Derksen on the fuss it created.

The tradition, in my view, is represented by the *Why* book with its tales of Rapture, the return of Israel and the coming Battle of Armageddon (the phrase is not found in Scripture); the change is obviously all around us in everything from technology to moral behaviour.

There is indeed a tension between the two because both, I submit, are the results of the same theological perplexity caused by dimness of the sight due to hardness of heart; Seeing through a glass darkly, because to see clearly is to realize with a shock that the crutches of the humanly devised tradition and change dipolarity must be knocked away as a first step before the minds of God and man can ever meet. If the change seems too great, perhaps it is because the tradition is misleading.

One could agree with Mrs. Vogt that human interpretations of the Bible are subject to disagreement and often change. But this begs the question: is this or that commonly held belief/faith/doctrine a man-made conception or genuine Biblical revelation? What if some change (or tradition for that matter) really is the working of Satan? How would one know the difference if one makes careless assumptions about the superiority of either tradition or change?

I do not want the tradition of the *Why* book; neither it, nor the rudderless change often seen in modern society, are a suitable preparation for what I believe are the startling changes yet to come. Sincerely, John E. Wall, Altona

### Low language

May I recommend you on an excellent publication. My wife and I enjoy very much the various writers who participate. The Low German section is always greedily devoured first. It brings back memories of the past, please don't drop it! Neil Peters, Wheatley, Ontario.

# Wilder Honig

von Hedwig Knoop  
(Fortsetzung)

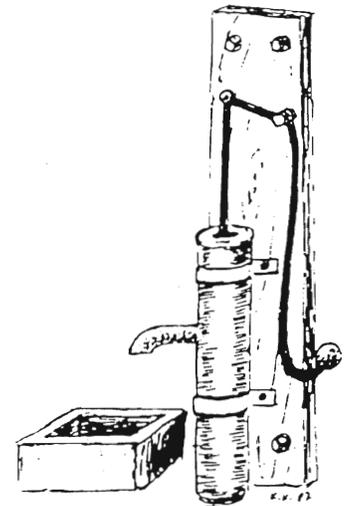
## Die Gulaschkanone

Das Wäschewaschen war eine ganz eigene Sache auf dem Moorhof. Wer besaß damals schon eine richtige Waschmaschine? Wir jedenfalls nicht. Wir besaßen nicht einmal einen Mauerkessel, um die Weißwäsche darin kochen zu können. Alles, was wir hatten, waren eine Zinkwanne und ein Waschbrett.

Wilhelm schaffte Rat. Er trieb eine Gulaschkanone aus dem Weltkrieg auf, tauschte sie gegen Honig ein und stellte sie hinter unserem Hause auf. Sie bestand aus einem riesigen Kessel, unter welchem man in einem kleinen eingebauten Ofen Feuer anmachen konnte; es war also eine regelrechte Feldküche. Leider fehlte ihr das Abzugsrohr, das mußten wir uns bei Bedarf von unserem Küchenschornstein ausleihen. Von diesem Monstrum war Wilhelm rundum begeistert. „Nu könnt wi waschen, Deern, so veel Wäsche hebbt wi gor nich, wie dor ringeiht.“

Einen Waschkessel hatten wir also nun, aber — und das war das schwierigere Problem — uns fehlte brauchbares Wasser zum Waschen. In dem winzigen Vorraum unseres Hauses befand sich zwar eine Wasserpumpe, die auch gut funktionierte, dazu ein Handstein, in welchen sich das hochgepumpte Wasser ergoß und aus welchem aus nach Gebrauch in den Sickergraben abfließen konnte. Jedoch das Wasser war so stark eisenhaltig, daß es sich bei Berührung mit der Luft und besonders beim Kochen braun färbte. Einmal hatte ich vergessen, zum Abendbrot Teeblätter ins Wasser zu werfen. Beim Füllen der Tassen merkten wir das noch nicht, denn das, was aus der Kanne floß, war so braun wie immer. Erst als wir davon tranken, wurde uns mein Versäumnis klar, und wir sahen uns verduzt an.

Nun, das war ja nicht so schlimm. Schlimmer war es schon, daß ich mit diesem Wasser täglich Kinderwindeln waschen mußte, denn die bequemen Pampers gab es noch lange nicht. Meine ursprünglich weißen, flauschigen Windeln färbten sich erst hell- und bald dunkelbraun. So flatterten bei uns saubere, aber kastanienbraune Kinderwindeln auf der Leine. Es war zum Weinen. Die große Wäsche konnte ich auf keinen



Fall mit solchem Wasser waschen.

Es gab nun zwei Möglichkeiten: Wasser entweder aus dem Städtchen heranzutransportieren oder auf Regenwasser zu warten. Wilhelm entschied sich zunächst für die erste Möglichkeit. Er lieh sich zwei große Milchkannen, hängte diese zu beiden Seiten des Rades auf und fuhr nun so oft hin und zurück, bis wir genügend Wasser zum Waschen und Spülen der großen Wäsche zusammen hatten.

Aber das tat er nur einmal, es war einfach viel zu mühselig. Danach warteten wir lieber auf Regen. Das heißt, für

die Imkerei warteten wir auf Sonnenschein, aber für den anwachsenden Wäscheberg mußten wir nun zugleich auf Regen warten. Wir konnten nur gewinnen.

Im Moor ist mehr Verlaß auf Regen als auf Sonnenschein. Sobald die ersten Tropfen fielen, schoben wir eiligst die Gulaschkanone unter die Dachkante und stellten die große Wanne daneben, um das kostbar Naß aufzufangen. Da wir keine Regenrinne besaßen, trugen wir auch größere und kleinere Haushaltsgefäße hinaus und stellten sie der Reihe nach unter der Traufe auf: Kübel, Eimer, Kannen, Kochtöpfe, ja sogar Schüsseln und Suppenteller. Diese füllten sich nur langsam, doch im Laufe von Tagen und Wochen wuchs die Wassermenge heran. Aber ach, in einem unbeobachteten Augenblick machte sich Kora an diese Gefäße und kippte eines nach dem anderen um, pudelnaß und glücklich.

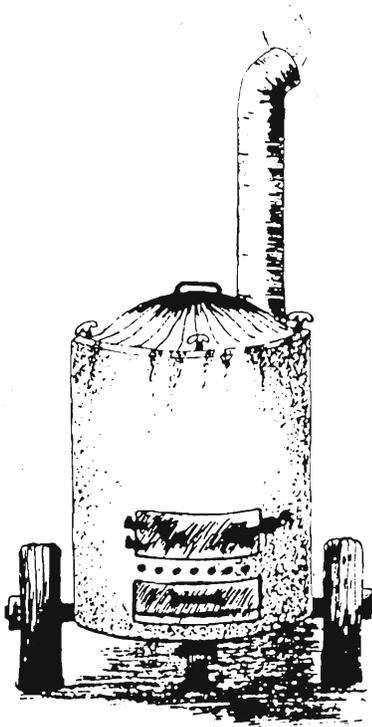
Hatten wir schließlich genügend Wasser aufgefangen, dann konnte der Washtag anberaumt werden. Hans schickten wir fort zu einer Arbeit an den Bienenständen, denn als Imkerlehrling sollte er nicht auch noch Wäsche waschen müssen.

Gleich nach dem Frühstück, während ich noch Kinder, Küche und Zimmer in Ordnung brachte, begann Wilhelm den Washtag mit dem Ausschauern des Waschkessels. Dieser überzog sich nämlich von einer Wäsche zur anderen mit einer dicken Rotschicht. Mit Bürste, Lappen und Sand scheuerte Wilhelm also zunächst den Kessel blank. Danach hob er die lange Leiter von der Hauswand und lehnte sich ans Dach. Er stieg hinauf zum Küchenschornstein, wriggelte das Abzugsrohr los und setzte es der Gulaschkanone auf.

Das getan, ging er daran, das aufgefangene Regenwasser durchzuseihen; denn darin hatten sich nicht nur wimmelnde Mückenlarven in große Zahl angesammelt, nein, auch Gurkenschaln, Steinchen, Bauklötzchen, ein kleiner arm- und beinloser Teddybär und zwei tote Mäuse. Mit dem gereinigten Regenwasser füllte er nun den Kessel voll.

Jetzt kam ich an die Reihe und rührte Waschpulver ins Wasser, wusch dann geschwind die am Vortag eingeweichte Wäsche vor und gab sie in den Kessel. Gleichzeitig machte Wilhelm Feuer unter ihm an, und nun lieferte dieser Kriegsveteran einen Beweis seiner glorreichen Vergangenheit:

Kaum flackerte das Feuer in seinem Ofen, da entwickelte sich auch schon eine gewaltige Hitze, das Wasser wurde heiß, es fing an zu dampfen, und bald kochte



und sprudelte es, als wolle es wie in alten Zeiten eine ganze Armee samt General beköstigen. Wir hörten förmlich Trompeten blasen und sahen Bajonette blitzen.

Nun gerieten wir vollends in Waschstimmung. Das Rohr rauchte und hüllte uns abwechselnd in Qualm. Aber Wilhelm ergriff den Wäschestock, verschwand in den Rauchschwaden und rührte die Wäsche um. Die brodelte und blubberte, schäumte und spritzte, dampfte und zischte, und wir kamen uns vor wie die Hexen in Macbeth.

Während die Wäsche weiterkochte und dann abkühlte, hatten wir Zeit, uns ums Mittagessen zu kümmern. Unser neuangelegter Garten lieferte in diesem Jahr unvorstellbare Mengen Zwiebeln und inzwischen auch die ersten Kartoffeln. Mit Kora an der Hand ging ich in den Garten und grub einen Korb Kartoffeln aus. Zusammen mit Spiegeleiern und frischem Salat ergaben sie eine schmackhafte Mahlzeit; Klaus aber bekam Kartoffelbrei, soviel er wollte. Dann ging es wieder an die Wäsche.

Während Wilhelm das Spülwasser in zwei Kübel füllte, machte ich mich über die Wäsche in der Wanne her und rieb sie Stück für Stück, bis mir der Schweiß von der Stirn auf das Waschbrett tropfte und meine Finger wund waren. Drei Stunden dauerte diese Arbeit.

Der Sommertag war heiß; wir zogen

Kora splitternackt aus, so daß sie nach Herzenslust von Kübel zur Kübel laufen und ihrem Vater beim Spülen helfen konnte. Sie war hell begeistert. „Mama waschi, Papa auch waschi, Tora auch waschi“, stellte sie entzückt fest. Bisweilen glitt sie rückwärts in eine Wasserpfütze, oder sie schleppte klammheimlich mit einem Wäschestück um die Hausecke. Jedenfalls war ihre frühe Kindheit glücklich.

Wilhelm aber saß wie der große Gott Pan gutgelaunt auf einem Benzinkanister vor seinen zwei Wasserkübeln und spülte die Wäsche erst in dem einen, dann in dem anderen. Danach wrang er sie kräftig aus; Bettwäsche drehte er dabei zu langen, dicken Würsten, um auch noch den letzten Tropfen hinauszquetschen. Dann hängten wir Stück für Stück auf die Leine: Handtücher, Unterwäsche, Bettzeug, Lätzchen, zuletzt noch das Bunte und die vielen, vielen Strümpfe. Dann war Schluß.

Kora wurde abgespült und angekleidet, die Wanne ausgeleert und weggestellt. Draußen auf umgestülpten Kübeln bei Kaffee und Butterbrot hielten Wilhelm und ich nun einen glücklichen Schnack.

Abends, nachdem die Kinder zu Bett gebracht worden waren, sah ich mir noch einmal unser Tagewerk an. Auf der Leine zwischen hohen Kiefern hing die saubere Wäsche, und gerade ging hinter ihr der rote Vollmond auf. Ich blieb stehen und hielt den Atem an, so romantisch war das Bild. Eine Fledermaus kurvte lautlos an mir vorüber.

„Wilhelm, komm raus, du glaubst nicht, wie schön es hier ist.“

„Körst du vonne Wäske?“

„Nein, ich rede vom Mond.“

Er kommt, und wir setzen uns auf einen gefällten Baumstamm. Die Abendluft ist warm und duftet nach frischem Heu. Sie weckt Sehnsüchte, sie weckt Fernweh und Abenteuerlust.

„Weißt du, Wilhelm, wenn ich keine Siedlerfrau geworden wäre, dann hätte ich am liebsten Straßenmusikant sein mögen. Stell dir vor, du wanderst von Ort zu Ort, suchst dir die schönsten Plätze aus und fängst an zu singen und zu spielen. Und abends im Mondenschein zählst du das Geld, das sie dir in den Hut geworfen haben.“

„Un ich wör an leewesten de Kaiser von China. De brukt sien Geld nich mall süms to tellen.“

(Fortsetzung folgt)

Das Buch kann bestellt werden bei: Mennonite Books, 208-1317 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

# Fensta Belure

## fonn Agnes Wall

Fäle Sitte, dee wie Minniste habe, ha' wie ons fonn a undre Lied jeleat onn ons aunjename. Doa ess oba eene Mood, sie etj mie gauns sejcha, dee habe sitj eenje fonn onse sea niescheaje Mensche selfst ütjedocht. Mie es daut weens so daut aundre Lied, eendoont woo nieschierijch see senn, sowaut äwahaupt nijch doone.

Etj ha' uck jeheat daut enne Darpa enn Siedmanitoba daut noch emma soo ess, weens daut wea soo ferr een poa Joa. Daut mott wie noch fonne oole Heimat mett jebrocht habe. Etj ha' mett Lied jenobat, dee sitj daut Fenstabelle noch goot fonn Russlaunt dentje kjenne onn uck fonne goode, oole Tiet aulahaunt Jeschijchte äwa disem Teema weete.

Mie fetald mol Eena dee Jeschijcht fonn eenem Onkel, etj woa dän opp Spos Onkel Panna nane. Diss Onkel Panna wea sea kratjt, daut kratjste emm gaunsen Darp. Bie am lach kjeen Prell. Siene Wirtschoft wea enn Ordniñ onn siene Jebieda weare emma aula kloa witt aunjepenselt. Een Farjoa wort hee enn daut unja eenem Fensta aum Wonjebied dee Waunt tsimlijch fahasad wea. "Nanu?" docht Onkel Panna.

Oba am diad daut nijch lang, bott hee docht hee wisst, wua fonn ditt kaum. Daut Fensta wea siene Liestje äa Fensta, onn see haud nu aul daut Ella, woa dee Junges aunfunge noo äa too kjitje. See beluade äa Fensta, daut wea Panna nu gauns kloa. Dee Fenstabelle kunn hee festone (he haud daut uck mol jedone) oba am stead daut, wann doa am Jebied doabie waut jriess jemoakt wort. "Etj mott utfinje, wäa dee Schlaupsdoarm ess, dee mie Nacht fe Nacht dee Waunt feschwient," säd hee too siene Fru, dee Taunte Pannasche.

Een Owent, aus daut aul diesta wort, festoak hee sitj fäare enn sienen Owftgoade biem Hus. Fonn doa kunn hee schmock Liestje äa dachet Fensta seene. He schämd sitj daut hee doa äwahaupt wea. Daut leet doch goa nijch schmock wann hee sien eajnet Kjint belure wull. He wull jrod leewa 'nenn gone. Oba daut wea aul too lot wiels hee sach doa hinje bie de Oake emm Schaute wäm aanschlitje bott hee bie Liestje äa Fensta wea. Dee Mensch wea mau en kjeena Jiepad onn daut Fensta wea too huach, hee kunn nuscht seene. Hee kjreajch sitj

aum Fenstaräme too hoole onn trock sitj mett dee Oarms en bät enne Hejcht, soo daut hee 'nenn kjitje kunn. Bie disem Mineewa stankad hee mett de Schoo aune witte Waunt.

Sowaut kunn Panna sitj nijch too lang aunseene. Hee jintj stoatj opp dän Benjel opptoo, packt am aun siene Kjeleeda biem Jnetj onn hoof am 'rauf. Hee stald am, nijch besondasch saunft, oppe Ead, dreid am omm onn kjitj eascht mol, wäa daut wea.

Donn säd hee gauns natjes, "Na, heat, hia ess je Derkses Frauntstje! Hast du die hia febiestad ooda kaumst du opplatst Fensta belure? Fange die dee Mäatjes aun, schmock too seene?"

Dann schoof hee dän Frauntstje ferwoats onn soo mascheade see enne Kjäätnenn, woa Liestje oppwausche deed. "Hia," säd Panna, "ess onse Liestje. Betjit die dāa goot, soo bruckst du die nijch emm Diesta bie äa Fensta opphenje."

Wieda aus ditt kjann etj dise Jeschijcht nijch. Jie kjenne junt hiatoo uck selfst een Enj ütjentje. Onn ditt es uck nijch dee eentsje Fetal dee fonn äwa dām Wota mettjekome ess. Doa sennt fäle fonne Fenstabelle, enn Kanada uck enn Russlaunt. Wäa weet, aus daut nijch uck soo enn Mexikoo, Siedamerikau ooda soogoa Belise bie onse Mensche soo ess?

Enn Hosefeld dochte see aul mol too eene Tiet, daut dise goode, oole Mood opplatst noch ütstoawe kunn. Dee Oolash mäende soojintje eene Mennische Lāwenswies noo dee aundre enne Bromm. Emm Nobadarp jleewde see daut noch stoatja onn funge aul aun doawājen üttoowaundre. Oba daut ess aul äwadrāwe, soo schlemm wea daut nijch, weens nijch enn Hosefeld. Dee haude jrots daut rajchte Kjima fe dee Fenstabelle.

Daut wea aune Doagesordniñ fe dee haulfwausende Benjels, dee noch naut hinje Oare weare. See haude jieden Cwent äare bestemmde Oabeit. See muste fleijcht emm Staul Fee besorje, ooda fleijcht Holt hacke ooda emm Winta Schnee schefle. Kratjt endoont, ferrem Auffoodre must eascht Fensta beluat, fonn eenem Enj Hosefeld bott dām Aundren. Doa kunn uck mol waut too seene senne waut see nijch seene sülle

onn daut wulle see sitj nijch fepause. Wann see nijch Fensta beluade, wea an nijch soo rajcht macklijch. Dee Lied emm Darp hoowe doano dän Kopp nijch opp; see dochte, daut must soo, aundasch worde dee Junges nijch groot. Uck jehead daut Belure mett too dee Bildung, welle mol saje, eena wull Dockta woare.

Eenen Owent goot een Mäatje daut schmurtsje Oppwauschwota too de Hjadāa rut onn troff doa Eenen, dee doa stunt onn beluad. Enne Städ äwa am too lache ooda am weens üttooschāme, wea äa daut soo too wadre, daut see am fuats oppe Städ aufprachad. "Etj haud dolla oppause sult," meend see.

Doa wort fetalt, daut Jasch Wee Hiebat bie sienen kjeenen Fada, Hendritj Ha Hiebat biem belure enne Schneedien ferrem Fensta stāatje jebläwe wea onn nijch rut kunn. Hendritj leet Jasch en stoot prachre, ea hee am holp. Schowanack kunn deswajen biem Belure uck doabie senne, onn moak daut aula blooss noch bāta.

Eenmol emm tiedjen Farjoa haud dee Eadmaun Pee Hiebatsche äare Wausch too Nacht bute oppe Lien henjejelote. Aus see Tsemorjes toom Fensta rut kjitjt, sitt see daut dee Benjels aule Unjabetjse fonne Lien jenome haude onn dee mett schmautsjen Schnee ütjestoppt haude. Dee Schnee wea äwa Nacht stiewjefroare onn dee Unjabetjse haude meist enn Menschlijchet Jeschetj. See weare schmock enne Reaj fāare aune Gauss oppjestalt. Daut wea kolda jeworde onn dee Betjse stunde doa eene gaunse Wāatj bott daut wada daud. Gauns Hosefeld haud Tiet, sitj Eadmaun Pee Hiebats äare Unjabetjse too betjitje. Dee Schooltjinja moake sitjh soogoa eenen Ommwajch, wann see no School jinje, blooss ditt too seene, onn weese mett dām Finja. Eadmaun Pee Hiebats äa Peetatje must sitj diretjt doawajen schāme onn hee wea soo wie soo aul soo bēed. Daut wea eenfach toom jaumre. Onn Eadmaun Pee Hiebats worde fonn nu aun emma Betjsehiebats jenant.

Soo jinje dee Junges eent nomm aundren aun, onn lachte sitj dee Koddre foll. An jintj daut sea scheen, wann see fetale kunne, waut see jedone ooda jeseene haude. See putste daut uck noch

en bätje ut, soo daudet werklijch intere-  
saunt wea.

Dee Lied enn Hosefeld mucht daut  
eendoont senne, oba aäre Leararin nijch.  
Äa oajad daut, wann see Owent fe Owent  
beluat wort. Irjent waut see enn äa Hus  
deed, fuats wist gauns Hosefeld daut. See  
docht daut Darp bruckt daut nijch weete,  
wann onn woo foaken see sitj dee Feet  
wausche deed. Fonn Bode wea doa aul  
kjeene Räd, doatoo must see aul noo Hus  
enne Staut foare. Mett dee Tiet haud see  
eenen Briegaum onn daut diad nijch lang,  
denn kaum hee aul aune Medwätj. See  
must am emma wajchschuwe wann hee  
ää mol leeflijch eenen Kuss jäwe wull.  
Nijch daut äa daut Kusse schljacht jintj,  
oba wann daut opplatst eena derchem  
Fensta sach, haud see Angst, doa wudd  
bute wää lud schmackse aus wann doa  
bute uck jekusst wort. See wort narwees  
onn docht wann daut soo wieda jintj, kunn  
dee Briegaum uck noch mett eenst aun-  
dawääjens kjitje gone onn daut wea äa  
too schod. Onn soo aus daut doa Mood  
wea, wudde dee Lied emm Darp dann  
saje, dee Briegaum wea äa "sate gone".  
Aulso moak äa daut Belure sea, sea doll.

Emm Farjoa fruage dee Schoolfäa-  
minda äa, aus see noch en Joas bie an  
emm Darp schoolhoole wull. See weare  
toofräd mett äa, meende see.

"Mie jeit daut bie junt uck scheen," säd  
dee Leararin. "Dee Schiela leare onn  
sennt jeeenlijch onntlijch. Dee Lied  
emm Darp sennt uck emma frintlijch. Jie  
kroage mie foaken too 'ne scheene Moltiet  
onn meene daut werklijch goot mett mie.  
Etj feel mie soo's Tus bie junt. Uck ess mie  
daut eendoont daut jie meist aula Hiebats  
heete, etj kjann junt aul uteneen. Doa ess  
blooss Eent. Etj kaun mie too dee  
Fenstbelurarie eenfach nijch schetje.  
Kjenn jie nijch waut doamett doone, daut  
etj nijch emma Mensche bie miene Fensta  
ha'?"

Kjleena Hauns Jott Hiebat, dee  
bowaschta Fääminda, kjitjt äa gauns  
fewillat aun. "Oba, daut ess hia bie ons  
soo. Wie ha' aula Fensta beluat aus wie  
daut Ella haude. Daut ess je uck nuscht  
schljachtet. Moak die doawääjen kjeene  
Sorje, dee Junges woare daut aul  
oppheare, wann see ut däm Ella bute  
sennt. Festo' mie rajcht." Kjleena Hauns  
Jot Hiebat säd emma, "Festo' mie rajcht,"  
dann docht hee am wudd niemols wää  
doll woare. Hee wea too kjleen omm sitj  
mett wäm too jachte.

"Daut ess mie dietlijch onn etj festo'  
junt rajcht," säd nu dee Leararin. "Dee  
Junges, dee daut nu doone, woare daut  
oppheare, oba doa wausse emma fresche  
opp dee daut äwanäme. Dee ha' noch  
nijch Wonnse emm Jesejcht wann see

aunfange. Woa heat daut opp? Etj kaun  
kjeen Enj seene."

"Du best daut blooss nijch jewant wiels  
du enne Staut groot jeworde best," säd nu  
junge Hendrij Ha Hiebats äa Hendritj.  
"Wie droage die daut nijch no, daut du  
fonne Staut best onn du mottst ons daut  
uck nijch no droage wann wie Fensta  
belure. Du mottst daut uck jewant woare.  
Wie gone nu no Hus onn Du bedentj' die  
daut goot, waut wie hia jesajcht ha'. Wie  
welle die jern meede, oba daut Fensta  
belure blift."

Dee Leararin bedocht sitj daut goot

onn denn befried see sitj onn trock fonn  
Hosefeld wajch.

Etj sie mie sejcha daut doa soone Läsa-  
sennt dee noch mea fomm Fenstabelurä  
weete. Mie wudd daut freie wann jie mie  
soone Jeschijcht no'm Speajel schetjete.  
Dee brucke uck nijch opp Plautdietsch  
senne, etj kaun uck Enjlich ooda Huag-  
dietsch. Mie intresseare dise Jeschijchte  
onn wann dee paussent sennt, wudd etj  
jern noch mol wada äwa disem Teema  
waut schriewe.

mm

## TRENNUNGSSCHMERZ

Als ich ein junger Knabe war  
Bekam ich eine Uhr,  
Sie kostete kaum ein Dollar  
Im großen Eatons Stor.

Als abends ich zur Ruhe ging  
Fand ich nicht meine Uhr  
Wie ich auch suchte überall  
In Taschen, Bett und Flur.

Da wurde mir's auf einmal klar  
Was ich zu tun hätt,  
Ich schnell nochmal zu Eatons fahr  
Kauf mir 'ne Uhr mit Kett.

Als Erbstück gab mein Vater mir  
Eine goldne Taschen Uhr  
Die war mir nie zu ersetzen mehr  
Wie man sie auch verlor.

Und wer hätt' es sich auch gedacht  
Dass diese Uhr verschwand  
In dem ein Dieb ins Haus einbrach  
Und selbst das Erbstück fand.

Zwei Freunde durch ein Unglück hier  
Verloren am Finger ein Glied.  
Der eine spielte fein Klavier  
Der andere war ein Schmied.

Und noch ein Freund hat einen Sohn  
Wurd unzufrieden zu Haus,  
Er wollte suchen hohen Lohn  
Geniessen stets nur Schmaus.

Dem Vater wurde Angst und Bang  
Um seinen einz 'gen Sohn  
Doch hielt er noch die Hoffnung lang  
"Zurück einst kommt er schon."

Ich hab als Jüngling mich verliebt  
Ins schönste Mädelein  
Mein Glück es war so grenzenlos  
Es könnt nicht besser sein.

Als dann ein Sohn und noch die Schwester  
Geschenkt uns, o so zart  
Welch Glück! es schien das allerbeste  
Was uns beschieden ward.

Doch als dann Krankheit kam ins Haus  
Die Freude schier verschwand  
Geprüft wird jetzt das Gottvertraun  
Die Zukunft unbekannt.

Und Gott gab Gnade und auch fein  
Genesung schenkte Er  
Und Freude kehrte wieder ein  
Als ob sie immer wär.

Wie schweigt das Herz dann voller Dank  
Und Lob und Freundigkeit  
Vergessen ist bald dass man krank  
Zum Sterben war bereit.

Dass niemand mochte schon an Tod  
zu denken ist schon klar  
So manches was das Leben bot  
Noch zu erobern war.

Doch schlägt für jeden einst die Stund  
Ob frühe oder spät  
Ob öfters krank oder gesund  
Das Herz jetzt stille steht.

Wie schwer ist dann der Trennungsschmerz  
Auf immer ist gestillt  
Das innig liebevolle Herz  
Das Lächeln ist verhüllt.

Kein nochmal kaufen eine Uhr  
Kein Vorwärts ohne Glied  
Kein hoffen dass der Sohn durchs Tor  
Kommt wieder wie er schied.

Wenn erst der Tod das Liebste nimmt  
Was mir am teuersten — dann  
Kann niemand wissen ganz bestimmt  
Wie man's ertragen kann.

Ja freilich gibt's auf dieser Welt  
Schon nicht ein Wiederseh'n  
Doch was uns Gott noch vorbehält  
Das ist ein Auferstehn.

Nein mit dem Tod ist nicht zu End  
Was Gott für uns geplant.  
Es gibt ein Leben nach dem Tod  
Christus ja auferstand.

von Peter B. Enns

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# OUR WORD

## Is There A Place for Individual Honors In A Community Like the Church?

When Soviet hockey teams first began to play teams from the NHL the Soviet players expressed surprise that at the end of an NHL game three stars are habitually chosen. How, they asked, is it possible for anyone to select the three best players in a game where dozens are responsible for the final outcome?

The question is a legitimate one. Hockey is a team sport at its very roots. A goal is usually scored after a chain of events, in which the scorer is only the last link. Goals are prevented through the combined efforts of a whole team. Why would anyone want to honour a few players at the expense of others after such a team effort? What is it in our society that makes us want to identify individual stars, so that they can be praised and honored above all others? What chance is there that we will ever make the right choice, and not offend others with equal or perhaps even greater claims?

These questions need to be directed at any human endeavour in which group effort is important. Those of us who belong to the Christian church see it as a community of believers, where good things are usually done only through the support and cooperation of many different persons. In a typical church dozens, perhaps hundreds, of individuals are at work on stage and behind the scenes trying to live out their faith with the talents God has given them. Some have formally enlisted as teachers, deacons, and ministers. Many spend endless hours cooking, sewing, and knitting for others, or quietly visiting the sick and lonely. I know numerous quiet saints in our own congregation.

The question is, should we make a special effort to honour such individuals? If so, how can it be done in an appropriate way; appropriate, that is, to the communal nature of the church, so that in praising or honoring some we don't seem to be drawing false comparisons with others?

First, should we honour persons at all? The desire to honour others may sometimes stem from a false set of needs. We apparently need to create heroes or models for ourselves because we are not content with the seemingly limited frame in which we live our own lives. We seek to expand the range of our own limited horizons by creating and honoring fantasy figures whose achievements seem to go far beyond our own. We are therefore inclined to agree with the observation: Sad is the land that has no heroes. Though we all seem to need at least a little bit of this, it is ultimately a futile way to enhance ourselves. How excited we were when Ben Johnson swept to victory in the 100 metres! How crushed we were when the hero turned out to be bogus! A little of us swelled and then died in those days. Pity the person, therefore, who has an overwhelming need for such heroes. Raising up

heroes to enhance the attractiveness of our own lives is not, in the long run, a very fruitful undertaking. Therefore it may be even truer to say that Sad is the land that desperately needs heroes.

While we may be rightfully suspicious of a frequent desire to praise and honour others, the impulse to do so may nevertheless be a wholesome one. In the church, for example, we see people around us whom we truly respect and admire for the good they are doing, or for the courageous way in which they are coping with unusual burdens. It is surely a good impulse to want to praise or honour such persons in some way. A quiet word may often be enough, especially for those who are humble in their goodness, but at times we may feel that only a special occasion of honour can express our respect adequately. How can this be done, given the fact that many people may be equally deserving of honour, and no one is in a position to know who they all are?

It must be stressed that this is indeed a serious problem, so acute, in fact, that the church ought seldom, if ever, to hold such occasions. It will almost always be a violation of the communal nature of the church to hold special honoring ceremonies for individuals. The selection criteria will rightfully be questioned, and equally deserving persons will be hurt.

This criticism, however, is directed only at special honour ceremonies, where a few have been chosen from a lot. This still leaves open the possibility of honoring persons outside of special ceremonies, without going through a selection process. This is indeed the way it is often done, and if the concerns raised in this editorial are valid, then this is the way it should be done.

The lives of most individuals give us occasions to honour them without making any selections and without implying in any way that we consider their accomplishments to be greater than others. These are the occasions like birthdays and anniversaries, where a person can be honored for many things including those things that we consider most unique, at an event which is part of universal human experience. The event itself does not place the individual above others; it does not invite comparisons between that person and others. Therefore, the event itself does not give offence. It provides us, however, with a suitable occasion to thank the person and to express our genuine love and admiration. Maybe this is why God gave us birthdays and anniversaries. We all have them, and good things can be said at them without violating the communal nature of our life.

Let us continue to give honour where honour is due, but let us do it in a way which does not offend our own sense of fairness and the honour of others.

**Roy Vogt**

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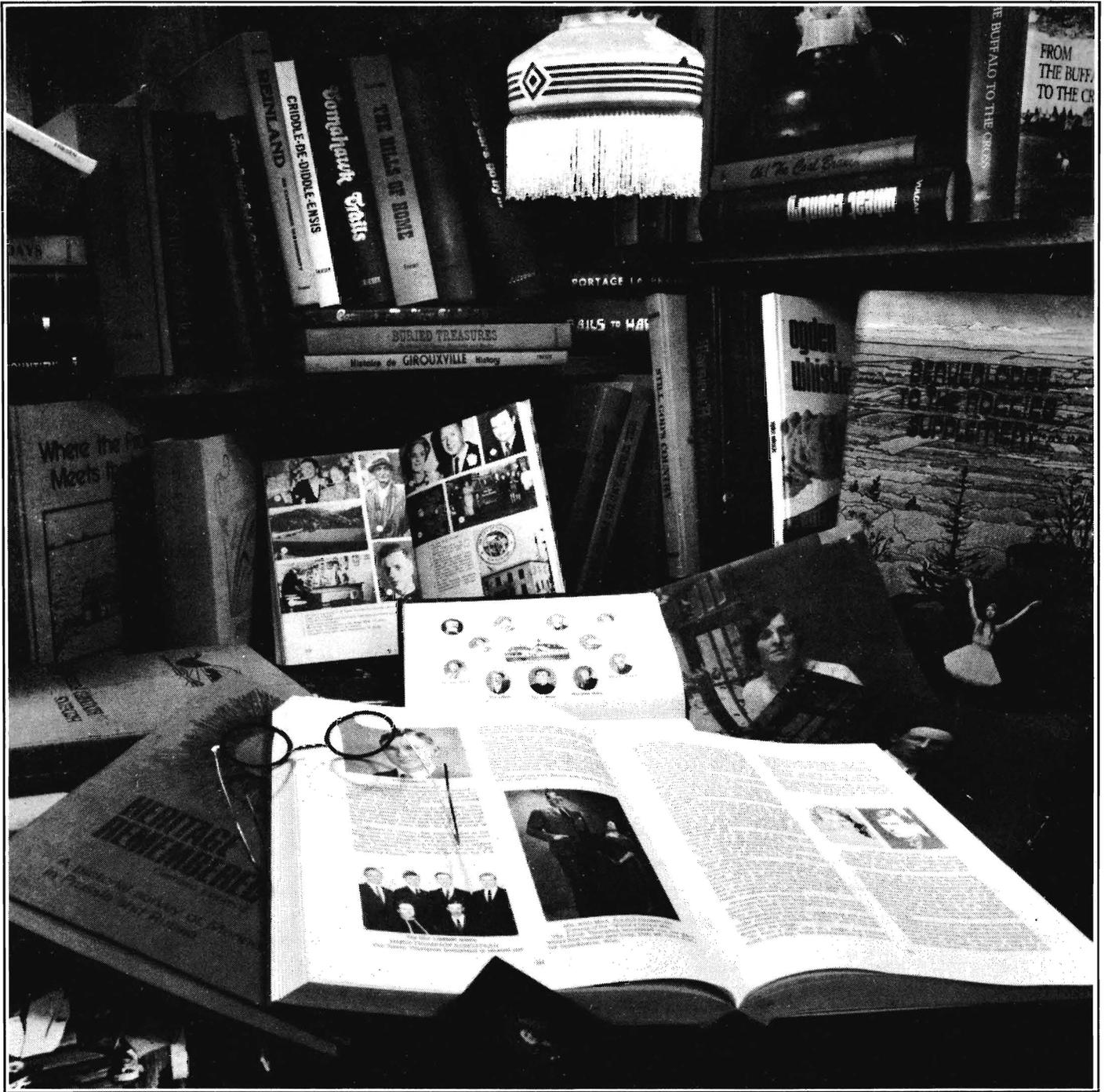
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