

MARCH, APRIL 2016, VOLUME 3 EDITION 2

Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

1 Corinthians 13:4-7

Love is patient, love is kind and is not jealous;
love does not brag and is not arrogant,
does not act unbecomingly;
it does not seek its own, is not provoked,
does not take into account a wrong suffered,
does not rejoice in unrighteousness,
but rejoices with the truth; bears all things,
believes all things, hopes all things,
endures all things.

FAMILY DAY & VALENTINE'S DAY MEMORIES

Every **Family Day** our dad takes us for a hike in the forest by The Commons. We walk in the mud, find treasures, and visit the hidden Christmas tree.

~Jack, Claire & Lukas.



Companionship

*It isn't that we talk so much!
Sometimes the evening through
You do not say a word to me;
I do not talk to you.
I sit beside the reading lamp,
You like your easy chair,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are the*

*It isn't that we go so much!
Sometimes we like to roam
To concert or to theater,
But best of all is home.
I sew a bit or read aloud
A book we want to share,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there!*

*It isn't that you tell to me
The thing I've come to know.
It goes too deep for words, I think,
The fact you love me so.
You only have to touch my hand
To learn how much I care,
And it is joy enough for me
To know that you are there!*

Anne Campbell

~ submitted by Ingrid Dau

This poem has a special meaning for Hans and me.

*I really do not have any special **Valentine's Day** memory to share in the church newsletter. I feel blessed to be able to celebrate love with my "special someone" every day of the year. All of our Valentine's Days together have been special, and Gerry and I have been so fortunate to be able to spend them together on the beach in Florida each year for the past several years. Rather boring, I know, but we love it!*

~ submitted by Ruth Lamarre

The Greatest Love Story! John 3:16

Feb. 16, 2016
Pioneer Club

All the children spent a fun-filled evening together with games, story, songs, prayer & crafts. We enjoyed crafting heart flowers for the bulletin board garden. Just as each one of us has a flower in this garden, each one of us is a Flower growing in God's Garden right where you are, enjoying the warmth of every sunbeam God sends in His Love.

*Thank you for loving all the children
Thank-you for hearing every prayer
Thank-you for always watching, caring,
Guarding us everywhere!*

*Thank-you for beauty all around us
Thank-you for safety in our land
Voices to raise in songs to praise you
Lord be glorified!*



~ submitted by Adine Enns



Valentine's Day Memories



The first Valentine's Day card I ever received was from my G. 4 teacher. As I held this beautiful card in my hands, I could not believe it was really for me; I'd never even seen something so lovely, let alone had anything like it. For a scrawny little immigrant girl, which I was at the time, to be cared about by a relative stranger, meant more than I can say. I cherished it for years.



Other memories of Valentine's Day included the excitement of preparing for the day; buying the large "card-books", carefully pressing out each card, trying not to rip the edges; then the choices had to be made as to whom to send them. NO boys, that's for sure! Only my girlfriends and my teacher got one from me.

Many were truly hilarious, such as the animal-themed cards: "I'm hungry for love", a wide-mouthed hippo shouts out; "I'm not lyin', just cryin' for your love" the lion roars, and so on. The writers must have had a lot of fun with the play on words. All in all, the day was a special one for me.

After I was married I determined that this day was one I meant to keep on as a romantic interlude for Ernie and me. We celebrated it with our children and also with one another. We tried to do something special for each other when the day came around again.

One year I received a large heart-shaped box. It was filled with chocolates! Wrapped in red and gold, they were far too beautiful to be just gobbled up! So I savoured them, sharing them very sparingly. The box naturally could not just be thrown out – ever! I saved it for special keepsakes, such as the beautifully embroidered handkerchiefs that were still popular as gifts in those long ago days.

As year followed year, the boxes kept coming, each one more beautiful than the last; red foil with lace, red velvet with red velvet ribbons, a pink and silver one, beribboned with white lace, gold ones, dark burgundy boxes – I just ran out of space as to where to keep them. They couldn't just be stacked up in some storage place, I thought. They ought to be appreciated, often – but where? An idea came to me soon: to put them in my clothes closet. After all, they were a special, personal gift. So then, every time I opened the closet to get dressed, there they were, set up on the top shelf, side by side. Every day, as I choose what to wear, they glow in the soft light, a sweet remembrance of the many years we have spent together. They represent the true love and devotion, the shelter and safe haven I've experienced at his side.



They make me not only deeply loved, but also deeply and wonderfully cherished!

~ submitted by Mary Pries

MILESTONES - *Join together to celebrate these special birthdays!*

Birthdays in March 2016

Franz Friesen: 88 (3/8/28)
Jacob Enns: 84 (3/12/32)
John Harder: 83 (3/12/33)
Maria Enns: 89 (3/19/27)
Jacob Friesen: 91 (93/23/25)
Arno Bartel: 87 (3/25/29)
Erika Martens: 85 (3/30/31)
Peter Siemens: 84 (3/30/32)
Catharine Wiebe: 93 (3/31/23)

Birthdays in April 2016

Gerhard Friesen: 87 (4/4/29)
Margarethe Neufeld: 86 (4/10/30)
Kaethe Riemland: 84 (4/14/32)
John Willms: 85 (4/15/31)
Anneliese Pankratz: 83 (4/22/33)
Wilhelm Harder: 81 (4/22/35)



Family Christmas Away from Home

When I think of the Christmas season, I have a very specific set of memories that come to mind, a result of 25 years of mostly unchanging Christmas traditions. We take in the Children's Christmas Eve program at Niagara UM, then head to family's house for a casual evening of snacks and visiting. We go home, and then wake up Christmas morning to do our "immediate family Christmas" before church, opening stockings and gifts and munching on completely unhealthy but absolutely delicious treats. We head to church for the Christmas Day service, and then it's off to Grandma and Grandpa's for a day of turkey, mashed potatoes, Christmas cookies, and the traditional tapioca pudding and cherry Jell-O dessert. For me, Christmas is the most anticipated season of the year, filled with my most favourite things – food, family, and celebration.



This past year, my most favourite things happened in a completely different way as we spent not just a day or two, but an entire week experiencing food, family, and celebration. In celebration of sixty years of marriage, Grandma and Grandpa Harder took their entire family – 15 in total – to the Dominican Republic for a week at a beautiful resort. With family scattered across the world, from Niagara-on-the-Lake to China and everywhere in between, the opportunity to be together for a week is a rare one, to say the least. The timing just worked out perfectly this year, and it was an opportunity not to be missed.

The Airbus came at the bright and early hour of 2am on December 20th, and my husband Mark and I were the last to hop on, greeting our bleary-eyed but very excited family. It was completely surreal! I felt like we were the family in Home Alone (that popular Christmas movie where the whole family goes on a trip to France and forgets one of their kids at home – except we didn't forget anyone). By mid-afternoon the following day, we found ourselves around a dinner table at a Japanese restaurant in our shorts and t-shirts, ready for a week of family fun.



The week was truly beautiful – hot, sunny days, delicious meals, and a week with no agenda. The biggest gift of it for me, however, was not the food or the weather. It was the memories that came of it. It was the conversations around the pool that would never have happened had we had just one day together. It was the bond that we made with our cousin's two-year old that could only happen by spending hours and hours on end with

her. It was the knowledge that we seized a truly unique opportunity to be together, to grow as a family, to create lasting memories that live on long after returning home.

Christmas away from home was certainly different. It felt strange to wake up on Christmas morning in a hotel room bed with the air conditioning blasting. But then, I thought about the night before – the Christmas Eve in Dominican when, after a late dinner, we gathered around Grandma and Grandpa's room for an impromptu Christmas Carol sing-along. As we sang Silent Night under the palm trees, with people looking over their balconies from their nearby rooms, I thought, *this too is Christmas*. This is family, friends, even strangers, gathered together, to remember Christ's birth, to celebrate the miracle of His life. Our traditions are beautiful, but they aren't what define Christmas. I know I can safely say that I will never forget our Tropical Christmas, gathered to-
way, with so much to celebrate, and so many reasons to be thankful.



~ submitted by Ellery Rauwerda

Lauerlville Music & Worship Leaders Retreat

For a long weekend in early January, Rachael Peters and I joined John and Kathy Rempel for a trip to Laurelville Mennonite Retreat Center east of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for the Laurel Music and Worship Leaders Retreat. An annual event, the retreat was begun in the late 1980's as the Mennonite Church was preparing the blue *Hymnal: A Worship Book* for publication as a venue in which to take new music for a "test run". The weekend was so popular, it has continued on as a weekend in which those who serve as music and worship leaders can take part in worship services, communion, sharing, and singing with-

out having to do any of the planning or prep work. This year, the four of us were joined by approximately 200 others—a diverse group ranging from a dozen Goshen College students to those who have been serving in church for over seventy years.

The resource team was comprised of Ken Nafziger and Marilyn Houser Hamm, both of whom were central to the process of assembling the hymnals currently used by us and the greater Mennonite Church. As well, we were joined by Amy Yoder McGlaughlin, pastor of Germantown Mennonite Church, who led us in the spoken aspects of worship, and Ted Swartz (of *Ted and Company*) who taught on using drama as a part of worship. Each of these people also helped to facilitate involvement from those at the retreat who wanted to be involved with instrumental music or drama.

The special speaker for the weekend was Jorge Lockward, who was born and raised in the Dominican Republic but currently lives in New York City where he works as Director of the Global Praise Program for the General Board of Global Ministries of The United Methodist Church. He brought a passion for worship that brings people together across the divides of ethnicity, social class, age, gender identity, and more. With him, we sang songs on themes we don't often associate with worship music: desire, exultation, playfulness, sorrow, release, and defiance. The theme of defiance was later carried into a hymn sing on the theme of defiance—an example given was singing the song "Lift your glad voices" at a funeral; the lyric "...lift then your voices in triumph on high, for Jesus hath risen, and we shall not die!" is proclaimed in clear defiance of the natural laws of this world.

It has been said that for many Mennonites, who do not put a large emphasis on sacraments in worship as some of the more liturgical Christian traditions, congregational singing is the most important sacrament. Through singing, we worship God, we come to God with our burdens, we actively join in fellowship with those around us, and we proclaim biblical truths. As such, a large emphasis was placed on congregational singing at the retreat, and was seldom a time we gathered without opening our songbooks. Ken Nafziger challenged us to remember the importance of what we were singing and that congregational song is to be chosen and sung with intentionality—they are not just a few songs to check off a list in the bulletin each week.

In addition to the joy and thrill of taking part in such powerful congregational singing, this retreat was also a reunion for me with many of my friends from the eastern and Midwestern states. It's great to be greeted with hugs from friends, and it's also fun to introduce my American friends to my adopted Canadian family!

~ submitted by Will Friesen



Ken Nafziger & Amy Yoder McGlaughlin

Ken Nafziger, Amy Yoder McGlaughlin & Ted Schwarz



Marilyn Houser Hamm

Breathing As a Family



We wanted to start by introducing ourselves. We are the Dow family, Todd, Julie, Noah, Katie and Riley. As many of you know, our daughter Katie has Cystic Fibrosis. Katie was diagnosed with CF on September 30 2008. She was 17 months old at the time. This news caused us a lot of sadness and uncertainty about the future.

Cystic Fibrosis, which affects the lungs and the digestive system, is the most common, fatal, genetic disease affecting Canadian children and young adults. Forty years ago, most children with CF did not live long enough to attend kindergarten. Today, half of Canadian

ans with CF are expected to live into their 40s and beyond.

While life span has improved for patients with CF, quality of life is still an issue. Daily treatments, medication, clinic visits and health challenges are always present.

When Katie is healthy, we do two treatment sessions a day with her. When she is sick (cold, flu, etc.), we do three or four treatment sessions each day.

Here's a brief list of her regular medicine intake and treatment regimen:

approx. 30 pills a day (enzymes – they help Katie digest food);

vitamin supplements;

2 to 3 Pediasure nutrition supplement drinks each day;

Nebulizer + medicine – basically, a mist mask that Katie wears twice a day for 20 minutes each time;

Percussion treatment – 20 minutes of hitting her chest and back – twice a day;

Inhaled antibiotics – she's been on this medicine pretty much non-stop for the last few years;

Plus, the following "specialty items" when she is sick with a cold, flu or other sickness:

Oral antibiotics;

Additional medicine in her nebulizer from time to time as her health dictates;

Additional nebulizer and percussion treatment – typically 3 or 4 treatment sessions a day when she's sick;

As we adjusted to the news that Katie had Cystic Fibrosis and got used to the daily treatments, this life became our new normal. We mostly feel that we don't remember a time without having Cystic Fibrosis in our lives. For now, Katie handles all that she has to do for CF maintenance with a carefreeness that makes treatment very manageable. It is time consuming, but has really become an opportunity to share family time together, such as playing games, doing crafts, and colouring.



Through all of this, we have also learned to really lean on God for the strength to understand why Cystic Fibrosis is in our lives. We truly believe that God has a plan for Katie and even though we don't know what it is, it gives us peace knowing that He has it all under control. We really couldn't continue as we have without our trust in God and our family, friends and church family that are behind us, supporting us along the way.

Submitted by Julie and Todd Dow

We are **Oma and Opa to Katie** as well as four other delightful grandchildren. When we first received the diagnosis of Cystic Fibrosis for Katie we knew almost nothing about the disease. But we learned very quickly what CF meant for her and also how to do everything we needed to do to keep her as healthy as possible. It was a time of great concern for her future.

Katie however kept on being our fun-loving, energetic little girl and CF became something that has to be managed but does not define who she is. She is in Grade 3; has taken sewing lessons, enjoys gymnastics and has mastered the front flip on the trampoline. We always comment that she never seems to just walk; she jumps, runs, skips, somersaults and cartwheels wherever she is going. Katie's cousins, Abby and Anna and her siblings, Noah and Riley have just accepted the fact that Katie has Cystic Fibrosis. When we are away camping as a family or in Myrtle Beach they are always happy to sit and do something as a group to keep Katie company while she is doing her treatments.

Every May is Cystic Fibrosis month. Research on the disease has already been so important and new discoveries for a better and easier control of the disease are on the horizon. Maybe one day the letters CF will stand for Cure Found.

Our family has been involved in fundraising for CF Research for the last 7 years and we will be again this year. For 4 years we held huge garage sales at Julie and Todd's house in Beamsville. We also ask for people to sponsor us in the Great Strides for CF walk, which is held the last Sunday in May. Over the years TEAM KATIE has managed to raise approximately \$100,000 for CF research! We have also had many friends and family do their own fundraising and join us on the walk. One year we had over 80 people walking with us!



Our church communities (The First Mennonite in Vineland and NUMC) have been a great source of strength for our family. When someone asks how Katie is doing and tell us that they are praying for her; it is so encouraging.

If anyone would like more information about CF, you could visit Todd's blog: breathingasafamily.org or Cystic Fibrosis Canada.

~ submitted by Anne and John Thiessen

Birch Bark Greeting Cards by Helga Wiens

All about Mother Nature!

I design cards and pictures out of birch bark which I collect from the woods around our cottage in Muskoka. Of course, I only collect the birch which has naturally fallen or is found on dead trees. I'm always amazed by the rainbow of shades I discover in one small birch log! They range from blacks, browns and beiges on the inside to grays and whites on the surface of the bark. Occasionally, layers are bright orange, or even yellow. Those I tend to use for stars and sunrises.

I begin by gently pulling the bark from the logs and peeling it into several thin layers. I then cut the bark into silhouettes, and glue the scene onto a paper card. Finally, I press it with a weight until it is dry. Friends worldwide have received my cards which represent all four seasons of Canada. I'm often thrilled to find out that the cards never get thrown away, and become little keepsakes for my friends and family.



~ view a selection of Helga's artwork in lower hallway Art Gallery.

“To Tekapo and Back”

When we raised our children in southern Africa, we knew we were sowing seeds of international travel in them too. So when Keith and Shawna moved to New Zealand (and Nate and Taryn to Botswana) we couldn't complain (nor did we want to since we saw how much those experiences enriched our lives). But that did put a trip to New Zealand on our list of priorities. And once our granddaughter, Noelle, was born – well, as the saying goes, horses couldn't have kept us from making the trip.

After spending the first week in Melbourne with Sharon's sister, Joanne, and her husband Chris and seeing a bit of Australia, we headed even further down under to the south island of New Zealand. Most of our time consisted of camping and travelling through gorgeous seascapes, mountains, and pastures.

Our adventure was made more challenging by the camping. The weather was variable between cold, windy and rainy to warmer and sunny. Most of our camping was on DOC (department of conservation) sites which had no facilities at all except outhouses. The running water was the nearby snowmelt streams where we drew our own water for cleaning, washing, and drinking. The ruggedness was more than offset by the stunning mountain ridges rising up on all sides around us.



We had plenty of time to relax around camp, and hike in nearby forests. Keith carried Noelle in a harness around his chest, and she alternately sang to herself or slept. She was a real trooper. At 4 and a half months she didn't complain about being lugged around on hikes, and in the tent she slept like a baby through wind, rain, and temperatures close to freezing.



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The most prominent feature of New Zealand is a ridge of mountains, known as the Southern Alps, running north-east and southwest close to the western side of the island. On either side are rows upon rows of smaller ranges interspersed with low river valleys. The nearly vertical mountain sides on the lower altitudes are covered with meadows on which the main agricultural industry of sheep graze along narrow ribbons of horizontal paths. The contrast between emerald green and azure blue ocean waters next to high pasturelands and even higher sharp black cliffs and glacier-topped peaks make it hard to drive without constantly looking around and up.

For those geography buffs among you, here is a brief overview of our itinerary; From Christchurch in the middle of the island on the east coast we drove several hours south along the coast to Dunedin; then to the west coast to Milford Sound; back northeast to Queenstown; north to Mt Cook; and back to Christchurch. And, after Christmas, one more trip to Arthur's Pass.

Highlights included; Milford Sound, which required a drive through a one kilometer tunnel to get past the 4,500 ft mountain range which rises straight up out of the sound. A 90 minute boat ride brought us right up to the cliff faces which stretched from the surface of the ocean up, through grassy outcrops to the receding snowfields.

Mueller Hut – the mountain shelter that Keith and Rudy climbed 3500 ft to sleep in for one night. From the peak on Sealy Range they were blessed with a perfect view of Mt Cook, as the weather cleared from rainy and cloudy during the morning climb, to a perfectly clear sunset at the top. The day before, all five of us hiked up the valley



to the Hooker glacier at the foot of Mt Cook – the tallest mountain in New Zealand at 12,218 ft, and the training site for Sir Edmund Hillary who became the first co-climber (along with Tenzig Norgay) to peak Everest.

The Maori place names like the baby blue glacier lake Tekapo (TEE-ka-poo), or lake Pukaki (poo-KA-kee). More adolescent minds would have fun with the pronunciation, but of course we'd never notice nor express such immature thoughts.

Arthur's Pass – the last camping and climbing trip which culminated in a final 3,000 ft climb up Avalanche Peak, a hike along a 2km ridge to Lyle and Bealey peaks and back down again for a total 9 hour hike. Shawna, Sharon and Noelle wisely decided to take that time for enjoying some forest hikes, museums and café in the village below.



The best highlight was getting to know Noelle and seeing the life Keith and Shawna have created since arriving two years ago. They've made some good friends, and found a wonderful, welcoming church community in which Noelle was dedicated during our time there. New Zealand is a beautiful country in which to live, and they will be sorry to leave in May. But since they couldn't get all of us moved over there, they've decided to move back closer to family.

Visiting children and grandchildren is always a treat – but it sure doesn't hurt to have an adventure like this thrown in for good measure.

~ submitted by Sharon & Rudy Dirks

Bethany Church and Shrove Tuesday Supper

Shrove Tuesday (also known as “Fat Tuesday” or Pancake Tuesday), is a Tuesday in February preceding Ash Wednesday, which is the first day of Lent. Shrove Tuesday is also called Mardi Gras in some countries, and is celebrated as a carnival by “gorging” oneself with pancakes and other rich, and fatty foods before the fasting period of Lent. The word “shrove” comes from the English word “shrive” which means to obtain absolution for one's sins by doing penance. Some have suggested that pancake Tuesday was originally a pagan festival. Is it a myth, or why have so many of our Christian traditions apparently found their origins in pagan celebrations?



Be that as it may, on Tuesday Feb. 9th, the men of Bethany Mennonite Church hosted their **second annual Pancake Tuesday**. This event is the brainchild of Ted Wiens, who despite his advanced age, ensures that some activity must take place every day of the year! He is the only person I know who takes a calendar on the first day of January, and makes sure that something is scheduled on a daily basis for 365 days! As a result, he has once again rallied the men of Bethany to carry out his wishes to host this event.

Ted's mandate for this event is that no women of the church are allowed to help – this is strictly a man thing! What worried me was that for some of us, making toast is the most exotic meal we have ever been involved in. I assumed with some coaching from Ted, we would once again be able to pull this off!



Similar to the Annual New Hamburg Relief Sale, all proceeds (100%) collected at the door go directly to a charitable organization. Last year, Red Roof Retreat and Newark Neighbours were the worthy recipients of our labour, and this year we have chosen to select the Syrian Refugee Fund at Niagara UM Church. We are more than pleased to help out our “sister” church in this very worthwhile endeavor.

P.S. By the time this article appears in your church newsletter, our pancake event will have taken place. If you happened to have missed it, make sure you mark your calendar for Feb. 2017.

~ submitted by Buddy Andres

Editor's Note: From eyewitness accounts of participants in the Bethany Men's Pancake Supper, the event was a great success, far surpassing expectations, causing the pancake makers to scramble to keep up with the demand! Apparently, no sausages were burned in the process!

A Look Back to this Day in our Church History

~ submitted by Harold Neufeld

Seems to me, I remember this... from the **March 19, 1978** bulletin: “Sunday: EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE, everyone is welcome. Special invitation to: Junior Youth, Youth, and Young Adults. Meet at the church to go to Niagara Glen at 5:00 a.m. Special speaker: Mark Dobell.”

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

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

The Sunday School teachers want to strengthen the SINGING of the S.S. classes from Grade 8 and up. They request that parents and children support the music committee in this effort and in finding song leaders.

2) Those present expressed gratitude for our church and God's blessings. They encourage all members to foster a stronger sense of belonging to our church and ownership of our ministries.

3) It was recommended to build community through good communication. The **Church Family News is an avenue of communication**.

Brief reports of active ties or events in the bulletin and fellowship evenings to build community were encouraged.

Production of the "Printed Word" — Virgil & Congo

After completing high school at Ontario Bible School (grades 9-12) in 1948, and the St. Catharines Collegiate (grade 13) in 1949, I took a three-year Printing Apprenticeship at Adie-Lincoln Printing Press in St. Catharines.

During this time my father, Rev. Peter H. Dirks, and my sister Erna, were involved in preparing Sunday School materials, in German, for our Conference of Mennonite Churches. They translated Kindergarten weekly lessons published by the Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA. The front & back pages were printed in full colour by the Herald Press, and the inside "German" pages, 2 & 3, we printed in our barn, on the farm on Lakeshore Road. Our farm was located just east of the Sam Tobe farm.

We started using the "movable type" system that was developed by Gutenberg, 1450, and still very popular in the Western world until late 1900's.

These weekly leaflets were given to the children during Sunday School. Many of our Canadian Churches were delighted to subscribe to these German lessons. The pages were 5½ " x 8" in size. We also sent some of these leaflets to Paraguay.

(Please see the sample copy to the left).

In 1950 we started "Niagara Press". We built a new building to house our new business. It was located on Hwy 55 in Virgil, a few hundred yards before the Four-Mile Creek bridge, on the south side. We moved the equip-



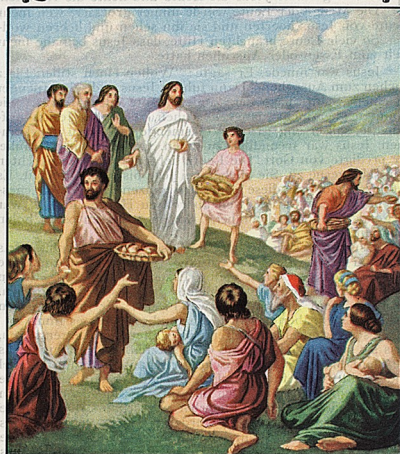
GRACE

"For the good rest of the night,
And for the day that brings the light,
For the flowers that bloom and the birds that sing,
For home and food and everything,
We thank Thee, Father, in our prayer,
And ask for help to gladly share.
In Jesus' name. Amen." —Source Unknown.

Prepared by Mrs. W. Carter and Ruth Carter. Edited by C. F. Yuba and Katharine Boyer. Published by Herald Press, Scottsdale, Pa., Copyright, 1944. Printed in U. S. A.

Bible Lessons

FOR KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN



Year 1 JESUS FED THE HUNGRY PEOPLE Number 55

JESUS SPEISTE DIE HUNGRIGEN LEUTE.

Joh. 6, 5 - 14.

TAGE lang lehrte Jesus die Leute und heilte die Kranken. Die Menge der Leute wurde immer grosser, weil mehr Leute von Jesus hoerten und sie ihn sehen und hoeren wollten. So viele Leute brauchten Hilfe, dass Jesus beinahe nicht Zeit zum Essen oder Ausruhen hatte.

Jesus war muede. Er sagte: "Wollen einen stillen Platz suchen zum Ausruhen." Dann fuhrten Jesus und seine Juenger in einem Schiff nach der anderen Seite des Meeres. Sie konnten aber nicht lange ausruhen, denn als Jesus aufschaute, sah er eine grosse Volksmenge wieder zu ihm kommen. Jesus war freundlich zu ihnen. Er heilte viele Kranke. Er predigte von Gott. Die Leute liebten Jesus. Sie hoerchten ihm sehr gerne zu. Sie blieben bei Jesu bis Abendbrotzeit. Es tat Jesus leid, dass diese Leute den ganzen Tag nichts gegessen hatten. Sie waren weit ab von zu Hause und da war nirgends ein Platz dicht bei, wo sie etwas zu essen holen konnten.

Jesus sagte seinen Helfern, sie sollten den Leuten etwas zu essen geben. Sie aber wussten nicht, was zu tun. Sie wussten, dass sie nicht genug Essen fuer so viele holen konnten. Dann brachte ein kleiner Junge sein Mittagessen. Er hatte fuerf Broetee und zwei Fische. Er hatte nur ein bisschen Essen, aber er liebte Jesus und so gab er es ihm.

Jesus sagte seinen Helfern, sie sollten den Leuten sagen, dass sie sich auf das grueene Gras setzten. Dann nahm Jesus die fuerf Broete und zwei Fische. Er schaute auf zum Himmel und dankte Gott fuer das Essen. Dann brach Jesus kleine Stueckchen Brot und Fisch ab und gab sie seinen Helfern zum Verteilen. Etwas Wunderbares geschah. Als Jesus die Broete und die Fische brach, wurden sie mehr und mehr, bis alle Leute so viel Brot und Fische gegessen hatten, wie sie wollten. Dann sagte Jesus seinen Helfern, sie sollten alles aufsameln, was uebrig geblieben war. Sie taten, wie Jesus

gesagt hatte, und sammelten zwouef Koerbe voll Brocken. Jesus hatte das Mittagessen des Knaben gebraucht, um mehr als fuerf tausend Menschen zu speisen. Wie froh war der kleine Knabe!

Die Leute gingen nach Hause und erzaelchten, wie wunderbar Jesus alle Leute gespeist hatte mit einem kleinen Knaben Mittagessen. Jesus konnte solche wunderbare Dinge tun, weil er Gottes Sohn war.



Danket dem Herrn,
denn Er ist
freundlich.
Psalm 107, 1.

AN DIE ELTERN.

In dieser Lektion ist unser Ziel nicht nur, die Liebe und Macht Jesu zu zeigen, sondern auch die Freude des Teilens. Die Kinder werden behalten, wie der kleine Knabe sein Mittagessen gab.

Die Kinder werden dieses kleine Gebetein lieben. Es ist sehr leicht zu lernen.

Lasst uns nicht vergessen, Ihm zu danken
Gott ist gross, Gott ist gut; fuer das Essen.
Auf Genehmigung ins Deutsche uebersetzt von P.H. u. E. Dirks.
Druck von S. 2 u. 3; Niagara Press, Virgil, Ontario, Canada.

ment from Lakeshore Road, and purchased other larger printing presses and a Linotype.

The Linotype was a type-composing machine. With this type-setter we could enter text using a huge 90-character keyboard. It used molten lead to create a line of type as a "slug", which were lines of metal type, used in letterpress printing.

We printed and published books, school year-books, Church & Conference materials, office and business forms, wedding invitations, etc. We had several employees working with us, and they added to the development of the business.

We also printed the Niagara UM Church bulletins for a number of years during this time.

(Please see a sample copy of the front, back, and inside pages, below).

Joh. 14, 25: Solches habe ich zu euch geredet, solange ich bei euch gewesen bin.

26. Aber der Troester, der heilige Geist, welchen mein Vater senden wird in meinem Namen, der wird euch alles lehren und euch erinnern alles das, das ich euch gesagt habe.

Plan des Taufestes am 13. Mai, 1951

Beginn: 10 Uhr Morgens.

- Gemeindegeseang
- Chorlied
- Gemeindegeseang
- Eingangsgebet
- Predigt: Joh. 14, 25 und 26.
- Lied vom Chor
- Bekennnis der Taeuflinge
- Gebet vor der Taufe
- Taufhandlung
- Schlusswort an die Neugetauften
- Schlussgebet
- Lied vom Chor
- Gemeindegeseang und Kollekte
- Segen
- Schlusslied.

Bekanntmachungen am 13. Mai, 1951

- Heute nachmittags, beginnend 3 Uhr wollen wir in unserem Gotteshaus das Mahl des Herrn unterhalten. Alle Getauften die ein Verlangen haben nach diesem Gemeinschafts- und Gedachtnismahl, sind herzlich eingeladen dazu. Auch nicht Gemeindeglieder, die mit uns aber eines Glaubens sind, sind als Gaeste willkommen und moechten sich bei den Predigern oder Diakonen melden.
- Beim Heben der Kollekte am heutigen Sonntage wird wiederum Gelegenheit gegeben Betraege fuer die Anleihe an die Geschwister in Brasilien einzulegen. Laut beschluss des Kirchenrates soll die Gesamtkollekte des heutigen Sonntags nach Abzug von \$50.00 fuer die Hauskasse fuer die Brasilien-Anleihe gehen.

3. Einladung zur Frauenkonferenz.

Am 27. Mai soll, so Gott will, die jaehrliche Frauenkonferenz stattfinden. Die Frauenvereine von St. Catharines laden alle Vereine und alle Frauen, die sich dafuer interessieren, herzlich in die Kirche zu St. Catharines ein. Die Geschaeftsitzung beginnt 2 Uhr nachmittags. Abends, beginnend 7 Uhr, bringen alle Vereine gemeinsam ihr Missionsprogramm, wozu jedermann herzlich eingeladen ist.

TAEUFLINGE

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Lena Andres | George Jonz |
| Mary Andres | Inge Jonz |
| John Berg | Betty Klassen |
| John Bergen | Katharine Klassen |
| Pfoter Enns | Clara Kopp |
| Leonard Albert Epp | Heinrich Kroecker |
| William Friesen | Waldemar Kroecker |
| Henry Isak | Irma Neufeld |
| Elfiweda Janzen | Edgar Penner |
| John Janzen | John Rempel |
| Mary Ann Janzen | Sussie Rempel |
| Nick Janzen | Tina Weier |

Ich will dich nicht verlassen noch von dir weichen,
Josua 1, 5.

Das ist ein koestlich Ding, dem Herrn danken, und lobsingend deinen Namen, du Hoehchster!
Psalm 92, 1.

Meine Zuversicht und meine Burg, mein Gott, auf den ich hoffe.
Psalm 91, 2.

Ich habe dich je und je geliebt, darum habe ich dich zu mir gezogen aus lauter Guete.
Psalm 31, 3.
Der Herr ist mein Helfer, ich will mich nicht fuerchten.
Heb. 13, 6.

Wir stehen hier bereit

Wir stehen hier bereit
Vor Gottes Angesicht:
Die Gnade hat uns so geeint,
Zu wandeln in dem Licht.

Der Liebe Wand umfangt
Einst einigt uns im Herrn:
A white, unflinching, steadfast light that shines
For men to steer life by.
Der Vater der Baumterstgeit,
Einb hilft den Bruder gern.

Gehet in Ewigkeit
Bei unser Gott und Herr,
Der Vater der Baumterstgeit,
Von uns je mehr und mehr!

— ☆ ☆ ☆ —

THE CHURCH TODAY

The church should be a lighthouse in this storm;
A beacon flung against a blackened sky.
A white, unflinching, steadfast light that shines
For men to steer life by.

The church should be a home through all these days,
Where the bread of life is served, and we may find
The Father waiting there to soothe our ills,
And give us peace of mind.

The church should be a school where we may learn
The holy truths these hours before the dawn,
That we may be equipped to meet the days
And pass the learned truths along.

The church should be a church forevermore,
A sure foundation, and a true reward
To all whose feet are planted on the rock
Of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

— ☆ ☆ ☆ —

Gott gib mir deinen Geist zum Beten.

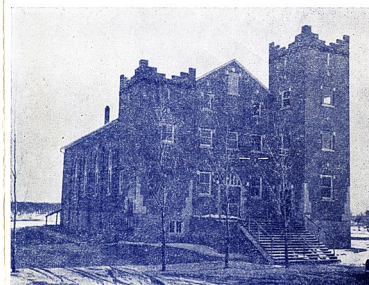
Gott! gib mir Deinen Geist zum Beten,
Zum Beten ohne Unterlass,
Getrost im Glauben hinzutreten,
Wenn ich dein Wort mit Freuden
In Laese, nicht!
Und auch im Glauben hinanzukien,
Wenn ich in Furcht und Jammer bin.

Im Schrecken ueber meine Suennde
Sei dies mein Ruf: erarme Dich!
So oft ich mich so schwach empfinde,
Sei dies mein Seufzer: staerk mich!
Sink ich, so werde dies mein Flehn
Herr, hilf, sonst muss ich unter gehn!

Gemeindeblatt

der
Niagara

Vereinigten Mennoniten Gemeinde



Heiligkeit ist die Zierde deines Hauses, O Herr, einiglich.

1951

Aeltester:

J. A. Dyck, William Street, Niagara-on-the-Lake

Prediger:

A. A. Epp, P. Kroecker, P. H. Dirks, C. K. Neufeld.

That same year (1950), John & Susanna Weier & Family moved to Ontario. And one spring Thursday evening, at choir practice, at the Niagara UM Church, a young lady walked up the aisle, with Susie Rempel, to the choir loft. I remember nudging my friend in the bass section, that “we should check this ‘chick’ out”! Well, needless to say, I succeeded, and the Lord gave me the gift of a lifetime.

Tina & I were married May 10, 1952. Teenie had just come from the Bible School in Altona, MB. She had a strong desire and calling to go to the mission field. We prayed about it. But still continued at Niagara Press for another 10 years. And then, two of our General Conference missionaries told us of the need for the printed page in several countries, namely India and Congo.

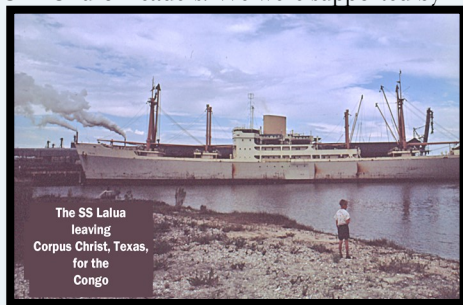
During 1961-1963, we were corresponding with the General Conference Mission Board about the possibility of being sent overseas to the Democratic Republic of Congo. In the capital city, Leopoldville (now Kinshasa), was a large Printing & Publishing House, “*La Librairie Evangelique au Congo*” (LECO) — a non-profit organization owned by some 23 different Protestant Mission Boards from different countries i.e. Belgium, England, Sweden, Germany, USA, Canada, etc. They needed a printer-technician director, to manage, cost control, and train the nationals in the production of printed materials for the Protestant Churches of Congo.

There were a number of obstacles in place that we had to overcome. One was that I was very involved with Niagara Press, and needed to leave, but my father could not operate the business on his own — so that had to be resolved somehow.

The answer came sooner than we expected. The Lord provided a buyer: Bass Mason, a Toronto Telegram business man, came and offered to buy Niagara Press. We had not even advertised it for sale, but he bought it for the price we wanted. Father was free to retire, and we were free to go — a real answer to prayer, and a wonderful confirmation for us!

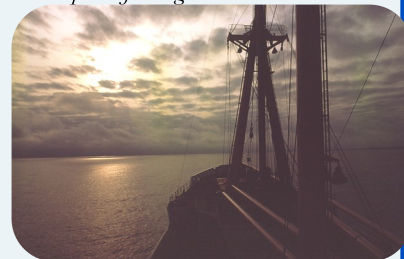
On May, 1963, we received a letter from Andrew Shelly, executive-director of the General Conference Mission Board, telling us that God was calling us to go to the Mission Field and join the Printing & Publishing House of LECO, in Leopoldville, We were to leave in 3 months.

In August, just a few days before leaving Canada for Corpus Christ, TX., Tina & I were commissioned as Overseas Missionaries, by the Niagara UM Church leaders. We were supported by not only the Niagara UM Church, but also the General Conference Mennonite Church Conference, Newton KS, and sent out by the Africa Inter Mennonite Mission (AIMM), Elkhart, IN. It was a time of commitment, blessings and confirmation for us. We praise God for that!



The Belgium freighter, S.S. Lulua. Rudy standing on the beach.

With our 5 children, we flew from Toronto to Corpus Christi, TX, where the S.S. Lulua was docked. It was a Belgium freighter with room for 21 passengers. After it was fully loaded with the cargo, we were allowed to board. All of the passengers were missionaries, 2 families with their children, and single ladies. We boarded ship August 31, 1963. I wrote the following entry in my daily log: “*At last final preparations are being made for our first voyage across the Atlantic Ocean to Congo. Our “dejeuner” (lunch) has just been tucked away. There is excitement everywhere on deck. The sailors are lowering the tall “booms” used for the crane while loading the cargo aboard. Ropes are being pulled in. The winches are pulling the mooring cables on board. The tugboat “Porpoise” is alongside, waiting for the signal to start her powerful engines to assist the Lulua out of the dock and into the channel. The Captain, Pilot and Radio-operator have taken their respective positions of duty. The gangplank is being raised, indicating that all personnel are aboard. Of course all the children are at strategic vantage points trying to absorb as much of the excitement as possible*”. The whole trip across the Atlantic, the equator, to the docks, in Matadi, Congo, where we finally disembarked,



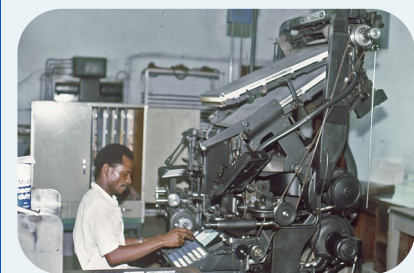
Sunrise, Tuesday, Sept 17, 1963 - Arrived at the mouth of the Congo River, with our 5 children: Mary (11), David (10), Fred (9), Rudy (5) & Ruth (18 months). Joel, our youngest was born at Sona Bata, Congo Oct. 7, 1967.

took exactly 3 weeks.

1963-1972 — Leopoldville (Kinshasa) was a city of about four million. It had just been ravaged by an independence revolution. On the streets only a few vehicles were seen. And the stores had only a few items for sale. We had been told to take along a year’s supply of food & clothing, and anything we would need for our family.

At LECO, the Printing & Publishing House, we worked with their old, worn-out equipment for a while.

But soon were able to buy new equipment: a Linotype-typesetter, several high-speed Offset Printing presses; a huge guillotine (paper cutter), a gallery camera attached to a darkroom, etc. We were able to print thousands of books, hymnals, Bibles, and Bible portions, tracts, brochures and various other materials that the Congolese churches needed.



Linotype typesetter. The molten lead “slugs” were placed as lines of type, which made pages. It took about 1 ton of lead to make a book of about 150 - 200 pages.

We imported paper from different countries. At one time the Swedish Government donated 10 tons of paper. And different missions from England, Germany, USA, Canada, etc. donated funds. This enabled us to print the books, hymnals, tracts, etc. for a price that made it affordable for the Africans.

We printed in about 23 different languages. Actually Congo has some 150 different tribal languages. Our staff was growing in numbers. We had around 70 workers. Their salaries were based on the US dollar. This gave them a stable income every month, in spite of the inflation rate that was tumbling down at an alarming speed. Also we took care of their family & children’s medical expenses, which usually was more than their salaries.

During this period, LECO changed its name to CEDI (Publishing & Printing Centre); Congo was changed to Zaire, and many of the cities’ names were changed to African names.

At CEDI we also had a large bookstore. Also a shipping department, which enabled us to ship the printed materials all over the country.

Oct. 27, 1967, our youngest son, Joel, was born. He was born in Sona Bata, a Baptist Mission Station hospital, about a 2-hour drive from Kinshasa (Leopoldville).

Our children attended the American School of Kinshasa (TASOK).

After 9 years at CEDI, we felt the need to go back home for a while, so that the older children could get started in post High-School studies. And on June of 1972 we moved back to our home on 44 Henry Street, in Virgil.

However, a short time later, we received a message from Dr. William Close, the Medical Director for the Government of Zaire (Congo). He wanted us to return to Kinshasa and install and manage a printing plant for the Medical Department of the Zaire Government. He offered us a good salary, and a fully paid two-month yearly vacation trip back home. We would be able to see our children every year and be able to be home for them. This was an offer that we could not resist. Our Mission Boards endorsed this and made us their “Tent” Missionaries as well. We were also given a comfortable home to live in, and a Government vehicle.

In September of 1972, just 3 months later. I met with Dr. Close and asked him what kind of equipment he was looking for and what kind of a budget he had in mind. His reply was simple: “Henry, if I hire someone to do a job, I expect him to tell me what he needs and I will take care of the budget”. With that kind of “carte blanche” I soon had 40 tons worth of equipment I needed, flown in from Belgium. And within a few



Marcel Mwamba at the new paper guillotine, trimming 2,000 Bibles in the “Kia Kiwa” language.

weeks I had new printing equipment in place, in a spacious part of the Mama Yemo Hospital. We also developed a photography department. This enabled the Hospital to document the hundreds of malformed cases.

After hiring and training several Africans, we designed and printed hundreds of different Medical forms for the Government Medical Department.

By June, 1976, the (*Fonds Medical Co-ordination, Congo*) FOMECO Project as it was called was completed. It was time to go home and provide a home base for our family again. We returned to our home, which had been rented out, during our absence. 44 Henry Street was again our home.

We are so thankful to God for His faithfulness! Then the process of unpacking and re-settling began. Our main concern was that the children all got to go to their respective schools and classes. Having gone to an American school in the Congo, did not interfere with the Canadian curriculum. As a matter of fact, their level of education was well in line, if not above our system.

I was beginning to send out résumés for employment, and did get several offers: one in Newton, KS at the Mennonite Publishing Company, and one in Winnipeg at the MB Publishing. However, moving again, did not appeal to us, nor did we feel that the Lord was calling us to these positions. So we waited. Then, about Nov. 20, I received a call from Niagara College of Applied Arts, in Welland, asking me if I would be interested in filling a teaching position in their Graphic Arts Department. One of their professors was ill, and they needed one for the 6 weeks, to the end of the term. They wanted the instructor to teach typesetting, offset printing and binding. Since it was a temporary position, I said "yes, I will try it". I was to start the following Monday.

Upon reaching the College that Monday morning, I was told that the professor I was substituting for, passed away! So I was not able to consult with him at all. I had the keys to his office, and started looking for his curriculum. It was not there! And in just two hours I was to meet the 40 students and introduce myself to them and did not know what was expected of me. I needed God's help! At the joint Assembly of the two-year students, I just simply told them of the predicament we were in, and that I also needed their help in what was to be accomplished in the two-year Graphic Arts program. It was amazing how they all rallied around me later, and helped and confirmed - I was encouraged.

January, 1977, I was hired as a full-time professor. There were 3 other professors also in the Graphic Arts Program. My mandate was to teach Typesetting and Book Binding & Finishing. That summer I went to the Rochester Institute of Technology and took a 6-week course in Computer Typesetting. This then enabled us to install the first typesetting computer for the Niagara College Graphic Arts Department, and it became an important part as a teaching tool. At the end of my first year, I was able to develop a good curriculum.

At the end of 6 years at Niagara College, we had 65 students attending the Graphic Arts Course. I found the teaching profession very rewarding. But at the beginning of 1982, we received another call from Africa.

We were asked to come back to Zaire (Congo) for the second time. This time to the interior, to help with the joint Presbyterian/Mennonite production and literature centre called IMPROKA.

Kananga was a large city about 900 miles from the capital, Kinshasa, and about 150 miles South of the Equator. Kananga used to be a thriving city located close to the rich diamond fields. Before independence (1960) Kananga was settled by hundreds of European, mostly Belgium business people. It was then a "rich", progressive business, and resort city. However, the riots of 1960 destroyed the infrastructure. Electricity, water and phones soon became sporadic and not dependable.

In the summer of 1982, we departed Canada for Zaire (Congo). Our oldest 5 children were to stay, and Joel, our youngest flew back with us. It was a difficult challenge for us. To leave the older 5 children in Canada & the USA, and leave Joel at the Mennonite Hostel in Kinshasa. We were about 900 miles East from Kinshasa. Kananga was not an attractive place any more. Of course, we had prayed about this, and felt the Lord leading us.

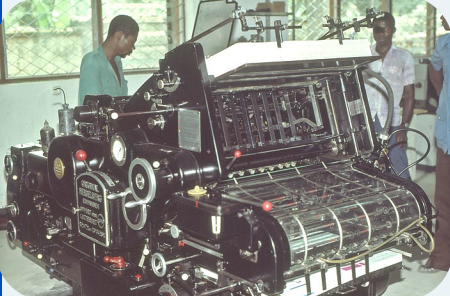
In the next 3 years we were able to build a large building for the printing department and bookstore.

Also, were able to import and install the printing equipment, including computerized typesetting, and a LaserJet printer (The first computerized equipment in this part of central Africa). Tina learned typesetting and did much of the proof-reading. We also had a large generator, because the local electric power was constantly cutting out. The 25 nationals were very eager to learn the operations of the presses, binding equipment, etc. We produced hymnals, Bible portions and tracts for the many churches of that area.

The bookstore also proved to be a busy place selling the literature, and especially Bibles.

During this time (1983) an American Presbyterian business man from Atlanta, GA, came for a visit. He donated a large sum of money to buy a 4-ton, 6-wheel drive, covered army truck, for us to distribute Bibles to the interior villages. (The interior roads were full of deep ruts, washed away by the tropical rains). This truck was purchased in the Netherlands and two adventurous guys (Dan & Luke Turk, sons of a missionary doctor in Zaire), drove two of these trucks all the way from Europe, across the Sahara Dessert and finally arrived in Kananga several months later.

Thus we were able to get the Bibles, books, hymnals and other literature to the surrounding villages of the interior. He also donated about \$150,000.00 to subsidize the Bibles, so the people were able to buy the Bibles for half-price. This was a huge success — several hundreds of thousands of Bibles were distributed and sold. The Zairians were very excited to be able to get Bibles at such a reduced price. Pastors from outlying areas also came into town and purchased large quantities of Bibles.



Printing Tshiluba Hymn Books on the new Heidelberg Offset Press.

Christmas, 1984, my sister Erna, came from Ontario to visit us in Kananga. She wrote the following: "I had a fantastic trip to Zaire to visit brother Henry, wife Tina and son Joel, during the Christmas vacation! ... Right now, it was exciting to see all the machines running smoothly, and the steady stream of customers coming and going in the adjoining bookstore. There is a great hunger for Bibles, printed in French, Lingala, Tshiluba and Swahili languages; for books on Marriage, the Psalms, the Gospels and Devotionals. Other small useful items such as stationery, glue, staplers, Marriage Certificates, Birth Certificates and medical forms are also sold. Tshiluba hymn books were rolling off the presses during my visit."

This was an exciting and rewarding time for us, and we praise the Lord for these experiences.

In the spring of 1985, we wrote the following in our "Spring Newsletter": "Joel will be graduating from the American School of Kinshasa on the 5th of June. At this time we feel it is important for us to go back to Canada with him and help him settle in. It was a difficult decision for us to make. After almost 3 years here, we finally have a larger building built, the big press running, and a computer to do the typesetting. It's exciting! And there is a real challenge here! However, we have been much in prayer about this move, and feel God is leading us this way.

We have reservations to leave Kinshasa on June 8th. . . . We thank you all for your loving support in gifts and prayers! Pray that Improka (the press) and Liproka (the bookstore) will continue to produce and distribute the much needed literature, and that this will be a work done to God's glory and honour".



Tina typesetting "Have you received the Holy Spirit" in the Tshiluba language.

This new "desk top publishing", was the beginning of revolutionizing the typesetting industry. Instead of using 1 ton of lead for a 150 -200 page book, the whole manuscript could fit on a small disk, weighing just a few ounces.

After 1½ years back home in Virgil, we received another urgent call to come back to the Congo. This was to be our third move to go back to Zaire (Congo) and back to CEDI again. The church leaders wanted us to come back and revive the printing & publishing of CEDI. We arrived in Kinshasa, Sept. 12, 1986.

In our first Newsletter, Spring 1987, we wrote: *“At the end of September, shortly after our arrival here, we had the auditors come and look through the CEDI books. The results were a shock to all of us! We had inherited a debt of \$40,000.00, plus \$30,000.00 worth of back-orders, jobs which had been paid for in advance, and the money spent, but the jobs not done. We knew things were bad at CEDI, but did not know they were this bad.”*



CEDI - Bookstore in the front of the building. The Printing equipment at the back and upstairs were the offices and three apartments, where we lived in one.

Alone, the task was impossible, but the Lord was really wonderful in helping us do the impossible. Help came from dozens of different sources. Two missionaries joined us: Kay Sundstrand, and Tom Halgren, both supported by the Covenant Mission Board of the USA. Kay helped to bring order to the bookstore, and Tom in the press department.

CEDI's Mandate was: *“To produce and distribute Christian literature to the people of this nation, at a price they can afford to pay. This we can only do with subsidies through grants and donations from Mission Boards, Organizations, and individuals back home, and of course with God's help.”*

Sums of money soon arrived from various sources: Africa Inter Mennonite Missions (AIMM), who also supported us there; American Baptists, British Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Evangelical Covenant Church, Mennonite Brethren Missions, Swedish Baptists, United Methodist Global Missions, and numerous private donations.

Several large high-speed offset printing presses were imported. (I even had to fly to Heidelberg, Germany, to the Heidelberg printing press factory, to learn how to operate one of them). And several Computers for typesetting, a scanner with OCR (optical scanner reading) facilities was purchased to assist with the typesetting load.

The Protestant Community expressed real satisfaction and appreciation at seeing their press and bookstore in operation again. And there were other clients as well. Kay, in the bookstore related the following *“A Christian and a Moslem came in one day. The Christian bought a Scripture Calendar. They walked out and began reading the first page. The Muslim liked it so much, he came back and bought one too.”* And another man; *“A government official, close to Pres. Mobutu, came in twice in one week. Each time he bought about 14 Bibles to send to the people who have none. He left his business card, and right under his name were these words: ‘A servant of Jesus Christ’. His face was aglow as he said: ‘I'm full of joy, but there is one thing I am waiting for – I want to see Jesus face to face’.”* The bookstore averaged \$1,300 worth of sales per day in 1988.

In our year-end report of 1989 we wrote: *“76 book-titles were printed; a total of 216,159 copies. Hymnals are in constant demand, and at present these are waiting to be printed in 5 different languages: Lingala, Kikongo, Tshiluba, Gipende and Chockwe. They are usually sold out just as fast as they are printed. We have a huge backlog of work, and are just into our second week of running a night-shift on the presses. We will need to import over 50 tons of paper this year to keep the presses going”.*

Then, on a Monday morning, Sept. 23, 1991, the National Army staged a revolt, because of low salaries. Systematically they shot out locks on many stores and businesses in downtown Kinshasa. As a result a mass evacuation took place. We at CEDI were in behind locked doors, and had several of our workers as sentries. It was a very tense situation. — mass looting and rioting. By Thursday our Church leaders and our missionary colleagues persuaded us to join them and take shelter in the US Ambassador's residence, and next day we were all taken to the airport in Brazzaville (the French Congo), across the Zaire River. We were flown by a USA, CIA, 747 Military plane to St. Andrew's Air Force base in Washington DC. Needless to say, the infrastructure of Kinshasa and Zaire (Congo) was shattered and destroyed. We arrived at home, in Virgil, several days later. We were safe, but we were very concerned for our friends and workers in Kinshasa.

Almost 2 months later, Nov 23rd, I returned, by myself, to Kinshasa. And during the next 1½ years I had to travel back & forth several times. There was much uncertainty. And then there was the deep hurt we felt for our Zairian brothers & sisters, who were being robbed and looted, and their homes shot up. Our Zairian commercial director, Kadinda, had 3 waves of military coming through their home one night between 10:00 pm and 4:00 am, shooting & looting, while he and his family were locked up in a bedroom. The young children had been deeply traumatized. Kadinda later found 60 shells in his house and yard.

March 23, 1993, both Tina & myself went back again. We had 8 months left before our retirement, and we wanted to finish there, and make proper closure. God had been so wonderfully gracious! Except for a few bullet holes in the roof of our warehouse (from falling bullets) CEDI had not been damaged nor looted. And though 4 of our 65 workers were robbed and lost most everything, none of them, nor their families were really injured.

Life now was quite different than the pre-Sept-1991 days, when we evacuated. Few foreign business people as well as missionaries had returned. Many schools and businesses had closed and both the Canadian and American Embassies had closed until “this country get's its act together!”

At CEDI, we were trying to get things back to “normal” again. It seemed to be quiet and peaceful at that time. The workers were whistling as they were working. And the presses started to work again. The book store was open, but sales were not high.

On the first pay-day the workers got their full pay again, after having received less for some time. They were so happy! They were really a fine bunch — we loved them and were thankful to be able to be there with them again for a short time.

In November of 1993, we finished our term, and retired. A fellow missionary, who had been working together with us for a while, took over the directorship, and we came home to stay at the end of November, 1993.

For the next 5 to 6 years, we operated an overseas office for CEDI, from our office here on Henry Street in Virgil. We were able to assist with their overseas banking, and were able to meet some of their production needs, by purchasing the materials here and shipping them over there.

And, once gain, we continued to produce printed materials, under “Niagara Graphics”, from our Henry Street, Virgil, office.

We thank you all back home, who supported and prayed for us! And thanks be to God for the privilege and the rich experiences of working in the Congo (Zaire), and getting to know Africa and its people!



Paul operating the new large full-colour Heidelberg Offset Press. This enabled us to print many as 24 pages of tracts on one large sheet of paper.



Every Friday morning, the workers came to our “Conference Room” to worship, sing and listen to a message given by a local Pastor or Missionary. This time of worshipping together proved to be a wonderful time of fellowship, enjoyed by every one.



We loved our workers, and they were very good to us. We enjoyed working with them.

—Henry & Tina Dirks

Our month long trip to South Africa.

Genesis 1:31 reads: "God saw all that he had made, and it was very good". We couldn't agree more.

This is the first time in our long lives that we travelled to South Africa; never before have we been on this continent. What a beautiful country God created!

During the past few years we have travelled several times with our son Paul and his wife Estelle Joubert. We have been in England, Germany, Czech Republic, Greece, France and more. This time it was to South Africa, the birth place of Estelle. When it is winter here, it is summer there. We had arranged to meet up with Estelle's parents and siblings and also visited with many relatives she still has in South Africa.

It is an 11 hour flight from Munich, Germany to Cape Town in South Africa. We left at night and arrived in the morning; the time difference only being one hour. If you are one of the lucky ones who can sleep on the plane, you can start your first holiday right away.

Cape Town is almost at the tip of the continent, so it is warm there. It is a modern city, and the modern apartment Paul had rented for us was on the 11th floor with a view of the city and Table Mountain right in front of us. Table Mountain is the main attraction, in addition to the many beaches on the ocean front. A modern cable car takes you high over the city to the flat top of the mountain; with a bit of walking you can stretch your view in almost all directions; and what a view you get.



On Sunday we attended the main Presbyterian Church in Cape Town where all expected Bishop Desmond Tutu to be the speaker. We were disappointed when he did not show up. But we did enjoy an interesting Service. They spread too much in-

cense, it made me drowsy, almost sick.

We would not miss the opportunity to drive to the Southernmost tip of Africa, the Point Agulhas; where the Indian and the Atlantic Oceans meet.



We continued to Stellenbosch and to Franschhoek where in 1688 the first Joubert's immigrated to South Africa. Franschhoek is an interesting area with very many grapes grown there. It is like here, lots of wineries to visit. We had a special invitation for a private wine tasting by one of Estelle's far, far relatives. They recognized each other in a grocery store line up. The Joubert's were part of the Protestant group known as the Huguenot. We went to the Huguenot Museum there in Franschhoek and saw the original Bible smuggled out of France by baking the Bible into the centre of a loaf of bread.

Crossing the mountain path, originally used by the travelling elephants in the area, we arrived at the Mossel Bai Beach area where we spent two weeks enjoying huge waves, sunshine, sandy beaches where you could walk for hours. The sun was so strong, you only lasted a few minutes and the waves required your total and continuous attention. The early morning time was the best. Estelle's relatives have their summer homes there so we had an active visiting time.

Our flight home started from Johannesburg, and our plan was to drive diagonally across the country to get to the airport; but first to Pretoria where more relatives waited for our visit. We had to make an overnight stop, the trip was over 12 hours. On a long trip like this you get to see a lot of the country: Mountains in the distance, brush and desert near you. Many bridges over rivers you could not find in the dry season, but must be very large judging by the size of the bridges.

The Highways are mostly only two lanes with enough traffic to keep you alert, especially with a speed limit at 120 kph, and you drive on the left, a bit unusual for us.

Of course we did some tourist things. We went to an ostrich farm with thousands of birds for meat, feathers and eggs. 24 chicken eggs to one ostrich egg. The shells are so hard they let you stand on them with your shoes on, but the empty one we brought home did not survive the baggage handling in the airports. We also took advantage of swimming with the Great White Shark, which grows up to 7 meters long. We ate pepper corns from a pepper tree.

We visited an aunt from Estelle near Pretoria. She has a PhD in Health Sciences and built her large house in the middle of nowhere, in a hilly desert with lots of stones, bushes and brush. A place where you think, nobody can live here. She has a well with good water, used only local stones to build the house. She harvests whatever fruit and plants she can find; she lives a very healthy life there.

She put solar panels on the roof and with plenty of daily sunshine, she has all the power she needs to run the fridge and some fans for cooling over night. You can't see a neighbour from her place. I found it a very interesting way to live.

We went to an animal farm where a giraffe surprised Paul by licking Paul's neck with his super long and flexible tongue. You can't visit South Africa without going on a safari to see the big game: elephants, rhinos, lions and the very many varieties of antelopes. The antelopes come in all sizes with huge horns or none at all. We had a special treat by staying overnight at a private safari owned by Estelle's uncle. It is located in a valley formed when a meteor hit earth very many years ago. You can clearly see from the satellite how the meteor pushed the mountains up from the flat desert.

If you are interested you can clearly see it by going to Google Earth; Parys, Free State, South Africa, setting your view from 100 km up. Neat!

Thank God for a wonderful trip to see the wonders He has created; and to bring us back home healthy.



~ submitted by Gertraut & Gunnar Doerwald

THE JOY OF HAVING A "HOBBY"



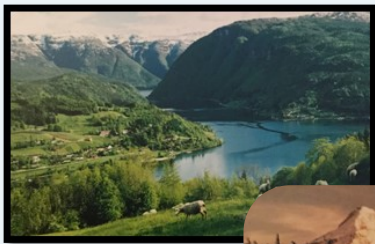
It is good to have a "hobby" no matter what kind of hobby it is, because it enhances your life and it also can be fun. For Arno it is, or I should say it was, "Nature Photography". He has always enjoyed taking pictures, and many years ago he joined the St. Catharines Camera Club. The Club Members would get together twice a month, compete against each other and also learn from each other. Sometimes, on a week-end, they would go on outings and at times I would go along. Even I learned to "see" and "look" for special pictures, a mushroom peeking out of the moss in the forest, a trillium covered in morning dew, or a spider spinning its web. There was always something interesting and beautiful to see.



Arno and I have been on many trips and of course never without a camera. No matter whether we were high up on a mountain, or in a narrow canyon with just a sunbeam coming through a crack in the rocks, we have always been in "awe" of God's creation, and many pictures were taken. Coming home from a trip, the fun began. Putting the best slides together for a travelogue and finding the appropriate music to go with it. We have some wonderful memories of the trips we have been on, and of the beautiful nature we have seen.

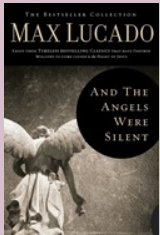
Arno is not an active photographer anymore, but he is still a member of the Photo Club and enjoys seeing other people's photography.

~ submitted by Hannelore Enss



And the Angels were silent

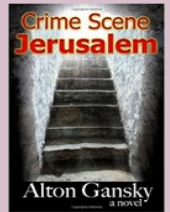
By Max Lucado



"Enter the holy week & observe. Feel his passion. Laughing as children sing. Weeping as Jerusalem ignores. Scorning as priests accuse. Pleading as disciples sleep. Feeling sad as Pilate turns. Sense his power. Blind eyes ... seeing. Fruitless tree ... withering. Money changers ... scampering. Religious leaders ... cowering. Tomb ... opening. Hear his promise. Death has no power. Failure holds no prisoners. Fear has no control. For God has come. God has come into your world ... to take you home. Let's follow Jesus on his final journey. For by observing his, we may learn how to make ours."

Crime Scene Jerusalem

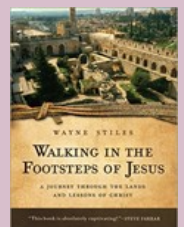
By Alton Gansky



What if a forensic detective could investigate the evidence surrounding the death of Jesus ... and His resurrection?
"Crime Scene Jerusalem is the kind of novel that lingers in your soul, long after you put it down. Alton Gansky did a masterful job of portraying this modern crime-scene investigator who finds himself trust into a time he knows nothing about – and learns how his own tragic life intersects with those who walked with Jesus. Besides holding me captive with his surprising, page turning story, Gansky taught me things I didn't know. I wish everyone would read this book"
Terri Blackstock, best selling author.

Walking in the footsteps of Jesus

By Wayne Stiles



"Image following Jesus along the road, listening in on His conversations & learning the lessons He taught in the holy places He traveled. Join author Wayne Stiles as he walks in the steps of Jesus through Bethlehem, Samaria, Jerusalem, Nazareth, Caesarea and beyond. Sit with Jesus beside a well with a lonely woman in Samaria, meet in the darkness with a Jerusalem Pharisee searching for truth, befriend a group of fishermen with a sea of false expectations and return with Him to a hometown tragically ready to reject the announcement of His kingdom. By retracing the roads Jesus took during His earthly ministry, you will encounter Him in a fresh & vital way & grow to a greater understanding of His will for your life."

~ submitted by Debbie Fast



Why I Didn't Give Up On the Church (and why you shouldn't, either.)

I quietly entered the dimly lit auditorium and a great sense of "home" filled my heart. I had returned to the church I had helped start from nothing, planning and striving for months, pulling together a children's ministry from nothing and a small group schedule that would connect people to each other. All my creativity and hours of work poured into the very foundation of reaching families in this space, in this community.

It was good to be home.

It was here, in this church, that I spent week after week serving others, not attending church service for the sake of caring for little ones so their parents could attend. My view of the church was strictly from the frontline of kid ministry. On the rare occasion, when I snuck upstairs to the main service, I was struck deeply by the bigger picture of what God was doing. He was using our little Church to reach a generation that was far from God. I was privileged to play a tiny part in the real-life religion of grace and love, tears and redemption. In those first moments of the service, without fail, I would quietly cry, overwhelmed at the beauty of it all.

Here's the truth:

The Church is a living dichotomy, equal parts pain and pleasure.

Church is the ugliness of sin and the breathtaking sight of perfection. It is the acceptance of the lost, while asking them to become found. It is the embrace of our darkness while challenging us to be the light. Church is getting your hands dirty in the mess of others without becoming "dirty" yourself. It's showing up when no one else will. It's wading through the emotions of those that hurt you, that gossip about you, that scar you, to see your faith through to the other side.

"The Church" isn't perfect. "The Church" is knee-deep in selfishness and wrong motives.

That's because "the Church" is us. YOU ME

The person sitting two rows back in service that lied right to my face.

We have all been burned by the Church, even those of us who are in leadership.

I have been publicly humiliated by the church more times than I can count. I have been dismissed and ridiculed behind closed doors, under the guise of "wise counsel." I have been told who I am is not good enough and that my gender requires I step back in leadership and keep quiet. My heart has been torn, the very core of who I am called into question by those who were supposedly looking out for my best interests. My talents have been judged and picked apart. My money has been stolen and I have been promised things that never came to fruition. I have mentally quit the Church more than once, promising that it wouldn't hurt me again.

"I'll show them."

But in all the ugliness, the Church has also been my home.

It calls when I am sick. It watches my kids when I have a last-minute meeting. It sits on my couch and listens as I gush over my latest personal revelation. It celebrates when I

win and cries when I lose. It embraces me when I am new in town and loads my moving truck when I leave.

As long as we are all in this thing, it's never going to be completely right. It will never be whole, the broken pieces precariously held together by super glue, balancing on the edge ever-so-slightly, always a worry of falling and breaking again.

It isn't perfect. It will fall again. You will be hurt again.

But as I inspect the patterned zig-zag cracks in my church, among the wounds inflicted by each fall, I uncover tales of love and acceptance.

Each line is a past healed and family transformed. Sharing the story of Jesus with others is worth the risk of not always "getting it right" because sometimes we do - and those are the moments when time stands still and someone can say, "I am forever changed."

Remember that not all Church is bad. There are people out there, in the leadership of churches, willing to give everything to reach others - reach YOU- for God. We aren't all bad. We aren't all out to prove you wrong or elevate our own name. We stay up all night, praying for you to finally get this Jesus stuff. We cry alone, in our early morning prayers, beseeching God to heal your sick mom and overcome your depression. We show up every Sunday, not because we want to be on stage or because we want our name to say "Pastor" after I t- we show up because we love Jesus and we love you, too. Are we perfect? Socially cool? Grammatically correct and perfectly polite? No way. Are we going to hurt your feelings? Probably. But I believe the good guys win in the end, no matter their faults. I'd like to believe there are still some good guys out there.

I am sorry if you have been hurt by the Church.

I am sorry if you are in the midst of that pain

Right. This. Moment.

I hurt for you, tracing your scars with a careful hand, and hoping you will heal beyond this. There is hope to be found in the church. Just know this truth: the forgiveness you need to move forward is supernatural and cannot be found without Jesus. He must cut the scar back open, operate on the injury that never healed properly, and help you through the recovery process. There is no other way.

Dear friend, we must not give up on the Church.

Jesus didn't. We shouldn't.

We are the scarred, the hurting, the mistake-makers, the ones who gather together in a unified symphony of second-chances and try-agains. We are the problem and we are the solution.

We are the Church. And we are worth saving.

- written by Erica Willis, a wife, mother, & risk-taker, who is passionate about equipping this generation to live their faith to the fullest

~ submitted by Marlene Heidebrecht



The Heart of the Interactive Sermon—Discussion

If you were to walk by the church gymnasium around 10:00 on a Sunday morning and glance inside, you might see 4 or 5 people sitting around a table talking or you might see 10 people or you might see more. But what you'll always see is that they're talking and it is this discussion that is at the heart of the Interactive Sermon.

The Interactive Sermon started a few years ago when some parents who were dropping off children for Sunday School were looking for something to attend during the 10:00 hour rather than simply dropping off their children and then coming back later to pick them up. When considering how to format a session, Pastor Rudy Dirks decided to use this time to take the Sunday message he had already prepared but yet present it in an interactive way. Held in the gymnasium by Pastor Rudy or others who are delivering the English sermon that day, it attracts attendance from not just Sunday School parents but from people of all generations.

The Interactive Sermon begins with a prayer and then a reading from the Bible – the same reading that will be covered at the 11:00 English Sermon that day. Pastor Rudy then gives a quick summary of the first parts of his message and then he pauses for discussion. Sometimes to tell a bit more about what else was going on during this time period or what else was going on with the people that were involved in the story or to draw a connection to another story or part of the Bible. He then will ask the group a question to start the discussion – asking for the group's thoughts about what they'd heard so far, their opinions and also asking for their questions. What ends up happening is not the same in every Interactive Sermon. Sometimes there are com-

ments, new ideas, debates or questions that lead to an entirely different discussion or tangent from where the message originally started. There's not a defined path for the Interactive

Sermon and when you have a group of people that often spans three different generations, you get many new perspectives and ideas from the discussion. Having the opportunity to explore these ideas and ask additional questions to the group and to Pastor Rudy results in everyone leaving with a deeper understanding of the message and also a deeper reflection on their own thoughts.

There is no obligation or requirement for every single person to speak and sometimes a person might participate in the discussion a little or a lot or just listen for that day, but the end result is the same. Pastor Rudy had this to say about the Interactive Sermon, "There is a mystery about how God speaks to us, and the more we gather together around God's Word to listen to each other and the Spirit, the more we hear God. And only God knows every heart and what each person needs at that moment. But God uses our conversations and reflections to speak to us."

If you're looking for further reflection on God's Word, need more information, have questions or have that time at 10:00 that you need to fill, consider attending the Interactive Sermon in the church gymnasium. The Interactive Sermon is announced in the bulletin in the week before it occurs and is also listed on the whiteboard at the Sunday School entrance door. It's a group that always welcomes new people, new ideas and new discussion and would love to see you there. ~ Dorita Pentesco



Being in the interactive service is like getting the news before it hits the headlines; you get to think about and talk about the sermon with others and then just let it sink in during the preaching of it. ~ Willi Pankratz

It's Sunday School for grown-ups! I enjoy being a part of the dialogue... You learn more when you're involved! ~ Debbie Peters

I love the Interactive Service because it is a little more personal and we can ask questions and have things explained that we might not understand about Biblical times. ~ Sue Kaye

"People usually have a personal belief either literally or hypothetically, theologically or philosophically. Here in the class (interactive sermon) there is openness and willingness to understand the person's faith of one another. ~ Johannes Wiens

We appreciate how interactive gives us the opportunity to learn, ask questions and take part in thoughtful discussions about faith, church and community in a small setting. ~ Marion and Jason

Our Kitchen Prayer

*Please bless and use this kitchen, Lord.
Let every meal I make,
Build healthy bodies, loving hearts,
In all who will partake.
I thank Thee for this house, my home,
So dear in smallest nook,
For here I've partnership with Thee
The food you make, I cook
This door will see Dear Lord, farewells
As dear ones start the day,
And may each one who passes through
Return again, I pray.
And let each one who enters in,
Find warmth and food and love,
And go forth knowing that they have
A smile from God above.
Amen.*

Some of the nicest things are yours for nothing. Finding these treasures turns our life into a wonderful exciting journey.

One day Jake came home with this Kitchen prayer for me. He found this prayer on a discarded old plaque at the Benefit Shop. He copied it for me and it started my prayer collection. As my life flows on, my collections of poems, prayers, Scripture passages, songs and eloquent quotes keep growing. My most enjoyable hobby! – creative, enlightening, useful, engaging my head, heart and my hands.

A great hobby helping me to check the growth of my thankful heart and encouraging me to look, listen and learn for directions and instructions come in many forms and many places.

*May God write a message
upon our hearts.
Bless and direct us
then send us our
living letters of
His Word.*

*Although the path is not always straight, the waters
not often still,
What joy and encouragement it is to know that the
Lord is our strength
And He will never let us walk alone.*

*My God is my rock
In whom I take refuge,
My shield and horn of
My salvation.
He is my stronghold,
My refuge and
My Saviour." 2 Samuel 22:3*

Psalm 46:10, "Be still and know that I am God."

Be still! Be still! Can you be still right now?

Find a place to be still. Close your eyes! Think about fresh bread or buns baking in your oven or thing about apple pie baking right now, or of the flavor and texture of a fresh sun-ripened peach right from the tree or if you like about strawberries and ice-cream on a hot summer dat. Can't you just about smell, feel and taste as you are thinking about these delicious foods?

Now think about how intricately you are made! Psalm 139 says it so beautifully, verses 13-14: "You made all the delicate inner parts of my body, and knit them together in my mother's womb. Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex! It is amazing to think about. Your workmanship is marvelous – and how well I know it!"

After the war we (my mother and my 2 sisters) lived in the little village of Wesen in Germany. We were poor but I always enjoyed the beauty of simple things in life. A walk in the woods. A walk in the spring meadow. The sight of wild daisies and forget-me-nots. The ripples and feel of the cool clear water in the stream flowing through Wesen. The breathtaking views of the heather in bloom and the shepherds with their flocks of sheep out on those hills. The sounds of the church bells calling the inhabitants to come to church on Sunday morning. We attended a Lutheran Church in Hermansburg, 3km away, to which we always walked. It was a big church. Awesome at Christmas. A huge tree decked out with lots of real white candles stood to one side in the crossing before the altar. All these candles were lit during the Christmas Eve service while we watched. Then all the children came forward and surrounded the tree as the sanctuary filled with the music of "Oh Come Little Children."

O Come Little Children

*O come, little children, O come one and all.
To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small.
God's Son for a gift has been sent you this night
To be your Redeemer, your Joy and Delight.*

*Kneel down and adore Him with shepherds today,
Lift up little hands now and praise Him as they,
Rejoice that a Saviour from sin you can boast.
And join in the song of the heavenly host.*

I know the gift of faith was rooted deep in my heart for I had given my heart to Jesus. Our God is so good! "How precious it is, Lord, to realize that You are thinking about me constantly! I can't even count how many times a day Your thoughts turn toward me. And when I awaken in the morning You are still thinking of me."

Psalm 139: 17 - 18 (TLB)

Thank you! Thank you! My list grew. Only many years later, Psalm 139 was added to the storehouse of my mind so that it is always with me.

Last night we had rain. As I look up from my writing and look out of my window I see brilliant sunlight filtering through the trees creating sparkling diamonds on our lawn. Blessings! Each sparkling spot sparks a memory from the past. Memory of just a word or sentence from a loved one, family or friend, directing my path from despair to the Light. I count my blessings and name them one by one and in my heart and mind arises a song.

Praise to the Lord

*Praise to the Lord, the Almighty the King of Creation!
O my soul praise Him, for He is thy healthy and salvation!
All ye who hear, now to His temple draw near;
Praise Him in glad adoration.*

*Praise to the Lord! Who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth.
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen, how thy desires have been
Granted in what He ordaineth.*

*Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend Thee!
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew! What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.*

Many things have changed through the years. The mashed potatoes to gnocchi, the music in church from pipe organ as in the church in Germany to guitars and drums and our songs, but God's Word, His promises, His faithfulness, and His Love have remained constant. Praise flows from my grateful heart.

~ Adine Enns

*If God brings you
to it,
He'll bring you
through it.
Happy moments,
Praise God!
Difficult moments,
Seek God!
Painful moments,
Trust God!
Every moment,
Thank God!*

Women in Service Supper Social

The tables were set with lovely centrepieces of plants in bloom surrounded by mini-chocolates. After a short welcome and opening by Ingrid Dau we were ready to go for our main course. The serving table was filled with salads, meats, lasagna, potatoes and rolls. As our table numbers were called we passed by so much food it was hard to resist! Later, desserts were brought out and again the temptations were great. After a time of eating and visiting, the entertainment started. Ruth Willms, Laurie Riediger, and Angela Redekopp treated us to the old familiar song of, "There's a hole in my bucket". Only these three could bring it to life with the costumes and actions. Hilarious! The girls had us all stand for some exercises and the singing of "It's a small world" but with actions (hard on a full stomach).

Next on the agenda was a pictorial talk of adventures in Africa by Rudy and Sharon. Animal and scenery shots were amazing, coupled with the narration by both of them. Thanks for a visit to Africa. Now for a skit by the three girls, joined by Erika Froese and a friend Joanne Hicks. These ladies had been to a senior's retreat and came back with great energy! Of course, they did not look like themselves with costumes, wigs and a walker. As the music played, they showed us how energized they were !!! The room exploded with laughter and clapping. Thanks ladies for a great entertainment! Presentations were made for our guest entertainers, as well the table plants were divided by Marg Goerz using numbers on the chocolates around the plants. Closing was made by Mary Pompetzki. Thus ended a most enjoyable evening!

~ submitted by Marlies Boldt



Senior Youth Retreat 2016

During February's long weekend, NUMC Senior Youth felt the presence of God while taking a break from daily life at Hidden Acres Mennonite Camp. Our youth enjoyed meeting new friends from St. Catharines UM and Bethany Mennonite with some fun Ice Breaker games. We enjoyed the relaxation and stress-free environment of the retreat. We had a total of 4 inspirational sessions to help our youth encounter God and filled a wall with drawings showing what we learned each lesson. Many games of Dutch Blitz were played and some people may have gotten hip with a snowball or two for losing. On Saturday night, many youth members enjoyed a peaceful midnight walk, being able to see a clear sky full of stars including the big dipper and north star. At our last session, we took the time to say thank-you for a selfless act and all of the youth, including some youth leaders got compliments from everyone for something not normally seen. Overall, I believe NUMC Youth enjoyed the weekend and would love to go back again.



For me the youth retreat was a way to get away from the daily stress of school and work. I really enjoyed meeting new people and learning some new games. I hope everyone was encountered by God at least once throughout the trip and believe no matter what, He was watching over us. Although it was a cold weekend, I was able to enjoy a walk with my friend and met four other youth from the other church that weren't a part of our group. Hidden Acres was a very beautiful place, especially covered in snow. The sessions helped me find where I was with God and I knew that I could turn to any of the youth leaders if I was having a bad day or needed someone to pray with me. I had an amazing time and will definitely go back next year. Just remember that if God has not yet encountered you, He is just waiting for the perfect day.

~ Taneal Lockstadt

(Taneal is in Grade 9 & went on the retreat for the first time.)

31 youth and leaders participated in this retreat.



..... some collaborative fort building



Junior Youth

Our last event in February brought 29 awesome kids to the church ready to have fun and play games. We are now looking forward to and planning the spaghetti lunch for March 6 which will help us get to the MCEC Jr Youth retreat in May at Silver Lake Mennonite Camp. Thank you to all the parents for bringing your kids to these events, God has truly blessed this group!

LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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

Lani Gade | 905-468-2316 | wlgade@bell.net
 Kathy Rempel | 905-468-3829 | jrempe16@cogeco.ca
 Niagara United Mennonite Church
 1775 Niagara Stone Road
 Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario
 Email: office@redbrickchurch.ca
 Website: www.redbrickchurch.ca
 Phone: 905.468.3313