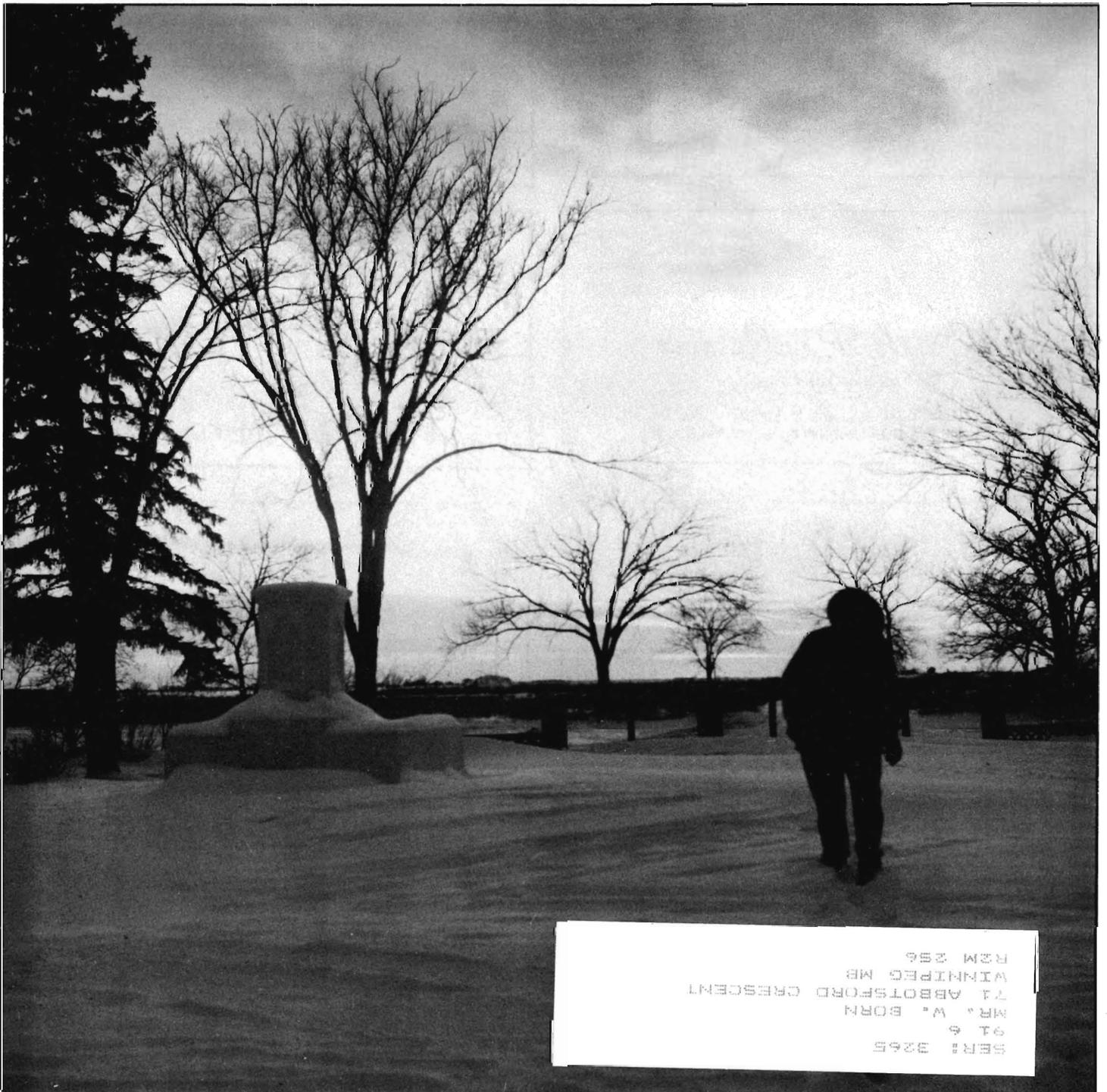


# *Mennonite* MIRROR

volume 19 / number 7 / march, 1990



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## ForeWord

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**This** edition opens with a story of a Mennonite "nun," by Mary Lou Driedger. For a church that broke away from the Catholic church and its monastic traditions, the concept of a Mennonite nun is strange, to say the least. Yet, there was an "order" of Mennonite deaconesses that functioned in much the way that one would expect an order to function. One of the last surviving Mennonite deaconesses now lives in Kansas and is a relative of the author.

These days when there are "family problems" in that parents can't care for their children there are social agencies to provide supportive help. Decades ago in our Mennonite communities, such children were boarded out to relatives and friends. The care helped the families in need but at the same time placed rather difficult demands on the care-giving family. But the sense of service made it impossible to say no or even to complain. Rhinehart Friesen was a youth when his folks provided such care, he remembers in the second.

Our columnists are in place. Friesen from the west, Penner from Altona, and Vogt in Winnipeg. Each provides a rather different outlook on life.

We have spent a number of hours discussing the future of the Mirror. A survey shows that most of you like what you are reading, but at the same time the founders believe that it's time to "pass on the torch" after nearly 20 years. A short item in this issue explains our thoughts.

## Mennonite Mirror

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### Mennonite Mirror

**Publisher:** Roy Vogt **Editor:** Ruth Vogt  
**Managing Editor:** Ed Unrau **Associate Editors:** Al Reimer, Harry Loewen, Victor Doerksen, Mavis Reimer **Writing Staff:** Andre Oberle, Paul Redekop, Dana Mohr, J. Braun, Tim Wiebe, Sarah Klassen, Agnes Wall, Mary Lou Driedger, George Epp, Vic Penner, Dora Dueck, Dora Maendel; **Mirror Mix-Up,** Bob Matsuo.

### Mennonite Literary Society Inc.

**President:** Roy Vogt **Vice-President:** Ed Unrau  
**Secretary:** David Unruh **Office Manager:** Frieda Unruh **Directors:** Rudy Friesen, John Schroeder, Mavis Reimer.

The Mennonite Mirror is normally published 10 times each year for the Mennonite community of Manitoba by the Mennonite Literary Society Inc.

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## **SURVEY SHOWS READERS LIKE MIRROR'S REFLECTIONS**

In January the *Mennonite Mirror* took a survey of its readers. A questionnaire was sent to 115 randomly selected homes of paid-up subscribers, which, we are assured, is a "scientific" sample.

We received 106 responses.

Most of the readers (84) live in Manitoba. Half have been subscribers for more than ten years. The majority, slightly more than three quarters, are members of a Mennonite Church, but almost a quarter are not. Eighty percent said that they read half or more of each issue of MM. Ninety percent thought that the magazine was moderately to very important in their overall reading.

The features read most frequently are: Manitoba News, Observed Along the Way, Letters to the Editor, Editorials, feature articles and interviews, short stories, and Over the Prairies (50 or more homes recorded that they "usually" read these items). Also quite popular are book reviews, graduation lists, and Word From Down East. Poetry is less popular, and our German features have a small but loyal following.

A number of readers used extra space to record special appreciation for several of the items listed above. On the whole, the editors are extremely encouraged by the positive responses, and will keep specific suggestions in mind when making future plans.

Not everyone, of course, was happy with everything we do, and we have also taken careful note of this. Criticism was made of "poorly written business profiles," "uncritical reviews," "too much Russian history," "too many family accounts," "too much sentimental poetry," "too much modern poetry" (with specific names of poets included), "too many uncritical personal sketches of famous Mennonites," "too much materialism." The most mixed

feelings -- very pro and very con -- were expressed with regard to our Low German articles and poetry. Some claim that they can't read either, and some love them both.

Dozens of very helpful suggestions were received for future articles. We hope to be able to act on many of them soon. The Mirror can always make use of aspiring writers, especially for feature articles and short stories, and would welcome enquiries. Please call our office, at 786-2289, or the editor, Ruth Vogt, evenings at 261-8470.

Eighty per cent of the respondents also said that they would be willing to give increased financial support to the Mirror if this is required to keep it going. This also is much appreciated.

We would like to thank those who replied for their thoughtful responses. Their praise is extremely gratifying, and their criticism is taken seriously. We hope you will notice some of the results in the coming months. Other readers, not included in the survey, are encouraged to write us at any time with their suggestions. **mm**

### **SPECIAL NOTE TO READERS FROM THE PUBLISHER**

The Mennonite Mirror is now in its 19th year of publication. We are very much encouraged in our work by comments that many of you make to us periodically, and especially by the response to our January readers' survey.

By and large it appears that most of you like much of what we are doing, and would like us to do even better. We trust that your approval involves an underlying sympathy for our approach to the Mennonite community. We have deliberately defined this community in a broad way. Those who are not against us are for us. We feel that Christian love fundamentally dictates such an approach. We also take an holistic approach to Christian community. We are concerned about the total life of the Mennonite community, refusing to divide it into "cultural" or "religious" or "economic" spheres. Our total life is of concern to God, and should be of interest to others.

As I have said, we are now in our 19th year. We continue to believe in our work and want it to continue. However, 19 years is a long time, especially for those who have been with the magazine for all or most of its life. Changes will have to be made in the near future. We hope that new people will emerge to take our work further, but we also realize that this doesn't necessarily happen. Each generation has its own vision and its own way of doing things, and there is nothing wrong with that. Those now on the staff see our next year -- the 20th -- as a year of transition.

We will carry on through it, taking one year at a time, but we will also use it to assess the future. We hope for your continued support as we do so. We will be appealing for additional financial support, as we have in the past, but will do so on a year-to-year basis. If, after the 20th year, a decision has to be made to cease publication, we don't want to be left with too many unfulfilled obligations.

This cautious approach to the future is not dictated by finances. Our prime concern is to see whether we are prepared psychologically to carry on, and whether there are others who would like to do it with us or alone.

In the meantime, we will be approaching you with one-year subscription renewals for next year, and hope that you will respond generously at the new rate of \$20 (still a good bargain). We also hope that many of you will be able to respond to our occasional requests for donations.

We hope that our 20th year will be the best one ever. Then we will see. Your comments and support will be gratefully received.

**Roy Vogt, publisher**

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# Sister Theodosia: one of the last of what can be called an order of Mennonite nuns

by Mary Lou Driedger

I knock on her door gently at first. No one answers. I run my fingers over the letters of her name engraved on the sign by the entry to her room, Sister Theodosia Harms. I knock again, a little louder this time.

A uniformed aide bustling down the corridor of the nursing home says to me, "Just go on in. I told her about your phone call and she knows you're coming."

I open the door cautiously. Sister Theodosia is asleep on her bed. Her face is remarkably calm and unlined in slumber, her white hair fans out neatly on her pillow. I have come to visit my maternal grandfather's first cousin.

I've never met her before or been to this nursing home in Newton, Kansas, where she is spending the last years of her life. As if sensing my presence Sister Theodosia opens her eyes. "Oh I have company. Did I know you were coming? I probably did, but these days I forget everything."

She sits up slowly, puts on her silver framed glasses, swings her feet over onto the floor and begins to straighten the covers on her bed. "Have to tidy up if I have company," she mutters. She lowers herself carefully into her wheelchair. "Now come on over here, give me a hug and tell me who you are."

I embrace her gently and tell her I am Peter and Annie Schmidt's granddaughter. "Oh of course," she comments remembering. "Pete from Saskatchewan. He and Annie had three girls."

"Yes," I reply, "Their daughter Dorothy is my mother."

"Now you just write that all down for me. Who you are, who your mother is and who your grandparents were. If you don't I will have forgotten you

were here by tomorrow." I look for a piece of paper and a pen on her tidy desk. Lying next to her large print Bible is an ivory mirror with her name 'Theodosia' engraved on the back. I pick up the mirror and comment on its beauty.

"Why that was a Christmas present from the other sisters in the mother house," she says.

## One of five

Theodosia Harms is one of the five living members of what may best be described as an order of Mennonite nuns. She and four other women are all that remain of an American group of Mennonite deaconesses whose numbers reached 62 in the mid 1900s. The American sisterhood was an outgrowth of a similar movement which began in Germany. Deaconess mother houses were established there as early as 1836. Young Mennonite women came to live in these specially built homes. The church supplied their living expenses and paid for them to be trained as nurses. In return the women pledged

themselves to a life of service working in hospitals and caring for the sick. Hospitals in those days were charitable rather than state run institutions. At one time there were more than 100 deaconess mother houses world wide.

Approximately 40,000 women were part of the Mennonite sisterhood during the 1800 and 1900s. Deaconesses were ordained just as a pastor would be and although they were permitted to marry, they had to leave the order if they did so.

In 1900 a hospital was opened in Newton, Kansas, and shortly after a deaconess mother house was built nearby. Young women were recruited to enrol in the nursing program at Bethel College. After the church had paid for their education they were expected to remain living in the deaconess mother house and serve as operating room assistants, x-ray technicians and nurses in the Newton Hospital.

## Since 1922

My relative Theodosia Harms became a Mennonite sister in 1922. She shows me her deaconess garb which still hangs pressed and neat in her closet; two plain dark blue dresses with simple white collars. She rubs the hem of one of the outfits between her thumb and forefinger and begins to talk. For the next hour her mind skips happily from 1910 to 1945 to 1989.

"My Dad was a minister and a farmer, you know, Rev. G.N. Harms. We lived in Whitewater, Kansas. Our house was always overflowing with visitors. Often we slept nearly one on top of the other. My mother was a wonder; working hard from morning till night. We had 12 horses on our farm and lots of ducks and geese. Once my brother Gerhard was on his way to



Sister Theodosia in 1922, the year she became a deaconess.

feed the horses. He was carrying a full pail of oats. A big old gander saw the pail of oats, chased my brother and caught his pants in its beak. That goose flapped at Gerhard with his huge wings till the poor boy was just black and blue. We finally chased the bird away, but Gerhard was sore for days."

Sister Theodosia is quiet for a while. "Everyone in my family is dead now. We were eight children you know. I'm the only one left." She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I loved my work in medicine. I think at times the doctors figured I was something of a troublemaker. I liked to have a little fun, you know."

### World travels

Sister Theodosia's nursing career was full of interesting experiences and highlights. A trip to the archives at the Bethel College Library provides me with information on her work at the Newton Hospital. She had a variety of responsibilities there over the years serving as chief of the nursing staff, instructor to student nurses and director of the deaconess mother house. She lived and worked in Paraguay for two years during a time when the deaconess order was large enough to allow some of its members to perform foreign service. She was chosen as a representative to a General Conference in Germany.

"We spent four weeks on the ocean," she recalls. Her mother house sent her for a time to Mountain Lake, Minnesota, to establish a new hospital there.

Although she must have cared for hundreds of patients in her career she remembers one with particular clarity. He was a large, burly policeman who was deeply despondent about a stroke which had curtailed his usual independence. He took out his frustrations by screaming at Sister Theodosia, throwing the Bible at her when she tried to read it to him, and once even smearing the furniture in his room with his morning bowel movement.

Sister Theodosia recalls, "I just cleaned up the mess and continued to care for him quietly. I'd sit in the cor-

ner of his room each night and read a Psalm from the Bible to him. After a few evenings he stopped ranting and raving and just listened to me read. Then one night he began to cry and told me his mother had often read to him from the Bible when he was a little boy. After that he was a cooperative patient and I was able to help him on the road to recovery."

Sister Theodosia begins to rub her left leg. "Do you know that nowadays women just throw away their stockings when they tear? I could fix mine if only I could remember where I've put my needle and thread. I'm reading the Bible all the way through, you know. I started five months ago and I'm already at the book of Acts. I read at least three chapters every morning and three more every evening. When I'm done I'm going to start over again. I hope I get through a second time before I die."

### "We'll soon be gone"

She points to the chair I am sitting in. "That rocker is one of the few things I brought along with me when I moved to the nursing home from the mother house." Her voice rises with excitement, "We had such good times in that house all of us sisters together." She starts to cry. "But most of the deaconesses are in heaven now. Soon we'll all be gone. I wish I were in heaven too. I can't help anybody anymore. I can't even remember things."

She laughs. "Why this morning, I got up, washed my face, brushed my teeth, got dressed and then I forgot to go to the dining room for breakfast."

I leave Sister Theodosia with reluctance. I will probably never see her again. She rolls her wheelchair along beside me as I make my way to the front door. I walk up the steps of the nursing home to the street above and turn around. Sister Theodosia waves good-bye. I am reminded of the deaconess motto which I read the day before in a book outlining the history of the Mennonite sisterhood.

*What is my desire? My desire is to serve. Whom do I desire to serve? The Lord Jesus in his poor and suffering*

*ones. And what is my reward? I serve neither for reward or praise, but in gratitude and love. My reward is that I am permitted to serve.*

Sister Theodosia's life of service is nearly over. It is a life which has already been rich in personal rewards for her and the many she has served. Today I can count myself as one of those lucky people. She has served me with her warmth, her conversation, her memories, her humour and her hope.

mm

## Good Friday

### CONCERT APRIL 13

The First Mennonite Church senior choir with soloists and orchestra will present a Good Friday program at the church, 922, Notre Dame Avenue, **April 13**, at 7 p.m.

The program will consist of J.S. Bach Cantata #4, Christ Lag in Todesbanden; W.A. Mozart, Ave Verum; and Franz Schubert, Mass in G. Major. Soloists will be Ilona Bartsch, Eileen Funk, Jerald Fast, and Robert Giesbrecht; Rudy Schellenberg, conductor.

A collection will be taken.



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# Ikey-Boy

*a reminiscence by Rhinehart Friesen*

"Well, then you must be my niece!" I blurted out in astonishment. Judith was a tall attractive young woman who had seen me several times over the past five years including a premarital visit with the man who was now her husband.

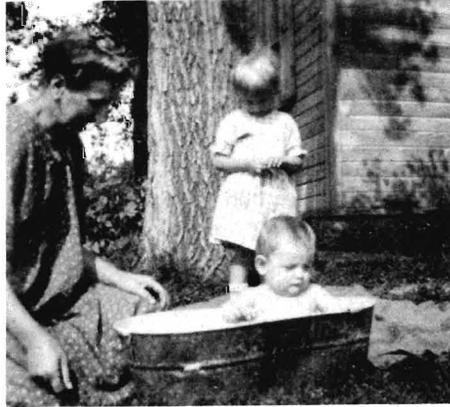
I got to know her fairly well but certainly not intimately enough to warrant my claiming blood relationship. No wonder she looked surprised. So what prompted such an outburst from a doctor to his patient?

On this occasion (May 1978) Judith came in with stars in her eyes and a trace of apprehension in her voice as she told me that she thought she was going to have a baby. This led me to ask a few questions about her family background which were not on her medical chart but which I always asked at the beginning of a pregnancy. "Any congenital abnormalities?" I asked. "Twins?"

"My husband's father is a twin, but what might be more interesting is that my father is a triplet."

Triplets are uncommon. In the preceding year I had become aware of an unusual family in Manitoba just littered with multiple births. I wondered momentarily whether Judith could be part of that pedigree. My glance shifted to the top of her chart to remind myself of her maiden name. "Guenther." No, that name wasn't in the family tree I was thinking of.

Then a sudden jolt of memory. "Guenther triplets?" A long time ago a little triplet Guenther baby was my foster brother for almost a year. Could it be? A few further questions that had no relevance to Judith's medical chart established that her father was indeed one of those triplets. That it was not he but his brother who had temporarily been a member of my family only slightly decreased my right to claim her as my niece. Judith and a succession of



*Ikey, temporary brother*

other patients claimed my immediate attention but all afternoon half forgotten memories kept intruding on my consciousness.

## Difficult times

**Before** I tell this story of one woman's selflessness let me recall the times in which it happened for they were truly times which called for much Christian charity and equally difficult gracious receiving of assistance.

I must have been about 12 years old which would make it 1925 or 26. The Mennonites in southern Manitoba were passing through a difficult period. They were trying to adjust to the recent emigration of thousands of their neighbours and relatives to Mexico and South America mainly because of the private schools question. A few stragglers were still leaving and some disillusioned earlier emigrants were returning, poorer but wiser, when a second great upset occurred.

This was the arrival of thousands of refugees from the Bolshevik revolution civil war, and blood bath which had made life impossible for them in Russia. Most of them arrived with nothing but travel debts. Simple humanity required that they be cared for. Food, clothing, shelter, money for their im-

mediate needs. Advice and further assistance in helping them adapt to a new life in unfamiliar circumstances.

## Changing family fortunes

The Friesen family had its own special troubles. Their flour mill and lumberyard, which had prospered under pioneer circumstances, were now slowly going bankrupt as they could not compete with giant milling conglomerates and chain lumberyards. And so the family which had been quite affluent at the turn of the century and even to the time of my birth was now struggling to keep up a good front in the community. I remember how disappointed we were when my father told us that he would try to let us all get through high school (still a commendable goal at that time with a family of 10) but that beyond that we would have to fend for ourselves. I was well aware that on the whole the Russlaender were much more cultured and better educated than we Kanadier.

Under the circumstances perhaps it is understandable that I felt less charitable than I should have to these newcomers. I remember a distinct feeling of resentment that I had to do with less because of their needs. Was I responsible for the Russian Revolution? Besides, they should have seen it coming and come to Canada 50 years sooner, like my grandparents did. (If there is any time in life when a person is more selfish and self-centred than in early adolescence, it can only be as a newborn baby.) Fortunately, I kept my childish opinions to myself and they played no part in the way the refugees were treated.

## The story begins

For their part the immigrants were happy to be alive, but some at least hoped their sojourn in Canada would be a short one. As soon as things returned

to normal in Russia they hoped to return to their accustomed pleasant lifestyle. In the meantime it probably rankled that they had to be beholden to their uncouth Canadian brethren.

Among the newcomers were the Guenthers with two boys, presumably in Canada only a few months when this story properly begins. They had found shelter in a small house on a farm about three miles north of my home in Gretna. If I remember correctly it was intended for demolition. Or maybe the farm home had been demolished and what was left was just the detached summer kitchen. Although it was barely habitable the Guenthers probably considered themselves fortunate. The housing shortage produced by the influx of so many newcomers was such that many had to move in with the permanent residents where they not only lost their privacy but in effect became the temporary servants and farm hands of their benefactors.

### **Baby times three**

Early one morning Dr. McKenzie was called to the Guenthers to deliver a baby. That he was called at all is unusual because most deliveries were assisted by on-the-job trained mid-wives as had been the custom since time immemorial. Perhaps the Guenthers and their Russlaender colleagues were a generation ahead of the Kanadier in this respect as they were in so many others. As it turned out, it was fortunate that this case had the best medical care available.

Dr. McKenzie was surprised by how small the baby was and suggested to the neighbour lady who had come over to help him that she should wrap it snugly and put it in the warming oven above the old kitchen stove. Before he got over his surprise another baby appeared and then a third. Fortunately there were no more because there were no more wrappings or room in the oven. He had never delivered triplets before. He was excited and proud of his accomplishment and immediately developed sort of a proprietary interest in them which lasted a long time.

Having done the best he could to

assure their immediate survival he left because he had other patients to take care of.

While driving home in his Essex he sized up the situation and decided that given the present circumstances the prognosis was hopeless. He stopped at our home to enlist the help of my mother. He knew that it was commonplace for her and other women to take spare diapers and baby clothes to new mothers among the immigrants. As her doctor he also knew that after 13 babies she had recently reached the age where she could not expect to have any more pregnancies. That this had in no way decreased her mothering instincts had also become apparent to him by the depth of her grief after the fairly recent death of her last baby due to prematurity.

When he told her of the humble surroundings into which the three little boys had been born and that he had little hope for their survival, she reacted as he expected. She hunted up a few left over baby things which she had put away for eventual grandchildren. She also took soap and cleaning equipment because she knew that the new mother would appreciate her house being given a good cleaning. Then she had my father drive her to the Guenther's in their nearly new Chevrolet "glass car," the only automobile they ever had.

The conditions they found were deplorable. Mr. Guenther had not yet found work. My father joined him in splitting and piling the wood that was intended to keep the family warm during the approaching winter. Both men were probably secretly relieved to be able to stay outdoors with the comparatively easy problem of the wood-pile. Mr. Guenther half doubted my father's reply that yes, the winter would really be as cold as people said it would be.

### **A better household**

Mrs. Guenther had probably been an efficient and competent housewife in Russia. But here, without the ready access to water and conveniences that she was used to she was overwhelmed by the difficulties of making a home for her family in a crowded little house.

How she had missed the accustomed nearness and support of neighbours and relatives of the Russian village during her pregnancy. And now, three babies! She was truly at the end of her tether. She wept tears of frustration and gratitude as my mother took over. She appreciated the freshly re-made bed in which she could luxuriate while comforting the babies in turn at her breasts.

Meanwhile my mother restored a semblance of order to the house disregarding, as housewives always must, the discouraging thought that in a short time it would all have to be done over again. While she busied herself she encouraged Mrs. Guenther to talk; about the home she had left in Russia, the hardships they had endured, the trip to America.

### **Answers fail**

To one statement she could think of no suitable response. "Why do you think God punished us by sending us three babies at once? We don't think we indulged in the lusts of the flesh any more than other married couples."

After several hours my mother warmed the cauldron of soup she had brought with her and called in the men to join in a satisfying meal. As they were saying their goodbyes my mother said rather casually, "I really should take one home for a while. It would be easier for me than to keep coming here, and besides I don't think you'll have enough milk to feed all three. We at least have a cow."

Two or three days later this casual offer was taken up. Mother insisted on the smallest and weakest boy. Father was pessimistic. "I hope you realize we're just taking him home to die," he said on the way home.

But Mother would have none of that. She devoted herself entirely to keeping him alive. Feedings were every two hours and every feeding took at least half an hour on the rocking chair because he was almost too weak to suck. When he became too tired she let him rest a minute, then urged him to take a bit more. Sometimes, especially at night, she would continue to hold him after he finished, as if along with its

warmth her body could transmit strength and the will to live to the precarious life in her arms. When Father came home for lunch or supper he would greet her with, "Na, läwt hee noch? (Well, is he still alive?)," until she rebuked him sharply saying she never wanted to hear him say that again.

The low point came one evening a month or two later when he seemed to be making progress. Father had left for the curling rink; he played third on Dr. McKenzie's team. Mother went upstairs to settle the baby for the night. Suddenly I heard her shriek, "Run for the doctor, the baby's not breathing." I grabbed my mackinaw and mitts at the door without stopping. I was a skinny kid but I could run in those days and run I did! Past the mill brooding in the dark. Past the lumberyard. Between Pieper's Machine Shop and the Maple Leaf elevator. Across Hespeler Avenue. Into the new curling rink. I don't remember the words I used between gasps, but Dr. McKenzie lost all interest in the rock sliding towards him. He threw his broom in the direction of the hack, and without stopping to put on his coonskin coat he dashed out into the night.

#### Close call

By the time I caught my breath and returned home everything was under control. As I had rushed away Mother had held the baby up by the feet and thumped his back whereupon he gasped, cried vigorously, and his color changed from deep purple to normal baby pink. When Dr. McKenzie arrived he examined him quickly, said something Mother didn't understand about "crib death," and calmly went back to the curling rink.

Meanwhile we, my brothers and sisters, decided he was too small for his patriarchal name, 'Isaac,' so he became 'Ikey-boy.' He never quite lost his special status of having been so tiny and a triplet, but little by little we accepted him as one of us.

My six year old sister lorded it over her cousins because they didn't have a 'real baby' to play with. She transferred her affections to him from the

kittens who sometimes objected to being clothed and taken for a ride in a carriage. Ikey-boy not only survived her ministrations but even enjoyed them. He liked being taken outdoors because there were so many strange things to explore; blades of grass which clung to his moist pudgy fingers, twigs that were unpleasantly hard when he tested them in his mouth. He liked the soft smooth feel of the old cat who had long ago stopped objecting to anything a child might do to her. He preferred to have the dog keep his distance; not that he had learned to fear his teeth, but his slobbering tongue was unpleasant at one end and the other end wagged dangerously.

Everybody thought it was a great joke when I once put him into my Free Press carrier bag like a bunch of papers to be delivered. And because he was the centre of attention he laughed too. Somebody once put him into the sandbox but he wasn't ready for that -- sand is unpleasantly gritty and hard to get out of your mouth.

#### Restored to family

And so the summer passed and he developed and grew strong and produced teeth and learned to walk a few faltering steps and became our brother. And then one day when he was nearly a year old Mother said, "If we don't give him back now, I'll never be able to." And so the next day they took him back to his other family. And Mother was inordinately proud that he was the biggest and strongest of the three and the only one who could walk.

After I delivered Judith's baby she arranged to have her parents and her Uncle Isaac meet me at the hospital. We all agreed that it was nice to get together and that we must keep up the relationship. But life is full of so many things including broken good intentions.

mm

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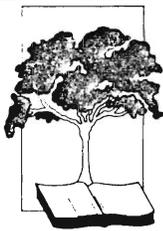
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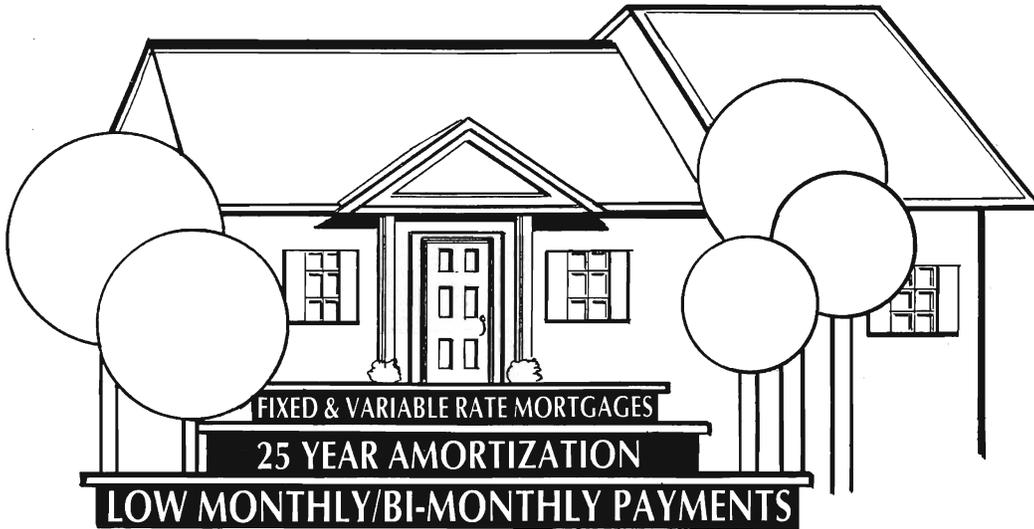
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## WORDS FROM THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS

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by H.W. Friesen

### An unlikely prophet saw the "simple" switch to English as having long-term implications for the Mennonite church

It is doubtful that during his lifetime there was anyone who considered Mr. Driedger a prophet. He seemed a serious man, at times almost morose. He possessed a wry sense of humour and a scowl, both were used almost interchangeably. He was not particularly active in the Mennonite church though he attended regularly; he would not have been described as religious. On occasion he walked out during the sermon; he did not give a reason and it seems no one bothered to ask. He spoke clearly and used fewer words than others to say the same thing. Some said he smoked.

It was on a mid-1950s summer evening after the workday, in the bunkhouse with a few cohorts and some teenagers, that he made what may have been his only prophetic utterance. There was an intense discussion on the Mennonite church and the future of the German language in that church. The youths, impulsively wise and to the surprise of no one, advocated the immediate and total shift to the English. For all the good youthful reasons.

#### The prophecy

The argument continued until the adolescent ideas were fully expressed in the absoluteness with which youth are allowed to express themselves. A few adults ventured their thoughts. Mr. Driedger was quiet. He frowned, took a deep breath, and said in Low German: "If we lose the German language then we lose much more than a language." This brought immediate

challenges and demands for elaboration from the youths. Mr. Driedger said it again, word for word, with no explanation. There are obviously times when prophets do not defend or explain themselves; this was one of those sacred moments. Prophets know they will be refuted and challenged. He said not another word as the argument raged around him. Some remember his words and have at times tried to understand them.

#### Prophecy confirmed

Were our prophet to look at the B.C. Mennonite churches today the truth of his words would be confirmed: the German language is virtually extinct. And more than a language has been lost. The idea of losing more than a language by making a "simple" switch to English escaped most people at the time, it was only a matter of continuing in English what had been done in German, most thought. Few conceived language as a conveyor of more than words. Words can readily be translated into another language and inevitably something is lost in the translation. The concepts, the history, the theology, the ideas of a people known as Mennonites had over many years been refined in German words; these are easily replaced by other concepts during the language transition.

Our prophet's concern went beyond the translation of words; he knew that the German language provided a protective barrier for the Mennonite churches that made it difficult for a

variety of influences to affect the church. The German language insulated Mennonites from the theological extremes that periodically swept across North America. Some randomly religious ideas are swooped up in the California winds, deposited on the fertile soil of southwestern B.C., then if anything remains, they try to cross the mountains and fertilize the prairies. Mr. Driedger knew about the winds.

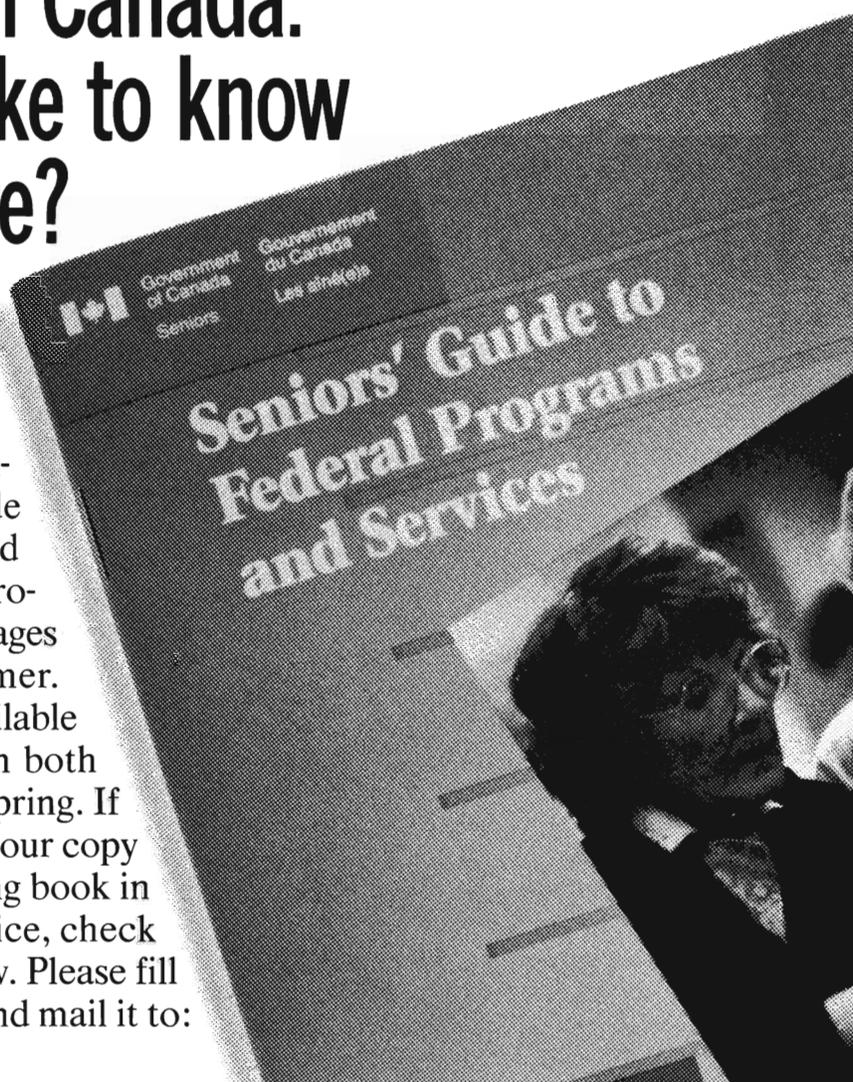
Our prophet would have difficulty recognizing the Mennonite church in B.C. today. The German language bonded Mennonites to the theological cues from the more established centres of Europe, and by the time they reached Canada they had been tested, refined, and assessed. With the protective barrier of the German language gone the churches have been buffeted by various winds whose velocity and direction are seldom tested.

#### Prophet ignored

The issue our prophet addressed was not the German/English language; words and languages are but symbols to retain and convey concepts. Our prophet saw churches which could not make the language change and at the same time ensure that the essence of our forefather's understanding of scripture was not only maintained but also communicated. He saw the dangers, he issued the warning, and he was, as is not uncommon with prophets, ignored. **mm**

# There is a variety of federal programs for seniors in Canada. Would you like to know what they are?

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## ***Germans move in at the Forks***

"The dream of our organization finally becomes reality," asserts the opening sentence of the announcement of the German-Canadian Congress (Manitoba) Inc.

The congress was successful in winning approval for its proposal to construct a \$3.5 million cultural centre at the Forks in central Winnipeg.

The congress also acquired a \$1 million matching fund grant from the provincial government.

Under the terms of the grant, the German-Canadian Congress must have all of its financial arrangements completed, including the \$1 million in privately raised funds to match the province's grant.

Another integral condition of the province's grant is that the congress operate the centre without additional operating grants or tax relief.

The Forks location is expected to provide German-language day care, library and teaching services, historical displays, and space for German-Canadian archives.

It is said there are about 200,000 Manitobans of "Germanic" heritage resident in the province -- a number that includes German or Austrian immigrants as well as Mennonites and Hutterians.

The cultural centre will be built as an extension wing of the Forks Hotel, which is what is now known as the Johnson Terminal building.

While the ostensible purpose of the centre is to be a focus for German culture and heritage in Manitoba, its association with the hotel and location at the forks clearly imply that its successful financial operation will depend on the extent that it can rent out its facilities. In fact, the congress in describing the centre said the new building will be providing the sole banquet facilities for the hotel.

At an announcement at the end of February, the congress said 70 per cent of the necessary funds are already in

place; and that it will be self-sustaining and not require annual operating funds.

Bonnie Mitchelson, Manitoba minister of culture, heritage, and recreation, said the province's contribution was a "one-time" award and that similar grants would be available to other cultural groups with similarly strong proposals as the German congress. mm

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### ***Germans added to Leningrad cultural centre***

The Kirov cultural centre in Leningrad -- a huge building along Bolshoi Avenue on Vasilyevsky Island -- has housed the Centre of Friendship of the Soviet Peoples, uniting about 20 cultural societies -- Jewish, Tatar, Ukrainian, Georgian, etc. Recently the German society has been added to the list.

According to municipal authorities, nearly 4,000 ethnic Germans permanently reside in Leningrad. Their constituent conference was attended by several hundred people of different professions, including grinder Heinrich Berner, retired officer Abram Kran, doctor Alexandra Keller, archaeologist Igor Schaub and lawyer Alexander Kuhn, as well as representatives of the West German and East German General Consulates in Leningrad. Some speakers addressed the audience in Russian because they do not know German. That's why the new society lays emphasis on German instruction to all those interested, both children and adults.

The possibility of opening a school teaching several subjects in German was discussed. A school like this called "Peter-schule," was founded in the early 18th century, in Peter the Great's lifetime, but now it has become a school with enriched English-language classes. Under a new agreement, in the new academic year intensive study of German will begin in primary school.

Among the many proposals advanced at the constituent conference, was the idea to create a library of fiction in German (the Kirov Cultural Centre has a good library -- nearly 160,000 volumes, including 700-800 by German authors, but none in the original lan-

guage); to organize a series of excursions in Leningrad to study the work of ethnic German architects, sculptors and scientists who worked in the capital of the Russian Empire, and to search for materials (letters, photographs and eyewitness memories) not only about the history of the German colony in Petersburg but also about the life of this generation of ethnic Germans many of whom suffered from Stalin's purges; to contribute to the current restoration of monuments at the Lutheran cemetery; to hold parties and concerts of music by German composers.

Restorations of the Lutheran Church of St. Peter -- an exquisite monument of architecture beautifying Neva Avenue -- was also considered. Designed in the early 18th century by Alexander Brullov, a Russian architect of German descent, it has fallen into decay and is being misused, while believers have to go to a church situated in a Leningrad suburb. Members of the German Cultural Society consider it their duty to have the church restored and returned to the believers.

Andrei Keller, one of the most active members of the action group, was elected chairman of the board. He is a young graduate of the history faculty of the Herzen Pedagogical Institute in Leningrad, who has been collecting materials on the history of ethnic Germans in Russia for many years and defended a thesis on ethnic Germans in Russia in the 16th-20th centuries. Peter the Great and later Catherine II invited specialists and craftsmen from different countries, including Germany. In Petersburg Germans mostly worked as jewellers, watch-makers, fitters and turners, and opened bakeries and confectioneries.

Andrei Keller says the purpose of the society is to unite people with German roots, to improve their knowledge of the German language, to acquaint them with the traditions of their people and to promote cultural exchanges with their compatriots.

*This article was submitted by the press office of the U.S.S.R. Embassy in Canada, Leningrad Novosti Press Agency.*

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## YOUR WORD

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### SHAKEN READER?

I do indeed enjoy the MM each month, especially the respect you give the historic Low German! Keep up the good work.

Yes, we did have an earthquake on the 17th of October at 5:05, plus a number of after shocks since then, but little damage in the largest area of Santa Cruz County which is the major population area. The old part, down town, is practically flattened out. Our home has no damage as such -- the brick chimney lost the part above the roof line. Must say there are a lot of extra bricks available! We did have a 4.04 shaker last night--just strong enough to wake you up for a couple of minutes.

I must admit an upheaval of this magnitude does spark a new awareness of what really counts in life! I'm enclosing a paper that was distributed in a shopping mall. You might find it does reflect the sentiment of some who believe that when God wants to get our attention He starts at the foundation!

### IT THUNDERED IT RUMBLED IT CRUMBLED!

Just now we happen to be living in a secular age. Our thought habits are those of the scientist, not those of the worshipper. We are more likely to explain than to adore. It thundered, it rumbled, it crumbled, we exclaim, and go our earthly way. But still the voice sounds and searches. The order and life of the universe depend upon that voice, but men are mostly too busy or too stubborn to give attention. And Then -- the tremor. "Now that I have your attention, must I punctuate my message with a few after shocks each day as a reminder that my message is EXTREMELY URGENT!" Be careful, then, and do not refuse to hear Him who speaks. Those who refused to hear Him give the divine message on earth did not escape. How much less shall we escape, then, if we turn away from Him who speaks from heaven. His voice shook the earth at that time,

but now He has promised "I will once more shake not only the earth but heaven as well." The words "once more" plainly show that the created things will be shaken and removed, so that the things that are not shaken will remain. Heb. 12:25-27. The voice of God is a friendly voice. No one need fear to listen to it unless he has already made up his mind to resist it. The Blood of Jesus has covered not only the human race but all creation as well. "And having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven" Col. 1:20. We may safely preach a friendly heaven.

Abe Hiebert,  
Santa Cruz,  
California

### GRATEFUL READER

Dear people who put out the Mennonite Mirror: I'll take this opportunity to thank you for all the many issues of the MM I've received free, first via my mother and subsequently as a consequence of your generosity when I turned 65.

I look forward to each entertaining and informative issue because it helps me to maintain a link with interesting, progressive Mennonite thinking, culture and values. As a descendant of 1874 immigrants and as a 41-year resident of Manitoba, the names and writings of authors in the MM have a familiar, comfortable, and trustworthy ring. Thank you again for what I am sure you regard as essentially a labour of love (except, possibly as deadlines approach), and best wishes for the future.

Harold Suderman,  
Guelph, Ontario

### A FEW GENTLE WORDS

Referring to Justina Janzen Wiens' writing re 'spiritual blackmail' in the Mennonite Mirror of November 89, as well as an editorial in the same issue denouncing the practice of some Mennonite funerals, I had hoped my urge to

respond to, or comment on, these articles would eventually subside or disappear altogether, feeling that my thoughts might fall into the same judgmental vein. But after numerous ponderings on these matters the impulse still persists.

In consequence I felt that a few gentle words, as well as some reference to what others have to say in this regard, may serve to calm the spirits of the above writers and show tolerance of other peoples views, or in any human affairs, for that matter. After all, does not God say somewhere: Leave the judging to me; I will judge and requite!

In this controversy regarding compassion of forbearance towards the ways of the world it seems the pendulum has swung too far the other way. Are we not to be, although in this world, but not of this world? With reference to Wiens' agonizing over the petty discrepancy regarding the speakers at the Mennonite Collegiate Institute celebrations, to say that the Board decided against Stephen Lewis solely for financial reasons is a rather harsh yet innocent accusation. The above, combined with his stance on abortion, as has been noted, plus perhaps some other valid reason, was apparently sufficient to sway the Board. Lewis may have from time to time made an utterance in the cause of peace, but many people do the same. That attribute together with being the son of a famous father as well as an ambassador to a somewhat toothless organization hardly qualifies him as an eminent speaker for this event. I am not aware that he has done anything spectacular for the MCI or even for Canada as a whole.

I too was a student at the above collegiate many years ago, and unless the governing principles of the institute have drastically changed during the intervening fifty odd years, which is hardly conceivable, I am convinced the board would not have been influenced by two relatively unknowns in making their well-considered decisions. And now, according to at least one report, Mr. Lewis was never even scheduled to speak to the students, which is evidence that too much ado has been made about

nothing.

As to the article on funeral exhortations or harassments, a few excerpts from a discourse on such matters in the Winnipeg Free Press of December 12, 89 page 32, show what other people think along these lines. The fire and brimstone warning that death will bring a dire judgement for moral wrongs is a masterful psychological ploy, judging from recent research findings.

Just how one reacts depends on one's moral code.

Psychologists data show strong links between thinking about one's death and the way people make moral judgments.

Our moral principles protect us from anxiety about death.

Making the judges think about their morality presumably increases their need for faith in their moral standards. That increases the desire to punish someone who transgresses those values.

Now considering the above, what better opportunity for the preacher to remind the bereaved or congregation of their transitory existence here on earth than with the immediate example of the deceased before them, thus leading them to think more seriously of their destiny or salvation. In the Sommerfelder church, in which I was nurtured in my religious beginnings, practically all funerals were conducted in like manner, and it never occurred to me as a threat, considering the uncouthness and gracelessness due to the lack of a more sophisticated education of the presiding preacher; or if it could remotely thought of as such, it was always followed by the redeeming consolation of keeping one's spiritual life in order.

In contrast one would think the way some modern funerals are carried out, where the deceased is unduly praised for such things as participation in sports, politics, community work or other similar activities, with hardly any, or even no, mention of his or her religious existence, may certainly be less comforting to the bereaved. Or as so often happens, as soon as the corpse is conveniently disposed of, the guests gather together for a supposedly memorial meal, but instead laugh and chatter

away full force of the weather, worldly affairs or other such extraneous matters, with no intimation of the seriousness of the situation.

Henry J. Funk, Winnipeg.

### COURAGEOUS COMMENTARY

I have the editorial (Our Word) on page 29, contributed by Harry Loewen in your February edition before me. I appreciate this courageous commentary on issues that are often not discussed freely and openly. Many important decisions are made by the influential in the community without admitting the underlying reasons, reasons we may not always be willing to confess.

To be quite honest, we will have to concede that even in Christian circles, often people who command the most wealth tend to have the most influence in the shaping of our institutions. Now this need not be all bad, but when this influence is exercised insensitively and exclusively from the perspective of a defensive wealthy class, then it is no longer the blessing that it might be.

What I mean by 'defensive' is people with an abundance of economic power in our midst sometimes have the temptation to want to interpret Scripture in a way that softens the criticism that the Bible makes of the ethical behaviour of Christians. They thus have a natural attraction for the theology, all too pervasive in North American society, that suggests that the Bible has little to say about ethics, justice and peace, and is concerned mainly with the 'spiritual.' They then try to get our Christian education in churches and church schools and colleges to propagate this narrower interpretation that is really quite unintended by the writers of the Bible.

It is very good that we have educational institutions in our midst with sufficient academic freedom and independence to make expressions such as this editorial a reasonable expectation, and I would like to commend Harry Loewen and Mennonite Mirror for bringing this very important matter out in the open for further dispassionate discussion.

Menno Klassen

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From the dozen or so entries to the January puzzle, Susan Wiens, of Altona, was selected the winner.

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## LOOKING OVER THE PRAIRIE

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by Vic Penner



### Ash Wednesday memories inject meaning into third world holidays

The two most memorable Ash Wednesdays my wife and I ever experienced were both in Catholic churches, and in the Third World.

In 1982 we were holidaying in Barbados and on the second Wednesday of our two-week stay we decided to go to Bridgetown, the capital of this small island in the Caribbean.

The bus that took us from our hotel on the west coast to Bridgetown stopped in the middle of the city. The passenger dispersal area is more like a parking lot than a bus depot, since there is no building. There is a building where you wait for the buses and board them, but not where you leave them.

One of the first buildings we saw as we left the bus was a church. It was a large and imposing-looking structure of grey stone streaked black by the sea air, and had a tower instead of a steeple. As we walked about the grounds looking for the best angle from which to shoot some pictures, a young woman approached us and asked if we'd like to attend the 11 o'clock service. We accepted her invitation with alacrity and joined her on a rough and uncomfortably straight-backed pew.

#### Priestly welcome

At the door we had been welcomed by the parish priest dressed in white robes, who, it turned out, would also provide some piano music for a prelude, lead the congregational singing, preach the sermon (on Zacchaeus), sing a solo, take the offering, and bid us farewell with a blessing at the door after the service was over.

During the priest's last piano selection Olly picked up the Bible that was lying beside us on the pew. It opened at the verse: "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." And we were glad we had gone.

In the excitement of being tourists in a strange land we had forgotten what day it was on the church calendar. A young black woman's invitation resulted in a memorable experience.

#### Blessings no more

When we returned to Bridgetown last November and dismounted from our bus we headed straight to St. Mary's Church, for that was the name of it. On our way to Bridgetown we had been recalling how at the very start of the service six years ago two doves had flown into the sanctuary of the church through an open window and settled on the altar. Far from creating a disturbance, the doves simply moved from altar, to communion table, to the rafters in silent flight, occasionally emitting a soft coo. Obviously it was not an unusual occurrence since it seemed to bother no one (except perhaps two Canadian tourists, briefly) and no one bothered them. They seemed almost to be a peaceful adjunct to the service.

As we approached the gate to the churchyard now we noticed that it was closed. Not only closed, but padlocked as well. Through the grillwork of the wrought iron fence that enclosed the church and the graves around it we could see that St. Mary's had fallen upon hard times. The grass was a foot deep in many places, several tomb-

stones had been toppled, and the church itself had taken on that abandoned look that creeps in so quickly when people no longer frequent a building.

#### Another Ash Wednesday

On Ash Wednesday of 1984 we were in a Mexican fishing village that had got caught up in the sweep of "progress" and become a tourist resort. Too bad. Because with it had come American condo sellers and drug peddlers, plus a variety of other undesirables.

Again, as in Barbados, we were too busy being tourists to realize that lent and Easter were approaching. All afternoon we had been aware that many of the locals were unusually well dressed and that many of them seemed to have dirty foreheads. On closer examination, especially in some of the air-conditioned shops where personnel perspired less than on the sun-baked streets, we noticed that the smudges on their foreheads had a distinctly sooty look and were, in fact, in the shape of a cross. Upon questioning, a salesgirl explained in broken English that it was Ash Wednesday and that penance could be made at the cathedral, where a priest would mark a cross on our foreheads with ashes from the burned palm leaves used at Palm Sunday services the year before.

After eating supper at the open-air dining room on the second floor of the Oceano Hotel (where Liz Taylor and her then-husband Richard Burton are said to have had their most publicized fights), and watching the sun sink like a ball of fire into the calm Pacific, we went in search of the cathedral--not so

much to do penance as to watch others doing it.

As we neared the cathedral the pedestrian traffic became heavier and heavier. By the time we reached the square in front of the cathedral we could hardly move for the throng of penitents. On one side of the street they were moving into the cathedral, and on the other side they were leaving. Those waiting to go in looked solemn and even anxious. Those coming out were smiling and looked at peace. We decided that something good must be happening inside.

We regretted later that we had rushed off to meet another couple for a late meal at the Manageria Restaurante, where the food was excellent but a thief stole our money. Later, as we lay in our bed at the hotel, we hoped that our thief had found his way to the church to repent and had left our money as an offering.

The thought almost cheered us. mm

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## OBSERVED ALONG THE WAY

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by Roy Vogt



### Lenten reflections on celebrations and of courageous friends

**By the time** you read this ( if you read this) we should be in the season of Lent. According to old Christian tradition, this is the time when we should be preparing ourselves for Easter. I am a member of a Catholic college on the University of Manitoba campus where old Christian traditions are still taken quite seriously. Many of my Catholic colleagues will try to live more austerely during this time, hoping to enter into the true spirit of God's sacrificial love. They have a due regard, however, for basic human needs and indulge in a number of joyful celebrations before Lent, lest their spirits flag during the sombre weeks of Lent.

I enjoy these celebrations with them. On St. Davids Day, for example, we gather in the faculty lounge to toast the patron saint of Wales. Special pastries and sandwiches have been prepared and since there is no decent drinking water around we offer toasts with special drinks from France.

There are several Mennonites in this college and it occurs to me that we should declare a St. Simon's Day, to celebrate our founder's loyal opposition to the prevailing religious forces of his day. For drinks we could offer "prips," or, for greater potency and medicinal values, the favourite drink of Mennonites in year's past, "Alpenkrauter." This special concoction, made presumably from special herbs growing on the slopes of the Swiss alps, and laced with 22 percent alcohol (which no government inspector had detected), was always in

great demand in our grocery store in Steinbach. As one regular customer observed: "It does everything; it cleans your teeth, polishes your shoes, and makes you whistle in the morning." I heard many sermons against liquor from Steinbach pulpits, but no one ever attacked Alpenkrauter. I am sure that my colleagues at St. Paul's College won't object to it either. Who knows, they may even begin to whistle in their lectures.

**But** how does one entertain non-Mennonites with "Mennonite" food? I puzzled over this for some time. Werenichie and Kielke are too complicated and heavy. Perischi would be ideal, but that is the one kind of "Mennonite" food that my wife doesn't make, and I am incapable of learning how to make it (pleading incompetence is, of course, the most universal form of male chauvinism).

Just the other day, however, a male Mennonite friend, who will remain anonymous, gave me the perfect suggestion. For the first time in his life he is having to make meals, while his wife is recovering from an operation. He had decided that he wouldn't just open cans, or order in pizza. He wanted to do something creative, befitting his own gourmet tastes. The solution suddenly dawned on him one day. He proudly told us what it was. He went to the butcher and asked for extra thick slices of baloney. Reaching way back into his primordial, culinary memory, he remembered that baloney starts to curl when fried. So he proceeded to fry each piece, preparing pork and beans at

the same time. When the baloney had curled sufficiently he placed gobs of pork and beans into each baloney cup. You can imagine his pride as he carried these truly original Mennonite cup cakes to his wife, as she lay recovering in her bedroom.

Though her recovery has been delayed a few weeks our friend remains high on his creation, and we are encouraging him to patent it, under the name **Baloney Bean Cups, ala Reimer**. I can hardly wait to try them on my Catholic colleagues. With a dash of Alpenkrauter there is a good chance that they will even survive.

**These thoughts**, and experiences, were part of the pre-Lenten season. We are now approaching Good Friday and Easter, and though there are no special austerity plans I do think on the meaning of these events. What do they say to me? There is behind them a profound mystery, but from that mystery there emerges a simple, deeply-needed assurance: God's love is with us, even in the most difficult suffering and injustice that we may experience. As children we often sang, "Jesus loves me," and no conditions were set to this love. Later, adult interpreters of the faith, with their own agenda of control and judgment, almost obliterated and destroyed this assurance, requiring their followers to jump through hoops and over fences in order to merit the love of God. Tragically, they attributed to God their own limited vision of love. Easter can help us to recover the broader vision, to see that there are no fences between us

and God. He loves us even when we are nailing him to the cross. He wants to change us through His love, but His love is never removed from us. It is this pure and holy truth that God wishes to convey to us through Easter, and we should never allow the sad, narrow vision of others, whom God also loves, to rob it of its sustaining power. Any inspiration or courage that I have felt in my life is ultimately rooted in this conviction: Since God loves us, who, or what, can be against us?

**Beliefs** of this kind are, of course, always being tested by life. We are drawn close to friends who face the growing frailties of age, who are haunted by new fears, the knowledge of unattained hopes and unresolved dilemmas. Sharing such anxious feelings around a dinner table or at a bedside doesn't set everything at rest, but the release given to both anxiety and love often helps immensely.

**Several events** during this time also help to remind us of the forces for good that are at work in this world. First, we enjoy a wonderful performance of **The Master Class**, at the Manitoba Theatre Centre. This play focuses on the attempt of the Soviet dictator, Stalin, to force two of the greatest Russian composers, Shostakovich and Prokofiev, to do his bidding. Stalin tries to browbeat these two talented men into prostituting their work "to please the masses." He has, of course, many weapons with which to intimidate them: he threatens them with imprisonment or death, and, more subtly, accuses them of egotism. They are, he charges, more anxious to serve themselves, and their art, than the people. Artists are always vulnerable to this charge; in what sense are they "useful?"

Both composers feel humiliated, and they try to humour Stalin, and to accommodate him as much as they can. In what must rank as one of the most farcical scenes in modern drama, Shostakovich and Prokofiev attempt to set one of Stalin's favourite Georgian poems to music, with Stalin acting as musical director. In the end they fail to

please Stalin, but they are left with their personal integrity, and, more surprisingly, with their lives. Dictators may be able to see both the beauty and the usefulness of art, but they ultimately destroy its beauty by making it subservient to usefulness. As the play makes very clear, this is consistent with the way dictators treat everything else, including human beings. From their perspective the value of humans lies only in serving the state, meaning themselves. As Stalin says tearfully, and with sincere appreciation, "twenty million people died for me!"

The seemingly non-egotistical goal of being useful to others may be the breeding ground for the most terrible, destructive kind of egotism. It takes the "egotism" of artists to remind us, and people like Stalin, that we are valuable for reasons that transcend usefulness. We may gladly serve others by sharing our "gift" with them, but it must be "our" gift, flowing unimpeded from our best impulses. In the presence of such gift-givers even men of power feel strangely intimidated. Here is something they cannot control, either with money or with political might. We should never underestimate the power, and the importance, of those persons in our midst who, perhaps with poetry, a simple act of friendship, or with some other "talent" (including the gift of courage), meet our true needs most effectively by refusing to become subservient to them.

**The visit** of Joyce Redekop-Fink to Winnipeg in March encourages us in similar ways. She is here to entertain us with the harpsichord, and she does so most generously. From her playing there emanates not only the music of Bach, Handel, and other great masters of the past, but a good measure of her own spirit. She is gaining a significant reputation in the concert halls of Europe, and we are proud that she is able to be with us even for only a few days.

She might not want me to say this, but some of us are aware of the great courage that she has shown in taking her talents so far. When she married

Wes Penner, one of my closest friends, thirty years ago, her future looked so promising. She had time, and the support of her husband, to develop her musical talents. Shortly after the birth of their son, David, who is now an engineering student in Berlin, Wes died suddenly, in his early thirties, of a heart attack. Everything was changed. Eventually Joyce moved to Germany with her son, managing somehow to keep going, and to keep her musical hopes alive.

Despite all the hopes, those were dark years. Someone -- a young German lawyer, Karl Herman Fink -- broke through that, and together they created a new life. When I was in their home in Berlin about 12 years ago Joyce was emerging as a highly-acclaimed performer in that city. However, Karl's job required a move to Cologne, where new contacts had to be made. Illness also intervened. Once again everything was changed.

In the past few years, however, there has been another breakthrough. With the tremendous support of her husband, who acts as her agent, she has been touring the major centres of Europe to great response. The highlight next year will be a concert in Moscow, to which Karl Herman will personally transport her harpsichord in a van.

A life like this is worth observing "along the way," regardless of how much success is ultimately attained. I profess no great knowledge of music. What Joyce played in Winnipeg in early March was beautiful in itself -- even to my ears -- but it is to her total gift as an artist that tribute is paid here. We need people like this, even though we have no right to demand their service. **mm**

**Lodging sought:** A Vietnamese doctor, a single parent of a two-year-old son, requires child care and possible lodging for a three-year period while he is completing medical requirements in Manitoba. If interested call the Mennonite Mirror Office, at 786 2289.

## MANITOBA NEWS

**Reginald Toews** was appointed assistant deputy minister of the mental health division of Manitoba Health, effective March 1. A native of Steinbach, Toews served as the executive director of the social services branch of the Manitoba Department of Health and Social Development in the 1970s. He worked with MCC (Canada) as director of voluntary and personnel services and also served as the executive secretary of MCC in the United States.



**Harder**



**Franz**

The annual **Council of Boards of the Conference of Mennonites** in Canada was held in February, 1990, at 600 Shaftesbury Boulevard. Replacements for three staff positions were announced. **Helmut Harder** was named as general secretary to replace Larry Kehler. **Walter Franz** was named executive secretary of Native ministries to replace Vera and John Funk. Paul Klassen was named assistant treasurer to replace John Janzen. Paul is the son of Al and Mary Klassen, and is a member of First Mennonite Church. Helmut Harder will leave his post as professor of theology at Canadian Mennonite Bible College to assume his new position in July 1990. He and his wife Irma are members of Charleswood Mennonite Church. Larry Kehler, general secretary since 1981, will become MCC Canada overseas services co-ordinator this summer.

The **Chortitzer Mennonite Conference**, a small conference of 11 churches, most of them in Manitoba, became members of MCC Canada at the annual meeting in January. This brings to 11 the number of Canadian Mennonite and

Brethren in Christ conferences which belong to MCC Canada.

**Jacqui Neufeld**, a Kelvin High School graduate, has received a \$10,000 scholarship from McGill University. She received the J.W. McConnell Scholarship in Science and Engineering, which she will use toward a degree in physiotherapy. The award is worth \$2,500 a year for four years. She is the daughter of Vic and Grace Neufeld of Winnipeg.

A researcher at the Agriculture Canada's research station in Morden, **George Friesen**, has won the 1989 Award for excellence in weed science.

Retired University of Manitoba **Len Siemens** has received an honorary degree from the University of Khon Kaen in Thailand. According to a citation from the King of Thailand, "He was the leader of the expert staff that helped establish the faculties of agriculture and science during the formative years of the university."

**Abe Loewen** of Gretna has been chosen chairman of the MCC Relief and Auction Sale committee. The date for the 1990 sale to raise money for relief projects and aid for Third World countries has been set for September 22. Loewen is a lay minister of the Bergthaler Mennonite Church in Gretna and is also involved with the MCC Self-Help Centre in Altona. He succeeds **Anton Kehler** of Steinbach who is stepping aside for health reasons. Vice-chairman is Albert Brandt of Steinbach. This year's sale will again be held at the Big M Stampede grounds in Morris.

**Katie Funk Wiebe** has been appointed editor of **Rejoice!** the inter-Mennonite devotional magazine. She will begin the part-time assignment on April 1, 1990.

**Jennifer Derksen**, a 15 year-old gym-

nast, was the top qualifier recently in the Ontario Gymnastics Federation Cup Trials held at the University of Manitoba Frank Kennedy Building.

**Lisa Schellenberg** from Steinbach received the highest mark in Manitoba Grade 4 Voice in the Toronto Royal Conservatory of Music examinations. Lisa is in grade 11 at the Steinbach Regional Secondary School. **Lori Koop** also from Steinbach, received the highest mark in Manitoba for Grade 8 Voice. She is presently in voice studies at the University of Manitoba.

**Neil Funk-Unrau**, Native Ministries worker with the Conference of Mennonites in Canada, with a grant from the Public Archives of Manitoba, will soon begin work on a history of Matheson Island, where the Native Ministries has been involved for 40 years.

**Rudy A. Regehr** and **Juliana Tam** are editors of the Chinese Mennonite Newsletter, published by the North American Chinese Mennonite Church.

**Derksen Printers** of Steinbach has bought a Grand Beach based monthly publication devoted to recreational activities, entitled **The Spotlight**.

**Arnie Neufeld** has resigned as pastor of the Winkler Mennonite Church effective July 31, 1990.

**Ed Cornelison** is the new chaplain at Concordia Hospital in Winnipeg, replacing **Jake Krause**, who retired in December 1989.

**Heidi Harms** has resigned as typesetter/editorial assistant for **Der Bote** and for **CMC**.

**Peter Bartel** will leave his position as associate pastor at the First Mennonite Church in Winnipeg this summer.



**Connie and Dave Goertzen** of Winkler are beginning three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Burkina Faso. Connie will be working as a youth worker and Dave as a wood-working and computer teacher. Connie attended Bethel College in North Newton, Kansas. Dave received a bachelor's degree in education from University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Connie was last employed as machinist in Morden. Dave last worked as a teacher in Winkler. The Goertzens are members of Emmanuel Mennonite Church in Winkler. Their children are David and Naomi. Connie's parents are Abe Penner of Fort St. John, BC and Edna Penner of Virden. Dave's parents are David and Susanna Goertzen of Altona.

**Ray Epp** of Winnipeg was appointed director of the MCC Manitoba-supported Ecumenical Ministry to Agriculture, an interdenominational organization which promotes sustainable agriculture and church support for rural communities and farm families. Epp, a graduate of MBBC, the University of Winnipeg, and the Land Institute in Kansas, began his assignment in January. He is a member of the Grain of Wheat community church in Winnipeg. Also beginning a new assignment is **Frieda Esau-Klippenstein** of Winnipeg, who will do research into treaty land entitlements for MCC Canada's Native Concerns department. Esau-Klippenstein will update research she did earlier into Canada's treaties with aboriginal people. Some of the treaties, made over 100 years ago, still remain unfulfilled.

**Henry Enns**, director of MCC disabled people's concerns, was awarded the United Nations Secretary General's citation in December for his contribu-

tion to the UN Decade of Disabled Persons. He is the only Canadian among the 25 people who have received the award over the last two years. Enns, who uses a wheelchair, has been director of MCC Canada's Handicap Concerns and helped found Disabled People's International, a worldwide organization which advocates on behalf of disabled people.



**Ed and Sara Stoesz** of Altona are beginning four-month MCC assignments in Akron. Ed will be working as a repairman for SelfHelp Crafts and Sara as a returns clerk. The Stoeszes are members of Altona Bergthaler Mennonite Church.



**Neil and Susan Wiebe** of Steinbach are beginning two-year MCC assignments in Akron. Neil will be working as driver for Ephrata Social Services and Susan as a clerk/cashier at the SelfHelp Crafts store. The Wiebes previously served with MCC in Akron, with International Guest House in Washington D.C., and with Koinonia in Georgia. Neil received a bachelor's degree in arts and education from the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. Susan received a diploma in Bible from Elim Bible School in Altona. Neil was last employed as a high school teacher in Steinbach. Susan last worked as clerk and cashier in Steinbach. The Wiebes are members of Evangelical Mennonite Church in Steinbach. Their children are Brenda, Dennis, Jolene and Rhonda.



**Valerie J. Penner** of Lowe Farm, most recently of Winnipeg, is beginning a two-year MCC assignment in Winnipeg where she will be working as an administrative assistant for MCC Canada. Penner was last employed as a desk-top production supervisor in Winnipeg. She is a member of Evangelical Mennonite Mission Church in Altona and is associated with the Low Farm Emmanuel Gospel Church. Her parents are Ben and Minnie Penner of Horn-dean.



**Sharon Peters** of Steinbach is beginning a four-month Mennonite Central Committee assignment in Ephrata, Pennsylvania, where she will be working as a waitress and cook in the Self-Help International Tea Room. Peters received a degree in child care from Red River Community College and the Manitoba Child Care Association in Winnipeg. She was last employed as a child care worker at Steinbach Kinsmen Day Nursery. Peters attends Emmanuel Evangelical Free Church in Steinbach. Her mother is Tina Peters of Steinbach.



**Dan Friesen** of Winnipeg is beginning a two-year Mennonite Central Committee assignment in New Orleans,

where he will be working as a social worker for Hope House. Friesen received a bachelor's degree in sociology from University of Winnipeg. He is a member of Portage Avenue Mennonite Brethren Church in Winnipeg. His parents are Anne and John Friesen of Winnipeg.

The following Westgate Mennonite Collegiate students received awards at the Manitoba German Language Contest held in February: **Stephanie Heidenreich** Second Prize (Junior A Category); **Elizabeth Slivinski** Third Prize (Intermediate C); **Christine Neufeld** First Prize (Senior A); **Teresa Cornies**, First Prize (Senior B); **Karen Paquin** Third Prize (Senior C).

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#### **MURP FUND HELPS INNER CITY CONCERNS**

It's a case of Mennonite Urban Renewal Program (MURP) is dead--long live MURP.

A year ago, the unique Winnipeg inner city ministry, which found Christians buying apartment buildings in an effort to provide decent low-cost housing for low income residents, officially disbanded. But its spirit is continuing through a MURP Fund for Inner City Ministry, which will provide financial support to Winnipeg churches and Christian organizations which want to begin inner city ministries.

"We want to encourage local congregations and church groups who have a vision for the inner city to experiment," says Dave Dyck, past president of MURP. "Our commitment to missions overseas and in Canada rings hollow if we don't bring God's Good News to poor people in our inner cities."

At MURP's final meeting in November, 1988, the members agreed to set up the fund, which must be used for inner city ministry in Winnipeg and have a significant self-help component. Mennonite churches, congregations from other denominations and other Christian groups are eligible for financial help. Around \$15-20,000 will be available every year.

The MURP idea grew out of a fel-

lowship group at a suburban Mennonite church--it has often been joked that it was good that the Baptists didn't start the organization. At its peak MURP had around 60 members, owned three inner city apartment buildings and offered a ministry called Housing Plus, which offered counselling and other services to residents. Very little public money was used; all of the buildings were purchased with loans and donations from private individuals.

According to Dyck, one of the main reasons for MURP's disbanding was the difficult nature of the task. "We underestimated how challenging it would be," he says, noting how difficult it was to offer decent low-cost housing in cheap old buildings, which demanded lots of costly repairs. "It was a 'Catch-22'--we could operate buildings we were unhappy about, or raise the rent. Neither option was welcome."

He also points to the problems of "doing inner city work by proxy." Almost all of MURP's members were suburbanites. "Some people have suggested that this model doesn't work," he says. "They're probably right."

Money for the fund comes from interest on funds left over after the sale of MURP's buildings and payment of loans and debts. It is being administered jointly by MCC Manitoba and the Mennonite Foundation.

For more information about the fund, contact: MCC Manitoba, 134 Plaza Drive, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3T 5K9.

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#### **BIBLE SOCIETY OPENS CHAPTER IN MOSCOW**

The Canadian Bible Society and the United Bible Societies welcomes the initiative of Christians in Moscow who formed the first Russian Bible Society in 150 years early this year. The Russian Bible Society was launched by several prominent church and civic leaders, including Alexj Bychkov, head of the Union of Evangelical Christians/Baptists, and Constantin Kharchev, former head of the state council of religious affairs. The Russian Orthodox Church is not a member, although it has taken part in two years

of discussion about formation of a Bible Society.

The new Bible society understands itself "to be in the embryonic stage, and looks forward to the development of a fully inclusive Bible society serving all churches and recognized by all churches."

Both the CBS and UBS welcome efforts by committed Christians in all countries to fulfill the purpose of a Bible society by sharing the Scriptures on the widest possible basis in the appropriate languages and at an affordable price.

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#### **COLLEGE AND CAMPUS CELEBRATE 25 YEARS**

Twenty-five years ago Canadian Mennonite Bible College (CMBC) became an approved teaching centre of the University of Manitoba. Representatives from both schools gathered at the college in early February for a banquet to mark that fact. They not only celebrated the anniversary but also affirmed the continuing good relationship between the two schools.

In October, 1964, the university Senate passed a motion that "CMBC be named an approved teaching centre of the University of Manitoba for the 1964-65 academic year." This meant that CMBC could offer for university credit instruction in selected arts courses. The six courses initially eligible for such "cross-registered" credit were English, German, History, Hellenic Greek, Philosophy and Sociology.

In his historical survey of the connection between the two institutions, Waldemar Janzen, professor of Old Testament and former academic dean of CMBC, characterized the relationship as a "David and Goliath" one, as a "struggle between two uneven partners." For a small, young school with inexperienced administrators to approach the large, well-established public university was indeed a daring move. But "the giant" was "gracious, innovative and creative" in its response to CMBC's request. "And trust between the institutions, their administrations and faculty has continued to grow over

the years," said Janzen.

Keynote speaker for the occasion, Dr. F.G. Stambrook, Vice-President (Academic) and former dean of arts, University of Manitoba, agreed that "the working arrangements and relationships between the schools are exceptionally good."

In his address Stambrook traced the development of negotiations: from a temporary arrangement (1957-59) when student transcripts were evaluated course-by-course for credit; to the 1964 agreement when cross-registered courses were offered on the CMBC campus by CMBC professors; to the present arrangement when students can earn a maximum of 10 credits (two years), selected from 14 different university departments, toward a Bachelor of Arts degree.

According to Stambrook, the university had to overcome several hurdles before it accepted schools like CMBC as teaching centres; the slow-moving bureaucratic machinery of the University and--more significantly--"an understanding of the integrated approach to life and to education which is at the core of the college's objective and its church's mission."

A 1979 report following an in-depth reexamination of the approved teaching centre relationship stated that the "fundamental aim of the university is to seek truth and to disseminate it through publication and teaching." Stambrook maintained that this aim was compatible also with the objectives of CMBC: "to search for truth in a particular setting...to offer its students the initial phase of a university education, in conjunction with its own distinctive program of theological and musical training, and to do this while maintaining its own identity and ethos."

#### DOMESTIC ABUSE IS FOCUS OF MEETING

A conference on domestic violence and sexual abuse is scheduled for November 2 and 3, 1990, in Upland, California. Upland Brethren in Christ Church will host the event.

"Shedding light in darkness: A Men-

nonite and Brethren in Christ response to domestic violence and sexual abuse among us," is being planned by the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) Domestic Violence Task Force, MCC's Committee on Women's Concerns and West Coast MCC.

Ruth Krall, associate professor of religion and psychology and director of peace studies at Goshen College, will be resource speaker. "I'll attempt to help participants, pastors and lay people, address the difficult issues the church is facing internally," says Krall, who did a doctoral dissertation on women's healing after rape.

For more information or to register in the United States, contact MCC West Coast, 1010 G Street, Reedley, CA 93654; phone (209) 638-6911. In Canada contact MCC Canada Domestic Violence Task Force, Box 1291, Winkler Manitoba, R6W 4B3; phone (204) 325-7514.

#### COMING EVENTS:

**March 24th:** CMBC Oratorio Choir, Maryland Christian Centre

**March 25th:** CMBC Oratorio Choir, First Presbyterian Church, Brandon.

**April 10th:** Westgate German Banquet, 7:00 pm, First Mennonite Church.

**April 13:** First Mennonite Church Senior Choir, Good Friday Program, Bach, Mozart, and Schubert; 7:00 p.m.

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# Trajchtmoakasch

Fonn Agnes Waul

Dee menschlijcha Kjarpa ess emma en bätje een Rotsel. Dee Docktasch weete je aul fäl, weens fäl mea aus dee measchte Mensche, oba Aules weete see uck nijch. Daut wudde see uck fuats toostone, jleew etj. Eenen kkleenen äwagloowe wäjjen dee Jesuntheit ha' Lied doawäjjen doch onn dentje sitj aulahaunt Meddel ut toom jesunt woare. Dee Oatje Hiebatsche säd mol too'm Dockta, "Tee fonn aufjekoakte Gräpfrutschale ess aum baste fe mienem Blutdruck. Etj drintj jieda Dach tsemorjes onn tseowents eene Taus foll ut."

Dee Dockta wist je daut dee Tee äa nuscht schode wudd. "Daut kjenn jie uck doone," meend'a, "Oba miene Pelle, dee näm jie doawäjjen doch soo wieda enn, jo?"

Doa wea uck jewesse Meditsien, nijch soone fomm Dockta, dee wea enn jieda Hüs. Easchtens, Liniment. Dee wea emma doa; je dolla dee stunk, je bäta wear'a. Alpentjreita worde ennjename wann eena hoatliefijch wea. Dee Alpentjreita schmatjt eenje soo scheen daut see dee uck ennaume wann an nuscht wea. Etj head mol doa wea Schnaups enn Alpentjreita benne oba daut woat woll schlaichtet Jepluda senne. Etj weens jleew daut nijch.

Onse Mama koft emma een Schmää daut wea fe aules. Daut stunk ernoa no Menthol onn wea sea backrijch. Mama rubbled ons daut oppe Brost wann wie fetjilt weare onn puakst ons daut enne Näs wann wie Schnopp haude. Mie kaum daut soo fäa dise Saulw wort niemols aula, wiels Mama koft emma fresche fomm Watkinsmaun jieda Mol wann hee kaum. Etj kunn dän Watkinsmaun doawäjjen uck nijch liede. Wuarom koft Mama nijch Wundaeej, soont aus dee Nobasch haude? Daut weens stunk nijch soo ferjchtalijch. Wann wie mett däm

Watkinschmää ennjerräwe weare, kaum ons kjeen Mensch dijchtbie onn onse Frind kjrääjldde ons. Onse Fiend säde soogoa Stintjkaut.

Auf onn too kaum doa uck mol een Meditsienmaun mett nieutjefungne, brune Flissijtheit enne Buddel onn hee boot dee aulen fe sea billijch aun, wiels hee Menschefrint wea onn daut nijch aunseene kunn wann wää Weedoag haud. Hee haud soo een Jaumahoat onn Mettliet fe dee Lied woone soo fäl hanhoole muste, säd'a. Doawäjjen haud hee uck ditt groosojte Heelmeddel entdatjt. Daut kost bloos een Dolla. Diss Maun kaum jeweelijch no'm Fäär enn Aultoona, wann doa een schooftje Mensche opp'm Klompe weare. Doa funge sitj dann emma soone, dee Noot liede muste onn hee wort fäl fonn sienem brunen Jucks loos.

Wann aul fonn Meditsien jerädt woat, mott dee eene Sort onnbedinjt nijch ütjelote woare. Dise oat Liniment heet Oppedelldock. Mett Oppedelldock, säd Trajchtmoaka Sawautstje emma, doamett must pienijch jeschmät woare wann enne trajchtjemoakt wea. Mett Oppedelldock schmääre onn omm twee Wätj wada no am kome onn sitj noseene lote. Mett Oppedelldock onn räajelmäsijch no'm Trajchtmoaka gone kunn een Mensch opp een langet Läwe räatjne.

Nu kom wie no dee Trajchtmoakasch, een Aundeel fonne Jesuntheit. See sennt een grootet Poat fonn onse Mennische Kultua onn fonn däm Sträwe no een jesundet Läwe. Trajchtmoakasch muste senne onn sennt uck emma needijch. Onse Lied ha' dee fonn dentjstiede aun jebuckt wann see toonijcht weare. Wiels Menniste soo sea rackre, woare see ea toonijcht aus aundre. Etj stal mie fäa, dautet doawäjjen uck soo fäl

Trajchtmoakasch mank onse Lied jeft. Ütjeleat sennt see nijch besondasch, see ha' daut fleijcht jeorwe. Maunjchmol ha' see daut enne Finjasch. Oba dee measchte jleewe, daut ess an jejäft worde. Onn wiels an daut jejäft worde ess, kjenne see daut uck nijch aufsaje.

Trajchtmoaka Sawautstje kjannde see wiet onn breet aula. Ea irjent wää no'm Dockta wankt, jintj hee eascht mol no Trajchtmoaka Sawautstje. Hee wea je uck eene sort Oatst. Hee kjnibbled en bätje aune Feet ooda Jnetj ooda aune Schul'a onn daut holp dann uck. Wann nijch, onn wann 'et nijch fonn selfst bäta wort, ooda wann dee Mensch nijch storf, dann kunn eena je noch emma no'm Dockta. Biem Trajchtmoaka wea daut sheena. Daut Scheene wea, hee deed sitj nijch ditj onn hee leet sitj Tiet, no dee Mensche too horjche. Dee Trajchtmoaka sure wudd Jeschijchte fetale kjenne, wann hee daut wull. No Trajchtmoaka Sawautstje weare dee Lied uzhent hinjaraun onn hee haud daut sea drock. Dee Lied kaume fonn soo wiet auf aus Texas onn fruage wua hia Doctka Sawautstje wond. Bie am saut emma dee Grootestow foll Mensche onn wachte bott hee fe an Tiet haud onn an fickse kunn. Sawautstje säd an waut an schod. Eenem weare dee Koppschiewe rauf jerutscht, däm Aundren wea daut Lief meist ommjetjept, dee Dreedda haud eenen sea schlemmen Ridje. Sawautstje haud enn aul siene Joare aus Oatst noch niemals soonen prosten Ridje jeseene. "Goot daut jie jekome sennt," säd'a. "Nu kaun etj junt fuats halpe. Dee Weedoag woat enndäm wajch senne. Jleeft mie daut mau."

Onn dee Lied jleewde am daut onn dee Noot wea boolt wajch. See fetalde aundre woo fäl diss Trajchtmoake an jeholpe haud. Soont rät sitj runt.

Oba nijch bloos enn sienem Hus wea Sawautstje meisst soo aus Oatst. Nā, hee wea uck aundawāajen flietijch. Maunjchmol, weens so wort mie jesajcht, kaum hee uck nom Krankehus onn moak doa wām trajcht, soogoa soone, waut see oppereat haude onn uck soone waut jrod een Bābe jehaut haude. Hee fetald dee Lied emma daut see sea scheen emm Krankehus onn fomm Dockta onn Nurse behandelt worde, oba trajchtjemoakt must doawāajen doch noch. Hee betjijt bie dise Jelāajenheit uck fuats dee niee Bābes onn wiels dee Nurse am dee nijch jāwe wudde, sād hee dee Mames see sulle āa Kjint so boolt aus māajlich no am brinje. Daut must fuats nojesocht. Eena kunn nijch too schwind aurfange mett dee Trajchtmoakerie.

Enne goode, oole Tiet jinje dee Frues nijch emm Bearpara. Nevers nijch. Dee Manna weare donn noch Baus. Trajchtmoaka Sawautstje wea oba nijch 'ne Fru onn kunn doa nenn. Jie motte mie oba rajcht festone. Hee jintj doa nijch nenn wiels hee een Supknüst wea, nā, nā. Hee wea aullet aundre aus een Supa. Etj weet nijch mol, aus am Bea scheen schmatjt. Hee haud eenen fāl hejchren Grunt doa nenn too gone aus sitj mol jescheit eent benāwle. Hee jintj, Mensche too halpe, soone woone feschiedne Krankheite haude, fielleijcht daut see stomre muste ooda soogoa Feitsdauns haude. Wann Sawatstje emm Bearpara nenn kaum fruach hee aul aune Dāa, "Ess hia wea toonijcht ooda krank?"

Doa wea emma wāa dee sitj mald. Sawautstje knjibbled am dann aum Ridje unjerm Hamd onn boolt wea dee Maun oppjefickst. Maunjchmol must Sawautstje sitj eene Kukurusoa too help nāme wann dee Mensch besondasch fāl Weedoag haud onn schentlijch toonijcht wea, nijch bloos een bātje. Dee Kukurusoa haud Sawautstje sitj aul fāasejchtshaulwe mettjebrocht, wann hee dee opplatst brucke wudd. Wuatoo dee Oa besondasch goot senne sull weet etj nijch. Easchtens mott jie nijch fejāte daut see mie nijch emm Bearpara nenn leete onn tweedens sie etj kjeen Knoakenoatst. Etj ha' dise Jeschijcht fonn Sawautstje mau soo fonne Sied

jeheat onn dann noch fonn eenen Maun dee sea goot oppschniede kaun.

Oba mien Oom Hendritj, dee ess nijch een Oppschnieda ooda Aunjaāwa. Hee fetald mie daut doa Frājoa enn Russlaunt dee Lijchtfeldscha Wieb jewont haud. Dee wea dee basta Trajchtmoaka dān daut jeef. Bie dām stunde foaken weens twalw Foatijcha opp'em Hoff onn luade bott see bie dām Knoakenoatst aukome wudde. Doa wort uck fetald daut Trajchtmoaka Wieb aul dān Hoff āwre Gauss jekoft haud soo daut siene Kunde doa oppfoare kunne. Hiafonn jeit aul auntoonāme daut Wieb sea bekaunt onn beriemt wea. Oba daut wea noch lang nijch aules. Soogoa dee ruscha Kjeisa haud fonn disem Trajchtmoaka jeheat, fetald Oom Hendritj. Onn wua haud hee daut hāa? Aule mennische Lied too dee Tiet rāde doafonn onn kunne āa Wunda meist nijch lote woo butajeweenlijch goot diss Mensch wea.

Kratjt woo dee Kjeisa fonn Wieb jeheat haud wist Kjeena. Kjeisasch finje fālet ut waut aundre Lied nijch emma weete. Doawāajen sennt see āwent Kjeisa. Dee ruscha Kjeisa haud sienen ājnen Tsuchwagonn onn mett dām joach hee enn Russlaunt romm. Eenmol stunt diss Tsuchwagonn biem Wocksal enn Fijodrowka. Onn fonn doa schetjte see no Knoakendockta Wieb onn hee bleef uck lang enn dām Wagonn ea hee wada enn sienem Droschtje no Hus foa. Waut doa fāajintj mett dee Kjeisafamielje, doafon rād dee Trajchtmoaka nijch. Kjeisaknoakes kjemmre kjeenen waut. Oom Hendritj wundad noch bott fonndoag dān Dach wāa doa aula haud kunnt benne senne onn wāa doa toonijcht jewāse wea. Dee Kjeisasche, āare Māatjes, ooda soogoa dee kranka Troonfolja? Ooda noch wāa utem Odel? Haft dee Wieb āwahaupt wām oppjefickst? Haft hee opplatst wertlijch dān ruschen Kjeisa jekjnibbled?

Etj wunda nu mau bloos wāa dee basta Trajchtmoaka jewāse ess, Wieb enn Russlaunt ooda Sawautstje enn Kanada? mm

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### "Good Friday Love" is the most difficult kind because it doesn't keep score

*"I watched many executions on the cross. They were gruesome but fascinating, because you could actually see how people died. Most of the poor fellows fought in terror against their fate, until they were released by death. Not one accepted death serenely, though friends of mine claim that they once observed such a death in Jerusalem."* (The words of a Roman observer, in one of the lost books of Josephus).

#### Dialogue With a Friend: 1990

You my friend, have come to me with an unusual suggestion: you want to talk about love. You have already mentioned that something related to love has recently hurt you, but you don't want to begin with your hurt. Instead, you wish to discuss something about love that both fascinates and puzzles you, namely the many different ways in which love may be expressed. Elizabeth Browning counted the ways, I jest. What have you discovered?

Well let's be frank, you reply. Love varies so much even within the space of a single day.

I remain silent, because you obviously want to go on.

There is what may be called "evening love," you continue, a quiet, hand-in-hand, after-dinner love, which on a cool summer evening's walk or in the comfort of a warm living room, can be as serene as I always imagined love to be. This is the love that keeps us sane. I nod in wholehearted agreement. You go on.

Evening love may or may not lead to night-time love, which is incredibly different. You explain how you have often marvelled at the difference, and are embarrassed even to talk about it. Night-time love is flesh and lust love, throaty, joyous, springs creaking, thigh-slapping, moist love. This is dangerous, out-of-control love, driving to ecstasy. This is the most-together love, the most alone love.

But then, what a different world, and what a different love, morning brings! Feet grope for slippers, the bathroom light jolts the eyes, which find no solace in the harsh mirror. One stumbles to duty, to the mundane tasks of household love. This is table-setting, grapefruit-cutting, snow-shovelling love, as different from nighttime love as the person who staggers into the bathroom behind you. Is this still the same person; is it still the same love?

Would you want it to be all the same, I ask? No, you reply, but I sometimes have trouble seeing the connections.

There is another kind of love, I remark. What is that you

ask? You might call it "Good Friday" love. It is as contradictory as the other loves you have mentioned. This is daytime, working love, that must deal with the world as it is: with all of its wonderful creativity and generous deeds, as well as its terrible injustices. This love sides instinctively with the underdog and reacts angrily, even with force if necessary, to all acts of unfairness. At the same time, at its very core, Good Friday love is imbued with a remarkable serenity. This may stem in part from its ultimate acceptance of the world and all its ambiguities. However, this serenity also has its source in the unique ability of the lover to transform a natural human concern for self into a profound, utterly sincere, concern for others. Only thus can one explain its indignation at injustice suffered by others, and its acceptance of injustice directed at itself.

But wait!, you interject (just as I thought I was going well). Are you suggesting that such a love requires a denial of self? No, I reply. On the contrary. As Dag Hammarskjöld once observed, this kind of love challenges us to enlarge ourselves so that we can comprehend the interests of others. That may be well and good, you reply, but there is still a problem here. There are hurts, even small ones, that one shouldn't accept serenely. It just isn't possible or fair. Those who do the hurting shouldn't be let off too easily.

This remark reminds me of a hurt that you mentioned at the beginning of our discussion. Tell me about it now.

Well, it was rather mundane, you begin, but it has disturbed me.

I was in a supermarket a few weeks ago and ran into a woman whom I thought I knew. I greeted her effusively, as I have a tendency to do, only to discover that I didn't really know her. She gave me a cold glance, as much as to say that she thought I was coming on to her, and walked coldly by. I suppose I couldn't blame her. But then, just last week, I met another woman in the same supermarket whom I also thought I knew. Her husband had been a colleague at work, and we got together off and on. A few years ago they separated and he moved to another province. She came to see me a few times about job opportunities, but I hadn't seen her now for more than two years. When I saw her in the supermarket I felt immediately that it was her, and gave her a glance of recognition. However, she had changed profoundly and a second glance convinced me that it wasn't her. Maybe it was caution, brought on by the earlier encounter,

## MORE OUR WORD

but in any case I decided in that split second that I had better not greet her. After we passed I paused for a moment and checked my impulse. On reflection I was more sure than ever that it hadn't been her. This unbelievably sad, this older person simply couldn't be her!

Well, I have since discovered that I was wrong again. A few days ago I received a letter from her, which has hurt me deeply. She says that I obviously recognized her in the store, and deliberately snubbed her. She thinks that my behaviour was incredibly rude, and demands an apology. I am sorry for what happened, but I also think her letter is unfair. I didn't deliberately snub her, and there is no reason for me to apologize. So what are you going to do? Well, you retort angrily, I will write back to her, and there are a number of things I will say. Such as? First, she has no business accusing me of snubbing her when I honestly didn't recognize her. Second, she should have had the courtesy to ask for an explanation, not an apology. Third, and here is the punch line: if she is the liberated woman that she has often said she intends to be, why didn't she greet me? She acknowledges in her letter that she recognized me. Why did she snub me? I have even more right to complain than she has.

You have a pretty good case, I acknowledge. But have you asked yourself why she didn't do the "liberated" thing, why she can't see the logic of your position and the unfairness of her own? It seems to me that she has been deeply hurt and has become too bitter and angry to recognize the injustice she is inflicting on you. The only question is, how should you respond?

Well, you retort, her being hurt doesn't give her a right to hurt others. I can't deny that, but I wish you would think about it some more before you write to her.

You have to leave, and anyway, all that I had been trying to say about Good Friday love seems academic now. It is hard to put into practice. But a few days later, very early, you call. Here is what I am writing to her, you say, and you read the few words. "Dear....I am sorry that I upset you the other day. When we met in the supermarket I thought at first that it was you; that is why I stopped and looked. However, on second glance I genuinely felt that it wasn't you. I don't know why, but that is the truth. Despite my doubt, I should have taken the chance and greeted you, and I apologize for not doing so. Please be assured that I would never want to snub you. Yours as always..."

I listen to your letter with great interest. I must admit that your early morning call annoyed me, but it is Good Friday, and I was going to get up soon anyway.

-- Roy Vogt

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# YOUR 1989 INCOME TAX RETURN

## WHERE CAN I GO FOR HELP WITH MY TAX RETURN?

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Revenue Canada produces a variety of special guides for people with different income situations. There's an employment

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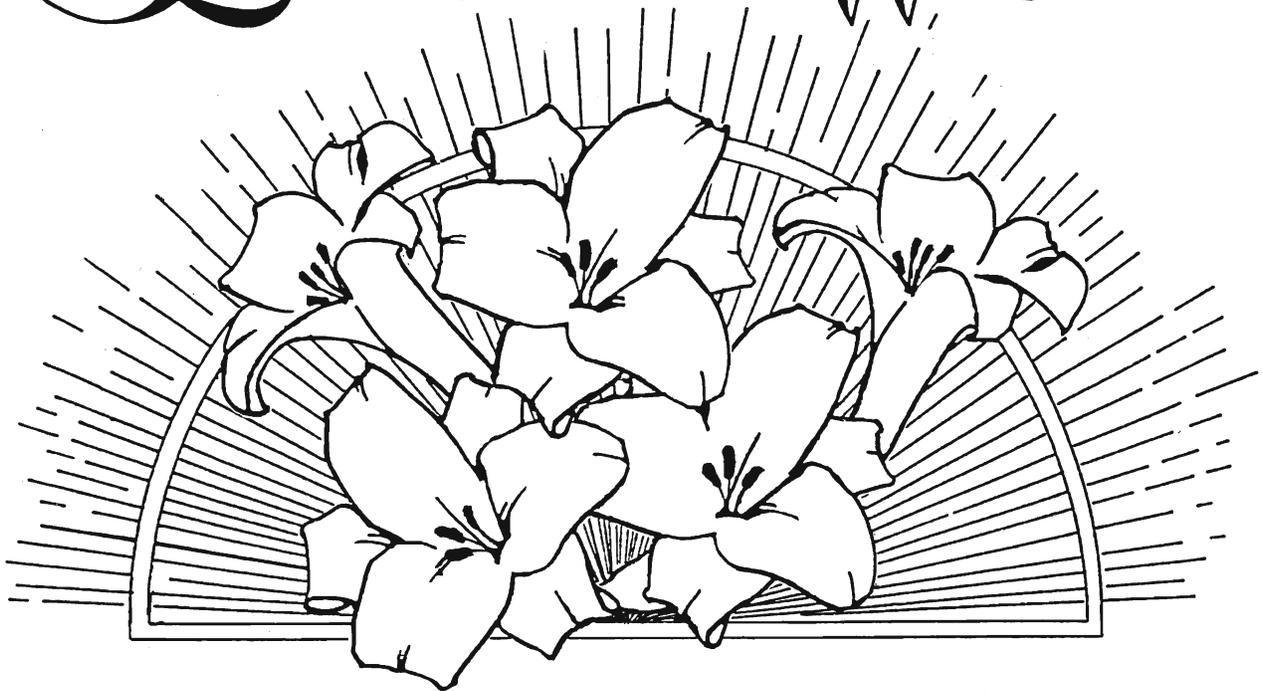
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