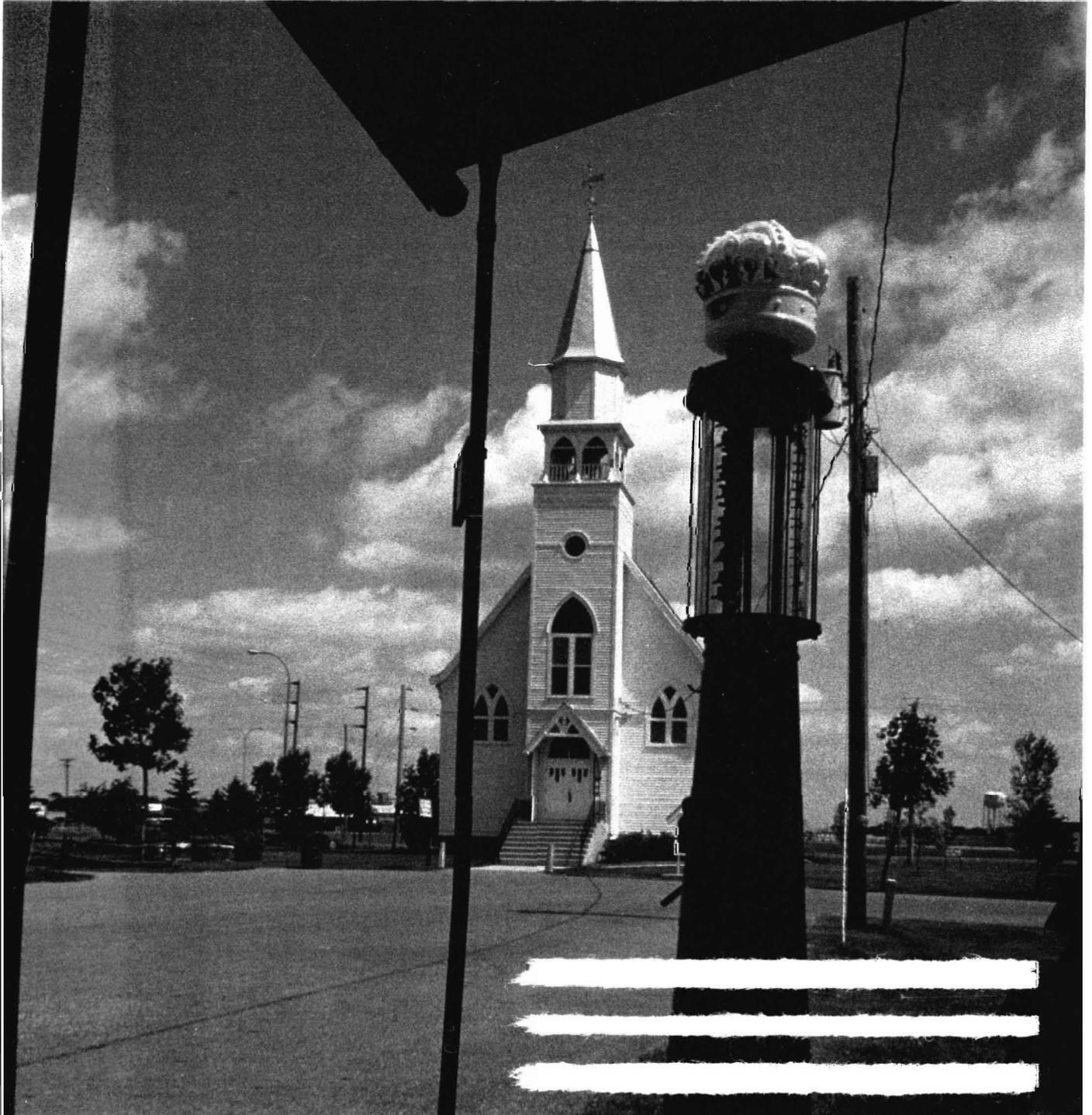


Mennonite MIRROR

volume 18 / number 10 / July-August, 1989



After the Rain

The morning hours,
Are fresh and vibrant.
The smell of rain, still
Lingers in the air.
And dew drops glisten,
On each blade of grass.
Now that the sun is out; each with
Its own kind of rainbow.
The whole world shimmers
In this morning stillness.
But over by the peonies
The soft shadows of the dawn, still linger.

—Anne Martens

Someone's Cutting Down Trees

Someone's been cutting down trees and
it seems it's only the birches.
I'm sure you know the ones I mean;
the kind birds could use for churches.
The trees aren't old and decayed,
but healthy with solid wood cores.
Still, the trees are flat to the ground
and all the stumps are frothing sores,
since the roots, in April vigour,
are still pumping sap to the crown.
I can't be a swinger of birches
if they persist in cutting them down.
Now I must go and search
for a new stand of birch.

—Walfried Jansen

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ForeWord

This is a kind of "summer" edition, and what better way to open it than by describing to you how Mennonites in southern Manitoba once whiled away their leisure hours. No VCRs, no television and no easy access to sports. There was a strong tradition of "circle games," and folksinging. Memories of the tradition are explored by Peter Lorenz Neufeld in the opening article. What is impressive about the tradition is that it brought people together, into each other's company for fun and fellowship. It's a quality we would do well to revive.

In late spring, *The Radicals* opened in a Winnipeg theatre. The feature movie explores the life of Michael Sattler an Anabaptist martyr. Harry Loewen reviews the movie, and tells us it's worth seeing.

The recent court case in Winnipeg where Hutterian brethren are suing each other, has generated rather more interest in their way of life than would be the case otherwise. Dora Maendel reviews and comments on a book that chronicles the story of the Bruderhof communities in North America.

Anna is a short story by Helen Baergen that explores the thoughts of a pregnant mother as she copes with an absent husband, her impending delivery, and the children at home.

Another short story by Henry Wiebe describes the escape of a young man during the terrorist raids of the Mennonite colonies in Russia earlier this century.

Once again we are publishing the names of Mennonite graduates. If you know of someone we have missed, please call us.

Many Manitobans, including some Mennonites who read this magazine, regularly flee to North Dakota for a weekend in Grand Forks or Fargo. Because, we know the place so well, and because the state is celebrating a centennial, this picture from Bonanzaville in Fargo, is a tribute. Photographer Ed Unrau, found the Fargo pioneer village well worth the price of admission.

Mennonite MIRROR

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My God and I

2

I. B. SERGEI
(Austrian A. Wihl)

I. B. SERGEI
(Austrian A. Wihl)

1. My God and I go in the field to- geth- er, We walk and talk as
2. He tells me of the years that went be- fore me, When heav'n-ly plans were
3. My God and I will go for aye to- geth- er, We'll walk and talk and

good friends should and do; We clasp our hands, our voic- es ring with laugh- ter-
made for me to be, When all was but a dream of dim con- cep- tion-
jest as good friends do; This earth will pass, and with it com- mon tri- fles-

My God and I walk thru the mead-ow's hue; We clasp our hands, our
To come to life, earth's ver- dant glo- ry see; When all was but a
But God and I will go un- end- ing- ly; This earth will pass, and

voic- es ring with laugh- ter- My God and I walk thru the mead-ow's hue.
dream of dim con- cep- tion- To come to life, earth's ver- dant glo- ry see.
with it com- mon tri- fles- But God and I will go un- end- ing- ly.

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Franz Heinrich Karl

GUITAR D A D D

1. Franz Heinrich Karl stieg in - den Wagen und zog mit uns ins Feld, Franz Heinrich Karl stieg
2. Es flattern die Fann es knacken Gewehre es donnert die Kanone, Es flattern die Fann es
in - den Wagen und zog mit uns ins Feld; Er zog wohl gegen Franzosen, Er zog - wohl
knacken Gewehre es donnert die Kanone; Im Kriege gibts kein verschonen im Kriege gibts
gegen Franzosen Franz Liebchen weihnt so sehr, Er zog wohl gegen Franzosen, Er zog - wohl
kein verschonen, Der Tod is unser Lohn, Im Kriege gibts kein verschonen, Im Kriege gibts
gegen Franzosen, Franz Liebchen weihnt so sehr.
kein verschonen, Der Tod ist unser Lohn.

If you haven't read Dr. Wesley Berg's 1985 book, *From Russia With Music: Mennonite Choral Singing Tradition In Canada*, you are missing out on one of the best books on Mennonite activities and accomplishments ever published (Hyperion Press, Winnipeg). It is well known that Mennonites have developed a most enviable choral singing tradition.

Reading of the tremendous role played by K.H. Neufeld in pioneering music on the Canadian Prairies of Winkler brought back a flood of pleasant memories. Though I've only sung in one choir briefly since leaving the Boissevain district 37 years ago, I carry only positive memories of the numerous choral festivals and cantatas Neufeld directed with our choir (Whitewater Mennonite) during the late 1940's and early '50s. Of significance is the book's reference to that church as "almost certainly the only congregation with an unbroken history of choral festivals dating back to the 1930's." One very popular choir director there was John Epp, who moved to Ontario in the late '40s.

An aspect of Mennonite choral music Berg doesn't touch on is a truly fascinating but not widely-known one, related to Prussian folksongs. The fact that it was overlooked is readily understandable for two reasons: in the immigration wave to which I belong (mid-1920's), this tradition died out by 1965, while in the one of 1870s (among which I had many friends) it had died out long before then; if, in fact, it ever made it to Canada at all.

Commonly called Schlüsselbund (Mennonite Circle Games), this tradition was practiced mostly by young people of 15 and up. Just as in the church choirs, and to high degree coinciding with them, participants dropped out fairly soon after marriage.

On most Sunday evenings, the young people got together at the home of one of their families, the parents cooperating by vacating the premises. Various circle games, resembling somewhat a conservative version of square-dancing with German folksinging replacing the fiddle, were played with great enthusiasm. In winter the group congregated in houses; in summer, an empty hayloft, machine shed or lawn served as well. The host youth supplied a lunch, which everyone ate with a partner of their choice of the opposite sex. In large communities like Whitewater, a family would get its turn only once a year.

Especially at weddings, this tradition flourished strongly. The youth group often doubled, or tripled, in size. The bridal pair got no moment's rest. Several games, with

appropriate folksongs, were developed particularly for the fete couple. These included one where the blindfolded groom threw his boutonniere into a circle of lustily-singing men, another where the blindfolded bride pinned her veil to one in a circle of singing women, and the highlight where the couple was hoisted high on chairs where they kissed until the singing group decided it was enough. To add colour (not necessarily decorum) to the festive occasion, the younger children played around in the same vicinity while the older people sat visiting, watching, and sometimes clapping. This tradition also carried over to silver weddings, except that the participants were the children of the couple and their generation. The last wedding I can recall attending in which these games and folksongs still played an important role was in 1960, that of my wife's younger sister Helen Fast and her husband (now deceased), Hugo Hildebrand.

My father and stepmother, and wife, Elsie's parents, who live in Boissevain and emigrated there from the Molotschna Colony of southern Russia, tell me these games were very much in vogue there when they were young. They don't know how for the tradition goes back but believe (as do I) that it originated in Prussia, where

most of the Mennonites lived before emigrating to Russia.

Elsie's mother's side of the family, the huge and very musical Epp clan, who get together periodically, did so last August in the Boissevain Collegiate. Part of the celebrations involved "us oldtimers," led by George B. Epp, singing some of the old Prussian folksongs and playing circle games for the benefit of "the young folk." It was great fun, and some people taped them for posterity.

One song very popular at youth parties was *Gruenes Grass*. It went: "*Gruenes Grass, gruenes Grass; Unter meinen Fuessin Hab verloren meinen Schatz; Werde suchen muessen; Ich suche hier, ich suche da; Unter diesen allen Es wird ja wohl noch eine sein, Die mir wird gefallen, Sagt's nur immer ja, ja Heren meinst du nein, nein, So will ich dich lassen stehen Und zu einer andern gehen. Komm her, mein Schatz; dich will ich lieben, Du bist mir ins Herz geschrieben; Du gefaellst mir wohl, Ja du gaellst mir wohl; Drum ade, ade, ade. Drum ade Schatz lebe wohl.*" Basically, it involved green grass, having lost your sweetheart and looking for another, and the song providing ample opportunity to find a new partner every time it was sung.

Another indispensable song was *Schoen*

Mennonite folksongs and group games once fueled Mennonite social activity

by Peter Lorenz Neufeld

Ist Die Jugend. The first verse and chorus went: "Schoen ist die Jugend, bei frohen Zeiten, Schoen ist die Jugend, sie kommt nicht mehr. Bald wirst du muede durchs Leben schreiten um dich wird's einsam, im Herzen leer. Drum sag ich noch einmal: Schoen ist die Jugend Zeit, schoen ist die Jugend, sie kommt nicht mehr. Nein nein sie kommt nicht mehr; Sie kehret nimmer mehr; Schoen ist die Jugend, sie kommt nicht mehr." This song is rather nostalgic and revolves around the happy, pleasant, carefree time of youth which will never come again.

A Romeo and Juliet type tragedy was *Es Waren Zwei Koenig's Kinder*, which ran: "Es waren zwei Koenig's Kinder, die hatten einander so lieb; sie konnten zusammen nicht kommen, das wasser war zu tief. Ach Liebster, Kannst du schimmen, so schimme heruber zu mir! Drei Kerzen will ich anzuenden, die sollen leuchten dir." It continued on for several more verses. Here, two royal young people, deeply in love but whose families reject their relationship, try to find a way to meet. She tells him to swim to her at night, guided by three candles in the castle window. A treacherous staff member blows the candles out and he drowns. A fisherman finds the body, the young woman cradles it in her arms and dies of a broken heart.

This folksong especially shows the "Mennonite influence" operating on it orally through the years. Parents-in-law, John and Mary Fast, both own a record and a tape of German folksongs, which includes this one. The tape, made and purchased in West Germany, is by Jahreszeiten-Verlag of Hamburg, the record by International Artists of Zurich, Switzerland, whereas the Mennonite version has undergone numerous changes in lyrics as well as melody.

Another interesting folksong goes: "Es wollt ein Mann nach seiner Heimat reisen, Die Sehnsucht trieb ihm heim nach Weib und Kind Da musste er ein grossen Wald durch reisen Who ploetzlich ihm ein Reaber ueberfiel. Gib her dein Geld, dein Leben ist verloren Gib her dein Geld, dein Leben voller Lust Gib her dein Geld sonst muss ich dir durchboren Ich steche meinen Dolch in deine Brust. Mein Geld kann ich leider dir nicht geben So nimm denn hin mein Leben voller Lust So nimm denn hin mein schoenes junges Leben Ich oeffne dir von selber meine Brust. Der Raeuber blieb ein Welchen vor ihm stehen Ein Weilchen blieb der Raeuber vor ihm steh'n doch aber ach was mus ich bei dir sehen? Was traegst du fuer ein Bild an deiner Brust? Das Bild das ist von meiner lieben Mutter Das Bild es ist, die Mutter

gab es mir, Drauf kuessten sie, drauf kuessten sie sich beide, Ach Gott vergieb mein Bruder steht vor mir." A lonely man returning home to wife and child, must pass through a forest, where he is accosted by a robber with a dagger demanding money or life. The man has no money, and says he is ready to die. The robber stops in alarm when he finds a photograph, and asks about it. The victim answers that the picture is of his beloved mother. The two realize they are brothers, and embrace and kiss each other.

Last fall, I was amazed to hear this tune played by an organist at an Evangelical Covenant church service in Minnedosa. Later I asked Dory Anderson about it and we compared her tune with a tape from the "Epp Fest." They are virtually identical, with a very slight change in the last line. Though I didn't know the words of the hymn she had been playing, it was one she knew well (as did Elsie) and sang for me, *My God And I*. Here we have something occurring that has happened countless times in recent years where melodies of modern songs are often not newlycomposed but rather those of old

canons roar. But war plays no favorites and a soldier's wage is death.

Another military-type folksong, of which I recall only bits and pieces, sung by Mennonite youth was *Ich Hat Ein Kameraden* (I had a comade). One rather thrilling verse went: "Eine Kugel kam geflogen Gilt sie mir oder gilt sie dir? Sie hat veg gerissin Er liegt da zu den Fuessen." Roughly translated: A bullet came flying. Is it meant for me or is it meant for you? It has ripped him away. He lies dead at my feet."

I'm not positive why the Mennonite folksongs/circle games died out. I do believe the primary reason is that mentioned in Berg's book, quoting Henry B. Tiessen, when he says: "In recent years urbanization, improvements in transportation, and greater variety in the activities and entertainment available to young people have altered attitudes and social patterns drastically and irrevocably." This tallies with my own experiences. Certainly, during their last decade elements like quadrilles and waltzes were beginning to crowd out the folksong games. I recall a wedding in about 1949

On most Sunday evenings, the young people got together at the home of one of their families. . . . Various circle games, resembling somewhat a conservative version of square-dancing with German folk-singing replacing the fiddle, were played with great enthusiasm.

oral (noncopyrighted) tunes with varying degrees of modification. Naturally, this is quite legal; most of us simply don't realize it until we run into an actual case. Perhaps, next time you sing this beautiful hymn of two brothers the Mennonite young people used to sing with such fervor.

A fascinating aspect of some folksongs is their military influence on a pacifistic society. One visualizes the youth of the day singing these patriotic war songs of the country, partly because of their powerful emotional appeal but also a bit in defiance of their staid and peaceloving elder's songs the older generation themselves would never have chosen. One of them, of which I remember only two verses, follows. As it obviously originated during the Napoleonic Wars of the 1790s and early 1800s, this folksong is of special interest because it can be dated with reasonable accuracy. In fact, it was the strong pressure on Mennonites to serve in this particular war which caused many to migrate to the Ukraine. The story here involves a young soldier heading for the front to fight the French army, his sweetheart crying bitterly as he leaves. The flags are flying, rifles are cracking, and

where we waltzed more than played games, something the older people found highly objectionable. Some youth parties and weddings were being interfered with, by a handful of young men under the influence of alcohol. And, some of the better singers were moving to Winnipeg and other cities.

Brotherinlaw Henry Fast of Winnipeg tells me there is some renewed interest in the circle games now. Their daughters Kim and Ali attend a youth group at Northdale Mennonite Church where some of the later (English) ones, like *Old Dusty Miller* and *Bingo*, have recently been played. Apparently the Manitoba Mennonite Youth Organization has begun working on something a little more formal and extensive. I trust that it all materializes into something concrete and positive!

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OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

Pesky pumps, a family crisis, and a restored sense of perspective

With this issue the *Mennonite Mirror* completes 18 years of publication. Our 19th year begins with the September issue. We hope you still enjoy our visits once a month. We consider it a minor miracle that several dozen volunteers, working on a shoe-string budget, are able to put this magazine together each month. We know there are glitches, but we allow those to happen so that you will remember that we are only human. We have chosen to be free of official church sponsorship, which means that we can speak quite freely to you, but at the constant risk of losing our shirts financially. That is why we appreciate your paid-up subscriptions very much, and the financial support of our many donors and advertisers. As those who attended our annual meeting this year know, we lost \$7,000 last year, partly because of the support given to several books, but also because we are trying to pay our writers something close to what they deserve. This year is turning out to be a little better. With your support-and please do keep the subscriptions and donations coming-we will survive, and hopefully even improve.

What really encourages us is the number of good writers who send material to us, from all over the country. We know that they will keep this magazine fresh and interesting.

As I write this, in mid-June, I don't know what the summer is going to bring us but the month of June was great: rain for the farmers and enough sunshine for those of us who love to loaf on the beach at least one day a week. My mind goes back to the long weekend in May, when we open our cottage for another year. Something very annoying happens, and the annoyance is only broken by a near-tragedy. Everything at the cottage seems to run well, except our water pump. The drought of last year has evidently lowered our water table, so that we keep losing pressure in the pump. I fiddle with it for a few hours one day, and it begins to irritate me like a bad

toothache. We all know how this is: a tooth is a small thing, but when it hurts it makes all of life seem painful.

I am in danger of totally losing patience, and perspective, when the phone rings. It is our daughter Kathy, in Edmonton, sounding very sad and weary. They almost lost their youngest child last night. The story she tells us is an incredible one. They had given their youngest an antibiotic for an ear infection last night, after picking up a new prescription from the druggist. When Kathy put the child to sleep in the evening she noticed that she was unsteady on her feet, and one of her arms seemed unusually stiff. Luckily she checked her again a little later in bed, and was shocked to discover that she was turning blue and her eyes were rolled back.

They rushed her to the hospital, where she was immediately put on life-support systems. The doctors couldn't figure out what was wrong; nothing they did improved her condition, which was very serious. This morning the druggist called with an astonishing admission: she thought that she might have put methadone, a narcotic, instead of water into the child's medicine. It was established later that the dose given was a lethal one. However, as soon as the doctor knew what had happened he was able to apply the correct antidote and the child began to respond very positively. When Kathy calls us her youngest is still very sick, but out of danger, and we are grateful to hear that she seems to have suffered no permanent impairment. On hearing this our problems with the pump suddenly appear very unimportant. We can learn to live with less water. We don't know how we would have coped with the loss of our youngest grandchild.

Later in June, after we have heard that little Jessica is back home and running around again, my wife and I undertake a long-planned trip to Quebec City, where several thousand university teachers are meeting to discuss their research. The meetings of the economists are,



by Roy Vogt

unfortunately, badly organized, and I miss a few of the papers that I badly wanted to hear. There are, however, a number of other meetings which are worth attending. In one of these our son participates for the first time, and it is quite a pleasure to hear him present his ideas to a group of scholars. We are also able to walk through the beautiful old centre of the city with him, and to tour the lovely countryside north of Quebec City, including the Ile D'Orleans and the sacred shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Though we are extremely skeptical, we place our hands in the water of the sacred fountain in this place-just in case.

I have spent very little time in Quebec, but after almost a week I can begin to appreciate why the French Canadians want very much to guard their culture. It is a vibrant one, and they live in a beautiful setting. The Quebec City centre is undoubtedly the finest in Canada. Whether two strong cultures can exist together in one nation is, unfortunately, a question without a clear answer.

During this time there is in the background of all our lives one very sad note: the events in China. When I return from Quebec to the University of Manitoba I meet with one of our graduate students from Shanghai who is very discouraged. She had hoped to return to China to teach economics, but now everything is uncertain. It is an inexplicable tragedy that a nation with so many gifted people cannot achieve personal freedom for them.

The rest of this summer will be devoted to writing, and to visits from family and friends. We are looking forward as well to a brief trip to British Columbia, to visit a number of very close acquaintances and friends that we see too seldom.

In September I plan to continue this column, but instead of describing recent experiences - which can be repetitious - I will reflect on life from a longer perspective. I will comment freely on life as I've experienced it, hoping that you will see something of your life in it. Let me know from time to time what you think of it. Till then, God keep you - and may you have both the courage and humility to always keep your chin up and your nose down.

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REVIEW

Anabaptist movie probes the cost of taking a stand for truth

a review by Harry Loewen

In June a new film was shown to Winnipeg audiences which deals with the religious origins of Mennonite, Hutterite, Amish, and other Free Church groups. *The Radicals*, a feature-length film tells the story of the early Anabaptist movement in 16th century southern Europe. Played by professional actors and filmed on location in Switzerland, Germany and France, the film is a credit to the producers, Sisters and Brothers Inc., Goshen, Indiana, and a fitting memorial to the early Anabaptist radical reformers who suffered and died for their beliefs and practices.

The Radicals is based on the book *Pilgrim Aflame*, the fictionalized story of Michael Sattler which was written some years ago by Myron Augsburg. The research for the film, with Arnold Snyder of Waterloo, Ontario, as historical consultant, has been thorough and probing, taking into account the latest interpretation of the origins of Anabaptism. Told by Wilhelm Reublin, played by Daniel Perrett, the story focuses on Michael Sattler and his struggle with those Anabaptists who believed that force and cooperation with the rebelling peasants were necessary to assure the movement's survival in those turbulent times.

What emerges in this film is an Anabaptist beginning which was not a mere application of certain biblical principles to conditions of the 16th century, but we see here an intense struggle with ideas and forces as they presented themselves both within the Anabaptist group and without. These early radical reformers had to grope and search for answers and solutions which were often hidden from them at the time. Issues such as infant and adult baptism in a society which practiced the baptism of children, and military defense and nonviolence at a time when Christian Europe faced destruction by the Turks are treated with historical insight, respect, and sensitivity. Even the Catholic and Protestant opponents of the radicals are portrayed as honorable men and women who sincerely believed that persecuting the Anabaptists was justified and necessary because these people threa-

tened the social, religious, political, and economic fabric of their time.

While the film deals with ideas and theological issues, the human element in this historical drama comes through very well. These young radicals (and they were all young men and women in their twenties and thirties) are shown to wrestle with such longstanding practices as celibacy and marriage, the role of the sexes in a traditionally male-oriented society, and the natural human impulse to defend oneself and country when threatened by enemies.

Michael Sattler, a monk, played by Norbert Weisser, and Margaretha, played by Leigh Lombardi, decide to get married and then work for their Christian faith as a married couple. In the face of adversity, opposition and persecution they remain faithful to each other and to the newfound faith and group of people. Both are executed in the end. While Michael's execution at the stake is portrayed in horrifying scenes, Margaretha's drowning a few days later is merely mentioned. Since Margaretha plays an equally important role in the Anabaptist story it would have been appropriate to portray her martyrdom as well.

Historians and theologians will no doubt quibble about details of events, interpretation, and focus of *The Radicals*. Why single out Sattler, they might ask, and not Conrad Grebel who performed the first adult baptism; or Felix Manz who became one of the first Anabaptist martyrs; or George Blaurock who was perhaps one of the most courageous and effective Anabaptist leaders in those early years? Leaders like Balthasar Hubmaier, Hans Denck and Hans Hut, to name just the more prominent among them, are not even mentioned in the film.

It seems to me that the focus on Sattler is most appropriate in the story of early Anabaptism. It was primarily Sattler's vision of Anabaptism which resulted in the "Brotherly Union" of 1527, the first Confession of Faith which has at its centre the principles of pacifism and separation of church and state, faith issues which in time became characteristic of the Anabaptist-Mennonite movement. It was also Sattler's

version of Christianity which steered a middle course between Catholicism and Protestantism by retaining such monastic ideals as community and nonviolence and adopting such Protestant principles as the priesthood of all believers, justification through faith, and the authority of Scriptures.

The Radicals, which was awarded the Silver Prize by the Houston Film Festival, should be seen by all adult Mennonites, but non-Mennonites would also benefit from it. Because of a number of violent scenes in it the film is not suitable for small children. The "message" of the film will no doubt contribute to a better understanding of what it meant to be an Anabaptist Christian in the 16th century and raise questions concerning how that religious tradition finds application in today's world.

Whether the film will have wide audience appeal remains to be seen. The viewer interested in history and ideas will find the film both entertaining and informative and the student of the Reformation period will find in the film much material for debate about religious and social issues. The film appeals more to the intellect than to the emotions, it seems, which may affect the box office negatively.

Those who judge the film primarily as a "work of art" may find that it "preaches too much," that its "moralizing" is too obvious. Some may object that the viewer is not allowed to make up his or her own mind about the religious issues presented but is simply told which view is right or wrong. Indeed, in today's pluralistic society and at a time when religious communities seek closer cooperation and even unity, it appears that a film like *The Radicals* may do a disservice to interdenominational efforts at ecumenicity and dialogue. It seems to me, however, that a film like this will not only clarify the factors which led to the breakup of the late medieval world but also help us to face honestly the issues which divide communities and to resolve to work closer together. After all, whether we are Catholic, Protestant, or Mennonite Christians, we all should seek to be prophetic witnesses to a broken world.

In Canada the distribution of the film is coordinated by David Dueck of Winnipeg, producer of such films as *Menno's Reins* and *And When They Shall Ask*. Questions with regard to showings and other details about the film should be directed to David Dueck, Box 158, Station F, Winnipeg, Manitoba. R2L 2A5; telephone (204) 6612483.

Harry Loewen is the Chair in Mennonite Studies at the University of Winnipeg.

THIS WORD FROM DOWN EAST

Finding joy in each other's company

It's a perfect day for a double date. The late April sun envelops us in a warm glow. The air is still tinged with refreshing coolness. The trees are just beginning to put forth their first, hesitant buds. And the fields surrounding us seem just about ripe for seeding. It looks as though we've picked the ideal time for our long-planned, dual engagement. But perhaps I should back up a bit, lest anyone get the wrong idea. Marlene and I have been trying for weeks to designate the right weekend (and the right event) with which to celebrate a fifth anniversary successfully reached and a school year successfully completed. After some flipping through of calendars and perusal of daily planners, we've settled for the last Sunday in April. Next, after some discussion of the relative merits of Shaw and Stratford festivals, we've settled on good old George Bernard, in general, and *Man and Superman*, in particular. Finally, after a few phone calls to some of Niagara-on-the-Lake's finer eating establishments, we've settled on a post-theatre rendezvous, the rustic-yet-distinguished Pillar and Post. All seems to be in readiness for our theatre and dinner "double feature." Well, almost all. There is the small matter of dropping off our one-year-old, and of making sure that her veritable truckload of baby equipment is correctly transferred from our crammed car into grandma and grandpa's tidy house. At last, with a cheery wave and a sigh of relief, we're off. Although the 401 and QEW highways are not the most leisurely of routes, we encounter no major terrors. Before long, we're off the beaten path and speeding past the St. Catherine's drawbridge which looms to our left. With any luck, we'll be in Niagara with time enough to spare to allow us a stroll down the turn-of-the-century promenade. We're in luck. We've a half hour during which to peek into some tempting storefronts (mercifully, closed on Sundays), grab an icecream cone, and hunker down in a nearby park to enjoy our pre-performance delicacies. Soon, we notice the parking lot filling up with expensive-looking cars; even a limo or two. The patrician elite have arrived,

fashionably late, and it's time for us two plebes to get ready for the play. We take a quick peek into the theatre gift shop, make a few mental notes of what we'll buy later (if the cash holds out), and bustle into the auditorium in search of our seats. As usual, Bernard Shaw does not disappoint. In fact, we wish we had more time to dig out and admire the gems of wit and insight so cleverly hidden in each phrase of dialogue. Everyone — rich, poor, women, men, laborers, lawyers receives their just desserts from the acid-tongued GBS, and we find ourselves laughing as much at our own foibles as at the play itself. The theatre company, performing for the first time in the new season, more than makes up for an occasional lack of polish with a spirited rendition of this latter-day Don Juan. They earn a long and enthusiastic ovation from a richly satisfied crowd, whose constituents are soon shuffling hungrily out of the inner sanctum and toward their evening reservations.



by Tim Wiebe

The supper hour will provide time to reflect upon and digest the veritable feast for the soul to which we've just been treated. Mind you, the feast for the body isn't bad, either. We enjoy a sumptuous main course, a delectable dessert, and a slow glass of wine apiece. Throughout our repast, the more brilliant bits of the just-completed performance fuel the conversation as we relive the first of what will doubtless be many "do you remember whens." Slowly, the conversation turns to the morrow, and to our daughter, whom we've begun to miss after a half day's separation. It's time to leave for home. Looking back, we'll probably realize that this really wasn't a double date, a celebration of a school year and an anniversary. It will have become much more. . . a celebration of art and grace, of cuisine and companionship, of pathos and pleasure, and, more than anything else, of life and love. And by that time, it will probably be time to begin planning our next romantic tryst. mm

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REVIEW

Moving past the cliches, to make her own choices

by Mavis Reimer

Left a young widow with four children, ineligible for social assistance, Katie Funk Wiebe succeeded many years ago in moving herself past the cliches of suffering widowhood and incapable womanhood. She took herself back to college and earned the professional qualifications to teach English at the college level. When she speaks, in this volume, about celebrating the movement past age 50 "into the last major phase of life," Wiebe

shows that she has lost none of the feisty spirit that has marked her adult life. "Living by Choice, Not by Default" is the subtitle of Wiebe's most recent book; it's a subtitle that aptly conveys a primary theme of this devotional/autobiographical/theological book. For whether Wiebe is meditating on a particular section of scripture, discussing the various "passages," "journeys," and "moves" of her life, or proposing principles for Christian life and decisions, she categorically dismisses what she sees as the "simplistic formula" advanced by some evangelicals to "Let Go and Let God!" As she sees it, a life lived in relationship with God is one that combines study, thought, and commitment with taking risks. Wiebe's accounts of her methods of studying the Bible are always interesting, frequently provoking, and sometimes poignant. For example, she recalls her struggle to remain a faithful, conservative disciple and to believe the interpretations of biblical material she had heard since she was a child. It was with considerable reluctance that she finally admitted that too much of her inherited theology was built on translations that incorporated "a white, male, Western, bourgeois, intellectual perspective." She studies the Bible now, she says, surrounded by "several translations, a concordance, Bible dictionaries, handbooks, commentaries and much patience." Despite her struggles

to find significant and accurate articulations of discipleship as a single, older woman, Wiebe continues to work within a Christian community and continues to plead with the church, in the words of Esau she borrows for the title of her book, for her share of the father's blessing. Wiebe's theology, as she would be the first to admit, is not a systematic one. Themes are repeated, incidents retold with only slight variation, and examples multiplied. The book is something of a patchwork quilt, more story than system. But Wiebe's story is one that is worth hearing and that survives the occasionally unpolished style. Authentic story, in fact, becomes for Wiebe a metaphor for an act of creating meaning that "makes it impossible to pass off a string of words as the essence of a redeemed life." That adulthood might itself be comprised of many ages and stages, rather than a static condition, is an idea that, increasingly, is being explored by psychologists and sociologists. Katie Funk Wiebe's story is an inspirational contribution to that exploration.

Bless Me Too, My Father by Katie Funk Wiebe (Scottsdale, Pennsylvania and Kitchener, Ontario: Herald Press, 1988). 260 pages, \$12.50 This book is available at Mennonite Books, 206-1317A Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, R3G 0V3.

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REVIEW

An insight into what communal Christianity means

a review by Dora Maendel

January 7, 1974, was an historic occasion for the Hutterite communities of North America for on that day in the little church at Sturgeon Creek Colony north of Headingley, Manitoba, they officially reunited with the Society of Brothers, another group seeking to practice communal Christianity. The Society of Brothers at that time consisted of three communities situated in the north-eastern U.S., one community with a population of several hundred in each of three states: Connecticut, Pennsylvania and New York.

This was a re-uniting because in 1930-31 the founder of the Society of Brothers, the dynamic son of the German theologian Carl Franklin Arnold, Eberhard Arnold, had visited North America's Hutterite communities and succeeded in affiliating his fledgling ten-year-old community with the Hutterian Brethren Church. He himself was ordained as a minister in the Hutterian Brethren Church before returning to his community in Germany in May, 1931. Then in the 1950's and 60's there was a period of separation that lasted until the 1974 reconciliation and reunion.

It has not been and is not now an entirely pleasant or easy partnership for all involved. As in any union of disparate groups, meaningful contact on many levels as well as a concerted effort — by both groups — to respect and understand each other is necessary to achieve true harmony.

In *Torches Together* Emmy Arnold, the wife of Eberhard Arnold, reminisces about the hardships, and joys, encountered in their efforts to begin a life of communal Christianity in post-war Germany in 1921. Her account is detailed and fascinating in the timeless manner of an uncle or grandparent relating experiences of the past or *hinterweiter*. For this reason it has the potential to foster among western Hutterites better understanding and respect for our eastern sisters and brothers.

Mrs. Arnold traces the events responsible for guiding and propelling them in the direction of communal Christianity: The horrendous upheaval and poverty brought on during the First World War and

its aftermath, exacerbated by atrocious inequalities among different classes; for example common soldiers suffered more from hunger and lack of medical attention than the officer class. As well, there was rank spiritual and religious disillusionment because none of the clergy of all the different churches denounced the war. This resulted in "a great questioning," primarily among the youth of all backgrounds: "It can't go on like this. After all, what is the meaning of life?"

This searching found expression in open-house meetings and conferences. The Free German Youth movement and Christian Student Union (DCSV) were formed. As editor of *Die Furche*, the DCSV publication Eberhard Arnold sometimes addressed the conference: All we are looking for is a way of action. Words there had been enough; there had been an overabundance of sermons in the clergy of all denominations, who had also blessed the arms of war. What mattered now was action, not words." (p.25).

Even the conference participants were plagued by this malady, however, and Mrs. Arnold treats us to a truly humorous moment: at one conference Friend John S. from England was moved to call for a Quaker meeting, because "The Germans still talk far too much." Friend S. went to some pains to explain the importance of such a meeting and they managed a few seconds of silence!

Finally at the Whitsun conference in Marburg, August 1919, Eberhard Arnold delivered a powerful talk on non-resistance: the Christian's way "must be the way of non-violence as taught by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount." Middle-class life proving increasingly unendurable, the search for a "new life" brought them to St. Luke's account of the early apostles in Acts 2-4. A building and some property were found near the little village of Sannerz and with "no financial basis of any kind, either for our community or the proposed publishing house," the new way of life was begun, "in full trust."

Inevitably, in his continued studying of similar communal movements from the past — especially the Reformation time —

Eberhard Arnold found books and manuscripts about the Hutterian Brothers. Convinced that they had been called by the same Spirit as had moved the early Brothers, they contacted the Hutterites of North America and in an effort to learn more about the "outward form" of their communal life, Eberhard Arnold set out in May 1930 to visit them. He would be away for almost a year. This part of the book, including the numerous excerpts from Dr. Arnold's letters and diary, are particularly fascinating and challenging for a western Hutterite. His insistence on making the trip despite a troubling eye problem adds to the drama and expectancy as does the obvious question posed by Mrs. Arnold, "Would today's Hutterians of 1929 still be living in these same Spirit and in the same strengths as their forefathers?" Then there is the reader's own question, "What were we like in 1929? What will he find?" Faith, devotion, simplicity, discipline, dedication. All these.

But also material wealth and of special concern to him, a ready acceptance of modern farm machinery, together with a firm tradition against the use of musical instruments: "Even the simple flutes and shepherd's pipes" — instruments which along with singing, were as much a part of the youth movement as conferences and discussions. How good it is to learn that Eberhard Arnold "Felt in a particularly strong way the great love and trust that came to him from the Bruderhofe, especially from the *Schmiedeleut*. That's us! How sobering though, his disappointment that the extent of Hutterian sharing permitted "rich and well-to-do Bruderhofe and also some that were poor and badly in debt." This of course is still true today, though there is some recourse for struggling Hofe both from other Hofe as well as the church funds since established.

It was a strenuous year travelling with a sore eye among the Bruderhofe to talk about community and request financial aid for his group in Germany. The reader shares the puzzled frustration and longing of the community back in Germany as the weeks stretch into months and no sub-

stantial funds are forwarded.

His overall impression is fortunately a joyous one, "All our expectations of faith . . . can be fulfilled here, even though certain signs of weakness, as in everything human, are unmistakable," as is the Hutterian response to him. Rev. Johann Wurtz of Wilson praised God for the "awakening" effected by Dr. Arnold's visit, from which could be expected "renewal, uniting and mission." Surely the same things we hope, pray and work for today and which certainly are not achieved without concerted community effort.

Probably the most pertinent message from *Torches Together* for Christian communarians generally and western Hutterites in particular is the reminder that we should "not want to be founders of a work of our own," because true community "can only be given as a gift of the Spirit." And though it can be said that in a very important sense each brother and sister is a founder, we dare not forget that it is indeed a gift of the Spirit. In the words of the psalmist, "Wo der Herr nicht das Haus baut, da arbeiten unsonst die daran bauen" (Psalm 127, Verse 1). Is this then the secret perhaps — communities working together — strengthened and blessed by the Spirit? Together.

Emmy Arnold: Torches Together: The story of the Bruderhof Communities; 240 pp, Plough Publishing House, Rifton, New York, 12471.

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

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REVIEW

New book disappoints

review by Harry Loewen

Wonders and the Word is a collection of essays about the origin of John Wimber and his Vineyard movement in California, their passion for revival, evangelism and healing, and their attempt to apply the gospel to the modern world. The book also includes testimonials of people, including pastors, who have participated in Wimber's seminars.

While the editors, James R. Coggins and Paul G. Hiebert, set out to "critique" and assess the effect of Wimberism upon evangelical Christians, they in the end go almost out of their way to conclude as follows: "John Wimber is not an evil man. He is a Christian, a believer, a saint and therefore our brother. We affirm him as such. He has done and is continuing to do much good. . . . On the other hand, there are some aspects of John Wimber's understanding that we believe can lead to difficulties and unnecessary suffering in the church" (p. 155).

If this is the measure of the man Wimber and his work, then why the fuss? All the editors and some other writers in the book are "concerned" about Wimber's overemphasis of certain biblical truths, his emotionalism and subjectivism, and the movement's tendency to divide congregations.

With regard to these concerns one might respond that there have been and are other Christian movements that were "guilty" of these and worse things. So again: Why pick on Wimber and his work? Just because he threatens the harmony of churches and seems to compete successfully with our own preaching?

The last and longest essay, written by coeditor Hiebert, recommends that we test the movement by asking such questions as: Does it conform to scriptural teaching? Does it manifest the fruit of the Spirit?

There is no doubt that Wimber and his group indeed, any Christian group would answer these and similar questions in the affirmative. Thus in applying that kind of a test the editors are not of much help to the reader who might be anxious to "discern the spirits."

Since the book is written from an Anabaptist-Christian perspective, some of the following test questions could have been asked: How do Wimber and the Vineyard movement relate to such central gospel issues as forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace in a broken world? What is their effect on social and economic justice, both in our countries and abroad? How seriously do these people combine faith and works in following Jesus?

It seems to me that the ultimate test of whether a movement is Christian or not is Jesus' life and such teachings as found in Matthew 25:31-46. Had this yardstick been applied to the Wimber movement, the editors' evaluation of the man and his work in fact, of all Christian denominations and endeavors would have been less favorable and more radically prophetic.

There are two or three essays in the book which are more incisive and critical in their analyses of Wimberism. Abraham Friesen sees Wimber within the history of medieval and Reformation spiritualism and subjectivism, comparing him to such historical figures as Thomas Muentzer. Friesen writes: ". . . power is the watchword of the Wimber movement. One hears little of servanthood, of discipleship, of carrying one's cross." (p.42)

Victor G. Doerksen, while not addressing the Wimber phenomenon directly, implies in his essay that the movement is similar to pietistic emotionalism which in the past affected Mennonites as well. With reference to Edward Wuest and the early Mennonite Brethren in Russia, Doerksen writes: "What began as ardent and sincere piety became harmful force when allowed to move away from the guiding principles of brotherhood and service." (p.47) Similarly J. B. Toews writes: "The claim of a Spirit-filled life must be tested by the fruit of the Spirit (Gal. 5:22-26), not by subjective experiences and benefits." (p.97)

After reading this book some readers will no doubt agree with those few writers who are critical of Wimber and his movement, but many others will continue to flock to the sensational "signs and wonders" and the preachers who engage their emotions rather than their minds. The weak, guarded and ambivalent caution expressed by the claim that Wimber is a "saint" will be accepted and remembered.

"Wonders and the Word: An Examination of Issues Raised by John Wimber and the Vineyard Movement. Edited by James R. Coggins and Paul G. Hiebert. Winnipeg/Hillsboro: Kindred Press, 1989. Paperback, 162 pages, \$12.95(Can.); \$9.95(US);"

mm

Anna

by Helen Baergen

Away in the distance a train whistle sounded. Anna sighed. Five o'clock already and the lazy cows still here on the river bank. . . In the still evening air she could almost hear the rails groaning under the familiar crunchcrunch of the labouring wheels. Were it not for the bend in the river over at Henry and Betty's farm she would have been able to see the train crossing the monstrous black bridge that rose out of the river next to the Warman ferry. Trains fascinated her. Frightened her too. She had never been on one. But she had watched them go speeding by as she bent over the rows and rows of Sugarsnap peas and fat, juicy raspberries in Teacher Wiebe's garden up near the tracks. They were so mysterious, trains were. So sure of their destiny. So obedient to the call of the rails. Never wavering. And never looking back. But the people that rode in them, or rather on them, that's what frightened her. Hobos, they called them. Grim, grimy men jumping from a slowing train to beg for food and a night in the barn and then disappearing again. Catching the next train west, they said. As if life would be any easier out there. A shadow creased Anna's face. The train was five miles west, steaming into Osler this very minute and yet the whistle had sounded from the east. That meant rain. Anna searched the sky, alarmed. Surely it wouldn't rain tonight. No, there was only one lonely cloud in the sky and it was hugging the western horizon. Just another one of old Mrs. Reddekopp's sayings. Anna couldn't remember another September so warm and summery. Cool nights and sunny days just right for the wheat to head out and ripen. It would be a good grade this year. And the new combine. How proud Aaron had been when he pulled that shiny red '47 International Harvester onto the yard. After all that scrimping and saving, and some intense discussions in Father's front room, the combine had finally become a reality. No more threshing crews to wait for and cook for. This machine would do it all, for themselves and for others too. Many

others, she realized with a sigh. The little one whimpered in the wagon behind her. Such a little one he was, looking more like a baby than an almost-two-year-old. She bent down to wipe his nose with her apron and winced. Was this a tightening she felt in her ninemonth belly? She must hurry. The cows had to be milked, the pigs and chickens fed, the children fed. . . She picked up the stone and threw it at the lumbering cows, then started up the rocky bank after them. At the jerk of the wagon the little one fell backwards and burst into tears. The other two came chattering up the bank at her call, teasing each other's cheeks with fuzzy foxtail and sweetsmelling sage.

Sending the children off to play with strict instructions to six-year-old Elizabeth to watch the little one, Anna collected her pail and stool and seated herself beside Bossy's gently heaving flank. Just last week Bossy had given her a nasty bruise for trying to milk her when her udder was torn and bleeding. Why couldn't these cows learn to stay out of the brambles and wild roses? Fortunately Bossy stood for her now as jets of white sang in the sink bucket. Then it came again. Her belly, tightening into a hard ball, then slowly relaxing. What if this child should come before Aaron got home? Before the children were in bed? No, she couldn't think about that. Not now. Sometimes, not often, but sometimes Anna almost wished Mother would move to Mexico as she was talking of doing. perhaps then she and Aaron could buy the home place in the village. There'd be neighbors close by. Neighbors to call on in trouble, to watch, and to talk to when she was alone. Here on this forsaken bit of river bank too many fears hounded her. It was not so bad when Aaron was around. But he couldn't just stay at home either. Not if they were going to get ahead, he couldn't. Picking rocks on the Osler quarter was not exactly his idea of a good time either. But the wheat was doing well there this year. The wheat and

the custom combining why, they just might be able to finish off their payments on this quarter this fall. This quarter. . . this bare, desolate, Godforsaken hill of sand. People were amazed at the crops Aaron grew here. And at her gardens. Never thought anybody could make a living out here. But people didn't know about the long lonely hours she spent at the bedroom window praying for the light on the opposite bank to keep burning just a little longer. People didn't know how she jumped at every little sound, even the scratch of a mouse underneath the floorboards. How she kept the children awake just to have some company. They said that times were better now, that the hobos didn't ride the trains anymore. They didn't know about the lonely, dirty man straggling onto the yard last summer and she alone with the children, hiding behind the door and sending the dog after him. It was mean, yes, to sic a dog after a stranger, a hungry one at that. She would have let him in if Aaron had been home. But alone with the children she sucked in her breath as her tightening belly reminded her of yet another child. Another mouth to feed. Another child to cast into this loneliness. Another child to fret over on drafty, cold winter nights. She thought of the little fenced in plot up behind the garden. Mother had said perhaps he was better off, that one. Perhaps. She had dozed off that night, rocking there beside the fading warmth of the wood stove, so tired, her lullabies mixed with tears and fears. None of Mother's remedies had stilled the awful hacking in the little chest and the doctor was so far away. The old wood stove couldn't fend off the cold that blew in, crept in, and robbed them of their life. When she had opened her eyes again the child had been strangely still and cold. *"Welt ade, ich bin dein mude, Ich will nach dem Himmeljzu. . ."* The pail was full. Cloversweet, tinglywarm, frothy milk. Anna carried it into the musty, dark leanto where the chunky cream separator

waited, swarming with clingy September flies. She hoisted the pail up and poured the steaming milk into the huge stainless steel separator bowl. Like a swarm of hungry bees, the flies settled into the bubbly foam. There would be enough cream to make butter. But not tonight. Tomorrow, maybe. "Lizabeth," she called. The children were nowhere in sight but she could hear their yells coming from the side of the house. "Lizabeth!" A dirty face toddled into view. "She's here, Mama. The pigs are in the garden!" Those pigs! Aaron had bought two runts last spring at an auction but he never seemed to have time to fix the hole in the pigpen properly. Her cabbages would be ruined for sure this time. Well, the sausages and cracklings would make up for that pretty soon. At that moment, two bristly pigs squealed across the yard, colliding with a gabble of

strutting like peacocks and a rabbit with long pointy ears and a fuzzball tail. Just like they came out of a real coloring book. The children watched, bigeyed, then scurried away to collect a few stubby crayons, remains from last Christmas, and started coloring. Once more Anna settled into the rocking chair. "Susie little Susie, what stirs. . . *In der Welt ists' Krieg und Streit, jnicht's als lauter.* . . because they've no shoes. . ." The pains were more frequent now. Thankfully, the children were in bed and asleep at last. Elizabeth, such a big girl she was already. She could be going to school too, like Sarah's eldest. But that three mile walk was just too much for one barely six years old. Elizabeth would have to wait a year. And three year old Willie, snuggling close to Elizabeth in the straw bed for the comfort he couldn't get from Mama. And the little one, crying

Aaron at least would be home sometime tonight, even if rather late. Betty had been all alone to deliver their first child five years ago when Henry was away at some CO logging camp. She had felt so fortunate, so guilty, then that Aaron was too deaf to even serve in a CO camp. The judge had told him to go home, that he wasn't good for anything except farming maybe. Anna turned to look up the road. No sign of anything. The evening was so warm. Perfect harvesting weather. It didn't look like it was going to rain, either. Aaron would want to finish whatever field he was on even if it meant going on in the dark.

Humming softly to herself to keep the fear locked inside, she rolled down her stockings, hung her apron over the chair on which she had piled two flannel blankets, and unbuttoned her dress. Maybe if she lay down the pains would lessen. Maybe she could postpone this child's coming. . . "In dem Himmel allezeit." "Anna, I'm home." She felt his rough hand on her arm. His face was dusty, dirtstreaked, tired. "We had to finish at Henry's. It looks like rain. Had a good crop of wheat too. Almost thirty bushels to the acre. Lots of Russian thisle, though. Almost plugged up the combine." He stopped. "Anna!" She was breathing heavily. Her hands suddenly gripped the mattress, veins standing out like little blue rivulets, her eyes big. "Aaron," she said, steadying her voice, "you'll have to go get Mother or Mrs. Reddekopp." "But what if? Can you hang on?" His voice was gentle, full of guilt. "It'll take almost an hour to get to the village and back." Then he was gone. She heard the old Model A roar down the road. Aaron had come home. Soon there would be voices. . . and warm hands. . . and . . .

Numb hands reached out and gathered the squalling child to her breast. "We'll call this one Annie."

chickens scratching near the barn. Elizabeth slid to a halt. "They ate two more cabbages!" she exploded. "We should put the cabbages in the cellar. Before they eat them all." Anna turned from the doorway. "Yes child, I know. Turn the separator now, will you? Mama's tired." She glanced down to where her apron stretched over her belly. Two more cows to milk, supper to get. . . at least the pigs wouldn't need to be fed right away. The children had fried potatoes for supper. Cooked potatoes for dinner, fried for supper. Mixed with scrambled eggs and the last of last year's cracklings. If there was anything he liked better than fried potatoes, Aaron always said, it was more fried potatoes, crisp and goldenbrown. He didn't much care for mashing them up with eggs, though. The children crunched the greasy crisp cracklings greedily, though the little one had to be coaxed before each mouthful. "Teething again," thought Anna, "That's what's making him so crabby." Of course, he hadn't had much attention from her today with her feeling so tired. So afraid. She gathered him onto what was left of her lap and rocked him. "Susie, little Susie, what stirs in the hay. The geese are going barefoot because they've no. . ." Her voice wavered, wandered, hummed, and died away. "Mama, draw us a picture, will you?" Blond wisps framed the little sunburned face. She hadn't had her hair braided since yesterday. Anna roused herself and drew. Fluffy little chickens

himself to sleep in the old, metal handmedown crib. He'd had to move. There would soon be another one to sleep between Mama and Papa in the big bed. Anna looked around the room. The big bed in the corner, beside it the tall, newly varnished closet which Aaron had spent so many hours on last winter, a couple of wooden chairs, the crib, and the straw bed which closed up into a wooden sofa during the day. "We can make do in these two rooms," she mused. "It will be tight but with just four children we can manage, for a while." It wouldn't stay at four children, though. It never did. Agatha was big with her tenth already. Better not to think about it. Better just to think about the big house they'd have to have someday. A house with a summer kitchen. One bedroom for the girls and one for the boys. And a front room for the men to 'neighbor' in during the week and a big room to visit in on Sundays. Anna walked to the door. Fresh air would do her good. Better fetch some water, too. Aaron would need hot water. And for the child, too, if, when, it should come. Soft sounds of cows lowing and settling down, soft clucking from the henhouse, and contented grunts from the pigpen reassured her. If she could only settled down like that, contented, and not worry. And not think. . . What if this birth was as painful as the last one had been a breech birth, old Mrs. Reddekopp had called it. . . "In dem Himmel allezeit, Friede, Freud, und. . ." She should be glad.

"You have a fine family here, Aaron." Mrs. Reddekopp's voice brought Anna out of her searing nightmare. ". . . a fine family. Two boys and two girls. They'll make good helpers for you someday." . . children. . . helpers. . . pain. . . pain. Anna closed her eyes as warm water washed over her thighs. Numb hands reached out and gathered the squalling child to her breast. "We'll call this one Annie." It was Aaron's voice, close to her. Anna reached out and touched his arm. He was tired too. It had been a long day. Four children, helpers, a nice family. It was over for now. For now it was enough to have her Aaron here. Let tomorrow take care of its own worries. She turned her eyes to the window beside the bed. A drop of rain hit the pane, then another and another. There would be no combining tomorrow. mm

POET'S WORD

Magnetic Hill

1954

Landmark on journey just begun,
in summer's dawn
young lovebirds, we
pondered the mystery
why up is down
and down is up,
our Austin '52
backing uphill
halting on top.

1966

Back at the hill again,
coasting up
and plodding down,
I could not explain
to my two stalwart sons,
ascending curious into life,
the paradox of up and down.

1989

Now, far away in time and place,
beckons the green mysterious hill.
My dear,
my stalwart doctor sons,
my wayfarers wise,
in my ascending and descending years,
can you explain to me
how up is down
and down is up,
the anomalies of Love,
the fever chart,
the illusion of ascent, descent,
the mystery,
the drawing power,
Magnetic Hill?

— David D. Duerksen

Our River of Time

For a moment
we stood together
apart from the happy
celebrators,
in the June twilight
swatting mosquitoes
watching our river,
our sometimes swollen Red,
flowing placidly, relentlessly
onward towards mouth.

For a moment
in the gathering dusk
of the summer evening
our two worlds, so different,
met;
knowing that
our river of time
would take us
to distant shores
unknown.

Only the hope
of the end
of the dusk
and the twilight
and the end
of mosquitoes.

— David D. Duerksen

These have not bowed to Baal

Discouraged prophet under the juniper tree,
in the gathering gloom of your falling night
know this:
these have not bowed their knees to Baal,
to the glitz and the glamour of the mammon-machine
fuelling malevolent Mars:
these have not bowed to Jezebel's priests
speaking lascivious lies
in holy words on the tube:
eloquent poetess of the year,
sharing the vision of prophets,
seeing your beautiful feet
in the blood, in the grime,
in the dust of your road;
silver-haired prophetess
writing wise words without flinching
both to bless and crave blessing;
editors, clear-sighted and bold,
daring to write about sin;
and the silent seven thousand in Israel
often reserved and rough-hewn,
yet struggling with Yahweh,
waiting with you
through the tempest, the earthquake, the fire,
for His still small voice
forgiving, consoling,
restoring community,
shaping ends
and controlling
in providence
the fall of the
sparrow.

— David D. Duerksen

good—night, boy—child

boy—child, i know your dreams which frighten you,
you also feel powerless
in this world of thoughtless, selfish presidents.

I am ashamed for our adult irresponsibilities,
everything which has been created
by men
who control destruction because they cannot yet
control creation;
their phallic weapons your male—world
orders you to be excited,
their sexual frenzies of pain, murder,
waste
controls your special space,
they commence with pennies and parked cars,
go on to boy scouts and mr.t.

you long so much to believe in me
yet all you see
tells you that we are wrong.

I am afraid for you, boy—child,
insomnia at age seven,
wars in your soul's eye
your spirit so fragile, your senses so bright
afraid to voice feelings and fears
i love you — please sleep well
tonight

— Lynette Dueck

Politics

Politicians lead open lives
behind glass walls.
someone always comes
to stand and stare and
when they've found the flaws
they hurl stones.
once the walls are down
they step aside
to watch the wind and rain.
it's best to be insured
and have thick skin
when living under glass.

— Walfried Jansen

Starlight Starbright

Maybe
God is a Black Hole
and stars are just angels

d^anⁱn^g
c^o on pins

or sharpened p s
o t
g i
o c
k
s

sometimes they slip and shoot past
His entertainment ce soir

Maybe
in the morning
He throws open
His shutters
showers
shaves
dabs chin and cheeks with
cotton puffs
that

float
down
to gauze the wounds
of gazers

U P

But
Maybe
cotton batton
clouds
ears
that busily fear

deaf space

— Veralyn Warkentin

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The exhilaration of singing well

by Bertha Klassen

Rod Stewart at the Skydome and the Carnage in China dominated the front-page headlines in Toronto, June 8-11. But inside Roy Thomson Hall at King and Simcoe there was another dramatic happening. The Mennonite Festival Chorus, under world famous conductor, Robert Shaw, was preparing the 180 voice choir, together with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, for the June 11 performance of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*.

Sold out before we had even all arrived in Toronto to begin six rehearsals with Shaw, this concert was one of many in a month long International Choral Festival billed as THE CHORAL FESTIVAL OF THE CENTURY. Nicholas Goldschmidt, artistic director of the festival, claimed with hindsight, that he could have sold out the concert twice over. What was so special about this choir?

It was ordered by Robert Shaw himself that these singers come, the same singers he had worked with in 1984 in Winnipeg, when he had conducted them in Brahms' *Requiem*. In fact, this was the condition under which the 73-year-old maestro was persuaded to do this work at the Toronto Festival. He particularly asked for "that choir which I had the pleasure of conducting in Winnipeg." And so George Wiebe, John Martens and William Baerg — music instruction at the Canadian Mennonite Bible College in Tuxedo and the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Elmwood began, in 1987, the huge task of communicating cross-country with Mennonite singers. The original choir of 250 was pared down through auditions, to 110 from Manitoba plus 50-70 from Ontario, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Since the vast majority were amateur singers it was difficult for them to grasp that "airfare from Toronto and back would be paid for all participants west of Ontario." This was Nicholas Goldschmidt's assurance in 1987.

For all of the singers, AND the orchestra, it was an unforgettable "happening" to be under the baton of such a master as Robert Shaw. Since the notes were all in place before Shaw's down-beat drew forth the first "Kyrie Eleison" from the choir, and all of Shaw's meticulous markings had already been copied into every singer's score, we had the ultimate pleasure of

making music the way we fantasize we might do it in heaven — with none of the pedantic obstacles that beset us here on earth.

In 1984, when the Mennonite community of Winnipeg was mourning the murder of Candace Derksen, Shaw had helped us through singing the *Requiem*. Now he kept referring to the carnage in China as we sang "Miserere," Lord have mercy on us.

Roger Thiessen of Edmonton, a 1989 graduate of MBBC put it this way: "The music is beyond words — it has the nutshell of Christianity, it is so powerful."

"It is not a performance — it's one of the most spiritual experiences I can have," said Neil Block, 23, music student of MBBC.

Helmut Huebert, orthopedic surgeon, of Winnipeg said: "It's so exhilarating, working for excellence; the seep of it, when the words and music make such an effective mesh, incredible!"

"I got more out of it now," said Leona Hildebrand from CMBC. She had sung the *Missa Solemnis* before as a younger student in Waterloo. So had Joanne Klassen, Winnipeg under Koizumi with the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra.

"It was peace descending from heaven, the theology of the notes, which was missing from the other performance," said Joanne. She may have been referring to one of many of Shaw's statements one of which was:

"Creation's first day and first night was the first bar line."

Or another intriguing, even humorous theology:

"Choir, when you sang Et Vitam Venture Saeculi (and the life of the world to come) you had to be singing 'in tongue.' " Then (wryly): "Try singing it without them!" This was said right after we had succeeded in singing the fast and furious fugue at the tempo that we all agreed couldn't be done! And still he coaxed us, inspired us, and mesmerised us, making us do the impossible. It was a miraculous time.

Personally, I've never been in a performance where I've had prolonged applause BEFORE I've even sung a note. My neighbor to my right in the choir, Heather Neufeld-Bergen, violinist and wife of First Mennonite Church minister in Edmont, said in an astonished voice, "I've never performed anywhere and had the au-

dience shouting and responding like this!" Indeed, Shaw, Baerg, and Wiebe, together with Len Enns and Victor Martens, music professors from Waterloo shared THREE curtain calls. Some of us kept thinking we should call our accompanists, too, Irmgard, Marianne, and Susan, but there was a reception waiting around Glen Gould's piano in Roy Thomson Hall. A grand Mennonite Reunion happened there, and I do believe I overheard some Low German — perhaps a FIRST for Roy Thomson Hall!

Mennonites are inherently modest, and we were not a little embarrassed by all these compliments. I must confess I was skeptical about all the 'hype.' I determined at the first opportunity to ask the orchestra players themselves. They're usually so blasé and jaded they won't be impressed with the choir. Happily, I was wrong. Paul Monahan, (string-bass), Andrea Hanson, (second violin) and Ron Laurie, (cello) said it was true. This was the best choir they had ever played for. The only one that came close was the *Elijah* choir they had heard on CBC in May!

Jacques Israelievitch, concertmaster of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which Shaw called "the best accompanying orchestra in the world," gave a solo accompaniment to the choir's "Benedictus" (Blessed is he who cometh in the name

of the Lord) that was stunning. For Hedy Rempel, of St. Paul's Congregational Church of Chatham, Ontario, a church that recently broke away from the United Church, the solo of Israelievitch was the highlight of the week.

Hedy said, "Not singing in either English or German, I've had to STUDY the Latin text. I'm impressed with Shaw's pointing out how much time Beethoven spent on the line 'And the Live of the World to Come,' more than eleven pages in our score."

For Bill and Marlene DeFehr of Toronto United Mennonite Church it was "the experience of a lifetime. The choir was the star." Perhaps we did steal the thunder of a very powerful quartet of soloists — Benita Valente, (soprano) Janice Taylor, (mezzo-soprano) Richard Margison, (tenor) and Tom Krause, (baritone). The executive producer, Robert Cooper of Choral Concert, Howard Dyck's Sunday morning CBC broadcast praised the choir's "solid muscular sound."

But as Shaw reminded us, "For six centuries the church nurtured the arts. Perhaps it's time to pay it back."

One of the last things George Wiebe told us was, while it would be impossible to take this choir back to our village church choirs at home, still the spirit could be taken back. And for once it was great not to have to be apologetic about being a Mennonite!

mm

Missa Solemnis

Genesis
 deep in the gut
 primordial rhythm
 metered passion
 divine rhetoric
 mercy evolving
 perfectly pitched
 like an overtone
 in some private cathedral.
 we earn
 a few sublime moments
 everlasting hands . . .
 plying us
 like instruments of grace
 Drawing out tongues so new
 we scarcely recognize ourselves . . .
 then releasing us
 victims of Pentecost
 servants of the Dona Nobis Pacem
 still echoing
 in our holiest spaces.

— Tim Wiebe

MIRROR MIX-UP

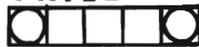
TERI



ATER



FRILE



RACTE



DRATE



Don't get sunburnt; watch out for cholesterol; don't smoke; don't pollute --- but have a



summer!

From the 38 entries to the April puzzle, Mrs. George Krahn, of Niverville, was selected winner.

Answers to April are bogey, slice, eagle, shank, bunker, and hockey.

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

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

Entries must be sent to the Mirror office by September 7, 1989.

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SVOBODA: an incident in the Bolshevik Revolution

by Henry Wiebe

"The Makhnovsky, the Reds, are coming!" Panting, a tow-headed little fellow, bare-footed in spite of the snow, and bare-chested, came pelting down the back lane of the south Russian Mennonite village, past the Wilms' home. "They're coming very quickly over the hills, from the north! Better hide, John!" he called to the Wilms boy, who was digging in the back yard of his home.

It was early winter 1918, just slightly over a year since the collapse of the discontentment — the mutiny-ridden Russian forces on the western front before the superior German armies. In Russia, the moderate March revolution led successively by Paul Miliukov and his Cadets, then by Alexander Kerensky, was finished, defeated, overthrown in November by the Bolsheviks under Vladimir Ilych Lenin. They had destroyed their predecessors, captured the Kremlin, that ancient museum and fortress, and massacred the royal family.

John had been in Moscow, as a *sanitaire* with the Russian army when the Bolshevik takeover occurred. He had witnessed the fight for the Kremlin, had seen its surrender, and the splendid military funeral with which the immediate events ended. Then, his unit of the army having fallen into complete disarray, he had made his way as best he could to his home in the Ukraine.

Now the Bolsheviks, the "majority," the "Reds," were sweeping the country free of royalist or "White-Russian" forces. *Svoboda!* — freedom — was their battle-cry, and *The Red Sarajan* their battle-song. Gone was the old feudal

relationship between peasant and lord. Land was to be available to all. The lords and the hated "kulaks" — the tight-fisted ones were all to be sent to Siberia — if not massacred first!

Guerrilla groups loosely associated with the Bolsheviks sprang up as well. One such was that led by a Nestor Makhno, the Makhnovsky, an especially nasty collection of hoodlums really in it for the opportunities provided for anarchy, for lawlessness rather than out of any zeal for revolutionary improvement in the lot of the people. The peasantry flocked to these groups, whether Reds or Makhnovsky. Young men especially were caught up in the whirlwind as they marched and rode with the revolutionaries, and sang the revolutionary songs.

In the southern Ukraine, the settlements of the Mennonites — a group following an agrarian-pacifist form of Christianity taught them by their founder Menno Simons, were trapped in the conflict. They attempted to continue their quiet, busy life in the middle of the constant ebb and flow of warfare between the "Whites" and the "Reds," and the Makhnovsky, who sided with the "Reds" or competed with both "Whites" and "Reds," depending on what happened to suit Makhno.

But the situation for the Mennonites was impossible. The opposing parties held the villages in turn, and each, in turn, inflicted its rule on the inhabitants, ruthlessly punishing any even alleged fraternization with the other side. Neither side was innocent of terrorization. Wholesale robbing — "requisitioning" it

was euphemistically termed by both sides — beating of men, molesting of women and girls occurred constantly. No one knew how many Mennonite women were forcibly with child by members of these lawless bands. In addition there was disease. The guerrillas or bandits were usually lice and flea-infested, and the typhoid fever that sprang up turned into an epidemic that killed indiscriminately.

Incomprehensible as it seemed to John, his own younger brother, Dirk, had joined the Reds or the Makhnovsky, John did not know which. Dirk had said something about the need to end the terrible Czarist tyranny and about helping to bring about a better existence for the oppressed peasantry. Father and Mother had both been dead by then. John and his sister had not been able to dissuade him, and Dirk had ridden off, looking splendid on one of their horses. They had not seen him since.

The Wilms' home had been thoroughly looted. The farm that three hard-working generations had built up had been destroyed in one winter and spring. Now the buildings alone remained. The granaries were empty of the hundreds of bushels of the fine grain with which unremitting weeks of toil had only last fall filled them. And the stables, where, only a month ago, 24 splendid workhorses had twitched their tails in a row, were empty of both horses and the fine hand-made harness that had been Father's pride. John frequently thought how fortunate it was that his father, also his mother, had died before all this. Now a Bolshevik victory promised confiscation and placing

all lands under a local "soviet." Small wonder that John and his sister Greta prayed for a White victory, which would surely restore the old order of things.

But now he heard the sound of the band riding into the far end of the village. Even as he did so, his sister rushed out, caught him by an arm and began to drag him swiftly towards the house.

"John, inside quickly! Please! Go upstairs. They must not see you. I think they are going to do something terrible this time — what they did at the other villages."

John, moved by his older sister's urgency and fright, ran up to his room, where, from behind drawn curtains, he observed the arrival of the Makhnovsky brigands. They were a motley crew, with only a sprinkling of half-decent-appearing fellows, with some excellent mounts, but with some horses as bad as the others were good.

"Those good horses were stolen. I'm sure of it!" muttered John, thinking that his sister stood with him. But she was gone. "Where?" he wondered.

He did not have time to seek an answer. The riders had halted in front of his house, and the leader was already striding swiftly in, followed by a familiar-looking figure. Yes! It was Petrushka! Petrushka had been a stable-boy of the

Wilms four years ago, before he and John had gone to war, Petrushka as a front-line soldier, John as a *sanitaire*. Several of the other Makhnovsky were going into the better-looking of the nearby houses while the men prepared camp around the village pump diagonally across from the Wilms home. Below, John heard the Makhnovsky leader, in surprisingly cultivated Ukrainian, commandeer their home for his official headquarters until the completion of his duties in the area. The house was the best in the village. John's father, until he died, had been village *Schuld*, (reeve), as the most prosperous farmer.

To John, as to his sister, the first appearance of the troop had suggested trouble. A month ago some of the younger and more fiery elements of this and neighboring Mennonite villages, had the temerity to ride in a reprisal raid against some of the Reds or Makhnovsky who had been spreading terror among the Mennonite villages. They had ignored the warnings of the older and more spiritual men and women, and the religious teachings of the Mennonite faith. The raid, as far as it went, had been a success. Some of the Makhnovsky were roughly handled; some killed. The pacifist principle had seemed impossible of observance. What was one to do? Must one stand idly by while one was being robbed, his women violated even while screaming for mercy, for help?

But retaliation by the Makhnovsky had been swift. Already two Mennonite villages had been burned after the men in them had been killed. By some of the people it was seen as a judgment from God. And from the Wilms', from John's village too, several men had gone, among them two of his cousins. They had ridden out gallantly enough, but now the fury of the Makhnovsky was to drop, like a nest of hornets, about their pacifist Mennonite ears!

Even while John had been thus contemplating, he had moved silently to the rear of the building, over the feed section that divided the barn from the living quarters according to the custom of house construction that prevailed. The Makhnovsky would shortly come up to his room. They must not find him there. It was in the hayloft that, running, with Petrushka close behind her, Greta found him.

"You must leave here at once!" she gasped. "Go anywhere! They are going to kill all the men in the village! Is that not true, Petrushka?"

The latter nodded silently, his dark, Ukrainian eyes flashing a warm greeting to John, whom he had not seen in four

years. "Yes, Ivan Alexeievitch," he said, "go now, or you may never leave the village alive! May the good God protect you!" And, as he wrung John's hand in greeting and farewell, he murmured again, "May God go with you."

John paused. "And what of you, my sister? What will they do to you?"

"Petrushka will help me. And God takes care of his weak little ones," she confidently stated. "Now hide! Try to get out of the house after dark. They may burn this village too. Go into the grainfield. God go with you!"

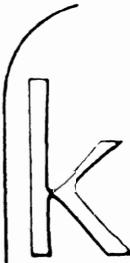
They were gone!

Under some hay, he waited until the black of night, which dark clouds, promising rain — or snow — hastened. Then, silently, he slipped down the familiar ladder. The barn-door creaked softly, and he was outside. Over the stile, and out into the back lane. The grainfields were to the south of the village, below the graveyard. With luck, with God's help, he could reach them. The way there he knew as well by night as by day. Had he not a hundred times at least, as a lad, stolen just this way to the river for a midnight swim with his friends? At that time a sound hiding from his father had been the only peril. Now, life was at stake. But he chuckled as he thought of his youthful adventures. The road grated under his feet and he removed his shoes. Cautiously, swiftly, in stocking feet — his wooden shoes in his hand — he proceeded.

A stick snapped underfoot. To be caught in this attitude of flight meant certain death. Investigation would follow shooting.

He paused. He had reached the end of the village lane. The picket fence that ran along beside the road stopped here. Somewhat ahead of him, and to his right, lay the cemetery, and beyond that, the fields. From here on he must trust his memory, his sense of direction, good fortune, and God. Nothing was to be heard, only the low breathing of the wind over the Ukrainian steppe. What lay beyond that wall of darkness through which he must go? Where was the sentry that was surely stationed somewhere here to capture just such escapees as he? At any moment a flash of gunfire must halt him. These Makhnovsky were generally poor shots, yes, but they were numerous, and from the hue and cry they would raise he would have small chance of escaping.

So with extreme caution he now moved forward yard by yard. Was there a patrol ahead? He could not be sure. Once a rustle just behind him made his hair stand on end. Thank God! It was only tall grass, moved by the wind. Then behind him, in the village, he heard yells of the



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Makhnovstky banditry, no doubt around their fire in the village centre. The noise changed into a carousing, revolutionary ballad, one all too familiar to John, but full of the fire and melancholy of the Russian people with whom he deeply sympathized in their struggle for freedom from age-old oppression.

"A magnificent bass that, leading the singing," John thought. "And the tenor's voice is as high and sweet as a woman's. Probably trained in church choirs; perhaps even in the church in Nikopol."

At the first sound of the singing, John had paused. Now he moved forward again, even more cautiously. But he had somehow lost his sense of direction. Where was the windmill? And where was the inevitable sentry? If only it were not so confoundingly dark! Surely nearby somewhere was the boundary of the cemetery, and then the fields that meant safety for him! There was just the windmill to keep on his left. But where was it?

He had gone perhaps another 10 slow feet or so when suddenly, no more than 10 paces in front of him, a light flared briefly! He dropped to the ground, breathing stopped. By the light of the flame he had seen a man's face! Had he been heard or seen? Then the glow of a cigarette appeared, and a soft voice began quietly to hum a Ukrainian peasant love-song.

"What a God-send!" John breathed easily again. What luck for him that this man had disobeyed orders! Lucky too for the sentry that John was not a Makhnovstky officer or this poor fellow would have been summarily shot! But what amazing good fortune!

The next moment a thinning in the overhanging clouds permitted moonlight to filter through to silhouette, directly before, and above him, the arms and roof of the expected windmill. Now, once more, John knew his position. To his left ran the road southward. On his right lay the cemetery, the grainfields, and safety. There he could spend the night.

Scarcely permitting himself to draw breath, and waiting to go on only until the moon was once more darkened, in swift but silent rushes he made for the cemetery. And soon he was among the gravestones. Normally he would not have gone into the cemetery at night. Now it meant safety since the superstitious Makhnovstky would be terrified of the place!

*Ihr Lieben in dem Totenreich,
Goennt mir ein Plaetzchen unter Euch!*
(You loved ones in the realms of death,
Grant me a little hiding-place 'mongst you!)

The only problem was that when it grew light in the morning he might be

spotted from the village. He needed cover that he would find in the grainfields.

In a matter of minutes he had crossed the cemetery and the safety of the grainfields was his. Then stealthily, as the most desperate of thieves, he entered the grain. From time to time he heard shots and yells coming from the village. What was going on there he could only guess and fear!

He continued deeper into the field. After moving several hundred feet into the tallest grain of the field, in a slight hollow, he made his bed out of grainstalks that he pulled together.

The noises from the village seemed to have stopped, and all was quiet. Somewhere a dog barked.

He pulled the coat, which he had the foresight to snatch up in the house as he fled, around and over him. He prayed fervently, and looked up into the blackness until, in spite of the cold, he fell asleep.

He woke in the gray of the morning, stiff and freezing. The tall grain hid the nearby windmill from him, but when he cautiously kneeled up he could see it, a sentry leaning against it, and, farther off, the village. He waited, cold and hungry.

An hour passed. Then noises began to come from the direction of the village. He waited. Finally, as the wintery sun rose, a group of horsemen began to move out along the road. There was much yelling, and some further gunfire; the windmill sentry mounted a horse brought up for him, and the band rode off southwards. John waited another hour or so in the thickest of the grain. All was quiet. He would take a chance and return to the village.

Quickly but cautiously he entered the road by which he had fled the village last night. No one was to be seen on the street. Evidently all the Makhnovstky had left.

No one was on the street, but on the doorstep of the neighbors', the Brauns' house, sat David Braun's young wife, Mary. Looking up at John, she revealed tear-swollen cheeks and eyes reddened with weeping.

"They killed my David last night! Shot him for riding out that other time! I told him not to go! Now they've killed him. And what they did to me first in front of him . . .! Go see your sister!"

Shame for his flight, sickening horror, expectation of the worst thronged into his chest and head as he rushed towards his home yelling, "Greta!"

Beside the porch, pitiful testimony of the violence that had reigned here during the night, lay Toro, his dog, shot.

The next instant, as he stepped over

the threshold of their home, his sister's arms were around him as she sobbed out, her face hidden in his coat, the shame, the horror of the night.

"John, they killed all the men and boys last night, even Martha Krahn's little baby boy! And they forced me, John! They forced me! Petrushka, the good Petrushka tried to stop them, and they shot him!" And his sister sobbed on, "What will I do? What will I do?"

What could she do? What would he do? He held her to him until she became quieter. Finally she sat down, just sat and looked at the floor. She would not look him in the eyes.

"Was our pastor wrong in telling the men not to take arms when they still had the chance?" she whispered. Then she began to sweep the floors and to right the mess the brigands had left, sobbing intermittently as she did so.

"If only I had been here?" he choked out. "What a confounded coward I was to run off!"

"No!" she returned passionately. "They would only have killed you too. What could you have done? Petrushka, in the end, when they started on me, tried to stop them. They shot him. You'll find him out in the barn." She began weeping again.

Dully John got up from his seat. He must bury Toro, then go about the business of obtaining help to bury the dead, Petrushka among the rest. Brave Petrushka! As he went about the sad business of burying his dog, he pondered, "Can this be the birth of the new world? Is this *svoboda*?"

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MANITOBA NEWS

The Windmill Turning, a study and collection of Mennonite folklore by **Victor Carl Friesen**, won two prizes in the first Alberta Book Industry Awards, winning both the 1989 book of the year and book design honors.

Journey to Yalta, by **Sarah Klassen**, Winnipeg, is winner of the 1989 Lampert Memorial Award for poetry. The book was published by Turnstone Press.

The annual conference of the **Council on Church and Media (CCM)** was held in Winnipeg in May. CCM is a forum of Mennonite, Brethren and Brethren in Christ communicators in North America. The conference brought together radio and TV producers and broadcasters, journalists, and filmmakers to address the theme, "Christian Communicators: In the Church, In the World."



This spring CMBC Publications celebrated the release of a new book, **The Kuban Settlement**. This English translation of **Die Kubaner Ansiedlung** by Herbert Giesbrecht marks the first in an historical series published jointly by CMBC Publications and the Manitoba Mennonite Historical Society (MMHS). **The Kuban Settlement** forms part of the Echo Historical Series, a set of 14 books on Russian Mennonite history. Between 1945 and 1965 Arnold Dyck, through his publishing company, **Echo Verlag** in Steinbach, had published these works in German. Translators have been found for each book in the series. Members of the editorial committee of the series are Victor G. Doerksen, John Friesen and Harry Loewen.

From June 20 to July 19 a 12-voice choir from Germany visited 22 Conference of Mennonites in Canada churches in British Columbia and the prairie provinces. The choir consists of a selection of young people from a Mennonite church in Espelkamp, one of the Mennonite churches in

Germany whose membership is made up of Mennonite emigrants (Umsiedler) from the Soviet Union.

The **Mennonite Heritage Village Museum** of Steinbach has received a grant of \$25,000 from the Manitoba Intercultural Council's ethnocultural community support fund. The funding will assist in the construction of a 20,000 square foot expansion of the Village Centre. Meanwhile, the Mennonite Literary Society, which publishes this magazine, received a grant of \$15,000.

Cornie Rempel, who has been chaplain at St. Boniface Hospital for many years, will become supervisor of clinical pastoral education at Philhaven, a Mennonite mental health centre in Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania. Rempel has been director of pastoral care at Eden Mental Health Centre in Winkler, for the past year. He is a member of Charleswood Mennonite Church.

John Friesen has been appointed national manager of the Mennonite Foundation of Canada, replacing Henry F. Wiebe. Friesen was for many years director of admissions at the University of Winnipeg. He is a member of Sargent Avenue Mennonite Church.

Wilma Derksen, western editor of **The Mennonite Reporter**, won a Canadian Church Press award for a feature article on homosexuality published last September. **The Mennonite Reporter** won other first place awards.



Jacob M. Klassen, executive director of Mennonite Central Committee Canada for many years, received an honorary degree from the University of Waterloo on May 24. He was recognized for his "humanitarian contributions to survival and development in Third World nations."

Donovan and Barbara Smucker received honorary degrees from Bluffton College this past May.

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate held a successful fundraising cyclathon in May at Birds Hill Park. The early birds had to contend with a temperature of -10 degrees C, but the day turned warm and sunny, and good time was had by all participants.

The Mennonite Health Association and Brethren Health and Welfare Association recognized **Bernie Wiebe** during their annual convention in St. Louis, Missouri, as the first recipient of the Anabaptist Healthcare Award. Dr. Wiebe is a professor of conflict resolution studies at Menno Simons College, University of Winnipeg.

The Mennonite Festival Chorus of Winnipeg performed Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis** at Roy Thomson Hall under the direction of **Robert Shaw** during The International Choral Festival held in June in Toronto. More than 4,000 artists from around the world gave 73 concerts in Toronto and surrounding municipalities during the festival.

Twelve volunteers will spend the summer working with the MCC **Native Gardening program**. They will be placed at six Native communities in B.C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Ontario. MCC is also helping other native organizations and bands in Manitoba and Ontario to plant gardens by sending seeds and offering practical advice. **Rob Enns**, recently returned after 10 years of service with MCC in Bangladesh, has been appointed native gardening coordinator on a part-time basis.

Mennonite church male quartets from southern Manitoba raised \$5,789 in April 30 at the seventh annual parade of quartets and choirs to help MCC provide Bibles for China. The event, which attracted over 1,000 people to the Steinbach MB Church, featured male quartets from Mennonite churches in Winnipeg, Steinbach, Grunthal, Winkler and Niverville.

Mavis Reimer received a scholarship from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada for doctoral studies at the University of Calgary in children's literature. She has also been named an honorary Killam Scholar. Mavis will begin her course of studies in September. She is a lecturer at the University of Winnipeg and a member of the Mennonite Mirror editorial board.

A symposium commemorating the 200th anniversary of **Mennonite settlement in southern Russia** will be convened in Winnipeg from November 9-11, 1989. Sponsors include The Centre for Mennonite Brethren Studies, the Mennonite Heritage Centre, Menno Simons College and the Chair of Mennonite Studies -- all in Winnipeg -- and Conrad Grebel College of Waterloo, Ontario. Two Soviet scholars are being invited to attend the symposium.

Dr. William Klassen, who is currently professor of peace and conflict studies and director of development at University College, University of Toronto, has accepted an appointment as principal of St. Paul's United College at the University of Waterloo. Dr. Klassen, a former Manitoban, was head of the department of religion, University of Manitoba.

The **Frauenverein of First Mennonite Church** recently celebrated its 60th anniversary. Founded in 1929, the small group of recent arrivals from Russia was led by the wife of Alltester Klassen, leader of the Schoenwieser Gemeinde. Over the years, the group has held auction sales of handicrafts, with the proceeds going to missions; has made Christmas gifts for residents of Bethania without families; and in the early years of Bethania and Concordia, did much work for these institutions.

Peter Rempel, Winnipeg, joined the Mennonite World Conference staff as assistant secretary for program development. He will relate to the local committees of Assembly 12 in worship, music and arts, youth and songbooks. He will also coordinate program planning for physical arrangements and facilities.

Anne Unruh, a member of First Mennonite Church, Winnipeg, was reappointed to a three-year term as manager of the resource centre of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada.

Rick Neufeld, Bethel Church, Winnipeg, will become the pastor of Northdale Mennonite Church in Winnipeg in September.

Brenda Sawatsky will be admissions counsellor at CMBC as of July 1. She is a member of Bethel Church.

Keith Poysti, formerly associate pastor at the River East MB Church, became

pastor at Burrows Bethel Church, Winnipeg, as of June 1.

Tran Hao Huy will be pastor of the Vietnamese Church, Winnipeg, starting this fall.

David Worth, director of MCC Canada victim/offender ministries, will become executive director of MCC Ontario, succeeding Ray Schlegel. His appointment begins in August.

Jean Broadfoot became an honorary alumnus of CMBC, Winnipeg. She has taught an average of 15 piano students per year at the college since 1973.

Peter Hamm, who resigned from MB Missions/Services in May will be studying in Selly Oak Colleges, England, for two months, and then he and his wife Betty will take up a three-year assignment with Mennonite Board of Missions in Liberia, West Africa.

Ron Braun, associate pastor of North Kildonan MB Church in Winnipeg, will be assuming the senior pastorate at Yarrow (B.C.) MB Church.

Doug Reimer, formerly of Winnipeg and Kelowna, B.C., is the new head coach of the University of Winnipeg's women's volleyball program, replacing Mike Burchuk. Reimer, son of Howard and Brigitte Reimer, formerly of Winnipeg and Steinbach, was named Canada's coach of the year while with Victoria's women's team.

Jack Penner, Rhineland MLA, is the first minister of the newly created department of rural development in the Manitoba government. His department immediately dealt with problems such as the flash flooding clean-up in Manitoba's north-west, severe forest fires and the summer drought. Penner is now involved in the controversy of the proposed Rafferty Alameda Dam on the Souris River in Saskatchewan.

Harry Enns, Lakeside MLA, is once again in the cabinet with the portfolio of natural resources.

Kathy Martens, Winnipeg, directed an oral history project dealing with the birthing experiences of Mennonite women. Cassette tapes of interviews have been filed for the project.

The Carillon, Steinbach, has been awarded the top community newspaper

award in Manitoba at the annual meeting of Manitoba Community Newspapers Association, which has 47 members. The N.M. Paterson and Sons shield for best-all-round weekly in the province has been won by the newspaper for the past four years. Ten other awards were also presented to **The Carillon**.



James and Kate Kroeker, Winkler, are in two-year MCC assignments in Wabigoon, Ontario. James is working in economic development and community work, and Kate in community health and nutrition education. They have three children.

Ben Krueger, Altona, has won the Dr. Alan Beaver Conservation Awareness/Reforestation Effort (Care) award. He was honored for producing 148 bushels per hectare in drought-ridden 1988, compared with an average yield of 30 per hectare.



The Tenth Annual Elementary **German Poetry Recital** took place earlier this year at River East Collegiate in Winnipeg and 105 students from 16 schools took part. There were four winners chosen from each grade level with **Leanne Thiessen**, (right) Border Valley School being the overall winner from Grades 1-3, and **Heidi Boge**, (left) Donwood School from Grades 4-6.

Adam and Andrea Learn and Grow: Church Words, From a Kid's Viewpoint by Sheri Martens is a book dealing in story form with many words used by adults in talking about their faith, but are difficult for children to understand. The illustrations are by free-lance Winnipeg artist **Kathy Penner**, and was published by Kindred

Press.

In 1972, the first **MCC Thrift Shop** was opened in Altona. Last year 41 thrift shops in five provinces raised \$1,096,000 for MCC relief and development work around the world, with almost half, \$525,000, raised in Manitoba's 13 shops. An estimated 3,000 volunteers help sort, price and sell items of clothing, furniture, toys, books and more. **Margaret Froese**, coordinator of the Manitoba thrift shops, says they are a ministry to the needy in our own communities, but are also a good place for all bargain hunters. Value Hunters, a for-profit used-item chain, may jeopardize the ability of thrift shops to help people here and overseas. Their airy department stores, and handy pick-up service, could entice buyers and donors. They also buy donated used items from other thrift shops. Froese says we must remind ourselves why the MCC thrift shops are in business - to help needy people at home and overseas.

This August **The Winnipeg Singers** travel to Austria and West Germany to participate in the Classical Music Seminar and Festival in Eisenstadt Austria, and will also perform in Vienna, Freiburg and several other German cities.

The Old Believers, a film directed by John Paskievich, National Film Board, Winnipeg, premiered May 12. It is the story of a group of people in an isolated Northern Alberta community who adhere to original Orthodox dogma and rituals held by ancient Russians. **Randolph Peters**, Winnipeg, composed and performed the musical score.

Wayne DeFehr, Winkler, has just returned from two years spent in China under the China Educational Exchange (MCC) program. Although there was no violence in Shenyang 700 km. northeast of Beijing, where he taught, 30 students from his school were killed in the massacre in Tiananmen Square June 3 and 4. DeFehr feels his association with students may now put them in jeopardy. The other 30 teachers in the program are now in Hong Kong or back home in North America.

New appointments at MCC Canada are: **Ed Barkman**, former MCC Saskatchewan executive director, will now be Canadian program coordinator as of September 1. He succeeds

J.M.Klassen, interim coordinator, and Dave Dyck. **Kathy Shantz** becomes Canadian Women's concerns director in August succeeding Peggy Regehr. **Vera Isaak**, Ottawa, will become the new director of SelfHelp Crafts Canada, in New Hamburg, Ontario, effective in 1990. She replaces Herman Neff, who is retiring after many years of dedicated service. **Larry Kehler** will become director of Canadian programs overseas, replacing Burt Lobe, who is now the principal of Rockway Mennonite school. Interim director will be overseas coordinator Marvine Frey. Larry Kehler is presently the general secretary of the Conference of Mennonites in Canada.



Ed Barkman



Kathy Shantz

Westgate Mennonite Collegiate, Winnipeg, now in its 30th year, is replacing the old part of the school. The groundbreaking ceremony was held in April. The new building will provide larger classrooms, a computer room, student lunch room, space for student services and an assembly room for its 300 students.

Handicrafts from **Laos**, ordered two years ago by **SelfHelp Crafts**, Canada, have arrived and are for sale. It is the first ever shipment from Laos, and represents an opportunity to extend the hand of peace, and work with very needy groups which have few or no markets for their products.

The Kirchliche Mennonite leaders in the Soviet Union have invited **Jake Tiletzky** for a six-week pastoral ministry visit this summer. The trip is sponsored by the Conference of Mennonites in Canada.

Henry Enns, Winnipeg, president of Disabled Peoples Concerns International and MCC staff for Disabled Concerns has also been invited to the Soviet Union to consult together on ways in which the church can respond to concerns for the disabled in the Soviet Union.

The Mennonite Heritage Village, Steinbach, had the aid of the local **SAAN** store in raising funds for the museum expansion. During the week May 1-6, SAAN contributed 10 per cent of its sales to the project. Ernest Enns, fundraiser, says \$900,000 of the necessary \$2.6 million has been raised to date.

W.C.Miller Collegiate, Altona and **Mennonite Collegiate Institute**, Gretna, can be justifiably proud of their Mathematics students. In the 1989 Canadian Mathematics competition 60,000 students of Grades 9, 10, and 11 participated. Altona earned six certificates of distinction and three medals for Corey D. Friesen (9th) grade 10, Larry Toews (2nd) grade 11 and Darren Kehler (7th) grade 9. MCI received four certificates of distinction and its three medalists were Naomi Schmidt, grade 9, Julia Zacharias, grade 11, and Irene Wan, grade 10.

Kinderworld Daycare Centre, where children learn the Ten Commandments, opened recently in North Kildonan. It is the first Christian day-care centre in Winnipeg not affiliated with a church. **Kona Corporation Inc.** started it for the children of its own employees, but enrolment has expanded. Operating along Christian ideals, Kinderworld is more like a Christian home than a Sunday school. Apart from play exercise and other activities, Christian songs are sung and grace said before meals and snacks.

Mennonite from churches in southern Manitoba volunteered through **Mennonite Disaster Service** to aid the victims in the fire-scorched Interlake area around Ashern. **Henry Visch**, Winnipeg, coordinator, organized the replacement of 60,000 fence posts and 500 kilometers of wire. Visch said about 20 volunteers from Winnipeg, Morris, Steinbach, Arborg and other towns helped in the clean-up. At least 17 homes were destroyed in the Ashern-Camper-Mulvihill area. Volunteers also helped clear debris from barns and homes and helped farmers dispose of dead cattle. Students from MBCI and Westgate volunteered time and energy.

A group of 27 adults and teenagers from **Full Gospel Chapel**, Steinbach, spent a week in March dispensing aid to Mexican hurricane victims **Glen Barkman**, one of several adults with the youth group, said they were part

of a four-bus convoy of 165 people sent to Monterrey, Mexico, by **Key Ministries** of Glenwood, Minnesota. They distributed food, clothing and bibles to residents of a shanty-town, who lost most of their homes and possessions when Hurricane Gilbert struck last fall. The group also assisted in construction of new houses.

Last November Bangladesh suffered disastrous floods, with thousands killed and much of its food supply wiped out. **Harold Penner** of Arnaud volunteered three months time to assist with rehabilitation work through MCC, leaving his wife and three children, farm and obligations, to help others. Penner has previously spent three years in India in relief work in the '60's and in the late '70's, three years with his family in Bangladesh for MCC.

Steinbach gospel singer, **Danny Plett**, has released a new cassette, **Breaking Silence**, of his own compositions under his own label Harmonic Publication and Production. He performs frequently and has toured Canada and Europe. He has also written and arranged three record projects for the Janz Team in Germany.

Palliser Furniture of Fargo, North Dakota, with its main office in Winnipeg, donated new furniture to Tabor College recently. The company has a foundation that donates money or Palliser products to Christian colleges. The donation replaced all furniture in the college's Schlicting Centre.

Dr. Henry Friesen, head of the department of physiology, Faculty of Medicine, University of Manitoba, won the first Canadian Association of Clinical Chemists award for outstanding contributions to research. Dr. Friesen is an endocrinologist, is a specialist in growth hormones and the role of prolactin in infertility and reproductive disorders.

Karis Wiebe, soprano, won the Shirley Penner Scholarship in the advanced vocal competition of the Provincial Music Festival held at the University of Manitoba this spring. She is a student of Mel Braun.

Coming Events

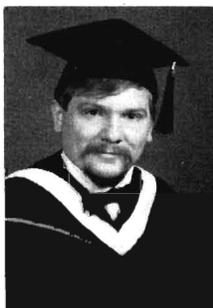
August 12: MCC relief sale Brandon
September 23: MCC relief sale Morris.

The class of 1989

Bryon Enns won the University of Manitoba mechanical engineering student \$500 scholarship from an international fraternity. He has served as secretary, vice chief engineer and chief engineer of the Sigma Phi Delta.

Kevin Nickel of Rosenfeld, agricultural economics, University of Manitoba, recently was presented the \$500 United Grain Growers scholarship, based on academic performance.

Manitoba Pool Elevator bursaries worth \$200 each were awarded to Diploma in Agriculture students **Fred Fast**, Niverville, **Tim Groening**, Lowe Farm, **Jake Froese**, Winkler, and **Randy Friesen**, Rosenort.



Winning the University of Winnipeg gold medal in Germanic studies (honors course) was **Erwin Warkentin**. Erwin, who entered the university several years ago as a mature student, has registered to begin master's studies at the University of Alberta and hopes to complete his doctorate in German studies eventually. He is hoping to teach at a university, and would like to couple this with a bivocational ministry, possibly working through the MCC in Eastern Europe. In his master's program he would like to study the effects of the Anabaptist movement on German philosophy and literature. Of particular interest to him is German theatre. At present, Erwin works as a free-lance translator. He is married to Sylvia Maier; they have two children.

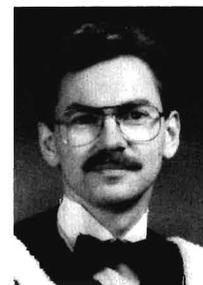
Other medalists at the University of Winnipeg include **Tannis Epp**, gold medal in music (general course), and **James Klassen**, silver medal for the second highest standing in arts.



Veralyn Warkentin of Winnipeg was awarded the silver medal for the second highest standing in arts (honors course), the gold medal in English (honours course) and the gold medal in art history. She has registered for graduate studies at the University of Manitoba.



Margaret Doell, graduated with a gold medal in fine arts (honours course). She is continuing her studies in fall at the Banff School of Fine Arts. She is the daughter of Elizabeth and the late Peter Doell of Altona.



Frelan Clayton Loewen earned the university gold medal in law at the University of Manitoba. He and his wife have moved to Vancouver where he is articling with a law firm.

IN THE U.S.

Abe Bergen, a youth worker with the Manitoba Conference of Mennonites, graduated from the Bethany Theological Seminary in Chicago.

University of Manitoba

Doctor of Philosophy
Lois Cathy Peters

Master of Architecture
Tyler Walker Schmidt

Master of Science
Kristopher John Dyck, Brain Doell, Marvin Daniel Hildebrand, Robert Glen Loewen, Albert Frank Penner, Randal James Peters, Randolph Wayne Plett, Winnifred Marie Sawatzky

Bachelor of Science in Agriculture
Judith Monica Albrecht, Michael Kane Dyck, Marlies Entz, Howard Grant Heinrichs, Kevin Dean Penner, Lyndon Harvey Peters, Gordon Andrew Rempel

Bachelor of Environmental Studies
Brian Frank Quiring, Monica Lorraine Strempler

Bachelor of Interior Design
Lori Jane Penner

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Civil)
Wayne Joey Funk, Dennis Mark Heinrichs, Karl Johan Legal Martens, Angela Ellen Penner

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Computer)
Robert Philip Bueckert

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Electrical)
James Derek Heiderich, Elden Gareth Plett

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Geological)
Michael Patrick Wiebe

Bachelor of Science in Engineering (Mechanical)
Byron Menno Enns, Kevin Dale Janzen, Gregory Alan Kopp, Matthias Krause, Herman Peter Lepp, Murray John Penner, Paul David Peters

Bachelor of Science (Honors)
Philip Howard Elias, David Edward Heinrichs, Kenneth David Kasper, Dennis Richard Klassen

Bachelor of Science (Major)
Norbert Wilfried Froese, Robert David Koop, Roderic Gerhard Martens, Karin Louise Reimer

Bachelor of Science
Janice Elizabeth Dyck, Russell Jimmy Enns, Christine Leigh Kliewer, Freddie Mark Koslowsky, Marlis Kristin Lehn, Andrea Dawn Neufeld, Trevor Andrew Siemens, Sherry Mae Sukkau, William Isaac Thiessen, Bret Allan Wiebe, Ryan James Wiens

Diploma in Agriculture
Richard Jacob Enns, Fredrick Alvin Fast, Edward Friesen, Timothy Eddie Groening, Susan

Sharon Klassen, Michael James Penner, Gerald Mark Suderman, Richard Gregory Toews

Master of Arts
Richard Alan Enns, Victor Alfred Harder, Kenneth Wayne Reddig, Christopher David Schellenberg

Bachelor of Arts (Honors)
Leanne Joy Dyck, Ingrid Colleen Friesen, Gwen Louise Rempel

Bachelor of Arts (Advanced)
Kevin Waldo Enns, Angela Joyce Agatha Froese, Gary Allan Wiebe

Bachelor of Arts
Garth Angus Buhr, Keith Marlowe Derksen, Paul Fredrick Doerksen, Dale Keith Driedger, Calvin Dueck, John Andreas Dyck, Helen Falk, Patricia Mae Fast, James Henry Lyle Friesen, Brenda Froese, Karen Diane Gertzen, Helen Goertzen-Christoffersen, Patricia Faith Harms, Sandra Corrine Kauenhofen, Doreen Sandra Kemp, Crystal Lianne Klassen, Mark Anthony Lubosch, Denise Marguerite Marie Pauls, Michele Theresa Rogalsky, Cecile Marie Schmidt, Randal Keith Unger, Leana Corinne Wall, Dean Robert Wiens, Sandra Anne Wiens, Scott Carter Zacharias

Bachelor of Fine Arts (Honors)
Margaret June Doell, Tanis Ruth Alexandra Dick, Norma Gay Hoepfner

Bachelor of Fine Arts
Timothy Conrad Loewen, Irene Ruth Peters

Bachelor of Human Ecology
Melanie Mae Klassen

Bachelor of Human Ecology (Clothing and Textiles)
Glynis Maureen Funk, Jeri Lynn Wagner

Bachelor of Human Ecology (Family Studies)
Donna Lois Braun, Mildred Joyce Kliewer

Bachelor of Music/Bachelor of Education (Integrated)
Lauren Julie Suderman Doerksen, Valerie Ruth Peters, Dyanne Lorene Warkentin, Roberta Anne Wiebe

Bachelor of Music (Performance)
Gwen Renee Klassen

Master of Education
Sally Louise Dick, Margaret Friesen, Mary Klassen, Kathleen Larson, Susanna Thiessen

Master of Social Work
Catherine Eva Heinrich

Bachelor of Education
Daniel James Bergman, Alison Gay Bergman, Ramona Ann Braun, Carol Ann Conrad, Joan Elaine Derkson, Garth Benjamin Perry Doerksen, Janet Ruth Doerksen, Richard William Dueck, Barry James Dyck, Cynthia Lou Ediger, Bruce James Fast, Patrick

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"Haus der Deutschen aus Russland"

Gary Waltner, Leiter der Mennonitischen Forschungsstelle im Weierhof, West Deutschland, schreibt dass am 31. März, 1989, eine Kunstausstellung der Werke von Ernst Dyck aus Neuwied in dem "Haus der Deutschen aus Russland" in Stuttgart eröffnet wurde. Die Ausstellung besteht aus einer Sammlung von 50 Skizzen, Ölgemälden, Aquarellen und Porträts. Herr Waltner hielt die einleitende Rede. Der erste Teil der Rede wird hier wiedergegeben.

"Es ist mir die besondere Ehre zuteil geworden, heute abend die Einleitung zu dieser Kunstausstellung hier im Haus der Deutschen aus Russland übernehmen zu dürfen. Wie ich heute im "Volk auf dem Weg" gelesen habe handelt es sich dabei um die dritte solche Ausstellung in diesem Hause seit seiner Übernahme durch die Landsmannschaft.

Dieses Haus soll eine Begegnungsstätte für unsere Landsleute sein, deren Geschichte und deren Schicksal hier dokumentiert werden soll. Es ist deshalb nicht von ungefähr dass wir alle uns heute zu diesem Anlass gerade hier versammelt haben, denn hier lebt die gemeinsame Tradition, die uns verbindet. Nicht nur der Maler Ernst Dyck und seine Frau Maria sind tief in dieser Tradition verwurzelt, sondern, so vermute ich, stammen auch viele der hier heute abend anwesenden Kunstfreunde aus dieser Überlieferung. Auch ich selbst zähle mich hierzu, denn meine Grosseltern sind im vorigen Jahrhundert aus Russland in die Neue Welt gezogen, um dort eine neue Existenz aufzubauen. Somit verbindet uns alle eine Vergangenheit reich an Kultur, Sprache, an Musse und auch an harter Arbeit. Heute aber sind wir zusammen gekommen, um einen der Unsrigen zu ehren und uns an seiner Kunst zu erfreuen. . . ."mm

Wilder Honig

(Fortsetzung)

von Hedwig Knoop
ERST DIE PFEIFE IN BRAND

Es war nun höchste Zeit, da wir einen Stall bauten, egal, ob wir Geld hatten oder nicht; notfalls mussten wir eben einen neuen Kredit aufnehmen.

Zunächst aber hatten wir Aussichten auf eine gute Honigernte, denn der Mai war kühl und nass, und alles grünte und blühte prächtig. Die Bienen waren zur Obstblüte auf Wanderstände gebracht worden. Dort entwickelten sie sich ganz nach Wunsch, die Brut schlüpfte fortlaufend aus, so dass die Völker bald die erforderliche Stärke erreicht hatten.

Nun sollte die Sommerwärme einsetzen, denn Kornblume und Faulbaum, Weiklee und Linde fingen nacheinander an zu blühen. Aber auch im Juni blieb es kalt und regnerisch, die Blüten konnten keinen Nektar erzeugen, und die Bienen wären bei solcher Witterung verklammert, hätten sie den warmen Stock verlassen.

Wilhelm und ich standen trüben Sinnes an der Haustür und sahen in den nicht endenwollenden Regen hinaus.

Schon im vergangen Herbst hatte Wilhelm mit den Vorbereitungen auf die diesjährige Ernte begonnen und viele Zentner Zucker gekauft. Er hatte eigene grosse Anzahl Futtergefäße, aus denen die Biene das Zuckerwasser aufnehmen, bestellt und sie mit dem Fahrrad, hochbeladen wie Rübezahl, vom Güterbahnhof nach Hause transportiert. In den Wintermonaten hatten Wilhelm und Hans unzählige Rähmchen gesäubert und neu gedrahtet, danach mit viel Geduld und Akribie ganze Stapel Mittelwände

gegossen. Im Frühjahr waren sie mit den Bienen auf geliehenem Ochsenwagen in die Obstblüte gewandert. Jetzt aber, wo es honigen und all die Mühe belohnt werden sollte, da regnete es, und die Bienen konnten nicht ausfliegen.

Wilhelm schimpfte und fluchte, und er fand auch einen, dem er die Schuld geben konnte: Petrus. "De Kierl i in sien Läben Fischer wesen, von Imkeree versteiht he nix. Na töw, wenn ick ierst dor baben landt bin, dann schall dat hier annersda weern."

Die Honigernte fiel also in diesem Sommer buchstäblich ins Wasser, und der Erlös reichte kaum aus, den Zucker für die Einwinterung zu bezahlen.

Dennoch bauten wir den Stall. Wir nahmen einen neuen Kredit auf und kauften riesenhafte H-förmige, preisgünstige Bausteine, und es dauerte auch nicht lange, da stand neben dem Wohnhaus ein zweiter, höherer Bau, unser Wirtschaftsgebäude. Jedenfalls standen zunächst einmal die Aussenmauern und das Dach; für die Innenwände reichte das Geld nicht mehr aus. So gingen wir daran, selber Steine herzustellen. Wilhelm fertigte Guformen aus Holz an, und in diese gossen wir eine Mischung aus Zement und Sand. Tag für Tag konnten wir in der nächsten Zeit frischgebackene Bausteine herauslösen und aufstapeln. Wie bei Adam und Eva nach der Vertreibung aus dem Paradies, dachte ich und wunderte mich nicht wenig über das, was wir da unter Wilhelms Anleitung zustande brachten.

Ja, ich staunte immer erneut, mit welchem Sachverstand Wilhelm an unsere Bauprojekte heranging. Nicht nur mit Hammer und Säge wusste er umzugehen, er griff immer zuerst zu Papier und Bleistift und errechnete den Materialbedarf bis auf den letzten Sack Zement und den letzten Ziegelstein. Er organisierte dann den Transport, welcher mit geliehenem oder gemietetem Fahrzeug erfolgen mute. Dann nahm er Zollstock und Wasserwaage zur Hand, legte den Grundriss des Gebäudes fest und hob mit sparsamen Spatenstichen den Graben fürs Fundament aus. In diesen goss er eine Mischung aus Sand und Zement, deren günstigstes Mischungsverhältnis ihm irgendein guter Geist in die Wiege gelegt haben musste. Nie verrechnete er sich, Beton und Mörtel rissen nicht, seine Mauern standen fest wie Eichen.

In den Sommerwochen hatte er jedoch nicht Zeit, die Innenwände selber hochzuziehen, und so bat er einen befreundeten Maurer, der bereits Rentner war, ihm behilflich zu sein. Dieser kam mit grossem Tatendrang daher und fing sogleich mit der Arbeit an. Bald sah man quer durch das neue Gebäude die erste

Wand emporwachsen.

Der Maurer pffiff vergnügt, fügte Stein auf Stein, froh, da ihm als Rentner die Arbeit noch so flott von der Hand ging. Emsig schwang er die Kelle, vergass aber anscheinend die Wasserwaage. So kam es, dass ich ihn plötzlich schreien und um Hilfe rufen hörte. Ja, er schrie so furchtbar laut, dass ich Klaus, den ich gerade unter der Pumpe vom Windelinhalt reinigte, flugs in die Ecke setzte, im Vorbeilaufen noch einen Topf mit aufkochender Milch von der Herdplatte riss und in den Neubau stürzte. — Da sass unsere Maurer, die Hände vor dem Gesicht, ein kleines Häufchen Elend neben einem groen Haufen Steine. Seine Mauer war zusammengekracht. Sie sei plötzlich auf ihn zugekommen, sagte er; mit aller Kraft hätte er sich gegen sie gestemmt und sie festgehalten.

"Wörst du glieks kam, wie hä'n se holen!" sagte er vorwurfsvoll und schüttelte unaufhörlich den Kopf. Er war so verzweifelt, dass er nach Hause fuhr und niemals wiederkam.

Nun musste Wilhelm zusammen mit Hans an Feierabenden und an Regentagen die Arbeit fortsetzen, und es wurde Herbst, ehe die neuen Räume bezugsfertig waren. Schliesslich aber zogen sie alle ein, Hans und die Ziege, die Hühner und die Hobelbank, Honigschleuder und Honigkübel. Es war ein grosser Tag. Vor allem konnten wir nun den luftigen Verschlag am Waldrand, der uns mit seiner Grube und einem Sitzbrett als Klosett gedient hatte, abreißen und uns fortan in einem pikfeinen Plumpsklo gemütlich niederlassen — in geschlossenem Raum, vor Wind und Regen geschützt.

Ich war rundum stolz auf Wilhelm, auf seine Sachkenntnis, auf seine Tatkraft, auf seine Beharrlichkeit und nicht zuletzt auf die glimmende Pfeife in seinem Mund.

Ja, Wilhelm war Pfeifenraucher, und wie ein Wal, der immer wieder zum Atmen an die Wasseroberfläche zurückkehrt, so zog er in regelmäßigen Abständen seine Pfeife aus der Hosentasche, klopfte sie aus, stopfte sie mit Bedacht, riss ein Streichholz an und setzte die Pfeife in Brand. Nun hing das qualmende Requisite eine Weile zwischen seinen Zähnen, immer zwischen denselben Zähnen, so dass sich im Laufe der Jahre im Gebiss ein Pfeifenloch gebildet hatte.

Die Pfeife gehörte zu seinem Gesicht, sie war ein Bestandteil seiner Physiognomie, und nur während unserer Flitterwochen hatte er sie zum Zwecke eines Kusses aus dem Mund genommen.

Erst die Pfeife in Brand, dann die Kuh aus dem Graben, so lautete seine Devise.

(Fortsetzung folgt)

OUR WORD

Thoughts of China, Russia, and the spirit of democracy

Having visited Tiananmen Square just two years ago, we were particularly interested in watching the events of "China's Spring" as they unfolded during May and June. We recall that the protests started with the death of former Party Chief Hu Yaobang who had been accused of being too liberal in his treatment of intellectuals and students. Students from several universities in Beijing used this moment to express dissatisfaction with their government, with the slowness of political reform, the lack of freedom of expression in China and the corruption in the party and government.

We all watched, night after night, as the students and supporters filled the square, many going on hunger strikes to try to get the attention of their leaders. In the West, we all sympathized with the protestors, hoping and praying that someone in power would listen and respond in a positive way to their demands. This was, after all, a peaceful rebellion, and comparisons were made to Mahatma Gandhi, who achieved so much for his country using nonviolent resistance.

In mid May, as the world watched, the historic visit of Gorbachev was completely disrupted by the protesters in the square; and by this time the students had been joined by others from all walks of life. As the government continued to refuse to consider the demands of the students, slogans on banners became increasingly derogatory with signs such as "Deng Xiaoping, Your Brain is Addled! Retire and Go Back to Playing Bridge." "Strangle the Dictator Li Peng."

Martial law was declared on May 20, students sat down in front of advancing vehicles, and the soldiers stopped. It seemed as though the defiance of ordinary people was sufficient to bring the government to a halt and possibly to effect change.

The defiance grew. A huge statue of liberty, the "goddess of democracy" appeared in the square. Perhaps this was the trigger that enraged Deng Xiaoping, publicly humiliated during the Gorbachov visit, whose family had been humiliated during the "Cultural Revolution" by the Red Guards and who as a result is reported to have an innate dislike for students. We watched in horror on June 4 as the party finally responded. The tanks rolled in, the shooting started, the peaceful protest by the Gate of Heavenly Peace became a scene of bloodshed and violence. The crackdown continued in other cities and the arrests of student leaders began.

We were all shocked and deeply disappointed. We had come to identify with the hopes and aspirations of the young students. Now it seems that the old guard is firmly entrenched in power, and that the much needed reforms will not take place.

I recall teaching William Golding's novel *Lord of the Flies* to Grade X students some years ago. In this story, a group of "well

brought up" British schoolboys try to form a well organized society in isolation on a remote island.

At first, all seems to go well, but eventually their democratic system degenerates as the boys with the weapons take over and eventually kill those wanting orderly rule. To this parable about human society, my students objected that the picture was too negative and too violent. Their parents felt that they could be studying less unpleasant material. These past months, as so many times in history, Golding's scenario was replayed before our horrified eyes.

Having seen the power of evil once more, and observed that power itself can be evil, the question we face as Christians is how to respond to this. The Mennonites, primarily through the China Educational Exchange, have had a significant presence in China for the past ten years. Those who worked there as teachers, while not actively proselytizing, felt that they were a Christian link nevertheless; they also knew that they provided a much needed window to the outside world. With the upheaval these teachers, and their students because of contact with them, were in danger. The Canadian government advised them to leave immediately.

The only way to get a forceful message of disapproval to the rulers of China is through the actions of our governments and other agencies. The cutting of diplomatic ties, the withdrawal of joint venture agreements, and the cessation of all exchange programs should communicate such disapproval. Naturally, these measures hurt the Chinese people, yet to continue to relate to the government as though nothing had happened would be to condone the actions of that government, and in the long run harm the people as well.

In the past Mennonites have attempted to operate quite apart from government activity. As they have become increasingly involved in other countries through organizations such as the Mennonite Central Committee, they are inevitably drawn into issues that involve the governments of these countries. When oppression occurs, surely that oppression must be addressed. There are those who feel that the MCC should remain completely nonpolitical, operating only as a relief organization. There are times when, in the name of justice, those agencies which have established themselves as reliable and trustworthy should speak directly to the power structures that are causing oppression. They can also communicate by such actions as withdrawing personnel as long as the oppression of the people continues.

To maintain a policy of being completely nonpolitical is to fail to come to terms with the forces that are oppressing individuals today.

— Ruth Vogt

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