



JULY/AUGUST 2015, VOLUME 2 EDITION 7

# Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

## A Time for Everything

**1 To every thing there is a season,  
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:**

**2 A time to be born, and a time to die;  
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which  
is planted;**

**3 A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
a time to break down, and a time to build up;**

**4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;**

**5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather  
stones together;  
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from  
embracing;**

**6 A time to get, and a time to lose;  
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;**

**7 A time to rend, and a time to sew;  
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;**

**8 A time to love, and a time to hate;  
a time of war, and a time of peace.**

“I have seen that there is nothing  
better than for a person to enjoy  
his activities because that is his reward.”  
*Ecc. 3:22 NIV*

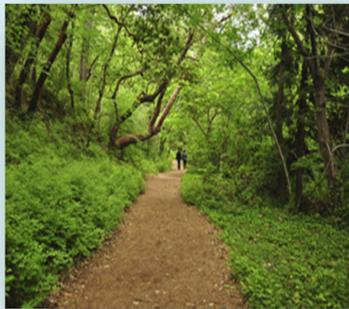
# SUMMER FAVOURITE ACTIVITIES

We enjoy going for a swim in Simcoe park (fountain) after dinner. Usually followed with a stroll down Queens Parade. **Scott & Yvonne Vanderlee**



We have fun riding our bikes, going for walks & swimming. Actually, any family activity that involves all of us is fun! **Anita & Jeff Friesen**

Walking in the woods or a park where I can enjoy God's creation -- the birds, the flowers, the trees, the blue sky, the wind in my face. **Martha Bartel**



Here are a few **summery thoughts**.

1. **Summers past:** When I was a child, our Bartel family 'tribe' would meet on Sunday afternoons for water fun at Lion's Beach, which is now Queen's Royal Park. The water was safe to swim in then and there was a wide stretch of nice sand. The Lions Club operated a snack bar there too, where we could get fresh-cut fries in a paper cone, and of course, popsicles. Uncle Jake would bring his boat and try to teach all of us to water-ski. My Dad patiently taught us to swim. We laughed and played with cousins all afternoon. Moms provided delicious picnic suppers. Sleepy, sand-covered kids were carried home at sunset. Great memories!



2. **Summers now:** We love to spend days at the beach (thank-you Rudy Enns!), jet-skiing and tubing with our KidZ (our son, daughter-in-law, and 2 grandsons) The boys love to 'treasure hunt' with Grampi; either diving for golf balls or following the beeps on the metal detector.

3. **A perfect summer night wished for:** Dining on a waterfront deck, with good friends or family, great live music, with low humidity and no bugs, and maybe even fireworks later!!! (Hey, it's my fantasy!) **Marlene Heidebrecht**.

### Summer Fun at the Friesens:

**Mike:** Baseball    **Jack:** ATV Riding    **Claire:** Butterflies

**Lukas:** Wearing Shorts    **Anneliese:** Going to Temagami/ No Snowsuits

My favourite summer activity is camping with our kids. I'm not so keen on tenting anymore but I do love our little pop-up coleman trailer. Just getting out into the trees and smelling campfires and the lake and playing games on the picnic table makes me happy. Going down to the lake and looking at the stars at midnight just brings the awesomeness of God that much closer. Sitting in front of a campfire is something I can do for hours . **Linda Pankratz**

We love camping! We have made many fond memories camping with friends and family, and we are excited to begin a new camping season! **Rick & Becky Bartel Family**

My favourite summer activity is going camping where I can go swimming every morning. I love going for walks in the woods, canoeing when the water is calm and sitting at the campfire. Best, when other family members, specially grandchildren are there too. We have a little A-liner trailer, that sleeps very cozy in every weather.

Now I don't have to prepare for a big family, just the two of us. That makes things much easier. But it always was fun being together in the outdoors.

I think Hans would say the same things, maybe not the swimming when the water is cold. **Ingrid Dau**



Both Al and I grew up camping in the summers with our families. In our family, even the "alte" Omas would jump in the old station wagon and come camping with us from time to time! When Katrina was little, we camped in a tent for the first 10 years, then moved up to a tent trailer for 10 years, and now have a trailer with a few more luxuries. We also continue to go canoe camping and really enjoy it!

Camping gets you out multiple times during the summer and you get to see new places. The rest of my siblings and families often camp with us, and Oma and Opa, who gave up camping only a couple of years ago, still come for the day when we are close enough. Camping has provided many wonderful memories, and we hope to have many more!! **Ruth Willms**



Tent camping. **Chistine Esau**

Having the grandchildren at the beach house. **Erika Froese**

We enjoy the use of our cottage on Lake Erie throughout the summer. The property is only 50 minutes away so our family visits often. Some for an afternoon, some for a day and some for the weekend. We have a great time together! **Rick Froese**

Our favourite summer activity is going camping at Mikisew Provincial Park. We have been going there when our children were toddlers, and we still go now, no other park will do for Gertraut. It is quiet, nothing special going on. Usually we find a spot near the water, and the view is very familiar by now. The perfect place for having Mate very early in the morning. Also being at Meriset, Rick and Erika's place on Lake Erie and playing there with the great- grandchildren; life could not be better. **Gunnar Doerwald**



Get-togethers with family for barbecues & fun. **Marlies Boldt**

Our favourite summer activity used to be renting a cottage at Chesley Lake and inviting our children and grandchildren to spend time with us.

The grandchildren were allowed to bring a friend. It was a wonderful time for all of us, playing and bonding together. Our youngest grandson liked it so much, he said, "when I am an Opa I will do the same".

~ **Hannelore Enss**

Our favourite activity is lying in the shade on the hammock in our backyard with a good book and a freezie.

**Dave & Rachael Peters**



Our favourite summer activities are going to the cottage with family and friends. Also, cycling around town and up the Parkway to Walker's Fruit Stand for a delicious ice cream cone!

**John & Lucy Harder**



**And what do the kids like best about summer?**

Going camping ~ **Jacob**

Swimming ~ **Vanessa**



Going camping ~ **Elias**

Wearing shorts ~ **Lukas**

ATV riding ~ **Jack**

Going camping too ~ **Avery**

Butterflies ~ **Claire**

Going camping also ~ **Joshua**

Having more time to play with friends ~ **Kristian**



### **Prayer for Playing**

As children, as young people, and as adults  
we thank you God for time to rest and play!  
Help us to choose activities in our leisure time  
that re-create us and diminish no one.

Tune into TV programs with us.

Listen to music with us.

Surf websites with us.

Play sports with us.

Party with us.

Watch movies with us.

Enjoy our hobbies with us.

Read magazines and books with us.

Be a guest in every chat-room we frequent  
and a spectator of every game we play.

We invoke your presence as  
Immanuel, God-with-us, this week as we play,  
in Jesus' name, Amen.

~ Carol Penner

## Why I Love Canoeing

I am convinced that most people do not want to go canoeing simply because it seems inconvenient and likely way too much work. Certain demands are made of every canoeist. One must strip one's possessions down to what can be carried on your back. The wilderness traveler must leave behind the conveniences and comforts of home and put themselves to the mercies of wind and weather, not to mention mosquitoes and blackflies. To find oneself in unfamiliar and unpredictable territory is terrifying for many people and something to be avoided. Wilderness travel also takes a fair bit of expertise, practice and planning which are all things that our world of instant gratification and spontaneity tend to avoid.

So why do I go canoeing? I would say that it is precisely for the same reasons others avoid it. I love that fact that I am able to do without the many (far too many) things we deem indispensable in our everyday life. It seems I breathe a sigh of relief when I step out of my car and take that first deep breath of fresh forest air. When the boat is loaded and the first few paddle strokes are behind me, I am one step closer to the basic elements of life that bring me closer to that which is important in life, to refocus on things with meaning and, it seems, to be one step closer to God - the creator of heaven and earth.



One of the things that has given me much joy over the years is to share this experience with others. I have been part of canoe trips with many people, young and old. My own children have been canoeing with us since they were 6 months old. Others have been in their seventies already. I have seen the wonder in their eyes, the softening of hard edges brought on by the cares of life. I have seen the whining and complaining of youth replaced by the pride of accomplishment, the frenzied hyper-active busyness of our regular life replaced by a calm serenity, and all of this in only a few days. I am convinced that that is why Jesus too went into the gardens, woods and

wilderness of His land, to refocus, re-energise, to be closer to the Father.

On a canoe trip I find it easier to listen to God. I am, after all, sitting in the middle of His creation. You could call it the original cathedral. What will God say to me this time? Sometimes it is nothing at all; as if He says just to sit and enjoy or "use your imagination - know what I want to tell you already". Other times it may be significant, a thought, a glimpse of wisdom beyond what I can account for on my own. I also find it easier to share with those who travel with me. Sitting around a campfire is like the best therapy. I have probably had more significant conversations with

people in such settings than in the comforts of home. But overall, I just love to be in the wilderness. I want to listen for, in the words of the late Bill Mason, the "...song of the land. The singing isn't as loud as it used to be. But you can still hear it in the wind....in the silence of the misty morning....in the drip of the water from the tip of a paddle. The song is still here if you know how to listen." [Bill Mason, Song of the Paddle]



Every September we plan a Men's Canoe trip somewhere into Ontario's Near North (Haliburton, Muskoka or such). This year the tentative date is Sept. 18-20. Come join us and see if you can hear the song.

Happy paddling.

Joachim Dau

P.S.

If you'd like some more inspiration to go, here are a few links to encourage you to do so.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UUiw9hDWhGk> Daryl Phillips (Cedarhaus Films)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MqDmk6EE77g> Kevin Callan video (part 1 of 5) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Dq7CqhbzPUs>

Bill Mason, "Waterwalker" N



## From Despair to Happiness

### *Part 3, and conclusion of My Childhood Life Story – Wilhelm Harder*

Proverbs 3:6 “In all your ways acknowledge God, and He will make straight your paths.”

**M**y last story ended that we did not know where our father was during our stay with the Polish people on the farm in the small village of Heubuden, West Prussia.

During the early part of April 1946, another unusual event occurred. My brother Herbert was relocated to another farm in a nearby village. A very sad occasion for both of us. We were sad to be separated, but it was not our choice, nor did we understand why this took place. Now I was left alone, sleeping in our small room. I remember sitting on the steps at the back of the house, mostly on Sunday evenings, looking beyond the garden towards the street, and crying out: “Dad, where are you, why don’t you come and get us?” (He did not even know where we were at that time.)

But God has mysterious ways as he watches out and protects his children. In early May 1946, an elderly man appeared at the farm. It was our neighbor from Halbstadt, Mr. Thiessen, who once owned the farm next to ours. The Thiessens now lived in a small house not far from Halbstadt. Living with them was one of their daughters, as well as a young woman, Gerda Driedger. Later on, she would become our guardian, a substitute mother. Mr. Thiessen picked up my brother in another village, and together we went to the Thiessen dwelling. Now we finally were able to live as a family. Mr. Thiessen taught me to pray the Lord’s Prayer. Every night before going to bed, that was our prayer.

After living with the Thiessens for about 4 months, it was decided that we must all leave, hopefully to Germany. Early one morning, almost in darkness, we boarded a train, heading for Dirschau (Tezew). There we were ordered off the train, robbed of many of our meager possessions, and taken to jail. After 3 days, we were released, and by train shipped to Danzig. Here we were placed in a large building with many other Germans. Unfortunately, we were separated from the Thiessens, and now Gerda took over looking out for us and protecting us. Gerda was about 25 years old at the time.

In late November we were put on a train again, our destination somewhat in doubt, but we were heading west. In early December we arrived in the city of Sonneberg, (Thuringia), in what was then the Russian Zone. Due to a breakout of some epidemic, the building we were staying in was locked up and no one could leave. Finally, in early March of 1947, we were released and transported by train to the British Zone of Germany. For some time now, our father was aware that we were coming. Our meeting place was to be the railway station in Hamburg. He already had lived near Hamburg for a while. Then, in the early morning hours of March 6, 1947, we finally got to meet our father on the platform of the railway station. My first words to him were; “Now we will never part again”. We cried. We had not seen each other for over 2 years. We said goodbye to Gerda, and she travelled to meet with her relatives. Her father had died, and her mother’s whereabouts were still unknown.

By now I was almost 12 years old. For more than 2 years we did not attend any school. In retrospect, I realize we missed a good portion of a normal childhood. God was and always is present with us, in the darkest days of the past and in times of happiness later!



**This bench sits on the sidewalk on Queen St. in Niagara-on-the-Lake.**



## A time of waiting!

It is with thankfulness that we can tell the story of our Kathryn. While attending Brock University, she was volunteering in the cardiac lab as a research assistant during cardiac assessments. Near the end of the year, Kathryn asked one of the researchers to take her blood pressure to fill the time between participants. While obtaining her blood pressure, he noticed a skip beat every seventh/eighth beat. They hooked Kathryn up to an ECG machine and tried to diagnose the arrhythmia.

To follow up, our family doctor ordered an ECG. Her cardiologist confirmed it was a prolonged QT interval and decided to order a stress test and echocardiogram. (*Long QT syndrome (LQTS) is a disorder of the heart's electrical activity. It can cause sudden, uncontrollable, dangerous arrhythmias (ah-RITH-me-ahs) in response to exercise or stress. Arrhythmias are problems with the rate or rhythm of the heartbeat.*).

There was no problem with her stress test. However, during the echo, it was discovered that Kathryn had an atrial septal defect. (*ASD - is a hole in the part of septum that separates the atria or upper chambers of the heart. This heart defect allows oxygen-rich blood from the left atrium to flow across the atrial septum into the right atrium instead of flowing down to the left ventricle as it should. This is inefficient because oxygen-rich blood gets pumped back to the lungs, where it has just been, instead of going to the body.*).

As she was moving to Calgary for her Masters in epidemiology, her medical reports were forwarded to Edmonton. Kathryn was told to ensure this procedure was done so she wouldn't "fall through the cracks" and to get a family physician in Calgary.

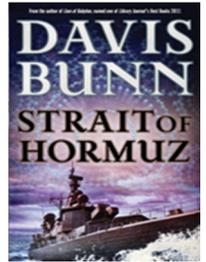
Her new family physician consulted a cardiac surgeon in Calgary. An answer to prayer came in April when Kathryn had an amplatz cardiac device inserted. We are very thankful that the procedure was successful. Kathryn's ASD is now 100% closed. We are so appreciative of the prayers, calls, cards and flowers. We would like to express our thanks for the support of our church family. The Wiens Family

~ submitted by Karen Wiens

## BOOK CORNER

Here are some book suggestions for summertime reading.

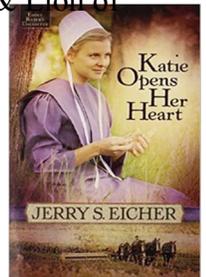
Davis Bunn  
Marc Royce Adventures  
**Strait of Hormuz**



“A phone call from the US State Department puts Marc Royce again on assignment – ferreting out rumors of clandestine operation stretching from Asia to the Mideast. At stake is Iran’s threat to blockade the Strait of Hormuz, cutting off vital shipping routes and escalating global tensions. A small team gathers around Royce – a single objective against multiple enemies”

Other books in this series are Rare Earth & Lion of Babylon.

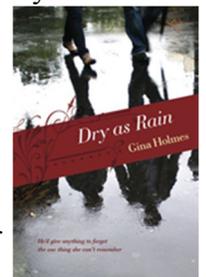
Jerry S Eicher  
Emma Raber’s Daughter  
**Katie Opens Her Heart**



“Katie Raber is looking for more in life ... Katie is known in the community as just “Emma Raber’s daughter”. And that’s not a compliment. Emma is considered “strange” and unapproachable by most of those who know her, having withdrawn from community life after the death of Katie’s daett. Only a change of hearts – both Emma’s & Katie’s – can bring happiness to the two women.”

Other books in this series are Katie’s Journey to Love & Katie’s Forever Promise.

Gina Holmes  
**Dry as Rain**



“When Eric & Kyra Yoshida first met, they thought their love would last forever. But like many marriages, theirs gradually crumbles, one thoughtless comment & misunderstanding at a time, until the ultimate betrayal pushes them beyond reconciliation. Though Eric longs to reunite with Kyra, the only woman he has truly loved, he has no idea how to repair the damage that’s been done.

A richly engaging story of betrayal & redemption. Dry as Rain illuminates with striking emotional intensity the surprising truth of what it means to forgive.

Other books by Gina Holmes are Crossing Oceans & Driftwood Tides.

## Lorenz Gutzeit

**T**o continue our feature of NUMC artists, we asked John Rempel to interview Lorenz Gutzeit.

*J. Let's talk about your early life, and the role art played in it.*

L. I was born in Hamburg in 1926 to Lorenz and Charlotte Scheller. I have 3 siblings – one brother and 2 sisters. My father had attended a prestigious art academy in Paris, and it is from him I've inherited my artistic inclinations. Both my parents were very busy with a porcelain import/export business which they had inherited from my grandmother, Harms – actually a common Mennonite name. Maids and nannies looked after our home and us children. We were Lutheran, but church, and religion played no role in our lives. I remember my grandmother had a bible and we sometimes accompanied her to a Lutheran church on special occasions.

*J. As a family, did you talk about art in your home?*

L. No, we didn't talk about art, but there was much art in our home, mostly porcelain figurines. My father did some sculpting and painting, but he never taught me anything, even though, I liked to draw from a very early age.

*J. What kind of school did you attend?*

L. After four years of private primary school, run by a businessmen's association, my parents enrolled me in a gymnasium at age 10. Here we had to study, among other subjects, Latin and English. I especially enjoyed the art classes during my first year there because the teacher recognized my artistic talents and did not expect me to follow the curriculum but allowed me to express my own creativity. In subsequent years, however, my teachers did not allow such independence. It was during my early years at the gymnasium that my father left for military duties as an instructor and my parents divorced. I only saw my father once after that. I took the name of my stepfather, Gutzeit, with whom I did not have a very good relationship. His whole life was military, and he treated us accordingly. As far as he was concerned the pursuit of art was a waste of time.

*J. You were 13 when the war started. How did that affect you?*

L. All school children were evacuated from Hamburg to Sachsen. Here, I continued my education at a gymnasium. At age 16, all boys had to undergo rigorous physical examination by military personnel. From now on our studies were interrupted off and on and we had to attend pre-military camps and work camps. During this time I worked in the

forestry industry and developed sailing skills in the Chiemsee.

In late 1943 I was called for comprehensive training for duties on a destroyer. Having grown up in Hamburg, I loved ships and I was happy to be in the navy. In 1944, I

began my service on the destroyer Erich Steinbrink. I was a member of an 8-man team that operated one of the five cannons.

Firing a cannon on a destroyer is very complicated. My job was to put the cartridge into the barrel of the cannon. Lucky for me, the war was over before we had to engage in combat. Life on a destroyer can be very boring and sailors are asked to do all sorts of menial work. Fortunately, my trainer recognized my artistic talent and often asked me to perform tasks such as designing Christmas cards and painting First Aid boxes.

*J. What happened after the war?*

L. First, I spent 18 weeks in a British prisoner of war camp in Germany. Since art school was out of the question, at the insistence of my stepfather I apprenticed as a furniture sales person. I did not like this job and enrolled in an agricultural school. After completing the required courses and apprenticeship, I decided to make Canada my home because it was impossible to buy a farm in Germany.

In March of 1954 I arrived in Halifax and was taken by train to a farm near London. In Canada, I worked a number of different jobs: farming, GM, construction (framing), and boat building (C & C Yachts).

Throughout my life I found time for my favourite pastime: creating something with my hands – painting, sketching, carving, etc.

*J. Let's talk more specifically about your artwork. I see you have many paintings, but also charcoal sketches and wood carvings. Do you have a preference?*

L. I enjoy painting the best, especially with acrylic paint since it dries very quickly.

*J. What are your favourite themes – landscapes, portraits, animals,.....?*

L. I don't have any favourite topics. If something catches my eye I might paint or draw it or even make a carving of it. Take for instance the sailing vessels in those bottles. Maria had some interesting bottles from canned fruit and that gave me the idea of creating something with them. The destroyer is a replica of the Erich Steinbrink.





In 1985, Olga Rempel wrote a collection of children's stories about animals which she asked me to illustrate. The book, which by the way is in our library, is called "*Unsere Freunde, die Tiere.*" Often, I take a photo of something I like and then draw from it. That way I don't miss details, and detail is very important to me. Most of the time inspirations for my daily activities come to me late at night when I go to bed and think about my day.

J. *Why did you join our church?*

L. I joined this church when I married Elisabeth Witt, a member of NUMC. Before that, I had never heard of Mennonites.

J. *You've had some very tragic events happen in your life. You've lost two wives and a daughter. Does art help you overcome such difficult times?*

L. Yes. See this painting of a sailing vessel on a stormy sea. It is about life's struggles, and shows that through faith we can overcome all obstacles.



**Some of Lorenz's art will be displayed in the lower hallway.**

## NUMC's Amazing and Inspiring People at Pleasant Manor

I enjoy spending time with elderly people. I always have, even as a young child. I gravitate towards them with a great desire to greet them. My mother lives at Pleasant Manor. When I go to see her, I see many other residents and always stop to say hello and ask how they are doing that day. We may have a brief conversation about the weather or an upcoming social event at Pleasant Manor, but no matter how short the exchange, I always leave them with a big smile on my face that they put there.

Speaking of smiles, when I joined the church's Photo Directory Committee this year, we realized just how many of our church members live at Pleasant Manor. I didn't think twice about offering to go to Pleasant Manor to make photo appointments with those who were not able to make it to church to sign up. I had gotten to know many of them so much better from my visits with my mother, and I wanted to meet those who I still didn't know very well. It was also very important to the committee and to me that all of our church members were represented in our photo directory. I made it my mission to get our members at Pleasant Manor signed up...

And what a pleasure it was! Some members I would happen to see in the hallways going for a walk, or in the Creekview Link playing games, and we would chat about the directory and we would make an appointment right then and there. Most of the time, I went to the resident's apartment. I would knock on the door and through the door, in German, state who I was and that I was from church. The door would open and I would be greeted with a sweet smile and warm invitation to please come in and sit down. A few times during my "mission", members would be a little unsure or shy about being in the directory. Some even claimed that they "looked too old" to have their picture taken. Nonsense! I would say emphatically. I let the hesitant ones know just how beautiful they are, both inside and out, and how important they are to our church family. They are the foundation and backbone of our church. We also want the younger generations to know who they are and how special they are to us. The church would be so thrilled if they would agree to have their photo taken for the directory. And so photo appointments were made with all of them, much to my (and the committee's) delight!

By signing up our members at Pleasant Manor, I was afforded the wonderful opportunity to engage and spend time with these amazing and inspiring people. They have endured so much in their lives, yet they emit positivity, love and contentment every time I see them. Their grace, strength and resilience are traits to admire, and serve me well when I am feeling overwhelmed with life's stressors. I feel so fortunate to have made so many wonderful connections and to have had so many lovely chats with our church members at Pleasant Manor. I have the utmost love and respect for each and every one of them. **They are a beautiful blessing to our church family!**

Submitted by Christiane Esau

## A look back to this day in our history...

From the August 24, 1986 bulletin: "WELCOME back to Joachim Dau, who spent one year as MCC worker in Germany. We are happy to have you back, Joachim!"

From the August 20, 1995 Bulletin, this announcement: "To all dedicated workers of the D.V.B.S. with the children from Mexico which was held in our church from August 14-18. There were 55 children from 20 families involved. A sincere thank you for your support and your participation in this venture... I trust all of you found this involvement as rewarding as I did. In Christian Service, Therese Bergen."

A Hochzeit announcement from the July 30 1972: "Hochzeit am 29. Juli: Henry Friesen und Linda Dyck."

The July 29, 1979 Bulletin had this announcement: "Welcome Home to John, Kathy, Debbie and Christopher Rempel. John worked as an exchange teacher in Germany for a year. We are glad to have you back with us again."

And the July 29, 1990 bulletin: "'EXPLORING OUR ROOTS" in the auditorium. Today's focus is on The Original Pioneers from Russia before World War II. Next Sunday H.J. Wiens will talk about the Journey of the Prussian Mennonites via Germany after World War II."

## Milestones

*Join us as we celebrate one another's special milestones!*

The following members, who are 80 years of age and older are celebrating birthdays in July & August.

### July Birthdays:

**Gerhard Reimer: 85** (born on July 2, 1930)

**Margaret Warkentin: 87** (born on July 2, 1928)

**Anne Marie Enns: 80** (born on July 4, 1945)

**Ingrid Reimer: 85** (born on July 12, 1930)

**Eleonore Dyck: 82** (born on July 15, 1933)

**Justine Konrad: 92** (born on July 16, 1923)

**Inge Enss: 85** (born on July 17, 1930)

**Helene Nickel: 94** (born on July 18, 1921)

**John Peters: 91** (born on July 23, 1924)

**Mary Epp 87** (born on July 24, 1928)

**Jake Neufeld: 82** (born on July 25, 1933)

**Erna Braun: 81** (born on July 26, 1934)

**Erika Siemens: 80** (born on July 27, 1935)

**Elisabeth Kohn: 89** (born on July 30, 1926)

### August Birthdays

**Carl Neumann:90** (born on August 3, 1925)

**Wilhelm Schimann: 81** (born on August 3, 1934)

**Erika Teichgraf: 89** (born on August 8, 1926)

**Louise Dyck:88** (born on August 17, 1927)

**Hilda Willms:83** (born on August 20, 1932)

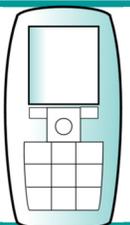
**Ruth-Elisabeth Rempel: 84** (born on August 31, 1931)

**Gary Friesen & Breanne Schultz**  
were married here on  
June 13, 2015.



**10**

Jeff & Anita Friesen **no longer** have a home phone number.  
Please contact them on their mobile devices:  
Jeff: 289-696-1988 &  
Anita: 905-359-1725



## Making memories with Grandpa

*When I think about my grandfather, Jakob Neufeld, I think about the sleepovers my siblings and I had at my grandparents' house. One of the memories I will never forget is that Dave (my brother) would make up stories about grandpa. The story would follow grandpa as he travelled around the world and back in time. Since my grandpa was a carpenter, he used to joke with me that he replace all my teeth with wooden ones. Another favourite memory is that my grandpa always smells like sawdust, because he loves wood so much. In addition to the other memories, I will never forget that my grandpa always has something amusing to respond with in a conversation. I will never forget these wonderful memories that my grandpa and I had together. I am thankful for my grandpa and I love him very much.*

*By: Andrea Neufeld*

## "...even in her silence, Oma Lisa radiates love!"

**E**lisabeth Kohn is a wonderful mother, grandmother, great grandmother, aunt and friend. Lisa and her husband John taught us the importance of family and values, hard work, appreciate and be grateful for everything, loyalty, and above all to have faith in God. In her youth, she wanted to study to become a doctor but the war changed her plans. During the war and afterwards she helped many people with her nursing skills. She can speak German, Spanish, English and read Russian.

She is a great cook and baker as her grandchildren will testify. She also did a great deal of sewing and knitting over the years. Lisa was always ready to have her family visit. Homemade meals and fresh baked goods were always ready with the table set when you arrived.

She also enjoyed travelling with her husband John to Europe, mainly Germany to visit relatives, and winter vacations with friends to the Caribbean, Venezuela and other sunny destinations. They travelled to South America including Argentina in 1985 for five weeks to visit family and the home they left in 1969 when they immigrated to Canada.

Lisa is a person who loves her family. She has two daughters: Dorothy (Rudy) and Edith (Ed) and has four grandchildren: Andrea (Allen), Scott (Bobbi), Derek (Danielle) and Audrey (Marty) and four great grandchildren: Emilia, Colby, Holly and Adrian and one more on the way.

We all love her and appreciate her in all the things she did and still does for us. Her great smile is what we love the most!

**Lisa's grandchildren would like to share these thoughts:**

**Andrea** wrote:

'Oma Lisa is the warmest, kindest person I have known. She is always giving and never taking, always ready to help and to share. As children, my brother and

sister and I would sneak through the school fence to have special lunches with our grandparents. Our Oma would make borscht, quark taschen (pierogies) and fruit perishky. It was delicious and we always wanted more".

**Scott's** comments:

"Scott remembers Oma's baking and her delicious cooking. She was always friendly and enjoyed the grandchildren. She always made time for them. He also remembers her delicious pink soup (borscht) and the delicious lunches when coming over from Virgil Public School".

**Audrey** wrote:

"I feel very blessed to have my Oma in my life, especially for so long. We have memories from when I was a child to now being an adult and even with my daughter. Memories that are most prominent to me are when my Oma and Opa were together, they were always very kind and helpful towards each other and those around them; you could feel the love. We were welcomed anytime and enjoyed delicious baking and cooking of specialties including jam cookies and quark taschen. It always felt good to be so welcomed and loved by Oma Lisa, I greatly appreciate all she has done and the wonderful example she has set of how to live life".

**Derek** wrote (he lived out of town in Oakville):

"On weekends when our family stayed over at Oma and Opa's, we knew Oma would bake her famous cheese-cake and platz fresh for us. Oh man! was it delicious with a cold glass of milk!!! To this day she is so thoughtful and always thinking of others first. She always makes sure everyone is taken care of."

Lisa had a stroke when she was 81 years and she is turning 89 years this July. She has fought a tough battle losing her husband, her grandson Mark, her independence, her speech, her home (she is living at Heritage Place since the stroke) ...but has never given up, has been an inspiration to us all and even in her silence she radiates love and respect. **We all love her very much and wish her a wonderful 89th birthday!**



# JULY 2015

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			<b>1</b> CANADA DAY - OFFICE CLOSED	<b>2</b> 9:00 am Ladies Breakfast	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>5</b> 10:00 am John Tiessen	<b>6</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>7</b> Church Council & Spiritual Council Joint Gathering	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>12</b> 9:00 am Joachim Dau 10:00 am Steve Cox 11:00 am Tailgating for Jesus	<b>13</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>
<b>19</b> 10:00 am TBD	<b>20</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>26</b> 9:00 am Hans H. Dau 10:00 am John Tiessen	<b>27</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b> 7:00 pm Women's Fellowship Evening	<b>30</b> 7:00 pm Young Adult Leadership Meeting	<b>31</b>	<b>1</b> Stephanie Teichgraf & Paul Taylor Wedding
<b>2</b> 10:00 am Elsie Rempel	<b>3</b> CIVIC HOLIDAY- OFFICE CLOSED	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>6</b> 9:00 am Ladies Breakfast	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b> Lydia Klaassen & Michael Rekrut Wedding
<b>9</b> 9:00 am Udo Woelke 10:00 am Pastor Rudy Dirks	<b>10</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>11</b> 7:00 pm Worship Com- mittee Meeting	<b>12</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>16</b> 10:00 am Steve Cox	<b>17</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>18</b> 7:00 pm Spiritual Council Meeting	<b>19</b> 7:00 pm Education Com- mittee Meeting	<b>20</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>23</b> 9:00 am Hans J. Wiens 10:00 am Pastor Rudy Dirks	<b>24</b> OFFICE CLOSED	<b>25</b> 7:00	<b>26</b> 7:00 pm Young Adult Leadership Meeting	<b>27</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>30</b> 10:00 am Pastor Rudy Dirks	<b>31</b>					

## Exploring another world and reflecting on the one that is ours to share

by Greta Wiens

**I**t's easy to believe that Niagara-on-the-Lake is the prettiest town in Canada – and why not? we can see it all around us – but if for that reason we didn't ever wish to leave, we would be missing out on a broader view of our country.

On June 18th, my parents and I made the long trip to Aylmer to attend the annual general meeting of Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) Ontario. Once we got off the 401 we delighted in the green view of corn growing in fields and a honey farm with lively schoolchildren visiting. Aylmer itself is a town where you can still shop for useful things on the main street but we headed right on through towards the Lake Erie shore.

From a distance we could already see mist drifting over meadows in the sunlight and then we were swooping downhill towards the tiny community of Port Bruce with its holiday houses that looked like Chautauqua must have, long ago. Layers of fog swathed the great lake as I stood on the beach, gazing from the waves that fringed the rock strewn sand to the painted summer homes, feeling as if I had been transported back to 1963.

The MCC meeting was actually held in Mount Salem, further inland again, at the Sommerfeld Mennonite Church. This picturesque name means “summer field” and also denotes one of perhaps a dozen varieties of Mennonites in the Aylmer area, not counting the ones who have joined local Baptist churches. (What I didn't expect to learn is that Aylmer has an Amish community as well, although the only evidence we saw was “horse and buggy parking” signs here and there.)

A bus tour prior to the meeting gave us the opportunity to visit an Old Colony church, an Old Colony school, and, in downtown Aylmer, the Mennonite Community Services centre. We heard that the church sanctuary, just one storey but as capacious as ours, is sometimes filled to overflowing – imagine our baby room crammed with extra chairs. The school is so new it still smells of concrete. Crossroads could fit into it easily. Mennonite Community Services houses a bookstore, a Low German radio station, and offers interpretation and settlement services to newcomers. Next door is an MCC thrift store where I almost bought myself a nice polyester dress in a dark flowered print, but alas! the bus was waiting.

MCC Ontario's spring business meetings and fall conferences are deliberately held in different parts of the province every year. In the same way that we need to experience a different geography once in a while, it is good for us to interact with a different demographic.

Through our shared commitment to the work of MCC in Canada and around the world, we are unified in our diversity, after all.

Of course, some people manage this interaction better than others, and I myself happen to be one of the others. Still, I wish to encourage people who have never been to an MCC meeting to try it. The registration line-up, the wandering about to look at displays, and the shared dinner tables all provide opportunities to greet people we already know and warily check out the name tags of those we don't. This visiting time is brief, and then the actual meeting begins.

Thanks to the diligent work of the MCC Ontario board of directors, the review of last year's minutes and the financial statements was accomplished efficiently, and delegates voted “Yes!” to accept the new board members recommended.

The feature presentation of the evening was on Syria and the refugee crisis in surrounding countries. Naomi Enns, an MCC worker based in Lebanon, and Grace Boustani, a social worker at Our Lady Dispensary, an MCC-supported health clinic in Beirut, spoke to us by means of a Skype video about the refugee situation there. For example, more than half of the refugees in Lebanon are children, the housing needs are such that 8-12 people share an apartment with one bathroom. They need help dealing with trauma. The refugees want peace and they want to go home, but they can't when there is no security.

For some of the refugee population, going home is not an option. This applies particularly to men under the age of 50, who are wanted by the Syrian regime to fight in the war; single mothers; large families; and unskilled people. The video ended with a plea for us to open our hearts, our churches, and our homes.

In the four years since it began, the conflict in Syria has already displaced 4.5 million people, and there are no signs that this situation will be resolved any time soon. Consequently, besides continuing to send financial and material aid, MCCO is rolling out a Middle East Refugee Resettlement Project that aims to bring 100 Syrian and Iraqi refugees to Canada this year and in each of the next four years.

To me, it sounds like a modest proposal and completely doable, and in a follow-up conversation with Moses Moini, the MCC Ontario Refugee Program Coordinator, I learned that a couple of local churches are already involved.

After a final song accompanied by a musical group from the Sommerfeld church, the meeting came to a close and everyone headed out into the night for their long or short drive home. Kathy and John Rempel and Lani and Waldemar Gade were the other representatives from our church to attend this event and no doubt will be happy to share their perspective if asked.

## Silent enemy, that strikes from within, knowing its end, not where it begins...

**M**y mother, Anna Neustaedter, turned 93 last month, and our daughter Debbie wrote about some experiences she and the other grandkids and great grandkids had with their cool Oma. But what happens when such a cool Oma is no longer able to enjoy all the things that made her cool. Dementia is a very cruel disease, both to the patient and her family.

Dementia isn't a specific disease. Instead, it describes a group of symptoms affecting memory, thinking and social abilities severely enough to interfere with daily functioning. It presents problems with at least two brain functions, ie memory loss & impaired judgement or language & the inability to perform some daily activities such as paying bills or becoming lost while driving.

Alzheimer's disease is the most common cause of dementia. The brain cells themselves degenerate and die, causing a steady decline in memory and mental function.

My first personal contact with dementia began about 5 years ago when my brother began displaying signs of dementia. He was eventually diagnosed with cerebrovascular disease, which is caused by a limited or lack of blood flow to the brain.

We, as John's family, didn't really notice when this dementia began, but in hind sight, we realize that there were signs of it at least 5 years before the diagnosis. At the time that we became aware of it, and the doctor diagnosed cerebrovascular disease, the signs were very obvious & worsened quickly. Within a little more than a year, John was in full care in a nursing home, refusing to eat, and not speaking. He became so weak physically that he caught pneumonia and died within a couple of days. This untimely death of my brother was very traumatic for my 90 year-old mother.

My mother, at 90 years was physically very fit, walked well and lots, and exercised regularly. But when she had to watch her son deteriorate the way he did, while she herself was in great health, something broke in her. She lost weight, aged physically, and showed signs of depression. After John died, she was never the same, but she carried on with daily tasks in her apartment. Sunday lunches were always at Oma's place from the day John and I were married, and what a big spread they were! When Debbie got married, she and Kevin continued to join us for Sunday lunch, and when grandkids came along, Sunday lunches only got bigger! It was a time for Mom to see and enjoy all of us, and for us to enjoy an awesome lunch with her. She would regularly remind us that we didn't have to come for lunch if we were busy, or we didn't like her food anymore, but none of us even considered that option, as long as she was still willing and able to prepare.

Then, the fateful day arrived. Sunday lunch with chicken, potatoes, 4 kinds of vegetables, salads, dessert, and the best gravy ever! Except the gravy wasn't that great – it had a strange taste to it. No one said anything to Oma, just looked at each other. Hmm! maybe the cream she used was bad, so I quietly checked that – no problem. Most of us just didn't use gravy that day, and when Mom asked, we said it tasted a bit funny. She just ate it and said she didn't notice anything.

The journey had begun! We watched Mom closely when she cooked, and noticed that she was adding Italian salad dressing to the gravy. We questioned her about that, but she didn't know what the fuss was all about. Then the gravy was being added to the salad, the rice pudding was pink, and any suggestions we made were just ignored.

Finally, we had to say good-bye to Sunday lunches at Oma's, without hurting her feelings. We used the teenage grandchildren as our excuse for being too busy to come for lunch on Sundays. She was upset, but understood. We were devastated! Something was wrong with our Mom and Oma.

### Dementia

Today I'm praying for one  
imprisoned in their own mind,  
locked behind bars of anguish  
that no key can open.

Are you the God of the disordered  
mind?

Do you watch as ropes of anxiety  
already tight pull tighter still,  
making death seem a sweet re-  
lease?

When being is misery, Lord,  
the gift of life is torture.

When torment is inescapable  
there is mercy in oblivion.

God of this dark day  
the salvation we seek  
is a quiet still heart.

~ Carol Penner

Soon, we noticed other things like constantly missing apartment keys, lost hearing aid, smoke in microwave with burned dishes in garbage, electric kettle set on stove element & melted. So stove and microwave were unplugged. Then she started to add coffee to water in electric kettle, and also added her toast to coffee. These were strange things that we could not explain to her to stop doing. She just didn't get it anymore!



Through this time, she also lost her car and license, thankfully before she got lost or had an accident.

She was no longer able to sew any more of the backpacks that she used to make by the hundreds for kids in Africa. She began wandering outside without her keys, and locked herself out of her apartment building. Things were becoming dangerous for her and we had to make changes.

Since her apartment was attached to a nursing home and some wellness suites with partial care, we rented a wellness suite and moved her over one day. She was in a bit of a daze during the whole move, but co-operated. This room brought her closer to the dining room, and more support staff. Mom was reasonably happy for a while, although she kept thinking she would still go home. The main problem continued – wandering without her keys, and things became dangerous, because winter was approaching. So we moved her to the nursing home down the hall, not without a lot of discussions with our kids and deep heart searching. Was this the right move, or was it too soon?

It turned out to be a positive move because now there were so many more people around her, and loving support workers who hugged her, and walked with her, and gave her little jobs to make her feel useful.

She has been in this nursing home now for over a year, and is doing quite well. She now has her own room and it has become home to her. There are several residents there that she used to know, but doesn't really recognize anymore. She cuddles the baby doll, sweeps the carpet, helps push other residents in their wheelchairs, and still tries to elope through open doors when she sees them.

Things that have been hard for us as family – seeing her rocking a doll, and thinking it is a baby, putting a bib on her to eat, responding to her anger towards me for taking everything away from her – car, house, money, stove, cooking, sewing... Seeing how frustrated she gets when she can't express herself.

Alzheimers or any type of dementia is a scary disease for the afflicted and the family. How can we best help our parents through this? How can we best support them and the staff who are caring for our parents when we're not there? How can we prepare ourselves for a similar disease? There are many questions and few answers. We need to be able to trust others to look after our parents, physically & emotionally when we're not there, and that can be difficult.

From what I have experienced with my mom when I bring her back to Heritage Place after a doctor's appointment or hospital stay, I know that the staff around her love her and that she loves them. They are her family now, and they welcome her back with hugs and smiles, and I can go home assured that my mom will be looked after better than if I were to try to do it by myself.

~ submitted by Kathy Rempel



## Motherhood is Lonely

**M**otherhood is lonely. This is partly because one of my kids was super sick last week. This is also partially because I'm not exactly known for doing things on time.... that's another article.... And lastly it's because I've been avoiding submitting anything because nothing seems to fit. I have free reign to write about anything I want about motherhood. I've written and erased a number of drafts on different things. One was about the roles of mothers and fathers and how they are surprisingly (or not so surprisingly similar). One was a lighthearted piece on funny aspects of motherhood and hilarious things my kids have done and said. One I could have easily submitted was about seeing God in my kids. I probably wrote about half a dozen different articles, but I erased them all. None of them seemed to sit right with me. So out of frustration, I jabbed the backspace button on the keyboard again until all the little words I'd been working hard on disappeared and I wrote "Motherhood is " and watched the cursor blink back at me. Taunting me. I then wrote "lonely". Motherhood is lonely. But it stuck. I kind of felt good about it. Because it is so very true. I do not know a single mother, working or staying at home, one child or 5, boys or girls, teenagers or babies, that doesn't say their job as a mother makes them feel lonely at times.

I have someone wanting my attention at all times. My oldest two boys are in school and so I only have a 2 year old and a 1 year old at home. Currently they are on opposite nap schedules. So when one is sleeping, the other one is very much awake. This is great and terrible. I get one on one attention with each of them which I wouldn't get otherwise. Time to appreciate their individual soft hands, chubby thighs, curious wonderment about anything and everything. But on the other hand, I am never alone. And yet, I am lonely. When I pick up my older 2 from school, I am still sometimes lonely. Granted, I could try a little harder to be genuinely interested in their stories about the strange bodily noises they can make. By the time my husband gets home, some days it's nearing almost 20 hours since I've spoken to another adult. That's lonely.



Yet, I find such wonderful solace in other people at other times. My loneliness is not alone, haha. There are other mothers who are just as lonely as I am. Mothers who work full time and then come home to messy children and messy lives and are also lonely. So we call each other and say "Hey! I haven't talked to you in a while. So I just wanted you to know I'm still alive!" This conversation happened to me just today, actually. Or other mothers who stay at home and are just as starved as me for meaningful conversation. The conversation flows easily between such topics as vaccinations, strange rashes and what your child shoved up their nose, different interpretations of Psalm 73, that funny knock knock joke your 5 year old told, and why it frustrates you that we women judge ourselves so very harshly.

Some days I don't talk to adults at all. Some days I find myself typing way many text messages to my husband about the sidesplittingly funny things our kids are doing. I love the links my friends send from other articles and blogs, reassuring me that I am a decent mother and am not royally messing up my kids. I love seeing my friends who don't have any kids who still treat my kids like they are their own. Who love my kids because they love me. Or they love my kids because they think my kids are funnier than me. Either one. I love my mother friends who have grown babies, who encourage me and never look down on me even though it must be so screamingly obvious to them that I have absolutely no idea what in the world I'm doing, attempting to raise these 4 kids. No one understands the problems we've faced with my oldest child and a very difficult year in school last year. And yet I had no shortage of friends whom I could call, crying and feeling lost, encouraging me and not letting me grump about for longer than was acceptable. To have friends invite us over at other times in fellowship, and experience the strange oxymoronic feeling of being contentedly sitting down completely relaxed, while simultaneously watching a tornado unfold in front of you as your children collectively tear apart an entire room in less time than it takes your sugar to dissolve in your hot coffee.

It is a very strange group, us mothers. We are collectively all linked in our loneliness and all linked in our mission to fight it as we fight for the most important little people in our lives. We fight for each other and we have those who fight on our behalf. So thank you all for being lonely with me. It's a pleasure.

~ submitted by Maria Wall (- *a wonderful Mom!* Ed. Comment)

## “My grace is sufficient for you”



I am honoured to report about how much of a privilege it has been for me to go on this mission's trip to East Asia. Not only has it changed my vision of the world, but it has also revealed to me God's vision for this world through East Asia. This place is on the verge of becoming the socio-political-economic superpower, not only in the region, but in the world. While their economy continues to surge forward, social unrest and the vacuum created by decades of atheism, have left these people spiritually starving. God is truly at work over in East Asia! This is revealed by how many responses we had to our ministry.

The statistics given at the end of the trip are 1594 contacts made, 947 spiritual conversations, 182 gospel presentations, 120 people were passed off to ministry over there and 51 people accepted Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. God blessed us and the people living there with His remarkable answers to prayer every day. Some days we would pray very specific prayers, such as for two people receiving Jesus Christ, and He would answer them specifically. My faith and our team's faith only increased during this trip.

This not to say not that there were never any hard times, but rather that through the hard times God always remained faithful. As it says in 2 Corinthians 12:9 -10 “my grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness”. These are words I reflected on daily, showing that everything we did as a team was truly nothing without God. The entire team's goals from the beginning were listed in order: loving God first, then loving family, then being part of the movement, and finally loving the culture.



This list was undoubtedly followed by our team, and we were able to stay grounded in it by God's love and grace. Loving God first was a crucial goal for each individual on the team, since ministry can become a priority thereby leading to spiritually burning out. Believe me, I experienced this several times. I learned how critical it is to truly abide in God, not only doing ministry with Him but also realizing that He is my most pursued relationship and always will be.

I needed to have a quiet time with God each day, longing to reconnect with Him, my power source. Having this daily connection revitalized my communication with our Father to the point that I could listen, word for word, to what he wanted me to do. This gave me more proof of how we need God in ministry as we are completely dependent on His guiding hand, and His constant communication telling us what to do. This communication was also shown through the power of prayer. God answered prayer in ways that I had never witnessed, in ways that verified His presence in East Asia and His calling for me to be there.  
God Bless, Matthew Riediger

### ***Offertory Musician - Kaitlin Hinz Age 13***

I started playing piano again a couple of years ago with Mr. Eady, who lets me play fun pieces along with the classical. Next year I will be playing soprano, alto, tenor and the baritone sax along with flute in the school band.

I think music is something everyone should have in their lives.

Parents: Herb and Jen Hinz

*Thank you Kaitlin, for sharing your musical skills with our congregation!*



## Pork on a Bun - The Story Continues

Nearly fifty years ago Helmut Bolt had an idea how the Mennonite churches in Niagara could contribute to the efforts of MCC at the relief sale in New Hamburg. We could sell barbecued back bacon on a bun. Turn the clock forward to 1995 and Helmut passed the baton on to Peter and Erika Janzen, and this year it has been handed off again to Audrey and me.

For years we have enjoyed being a part of this project and when Peter asked a couple of years ago whether we would consider taking over Pork on a Bun we did not think about it too long. Last year I helped Peter to run the show and this year the roles were reversed. I must say that it was a bit frightening at times as the various parts of this project were put into motion. But the thorough records kept over the years have defined quite clearly what needs to be done and when. For this I am very thankful.



Over the years the pork project has changed significantly. Amounts have decreased as other foods were added to the menu at the relief sale (we were among the first food vendors). The facilities became somewhat more modern and sophisticated (we moved from under a tree to a tent and organized process). We have also had to adapt to the requirements of the health department who, since Walkerton, have worked hard to ensure proper food handling practices were followed. Through all this, Pork on a Bun remained one of the premier food vendors at the sale.

As we move forward, we do not know where we will end up, but as long as people come to New Hamburg with an appetite and others are willing to serve them, the Pork on a Bun project will continue. Certainly there will have to be more changes and adaptations to meet challenges yet unknown, but one thing is certain; if we at Niagara United Mennonite and Bethany Mennonite come together in the love of God and our neighbours around the world, some form of this project will continue. It is my prayer that we together may continue this fun and rewarding effort. To quote MCC's statement of purpose for their humanitarian efforts; we do this "in the name of Christ".

See you next May in New Hamburg.

~ submitted by Audrey & Joachim Dau

## Church family picnic at Virgil Sports Park.



**Congratulations Zaina Al Najafi on your graduation with a Personal Support Worker Certificate, and a Canadian Secondary School Certificate!**



Zaina with her wonderfully supportive PSW instructor, Alison Langley. (Yousif hiding behind Mom)

Zaina receiving her SS Diploma from Principal Ed Stavnitzky.



**God bless you Zaina,** as you begin your new career at Tabor Manor & Heidehof!



Zaina receiving her Academic Award for Outstanding Achievement from Lora Campbell

### **Feeling Accepted**

Over the years, pastor Rudy has patiently helped me find my way through the dense underbrush of endless curiosity about greater knowledge and more importantly, life experience and relationships within a Christian context.

Clearly, I recall at one of these first get-togethers, Pastor Rudy asked if I felt “accepted”, but that was not a priority. What happened in the material realm was not as important as finding some spiritual grounding within a Christian environment. One that was progressive enough to allow my true nature and instincts to wander, seek, find, go on and on and on without floating away.

What I longed for was natural, personal, deeply ingrained growth. To paraphrase one of Pastor Rudy’s recent sermons, “to the light, through the stem to the roots”. For me this has been a slow internal process. A sense and feeling of “rightness” rather than righteousness. An alignment, rather than any fundamental change.

During a recent illness, coinciding with moving to Pleasant Manor and clearing my home in Garrison Village, I saw a concerted demonstration of the Mennonite Way. Acceptance, and then some. Someday soon, God willing, I will find an ideal niche or two where I can work within the network of our church’s numerous community and global projects.

~ submitted by Helen Levchuk

# SNAPSHOTS

**Farm Day  
at  
Pleasant  
Manor**



**Maria Dyck's 90th  
Birthday Celebration**



**God Bless You!**



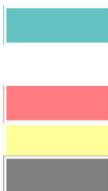
**Art & Trudy Hildebrand  
retiring as custodians at  
NUMC**



**325 quilts, 125 mattress pads, among other sundries donated  
by Hilton Hotel to be delivered to Benefit Shops in Ontario  
to be sold for MCC in September.**



If you would like to submit any photos or articles for the newsletter, please contact any of the Newsletter Team of Editors



**LIFE WITH US**  
NEWSLETTER

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