

Create
in me a
clean heart,
O GOD,
and put a
new and right
spirit
within me
Psalm 51:10



Sept. Oct. 2017 VOLUME 4 EDITION 4

LIFE WITH US

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

Sing a new world into being

**Sing a new world into being, sound a bold and hopeful theme.
Find a tune for silent yearnings, lend your voice and dare to dream.
Dream a church where all who worship find their lives and loves belong.
Sing a new world into being, sing as Christ inspires your song.**

**Sing a new world into being, where each gender, class, and race.
Brings its rainbow gifts and colours to God's limitless embrace.
Where the lines that once divided form instead the ties that bind.
Sing a new world into being, risk transforming heart and mind.**

**Sing a new world into being, where the homeless find a home.
Where no children ever hunger, but are filled with God's shalom.
Where all people work for justice, where all hate and vengeance cease.
Sing a new world into being, raise the harmonies of peace.**

**Sing a new world into being, join the ancient prophet's cry.
For a time of health and plenty, when all tears have been wiped dry.
When compassion flows like waters, pouring balm for all who grieve.
Sing a new world into being, live the promise you believe.**

~ Mary Louise Bringle, 2005

*Tune - Beethoven's Ode to Joy
(hymn to be included in new hymnal, 2020)*

A “Best-of” List of Travel Adventures

(Ironically, as I write this, I have just received an e-mail from our travel agent of 44 years, saying that he has retired!)

Someone once said that "a trip is either a great experience, or it makes a good story"! Dick and I feel very blessed that we have been able to travel frequently over the years. The following is a brief summary of the highs and lows of travel from our experience:

Most worshipful and awe-inspiring scene: mountaintop in Banff National Park.



Most unusual scenery: the inside of a volcano on Maui which resembles a moonscape. We saw flowers on a silversword plant, which only blooms once in 13 years!

Most sobering moment: being evacuated from an oceanfront hotel on Hawaii due to a tsunami warning. We were so grateful for simple ham sandwiches that we were given when we were

allowed to return. (the wave was only 4' high and did no damage).



Most hilarious day: A tour guide named “Cousin James” kept us laughing till our faces hurt - all day, all the way around the island of Oahu.

Most romantic occasion on a boat: Sailing under a starry night sky, on Lake Lucerne, enjoying a cheese fondue. A musician on the top deck played an alphorn, and then *harmonized to his own echo*, possible because of the surrounding Swiss Alps.

Most terrifying minutes: We thought we had LOST our son David. He was a toddler and still spoke only German the year we stayed in a condo in Florida, located between the Gulf of Mexico and the intercoastal waterway. He was NOT in his bed when I did my customary night-check around 2:00 am. After I woke Dick, we ran around the condo, calling David's name and opening every door. Just before we dialed 911, I looked in his room once more – and found him under his bed, right

up against the back wall! Yes, he was a sound sleeper!

Most emotional moment: in Calbecht, Germany, watching the reunion of my Dad and his brother whom he hadn't seen for 17 years!

Biggest disappointment: the trip that we cancelled because we were grappling with the heartbreaking news of my mother's cancer diagnosis.

Best bonus: due to some booking errors, being upgraded to first class on a 5-hour flight home from St. Lucia. Happened to get a private car home from the airport too!



Of airports and airplanes: * returning from our honeymoon and not being able to land at Pearson due to fog, being rerouted to Montreal and then spending the night on a bus coming back to Toronto; * landing so hard in a Boeing 707 that the oxygen masks came down; *while standing in line for the lavatory, hitting my head HARD on the ceiling of the aircraft due to sudden turbulence; *trying to get to Orlando during Christmas vacation but two of us have the flu and we miss our connecting flight in Charlotte, again due to fog; * luggage that went on a different vacation than we did!

Best sounds: hysterical laughing coming from the next room! We travelled to Disney World together with the KidZ.

Saddest moment observed: Ironically, also at the “Happiest Place on Earth”, a little boy, who had been travelling with his grandparents, received word that his dad had died. Disney management sent (the real) Mickey Mouse to try to console the little guy.

People from home: Have you ever met someone you know on a vacation? Have you ever randomly met the same person in 3 different places? As a kid, I saw a friend from NUMC in the row behind us in a church in Vancouver, years later Dick and I met her and a friend in Barbados, and then many years later when we both had families, ran into them at a Ponderosa up north!

Best cultural teaching moment: riding into town on a public bus in Barbados and realizing that Dick and I were the only white people on that bus. We really hoped that the other passengers were not prejudiced!

Most significant travel date: Jan. 1, 2000. We saw the dawn of the new millennium from 30,000’ on an early morning flight to Florida. That was either the most courageous or most foolish departure date. Remember the fears about “Y2K”?



Mark Twain wrote that "travel is fatal to bigotry, prejudice and narrow-mindedness and many of our people need it sorely on these accounts". We hope our adventures have broadened our horizons and given us some understanding of those we share this planet with.

Most beautiful sight: couldn't possibly name just one!!! God created a beautiful and diverse world and we feel very grateful to have been able to explore a small part of it.



~ Marlene Heidebrecht

Sometimes it just doesn't matter, even if we think it does.

On a recent trip, I carefully considered and packed everything I would need to be adequately prepared. We were going to Sydney's famed Opera House, and would hear the wonderful Sydney Symphony Orchestra (on my bucket list) and soloist Lea Salonga (singing voice of Jasmine in the Disney film Aladdin, 1992). Oh what would be appropriate to wear to such an occasion?

Turns out, it didn't matter at all. We experienced what many travellers have had to deal with. On our connecting flight, we made the connection, but our luggage didn't.....Wow. Sydney, Australia 35C for 3 days, in the same clothes we had flown in (with one extra shirt & underwear in the carry-on). Thank goodness we had invested in quick drying attire. For 3 days we waited for that luggage.

Oh no! It's not going to arrive before we go to the opera!

What now? Some desperate shopping.

Conclusion: Airline allowances aside, if I used what they gave us, I might find a dress for that price but would still have to wear my running shoes!!!

Ok. Forget that. Guess I'll just go in my zip-off pants and running shoes, and try not to think about it. Our friends (and travelling partners) considerably dressed "down" slightly from their original plans. (Thank you Peter and Erika!)

And we went with smiles on our faces and a good attitude.

It was Lea Salonga's last performance in that venue, so MANY Filipino supporters were there, dressed to the

nines, to celebrate with her. Try not to think about that.

The performance was absolutely fantastic. It did not disappoint. Three encores, and on the third one, she came back out still in her long gown but she pointed out she'd changed into her running shoes .

(That made me feel good.)

The show ended with the whole audience standing up, dancing and singing along to an Abba number. It was great!

And what we were wearing really didn't matter! We should remember that more often.

~ Jocelyn Thwaites



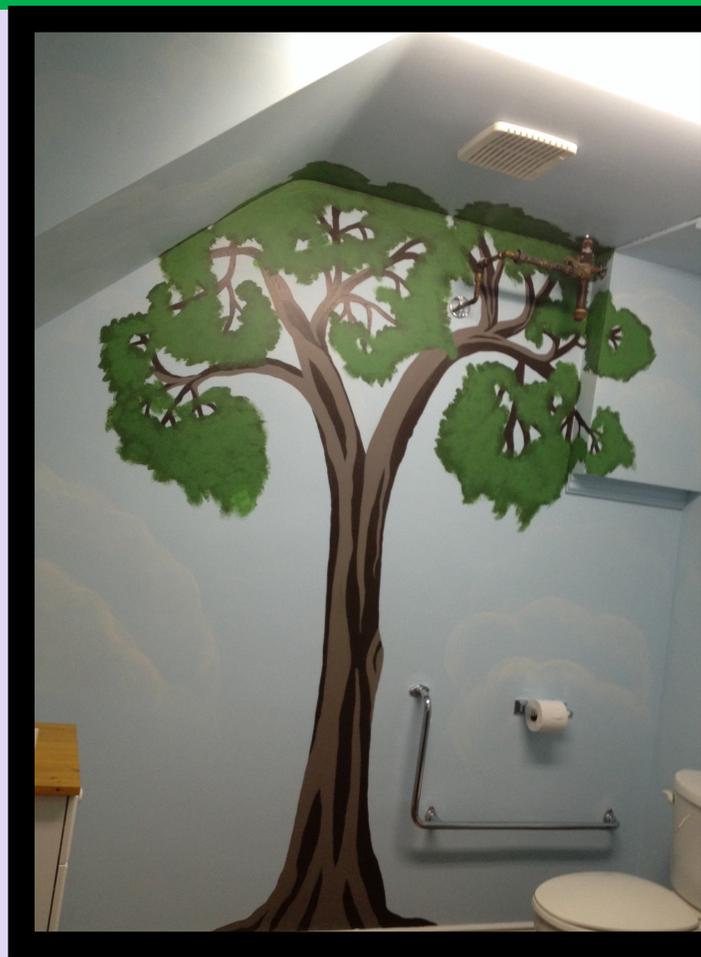
This picture includes colourfully lit up roosters in front of the Sydney Opera House, because it was February 3rd, which is the Chinese New Year and this year is the Chinese Year of the Rooster.

Not quite Michelangelo - yet!

When I was a child, making crafts had always appealed to me. My Oma was a great part of this interest. Very often I would receive crafts for Christmases or birthdays, whether it would be cross stitch packages, rug hooking, or crocheting. Oma herself taught me how to crochet little toy baby beds and I remember having the pleasure of gifting many of these to friends and family members. Most of these pieces were made before I was married and some were made just after, but before having children. A friend of mine taught paper tole classes and I dabbled with this for a while. The Hummel children were the first pictures I made, followed by flowers and various others that I gifted. Unfortunately, since having had children, time is no longer mine. Working here at Church and trying to keep up at home takes up all of my time, but someday I hope to get into something new such as painting. Just recently I tried my hand in painting a tree in the handicapped washroom as a method of camouflaging an ugly pipe protruding from the ceiling. My son, Chris, teased me in saying that I should duplicate paintings by Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Oh, if only I had talent like that!

~ Anita Friesen

(More of Anita's art is displayed in the downstairs art hallway.)



God reveals Himself in fresh ways at summer camp

This past summer, I spent July taking a break from my regular job and worked at Camp Mini-Yo-We. Located in Port Sydney, ON, Camp MYW has been my summer “home away from home” on and off for the past 10 years.

This year in my role as the Director of the Leader in Training program, I had the privilege of taking fifty-one 16-year-old leaders through a program focused on self-discovery. It was such a joy to watch our next generation of leaders learn about leadership and grow in their spiritual lives. We focused on three areas during the program: developing as a leader, developing as a Christ follower and developing as a great camp staff.

Here is a thank you note from one LIT that highlights the way God transforms lives at camp, and shows the main reason why I love spending summers at camp.

“Thank you for making this the best summer I have ever had. LIT has not only enabled me to grow as a person and in my faith, but you have also opened up many new opportunities in terms of my future ministry here at Mini-Yo-We. I’m so excited for what’s in store in the years to come! You have been an amazing mentor and a great role model. I hope we keep in touch and that we can once again crush again the competition in euchre!”

This summer, God showed me his power in new ways. When you are leading a program, it is easy to think that things rely on you, and that you need to have everything under control. What I found, however, is that my greatest resources were prayer and trust in God’s timing and control. When we created space for him to move, he moved.

Partway through the summer, during one of the largest thunderstorms of the year, I was shocked through my phone charger because of an electrical power surge. I lost all feeling up to my elbow for a few minutes and have a mark on my side where the electricity passed through my body. I went to the hospital and thankfully was given a clean bill of health after an ECG and a blood test.

This experience once again showed me that I am not in control. That experience could have had a very different outcome, and I am still processing the events.

What I do know, is that God reveals himself in fresh ways when we trust in him. I experienced the joy of solid Christian community in a new way. I experienced a fresh outlook on the life I have been given. I experienced God through the ways in which his spirit worked in the lives of my staff and the young leaders.

My experience this summer has helped to strengthen my faith, and encourage me in my own journey of learning to follow Christ more closely.



I will leave you with a portion of Phillipians that we studied this summer. It highlights the importance of genuine community and how to love others. I hope that it is an encouragement to you as you too live out the great calling he has on your life.

Philippians 2 New International Version (NIV)
Imitating Christ’s Humility

2 Therefore if you have any encouragement from being united with Christ, if any comfort from his love, if any common sharing in the Spirit, if any tenderness and compassion, 2 then make my joy complete by being like-minded, having the same love, being one in spirit and of one mind. 3 Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit. Rather, in humility value others above yourselves, 4 not looking to your own interests but each of you to the interests of the others.

~ by Jeremy Enns



European Adventure...The Post Card Trip

Psalm 37:4 'Delight yourself in the LORD; And He will give you the desires of your heart'.

This year has been full of intentional actions. I was in the process of changing chapters in my life, and needed a trip to switch gears, contemplate and recharge. My husband and girls were supportive! So, I booked the plane ticket for my first time to Europe, and only had a week and a half to prepare. I had never travelled that far by myself, I didn't know how to navigate the transportation system there and had never stayed in hostels before. This was a trip of growth and intentionally stretching who I am.

I stayed with wonderful friends at the beginning and end of my three week trip. They were a blessing! Then for almost two weeks I would be on my own. I shared part of my trip every day on Facebook. People seemed very interested and were a witness to my journey. However, even with that connection, I was still geographically in a new place, walking around by myself, meeting people and living without a complete 'plan'. I typically map out everything, knowing where I am going and what I will be doing. It was important to approach this trip differently. I had to be intentional about being open to what God had planned.



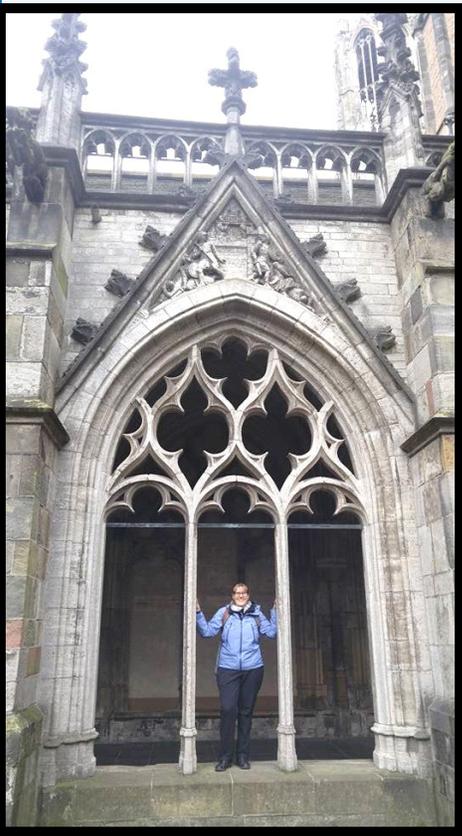
In March, 2017 I walked 268,718 steps in 7 countries; I rode 30 trains, and took busses, trams and subways, with my two backpacks. Travelling by myself was a great experience. It stretched my independence, courage, and was a time for self-reflection. It's not often that a mom is on her own for an extended period of time. I had to ask people for directions all the time! Maps don't tell you which way to turn when getting off a train, in order to get to the next platform... *and be on-time for the next train.* Many directions from train stations to hostels would leave out a few steps in between, which meant heading in the wrong direction before finding the correct way. I didn't look at 'wrong' turns as a problem, *although tiring at times,* were opportunities to see more sights and connect with more people. I loved speaking German and found myself even thinking in German. I enjoyed walking at my own pace and the feeling of freedom; not having a schedule or expectations was a healthy experience.

Some favourites from my trip include riding a bike in Amsterdam and seeing old Mennonite churches (which look like a house on the outside). Another memory is walking in the pouring rain for hours in Köln, Germany (I have a great rain jacket and pants), and then eating a fantastic chocolate mousse cake at the Lindt Museum. I enjoyed taking moments to pause in the beautiful old churches everywhere I visited. Another memory is eating a wonderful piece of quark kuchen in Munich, Germany, when waiting to see the Glockenspiel. The imagination of King Ludwig II, and his castles in Bavaria were a treat to see. In every country the old architecture, royal residences, palaces, churches and even the oldest library (St. Galen, Switzerland), all took my breath away. I also took a ski lift to the top of a mountain in Liechtenstein, because I was feeling like I was 'on top of the world'.



In every country the old architecture, royal residences, palaces, churches and even the oldest library (St. Galen, Switzerland), all took my breath away. I also took a ski lift to the top of a mountain in Liechtenstein, because I was feeling like I was 'on top of the world'. I really loved walking around the Medieval Wall in Rothenburg ob. der Tauber, Germany. Since I was travelling in the off-season, places that were typically full of tourists, I could experience as peaceful and quiet. To be intentional, I saw the places I had always wanted to visit, images from postcards and calendars. Since this felt like my 'post card trip', I mailed a post card home from every city on my trip.

I met many wonderful people at the hostels (which are for all ages), and was amazed at how many young women were solo travelers. I walked around by myself during the day, however the evenings were an opportunity to get to know someone staying at the hostel. I met people from: The Netherlands, India, Turkey, France, China, Japan, Greece, Germany, Italy, USA, Canada, Switzerland, Uruguay, England, Austria, Australia and Prague. Even though I was twenty years older than many people staying at the hostels, we were all travelers, age and stage of life did not matter. It's an amazing feeling to 'see' people and have random conversations. I met a couple from India on a train in Germany, who told me 'we had a handsome and nice Prime Minister in Canada'. Someone in Brussels seeing the Canadian Pin on my back-pack, wished for me to have a wonderful visit and said he wants to visit Canada.



The opportunities when meeting strangers can be powerful experiences! One example was hearing the beautiful singing from a refugee who was hoping for kindness from strangers. I saw many people who were struggling with homelessness everywhere I went. This is difficult, when they have so little, so I try to share what I have. Sometimes giving an apple or buying a coffee, or giving money. I gave the lady singing some money, and then the older lady beside her got upset since I had not given her any money (yet), so I gave her money too. I want to keep 'seeing' people even if it is uncomfortable to not be able to help everyone.

Another experience that left a lasting impression on me was when I lost my way in Strasbourg, France. This was a low point on the trip as well as a blessing from God! I had been walking for hours with my back-packs on, since after getting off the train, I could not find the right tram to take me to the hostel. I got to see a lot of the city on my way, but then I started getting tired. I was looking at the map on my phone, when a lady offered to help. I explained how far I had walked and was wondering how far away the hostel was. She told me where I could take a tram the rest of the way. However, I got on the tram heading in the wrong direction and quickly saw all the hours I had walked disappear. I ended up on the edge of the city, my phone was dying, I had to get off at the tram's last stop *and at first*, no one else was around. I felt 'lost' for the first time on the trip. A young mom with her daughter showed up, and I could not speak French, but she could speak some German and said that she would help me. When we got on the tram she recruited two young guys to look up my directions on their phones and explain in English where I should go. Then an older lady helped who spoke very good English. The young mom asked (strongly) for the older lady to make sure that I got

on the right tram. The older lady switched trams with me and made sure I knew the final directions to the hostel. I didn't know the names of all the people who helped me, and 'thank you' didn't feel like enough. The blessing of strangers was profound!

A final experience that I would like to share is even though there are scary things happening in the world, I never felt afraid. I did see soldiers with guns in some of the places I visited (France and Belgium). I talked with some of the other travelers about this, and their perspective was refreshing, they CHOOSE to 'Not Live in Fear'.

My European Adventure, Post Card, Back-packing Trip was wonderful, amazing, and rejuvenating! The experiences will last a lifetime and my journaling (throughout) will be shared at different opportunities. I was intrigued by the response to my trip, especially many women at home telling me that I 'was so brave' to travel by self. I reflected on this and the learning has turned into a workshop/seminar. I appreciated people's interest in following my journey and thank my family and God for the experience!





CAST

Annie.....	Elissa Redekopp
understudy.....	Sami Poulsen
The Orphans:	
Molly.....	Alisha Yap
Pepper.....	Jenna Cowan
Duffy.....	Chase Brunton
Kate.....	Elise Botbyl
Tessie.....	Taylor Anderson
July.....	Brooklyn Makins
Miss Hannigan.....	Abby Hollemans
understudy.....	Jenna Cowan
Bundles McCloskey.....	David Dexter
Apple Seller.....	Ella Burns
Dogcatcher.....	Cole Campbell
Sandy.....	Keira Walker
Lt. Ward/Police Officer.....	Evan Harney
Grace Farrell.....	Emira Meshovic
Drake.....	Callum Harney
Cecille.....	Megan Hollemans
Annette.....	Amelia Hollemans
Mrs. Greer.....	Elena Berardocco
Mrs. Pugh.....	Hope Mercer
Oliver Warbucks.....	Sam Lastiwka
understudy.....	Callum Harney
Star-To-Be.....	David Dexter, Logan Friesen
Man in Brownstone Window/Radio Announcer.....	Spencer Abt
Usherette.....	Caitlin Makins
Rooster Hannigan.....	Camden Davidson
Lily St. Regis.....	Sami Poulsen
Sound Effects Man.....	Mitchell Wiens
Bert Healy.....	Cole Campbell
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.....	Riley van't Riet
Louis Howe.....	Jaden Rayner
Chauffeur.....	Malikai Stewart
Additional Orphans.....	Shaelynn Lett, Isabelle Hendriks, Ashleen Hale
Servants.....	Elena Stearns, Tina Martens, Ingrid Eshuis, Ruth Andres
Oxidant Singers.....	Logan Friesen, Michaela Overweg



Being in the Annie play was a great experience. I met a lot of people that I would see in the halls that I didn't know very well but made friends through the play. It was fun to dress up and sing in front of large crowds of people. The practices were one of the best parts of the play even though they were after school and on Saturday mornings. The cast had some fun times together, bringing snacks and ordering their own pizza to be delivered. One Saturday morning before everyone arrived my mom and I delivered the lighting platforms so the lights would cascade properly on the stage and cast. My dad and grandpa helped make the other pieces of the set like the miniature bunkbeds that were for the main scene in the orphanage. I helped by learning to use the cordless drill and hand them other tools. We tried them out for size afterwards.

I think that this play will be remembered for a long time just for its success like the Wizard of Oz play the school did 2 years prior. I knew that many of the grad students will make this one of their final memories at Crossroads Public School. I am really sad that this will be my final play for my time at Crossroads as we really got to interact with people from other grades. We all learned that together we can make things happen!

~ Logan Friesen Grade 7

The "Annie" performance was a wonderful school production to be a part of. I made a lot of new friends of all ages, especially most of the orphans because we all had something in common: we liked to perform. We rehearsed a lot during school hours and some Saturdays as well. I did not have a main role but was in a lot of scenes, so I spent a great deal of time on the stage. The next time our school plans on putting on another production, I would feel more confident trying out for a main role seeing how much fun it looked this time! I am excited for the next school play. I hope it will be as much fun as this year's performance was.

~ Ashleen Hale





Being Annie

When I heard that my school was putting on the production ‘Annie’, I knew I wanted to audition. I didn’t know at first which part I wanted, but it didn’t matter to me. Although, I knew even before I auditioned that having a main role would be tough. Memorizing lines and songs were hard things to do in a few short months that would fly by fast.

Growing up I have always been around music and dance. I started piano when I was about 3 with “Music for Young Children” with Mrs. Rempel and have continued to take private piano lessons since then. Since I was very young I have also learned many forms of dance, including jazz, acro, tap and ballet. My family is very musical which is where my love of the arts has

come from. Even my friends are all very talented in the arts which was intimidating as I prepared for my audition. I remember singing and rehearsing the lines for my audition for hours in my room until I could say my monologue with no problem.

The auditions were the week before Christmas break which meant we would have to wait a couple of weeks until we were given our roles. When we got back to school, my close friend Emira Mesihovic and I were asked to re-audition for the role of Annie. This meant one more day of stressing over what would happen and who would get the role. Ultimately, my teachers came up to me in the hallway one day and told me that I got the role as Annie, and Emira got the role as Grace, Mr. Warbuck’s assistant. I was ecstatic and right away said yes to the role, knowing what I was in for from my experience in ‘The Wizard of Oz’ where I was the understudy to all of the leading roles in addition to my role as “the Mayor of The Munchkins”. During that experience I was called upon to perform the scarecrow during one of the performances when the usual actor for this position was sick!

This led to months of rehearsing every single day, for around 40 minutes. I was determined to memorize my lines as quickly as I could, and it wasn’t as hard as I thought it was going to be. The most difficult part about being Annie was learning how to sing as an 11 year old, since I’m 14 and my voice has grown much past that. With much practice and the help of both of the Mrs. Willms sisters, I was able to train my voice to fit the role of Annie.



The last week or two before the show, I had become a lot closer to the whole cast. These were people who I wasn’t friends with before the play and people who I wouldn’t have hung out

with if it wasn’t for ‘Annie’. Many of my close friends were main roles as well, so it was awesome that I could share this experience with them. This was definitely my favourite part about ‘Annie’.

After finishing my grade 8 year on such a high note, I’m looking forward to attending Eden High School next year and joining more drama and dance clubs, or hopefully being in another play.



~ Elissa Redekopp

Producer.....	Ms. L. Willms
Director.....	Mrs. R. Krake
Musical Director.....	Ms. R. Willms
Choreography.....	Ms. V. DeBrouwer
Choreography - Anything But You/Easy Street.....	Jenna Cowan, Elissa Redekopp, Abby Hollemans
Lighting and Sound Director.....	Mr. S. Zaporzan
Stage Managers.....	Felicia Miele, Lauren Pearson
Props Managers.....	Aria Stearns, Julia Bartel
Pianist.....	Ms. R. Peters



A reluctant venture turns into an amazing adventure

Have you ever gone on a trip that you really weren't looking forward to? That was me in June 2005. Willi was without work at the time and thought it would be great to go with Papa, Dad Pankratz, to Paraguay for the 75th Anniversary of the Fernheim Colony. Papa thought it was a good idea but only if I accompany the two of them. After all, I am sure he figured, there had to be one compassionate soul on this journey if he, at 88 years of age, was going to make it. At last I agreed, hesitantly. Little did I know that it would become one of the most special memories that we hold very close to our hearts.

For years I heard Mama, Mom Pankratz, speak of the Chaco as the "grüne Hölle", the green hell. She had just passed away in March of the same year and, even though a bit too late, we were about to find out what she meant by that.

First off we witnessed the union of two brothers who, in their late 80's, knew that this was probably the last that they would see of each other. This did, in fact, turn out to be true a few years later when Uncle Peter, Papa's brother, died.

To see Papa's face after letting us know he had ridden a horse out to the back of his brother, Peter's, place was just precious. How



long he had waited to ride again and he, being a true Pankratz, was saying, "just watch me" when we told him that he should not be riding a horse. The hospitality of Willi's relatives was just amazing. They found out that I liked the dessert, Crème Brulee, and decided to serve it to us; at every meal we had! They were so kind and loving. It was quite moving to go to the place where dad's home once stood, where now there was only an old well. My favourite place was the house where Mama lived with her father, Willi's Opa. Papa recalled how he courted Mama, and we loved listening to him tell us of their wedding day and then see the house where the twins, Werner and Willi, lived after they were born. We were there on Willi's 54th birthday! How appropriate. The most emotional and moving place was Schönwiese No. 7 where dad landed with his family. Grave after grave told the story of how, in 1930, people came to this hot and dry place fleeing the violence in Russia, only to end up in a land where they lived in tents in extreme heat and would lack good water. Marker after marker held the grave truth of families wiped out from Typhoid fever. It was so sad to see that such young children suffered and died. We could understand, only a little, as we stood grasping the truths that played out here; it was winter here in the Chaco and the temperature in the shade was 36 deg. C!!

It was so neat to now understand what it meant to live in a colony. The organized manner in which the Mennonites there have managed to keep the 'Cooperative' going is such a different, but suc-



See this image

cessful, way of doing business. As we travelled the highway from Asuncion to Volendam it was interesting to see how the local people lived along the highway, to see anteaters hung from poles ready to sell, and to see an everyday occurrence of an accident on the highway of a truck loaded with cows hitting another vehicle or a cow and all the cows on the load needing to be slaughtered right there.

Another part of the trip that was amazing was seeing one of the wonders of the world, the Iguazu Falls, from the Brazil side. How awesome! Billions of gallons of water spilling over the cliffs to the gorge below. The verse that stood out in my mind was a verse from Psalms 29, "The Lord thunders over the mighty waters". The falls is made up of hundreds of separate cascades all pouring with enormous power over a densely forested lip. Some higher than Niagara Falls. The roar was so loud and there were dozens of



rainbows all around. We loved it! Another wonder was the Itaipu dam, the world's largest dam. The Dam is more than four miles wide and has had, at the time, the highest output of electricity of any power plant on the planet!

Then there was the celebration in Philadelphia which featured the President and his wife riding into the ceremony on horses, and hearing the collection of stories of the past. Papa had been part of all this history. We also went to the museum which holds a monument of the list organizing the people into groups, or sections, as they came on the ship from Russia. Papa's family was on that list. It was an amazing adventure well worth the time and money and a special way to bond with Papa and the memories of Mama.

~Submitted by Linda Pankratz

Harold's Harkening from the Past

From the September 20, 1959 Bulletin:

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHOIRS

Thou shalt allow no other engagements to interfere with thy rehearsals.

Thou shalt not be late to rehearsals nor be the cause for making other members late.

Thou shalt not take the name of thy choir director in vain, for unkind criticism destroys enthusiasm and weakens the work of the choir.

There's seven more... no kidding... I won't list them here... but you get the point.

In the some-things-never-change department, from the October 15, 1961 bulletin: "The church year has only 7 Sundays remaining. At the present time total expenses exceed total income by \$4098.00. All church members who have not yet contributed to the "budget" are asked to do their fair share before the end of November."

And things seemed to continue to progress in the same way... only worse. In the October 13, 1963 bulletin: "Contributions of \$7,400.00 are needed for our budget in order to meet it by Nov. 30. We need an average contribution of \$40.00 per member to meet our 1963 Budget of \$24193.00. We would appreciate it if absentee members could contribute at least this much too."

This is kind of neat: October 25, 1964: "Tuesday – 8.00 p.m. Singing practise of the Russian Choir at the Garnet St. Church, St. Catharines..." *I wonder what that was all about.?*

And finally, congratulations to Bill and Hannelore Harder, whose engagement was announced 53 years ago, on October 25, 1964.
~ submitted by Harold Neufeld

Book Corner—by Debbie Fast

Luther & Katharina

By Jody Hedlund

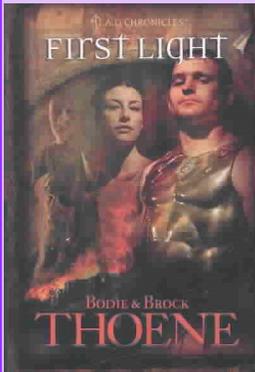
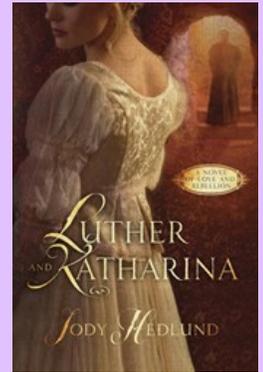
"In the 16th century, nun Katharina von Bora's fate fell no further than the abbey – until she read the writings of Martin Luther.

His sweeping Catholic Church reformation – condemning a cloistered life & promoting the goodness of marriage – awakened her desire for everything she'd been forbidden.

Including Martin Luther himself.

But as the world comes tumbling down around them, & with the threat on Luther's life a constant strain, these unlikely allies forge an unexpected bond of understanding, support & love.

Together they will alter the religious landscape forever"



First Light

A.D. Chronicles Series

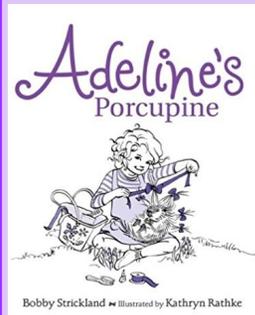
By Bodie & Brock Thoene

"Spiritual & political darkness shroud the world's holiest & most turbulent city. Ruled by Rome & manipulated by religious rulers with only selfish interests in mind, the people of Jerusalem wonder if their Deliverer will ever come.

Susanna & Manaen desperately search for hope & meaning – in a world where their love is forbidden. Others pray & wait for light, the True Light of Messiah, to dawn. Peniel the beggar, Marcus the Roman Centurion, Zadok the Chief Shepherd of Israel, & his 3 adopted boys – all long for a vision of hope.

Now a healer named Yeshua walks the street of Jerusalem. Is he the true Messiah? Or only another imposter, like so many before him?"

Children's Books



Adeline's Porcupine

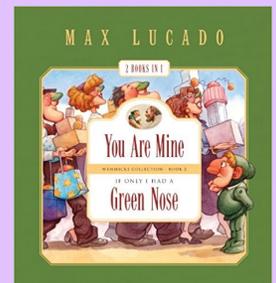
By Bobby Strickland

"Adeline touches all the buttons that warm the heart & tickle the eyes. Bobby's distinctive flair for rhyme & his roll-off-the-tongue Dr Seuss sense of meter are a joy, as are Kathryn's charming illustrations. Together they are a match made in heaven ... which is exactly where Adeline is leading us. Every time" Johnny Hart

You Are Mine & If Only I Had A Green Nose

By Max Lucado

"It's not what you have that counts, but whose you are. Let these 2 wonderful tales, from best-selling author Max Lucado & illustrator Sergio Martinez, help you remember these important things: you were made the way you are for a reason, and there is Someone who will always help you be you – wonderfully you."



OUR 1937 CHEVY COUPE HOT ROD To Alaska and Back in 1976

The Build:

It was in 1964 at the age of 14, when I started secondary school that I fell in love with the late 30's coupe body style with bullet shaped headlights. I was taking grade nine Auto Shop where there was a coupe in the shop that was being worked on and I just loved the shape. I maintained this image in my mind hoping later to someday have a coupe like this of my own. Ten years later in the spring of 1974 at the Waterdown Flea Market in Lawson Park near Freelon, Ontario, I found that dream car. I



purchased a 1937 Chevy coupe body, with only rear fenders and frame (no drive train) from Doug McLean of Elmira, Ontario and hauled the car to my in-law's shop in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Here I started the rebuild of my first hot rod. At this point, I was 24 years old, loved old hot rods and was a member of the Waterloo County Rod & Custom Club with such members as Bill (President) and Coreen Merkley, John and Heidi Pappert, Brian Eby, Ian Reid, Steve Parson, Paul Barber (owner of Hortons Hot Rod Parts) and Tim Sykes while living in Kitchener, Ontario attending the University of Waterloo. I preferred the look of the '38 grill and since my car was less front components, I bought a complete set for a '38 at Waterdown in the spring of 1975. It took me until the end of June 1976 to complete the car (during this time I was studying Mechanical Engineering, graduating in April of 1976) and have it licensed. After completing the car, I took it for its first test drive and thought to myself "what have I built here!" I drove it back to the shop and parked it, wondering what to do next.



It didn't handle well at all with the power steering and the small 12" steering wheel - the steering was way too quick to drive the car properly.

After a night of sleeping on it I realized it probably needed a front end alignment so I took it to Archers Trucks in St Catharines and had it aligned. What a difference that made! It now drove excellent and we headed for Alaska. I still have all the pictures, receipts and expense summary book from the original build. *(For more fascinating details of the car restoration process, please see Henry. He will love to share them with you!)*

Trip to Alaska:

I always wanted to see Western Canada and live in the Yukon, so after graduating, my wife Lin and I decided to move to the Yukon to find work in Engineering and on the way explore Western Canada. I spent two months finishing the car after graduating and then on July 3, 1976 we packed up the '37 Chevy, our only vehicle at the time, with all our worldly possessions, said our goodbyes to friends and family and headed for the Yukon. We bought "The Milepost" (which we still have) to help us plan our trip and used it as a guide throughout the trip. We took Hwy 400 north to Sudbury stopping at a picnic area just north of Parry Sound to have lunch when our first incident with the car occurred. While I was barbequing, we noticed smoke coming from under the hood of the car and realized the car was on fire. I quickly doused the fire and then we sat back wondering what to do next. I went looking for a phone (no cell phones in those days) and managed to call a tow truck that came out to assist us. We discovered that some wires to the starter had caught fire and melted, so we hotwired the car and I drove it, following the tow truck, to his garage. We discovered that the horn relay had shorted out, so I rewired the car as necessary replacing the horn relay, voltage regulator and alternator from a derelict '65 Chevy the garage had out back.

We camped that night just south of Sudbury and then the next day went to an auto electric supplier in Sudbury where we learned that horn relays of that vintage had a tendency to short out and had been replaced with one having a Bakelite mounting bracket instead of steel to solve this problem. We bought one of the new horn relays and replaced the old one. We then took the Trans Canada Hwy 17 route along Lake Superior camping the second night in Lake Superior Provincial Park. The next day we headed for Winnipeg to visit relatives and friends for two days, camping in Bird's Hill Provincial Park. I had the car greased and the oil changed in Winnipeg at which time I noticed a wear groove in one of the power steering hoses, so I had that replaced. After Winnipeg we headed to the International Peace Gardens at the Manitoba/North Dakota border, then north into Saskatchewan and toured the Qu'Appelle Valley and then on to the Badlands of Southern Alberta where we had a leaking fuel line at the carb inlet. The threads were stripped on the inlet nut, so I used five minute epoxy to secure the nut into the carb; I believe I sold the car this way. From here we took a drive from Lethbridge, Alberta to see the Crow's Nest Pass, through which Lin's family had travelled on their way to BC in 1964. Then we backtracked to Calgary and headed to Banff on the Trans Canada Hwy #1, where we camped for the night.

In the morning, coming back from a shower I discovered a Hardy Boy book in a trash can and took it with me, reading it on the trip, whenever time allowed. This started my journey in reading which continues to this day, now that I am retired. I enjoyed reading a few of the Hardy Boy books in public school, borrowing them from a friend and at the age of 33 I finally read the complete set that we bought used for \$20. It was so cold that night camping in Banff that we drove back to Calgary the next day and bought two more sleeping bags (still have them today and use them on occasion) since we were going to be spending quite a bit of time in the mountains.

We toured around Banff and Lake Louise during which time the car quit as result of a clogged fuel filter due to debris inside the original gas tank. This was replaced and we continued on. At Lake Louise we hiked up to the Tea Chalet and enjoyed a cup of coffee and a piece of pie amidst the spectacular scenery. Next we drove through the Rogers Pass, Okanagan Valley and on to Vancouver where we visited Stanley Park and Lin's friend Doris Froese and her Fiancé Bernie Thiessen. Here I noticed a bulge in one of the front tires, so had both front tires replaced. Then we boarded the ferry over to Vancouver Island to visit my cousin, Butchart Gardens and Victoria. Now nearing the end of July we left the Vancouver area and headed north along the Fraser River, past Hell's Gate on the Trans Canada Hwy #1. At Cache Creek we headed north on Hwy #97 through 100 Mile House, Williams Lake, Quesnel and then at Prince George we took Hwy #16 (Yellow Head) to Prince Rupert on the coast. Here we visited the float plane base to see all the DeHavilland Beaver float planes, the float plane of choice for flying on the rugged West Coast. I just love the sound of the Beaver float plane, with its Pratt & Whitney R985 radial engine, and watching them taking off. Then back to Prince George where we camped and encountered our first black bear in camp that was promptly removed by the wardens. Beginning of August we arrived in Dawson Creek, BC (Mile '0' of the Alaska Hwy) where we spent a couple of days. We washed the car - which had become routine throughout the trip whenever we stopped either in the campground or at a car wash, had it outfitted with headlight protectors and a bug screen. I installed 3/4" stained plywood running boards preparing it for the trip up the Alaska Highway which was mostly gravel/mud in BC and in the Yukon at that time.

Throughout the trip we had been buying butter tarts whenever we came across a bakery, since both of us had a sweet tooth. So in Dawson Creek, not knowing what lay ahead of us, we located a bakery and bought a dozen butter tarts (the best ever) to hopefully get us to the next bakery. After some sightseeing in Dawson Creek, we headed to the Yukon and Alaska via the Alaska Highway, camping all the way in a two-man tent and cooking all our own meals on a Coleman two-burner stove or small collapsible charcoal barbeque. We still have the tent, stove and barbeque today. In one place along the BC portion of the Alaska Highway, the road had washed out and only one rutted track, so deep that my front axle was scraping, had been

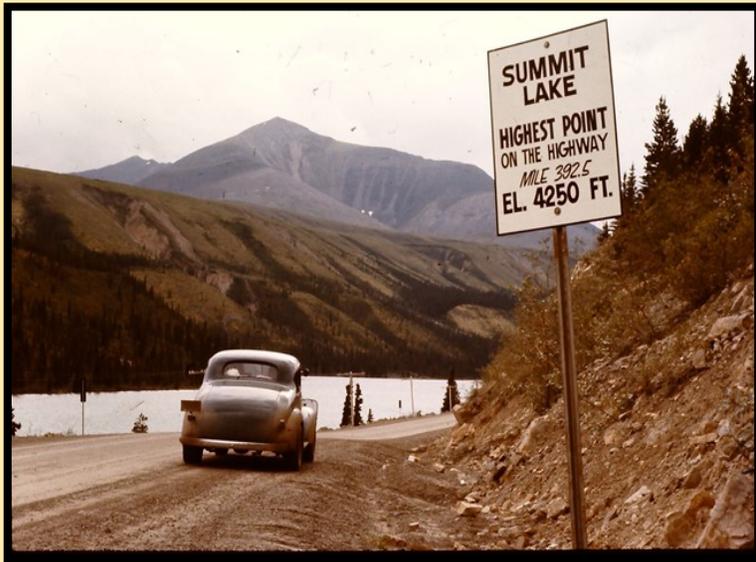
created to get traffic through. In another place they were grading four inches of mud off the highway to make it passable. We did get a cracked passenger side windshield from flying stones while driving the gravel roads, but had no tire issues. Our first night on the Alaska Highway we camped at the Prophet River Campground (Milepost 223), then on over



Trutch Mountain with its hairpin turns on the way down. We were camping at Muncho Lake, and sitting around the campfire, when a couple, Bill & Genie Carwitz and their son, from Los Angeles, California came over to see the '37 Chevy Coupe. The boy was interested in the old car. They were headed to Alaska to go moose hunting, travelling in a truck with a camper on the back and towing a Jeep. For the next three days, as we headed to Whitehorse, we always managed to camp in the same campsite and spent the evenings visiting around the campfire. When we arrived at the Watson Lake Sign Post Park we added our sign, which I had painted in Dawson Creek, BC,

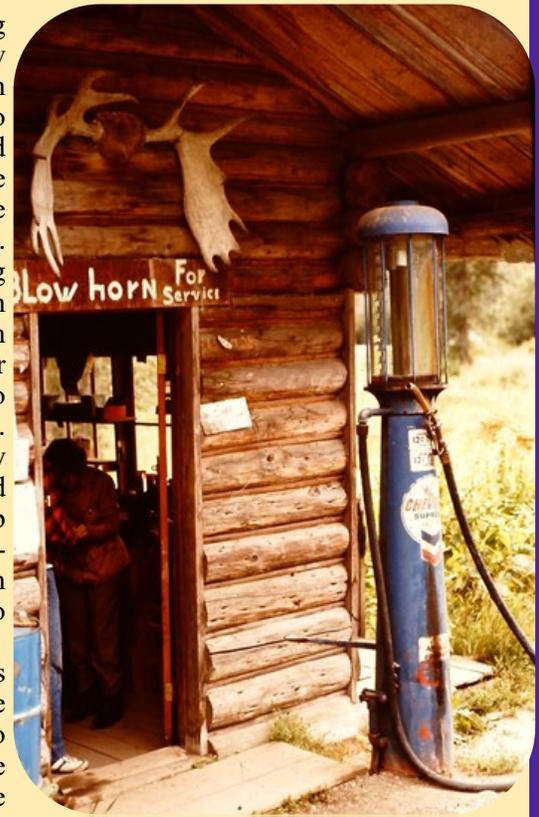


to the hundreds that were there. In Whitehorse we said our goodbyes to the Carwitz's and went our separate ways, feeling a little lonely after parting. We spent some time washing the car, sightseeing and looking for jobs. There were no Engineering jobs in the Yukon because the mines were slow, so we decided to do some touring to see Alaska and the Yukon and then head back home to Niagara.

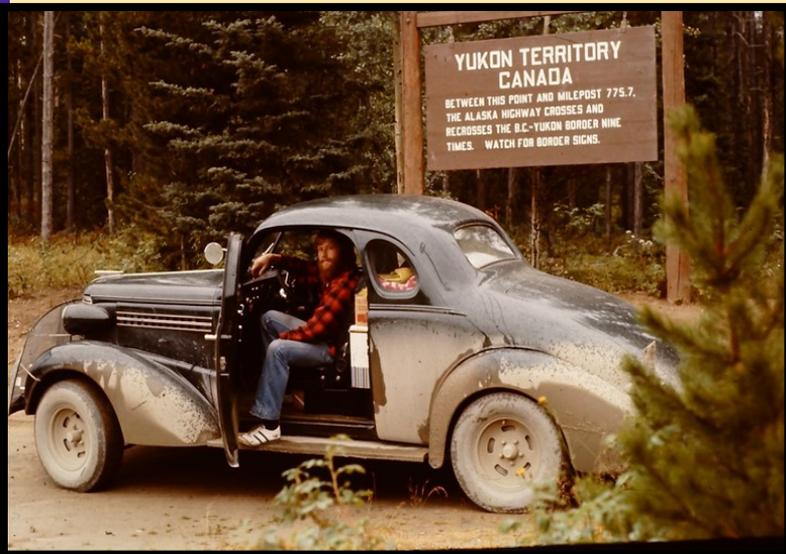


From Whitehorse we headed to Haines Junction via the Alaska Hwy #1 and it was along this stretch of highway that we saw horses freely grazing along the side of the highway. Outfitters let their horses roam along the Alaska Highway taking advantage of the grass growing on the side. We camped at Haines Junction and visited with Ed Ischencko, who was a neighbour in Niagara-on-the-Lake as I was growing up. He had come to the Yukon on motorcycle in the early sixties and decided to stay working for the highway department. He still lives in the same home and is now retired spending winters in Mexico. The next day we left Haines Junction for Haines, Alaska via the Haines Highway #3. It was 246 miles from Whitehorse to Haines and we had last filled up gas in Whitehorse. Our gas tank capacity was only 15 gallons and we were getting less than 20 mpg.

Soon after crossing the border, we saw a cardboard sign indicating gas so we turned in and sure enough there was gas at Mile "37" Gas Station. It was an old log building with an old gas pump with a glass container on top. You had to honk for service. An elderly lady came out and pumped 10 gals up into the glass container and then gravity fed it into the car.



We again had gas and on we went the last 37 miles into Haines where we camped for the night. In the morning we spent some time sightseeing, then headed back to Haines Junction, Yukon where we camped. The next morning as we were heading out after breakfast, to our surprise the Carwitz's were pulling into the campground to have breakfast. We thought they were long gone to Alaska, but they had a bearing go on the Jeep and had to spend three days in Whitehorse getting it fixed. We stayed and visited with them, enjoying some dried whitefish they had bought from a local fisherman. We travelled together for the next two days continuing northwest on the Alaska Highway from Haines Junction to Silver City, Kluane Lake & Beaver Creek before crossing the border into Alaska. We camped at Tok, Alaska where we found the best sourdough sticky buns ever and the next morning we again said our goodbyes. The Carwitz's continued on to Fairbanks and we headed north from Tetlin Junction via the Top of the World Highway through Chicken, then crossing the border and on to Dawson City, Yukon. It was on this stretch of highway we picked some of the largest blueberries we'd ever seen and saw our first mountain lion.



When we reached the Yukon/Alaska Border crossing, the gas gauge was reading empty. We kept our fingers crossed hoping to reach a gas station.



We camped at the Yukon River Government Campground and in the morning had blueberry pancakes for breakfast, before boarding the free ferry, The George Black, across the Yukon River into Dawson City. We spent some time sightseeing in Dawson City visiting Robert Service's Cabin, Jack London's Cabin, Diamond Tooth Gerties and the Sternwheeler Keno. Leaving Dawson City we took the #2 Hwy towards Whitehorse and at Carmacks filled up gas and headed southeast on the Campbell Highway #4 through the Pelly Mountains, to Faro, Ross River and ending up in Watson Lake. Just past Ross River a sign on the Highway stated no gas for 225 miles, basically the range of our car and having learned our lesson going into Haines, we backtracked to Ross River, filled up and then headed for Watson Lake. We were now headed home so I was doing 65 mph on this stretch of gravel highway (the rear fenders acquired small dents from the inside out). We saw our second mountain lion along this stretch of highway and also nomadic indigenous people camped along the highway picking berries. We retraced our route along the Alaska Highway back to Dawson Creek, BC where I washed the car, removed the bug screen and headlight protectors. Lin called home telling them that we were headed back. For the trip we bought 2 dozen butter tarts (all they had) at the same local bakery where we bought butter tarts on our way out to Alaska. We headed back via Grande Prairie, Edmonton (where I replaced a leaking fuel pump on the outskirts of a Shopping Mall parking lot while Lin did laundry), Saskatoon, Winnipeg (where we stayed for one day) doing 70mph most of the way. The car drove great. We took two 12 hr days through the United States from Winnipeg and arrived back home in Niagara Sept 4, the long weekend.

What an adventure, a trip of a life time. This was my first trip west seeing the mountains and I just loved the lure of the northwest with its Beaver float planes, log cabins with moose antlers on the gable peaks, sourdough sticky buns, bread, pancakes and smoked whitefish. Everywhere we went people were in awe and could not believe that we would take our beautiful hot rod on such a grueling trip. We logged 14,000 miles, with 3,000 of those on gravel roads, with only minor issues. A week after returning home to Niagara, I took an Engineering position with John Deere in Welland, Ontario designing Front End Loaders, Rotary Cutters, Rear Blades and Utility Vehicles. It was the coupe that helped secure the job for me at John Deere. Since this was our only vehicle at the time I drove it to my interview. The Engineering Manager, Bill Mac-

gregor, seeing the coupe and being a Hot Rodder himself figured that if I had the ability to build a car from scratch I was practical and would be good at designing agricultural equipment. So I got the job. After a great career of 35 yrs, I retired at the end of 2011. I drove the '37 to work every day and also to baseball games, to church, weather permitting for the next three summers. While driving home from work one day, just as I came out of the John Deere parking lot, someone hit me from the rear damaging the trunk lid. It was minor damage so I did not report it, took the car back to my in-laws shop and repaired the damage for \$10. I cut out the inner panel, hammered out the dent and smoothed it with bondo, welded the inner panel back in and repainted the trunk lid with paint I had leftover from the original build.

In 1977, the '37 was part of Waterloo County Rod & Custom Club's car display at Motion '77 at the International Centre in Toronto, featuring the Alaska trip (Caption read "TO ALASKA & BACK"). We drove it to Winnipeg, Manitoba in the summer of 1978 and sold it to Chris Hicks of St. Catharines, Ontario in Sept 1979.

We bought a '32 Chevy 5 window coupe, which we still have, but has not yet been completed. When complete we hope to retrace our 1976 trip west and to Alaska.

Over the years we've been fortunate to go back to the Yukon/Alaska six more times buying the latest edition of "The Milepost" each time to plan our trip. On our latest trip to Haines, Alaska in 2012, celebrating our 40th wedding anniversary, we discovered that the Mile "37" fuel pump is still there but no longer in use.



~ submitted by Henry Friesen



And so ends the first chapter of the '37 Chevy Coupe Hot Rod saga. The life & travels of this car continue, but not in the familiar territory of Niagara. Come back to our next issue to follow further adventures!

My Trip to Mexico

This past January I was blessed to have two dreams come true – two separate visits in Mexico, both of great importance to me: first, the Mennonite Colony of Chihuahua; and then, the Evangelical Bible Seminary in Pachuca.

Over the years I have had multiple interactions with families of the Old Colony Mennonite heritage. People who are working and living here in Niagara but grew up and have family in Mexico. Their first language, for the most part, is still low German; in which I can communicate well with them. Because of this, I have been able to help them with medical care and treatment, for which they have always been very appreciative. This very important matter was emphasized at an MCEC Conference that I attended not so long ago. These people are sometimes not taken seriously when they seek medical attention.

This is also how I met Peter Loewen and his wife Justina. After multiple doctor visits and finally receiving his surgery, Peter was so pleased and grateful that he and Justina invited me to come along with them to Mexico. It was amazing how it all worked out. Even the weather was mild and cooperative. We left on January 6th and made it as planned, with two nights along the way, arriving at Peter's family home on Sunday afternoon. His siblings were already at the parents' home, or "Groffash", as they would say. I wish someone would have taken a picture of me when I walked into the first room where the women were gathered, with the floor covered in "Knacksutschluvi" (empty sunflower shells). Next door is where the men were gathered and the floor looked the same.

After friendly hellos and some visiting, the women prepared "Vaspa" and called the men to the table.



Once the men had finished eating and went outside, it was only a matter of minutes and all was ready for the women to eat. Everyone helped and nothing seemed like any work preparing and cleaning after the meal; as they chatted about extended family and where this or that family was, and what they were doing. During these

times, Peter's mother or father would chat with me. I was introduced to the whole family as the person who helped Peter get his surgery and I felt like everyone was happy and wanted to show appreciation. Peter's parents, on several occasions, invited me to come back again.

I have some pictures that will show a few of the things that I am telling you about. It only shows you a fraction of what I saw, but I hope it helps to encourage YOU to go and see the people and places where the Mennonites live in Mexico.

My nights were spent in a hotel, owned by a Mennonite family. It was very clean, comfortable and affordable, with internet access that allowed me to keep in touch with my family. Since several of the Loewen siblings had come home for Christmas and were still there, there were enough people to do some butchering and filling the freezers with fresh meat. There were always enough hands to supply Groffash with fresh baked goods!



During my time with the Loewens, I was invited to a surprise birthday party of a brother. At this dinner party, a young woman asked me if I was a sister or sister-in-law. Feeling a bit put on the spot, I figured I was most like a sister to Peter. "Well then, you are my sister, too", the young woman replied. And at that very moment, I was told that, including me, there were a total of 15 siblings in the family. There is a lot of family fun and laughter when the relatives get together!

During the following days, we did some sightseeing and more visiting with family and friends who also have Niagara connections. The Mennonite Museum; several bookstores; and other general stores and businesses were interesting to see.

Before my trip to Chihuahua, I had read about Colony life and school there; and about Friedensplatz, which is a place for children whose family is having addiction problems. It was good to be able to visit all these places and see how the people are helping and supporting each other in difficulties. The family working at this children's home is from Bolivia; and they are volunteering their time for a year.

At this place, there is a school and some animals. Wonderful care is provided to the children. The home parents were pleased to say that at that



time, they had a lower number of children staying with them. All the finan-

cial support is provided by churches in Chihuahua; and by families and churches from Niagara that have connections.

On Sunday, "Sister Trudy" and her family took me to church. It was decided by the family that I should be taken to a less strict church. I would not have thought it any "less strict", but I didn't know the difference. It was quite an experience. I found everyone to be very serious and I had great difficulty following along during the singing. Singing was very long, because they don't leave out any parts of a song; and sing them in a rather lengthy, drawn out manner. I must say, I do prefer four-part harmony, and am thankful for all the people in our own church who put so much energy into our beautiful choirs and singing.

The message was half in low German and the other half in high German. After the service, there was no time spent on visiting or chatting. Everyone simply rushed out to go home. No fear of special introduction necessary. I would have liked to take a picture of the hat rack. The men all wore their Sunday hats that were hung on racks above them. The seating was traditional, with men on one side and women on the other. The women wore a more formal and larger black scarf for Church that they also wear on other special occasions. I was happy to have been allowed to attend the service; although a little saddened by the seriousness of it. It didn't really feel like a meeting place.

All in all, my time in Chihuahua flew by so quickly and I had to say goodbye to a lot of wonderful people. But, I continued on to the second part of my trip. I flew to Mexico City, and then took a bus to Pachuca where my friend Eunice picked me up to spend a week with them. I have known Paul and Eunice Unruh since they were children, while I was in Bible Seminary in 1972-73. At that time, Paul's father, Linden Unruh, was the Bible Seminary Director; and Eunice Koop's parents were active in



church planting and anything and everything that people needed help with. Paul is now the Director of the Seminary and the mission work being done in Mexico by the Evangelical Mission Ministry; educating pastors and church workers for the ministry. It had been a long time since I last visited and this was the most perfect opportunity. Again, I was able to attend a wonderful church service – this time all in Spanish and a great deal more emotional, with lots of hearty singing and preaching.

When I came home, I was grateful to have been kept safe as that is not always a guarantee. Paul had just been attacked while driving his daughter to the airport on the



Sunday before I arrived. I was also happy to spend some time with them since they have had some tragic loss. Their son was leading a ministry with young men in a mountain climbing excursion, when he fell and lost his life; leaving behind his young family.

As I mentioned in the beginning, I had two wishes come true and I feel so blessed for it. I would like to emphasize again that if you have an opportunity to visit our brothers and sisters in Mexico, do not hesitate! It is a wonderful experience! God bless you!!



(When I sent this picture to my sister she told me it was time to come home).

~ Kathe Wiens

qhoBELIZE—an amazing opportunity

Last October I had the amazing opportunity of joining an organization at Queen's University called Queen's Health Outreach (QHO). QHO is an entirely student-run organization where we promote health through peer-to-peer education both here in Canada, in Kingston and Northern Canada and internationally in Belize, Kenya and Guyana. Myself along with 7 other students from Queens were assigned the Belize initiative. We would be spending 6 weeks at the end of April after our school term, teaching

health education in primary and secondary schools within Belize. We prepared for our initiative all year through planning lessons, gathering materials and fund-raising.



We arrived in Belize City on April 28th and bused to the district of Cayo where I spent the first three weeks. My teaching partner and I taught at Eden Primary School in a small village called Santa Elena located in the Cayo district of Western Belize, almost at the Guatemala border. It was unsettling living in a different country and being fully immersed into a different culture. Everyone welcomed us with open arms, especially the **principal Ms. Tharine**. Despite their difficult living conditions, the students were friendly, polite and immediately drawn to us. They were eager to learn and not afraid to ask us questions, making our time at Eden so enriching.

For the last three weeks we moved to Trial Farm Government School in the town of Orangewalk, located in Northern Belize. Or-

angewalk is a very poor district and many of the students have little food and live in an abusive and violent environment. Orangewalk had a very high crime rate, and to stay safe we had to be in our house well before dark. It was primarily an industrial area based on sugar cane processing. It was an adjustment, as the students were not well behaved at first. It took them a while to trust us; but once they did, the conversations we were able to have were amazing.

Throughout our initiative we taught material that the students would otherwise not learn because it is not included in their curriculum. Our lessons included topics such as healthy relationships, abuse, bullying, hygiene, sexual health, HIV/AIDS and mental health. Our goal was to act as peers to the students and make them feel comfortable and open up to us. I had personal conversations with several students and quickly learned that many of the students have gone through things nobody should have to go through. Despite the hard times several of the students have faced they all still maintain such a positive outlook on life.

Although this experience was targeted at the children, I feel I learned from them as much as I taught them. This experience really reminded me to count my blessings and not only be grateful for all we have, but by reaching out and helping others, we also help ourselves.





~ submitted by Lauryn Friesen (daughter of Karl & Linda Friesen)

A very personal donation to cancer patients

I decided to grow my hair on two sole facts, I knew I had a good head of hair to go on, and I thought it would look good on me. Growing it out was the worst part. My hair isn't by any means straight. It is extremely thick and very wavy and grows in whatever direction it wants. It was difficult to keep it out of my face. I would attempt to keep it tamed with loads of product but only hours after applying, it would be back to its own ways. Finally I was able to tie it back in a VERY tight bun. **Serenity. It was tamed!**

I grew it out for approximately another year. I then started to struggle with its length and didn't feel like cutting it as I had planned to cut it all off at some point. A "Go big or go home" kind of thinking. I figured I wanted it cut for my wedding but still wanted enough length to be able to donate it to cancer. I knew I had the length (approximately 8") and gave Katrina Teichroeb the honors of cutting it one fine Wednesday afternoon. After about 2 years of accelerated growth, it was tied into four long braids, cut, put into a shoe box, and donated to cancer. I never looked back.

~ Josh Baergen



When Josh asked me to cut his hair, I gave a resounding "Yes!" Not only do I love to do "transformation" haircuts, but I was happy to be able to help him donate his hair for wigs!

I braided Josh's hair into 4 thick braids and one by one cut them off! I admire people that can do this. They have something that others need and are happy to give it away. From my experience, not a lot of people are willing to either "A"- take the time to grow out their hair or "B"-willing to cut it all off! For individuals who are growing their hair out to donate, it can seem like a very long time to deal with an unruly and annoying mop on their head!

For individuals who love their long hair, it can be a big change to their sense of self to lose that much hair in one shot.

Donating hair is another way that our church shares God's love to the greater community.

I was happy to be able to be a part of Josh's donating story!

If you ever want to donate your hair, don't hesitate to call me!

~ Katrina Metsa



Canada
This land is your land
This land is my land
From Bonavista to Vancouver Island
From the Arctic Circle to the Great Lakes water
This land was made for you and me.



The Dominion of Canada was established in 1867.
Psalm 72, David's Prayer was chosen and read at the founding of our great country. The fathers of Confederation believed that faith was the fabric that keeps the country together. Today, towering high on Parliament Hill in Ottawa, our Capital City, we find Psalm 72:8 engraved on the east window of the Clock Tower. "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea". These wise men knew 150 years ago where to find wisdom at the dawn of each new day.

Our National Anthem, "O Canada!" has four verses. In the second verse we find a description of Our Home and Native Land.

**It says: O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
 Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
 How dear to us thy broad domain,
 From East to Western Sea,
 Thou land of hope for all who toil!
 Thou True North strong and free.**

**The fourth verse ends our anthem with this prayer –
 Ruler Supreme, who hearest humble prayer,
 Hold our Dominion in thy loving care;
 Help us to find, O God, in Thee
 A lasting rich reward,
 As waiting for the better day,
 We ever stand on guard.**

There are so many things about tomorrow I don't seem to understand but I know God holds all tomorrows and He always will hold my hand. With a grateful heart I again count my blessings for the privilege of living in this beautiful land!

~ submitted by Adine Enns

September Birthdays

Arno Enns: 90 (9/3/27)
 Martha Bartel: 85 (9/8/32)
 Mary Steingart: 90 (9/9/27)
 Justina Klassen: 87 (9/11/30)
 Marie Harder: 84 (9/13/33)
 Brigitte Ediger: 81 (9/14/36)
 Henry Rahn: 83 (9/15/34)
 Sinaida Enns: 93 (9/18/24)
 Hans Funk: 92 (9/19/25)
 George Riss: 89 (9/20/28)
 Agnes Sawatzky: 83 (9/23/34)
 Mary Willms: 82 (9/29/35)

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL

October Birthdays

Eleonore Funk: 90 (10/3/27)
 Kaethe Fieguth: 92 (10/6/25)
 Hans Juergen Wiens: 83 (10/7/34)
 Maria Neufeld: 83 (10/12/34)
 Peter P. Dirks: 99 (10/15/18)
 Elly Kopp: 85 (10/15/32)
 Annie Falk: 90 (10/19/27)
 Katharina Siemens: 87 (10/19/30)
 Orlin Epp: 80 (10/20/37)
 Hans Hermann Dau: 82 (10/21/35)
 Helga Rahn: 80 (10/26/37)
 Elfrieda Braun: 84 (10/27/33)

25th Wedding Anniversary:

Harry & Carolyn Loewen: Sept. 5, 1992
 Walter & Suzanne Nickel: Sept. 19 199
 Sigi and Liz Neuhofer: October 29th 1992

Happy 30th Anniversary Ron & Laury Riediger July 11, 1987



Creetings from the Tropics at Tabor Manor

LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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