

For no one can lay any
foundation other than
the one already laid,
which is Jesus Christ.

- 1 Corinthians 3:11

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Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

Our Music – Our Foundation Stones

We all were once little, some shy and some bold
Our parents took us to Sunday School to join in the fold

They taught us about Jesus, His love and His way
His word came alive through lessons and through play

And the songs that we sang each week from the start
Became the music of our life, held fast in our heart

Like blocks for a home, placed deep in the hole
These songs that we learned became the foundations of our
soul

Then as we got older and tough times came along
Up from our memories rose a well-remembered song

Or on joyous occasions our harmonies would ring
The hymns of our youth together we would sing

Learned in the beginning, like Foundation Stones well laid
Good music and words, their meaning will not fade

So just keep on singing and teaching the little ones anew
The songs about Jesus and their foundations will stay true

Donna Froese - *Primary Sunday School Choir Leader 2007-2016*

The Big Chop ~ Hair Donation Assembly

"I want children with cancer to feel happy."

"My goal is to help make wigs for kids with cancer."

Above are statements made by the students at Crossroads Public School prior to the 'Big Chop' Hair Donation Assembly on May 17, 2016.

Fourteen students, one teacher and one parent donated their hair to make wigs for children undergoing cancer treatments during a school assembly. Our NUMC Pioneer Club students Claire Friesen, Alexis Konkle, Renae, Elena and Aria Stearns were part of the team of students who cut off their long locks in support of the initiative.

The 'Big Chop' was an exciting way for our Pioneer Club children to participate in a global challenge while living out the club's foundational mission: applying biblical principles to everyday situations.



Ms. Elder, a teacher at Crossroads, started recruiting and organizing for this event back in September. Periodic meetings and encouragement sessions were held throughout the school year, which culminated in a motivational and well-organized event. The event encouraged the students to support and help sick children living with cancer and promoted a sense of community among the organizers, the students, the audience, and the hairdressers who donated their time to assist with new 'short' hairstyles. (Our very own Katrina Metsa volunteered her snipping skills.)

And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up meeting together, but encouraging one another. Hebrews 10:24-25

Claire, 8 years old, decided to raise money for the Canadian Cancer Society in addition to donating 8 inches of her hair. In

total, Claire raised \$250 dollars and donated the money to the local chapter in St. Catharines, Ontario. "My real goal was to help kids who might be sad and lonely in the hospital," said Claire.

...for God loves a cheerful giver. 2 Corinthians 9:6-8

The Stearns siblings were able to participate as a family team. Renae says "her new hair cut looks great!"

Aria had been concerned throughout the school year that she may not have enough hair to donate; however in the end she donated 13 inches of hair to the Wigs for Kids campaign!

Now He who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will supply and multiply your seed for sowing and increase the harvest of your righteousness. 2 Corinthians 9:10



In total, 40 inches of hair was donated to Wigs for kids and 158 inches to Pantene Beautiful lengths; organizations that assist in manufacturing wigs for cancer patients.

The large-scale event is a great example of God working through all of us within our physical community, and how our faith can be displayed, developed and strengthened in our everyday lives.

~submitted by: Anneliese Jaeger Friesen





Our children, Aria, Elena and Renae all know people with cancer right now: a friend with whom Jeff and I went to Bible College, the mom of one of Aria's friends, and one of the school secretaries. We pray for them each night, and so they decided to donate their hair to help people who are going through cancer treatment. They grew their hair on purpose for this event. Aria was excited that she had more than 12 inches to donate and Aria and Elena had saved hair from a previous cut to donate as well.

~submitted by Jacqueline Stearns



When I first heard about The Big Chop I knew I wanted to be involved! I could volunteer my gifts as a hairstylist with the kids that I know and love through teaching in our community. Together we could contribute to a worthy cause and help God's love shine through their hair donations.



Katrina Metsa

I was so impressed by all the children that volunteered to have their hair cut. From my experience in the hair industry, people are VERY reluctant to cut even one inch of hair off their head. These children were giving 8-14 inches! They grew their hair out for over a year with the purpose of giving it to someone who needs it more than they do. It's amazing to see this care and concern for others in children so young.

There were some nervous kids in the beginning. Most donators knew it would be quite a change in their appearance, and that can be tough for kids and adults alike. Some had never had their hair cut above their shoulders before. One little 6 year old girl whose hair I had the privilege to do, had never cut her hair in her life! It went past her waist! She had no fear or hesitation when we cut off her 4 ponytails. She only beamed with a big grin when I held up her long braids in front of her. Amazingly, not one child backed out and more signed up the week of the event. Every participant loved their new haircut and their friends rallied around to encourage and support them.

All in all this was a truly touching event to be a part of. I love to see children learning that there is a bigger cause out there. That even as 6-13 year old's, they have an immense ability to spread God's love and have a positive impact on those around them.

~submitted by Katrina Metsa

60 Years of Commitment

Congratulations Eckkhard & Lieselotte Schmidt

This July of 2016, our parents will mark a major achievement, which fewer and fewer couples are able to reach; 60 years of marriage! Wow! What an achievement! Congratulations!!

Just like all of us, they are not perfect, but they have loved & supported each other despite these imperfections; for 60 years!

On their wedding day, they were 19 & 21 years old. They had both been working away from home for several years already, out of necessity.



Our parents standing in front of a door at the city hall in Montevideo. In Uruguay, a church wedding is not legally recognized so they got married at city hall first.



A picture after their church wedding, where they were watching skits and other fun presentations from the guests. Someone gave them a sausage as a gift, which you can see my father holding in the picture.

They started with very little. They had no money. They had an incomplete primary school education. In other words, they didn't have a lot going for them, but they had a strong work ethic, a faith in God & in each other. So off they went, starting in this crazy thing called marriage. They made that commitment for life, no matter what comes.

Life hadn't been easy up to that point. It didn't get any easier after the wedding. Nine months later, I was born. What were they thinking? I don't think they were. :) My room wasn't even painted yet. Wait a minute; was there even a room for me? Don't know. Doesn't matter.

By 1965, there were four little Schmidts in our three room house; well maybe four - if you count the out-house. There was no electricity in the house, no running water, no toilets. Aren't these basic human rights?

Our father (Vati) always looked at the "glass" as being half full; never half empty. He looked for the positive. He appreciated what he had and didn't spend much time thinking about what he didn't have, or what he "deserved". He didn't worry about what his "basic human rights" were, but just went to work and provided for his family.

Our mother (Mutti) worked very hard at home; washing all clothes and diapers by hand (did I mention that there was no running water in the house? Every pail of water was drawn out of the well by hand); cooking all meals over a propane cooktop; sewing clothes for us to wear and generally providing all the love and care we needed.

The economy in Uruguay wasn't getting any better. No matter how hard they both worked, there just didn't seem to be any way to get ahead in life. So in 1966 Vati went to Canada, to check it out & see if it would be good for us to move there. Obviously, he thought it was good.

So he worked harder yet; like 12 to 16+ hours per day, to pay for six airplane tickets to Canada & whatever else we would need in that land of snow and ice. Two years later, we landed in that snow and ice, literally. Now to find a job. What job?

There was no job to be found. The savings from all the hard work in Uruguay were diminishing, but finally, after six months, a job came along & life started to get a bit easier. A few years later, he started his own business (Niagara Diesel Injection Service) with his brother, our Uncle Harald.

Not too long after we were in Canada, Mutti also went to work. At first, she was picking fruit at local farms; then cleaning houses. Eventually, she graduated to upholstery work, using her sewing skills to create beautiful, new couches out of old, worn out ones.

But still, to make ends meet, they had to save every possible penny. We never went to a restaurant for a meal. Mutti would say “With the cost of one restaurant meal for the family, I can feed the whole family for a week”. And she did; every week she made wonderful meals!

Our parents also made sure that we had fun. Occasionally, we would play games as a family. We would go camping & learn to enjoy the great outdoors. Visiting with friends and family was a regular practice.

In 1982, the worst of tragedies happened, when our brother Dirk passed away in a tragic car accident. Understandably, this was very hard on them, especially Mutti. This is where Vati's strong character came in, to help each other push through the pain and keep going. The church family was also very important during this time. Such grief & depressions, only those, who have gone through the same thing can understand. There were a couple people with such understanding, who came by to provide support. This was very helpful for both our parents.

In 1989, Niagara Diesel Injection service, as well as the neighbouring businesses experienced a devastating fire. Everything Uncle Harald & Vati had built up was burnt down. All the expensive test equipment and most tools were totally destroyed. Without sufficient insurance to cover all these losses, it was very difficult to re-start this business, but with lots of hard work & determination, they did it.

Over the years, Mutti and Vati also enjoyed several trips to Germany, Uruguay and across Canada. These usually consisted of visiting family and friends, as well as touring the sites along the way.



60 years later, Mutti & Vati are at the wedding shower of their granddaughter, Michelle Mantler on June 19th, 2016.

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Being part of their lives for the past 59 years, what are the things that stand out for me?

Their commitment to:

- each other
- to their family
- their group of friends
- their faith

Their willingness to work hard.

Their ability to save money on just about everything. Also, if they couldn't afford something, they didn't buy it. In fact, they wouldn't even spend much time thinking about it.

Their willingness to tackle any challenge. They would learn how to make and do things themselves. They would just get started and figure it out along the way. As the saying goes, every long journey starts with the first step. But you must take that first step.

What did I learn from my parents:

no matter what, you persevere; you keep your head up and keep going
you always keep your word

What did they give us?

a belief in ourselves; that we are capable of doing what we set our minds to.

provided us with basic life skills, like being organized, working hard and looking out for others, who may need a hand.

the example, that with hard work and dedication, we can achieve a lot

they directed us towards a faith in Christ, without pressure or guilt. We were able to choose for ourselves. I've always appreciated that.

What else did I observe: God was always there. Through the opportunities that arose at the right time, through the encouragements of friends & acquaintances, through the gift of good health, and the courage to move forwards in uncertain times, they made it through several very difficult times & enjoyed many rewards.

Even today, at the ages of 79 & 81, they're not sitting around watching the days go by, but they still use the energy they have to maintain the house and yard, to help others & provide encouragement to others in various ways.

I haven't consulted with them, but I am pretty sure that on behalf of my sisters, Astrit & Gisela and myself, we are very thankful for their example of dedication to each other and giving us good values to build our lives on.

~ submitted by Burkhart Schmidt.

July Birthdays:

Margaret Warkentin: 88 (7/2/28)

Anne Marie Enns: 81 (7/4/35)

Ingrid Reimer: 86 (7/12/30)

Eleonore Dyck: 83 (7/15/33)

Justine Konrad: 93 (7/16/23)

Inge Enss: 86 (7/17/30)

Helene Nickel: 95 (7/18/21)

John Peters: 92 (7/23/24)

Mary Epp: 88 (7/24/28)

Jake Neufeld: 83 (7/25/33)

Erna Braun: 82 (7/26/34)

Erika Siemens: 81 (7/27/35)

Elizabeth Koehn: 90 (7/30/26)

Anneliese Fieguth: 80 (7/31/36)



August Birthdays:

Carl Neumann: 91 (8/3/25)

Wilhelm Schimann: 82 (8/3/34)

Klara Knelsen: 80 (8/7/36)

Erika Teichgraf: 90 (8/8/26)

Louise Dyck: 89 (8/17/27)

Hilda Willms: 84 (8/20/32)

Ruth-Elisabeth Rempel: 85 (8/31/31)

60th Wedding Anniversary:

Eckhard and Lieselotte Schmidt: 7/14/56

THE ROCKY ROAD TO AGING

Do you realize that the only time in our lives when we like to get old is when we are children? If you're less than ten years old, you're so excited about aging that you think in fractions: "How old are you?" I'm four and a half. You're never thirty-six and a half! You're four and a half, going on five. That's the key.

You get into your teens, now they can't hold you back. You jump to the next number, or even a few ahead. "How old are you?" I'm gonna' be sixteen. You could be thirteen, but hey, you're gonna' be sixteen!

And then the greatest day of your life.....you become twenty-one. Even the words sound like a ceremony: YOU BE-COME 21.....YESSS!

But then you turn thirty. Oh-oh, what happened here? Makes you sound like bad milk. He TURNED, we had to throw him out There's no fun now, you are just a sour dumpling!

What's wrong? What's changed? You BECOME 21, TURN 30, PUSH 40, REACH 50, and MAKE IT to 60! You've built up so much speed that you HIT 70. After that it's a day-by-day thing: you HIT Wednesday. You get into your 80's and every day is a complete cycle: you HIT lunch; you REACH bedtime.

And it doesn't end there. Into the 90's, you start going backwards: "I was just 92".

Then a strange thing happens. If you make it over 100, you become a little child again: "I am 100 and a half!"

May we all make it - healthily - to 100 and a half!

~ submitted by Mary Pries

These Months in History

From the April 23, 1978 bulletin: "THE CHURCH COUNCIL recognizes the generous contributions to the construction of the foyer has received, amounting to \$43,870. However because the costs exceed the original projections, another \$24,000 are needed to complete the construction. In order to refrain from making a loan, the council suggests that additional contributions be made before June 1, if possible."

Apparently, a Floyd Bartel was the General Conference resource person for "Church Work And Evangelism". In March and April 1981, he chaired several discussion-oriented meetings at our church. One particular discussion he had was entitled "Spiritual Growth In Strengthening One Another". What followed then was this, in the April 12, 1981 bulletin: "GOALS TO STRENGTHEN OUR CHURCH –a summary report from the Monday meeting with Floyd Bartel.

- 1) The Sunday School teachers want to strengthen the SINGING of the S.S. classes from Grade 8 and up. They request that parents and children support the music committee in this effort and in finding song leaders.
- 2) Those present expressed gratitude for our church and God's blessings. They encourage all members to foster a stronger sense of belonging to our church and ownership of our ministries.
- 3) It was recommended to build community through good communication. The Church Family News is an avenue of communication. Brief reports of activities or events in the bulletin and fellowship evenings to build community were encouraged.

This must have been a big deal, from the June 21, 1959 bulletin; "The time is almost here! The Brunk Evangelical Tent Meeting will take place, God willing, from July 12-26 at the "Gonos Fruit" facility at the corner of Lakeshore Road and Read Road. Preparations continue and many different committees are involved. From our church are the following: P.H. Dirks, C.K. Neufeld, P. Klassen, Werner Fast, Joh. Weier, H. Krause, Abr. Dueck, Nick Rempel, H.M. Willms, Albert Willms, Arno Bartel, Frau Helen Klassen, Frau Netty Goerz. For advertising: Henry Dirks, for tent set up: Peter Enns Jr., for parking: George Enns and for ushers: H.J. Andres. Still much help is needed especially to set up the tent itself. That will take place July 9 and 10. Please contact Peter Enns Jr. if you can help. Please ask God to bless this event."

From June 11, 1961: "NEEDED – twenty (or more) teachers for our D.V.B.S. program. Those willing to render this service are asked to contact Mr. H.M. Willms." Apparently, according to a brief report in the August 6 bulletin, 18 teachers were involved in this effort and 180 young people attended.

Finally, in May 13, 1962 bulletin, the announcement of a pastoral candidate: "Next Sunday Rev. David Janzen, presently professor of philosophy at Bluffton College, will speak both in the English and German Worship Service.

submitted by Harold Neufeld

Happy Birthday Jake Neufeld!

Grandpa's 80th Birthday

To my grandpa; the only man I ever knew that was a pirate and an Indian at the same time. The only indication that he wasn't either of these things was that he always smelled like sawdust, no matter the occasion.

A very original sense of humor comes with him too. He was a framer by trade and he never let us forget it. For instance, when any of us grandchildren lost a tooth, he would always offer to make a wooden tooth to fill the gap in our mouths.

My grandpa can talk a lot; especially about Mennonite history or the Mädchenschule. But sometimes he can really get into what he's saying and totally forget what he's doing. "What do you mean?" you may ask. Well I'll tell you.

One time grandpa got carried away talking while sitting at the kitchen table drinking tomato juice. Now his glass was getting empty and he decided to pour himself some more. Reaching for the tomato juice, he accidentally grabbed the ketchup. Still not realizing that he had the ketchup in hand instead of the tomato juice he tried to pour himself some. Since ketchup bottles are a different shape than tomato juice bottles, grandpa finally realized the mistake he had made. But after that you could only hear the laughter coming from Andrea, Dave, Grandma and me. His facial expression was priceless!

Another thing that's great about my grandpa is that he knows everyone. When I introduce myself to other Mennonites that are Grandpa's age, I never fail to tell them that I am Jake Neufeld's granddaughter. After telling them that, it's easy to have long conversations with these people. These conversations usually consist of them telling me their memories or about Jake Neufeld from St. Catharines.

Also, my grandpa talks a lot about his past. For us three Neufeld children, he would tell us stories of his childhood growing up in Russia. These stories would start off serious; in the end we kids would turn it into something crazy, something only kids can come up with. They were called 'Super Indelible Grandpa Stories.'

These are the memories that I will cherish in my heart forever. Even Grandpa's hate for carrots. So on your 80th birthday Grandpa, I want to wish you many more years of laughter and love.

I love you, Grandpa!

Love, Ali

I ♥ OPA



David Neufeld

says: I really enjoy framing. My grandpa was a framer in his day and I love this connection between us. I am always proud to take him to the job site I am working on.

Greetings from the Jarrett crew.

Erin

My grandpa is the best. He always cheers me up when I am sad.
He likes it when I come over to his house on my bike. I love him soooo much!



Ryan

Grandpa is always so kind to me. I like the way he always has a positive attitude.
He grows the best tomatoes and cucumbers. Grandpa is awesome!



Tyler

Grandpa is a good builder. He helped me with my birdhouse. I like how grandpa treats me.
He always gives me a quarter at the arena for a sour key or gum. I love my grandpa a lot!



These are Rob's and
Maria's children:
Alexander and Elise.
We just love grandpa...
He is great!.



A Grandfather like You

Throughout the years, you've always been
A wonderful man, you see.
When I was small you took the time
To bounce me on your knee
As I grew older, you were there
I only had to call
I knew that I could count on you
You'd never let me fall
So many hard times in my life
You've helped me get through,
I'm so glad God's given me
A grandfather just like you.

For my grandfather Jacob Neufeld: Happy Birthday!

Love Andrea



David, Ali, Andrea Neufeld

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE TWO YOUNG SYRIAN REFUGEES!

~ submitted by Lucy Harder

Our Refugee Committee has been very busy over the last months planning for the arrival of the refugees we planned to sponsor. Eventually two young men, Mohamad and Mukhtar arrived and were placed with Kaethe and Kurt Wiens while they were waiting for their aunt and her family to arrive. There were many announcements in our bulletin asking for people to invite them for a meal and get to know them. Since Brian Penner was on the Refugee Committee he suggested that we might invite them to our weekly family supper. This sounded like a good idea so we had them over a number of times and got to know them. The first time they came I gave them each a big hug not knowing this is not done in their culture. A woman does not hug a man that is not a relative! They did not correct me, but as their English language skills got better they told us what was accepted and what was not acceptable. They said that since I was an Oma it was alright to give them a hug.

At first they used their iPhone a lot to translate words from Arabic to English. After a while they were quite good at expressing themselves in English. They were very polite guests and tried all the foods I prepared. I did not make any pork dishes as this is not acceptable in their culture. I even made a meal of lamb chops which was a first for me and which they thoroughly enjoyed! These two young men are now living in St. Catharines and have made more friends so we do not see them as often.

This was a good experience for our whole family as it showed us how fortunate we are to live in a free country and have family and friends all around us. They lost their parents and siblings during the Syrian war. We have also learned much from them through our conversations and interactions. Ellery shares her reflections on this below:



After the boys' family arrived here from Syria, they were eager to introduce us to them. One night after our weekly dinner at Grandma and Grandpa's, Mark and I were driving Mohamad home. As we were driving through Virgil, Mohamad asked if we could stop in to meet his Auntie and Uncle. We agreed, but were apprehensive. Would the family appreciate being dropped in on by some complete strangers after 8pm on a weeknight? Would it be uncomfortable? Would we be able to communicate at all? With these questions in our mind, we pulled into the driveway, and made our way to the front door. From the second the door opened, our roles were immediately reversed. Up until then, Mohamad had been dependent on us. As we attempted to greet his Auntie and Uncle in Arabic as Mohamad had tried to teach us in the car, we discovered that we were now completely dependent upon him. Mohamad's face was completely lit up as he helped us carry on a broken conversation about cell phone plans, prayer rituals, and school life for the children. The hospitality that we received during our impromptu visit was overwhelming. It was evident that the family was sitting down to enjoy tea and cake together, but hadn't yet started. They gave up two slices of cake that had been intended for them, offering it with huge smiles and encouragement to eat and drink. Mohamad explained some of the cultural differences that we may be experiencing, and helped us learn a few more words in Arabic to express our gratitude. As we left with invitations to come again any time, Mark and I were struck by this experience that so strongly reminded us that we all need each other in this world, that we are all interconnected, and that we all have many needs and many gifts to offer. We felt so humbled by this realization, and so uplifted and inspired by the hospitality we received. We look forward to future experiences, and to getting to know this wonderful family better in the months and years to come.

(by Ellery)

I was a refugee as a child and came to Canada at the age of eleven to seek a new life with my mother and two sisters. Canada took us in and offered us a new home where we could live peacefully and unafraid. I will always be grateful!

I hope and pray that these new refugees will also be able to become good, productive Canadian citizens in due time.



Pork on a Bun - Surviving the Heat

Once again the MCC Relief Sale has come and gone. This year the sale reached a significant milestone by celebrating 50 years as a fund raising and information event for MCC. That is quite a feat in an era where people, programs and events come and go at an ever increasing rate.

As always the months prior to the sale are spent organizing the many aspects of our Pork on a Bun project. The truck needs to be reserved, event forms need to be filled out, food needs to be ordered and volunteers have to be organized.

Of all of these it is the people who make the project work. I want to thank the many people who gave up their Saturday to make this a success once again. We simply could not do it without you.

As always, the sale is not without its challenges. Last year we had the rain. This year it was the heat. As the sun climbed higher the temperature rose reaching 34°C by early afternoon. This had a dramatic effect on the attendance and the crowds got smaller and smaller as they sought shelter in shadier areas or went home to an air conditioned space. The consequence for the project was that three quarters of our sales took place in the first 2 hours of the day when it was still cooler and we could not sell the rest over the next four hours. Nevertheless, we were able to improve our sales a little over last year. The volunteers who remained to the end used the leftover ice water from the youth pop sale to wade in and cool off

As always there are things to consider for the future and changes to contemplate. We are also rapidly approaching the 50th anniversary of the Pork on a Bun project. God willing, together, we can make next year a success again.

See you next May in New Hamburg

~submitted by Joachim Dau



Church Picnic



Why are we putting in an article about depression???

Because it is a real illness!

DEPRESSION

What?A Mennonite depressed you say!

How can that be; does she or he not have enough faith? I see red when I hear that statement!

~ submitted by Sue Fast

It is the most misunderstood malady. Why? Everyone that suffers with it is afflicted in different ways. You know who you are, and my heart goes out to you. God knows and loves you regardless. You are His Child.

One big difficulty is to how and why it starts for a lot of us. Ignorance of what is happening to our body and mind is just one explanation. All of us have different symptoms, too many to list. I will name some of mine just to give you a small idea. I do not want to bore you with all of them. Mind you, most of us, with God's help through His Holy Spirit, are managing the enemy's lies quite well, if and when we work at it.

O.K. When did mine start? (Don't forget, everyone has a different story). In my youth, I remember being very happy or very sad at times (crying even for no reason). Very bad eating habits and sensitivities did not help the situation. Next puberty time??? After babies, (high hormone levels). You know, those stupid letters they came out with (PMS). Years after I thought I was the only woman who had that malady. My doctor said he was sorry, for at that time, (60ies) there was nothing they could do for me; but, he never told me it was all in my head. There are more people with these afflictions than we know. And of course, life's circumstances also play a big part in keeping people down in the wells of despair.

Then came the clouds. I love clouds, even wrote a poem about them, but when they are full of rain, so am I. Except, it is not the rain as much as the barometric pressure which brings on more letters. I did not know about SAD (seasonal affective disorder). The Doctor also said it was real, not in my head, where most people led me to believe it was. And let's not forget our addictions that irritate this particular malady; mine was too much sugar and chocolate. (Please do not get mad at me chocolate lovers, you do not have to quit). I am still fighting that one, but gathering strength to overcome. Oh guess what, people do not want to hear me say, I can't stand that certain smell. Some send me around the bend and then I do sound crazy.

But since I have been working at improving my immune system, I am not being afflicted as much in the above areas. Thank you Jesus. Now, enough about me. There are people worse off...

Do not label us as crazy. I went to nurturing classes and counseling to find out that I was not crazy. Silly sometimes – yes. Anyone (any age) with any kind of psychological state, think we must be, at one time or another. Why?

A lot of people see us as such. There are some that think we should not have this malady, especially when we confess to be believers in Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. We do not want to be judged for our feelings, thoughts and sickness. God knows we are doing the best we can to try and get over our symptoms.

Most depressed people, men or women have loved God and His Son Jesus since childhood and have worked hard to overcome with God's help, reading, worship, prayer and medication if need be; but, sometimes- God takes people home and heals them His way. We have a glorious loving God who loves all of us, no matter what kind of illness we have.

If you know any of us, no matter what level; the most important thing you can do for us, is **LISTEN**. When (during our down times), we could really use some of God's loving compassion, that I know you are all capable of having. We would love not to have these symptoms. **It is empathy not sympathy that we need!**

Also – having tolerance, patience and understanding go a long way, in helping us like ourselves again.

Marja Bergen – a mental health activist who suffers herself from bi polar disorder, (who started a group called Living Room in B.C.) has a blog spot – marja@marjabergen.com



I enjoyed going to Vineland U.M.C. which started a Living Room – it was a safe, noninvasive and biblical based get together where we had learning and sharing sessions and of course coffee and tea and goodies made by members of the Vineland Mennonite church. Some of the ladies made prayer shawls for all of us, (praying for each man or woman while they were working on them), I love mine. The group has been dispersed for now and I miss it. Maybe we could start one here, so we do not have to drive so far???

I would like to add a Quote from her-

“that with therapy there *is* hope. Once patients start displaying symptoms, there is a danger that these symptoms will come to define who they are. Even doctors, therapists and nursing staff have been known to mistakenly judge patients by what they see through their symptoms. The person underneath those symptoms – the whole person – is forgotten or thought to no longer exist. Then, even when the person is doing well, not displaying symptoms, it’s hard for him to regain the positive regard he might have received before the illness struck. This is one of the unfortunate realities of trying to maintain respect when saddled with a mental health condition. And this is especially true for patients with BPD, a severe illness that carries such extreme stigma.”

Let us keep praying for our lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to bless each one that is afflicted with these debilitating illnesses and any other form of mental stress or disorder. Thank you Jesus.

For those of you who would like to hear more about my story as to how God helped me out of my well, I have a self published book in our church library that may bring comfort or help to support someone that needs nurturing. The book is called – Depression, the struggles within. (One Christian woman's journey through spiritual awakenings, upward and out from bouts of anxiety, panic attacks and depression.)

This is my journey how my Lord and Saviour used words and poetry as a healing tool, helping me to learn how to live, love and forgive myself and others. I am so grateful, Thank you Jesus.

The following poem is one that God has answered and I began the book in 1996, another thank you.

1Peter: 6 Cast all your anxiety on Him because He cares for you.

***Lord God in Heaven
hear my prayer.***

*Take me out of this despair.
Take away the pain I bear.
Keep me safe within Your care.
Let me live my life to share
with Your people everywhere.
Thank You God
for this life You spare.
In Jesus' name
I pray, Amen*

Thank you for listening – Susan Fast (Willms) By the way, I am not qualified to speak medically, only what I have suffered and learned from other people in the same boat or worse. I am also not a professional person, but am willing to listen to anyone who needs someone to tell them they are not crazy and that God loves them. (Confidentiality kept at all times) 905 468 7946

Part of book and why I need to share: Two songs from my youth come to mind: “Jesus Loves Me” and “I love to Tell the Story”. They are words and music learned in Sunday school, which played a big part in my life and fondly remember. Another thank you to our Lord and all people who share the gospel to our children, then and now. We love you for caring and sharing in song and words. The two teachers I remember most are, Erna Dirks and Helen Klassen.

Mark 12: 29 – 31

“Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one. Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength. The second is this: Love your neighbour as yourself. There is no commandment greater than these.”

~ submitted by Sue Fast



My name is Megan Friesen

daughter of Jeff and Anita Friesen.

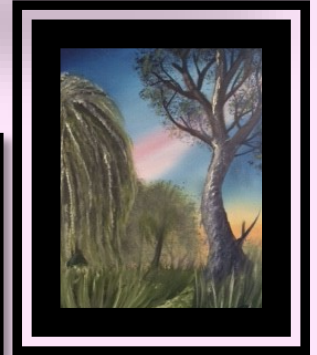
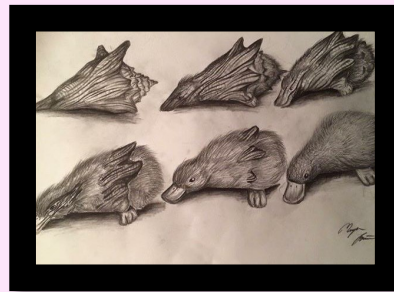
My paintings are done in oil and acrylic paints. They are done through imagination and each is a representation of beauty through nature. Each contains a sense of surrealism and disassociation from reality.

I have always been interested in art and have been creating since I can remember. Art is a form of freedom and self expression which is highly important to me. Every time I create an art piece I am allowing others to view my imagination through imagery.

I am currently enrolled at Brock University and majoring in studio arts (honours).

I take courses such as graphic design, drawing, painting, photography, and animation. I hope to someday utilize my creativity through film creation or many forms of media.

(See more of Megan's artwork in downstairs art hallway)



Book Corner—by Debbie Fast

Cold Shot

By Dani Pettrey

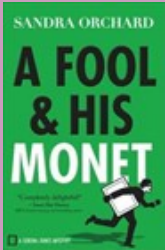
Chesapeake Valor Series Book 1



"In college, Griffin McCray and his three best friends had their lives planned out. Griffin and Luke Gallagher would join the Baltimore Police Department, Declan Grey would head to the FBI and Parker Mitchell would study to become a crime scene analyst. But then Luke vanished before graduation and their world – and friendships – crumbled. Now years later, Griffin has left the police and his friendships behind. He's living a quiet life as a park ranger at Gettysburg. Quiet until skeletal remains are uncovered.

When FBI agent Declan Grey steps in to take the case over, past and present collide. Griffin soon realizes he'll need to confront some of the darkest days of his life if he – and those he cares about – are going to escape a downward spiral of crime, danger and murder."

her zeal to uncover the truth about who murdered grandfather. She's joined the FBI with the secret hope that one of her case will lead to his killer. Now, despite her mother's pleas to do something safer – like get married – Serena's determined to catch thieves and black market traders. When a local museum discovers an irreplaceable Monet missing, Serena leaps into action – and a whole heap of trouble."



A Fool & his Monet

By Sandra Orchard ... a local author

Serena Jones Mystery Book 1

"Serena Jones has a passion for recovering lost and stolen art – one that's only surpassed by

Risen

By Angela Hunt

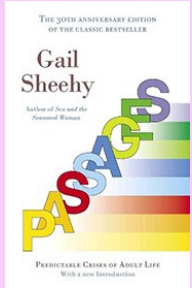
"Epic in scope, yet deeply personal, this novelization offers a unique perspective on the story of the Resurrection. Roman Tribune Clavius is assigned by Pilate to prevent the radical followers of the recently executed Yeshua from stealing the body and inciting revolution. When the body goes missing despite the precautions, Clavius must hunt it down.

His investigation leads him from the halls of Herod Antipas to the Garden of Gethsemane and brings him in touch believers and doubter alike. But as the body still remains missing, Clavius commits to a quest for the truth ... and finds answers that will not only shake his own life but echo throughout all of history."

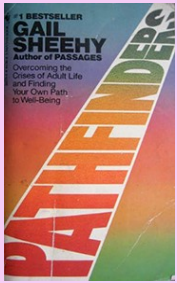


Mentors

A few years ago, two books, both written by the same author - Gail Sheehy- made quite a stir among their readers. These books were: "Passages", and "Pathfinders".



Both of them were a surprise to me since they dealt with the subject of adult development; surprise because such a field of study was new to me. Up to that time most of that type of research familiar to me revolved around children, as that was the area of my own experience. The one of the two books I'd like to refer to in this article is "Pathfinders", in particular. It struck a chord with me about something I'd been thinking of from time to time.



Basically, "Pathfinders", deals with people who have an outstanding sense of well-being in their lives. The names of all the individuals, whom the author interviewed personally, were submitted by their friends or acquaintances, roughly four to five-thousand people. Eventually, the author came up with ten strands that all these people had in common. She named these strands: "The Hallmarks of Well-Being". Some of these were:

- * My life has meaning;
- * My life has direction;
- * I have experienced major changes in my adult years;
- * I have handled transitions in an unusual, personal or creative way;
- * I rarely feel cheated or disappointed by life; and so on.....

How had these people attained their special sense of equilibrium or balance in their lives? That's what was of special interest to her and to me - her reader! That was interesting! All of them had had one or often two or more special people or "mentors", in their lives. These people had been of particular and significant influence on them in their growing-up years.

My thinking on this topic was triggered recently when a friend gave me a tape of songs we had recorded long ago, some 30 or more years. Her two sisters Betty and Anita Willms and I, and our wonderful pianist (Martha Dyck now Wiens), had formed a trio to sing at various church/youth events. It was fun! As I listened to those wonderful songs, old memories came unbidden, one after another. More importantly, I remembered the very special people, my "mentors", whose lives had touched mine in a significant way. My wonderful Tante Mia, so creative and always fun to be with, her courage in the face of the danger that often surrounded us as refugees, were a great example to me. Miss Poetker, fourth-grade teacher; Mrs. Toews the stalwart, decisive SS teacher, unshaken in her belief in God and the Bible; Mr. D. Neumann, high school principal and teacher at Eden, who also spoke at our wedding later; H.M. Willms - such an inspiring choir conductor! His passion for music and deep, loving faith in God were a great influence on each and every choir member.....

I could continue at length! But I asked myself why these particular people - as well as others - had mattered so much in my growing up years? What is the quality they all had in common? The answer is really simple: each one of them made me feel that I had something special to give, and that it really mattered to them that I give it! They cared about - me! I tried hard to rise to meet their faith in me.

In his book, "A Second Touch" Keith Miller writes about the problem of lack of involvement in the church. So he asked himself what kind of leader or teacher gets him to participate. His answer: the one who presents his material and vision in such a way, that each of his hearers can anticipate a personal place for himself - some measure of his or her acceptance of himself along with his or her kind of limitations. They do not speak or teach to the group. They speak or teach to each individual in that group, and that is what inspires us and influences us - perhaps for life!

Each of you reading this can be a mentor, a mentor to someone today!



Team Katie

We just wanted to take this opportunity to share our fundraising results for this past year's **Carstar Walk to Make Cystic Fibrosis History**. During the months leading up to the walk Team Katie was able to assemble quite a large team to participate in the walk. We ended up with approximately 50 team members, with some old faces and lots of new ones too. It was a great day!

As a team we raised over \$10000 dollars and across Canada a whopping \$3.5 million was raised. The money is used to fund research, develop new treatments and improve the quality of life of those living with Cystic Fibrosis! With your thoughts, prayers and donations we are one step closer to **CF standing for "Cure Found!"**

Make a Wish Canada

This year our family was able to participate in an amazing trip gifted to us by **Make a Wish Canada**. Make a Wish is an organization that grants wishes to those struggling with serious medical conditions. We started the process in the fall and found out in April that Katie's wish of going to Disney World and staying at **Give Kids the World** would come true. Once we found out, we had just a couple of weeks to get ready and we were on our way!

The kids were wowed at every turn, from being picked up in a stretch limo to arrive at the airport in style, to having ice cream for breakfast! Katie chose to stay at Give Kids the World, which is an amazing, mostly volunteer organization that hosts children and their families dealing with serious illness. There are not enough words to describe how incredible all the volunteers were or how special they made our trip. As if this was not enough, we then got to experience the magic of the Disney parks, Universal Studios and Legoland. It is a trip that we will cherish forever and we made a million memories.

~ submitted by Julie & Todd Dow

Noah, Katie, Julie, Todd, Riley

Dow



LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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

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