



March/April, 2017, VOLUME 4 EDITION 2

Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

*I love You Lord with all my heart
You've given me a brand new start
And I just want to sing these lyrics to You
It goes like this the fourth the fifth
The minor fall the major lift
My heart and soul are praising Hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah*

*I know that You're the God above
You're filling me with grace and love
And I just want to say I'm grateful to You
You pulled me from the miry clay
You've given me a brand new day
Now all that I can say is Hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah*

*It's undeserved I know that much
You blessed me with your healing touch,
the Truth, the Light, the beauty that shines through You
and even if it all goes wrong
I'll stand before the Lord in song
with nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah*

*When I'm laid to rest and You call me home
I'll bow my knee before Your throne
with all my heart I'll give my worship to You
and all the saints that came before
will shout with me on heaven's floor
with the angel choir I'll sing You Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, hallelujah
Hallelujah, hallelujah*

Another New Hallelujah
Leonard Cohen/Lincoln Brewster/Sharla Wiens
February/13/2011

WHO IS THAT UP THERE?

Some of you may be asking yourselves “who is that new lady singing up on the platform?”. Well, it’s me and I’m not so new.

The day was February 6th, 1988. I married a man named Kai Wiens (son of Klara and Johannes) in this very church! Pastor Werner Fast officiated; he will always hold a special place in my heart, and the ladies group provided our guests with a wonderful meal; their food will always hold a special place in my heart. Our family attended NUM for many years. During that time I was just starting to flex my vocal muscles by singing a few solos and singing in the choir under the leadership of John Rempel. I had always enjoyed singing in children and youth choirs, in church and school. There was always singing and music in my home growing up. My sisters and I loved to sing along to record albums to master singing harmonies by ear.



My sisters and I started singing together at church and women’s events. We were asked to join a group called Lost and Found which presented a program explaining the gospel message through readings, dramatic sign language and song. Lost and Found was associated with World Vision, and at every concert we tried to match up needy children with a sponsor. We toured Ontario and into the US a bit. We sang in concert with a Christian recording artist named Connie Scott, we opened for Dr. James Dobson, sang at the Mayor’s Prayer Breakfast and appeared several times on a local Christian television show called 100 Huntley Street. It was a wonderful time of growth, not just vocally but, spiritually as well. We were all from different church backgrounds, of various ages, and we could not only mentor but be mentored as well.



During this time I was personally being mentored to lead praise and worship by a lovely little woman, with a huge heart for the Lord named Esther Cooke. This was a huge stretch for me because although I could sing in front of a large group of people, speaking to them was a whole new ballgame. When I sang, I had the honour of conveying someone else’s beautifully poetic, melodic words. But when I spoke I had to come up with my own thoughts and insights with no orchestration to hide behind. I would prepare forever, just praying that God would do all the talking and give me all the right words to help the congregation connect with Him to prepare their hearts to receive the message from the Pastor. For me, it was a huge responsibility.



Because of my worship leading platform many people have asked me to sing at various functions including, of course, weddings and funerals. It was a funeral that brought me back to sing at NUM. My lovely friend asked me to sing Hallelujah at her husband’s funeral. That was a tough one, yet a beautiful one. The Rempels were singing that day too and I was fortunate enough to have them join me with their beautiful harmonies. John asked if I would sing it again with them on a Sunday service, then again with the Male Chorus. You just can’t say no to that guy. Especially because I respect his leadership, his love for the Lord and his totally charming and adorable wife. These opportunities introduced me to Jon Bradnam, his remarkable story and amazing voice, and reconnected me to Pete Sawatzky, with whom I ministered in Lost and Found.



This is the story of my 29 year full circle.

The lovely, welcoming, encouraging people of Niagara United Mennonite Church have brought my husband and me back to where we started.

Thanks church family.

~ Sharla Stephens Wiens

And here’s the story behind the song that brought me back....

A few years ago I was asked to sing at the funeral of my sister’s mother-in-law.

*We chose **Hallelujah** by a Praise and Worship artist named Lincoln Brewster with Christian lyrics adapted from Leonard Cohen’s original version.*

I usually sing to a prerecorded accompaniment so I purchased one, but this track had room for four verses whereas the Lincoln Brewster version only had two.

I like playing with words and have dabbled in poetry so I set out to write two extra verses, being mindful that this was going to be sung for a woman who had an extraordinary love for the Lord, who we knew was delighting in the presence of her Saviour. With Angel Ternowski’s overflowing, exuberant passion for her Lord in mind I penned the final two verses...

(You will find this song on the cover of this newsletter.)

Our Bee Adventure

John has always had a fascination with bees. Where did that come from? Whose DNA strand was tapped to create this fascination? As it turns out, his grandfather was a beekeeper back in Russia, his father dabbled in it, and here it was manifesting itself in our back yard.



As usual, I had some hesitation in having bees buzzing about while I gardened, or better yet, had a leisurely swim in our pool. I was not convinced that they would add a positive ambiance. John persevered, and our bee adventure had begun. With the help of friends in the area who were already enjoying this hobby, John set out to establish a few hives of his own. He was soon wearing the latest in bee keeping attire, which resembles something from an early space odyssey movie, and boxes were springing up in our back yard ravine area.



Caring for the bees became a fulltime job during certain parts of the year, so it was good that John was retired and had the time to invest. It also became quickly evident that this caring did not come without some nasty bee stings. I recall one such occasion where John was working with the hives, when suddenly he took to flailing and dancing around frantically. I soon realized that he was being stung, and ran to his rescue. Bear in mind here that John was fully clothed in his protective bee suit, whereas I was wearing a tee shirt and shorts, armed with a fly swatter. Some bees had been able to penetrate John's suit and were buzzing around his head and face. My fly swatter was up to the task and with some good swings, I managed to scare the bees away. They had left their mark, however, as John's lips and ears swelled to gigantic proportions. We thought of calling that first harvest "John's fat lip honey". I should add that this was not the only time I got to use my fly swatter in this manner. To this day, I wonder what the neighbours thought of our back yard antics.

You may wonder why the bees did not sting me. Honey bees are an amazing creation, and only sting when absolutely necessary, since they die after only one sting. They sting only to protect their hive. They recognized John's scent as someone who was `disturbing` the hive, and therefore only attacked him. I was quite safe.



This brings me to some interesting facts about honey bees:

- ✦ they recognize a scent of the intruder for 3 days
- ✦ they are busy - to make just one tablespoon of honey for your toast in the morning, a bee has to visit 4200 flowers
- ✦ to make one pound of honey, worker bees visit more than 3 million flowers and travel the equivalent of three times around the world.

Our desire for our honey bee harvest was to use it for God's glory. We dedicated the hives for His kingdom work. The bees have worked very diligently over the last 5 - 6 years to do just that. Selling our honey to you in our church family and to others in the community has raised approximately \$5000, with all proceeds, including cost of supplies going to various charities. These include an orphanage in Kenya and most recently to MCC for hunger relief. Your generosity has been wonderful, and we are currently `sold out`. Next harvest in the Fall.

I believe that the body of Christ, God's church is a lot like a beehive. The Lord wants us to be workers in our homes and churches, being "busy bees who do our part to make life sweeter for those around us".

~ submitted by Rita Epp



Franny Frizzle

Hi, my name is Franny Frizzle. I am a black bantam (meaning small) chicken. They call me a frizzle because my feathers are curled or frizzled". So I always walk around looking as if I have had a REALLY bad hair day. Though personally I am rather proud of my frizzled feathers!

I live on a farm with many other chickens, roosters, ducks, and a big white dog named Bella. Bella is a marmemba (Italian sheepdog). she is here to protect me and all my feathered friends from coyotes, cats, and hawks.



Like I told you, I was living with many other chickens and roosters. They were all bigger than me and the roosters kept chasing me and pecking at me. So my humans decided to move me over to the duck pen to live with the ducks. This was good, as all my feathers grew back but deep down I was a little sad and lonely.



Can you imagine how excited and happy I was when one cold December evening my humans came carrying a cardboard box and out came the most handsome rooster? He is small and frizzles just like me!! His name is Freddy Frizzle. Freddy loves to strut around the yard and crow, and I am so happy I lay a nice little brown egg every couple of days. We make a GREAT pair!



~ submitted by Esther Willms



Volunteers Rita Boldt, Leone Strilec & John Rempel at Ten Thousand Villages with manager Anne Litke. Anne Litke is retiring from TTV after more than 20 years of service. We wish Anne well in her new endeavours.

A Cat Called Peaches....Pets In Our Lives

Pets are often a big part of our lives, and many of us have stories or fond memories of animals that have been part of our lives.

Somewhere along the way Lani asked me to write about our 16 year old male cat Peaches. I think it's because Lani is a real cat lover!

It usually starts with kids when they are growing up....."can we please please get a hamster, a fish, a cat, a dog etc. That is how Peaches the cat came into our lives. When Katrina was a little girl around the age of 12 she started asking...."Mom/dad can we please get a cat! We had already progressed through the goldfish and hamster (Puffy) pet stages.

Ruth and Katrina went to The Henry Janzen farm and picked out the only orange tabi kitten....it was a barn cat and we weren't sure if it would become a house cat but figured it was worth a try, so home it came.

The next big decision was what to call the cat. It came down to three names. I wanted a manly name for the orange tabi and lobbied to call it Mufasa (lion king). The other two choices were Tigger (Winnie the Pooh) or Peaches (because of his colour).

I was reminded that it was Katrina's kitten so Peaches was chosen. I think the cat has had an inferiority complex ever since!

Highlights of Peaches life include:

Being hit by a school bus when he was around 2 years old when we lived on Line 3. For three days it was touch and go if he would make it. The way the story is told is that around day three of his injuries Ruth gave him a talking to and told him that there were many more farm cats where he came from and it was in his best interest to get better!. Shortly after he figured out that he had only used up one of his nine lives and completely recovered.

There were a couple of mocking birds on Line 3 where we lived that used to torment Peaches the moment he went outside. It was like they were waiting for him. They would constantly chatter at him and then dive bomb him and actually hit him in the head! So Peaches took up a lookout spot in the bushes where the birds hung out and waited patiently like cats do. After awhile let's just say that there were some feathers on the ground and a couple less mockingbirds around!

Peaches used up a couple more of his nine lives over the years when he disappeared for 2-3 days and we thought he was a goner....but the cat came back! He showed up at home all covered in dirt and oil, and disappeared into the basement for 3 days of recovery. Eventually he licked himself clean and came upstairs ready to go again!

Nowadays Peaches has become somewhat old and creaky. He hangs around the house and sleeps a lot. He still goes out to check around the property to make sure not too many other cats are intruding on his territory. Sometimes he sits at the glass door and looks like he is still "hunting" the birds outside from the comfort of the heated house!

Peaches has been a great family pet and a reminder of how important pets are in our lives as friends and companions. We have always tried to keep a healthy perspective that a pet is just that....a pet, and not treat them as more

than that. I am sure that this is a lot easier to do with a cat than if you have a dog.



Relief, development and peace in the name of Christ

December 20, 2016

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Dear Friends of MCC,

I'm realizing as I sit to write this letter that the last year I've been a little tardy in my communication with you, our dear and appreciated Material Resources donors. It's not because of lack of gratitude, I can assure you!

If I'm honest, I'd have to say there were periods this year that I felt disheartened by the constant and unrelenting tragedies occurring in the world. As you may already know from past years, our focus in the Ontario office is very much on the Syrian conflict, and sending aid to help those desperate refugees and internally displaced persons whose lives have been uprooted. I'm tired of it! I'm mad at it! I want it to stop! *How long can this go on?*, my mind wondered. It still does.

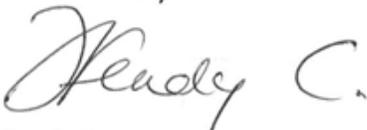
I'm thankful for this, though. In September I was meeting with my Material Resources colleagues from around the continent, and we had the pleasure of having a skype conversation with our reps in the Middle East. They shared how very helpful our donations have been, and then shared a few stories with us of some of the recipients.

They told us about a distribution of donations from Ontario that happened in Aleppo earlier this year. It was "raining" in Aleppo that day. "Raining" is a gentle way to say that bombs were falling – during the distribution. The centre was hit by a bomb, but not a single kit, blanket or person was injured. That day, 15,949 people received aid from your generous donations! One story that stirred my heart was about the partners who worked creatively to get the donations out to the ill and elderly who couldn't make it in to the distribution centre. One was a lady named Mary. Mary is 92. She has difficulty walking, seeing and hearing, has high blood pressure and cholesterol. Two young women from the partner organization took a kit to Mary and checked to make sure she was okay. Mary was overjoyed to see them. She said that just the week prior, an intruder had broken into her home and, finding little of value to take, had stolen her nail clipper and towel. Can you imagine? Her new MCC kit contained both a towel and a nail clipper! She said, "Thank God for this gift, which came just in time. The thief can have my old towels and nail clipper, I got a new one!"

So, in spite of discouragement about the state of the Middle East, it's stories like Mary's that keep me encouraged and pushing on. And none of this would be possible without people just like you, who think beyond yourself and choose to give of your own possessions and money to make a difference for people just like Mary. Thank God for your gift!

Blessings to you as you continue to partner with MCC Ontario in meeting basic human needs, and working for peace and justice.

- Wendy



Wendy Cotter
Material Resources Production Manager



Carolyn Gray
Material Resources Program Coordinator

MCC Warehouse at 70 Kent, Kitchener



Volunteers
at 50 Kent



Bundled
blankets
ready to
be sent
to fill a
need!

NUMC deliveries to 50 Kent



Volunteering----yes I like to volunteer.

Every Monday I help to put up quilts onto the frames. On Tuesday we quilt, usually 13-16 quilts, depending on how many ladies we are at Niagara U M Church. We quilt every week from September to the middle of April.

I also volunteer at our Christian Benefit Shop on Grantham Ave. Every Thursday I help price clothes with Anne Rahn.

Then the Warehouse of Hope had an ad in the St. Catharines Standard. They needed volunteers and they needed donations, So I went there to see where I could help.

Marie Van der Zalm showed me around. When you enter the big warehouse, there are at least 12-20 hospital beds, about 30 wheelchairs and walkers, a huge container with pop cans for recycling, another huge container with cardboard and another one with paper.

They receive a lot of towels, bedspreads and blankets from hotels in Toronto. There is a room for electronics for repair or to dismantle for recycling.

Then Marie showed me the sewing room with about 6 ladies sewing diapers, baby clothes and feminine napkins for girls in Africa, who are not allowed to go to school when they have their period without protection.

Upstairs is the room where they fold, cut and wind together the milk bags. This is the group that I have joined. The bags are folded lengthwise 2x, then both ends cut off. Then they are cut into 2" pieces and looped together. Next we crochet 52 stitches wide by 5ft long for mats. It takes me 7min to crochet one row. That is about 8 hours on average for each mat. There are at least 300 milk bags in one mat. I crochet 2 mats a month and since last May 2016, I am on my 18th mat. The milk bag-mats are used as a mattress for people who normally sleep on the ground. That is why we wrap a large towel in each, otherwise the mat is too scratchy. I collect a lot of milk bags, mainly at the Benefit shop. The warehouse collects them from their own churches.



The Van der Zalm's are the people who went to Guatemala to dig wells and build schools. In 2016 the Wells of Hope sent at least 12 containers to Honduras, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti and Africa.

~ submitted by Helga Rahn



KING CAKE

Being semi-retired (I worked about 4 months for my firm last year and 15 months for my kids), allows one to have an extra amount of freedom in one's schedule. So when Shingo Yuki, my colleague at work, called and asked if I could leave in a day and a ½ for Mexico, for 5 days' work, I said "SURE". It turned out the guy who was scheduled to go there had an Oma pass away and, no one else from our small 20-person engineering firm was available.

So, I soon found myself in a brand new, PSV plant in Puebla Mexico about 2 hours south and east of Mexico City. PSV is a company who is in a Joint Venture with a, privately owned, all Canadian company – Woodbridge Foam, who is a world leader in the supply of foam cushions (seats, arm rests etc), to the automotive industry, a quiet little Canadian success story. As an aside, the Air Canada flight I took from Toronto to Mexico City and back, is the same flight our Mexican farm workers, take every spring and fall. I felt a bit of an affinity to them as I waited for all the things one waits for on an international flight.

Puebla is home to the largest Volks Wagon plant outside of Germany, and is currently experiencing lots of growth. At the hotel we stayed at, German was spoken in every corner of the dining room, as there seemed to be no end of German VW support staff in the area. There is also a Ford plant in Puebla, which is why PSV was opening a plant there.

With all the hustle and bustle of Puebla, a city of 3 million (Mexico City is an unbelievable 22 million) and all the foreign workers here, and our busy work schedule I did not think I'd get a chance to experience much Mexican culture.

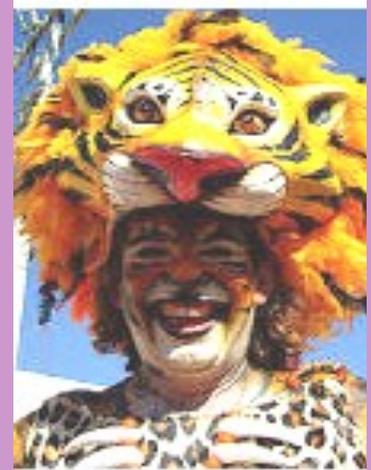
When I think of the culture of Latin America and South America, Carnival comes to mind with the big parades on Fat Tuesday, the last big party before Lent begins on Ash Wednesday.

This day is celebrated in many cultures with grand parties followed by fasting.

Mardi Gras in New Orleans,

Carnival in Rio,

and Carnival in Barranquilla, Columbia are examples.



So when Arturo, the plant process engineer, came to us in the control room, on January 6th, and started waving his arms, and talking in broken English, about Reyes, then Kings and a Star, a cake and a baby Jesus, and Feb. 2 and a party with tamales, I thought of Carnival, and local traditions, and forgot about cars and foam.

It turns out that, Jan 6 of course is Epiphany the day the Magi discovered the Christ Child. Arturo wanted us to join the rest of the workers in sharing a piece of cake.

In Mexico Epiphany is celebrated with a **Roscón de Reyes** or Kings Cake or directly translated Kings' Ring (Although the name indicates that it should be round, the *roscón de reyes* generally has an oval shape due to the need to make cakes larger than 30 cm (12 inches) across for larger parties. For decoration, [figs](#), [quinces](#), [cherries](#) or dried and [candied fruits](#) are used).

Everyone cuts themselves a big slice and eats it. It was very good. They encouraged me to have a LARGE piece and I did, about 4"x6". I thought this is nice, I'll have to remember this tradition.

But wait there's more.

Be careful when you eat King Cake, because you might chew on a [trinket](#). A figurine, traditionally of the [Christ child](#). Arturo managed to get one and quickly showed it to me. In the quick look I had of it I saw that his was a busty Barbie type figure, a little smaller than your pinkie.

I did not get a trinket (there were 5 in each cake and you might have to eat half a cake to make sure you got one). Getting a trinket could be a good or a bad thing depending on your point of view as I'll explain in a minute. Most people were happy to get a trinket and some even had extra helpings in order to up their chances.



The pic does not convey the size of the King Cake. It's about the size of a large tray of pizza. The picture is one of 50 or more cakes, I saw there at the plant that day. They had stacks of them which made me think of parties back home with stacks of pizza boxes. (The plant was still under construction so there are lots of people around). On Jan. 6th Mexico produces these cakes by the truck load.

So the Trinket.

Whoever finds the baby Jesus figurine is blessed (too bad I did not get one) and must take the figurine to the nearest church on February 2 and pray a blessing upon it. (Feb. 2 is [Candlemas Day](#) the day that is 40 days after the birth of Jesus, when Mary by tradition would be considered clean again and be able to enter the synagogue and give thanks for her son – thus we are to go to the church and give thanks as well, especially if you received a figurine)

In the Mexican culture, a person who finds a baby Jesus, not only is blessed, but has the responsibility of hosting a dinner and providing [tamales](#) and [atole](#) to his guests. (on the one hand I wanted to be blessed, and on the other hand I was not keen on paying for tamales for several hundred workers, especially if I was not going to be there on Feb.2 to enjoy them).

In U.S. communities with large Mexican and Mexican-American populations, such as Los Angeles, San Diego, San Jose, Dallas and Chicago, the celebration includes the Mexican [hominy](#) stew *pozole*, which is made for all one's neighbors

In Spain before children go to bed on Jan. 6th, they leave a dish filled with biscuits and a few glasses of water for the three wise men and the camels they ride on.

Well my 5 days, turned to 10 days, which still was not enough time to get me to Feb. 2, Candlemas Day, to enjoy the tamales. Soon enough I was back home again thinking I had missed out on something worthwhile.

As luck would have it, later in January, something came up at work again, and after supper around 6:30 in the evening, Shingo once again gave me a call. "Esther" I said, "It's Shingo" and before I could continue, Esther said "Yes you can go". By 12:00 noon, the following day I was once again in Mexico City and 2 hours later at the PSV plant in Puebla.



(continued on next page)

As Feb. 2 approached I was excited to see how the sharing of Tamales would work out. Just before Feb.2, Arturo, the guy who introduced me to the King Cake gave me one of the 3 Christ Childs he had found back on Jan.6th. (wow how blessed was he – he must have eaten a lot of **Roscón de reyes**, and now he shared with me in his blessing). Once it was in my hand, I could have a good look at the figurine close up, and realized that what I had identified as “a busty Barbie type figure”, was indeed a praying Christ Child. If you look closely those are elbows and hands in a prayer pose, (what was I thinking!). I was much relieved to have this better understanding.



Well, Feb. 2 came and went and NO tamales. “What happened to the tamales” I asked Arturo, late in the day on the 2nd. I must have forgotten that I was in Mexico, because sure enough, a day later (I’m sure you all know the Spanish word that is well used in Mexico “mañana”) 3 pots of tamales arrived at the plant along with pots of atole. I had had a pretty good breakfast that morning, but much enjoyed a 2nd breakfast of tamales. I choose the spicy jalapeno ones. The atole drink, being quiet sweet, was not to my liking however and I found myself a coffee.

The picture is one of Julio our driver and general plant gopher, handing out tamales to everyone. (yes in Mexico they can afford to have a plant driver responsible for bringing people from the airport or any other task that needs doing. The position actually carries some prestige and is a sought after job. Julio was 41 and had a 1 year old GRANDSON. In Mexico on the 1st birthday of your 1st grandson, you MUST throw a party for all your friends and relatives, and in Julio’s case he had a party for 150 people.)

The pot contained 150 tamales, and they had purchased 3 pots. Cost I found out later was about \$60 per pot. Not bad, I thought. Now I wished I had eaten a few more pieces of **King Cake** back on Jan. 6th.

For those who don’t know about tamales, in the pre-Columbian era, the Mayas ate tamales and often served them at feasts and festivals.^[4] The Classic Maya hieroglyph for tamales has been identified on pots and other objects dating back to the Classic Era (200–1000 CE), although it is likely they were eaten much earlier

In Mexico, tamales begin with dough made from nixtamalized corn (hominy), called masa, or a masa mix, such as Maseca, and lard or vegetable shortening. Tamales are generally wrapped in corn husks or plantain leaves before being steamed, depending on the region from which they come. They usually have a sweet or savory filling and are usually steamed until firm.

To me it was very much like a rice roll, just corn, with a filling or flavoring. They had 3 types and as I love spicy food, I chose the jalapeno filling.

Tamale-making is a ritual that has been part of Mexican life since pre-Hispanic times, when special fillings and forms were designated for each specific festival or life event. Today, tamales are typically filled with meats, cheese or vegetables, especially chilies. Preparation is complex, time-consuming and an excellent example of Mexican communal cooking.^[4] Tamales are a favorite comfort food in Mexico, eaten at both breakfast and dinner, and often accompanied by hot atole or champurrado and arroz con leche (rice pudding) or maize-based beverages of indigenous origin. Street vendors can be seen serving them from huge, steaming, covered pots (tamaleras) or ollas.

The plant did successfully launch its new production line and I did find my way back to Canada, albeit with a Baby Christ Child – that I did not declare at customs as I reasoned it was gifted to me not purchased.

I have yet to take it to church and make a prayer of thanks – but I will.

~ submitted by Erv Willms

March Birthdays:

Franz Friesen: 89 (3/8/28)

Jake Enns: 85 (3/12/32)

John Harder: 84 (3/12/33)

Maria Enns: 90 (3/19/27)

Jacob Friesen: 92 (3/23/25)

Arno Bartel: 88 (3/25/29)

Erika Martens: 86 (3/30/31)

Peter Siemens: 85 (3/30/32)

Catharine Wiebe: 94 (3/31/23)



April Birthdays:

Margarethe Neufeld: 87

(4/10/30)

Kaethe Riemland: 85 (4/14/32)

John Willms: 86 (4/15/31)

Anneliese Pankratz: 84 (4/22/33)

Wilhelm Harder: 82 (4/22/35)

History from past NUMC bulletins ~ Harold Neufeld

From the March 4, 1962 Bulletin: "The annual meeting accepted a budget of \$23,308.00. Pledge cards received by March 1st totalled \$9447.00. A goodly amount is still needed. To all who have pledged – a hearty thanks. To those who have not – a reminder to return their completed pledge cards to the treasurer immediately."

In the "Now-We-Know-How-Old-You-Are-Department" from the March 24, 1963 bulletin: Jacob and Katie Wiens wish to announce the birth of their daughter, Wendy, on March 16." That would make Wendy... er... let's see... a little over 29 years old.

This sounds like fun... but maybe it's a little too early in the day: EASTER SUNDAY April 15, 1979 5:30am the JUNIOR YOUNG PEOPLE meet at the church, then gather at the cross at Lakeshore Cemetery. After a drama presentation "The Women at the Tomb" by the young people, Ed and Anne Goerz from Oshawa will share the Easter message. Breakfast will follow at Jake and Marg. Goerz, Penner Street.

Finally from the April 10, 1977 EASTER WORSHIP SERVICE:
He is Lord, He is Lord, He is risen from the dead and He is Lord
Every knee shall bow, every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.



Thoughts on the Loft

by Adine Enns

At Pioneer Club one evening the Traiblazers (Gr 6,7,8 group) were reading Psalm 34:

Glorify the Lord with me; let us exalt his name together. In verse 7 we read, "The Angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear him, and he delivers them". The children were encouraged to picture themselves surrounded by an angel.

Entering our sanctuary by the front doors, I like what I see. We have a lovely inviting entrance. It is spacious, lofty and bright and on a few special occasions too small. The height and the light capture my attention and draw my sight and thoughts upward to the "Light". Blessed remembrance brings back Jacob's Dream. Genesis 29:12 A staircase from earth to heaven, and angels of God going up and down. At the top of the stairs stood the Lord- - -

Gazing up our staircase, I envision smiling angels going up and down, opening doors, greeting worshipers young and old, helping elders and attending the elevator.

The awesome privilege of freedom to worship in God's House is ours. He is waiting for us to "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting and his truth endureth to all generations." Psalm 100:4-5

70th Anniversary in Neuland, Paraguay



February 1 is the date when the people of Neuland celebrate their departure from Bremerhaven in the ship, Volendam. This year, February 1 marked the 70th anniversary of this historic event.

Kathy and I were invited to participate in the area of music at the celebration service. Leading the 100 voice choir of mostly youngish singers was very rewarding. The main service took place Wednesday morning at 9:00 in the Mennonite Church in Neu Halbstadt, a fully air conditioned building that seats over 1000 people and has a



stage that can accommodate over 100 singers. Three people gave riveting accounts of their own or their grandparents' departure from the Soviet Union and war-torn Germany and settling in the inhospitable "green hell", the Chaco. The choir sang six anthems and a minister spoke, warning of excesses that are the bi-products of wealth. After the service, a thousand people gathered outside, in the warm shade (40°C) of the surrounding bush, for a typical Paraguayan asado. Those who preferred cooler temperatures, could eat in an air conditioned dining hall. Today, the Chaco, i.e Neuland doesn't seem so inhospitable anymore. Adobe huts have given way to sprawling, beautifully landscaped bungalows, even villas. Ox carts have been replaced by fancy cars, and dirt roads by all-weather roads or even pavement. Modern technology is as evident there as here.

Kathy and I have been to Paraguay numerous times and we're never disappointed. Each visit is filled with memorable experiences, but there is always one that stands out above all others. This time, for me, aside from the anniversary celebration, was a visit with Mr. Peter Duerksen. My good friend, Jasch, a rancher and admirer of horses, suggested that we visit an older gentleman in the neighbouring colony, Fernheim, who raises horses as a business, but since money is not an issue, mostly as a hobby. Mr. Duerksen, a tall, powerfully built man in his eighties, lives with a number of workers on a big ranch not far from

the town of Filadelfia. He's been a widower for about two years. There are no children. When we shook hands, to my surprise and consternation the first thing he said to me in Low German was, "so dien Voda es Aeltesta Hauns Rampel" (so your father is Aeltester Hans Rempel). I was concerned because my father faced strong opposition on church and social matters from the more conservative members of our Mennonite community. Some people had been downright hostile. But then, to my great relief Mr. Duerksen went on to say, "I remember your father with great fondness. He taught us not to judge and to be tolerant." And then he told us how the leaders of the MB and GC churches and the Oberschulzen (civic leaders) of Neuland and Fernheim had met in his parents' house (his father was the Oberschulze of Fernheim) and that he had listened to their discussions in an adjoining room. My father had called on the more conservative members in the group to be less judgmental of the "unchurched" new immigrants, the people in Neuland, who for decades had experienced repression and horrors of war and very little spiritual guidance. There were many young widows and widowers with young children whose partners had been banished to Siberia or were lost during the war. Pioneering in the hostile environment of the Chaco was very difficult especially for single parents, as a result common law relationships developed, which my father as a church leader, did not condemn outright. I recall that a couple living in a common law relationship was good friends of my parents.

Then Mr. Duerksen invited us into his house. The whole house seemed to consist of one expansive living room. The vaulted ceiling at least twenty feet at the apex, was held up by a giant beam supported by two giant tree trunks on each end. The Cartwrights of Bonanza came to mind, only bigger. The furniture was large, beautiful and comfortable – befitting a large ranch house. The walls were decorated with large paintings and photographs of bygone days when men on horseback ruled the Chaco. There was also a 12 x 24 inch photograph of Mr. Duerksen and the current president of Paraguay, Horacio Cartes, who had visited him a few months ago.

For the next hour or so Jasch and Mr. Duerksen, two horse enthusiasts, traded interesting horse stories. Both have bought from and sold horses to the other, and both remembered my dad as an enthusiastic horse owner and trader.

I remember when I was about 8 or 9 years old, my dad came home with a beautiful brown horse, named Roland. When you told Roland to lie down he would do so and groan loudly. Over the next year or so Roland often had to demonstrate this skill for visitors. Soon, however, Roland grew too large for us to use as a buggy horse, and my dad sold him to a farmer. Much later, I often wondered where Dad got that horse, but forgot to ask him.

Now I asked Mr. Duerksen if he or his dad had ever sold a horse to my father. Yes, he said, a brown horse with a blaze. I asked if there was anything special about this horse and what his name was. He told me that the name of the horse was Roland and that he would lie down on command, and that he, as a young teenager had trained it to do so, and had performed numerous public demonstrations. It almost felt as if Mr. Duerksen and I were now family. It felt good!

On the north side of this huge living room is a big, heavy wooden door. It leads to Mr. Duerksen's private museum. The theme of the museum is early transportation in the Chaco. There are carretas with 14foot diameter wheels, different wagons such as the Chaco wagon, Menno wagon, and wagons resembling small Conestogas, as well as an array of carriages from simple Amish buggies imported from Pennsylvania, to very fancy, high society carriages of the 19th century.



While the Quarter Horse is by far the most common and most popular horse in the Chaco, Mr. Duerksen also specializes in Holstein horses for show jumping, and in a stall we find his prize Holstein stallion imported from Germany, a truly magnificent animal. Our friend spends thousands of dollars and euros to import good breeding stock.

My friends, Jasch and Mr. Duerksen and numerous others like them, have educated people, at least in the Mennonite colonies, in the proper and humane treatment of horses. Hopefully, their influence will eventually be felt in the rest of the country, where it is badly needed.

After touring the ranch, Jasch and I said our good byes to Mr. Duerksen, a true gentleman rancher in a big way. "Komt bolt wada, brinjti juni Frind. Dann brod wi noch waut," were his parting words.

I will remember this visit for a long time.

~ John Rempel



BOOK CORNER ~ Debbie Fast

The Beverly Lewis Amish Heritage Cookbook "Bestselling author Beverly Lewis has captivated the imaginations of countless readers with her powerful, heartwarming novels of Amish-life.

Now she shares time-tested recipes, including favorites from her grandmother's recipe box, other family members and dear friends from the Plain community Beverly so vividly portrays"

The Inn at Ocean's Edge By Colleen Coble **A Sunset Cove Novel**

"In 1989, Claire Dellamare disappeared from her own fourth birthday party at the Hotel Tourmaline on the island of Folly Shoals, Maine. She showed up a year later at the same hotel, with a note pinned to her dress but no explanation. Nobody knows where Claire spent that year – and until now, Claire didn't even know she had ever been missing.

But when Claire returns to the Hotel Tourmaline for a business meeting with her CEO father, disturbing memories begin to surface...despite her parents best efforts to keep them forgotten.

With flashbacks swimming just beneath her consciousness and a murderer threatening her safety, Claire's very life depends on unscrambling her past ... even if her family refuses to acknowledge it."

Thunder & Rain by Charles Martin

"Despite his strong moral compass, third generation Texas Ranger Tyler Steele has trouble seeing his greatest weakness. His hard outer shell, the one essential to his work, made him incapable of forging the emotional connection his wife, Andie, so desperately needed. Now retired, raising their son Brody, on his own, and at risk of losing his ranch, Ty doesn't know how to rebuild from the rubble of his life.

Samantha Dyson is on the run with her daughter Hope from an abusive ex who has the resources & determination to hunt them down. They are in danger, desperate & alone when they meet Ty. Though it's no longer his job, Ty knows he can help – if he can earn their trust. As his relationship with Sam & Hope unfolds, however, Ty realizes he must confront his weakness if he wants to protect them, ultimately, offer the real strength they truly need."



What if I am Wrong?

A number of years ago I represented a client (whom we will call Roadrunner) who was employed in the financial services sector, but left his employer, (whom we will call Acme), to start his own independent business. Not surprisingly, having spent a fair number of years in that business, Roadrunner continued to deal with people whom he knew, who of course Acme treated as “its” clients. The existence of another competitor in the same business is not something which Acme could do anything about, (from a legal perspective), but it was certainly something which they would try to end from a business perspective. From Roadrunner’s perspective, the law would permit him to practice his trade, but it would not allow him to approach the business contacts he had gained from his employment with Acme.

So a lawsuit followed. In a nutshell, and glossing over legal niceties, Acme was hoping to bar Roadrunner from any contact with anyone who was formerly on Acme’s book of business, and Roadrunner was attempting to establish that the people who were now coming to him in his new business venture, while they may have formerly been served by Acme, had come to him through independent contacts, and not as a result of any contact he had initiated on opening up his own business. So basically Acme came to court, saying here is this list of clients who have formerly done business with us, but when Roadrunner left, somehow they ended up moving their business to Roadrunner, and of course that couldn’t happen unless Roadrunner had approached them and solicited their business, and he used our contacts lists to do so, and the court should protect our contact lists. Roadrunner’s reply evidence was something to the effect that he had been in this business for a long time and a lot of people knew him, and talked about his business when he had opened it up, and followed him without his initiating that business contact.

Acme sued for an injunction, which is a court order that Roadrunner couldn’t contact or sell financial products to anyone who had been a customer of theirs, alleging that he obviously was using the customer list of Acme, and this he had no legal right to do. Such a lawsuit involves Acme applying for a temporary court order (“interim injunction”), which will last until the trial, that Roadrunner stay away and not doing any business with whoever was a customer of theirs, and then there is a final trial, when the parties will bring all their evidence and witnesses to court, and when the court will sort out which customers came to Roadrunner on their own, and which he initiated the contact, and the court would then issue a “final order”. Such a final order might continue the interim injunction, or change its terms, or perhaps dissolve it entirely. The emphasis of the court in making the temporary order will be to maintain the situation existing before Roadrunner left Acme’s employment, unless Roadrunner can clearly show that he didn’t cherry pick Acme’s former clients, and they came to him on their own, perhaps through some general advertising which he had done.

The emphasis of the court in granting such an interim injunction is to prevent a potentially illegal situation to deteriorate over the time it takes to get to a trial, when a final decision and damages to the aggrieved party would be awarded, to the point where the final order is practically meaningless, because of the passage of time. Perhaps by that time it is impossible to

fairly assess damages, or the damages have escalated to a point where there is no realistic hope that anyone could pay them, or some other form of “irreparable harm” will have occurred. It is always meant to be “interim” with the concept that perfect justice will be done at the time of the final trial decision.

Then there is the issue of court costs. There is a general rule that the party who wins in court is awarded some repayment of their legal costs incurred, which are typically payable by the losing party. While that may be the general rule, costs are always in the discretion of the judge hearing the matter. Those general principles apply to interim court orders, as well as final trial judgments.

My client was not successful at the interim hearing, and Acme got a court order that Roadrunner not deal with (some of) their former clients. Of course, they also requested the judge to grant them costs of the interim court proceedings part of the legal proceedings. If such costs were ordered by the judge, Roadrunner would have to pay them before the trial. Probably most judges would have ordered costs to be paid by Roadrunner, following the usual rule that the successful party in court is entitled to a court award of costs.

But this judge decided to use his discretion in the costs order which he made, declined to follow the usual rule, and gave us his reasons for doing so. He stated the obvious, and that was that Acme had been largely successful before him that day, and that therefore he was granting Acme some protection for the client list which they had asked him to protect. He went on to say that this was only the interim motion, and that there would be a trial down the road, at which it might be “found that the decision which I am making today was wrong.” The judge then went on to say, that to award costs now, in accordance with the usual rule of costs being awarded to the winner of the day, might well be an unfair burden on Roadrunner, especially if Roadrunner should be successful at the final trial. In that case this interim decision would be “found to be wrong”, and he would have put an unfair financial burden on a new business venture. The judge viewed that possibility as being unfair to the parties, especially when viewed with the benefit of the hindsight of a final judicial decision at trial. In the end result, the costs of the interim injunction hearing were left for the trial judge to make, as he or she would then have the benefit of hearing all the facts and evidence and rendering a fair decision based on those facts.

Interesting words, “that I am found to be wrong” for someone who is called on to decide between two conflicting arguments.

The wisdom of the judge’s costs decision was proven when my client was successful at the trial decision.

The judge’s reasons for awarding the costs decision he made has stayed with me over the years. How many times do I express an opinion on a subject, believing I have all the facts at my disposal which are needed to make a final decision, only to have additional facts and considerations arise. Then, after considering those additional facts, my opinion changes. I may have thought that my initial opinion was a final one, (and “right”) but been wrong in that. In forming (and expressing) that original opinion, did I create barriers for someone to follow a perfectly appropriate path (when viewed with the benefit of hindsight), but a path which I viewed as inappropriate at the time of my forming and expressing my original opinion.

And if it should happen that I then form a second opinion, am I certain that even that one is a final opinion (and "right")? Haven't my opinions changed over time on many things? And in expressing those opinions, did I ever create barriers to anyone, which with the benefit of hindsight, are found to have been wrong barriers, and barriers which I now regret I may have created.

In a congregational context, we many times make decisions and rulings which change over time. Whatever our sincerity in making those decisions at the time they were made, we may come to a different conclusion later, and then say we should not have acted as we did originally. Then the question is, what harm did we do to someone at the time of the first decision? An apology may well be all we could offer at this time, but an apology never rights the original wrong, though it may help to restore a relationship. Did we break fellowship with someone when we expressed our original beliefs and opinions, only now

to say it was a decision which led to what we now view as a wrong? Or, if not "wrong", at least unfortunate, and one we now regret expressing.

What I have taken away from that judge's costs order is that when I make a decision, especially one which is going to affect another human being (and especially a decision which may later be found to be "wrong"), I should find ways to implement that decision, or express it, with an eye to applying it as lightly as possible, and minimizing the consequential impact on those persons affected. If my original decision is found "wrong" at some future time, I will have caused less harm to the individual who bore the brunt of my wrong decision. If my goal is to walk in fellowship with that individual, even if our opinions differ, I will have broken that fellowship a little less, and repairing the relationship will be a little less hard.

~ Peter Janzen

Jr. Youth Spaghetti Lunch

One of the events of the Junior youth year is what has quickly turned into one of the highlights as well. That would be the now annual spaghetti lunch. It is

an opportunity for the congregation to see some of the youth, for the young people to give something back to the church, for everyone to just get together for a meal and conversation and to fund raise a little to subsidize the more expensive events like the Silver Lake retreat.

It is wonderful to see how much people appreciated this event and we are



certainly grateful for the support and encouragement we have received. It is hard to say how many people attended but it would be somewhere near 175 people and we have not heard of a single person who left hungry! It is not often that you can claim 100% satisfaction. We look forward to the rest of the year with our grade 6, 7 & 8s and hope to see you next winter at the next NUMC Jr Youth Spaghetti Lunch.

~ Joachim Dau

Flips, Flops, Chats & Rests at Skyzone for Junior Youth



Less than a year ago, my journey began. But the next journey is just beginning.

By Jon Bradnam



It's been a turbulent year, but the fact that I'm still here means it's my turn to help the hospital that helped to save my life. This is all in the hopes that more research will lead to more breakthroughs so that more people have a fighting chance against cancer. Here's the short version of my story, and why I'm doing the Ride to Conquer Cancer.

In June, 2016, I started experiencing some discomfort. A quick trip to the walk-in clinic got the ball rolling (pun completely intended), and a week later I was having emergency surgery for a tumour which was presumed to be testicular cancer.

Surgery went smoothly, and the biopsy came back confirming Embryonal Carcinoma, a form of testicular cancer. My journey looked like it was going to be quick, as blood work came back normal and after a week or two, my life was back to normal.

About a month later, my post-surgery CT scan revealed some surprising news. The cancer had spread to my lymphatic system, into my abdomen, and it was at this point that it was recommended I go to Princess Margaret, to meet with some of the top doctors in the world, and to decide what would be the next plan of attack.

After an emotional meeting with a surgeon and an oncologist, it was decided that I would start chemotherapy for 9 weeks – 3 cycles of a 3 week treatment known as BEP (Bleomycin, Etoposide, cisPlatin). It's a treatment that's been very successful for many decades. After some trials and tribulations (read the blog for more details), the chemotherapy was completed. Fast-forward to today, and I can confidently say that the cancer is in remission. Princess Margaret is continuing to monitor me every 3 months, but all signs point to the treatment being a success.

As thankful as I am that my treatment was successful, my heart aches for those whose experiences have been different than mine. I believe that everything in life happens for a reason, and this hurdle is no different.

It was a few weeks before my treatment began that a friend of mine was given his own cancer diagnosis. This was constantly on my mind, and when I started experiencing my own symptoms, a voice kept telling me that if it can happen to Darin, it can happen to you. Darin's diagnosis and willingness to share with others is the main reason I decided to get checked when I did.

Darin's cancer was much more aggressive and advanced than mine, and after undergoing clinical immunotherapy trials, his pain was relieved in November. The day Darin passed away was the day that I registered for the Ride to Conquer Cancer. Darin's story helped to save my life and I want to do the same for others fighting cancer.



Every dollar that's raised through my ride on **June 10—11, 2017** will be going to Discovery Research at Princess Margaret. When registering, I was asked if I wanted the money I raised to go to the GU clinic – the clinic that treated me. I said no. Truthfully, testicular cancer treatment has developed to the point where it is about as routine as it gets. Many other cancers don't have this luxury. After discussing Darin's story with the girl registering me, she told me that Discovery Research is where I should direct my fundraising. Immunotherapies are going to be the next big breakthrough, but more funding is needed so that these therapies can be researched, developed, and tested.

My hope in doing this ride is to make a difference – a difference for those whose treatment possibilities are not ideal. For Darin, and for all those in a similar situation.

Here's the donation link. Thanks for considering!

http://www.conquercancer.ca/site/TR/Ride/Toronto2017?px=4161899&pg=personal&fr_id=1581

(If you don't have internet but still want to make donations to this cause, please enclose cheque or cash in envelope & drop into NUMC offering. Donations will then be sent to the above cause. For receipts, include your name & address.)

LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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