

SOPHIA

W I S D O M

2/1

Spring & Summer 1992 • Volume 2 Number 1



Bethany College Library
Box 160
Hepburn, SK S0K 1Z0

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A NOTE TO OUR VALUED READERS:

Sophia Magazine will take a temporary hiatus to allow a period of re-structuring. We look forward to resuming publication within the next year. Thank you for your prayers, letters of encouragement and continued support.

Corrections for Winter Issue:

- We regret the Tutonic interpretation of the solid Irish name of Shillington.
- We salute cartoonist Betty Plett, whose name we accidentally omitted.

Sophia Magazine is published quarterly by Covenant Fellowship of McIvor Ave. M.B. Church — Winnipeg; primarily as a ministry of the church through which artists, poets, writers and professionals may develop their gifts and their calling.

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Please contact *Sophia* for permission to re-print articles.

Letters to the Editor: *Sophia* welcomes dialogue amongst its readers. Please write to us.
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The Lie

By Ester DeFehr

YOU KNOW, they are just taking advantage of you," she said.

I was stunned! For three years I had worked as a volunteer with single mothers; it had never occurred to me that anyone was taking advantage of me. My dad had taught us kids that commitment to Christ means that you give yourself in service to those who make wrong decisions, those who are rejected by parents and friends, and those who need food, clothing and education. Dad radiated so much love to people I always felt that it was God's love coming through him. I can remember as a child wanting to be like Dad. He told me that every

act of love was crucial because it was like a seed that would continue to grow. It would redirect people to God.

Now, that "planted seed," that effort to redirect someone, was being seen as useless. My faith in acts of caring began to crumble slowly. As I studied my files I realized that most of my single Moms were returning with their second, third, sixth child. I heard more people say, "What's the point?" I began to think the same: "She's had three babies. All have different fathers. The children are neglected. She has two personalities. How many more does she have? Who did this to her? Her life hasn't changed a bit. What's the point?"

In the past, I had devoted myself to the single mother. Now I found myself angry and frustrated. I bought into the idea that my efforts had been useless. My dilemma, not knowing whether I could make a difference, began to sap my energies; I couldn't decide to plant any more "seeds." Consequently, I became passive, confused, and indecisive.

I talked to my friend Patti, who helped me to see the anger and disappointment inside. I began to see how I had believed the lie that my actions did not make a difference. My self worth had been shattered. I confessed to my sin of accepting the lie and asked the Lord to heal me. I chose to return to my dad's faith. ●

Letters to the Editor

Dear Ester,

I received Volume 2 of *Sophia*, and want to commend you on an editorial job well done.

As for my own article, I was happy to write for *Sophia*. But some friends have requested that I ask you why you decided to change the spelling of my name. They (and I) believe the change was deliberate since it appears three times, spelled the same each time. They were wondering if I had decided to change the spelling to the more Germanic way of spelling such names.

Best regards as you continue

your excellent work with *Sophia*.
Sincerely,

George Shillington

Dear Editors of *Sophia*,

First of all, I would like to commend you on an outstanding second edition of *Sophia*. It is really great that women of Mclvor have taken up the challenge to publish a magazine of this nature.

Secondly, I would like to respond to Eleanor Martens' article, "What's In A Name?"

Hats off to Eleanor for a superb job!

Eleanor, in her well organized, concise and clear manner, has

expressed the feelings of many of us.

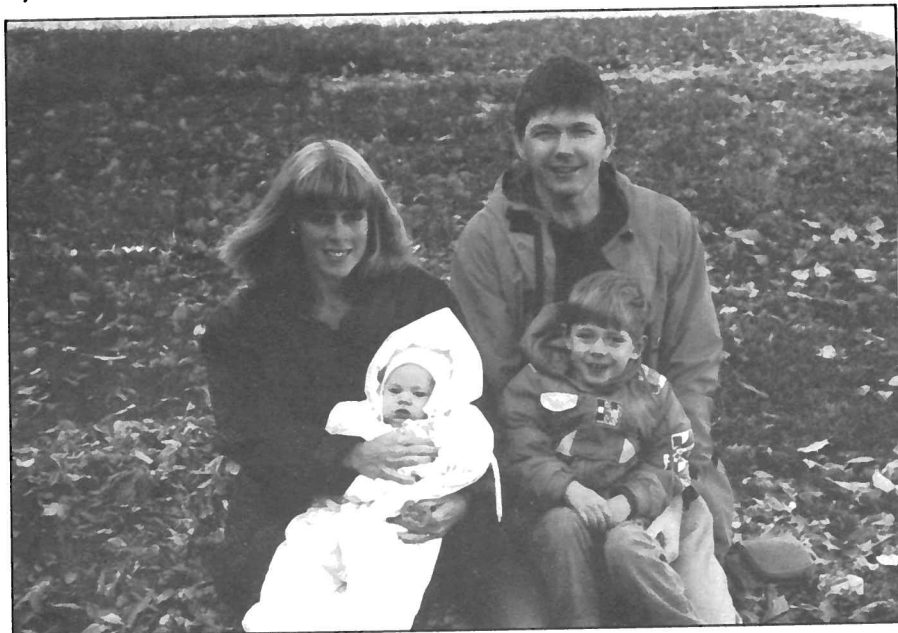
I support Eleanor's thesis that "Language has awesome power." There is a subtle message that is being delivered in a name and/or title, in nicknames that we give people, and in general use of the language (e.g. inclusive or exclusive).

Proverbs 23:7 says "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." When we hear the same words repeated over and over, we start believing them and we think that they are right; we don't even question them and their use. Our

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Decision Making

by Wanda Derksen



Wanda Derksen, her husband Waldy, with their children Tyler and Zachary.

I AM ONE of those individuals who rarely seem to have a problem making decisions, at least not big ones. For big ones such as whom to marry, whether or not to have children, and which church to attend I must confess that I pray about it and then go with my intuition or "gut feeling." Some individuals look at their options, weigh the pros and cons and come to a reasonable conclusion. However, I just don't function that way. For example, regarding having children, I know in my heart of hearts that I have wanted to be a mother since I was four years old. I was reared to be a mother. My own mother trained me well to be a mother. So, when it came time for my husband and me to decide whether or not to have children, the conclusion for myself was already there. The

thought of having a child brought me joy. The thought of not having a child brought me despair. In other words, my "gut" said yes to having children. I used the same intuition when making the decision to marry my husband. After much prayer and attempts at weighing the pros and cons, I went to my heart. The image of walking away from him brought me pain while the image of walking toward him brought me joy.

Is God involved in my decision-making process? The temptation for me is to say, "yes, of course He is." I do pray about my decisions, don't I? However, I must confess that my prayers lean more toward a hope for God's magical blessings on decisions already made than a genuine desire for spiritual guidance. It appears likely that how we make our decisions is a reflection of our understanding of God. Do I believe that God can impact

my life in specific ways? Yes. For example, He impacted my life a year ago when my second child died before birth. God's loving grace carried me for months thereafter.

How we make decisions is also a matter of trust. Do I trust that God's will for my life is the best? This is where I stumble. The concept of spiritual direction scares me half to death. I don't trust God. I am afraid of His will.

When I look to the Scriptures I am made aware of how far I have yet to go in encountering Christ in my decision-making process. In Proverbs 3:5-6 it says, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make your paths straight." It is the former portion of this verse that is in conflict with the method many of us employ in decision-making. Is not my own reasoning and intuition sufficient? I believe that this phrase calls us to look beyond ourselves. In the Scriptures we are also called to be humble and to fear God. Psalm 25:9 says, "He guides the humble in what is right and teaches them his way." In Proverbs 1:7 it is written, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Knowledge..." It is clear that we need in humility, to take our decisions to God.

"Show me your ways, O Lord, teach me your paths: guide me in your truth and teach me, for you are God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long." (Psalm 25:4-5). ●

Wanda Derksen, M.Ed., is a vocational counsellor and mother of two.

Women, Decisions, and Rights

By Eleanor Martens

IN THE HOMES of our mothers and grandmothers, the male household head generally had the last word about decisions of major importance. To be sure, decisions were lovingly made and duly deliberated on by all concerned. But in the end it was father's judgement that was referred to, and his authority that prevailed. Many of the decisions made in this manner had far-reaching, life-changing effects on others in the family. For mother, a shift in father's career may have meant a change in neighbourhoods, friends, and churches. And while for him it usually ushered in exciting new vistas for growth, work, or study, for her it meant making the necessary adjustments so these ventures could succeed. He was, after all, the breadwinner, and one did whatever one could to sustain him in his calling.

Mother, too, had a calling. Unlike father, however, it was centred not in the unique blend of aspirations, interests, and abilities she might happen to have, but rather in the supportive role she was expected to assume within the home. **While it was understood that father would be something besides a husband and father, wifehood and motherhood were to be all sufficient for her.** Most often she obliged willingly, believing that as she sacrificed her private goals and dreams, she was fulfilling God's purpose for her life. Creating a haven of security, nurture, and

growth for those entrusted to her was, after all, the highest calling a woman could have.

It was not possible, of course, to overestimate the importance of being called to Christian parenthood, or servanthood within the home. And one would not want to question the delight and satisfaction many women have found in these roles. But neither can one ignore some of the problems that have arisen for women trapped within the limited range of options and opportunities available to them within this context.

The problems surface when women who have literally given up everything for their families experience the hollowness of the empty nest and whisper tentatively of somehow not feeling fulfilled. Having poured themselves into the task of helping other family members reach their God-given potential, they suddenly awoken to the fact that they may have neglected their own. Lacking an identity apart from that of mother or wife, they find themselves wondering who they really are. Trapped by the power differential created by male ascendancy and female subordination within the home, they struggle with inadequacy, dependence, and depression, and wonder what went wrong.

Many years ago Betty Friedan called this "the problem with no name." It now does have a name, although in truth it is one from which many Christian women prefer to distance themselves. For to admit that the traditional family



model poses problems for them is to admit failure to conform to God's perfect plan for their lives, or worse still to admit to rebellion against his created order. In the past women who challenged this order were harshly censured. And even today, with so many women working outside of the home, an aura of guilt, ambivalence, and remorse overshadows these efforts because they cannot be reconciled with what is perceived to be woman's primary role.

Our social fabric, however, is changing. The increasing prominence of women in the workforce (most often out of necessity), in public leadership roles, and as single parent family heads is challenging old assumptions about "women's place." Numerous studies (including one that Mennonite Brethren are by now familiar with) point to the high incidence of incest and physical abuse in religious, authoritarian homes, raising questions as to whether they are even safe.

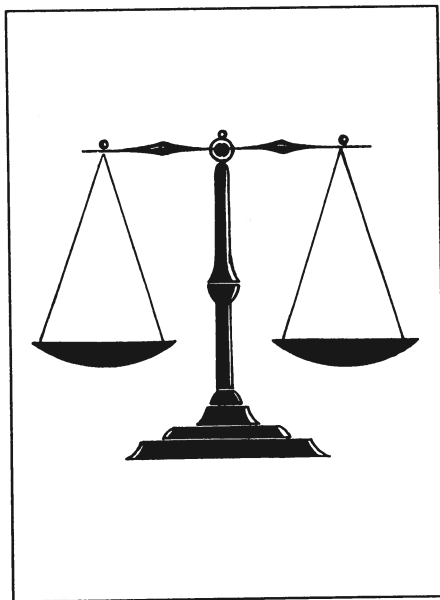
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More Decision Making

by Mary Regehr, February, 1992

1 I begin on the premise that I always have choices which I am free to make. (Perhaps that is part of the image of God in me.) This stance will relieve the pressure of thinking, "If I make a wrong decision here, I'm doomed." I am free to look at options in order to narrow the choices down to one.

2. To make a decision requires all of me. I will need to consider my mind, my feelings, my needs, and, yes, my wants too. I will need wisdom, my own and that of others, and I will need discernment, the ability to weigh options.



3. Whether it has to do with a major career change, or making a geographical move, or whether the choice is between a Toyota and a Jetta or between a red dress and a black one, or between potatoes and spaghetti for supper,

I do not really agonize more over one than the other.

4. I trust my feelings and intuition. I accept these as God-directed. (The Spirit lives in me, and therefore I trust my intuition as Spirit-led.) Nearly two years ago we had to buy a car which was to be mine. My husband and I looked at five models. From that first day my feelings went with the Toyota. It felt right. I had done

I do not think that God intends for me to be in turmoil about my decision making . . .

some asking and some reading. A few days after looking at the five options, we test-drove the Toyota and a Jetta. The message inside was still the same, and two days after that I drove the Toyota home. The entire process took a few days. I prayed during those days, but I felt that God didn't mind whether I bought one car or another.

5. I use my brain. I don't trust my intuition and feelings blindly. I seek to be informed, to be knowledgeable, and I count on my God-given innate wisdom.

6. I try to discern whether the choice relates to some fundamental Christian principle. I assume such principles would come into play in huge life issues, like a career change or a geographical move, matters which affect others as well as me. For example, if I were twenty-one again and were

beginning a relationship with a man who was abusing me with his words and his hands, I'd know God's will. God does not want me to be in an abusive relationship. Having ascertained the principle, I do not agonize about God's guidance. It seems to me a mistake to think that because God (or perhaps Satan too) is interested in my decision, the process of choosing requires a major struggle. I do not think that God intends for me to be in turmoil about my decision making.

7. When I pray for direction, and I get an up-beat feeling, I continue to pray, and I assume that the direction in which my thinking is going is right for me. I go for it. If it feels down as I begin to pray, I believe I don't need to bother God with it, and I don't. For me to pray about buying a Cadillac instead of a Toyota would have been foolish. It was a non-issue, so why should I pray about it?

8. If I do seem to be stuck, and no one can advise me or help me see the options and the consequences, then I'd have to sit down and make a list of the pros and cons of each choice. In that way I could in time eliminate choices that don't make good sense. I would in time be able to finger the one that comes up with a lot of pros, one that begins to feel right, and will meet my needs as well as some of my wants.

9. I guard against making every

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Decision – The Price of Worship*

By Elaine M. Pinto

THE WOMAN who anointed the Lord at a dinner will be remembered forever. Jesus said we'd be telling her story as long as the good news is preached (Matt. 26:13). Each of the four gospels relates it in a unique way. Only John names the woman as Mary of Bethany, but he agrees with Matthew and Mark in linking the act with Jesus' impending death. Luke sets his story at a different time and identifies her as "a woman... who was a sinner" (Luke 7:36). Still, there is a consensus among theologians that all four incidents relate to the same

episode. This composite story of how one woman broke all tradition for love, gives us rich insights into the eternal impact of her choice to worship.

The woman made two decisions. First, she decided to carry through an act of worship which necessitated going against what society permitted her to do. Secondly, she decided to pay an enormous price for her gift.

In describing her actions, theologian Elizabeth Platt says, "her conduct seemed suspect. She enters an all-men's occasion, appearing in the dining room, moving to where Jesus is

reclining...near His feet. Then she weeps extravagantly..."

Picture her standing in the doorway, then beginning to move amongst the men. As she brushes past stares and sneers, all she can think of is getting to *Him*. But in threading her way across the room, *she is not making a statement*. She isn't trying to teach the crowd that Jesus liked to be with the oppressed, or despised, or with women. Only one thought consumes her - to go to where Jesus is, to *give Him something of her own that is precious*.

Overcome with love, she breaks the seal, and the fragrance of rose-red spikenard begins to waft through the house. Tears begin to flow, and sinking to her knees, her hair becomes the towel with which she wipes her Savior's feet.

The Indian nard that moistened His feet cost three hundred denarii, the equivalent of a year's wage. Imagine, giving up a year's salary in one spill! And she wasn't expecting anything in return. When the woman turned the soft white mottled jar right side up, it was empty. The nard was *wasted*, and some of the disciples present didn't hesitate to point that out.

In his wonderful book of meditations, Watchman Nee remarks,

Waste means, among other things, giving more than is necessary. If a dollar will do and you give ten, it is a waste... Waste means that you give something too much for something too little. If someone is receiving more



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LETTERS- CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

subconscious takes it all in and we accept what we hear as the truth.

Language can be wonderful! Words of affirmation and praise can make our day. On the other hand, just one negative word can ruin our day.

Let's not underestimate the power of the words we have heard repeated for years, and let's work at creating a more inclusive atmosphere.

Sincerely,
Willa Reddig

Dear Sophia!

Your second issue delighted me with its attractive format and the high quality and variety of the writing.

I would like to respond to Eleanor Martens' well-written "What's In A Name?" Adam's initial task in that pristine garden was to name what he saw. Imag-

ining his dilemma and his joy provides material for fruitful reflection. Naming can be a confining or a liberating act. The individual through a name is given an identity, a sense of place, in a family, in a social group. A basic human need is to be named, to know who we are, to have a place in a chain of being. A name can impose a definition which imprisons rather than liberates individuals and societal groups. Renaming can be a redefining process, signifying a change in personality and/or lifestyle, and leading to further freedom or imprisonment.

Our task as Mennonite women (and men) is to name and rename the world as we know it. How do we as women respond after we recognize that language has demeaned and confined us? Hostility and mutual recrimination obviously could create and worsen polarization between the

sexes. Perhaps "Sophia" could provide a forum for ongoing dialogue about the manner in which language has defined men and women in our particular milieu.

Eleanor Martens has said it very well. I applaud her courage in renaming our experience as women.

Peace,
Agnes Dyck

Letter to the Editor,

Sophia reflects the high level of energy and commitment in the Covenant Fellowship Group. Our church is comprised of many similar fellowship groups and new groups and networks are being shaped daily. Just think about the broad range of gifts God has given our church family - we've been deeply blessed. With His help, let's use our gifts wisely to help build the Kingdom.

I'm glad you called, Ester.

Vic Janzen

MORE DECISION MAKING - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

little nuts-and-bolts choice a major issue. It would be very taxing if I made every decision an arduous process. It doesn't need to be. Will I walk tomorrow morning or won't I? I take for granted I will unless it's raining or the windchill is above 1800. Do I have to make a decision each Saturday night about going to Sunday School or Church? I do not keep on making decisions

about whether or not I will get up tomorrow morning, or whether or not I will brush my teeth at bedtime.

10. Indecision drains me of energy. I'd rather use my energy in pursuing the good things I want to do. **If I should discover that indecision is becoming a way of life for me, and that even small choices are becoming painful,**

then I would look carefully to see if these symptoms were not signaling depression, and I would seek help for that. ●

Mary Regehr is a counsellor at "Recovery of Hope" in Winnipeg, a practise shared with her husband.

A Typical Day

With Bev Hiebert

A: What a morning! First the alarm clock didn't go off, and then I knocked over my shampoo bottle getting out of the shower. The T.V. was on the fritz, so I couldn't watch the morning news.

B: This morning was like every other morning. I woke just before sunrise, nursed my crying baby, then with my clay pot on my head, my baby on my hip, I walked to the well for water. I only go in the early morning because then I won't be seen by any men.

A: I even managed to burn the toast this morning, but at least there was still some orange juice in the fridge. So I drank that, had a few sips of coffee, and then drove the kids to school. I had an exercise class at the Y at 9 o'clock.

B: At 6:30 a.m. I started the fire and made chappatis for my husband and six children. I ate what was left over after everyone else had finished. My husband had a seven mile walk this morning to a new construction project. He and two other village men hope to get work there. If my husband gets the job he'll make 15.00 takas a day (that's about 75c). We sure need the money.

A: I had a whole bunch of errands to do this morning. I took my husband's dark blue suit to the cleaners, ran to the post-office, transferred some money at the bank, and got some books from the library.

B: By the time I swept the dirt floor and washed the dishes, the sun

was already hot. Then I swept the yard outside the house. It's easier to see the snakes on the ground if the yard is smooth and clean. I sifted through a basket of waste rice husks from the threshing floor to see if there were any grains of rice left.

A: The kids had a special field trip today, so I was home alone for lunch. I heated up some leftover stroganoff in the microwave and had a bran muffin for dessert.

B: I had chappatis and tea at noon. I noticed my six-year-old daughter has an open sore on her leg. I hope it doesn't get infected. I can't pay for any medicine right now and the free clinic is a 5 mile walk for me.

A: I got two carrot cakes made this afternoon for the Women's Club luncheon meeting on Saturday.

B: After the noon meal I gathered fuel. It seems that I have to go further and further away to find twigs and branches these days. It took me most of the afternoon to fill my basket. It's so embarrassing for me to be out in public like this, but we need the fuel desperately.

A: I saw in the paper that my favorite department store is having a shoe sale. It was tempting, but I decided my old black leather pumps are still in pretty good shape. We're trying to be a little more conscious of our spending habits, and I guess I have to start somewhere.

B: My oldest son made me some sandals out of a discarded rubber

tire. He found it on the scrap pile at the factory where he works in the city. We see him so seldom.

A: At 4:30 I picked up the girls from their piano lessons and then came home and started supper. We're trying to eat more simply these days, and tonight was vegetarian night. Lentil casserole, carrot salad, whole wheat bread and cheese. I made an apple crisp for dessert.

B: My two younger sons go to school in the morning. Of course, I can't read or write, but I want my children to have an education. The girls don't go to school — we don't have enough money. But anyway, I need the oldest daughter at home to help. She is eleven years old and cooks the supper while I'm out gathering fuel. Tonight we had rice and beans and tea.

A: My husband brought home two new lawn chairs today. He got them on sale and they will be great for summer.

B: My husband got home at sundown. He says there will be enough work to last three weeks. He brought home an empty cardboard box. This we will cut apart and use to patch the hole in the mud wall of our bedroom.

A: I went to a school meeting tonight. We're trying to raise funds to put computers in the school.

B: Tonight I'm so tired but I must sew on my embroidery work. I

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PRICE - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

than he is considered to be worth, then that is waste... But once our eyes have been opened to the real worth of our Lord Jesus, nothing is too good for Him.

Endeavouring to "waste" ourselves on Jesus in today's world might bring us into ministries that have traditionally been closed to women. The world's answer for this is "you've got a *right* to do this... push through," or "Women should have equal opportunity."

How do we decide whether it's presumption, or a call, to walk through what looks like a tightly bolted door? **If we elbow our way**

through to make a statement, or assume we have a right to attain position, our gain could be tenuous or hollow.

Our worshipping sister in this story brings things into focus. She gives the Christian woman a more sure guide, asking the question, "Am I motivated by a deep attraction and love for Jesus?" The safest way into any ministry can be found in this heart of worship. The way to walk through doors and into difficult places is to be overwhelmed with love for the Lord. Otherwise, we won't move in grace and our gifts for Him will be lost.

It will cost a great deal to be sure, perhaps the misunderstanding of many, but as we stay turned to Him, we find He's worth more than we could ever give. As we keep paying the price, others may notice a sweet aroma escaping now and then – all because we chose to bring an extraordinary gift to a Savior who moves us to love. ●

* Matt. 26:6-13; cf. Mark. 14:1-9;
Lk. 7:36-50; John 12:1-8

Elaine Pinto is a member of the McIvor Avenue M.B. Church.

AS I SEE IT - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Theologians are urging Christians to take another look at those "normative" passages which appear to reinforce restrictive, submissive roles for women. (For interested readers, might I suggest *Women, Authority, and the Bible*, available at most Christian bookstores.)

Fortunately, some Christian couples are beginning to affirm another model of Christian family life which, in my view, more accurately reflects the New Testament ideal of servanthood. The equalitarian style of co-partnership, in its emphasis on *mutual* submission, giftedness, and accountability before God, opens the way for husbands and wives to participate equally in the work of the Kingdom. Activities such as **sharing economic and childrearing responsibilities, or choosing employment situations which permit both partners to develop their gifts, are ways of reducing sex role rigidity**, encouraging individual self-actualization,

and releasing joint potential. They offer us an alternative to the unequal allocation of power, privilege, and prestige on the basis of sex, a pattern which has so often proven detrimental to women.

The fact remains, of course, that despite all good intentions, efforts such as these continue to be circumvented by discriminatory work practices and the perennial disparity between men's and women's wages. But even as we struggle with these inequities, it would appear that certain preconditions for equality can still be established within our homes. They are based on mutual respect and responsibility.

Social historian Alice Kessler-Harris points out that "women's choices can only be understood within the framework of available opportunity." (*Gender and Grace* by Mary Steward Van Leeuwen) As women's freedoms and opportunities increase, so will their range of choices. Whether they

will get what they want, depends on what they choose to go after. That they have a right to choose will by now, I hope, have become clear. ●

TYPICAL - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

will have two more cushion covers finished this week, and they will be sold in Dhaka to the handicraft co-op. I'll get money and more embroidery thread for payment. All the women are excited because our village got an order for 100 more pillows. With the money I earn, I will buy fresh fruit at the market and medicine for my daughter.

A: I got home from my meeting and wrapped my mother's birthday present. I got her an embroidered pillow made in Bangladesh. The work was beautiful. I wonder who the person was who made it. ●

Submitted with permission from
Self Help Canada.

After Long Deliberation

By Hildi Boge

A S A YOUNG WIFE I enrolled in several evening courses at the Mennonite Brethren Bible College in Winnipeg with the intent of earning a Bachelor of Arts degree. However, our family rapidly grew in number, and since my husband was seldom home due to his own career, my responsibilities increased, squeezing out the possibility of continuing my education. **I felt that my children should have at least one parent in the home, so I settled into the traditional role of wife and mother.** The time spent with my children was so enjoyable, it all went by too quickly.

When the youngest began school, my free time increased, and I used it to pursue things I'd always wanted to do, such as learning to swim and volunteering in a local elementary school.

At the urging of my sister, I enrolled in the Biblical Counseling Program at Winnipeg Theological Seminary. My family supported me in this decision. I was excited to be back in school, and my enthusiasm spilled over into every area of my life.

I had long deliberated returning to university; I knew I'd need my family's support since I would be enrolled full-time. The kids' response was a resounding "Great, mom! Way to go!" and "Great, mom, but why would you want to do all that homework, when you could rather watch T.V.?" They knew that from then

on, housework would need to be shared! They are to be commended for their efforts, but it is still my husband and I who do the bulk of the work. Part of this stems from our decision not to curtail our children's participation in community sporting events, extra-curricular school activities or their pursuit in other areas of interest.

To make it all work, the whole family has had to make adjustments in attitude and thought, and perhaps the person who has been challenged the most is my husband.

I too have made adjustments. I have relieved stress and feelings of guilt which crept up on my

decision to study. God has given me peace of mind; otherwise it would certainly be difficult for me to continue.

I have encountered positive development in my new situation. I now make a conscious effort to spend fun times with my family. Highlights for me are those special mother-child bedside talks.

I am now looking forward to graduating with a Masters in Biblical Counselling, and if possible, setting up a practise in this field. ●

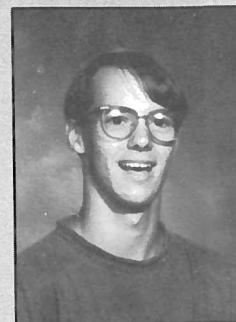
Hildi Boge is a member of Mclvor Ave. M.B. Church in Winnipeg.

Hildi Boge with her husband Jascha and their children Jascha, Lisa, Edward, Adam, Robert, and Jamie.



Where I plan to be in September of 92

by Jeremy Hildebrand



PICTURE A calm, windless sheltered bay with a sweeping sandy beach. You are sitting on a deck chair looking out at a golden sunset, an ice cold lemonade in your hand. The birds are singing, the waves rush up the beach licking at your toes. The sun is going down, but it's warm all night long.

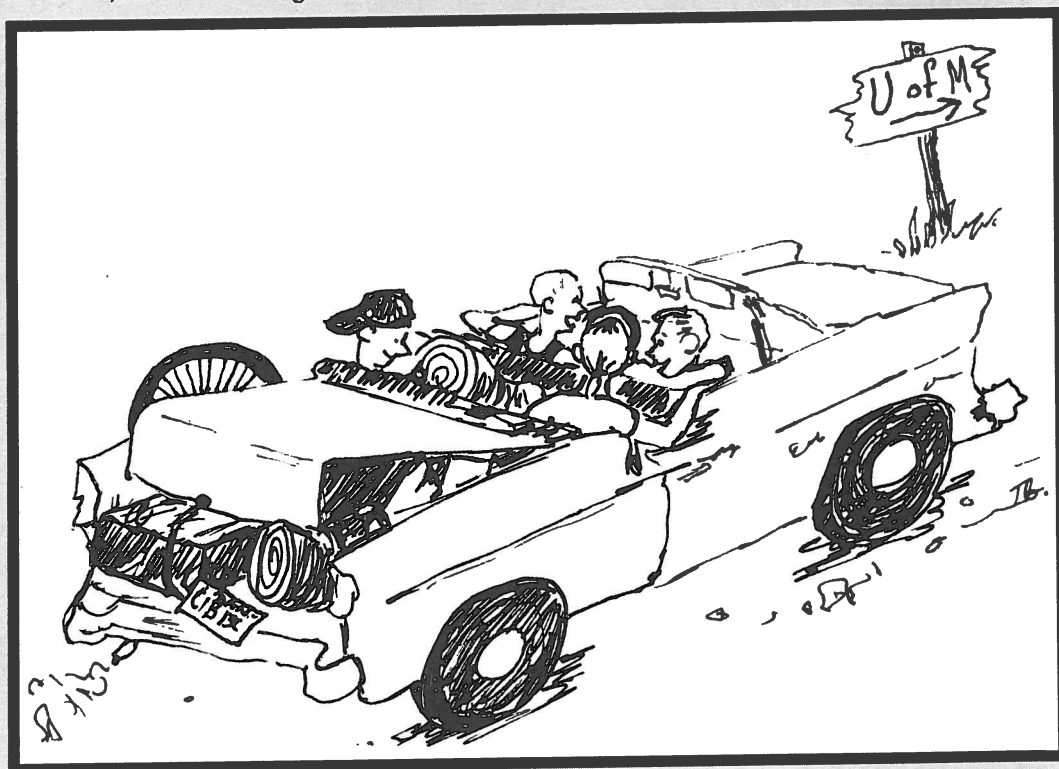
Wouldn't that be great? That's where you might be, but that's miles away from where I will be in September of 92. I'll be waiting for the snow, watching the Blue Bombers, playing baseball, but most of all, I'll be heading back to school. It will

be my first year of university. I will wander the campus exploring the buildings. I will go to the gym and shoot hoops, talk to some professors and buy some books, all the while anticipating my first class. But how will I get there?

Well, some would ride a bike, or jog or take a bus. Some would drive their shiny new Corvettes at 150 km/h through the city streets. Some would get a limousine to whisk them from

their house to the "U", but none of this is for me. I'm going to carpool. Somedays I will ride in the back of a Chevette. Other days I'll drive a Firefly. The most luxurious ride will be in a minivan (once in a while), and we'll go slow just to enjoy it longer. I'll get picked up about 7:00 a.m. and since a Chevette only goes 60 km/h, it will take us until 9:00 a.m. to get there.

Besides car-pooling, I'll work hard all summer shovelling a gravel pit for \$5.00 an hour! If I save my shekels like only a scrooge can, then maybe I'll be able to pay for a term or two at the "U". And after that, who knows, I'll get a loan and start into the vicious circle of spending money that's not mine. ●



Jeremy and Buddilion are both seniors at Landmark Collegiate in rural Manitoba.

Where I'll be in September

By Buddilion Kehler

IN SEPTEMBER of 1992 I plan to be walking up the stairs and entering a large building — so starting my first day of college. I really don't know why anyone would want to go to college. It's hard work, you've already been in school for 12 years, it costs a lot of money, it's hard work, it costs a lot of money and it costs a lot of money. And for someone like me who has no job and \$25 to his name, this is a pretty tall order. I think the only motives for going to college are selfish ones. Ask college students why they go to college and the answer that will show up most is: "I want to make lots of money." Talk about selfish or what!! Their only motive for going is to make more money! Not to make friends and certainly not to have fun or learn, but rather to be wealthy. And where has wealth taken anyone? I bet Donald Trump has fun every time a wife divorces him and takes most of his money. I'm sure George Bush just adores being shot at by some terrorist. And Elizabeth Taylor is probably ecstatic about cameramen parachuting in on her private weddings. Now how many of these people went to college? Now that I think of it, George Bush was the only one who did go to college. And he only gets shot at because he's the president of the United States. So... I think college is a very good place to go and learn about the fields one is interested in.

Yes, college is a place to meet new people and learn new things that one didn't even imagine could happen. So I say to you now, "I am going to college in September of '92 because that is the best choice for me." Of course, this decision is not as easy as just saying "I'm going." College costs money, so I'll get a loan. But, this loan will have to be paid off, so I'll have to get a good paying job. So in essence, my only motive for going to college is money. Which is okay, as long as I don't become the president of the United States. ●



My Meadow; My Friend

Boisterous Gallop
to the edge.

A gate
a bit ajar
beckons this restless auburn pony in
Eyes, marble sparkles,
side Look —
Curious

Restless

leans just beyond —

Test nibbles:

lean green fronds collapse
cinnamon twigs snap
crazy lacy weeds
of foreign seeds taste
mm

Wandering the vast meadow
stream waters flip like playful fish
melodious daisies laugh

The filly's gangly adolescent legs quiver
then bend
under the slumbering sky.

Belly nestled, hoofs tucked
grasses humming melancholia
periwinkle chicory dances
wafting fragrance

Eyelashes droop momentarily . . . then

Fly Buzzed By — startled,
the foal bounds out
of the new found grounds

Saving you
for other sunny mornings
and

hungry
after —
noons.

By Lorenda Harder, Oct. 1990



The Making of an Editor

By Lorena Marsch

IVE BEEN the editor of the German-language paper, *Rundschau*, since May of 1989. It's not something I aspired to.... In fact, I'm surprised that it's come to this, and I am taking the time to look back to see what has gone into the making of an editor.

It was the everyday experiences and my travels that prepared me for my present calling. In school, as a bilingual student I was always good at writing. I won third place in an interschool writing contest in grade eleven English. **I devoured books from Sunday School and school libraries and from teachers, often foregoing an afternoon of fun with my friends so I could stay home to read.**

But it was not until my husband Roland and I went on a twelve-year missionary assignment to Germany that I began to enjoy using German, reading it and getting acquainted with the literature and art of German people. Upon returning to Canada I gained experience translating English into German eight hours each month assisting my daughter in her job as translator with Mennonite Brethren Missions and Services Prayer Calendar.

As the Conference Minister's wife I had the wonderful opportunity of visiting most of our churches, pastor couples and many of our provincial and

national conferences. This background is an invaluable resource for my work today.

These wide experiences as well as my Christian background gave me a reservoir of ideas. Daily devotions, attending church and Sunday School and a Christian High School, plus a Bible School education are all part of my heritage. At home the "Missionary Album" was our only coffee table book. An uncle relating his experience as a "conscientious objector," cousins deeply involved in the Mennonite Central Committee, reading on a myriad of subjects and my degree in theology all gave me background for my editing and writing. This was the warp and woof of my life that prepared me for my present calling.

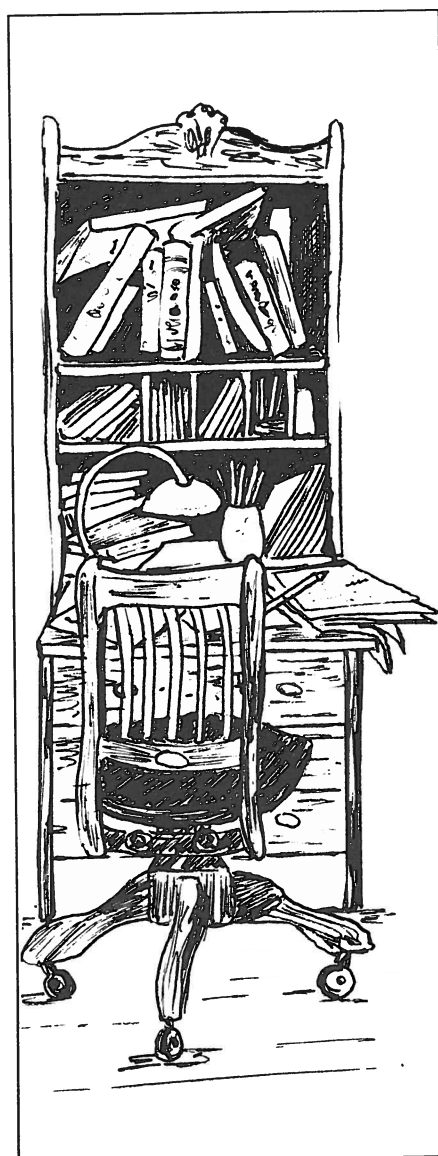
Holding the conference and its decisions in high esteem also requires that its consensus and calls be taken seriously. So when the Board of Publications approached me about accepting the responsibility of the *Rundschau*, it was impossible for me to brush the request off lightly.

I love my work and receive a great deal of satisfaction and affirmation. How committed I am to it shows in what I am willing to forfeit now: the pleasures of being a pastor's wife and all that it entails. Being an editor allows me time only to support Roland in an aggressive pastoral visitation program and to sing in the choir.

With the unreserved support of

an understanding husband and the blessing of our congregation, being the editor of the *Mennonitische Rundschau* has become my life's calling and a long term commitment.

I thank God that He has made me an editor. ●





My Spiritual Pilgrimage

By Walter Harder

MY FAVOURITE book as a youngster was one my parents had given me. My eyes feasted on the black and white illustrations with gothic script depicting Bible stories. As inviting and appealing as they were, somehow the presence of God in them escaped me.

As a teenager, I became an avid reader of the Scriptures. Somehow, in my mind Mennonites were synonymous with the children of Israel, and as a Mennonite I was one of God's chosen people. Everyone outside our group was hopelessly lost. This idea was unsettling. Would all those outsiders really be doomed to hell?

This shook the very foundation of my belief system; yet the more I searched the Scriptures, the more puzzling it all became. I prayed the prayer of salvation many times but there always remained this lingering doubt as to the reality of Jesus and God. Slowly, I began to identify more with those who denied the existence of God. I felt liberated from what to me seemed one giant hoax.

Liberation from Christianity did not bring me peace. It was replaced by fear of the unknown. My head told me God was an imagined being, invented by

superstitious people, but my heart was ill at ease.

When I turned fifteen, I left home to seek my fortune in the big city. I hoped I'd be leaving my spiritual conflicts behind, and I looked forward to participating in all the pleasures the world had to offer. Thanks to the faithful prayers of my mother, I came up empty here too. I returned home within months, and life continued to look bleak and disappointing. I felt engulfed by total darkness.

A missionary couple hailing from Steinbach, Manitoba invited me to live with them and work on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 

Life Capades

By Mervin Scott

WE ARE IDENTIFIED in many ways. Most commonly we are identified by our names. My name is Mervin Scott and what follows is my abbreviated autobiography. To begin I would like to be identified as a Christian. **It is not what I do that determines my identity; rather it is who I am.** Then who I am determines what I do. I believe God has a significant purpose for my life.

My mother was born at the Jackhead Reserve. At various times in her life she lived with numerous relatives. At age 16 my mother decided to move to Winnipeg to seek employment opportunities. She experienced difficulty in this area due to a lack of education. My father was of French origin and lived in New Brunswick. He served in the Canadian Army for approximately five years. When I was born in November, 1956, my mother wanted to keep me; however due to personal problems she could not provide a suitable home environment. Subsequently, I became a ward of the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg. My mother requested this agency find a home and parents who could provide for me.

In the spring of 1957, one Sunday morning, Henry and Mary Loewen and their children, Martha, Adeline, and Victor were having breakfast. The radio was on and they heard a Children's Aid Society commercial indicating a need for suitable homes where foster children could be placed. It became very quiet at the table. Then all of a sudden

Victor said, "Mother, I think that means us." Mary inquired, "Victor, what do you mean?" Victor responded, "I would like to have a baby brother." Both girls were extremely excited about this idea. They asked their mother to phone the Children's Aid Society immediately. They had even remembered the telephone number announced on the radio. Mary indicated to her children that she wanted a response from Henry. "What does Daddy think about this idea?" Henry responded, "If I can provide a home for a foster child, then that is what I would like." (Henry also had been an unwanted child during the time of World War 1.) That same day they phoned the Children's Aid Society and on Monday morning the Society commenced with arrangements that would place me in the home of Henry and Mary Loewen. On April 30, 1957 I arrived at the Loewen home. I was five months of age when I arrived; my foster father tells me he was the same age when he was left in the Loewen's backyard in Russia. As a result of my stay at the Children's Aid Society, I was not a strong infant. However, through the love and attention of the entire Loewen family, I steadily progressed in my growth and overcame numerous obstacles which had hindered my early development.

By now, my mother was residing in Portage La Prairie at this time and her continued interest in me was illustrated by letters to the Children's Aid Society inquiring



But often, in the world's most
crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable
desire
After the knowledge of our
buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and
restless force
In tracking out our true, original
course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart
which beats
So wild, so deep in us —
to know
Where our lives come from and
where they go.

by Matthew Arnold



CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 



All shapes and colours

By Carolee Neufeld

SCENE ONE. Northern Manitoba, 1964; a small log cabin with a fire crackling in the woodstove. We sip tea with our congenial hosts while sampling bannock and freshly cooked beaver meat.

SCENE TWO. Rural Manitoba, 1971; our small country home. Late at night two young women arrive. They are in deep spiritual fear and distress. Conversation and prayer continues until 4 a.m.

SCENE THREE. Our home in

Winnipeg, 1985; a hot summer evening. The telephone rings... a group of eleven people have just arrived in Winnipeg to find that their expected accommodation is not available. My husband and I scurry around, making up beds and sofas for the night, preparing a snack for hungry travellers.

SCENE FOUR. Northern England in spring time, 1987; a stately stone house in the countryside. I comment to my hostess about the beautiful daffodils blooming profusely on the lawn. Later, a lavish bouquet of yellow blos-

soms appears on my dressing table!

Hospitality comes in all shapes and colours. It may be early or late. It may be simple or difficult. It may be costly or inexpensive. Its variety is endless and the opportunities it provides are as broad as the imagination. Hospitality was God's idea! He intended it to be a way His gracious care could be tangibly demonstrated to people.

As with everything else in the world, sin gets in the way. We struggle with motivations of guilt or pride. Ideally, hospitality is an expression of love by giving of ourselves to meet the needs of other people. In extending Christian hospitality we are expressing Christ's love. And so He can use our home, our daffodils, and our bannock, just as He once used a young boy's lunch. The Apostle Paul instructs, "Share with God's people who are in need." (Romans 12:13)

There are so many kinds of needs around: care for a toddler whose mother needs relief; a meal for a student overwhelmed with term papers; weekend accommodation for travellers; a chat on the patio with a lonely neighbour. As we provide a meal, a cup of coffee, a listening ear, or a place to sleep, we can look beyond the obvious, to deeper needs.

We may or may not discover what the deeper needs are, but



CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

PILGRIMAGE—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

a farm where they were stationed close to me in South America. I accepted the offer, and my life took a dramatic turn. My experience on "La Esperanza" (the hope) convinced me to return to Christianity, and this I did with renewed conviction. I was seventeen by this time, and having found peace with God, I was ready to embark on a new life. The day I left for Canada was the day I was baptized.

The Steinbach missionaries entrusted me to their relatives in Landmark, Manitoba, where I continued farm work.

At first, I felt as if I were in heaven: living in a new country, surrounded by a caring Christian atmosphere. But it was not long before I fell into the wrong company of friends. The doubts I had wrestled with earlier returned with a vengeance. I could no longer accept the Scriptures as the Word of God. Not wanting to offend my host family, I withdrew

from active church participation.

While in this frame of mind, I married and joined a church in Steinbach. I was a mere lad of eighteen and the combination of youth, unemployment and my lack of commitment to God brought on stress. Within three years we had two children. In another six months my marriage was over. After a lengthy custody battle the children were awarded to my ex-wife.

I began working for a firm which was made up mostly of Christian people. Surrounded by these co-workers, and held up by my mother's fervent prayers, I began praying and seeking God once again. It dawned on me that an infinite God need not make sense to a finite mind. All I had to do was believe in Him. I made a commitment to God, and asked Him to give me the understanding needed to allow me the freedom to accept things, even if they might not add up in my physical mind. I then allowed God to take

care of everything in my life.

One specific area was in healing the void that my divorce had brought on. How could God fill this void? I believed a divorced Christian should not remarry. I asked God to help me accept my situation. He was faithful, but in a way that I did not expect. He was not limited by my lack of understanding, and in due time, brought a lovely Christian woman into my life. After overcoming many obstacles, I came to accept Emily as a gift from God, and we were married. In the fifteen years that have followed, God has blessed us with two beautiful daughters and has kept us in the faith.

The almighty God chooses how and when he reveals himself to us, and sometimes he does it in ways we do not understand. He reveals himself only to those who seek him. My goal is to see God glorified for who he is, without my putting him in that tiny box called human understanding. ●

CAPADES—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

about my well-being. Her interest was also demonstrated in her willingness to change my religion from Roman Catholic to Protestant, enabling me to stay with the Loewens.

As a young child I would soon realize that I was not the only foster child destined to arrive at the Loewen's home. In all, thirteen children would at various times in their lives experience placement there. I was the first and the last foster child with the Loewens and believe God had intended this as my placement. They were the only family I would know.

My placement with them not only provided a caring atmosphere but also exposed me to Christianity. This exposure led to my conversion experience at a Billy Graham Crusade and my baptism at the McIvor Avenue Mennonite Brethren Church. In retrospect, I have witnessed God's incredible graciousness in my life. I can only imagine what my life would have been had I not been placed in these surroundings. Being placed in a foster home did not come without difficulties. However, through loving parents and God's unconditional love, those difficulties

were overcome. Ephesians 1:5 tells me because of the grace of God, I was predestined to be adopted as a son. For me, this meant not only being adopted into the family of God but also into the Loewen family.

To complete my story I must acknowledge and thank my parents, Henry and Mary Loewen, in providing whatever details they could about my life as an infant and my arrival at their home. I must also acknowledge and thank the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg in providing a letter outlining composite sketches about my natural parents. ●

HOSPITALITY—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

our interest and concern will bring a healing touch. For the guest, finding warm hospitality is like a sailor coming into a quiet cove, sheltered from the stormy waves of the lake. It is a haven to enjoy right now and also a place to keep in mind for some future time of distress.

"Hospitality is a ministry of encouragement," writes Rachael Crabb in her recent book, *The Personal Touch*. "The emphasis in our practice of hospitality should be on how we give of ourselves to minister to others - not on how we perform to entertain others." She goes on to say that, although each of us has a different style of offering hospitality, all guests can be treated with care and sensitivity that will bring refreshment to their souls.

All around are people who have deep spiritual needs. If they can peek into homes where Christ is being honoured they will observe attitudes and relationships and priorities. Before any spiritual conversation takes place they will know intuitively

whether Jesus is making a difference.

Families abound where relationships are strained or distorted. In the midst of insecurity, disappointment and ungodly living, the harmonious Christian home becomes a light in the darkness, allowing others to see that it does make a difference when Jesus is at the centre of relationships.

Jim Peterson, in his book *Evangelism As A Lifestyle*, tells of inviting a Brazilian student to lunch. During the meal Jim was embarrassed with the conduct of his young children. Later, after making a commitment to Christ, this student recalled how he had been impressed that day with the Christian relationships in this family. Jim was amazed! He realized that when we are walking with Jesus, even the way we deal with disciplinary situations becomes a testimony to others.

Every Christian household, whether it consists of singles or couples or families with children, has the opportunity and responsibility to be a living demonstration of what God intends a home and

a family to be. Karen Mains reminds us that, "The world needs models. For its sake, if no other, let us institute hostels of love and peace."

As believers we recognize that all we have is a gift from God: our houses and apartments, our food, our cars, our bank account, our creative abilities and our relationships. God's generosity is for our own benefit as well as for sharing with others. In his first letter the Apostle Peter puts it this way: "Offer hospitality to one another without grumbling. Each one should use whatever gift he has received to serve others, faithfully administering God's grace in its various forms" (4:9,10).

The gifts we have from God become the tools of hospitality. By meeting needs, by encouraging, by modelling, we have the remarkable opportunity to administer God's grace to others! ●

Carolee Neufeld is the mother of five sons, a daughter and daughter-in-law. She and her husband Ken, are the pastoral team in the St. Vital Mennonite Brethren Church.

New Arrivals

Robert & Jenny Wall,
Jessica Lynn on December 10, 1991

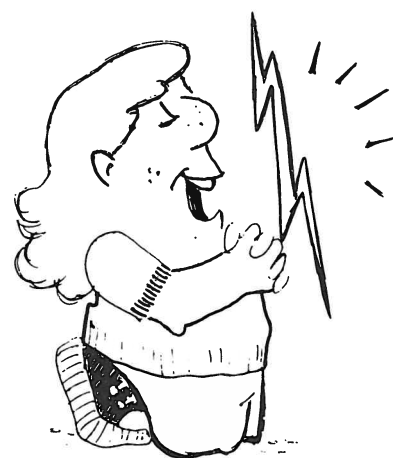
Gary & Cathy Wiebe,
Cloe Michelle on January 12, 1992

Brian & Dorothy Quiring,
Alyssa Claire on January 17, 1992

Ken & Cyndy Regier,
Thomas Lee on February 5, 1992

Mystery Baby of Winter
Issue:

Ruth Ens, Choir Director
of Mclvor Avenue M.B.
Church



Friendship

By Eleanor Froese



Eleanor Froese with Marlene Janzen.



Be Still and Know That I am God

I saw you being formed in
your mother's womb.
I loved you before you knew Me.
No one can take you from My hand.
Come, take My yoke upon you,
for My yoke is easy, and
My burden is light.

I will lead you by the still waters
and guide you to green meadows.
I chose you, and appointed you
to bear fruit
and that your fruit should remain.

I have made you a fisher of men.
Go . . . Go tell the world of My love
and of My Son which I gave
for you;
so that they may have eternal life,
as you do.

Judith Dawn



Friendship and what means to me
by Eleanor Froese
I have known Marlene Janzen
for quite a longtime. she always
has her home always open for me.
Marlene makes me feel loved and special
we both can share together what is on our
hearts. and that is what true
friendship is all about.
you can always have a friend
who stands by you in gladness and
in sorrow. I have really
appreciated Marlene's kindness and
friendliness through out the years.
she sure has been a true friend
to me. and I thank the Lord
for giving me such a dear and special

Friend to me ^{2/} has Marlene
I want to leave with you a poem
about Friendship.

The Friend who just stands By.
When trouble comes your soul to try,
You love the Friend who just stands By.
Perhaps there's nothing she can do
The thing is strictly up to you.
For there are troubles all your own
and paths the soul must tread alone
Times when love cannot smooth the road
nor Friendship lift the heavy load.
But ~~that~~ to know you have a Friend,
who will stand by until the end,
whose sympathy through all endures,

^{3/}
whose warm handclasp is always yours -
it helps ~~somebody~~ to put you through,
although there's nothing she can do.
and so wish ~~Perivent~~ heart you cry
Had bless the Friend who just stands By.
Eleanor Kroese
goes to Esauieu community church
Eleanor is a activity helper at
Sonswoodmaner personal care home.
I enjoy my ~~you~~ here very much.
please send me your next sophia
for october. My address is
Eleanor Kroese
27 pleasant way
Winnipeg man
R2X 1 0 B2

SSSHHH!

By Wally Schmidt

SSSHHH! There are few words or phrases which when spoken aloud in a crowded noisy room will quickly bring it to pin-dropping and attentive silence. Yelling LET US BEGIN or QUIET PLEASE will eventually work when accompanied with a chorus of "ssshhh." Mention however, the words "Let us pray" and almost immediately we become corporately aware of the dust settling on nearby windows.

Trouble is, we often lose that attentiveness with equal speed as minds drift quietly off, each into their own land, returning to matters at hand with the speaking of "Amen." Having recently canvassed co-workers and fellow Christians, several favorite examples have emerged of public prayer gone askew.

1. Hidden Messages

a) "I pray for Louela that she'll be able to see that what she really needs...."

b) "And Lord please help John here not to be such a butthead and that we should be thankful for our teachers, that you have given them to us for correction and...."

c) "Lord help us to remember that you have asked us to give with cheerful hearts...etc."

It is easy to focus our prayer on those around us. Almost without thinking it can become an attempt to capture the mind and attention of our (human) listeners, using a "back entrance" if you will, disguising and baptizing our real



message in prayer talk. Preachers sometimes stumble here, giving the fourth point of a 3 point sermon, or at least summing up their previous message in closing prayer.

2. For Your Information God:

"And Father, Mary Johnston had surgery this past Tuesday which just adds to the pressure from her work...etc."

3. The Just God Theory

"Just heal us Father God, just heal us, just sweep into this city Father God, and just take it, we just claim it for your Kingdom, we just pray Father God that you would just...."

4. Olde English

"We know Thou canst do all things, Thy grace falleth upon us as Thou sitteth on Thine throne...."

It is important to come before God with respect and reverence. It is also important for new and/or young Christians to know that one need not do a tone change, yell, or revert to King James English to get a "hearing." For all we know he speaks German, (in which case, when I get to heaven I'm going to have a few relatives with that "I told you so" look on their faces

getting on my case for not having kept up the Mother tongue).

5. Announcement

"Lord, we pray for the outreach service tonight at 7:00."

6. Around the World in 15 Minutes

"Finally there's Burma Lord, we pray for all the missionaries there. Then in Africa Lord, oh there are so many needs in Africa. In Tanzania we pray for...."

There was a gentleman who, when asked to come to the pulpit to pray, elicited groans from the youth section. "And now for a message in prayer" is how the pastor should have introduced this man. He generally lost us 3 or 4 minutes into his prayer, somewhere between India and smuggling Bibles to Russia. Come to think of it that last one just paid off big time (could be a message in there somewhere).

In closing, (Incidentally that line "In closing" can be used as effectively as "let us pray" when it comes to bringing audience attention back from wherever it was to wherever it is you would like it to be. Generally it indicates another 10 minutes or so to go.) It would be inappropriate to suggest there be a correct way to pray in public.

Indeed, when we meet God we will likely be overwhelmed, blown away, speechless, in the presence of the One who created heaven and earth, who walks among the planets and galaxies, the One who sent His Son. There will be little "information sharing" in our communication.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Shelf Life

Free to Stay at Home
by Marilee Horton. Word Books
Publisher copyright 1982.

Reviewed by Hildegard Isaak



The subtitle of this 173 page soft-cover book is "A Woman's Alternative." On showing the book to several people, I noticed two reactions, either raised eyebrows or guarded interest. Since the title suggests the author's decision, it will most likely interest those who have also made that decision or are considering it. It would be a shame if this were the case, for the book is an honest, down to earth and always interesting record of

one woman's pilgrimage.

In the preface the author states her reason for writing the book: "I was asked at a women's retreat, Had I made the right choice?" To answer this question Marilee Horton tells her personal story. Employed as a successful executive secretary, she had just become a Christian when she was challenged by Scripture, especially Titus 2 and Proverbs 31, to become a "keeper at home" for her husband and four children.

In the succeeding seven chapters, the author describes what being a "keeper at home" has meant for her. There is no magic solution; there are hard choices and sometimes no choices at all. She bravely pleads with young mothers to give the quantity time needed to raise young children and to make the home a comfortable place, a haven. In the chapter "Falling in Love Again," she lists five things a husband wants in a wife. This is not a "Marabel Morgan" chapter but a good reminder. A husband wants a wife

to be a lover, an understanding friend, a secret saver, ("doth safely trust in her"), a mood monitor and a homemaker, one who is in control of the home.

The last chapters each portray a specific subject. Chapter eight deals with the various levels of parenting from early childhood to adulthood; this is one of the longest chapters with many illustrations from the author's own experiences. Chapter nine is written by her husband; an interesting touch is thus added to her writing. He begins with the words: "I found her, I found her! — a capable, intelligent and virtuous woman." The final chapter titled "Express Your Magnificence" is a good summary chapter. In a quiet, reflective way she talks of limitations to be endured and of obstacles to be overcome before magnificence is realized. Using the famous words of Esther, "If I perish, I perish," she concludes that following God's call to her has brought fulfillment and peace. ●

SSSHHH !— CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Well, He is here. Alive. Among us! This one realization if kept before us in our public prayer carries the strength to change it from carrying a message to the people, to its real task, that of carrying the message of the people to our Father. ●

Wally Schmidt is a member of McIvor Avenue M.B. Church, and is in full time ministry with Youth For Christ.



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Have You Seen Candace?

by Wilma Derksen

Friday, November 30, should have been like any other day for Wilma Derksen's thirteen-year-old daughter. Lost in her daydreams, Candace left school excited about the weekend ahead. But Candace never made it home.

With soul-wrenching honesty, Wilma Derksen shares a mother's agony and hope in the midst of the search for her abducted daughter. It's a search that unites a community and reveals both the earnest goodwill and the consummate evil that reside in the human heart.

Ours is a world that responds to tragedy with anger, that screams "vengeance!" at injustice. *Have You Seen Candace?* offers a different response. Journey with a family who has discovered faith in God amidst suffering, forgiveness that surpasses justice, love that overcomes evil. ●

Wilma Derksen is the western regional editor of the Mennonite Reporter and president of Family Survivors of Homicide. Wilma lives with her husband, Cliff, and their two children in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

