

*If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation;
old things have passed
away; behold, all things
have become new!*

- 1 Cor. 5:17 (NKJV)



MAY, JUNE 2016, VOLUME 3 EDITION 3

Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite

**New earth, heavens new,
Spirit of God moving;
new seed, creatures new,
Spirit of life moving;
new man, woman new,
image of God moving.**

**New love, mercies new,
Spirit of God moving;
new strength, hopefulness new,
Spirit of life moving;
new name, spirits new,
image of God moving.**

**New minds, wisdom new,
Spirit of God moving;
new law, covenant new,
Spirit of life moving;
new name, nature new,
image of God moving.**

**New earth, heavens new,
Spirit of God moving;
new birth, creatures new,
Spirit of life moving;
new men, women new,
image of God moving.**

**Sing a new song to the One who has said,
"Behold, I make all things new."**

Celebrate these Special Days

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 Many Peoples Sunday 		3	4	5 Ascension Day 	6	7
8 	9	10	11	12	13	14 Global Fair Trade Day
15 Pentecost 	16	17	18	19	20	21
22 Trinity Sunday 	23	24	25	26	27 	28 New Hamburg Mennonite Relief Sale
29 Great Strides Walk for Cystic Fibrosis 	30 Cystic Fibrosis Canada 	31				

MAY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
JUNE			1	2	3	4
5 World Environment Day 		7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 Happy Father's Day 	20 WORLD Refugee Day 	21 NATIONAL ABORIGINAL DAY 	22	23	24	25
	27	28	29	30		

Come Walk With Us May 29, 2016

CARSTAR
WALK TO
MAKE CYSTIC FIBROSIS HISTORY



JOIN TEAM KATIE DOW

Visit www.cysticfibrosis.ca/walk/ to join the fight.

(World Refugee Day in May)

“Home”

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark.
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city
running as well.
your neighbours running faster
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.
no one would leave home unless home
chased you, fire under feet,
hot blood in your belly.
you have to understand,
no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land.
who would choose to spend days
and nights in the stomach of a truck
unless the miles travelled
meant something more than journey.
no one would choose to
be pitied, lose your name, lose your family,
and if you survive
you are greeted on the other side
with
go home, refugees,
dirty immigrants, asylum seekers
sucking our country dry of milk.
i want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of the gun
no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
no one leaves home until home
is a damp voice in your ear saying
leave, run now, i don't know what
i've become.

~by *Warsan Shire, Nairobi-born, London-raised writer*
~written in 2009 after spending time with young refugees from
Somalia, Eritrea, Congo and Sudan.



**Bringing Help and Hope to those in
Need Around the World**

For more than 50 years, our sale has brought volunteer supporters and businesses together with buyers who care about poverty, peace and global needs. With over 40 venues supported by 2,000 volunteers, the relief sale is a remarkable community event and a beautiful expression of community compassion. Since 1967, over \$14,000,000 have been raised, with more than \$300,000 annually for more than 25 years. All proceeds go directly to the **Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) for non-for-profit relief**, and to demonstrate God's love by blessing people around the world.

DIX MILLE
VILLAGES



TEN THOUSAND
VILLAGES.

**Fair Trade
Gift Guide**

Shop for unique gifts including fair trade jewellery, home decor, and many more products handcrafted by artisans around the world.

TENTHOUSANDVILLAGES.CA

MAY 14

GLOBAL FAIR TRADE DAY

Happy Birthday Uncle Henry!

Everyone knows Henry Kopp as Uncle Henry but, he is actually our Great Uncle. Uncle Henry is the youngest of five siblings, and our late Oma Kliewer's brother. With Mom being an only child, Uncle Henry is now our last remaining Kopp connection. Uncle Henry came to Canada in 1950 and settled in Niagara with his Mother, sister and niece – respectively Great Oma Kopp, Oma Kliewer and Our Mom Irma. After five years of working for various builders, Uncle Henry partnered with our Dad, Peter, and the two of them started Kopp and Loewen Construction.

To us, Uncle Henry easily wins the title of **“Most Dependable Person Ever”**. Numerous generations of our family have depended and continue to depend on him. Beginning way back during their wartime trek to Poland and Germany, he has always been the protector, the one who was relied on to keep everyone safe and get them to where they needed to go. Travelling with our great Oma Kopp, Oma Kliewer and with Oma's young daughter, our Mom, and also with John, his very sick brother, even though just a teenager, Uncle Henry was the one who had to take charge. When they first came to Canada, he was there to help Oma Kopp and Oma Kliewer establish themselves in Niagara. He built two family homes for all of them – the first on Niagara Stone Road and later the one on Cherry Street. We all have fond memories of spending time with both Omas and Uncle Henry when they lived just down the street from us on Cherry Street. It was definitely a second home for all of us - lots of sleepovers, lots of meals, lots of visits – it was even a place we brought our friends if we wanted to have a party.

Uncle Henry's bachelor and Virgil days came to an end at age 42 when he met his wife, our Aunt Olly. He moved to Fonthill when they were married and lived there for 35 years. Sadly Aunt Olly passed away after 27 wonderful married years. Many memories were made visiting the two of them and we all enjoyed Aunt Olly's delicious Ukrainian food. With the opening of the Creekview apartments, Uncle Henry moved back “home” to Virgil. Even though Aunt Olly would not allow Uncle Henry to help in the kitchen, he must have spent a lot of time taking notes and watching closely. Once on his own, Uncle Henry has become quite the cook and baker. Every family function is not complete without either his famous lemon meringue pie, rice pudding, or cabbage rolls. Mom was always very frustrated because she could never make her meringue as full and fluffy as Uncle Henry's, even though he has always been willing to share his secrets.

In the earlier days we relied on Uncle Henry for his carpentry and constructions skills. He has helped most of us with renovations, finishing basements or with cottage construction. His speciality is roof trusses and he rose to the challenge of building the trusses for our home on the Parkway.

As time went by, he traded his hard hat for a chauffeur's cap (a.k.a. baseball cap). He has always been more than willing to drive our kids whenever and wherever they have needed to go – arenas, sports fields, elementary schools, high schools, colleges, universities, friends' homes, shopping malls, up North, and more. He definitely knows where every arena in the Niagara Region is. He also provided his chauffeur services for travels to Wisconsin and Virginia. Who needs Uber, we have Uncle Henry. You can even send him a text message and he will answer back “ok”. You will never be late if Uncle Henry is your taxi. He is always at least ten minutes early. Rides with Uncle Henry are also entertaining because he always has a story to share - stories about current news, sporting events or stories of the past.

Uncle Henry is also a great Sunday lunch companion. He enjoys going out for dinner on Sundays with the Loewens, Bergs and/or Friesens and very rarely turns down an opportunity to meet us at a restaurant.

Another bit of information about Uncle Henry is that he has always been a big sports fan. Way back, he was a regular at the St. Catharines Teepees and the Blackhawks games. He continues to be an avid Chicago Black Hawks and Toronto Blue Jays fan.

Hopefully everyone now understands why Uncle Henry is such a very important part of our family. We love to invite him over, and there is always something to talk and laugh about. He puts a smile on everyone's face. We love our Uncle Henry!

*~ submitted with lots of love from the Friesen,
Loewen, & Berg Families*



BOOK CORNER

~ by Debbie Fast

Sons of Encouragement Series

By Francine Rivers

“Behind the men who shaped history are the heroes who forever changed it.

With her hallmark touches of brilliant prose & gripping characterizations, Francine Rivers tells the stories of five men who faithfully sought after God in the shadows of God’s chosen leaders.

The Priest
The Warrior
The Prince
The Prophet
The Scribe.



These 5 men answered God’s call to serve Him faithfully without recognition or fame. They gave everything knowing that their reward might not come until the next life. Be challenged by these faithful men whose stories we must never forget.”

... to love, honor, and vacuum

By Sheila Wray Gregoire

“To Love, Honor And Vacuum encourages women to deal with their hectic lives by prioritizing relationships & fostering responsibility and respect in all family members. When women apply these real-world, real-life insights, they will discover what it means to love and honor in spite of the vacuuming.”



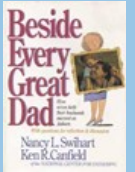
Beside Every Great Dad

By Nancy L Swihart & Ken R Canfield

“Women seem to be inherently aware of the needs of their families. Fathers, too often, are not.

Yet all the research shows that it makes a huge difference to children when both Mom & Dad are active players on the parenting team.

The problem is that dads may not know what their families need from them. What’s more, mom’s may not know how to communicate the family’s needs to their husband.



MILESTONES - Join together to celebrate these special days!



25th Wedding Anniversary
Scott and Evelyn Finley: 6/14/91



50th Wedding Anniversary

Wilhelm and Elfriede Schimann

5/26/56

60th Wedding Anniversary
Peter and Katharina Siemens



5/28/66

Birthdays in June 2016

Birthdays in May 2016

Hans Wiebe: 80 (5/3/36)
Kaethe Esau: 90 (5/19/26)
Aran Kopp: 86 (5/23/30)
Emilie Pauls: 90 (5/26/26)
Albert Riemland: 80 (5/29/36)

Justina Reimer: 87 (6/2/29)
Maria Dyck: 91 (6/5/25)
Eckhard Schmidt: 81 (6/9/35)
Jacob Reimer: 91 (6/13/25)
Katharina Wiebe: 89 (6/13/27)
Henry Kopp: 88 (6/15/28)
Mary Dirks: 94 (6/18/22)
Gerald Enns: 93 (6/19/23)
Werner Fast: 82 (6/20/34)
Ernie Pries: 81 (6/26/35)
Irene Wiens: 91 (6/29/25)



Our Golden Wedding Anniversary

50 years - Incredible! Unbelievable!

Yes! The 28th of May, 1966, was our day. I always wanted to be a May-bride. It was, bright, sunny and windy! I was so happy because I was going to be married to someone who loved me unconditionally. This alone made me exceedingly happy.

But nothing in my life happens without an obstacle that needs to be overcome. The first one: We were late - through no fault of ours - for our marriage ceremony. People were full of smiles when we finally arrived. Our flower girl and ring bearer even walked into the church too fast - at least my mother thought so - she suggested they do it a second time. That was too much for both of them. They left the church even faster than they had walked in. I'm still sorry that it happened that way.

Our Pastor, Hellmut Wiens, selected Psalm 138:3: "In the day when I cried you answered me, and strengthened me with strength in my soul." And John 14:14: "If you shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." God must have given him these verses because we surely needed this encouragement.

But let us stay on the positive side. For our honeymoon we went to the east coast. We had a great time. Three months later we bought the house we still live in. It was a small rundown place. But I was happy. When my husband said: Here you can do whatever you want to, I promptly turned around and said to him: Will you repeat that please!! These words encouraged me to such an extent, that I have accomplished more than I ever dreamed of.

The following year God blessed us with twins. -- My mind goes back to my childhood when we played with dolls. My girlfriend had a beautiful doll which could move arms and legs. And the most important thing was: She could open and close her eyes. We called her: Eine Schlafpuppe. I had only one, that was made out of material. It made me so sad, that I was not as fortunate as my girlfriend. And God must have seen my sadness. He made good! He blessed us not with one, but with two babies: A boy and a girl. Thank you, Lord.

19 months later another girl arrived. She was such an easy baby to care for. When I changed her diaper at night, I'd cuddle her and made her smile. But then I'd say: Turn on your side and go to sleep. She never cried. That was another blessing.



It is amazing what scarcity of money can do to you. It teaches you to pray and it makes you inventive as well. Your mind goes wild with ideas and God gives you the strength to put these ideas into practice. When our second girl was 9 months old, we put on our first addition to our house. Later two more followed. That was not an easy task. Construction everywhere, and three small children. But God protected us. We had no accidents during that time. There were no vacations for the first five years of our marriage. Before the twins went into kindergarten, I brought home our second son. He was a cutie, if you can call a baby boy cute.

We always had animals; cats, dogs, chickens, pigeons. Even quails and pheasants. But the one cat was especially attractive to our young son. We still have a picture where he pulled the tail of his favourite cat. You should see the gleeful expression on his baby face.

Yes, and then, 15 months apart, we had two more girls. Looking back, I remember them as our violin duet. Both played in the Niagara Youth Orchestra. They even travelled with the orchestra to Europe. Music, singing and reading good books was very important to our family, especially to me. I remember one incident that patterned my reading the Bible to my children. One of my teachers embarrassed me when he asked the class how we knew that Cain's offering to God was not accepted and Abel's was. At home we had a very good Bible story book which illustrated this story the following way: The smoke of Abel's offering went straight to heaven, but Cain's did not. So I answered accordingly. His answer: Show me that in the Bible. I turned red when I could not find it in there. I was only 13 at that time. But I made one resolve: If I ever had a family, I would teach my children directly from the Bible. And so I did.

When I was reading to them one night, I said to them: When you grow up, wherever God puts you, hold up your little light, and someone will come and join you. And lo and behold! God took me by my word. Two children are in Germany, one in BC and three in our area. And the word that I taught them in weakness, will bring fruit in his time. Because God cannot lie. He says: My word will not come back void. Thank you God.

When our 25th anniversary came, I wished to celebrate with all our friends. But my husband was not excited about my idea. So instead, we went all the way to Prince Edward Island with our youngest two girls. We saw Anne of Green Gables. Again, we enjoyed the trip.

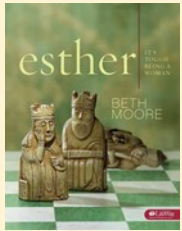
Time has flown by. Life was like a roller coaster. Sickness knocked on our door more often than we wished. But God was gracious to us and let us recover again. We took a number of trips. We enjoyed our grandchildren. I had the opportunity to travel to Germany recently to welcome grandchild number 14. She was born on Feb. 12, 2016. Her name is Kerstin Verena Felizia, Brigitte's and Ruediger's second child. When I think of her, I long to hold her in my arms and cuddle her. Yes, all my grandchildren have a cubby hole in my heart. No one can take the place of the other. All of you have given me great joy.

And now we are looking forward to our big day which we would like to celebrate on August 6th, 2016: our Golden Wedding Anniversary - God willing. We hope against hope, that ALL our children can be present to thank God with us for the grace, mercy and compassion that He daily poured over our life.



~ Wilhem & Elfriede Schimann & family

Esther, It's tough being a woman ~ By Beth Moore



Our Ladies Bible Study group have just finished this 9 week study. We extended it out over 18 weeks so that the homework is more manageable. Beth went through this book verse by verse. Who knew there would be so much in 10 short chapters.

Here are some of our thoughts about the Esther study ...

God is for us. He will work it out, work in it and work it well. We've got His Word on it.

Esther was the best study I have done. It started out exciting and there are so many other books on her to give you fuel for thought.

Esther had no idea how her life would end but she let God enable her and she found strength when, 'for a time as this ..' was needed.

We women put ourselves in bondage the way we view men (our husbands) and how they view us. We need to find God's strength to stop that and realize that they do not want us to be in bondage to them. The other gems I took from this study was that in man's realm time diminishes beauty (we have an obsession with youth) but beauty in God's realm is not a treatment - it is a destiny. Even the detour that we're on is Providence.

Our study of Esther has strengthened my faith in God. I especially found the quote etched on a prison wall in the Nazi concentration camp moving:

I believe in the sun, even when it is not shining.

I believe in love, even when I do not feel it.

I believe in God, even when He is silent. (Author unknown)

I was pleasantly surprised; that Beth Moore was able to pull so much out of the book of Esther. God is not mentioned in the book but we learned He is all through it.

Beth Moore was able to pull from Esther's story what God wanted us to see and understand, especially about women. Through her own growing relationship with Him and the wisdom she learned we came away with blessings that our Father has in store for us when we love and obey Him. It was very enlightening to say the least.

We need not fear, but rather trust God's providence. God knows. God sees. God acts. We should pay attention as "He works in us to will and to act according to His good purposes". (Philippians 2:13) Who knows when we may find ourselves in a situation, like Esther, "for a time such as this"

~ by Debbie Fast

Lessons Our Parents Taught Us

When you lose your parents, there are often times when a phone call would go a long way; to ask for advice, to see how the day went, or just to talk. When you lose your parents, there is a lot of time taken to reflect the question... what did my parents teach me?

In 2000 I married my best friend Jennifer. We remember my parent's speech at the end of night like it was yesterday. It was more than a speech, it was a gift. My father spoke about the importance of taking time. Taking time to go for a walk, to smell the flowers or simply to notice the colour of the sky. It was very important for my parents to teach us that time is relevant. That time and relationships are important. That your family comes first and that time is a fragile gift from God and must be taken seriously.

I asked my family the same question. What is something that mom and dad had taught us? Matt Friesen reflected on something very similar. He said, "It was very important to be present for Friday night hamburgers. If you could not make it for some reason, you better have a good excuse and you better be able to explain that excuse very thoroughly. If you were leaving any time within two hours of being there for whatever reason, you could guarantee that Grandma would make you feel guilty for leaving. Family time was so important to Grandma and it was a huge priority and she would do everything within her power to make sure family time was maximized; so much in fact that she spent the entire Christmas day up and about with the entire family at home, one week before she passed away."

Linda and Karl had reflected on the importance our parents placed on time as well. "I have to admit that I sometimes complained about the guilt that Mom put on me to attend all family get togethers and to stay as long as I could, but boy do I miss that guilt now! Mom would stop whatever she was doing or reorganize her plans to spend time with family. I could always count on her to join me to go shopping, to give me a quick hair colour touch-up with no notice, to sit outside and enjoy the sunshine - just some of those simple pleasures that we enjoyed doing together.

How I miss those impromptu visits (especially if she came with rollkuchen and watermelon for us to share with friends around the pool). I loved the way Mom asked each of us to share stories about our day around the dinner table, especially our last Christmas dinner together and sharing. She was in her glory! Sweet, sweet memories!"

Similarly, Jamie and Carolyn Berg reflected and added "extended family time was important too with attending all the family reunions. Also, she would look around in church every week to see who was there. If you weren't there, she would question you where you were (usually sports related) and suggest that next time you should have been in church."

A similar concord from Harry and Carolyn as well: "Everyone was always welcome to dinner, but family was expected. Mom always made sure everyone was welcomed and well fed. As a daughter in law, mom always treated me like a daughter. I felt so special. Always had concern with an individual's problems and always willing to help out. Dad even built me a custom made wheel chair ramp out the front door for when I came home from the hospital with Carly. Carly has always said she was influenced so much by Grandma's strength, faith and dedi-

cation to the family. We will always treasure the amazing memories we have of mom and dad and are grateful for instilling in all of us a strong sense of family and relationships." Taking the time and taking time especially for family and church was a crucial lesson taught.



I remember holding my father's hand on his death bed. I remember him looking deeply at me. Without words, his expression alone was an epitome of this. The importance of time is the only thing I could think of when he looked so deeply into my soul. His lesson about time he taught so numerous throughout my life had reached my soul... it was branded in me. He didn't let go of my hand, until I told him I understood. Life is not about status. Life is not about wealth. Life is about the relationships you make, and about the importance how you spend your time. It's not just about going outside and enjoying a beautiful day, it's about the small things like noticing the buds on the trees, the bird singing. It's about noticing and living every moment within time.

I remember holding my mother's hand too moments before she passed away. She was not awake at this time. I told my mother that I loved her. Even through the suffering of death, she was still and reflective on the moment. We prayed. She held my hand and when I was done gave my hand a squeeze.

Family and the importance of time were so important to Mom and Dad. This was a gift they gave to us in life.



~ shared by Greg Loewen & Family

A LABOUR OF LOVE

August 21, 2002 our first grandchild was born, Isabella! She was 2 weeks overdue but there were no concerns. When Mandy (Isabella's mother) was in labor she began experiencing some complications. Sadly, things escalated and Isabella was "still born". The nurses were able to resuscitate Isabella and she was rushed to McMaster Hospital. Isabella was there for 5 weeks, hooked up to monitors to assess everything about her little body. Thanks to the Ronald MacDonald House, it made life a little easier for Jason and Mandy. They were able to stay close to Isabella and had a little suite to call home for a while.

The doctors gave us the news that Isabella would need care around the clock and it was strongly suggested that Jason and Mandy give her up to an institution. Mandy would not hear any of this.....she was in denial. For 3 years Mandy waited for a sign, any miracle, but none came. Isabella had not reached any of the goals a mother waits to see. The left side of Isabella's brain had been affected, which caused the right side of her body to be unresponsive. Isabella is diagnosed with Cerebral Palsy. She cannot walk or sit up. She is deaf in the right ear and cannot communicate. Isabella also suffers from seizures related to her brain trauma. Mandy has worked hard to get Isabella the help she needs, but there was/is never enough through the government resources.



I enrolled Isabella into our Sunday school when she turned three, Sept. 11, 2005. I remember wheeling Isabella down the hallway, where the old Sunday school area

used to be, when Ellery Penner and her friends walked by. Ellery looked at Isabella and it was like a magnet drew the two together. Ellery wanted to know about Isabella. She offered to help out and wanted to stay with Isabella during Sunday school. She got permission and became Isabella's advocate from then on.



The next year the Sunday school department moved the Primary Sunday School into a new area. We discussed how to get Isabella and her wheel chair to the third floor. Each Sunday I came with Isabella, two men had to carry her up three flights of stairs while she was in her wheel chair. Ellery stepped up and pointed out the dangers of having a handicapped child on the third floor without an elevator for transportation. She persuaded the Sunday school department to move Isabella's Sunday school class back to the main floor. Thank you Ellery for your years of dedication on Isabella's behalf. After a few years it became obvious that I would not be able to lift Isabella anymore. I had to give up bringing her to Sunday school.

I have admired Mandy for the dedicated mother she has been. It is a difficult job and also a lifelong commitment to take care of a handicapped child. In 2012 there was an opportunity to move Isabella to the W. Ross Macdonald School in Brantford. Mandy had a hard decision to make, but realized it was the best opportunity for Isabella. It is a wonderful school. Isabella lives there during the school year but comes home weekends and holidays. She has grown to love it there. Last year she had to get a feeding tube implanted and is doing much better. Isabella will be turning 14 this summer. She is doing well but will always have a lot of physical problems.

It has been quite an eye opener when faced with the difficulties involved with caring for a handicapped child.

Every task is a labor of love!

~Submitted by Susan Kaye

Uruguay

By: Joshua Dau

Travelogue from our Youngest Roving Reporters, Joshua & Elias Dau

Our trip was an eye opener in some aspects. Our trip started out in a snow storm. We were not sure we were going to make it to the airport, but we did, and got to Uruguay without a problem.



Population: 3 432 000

The first thing that caught my attention was that (in the city) everything was behind locked gates. There were fences and gates around houses, bars around the windows and guard dogs at every house. The houses have less insulation because it doesn't get as cold as here, 1 or 2 degrees (in the winter).

Capital city of Uruguay: Montevideo



Colony of delta

There were as many motorcycles as cars. A lot of people can not afford cars and so they buy a motorcycle for the whole family. It is law there that you wear helmets and a reflector vest. It was interesting to see that the adults wear helmets and the kids wear none. Cars were small (no S.U.V.s), most people could not afford bigger cars, the price of gas cost much more than we pay for it. Another reason is that the wages are about half has much as here.

Mate is a loose tea that they drink in a cup made from a gourd or out of ceramic and leather and is more common than Tim Horton's coffee around here. You find it everywhere; in the city, on the beach and people taking it to work.

There is also a bird, and it is only found in Uruguay, called the oven bird. The bird makes a nest which looks like an oven. Also there are parrots in the wild which are like the starlings around here.

Overall we had a great time and saw and learned a lot. It is something that we will remember for a long time to come.

Feeding baby cows



Wall in Colina



Brief Bio of the NUMC

Elias Dau

Age: 10

Favourite book: And then it Happened

Favourite game: Minecraft

Family Fun: Camping, playing board games

Favourite food: Fish & rice & all desserts

Adult profession: Pilot



Roving Reporters

Joshua Dau

Age : 12

Favourite game: Chess

Favourite book: Harry Potter

Family Fun: Camping & Cycling

Favourite food: Fish & all desserts

Adult profession: Bus driver

Quite a Journey

Entering high school I immediately started thinking about employment and where I wanted to work, but I didn't start applying to various jobs till I was in grade 10. After waiting for a period of time, I received a response from Valu-Mart, that I had gotten the job as a deli worker.

When I first started, I was introduced to many new concepts and skills, the toughest being to memorize the extensive amounts of meats, some of which I didn't know even existed. As time passed I have gained more knowledge in the field along with valuable experience.

I have now worked at Valu-Mart for about a year, and it has been quite the journey. I have had the opportunity to work with amazing people and have had the pleasure to meet many others along the way, including the pleasure of seeing the many faces of the church community, and being able to interact with many people. And in the end I know that these are just the first steps of the journey that God has planned for me in the future.



~ submitted by Chris Friesen

Bioart series

by Lauren Regier – (granddaughter of Hilda Regier)

Interested in the dynamic relationship between our industrial world and the natural environment, much of my work investigates how these opposing forces overlap. In 2013 I began a photography series titled *Bioart*. This tongue-in-cheek title refers to an art practice where scientists and artists come together to create organic species through technological manipulation. While these products are often complex, my artistic practice focuses on the 'unfinished' product, or what I lovingly refer to as 'proto-types'. In each photograph, I makeshift an "original" plant by crudely combining industrial materials with a variety of collected vegetation. After documenting the "bioart" species, I hand paint the prints.



This past spring I completed a residency in Vancouver where I spent a month researching botany and animal anatomy. The purpose of this trip was to further my *Bioart* photography series. By understanding the main functions of plants and animals (such as survival mechanisms), I began creating new bioart plants that were designed to fulfill these functions (at least in theory).

What was fascinating during this time of study was how every organism in an ecosystem lives in relation to each other. The works on display are a sample of some of the new bioart plants that I created in British Columbia.



While the ability to explore a new environment inspired this latest addition to my series, I hope that the development in my practice will allow me to further produce more of these bioart plants using the unique vegetation found in Niagara.

~ visit the Art Gallery in the downstairs hallway to view more of Lauren's artwork.



Africa, Welcome Back!



As we stepped off the plane on February 11th, 2016, onto the hot tarmac of Kilimanjaro Airport in Tanzania we felt the warm embrace of Africa saying, "Welcome back". The heat,

the smell of bamboo, the black faces and the walk from the airplane to the airport took us back to when we got off the airplane and walked into the airport at Gaborone in Botswana as MCC workers 41 years ago.



Our driver, Simon, met us with a big smile and drove us over the unimproved roads to our destination, Dashir Safari Lodge. Shirley and Daryl Peters were there, sitting on their porch, waiting for our arrival. Shirley and Daryl sold everything, except their children (as they say in their ads) five years ago, moved to Arusha, Tanzania, and built up this Safari lodge from absolutely nothing. Shirley was our wonderful cook and hostess and Daryl is the organizer of our trip. Together they made our 14 day stay in Tanzania unforgettable!

Our first two days consisted of a hike through the village of Kikwe, near Dashir, to get the feel of local life and a hike up Mt. Kilimanjaro (no, we did not summit!)

We then headed out on our 6 day safari with our driver, Jeremiah. As we drove through the city of Arusha and the outlying towns I couldn't help clicking away on the camera. I didn't want to forget the overwhelming feeling of just how different the country here is compared to home. Motorcycles are taxis, the shops and homes are, mostly, randomly constructed and rarely 'renovated'! The construction of roads is becoming more updated but you still get to experience the "African Massage"; very bumpy roads, especially after a downpour.



We spent the first day and night in Tarangire National Park. Known for its massive baobab trees and herds of elephants, this park certainly did not disappoint us.



Travelling in our Toyota Land Cruiser the four of us were able to stand up in the vehicle when the top was pushed up and enjoy the stunning landscapes and diverse wildlife, including several unique bird species. It was incredible watching a huge elephant just grazing on its own or herds of elephants lazily walking, in lines, to a watering hole or just making their way to wherever! The night was spent in a Safari tent overlooking a huge valley of trees, animals, and sunset. During the night elephants made their quiet way between the tents and dik-diks (very small antelope) were all over in the morning as we made our way out of our comfortable tents.

The next four days were spent in the Serengeti National Park which covers 14,763 square kilometres and is known as the world's greatest wildlife sanctuary. One of the most breathtaking events in the animal kingdom is the annual migration of hundreds of thousands of wildebeest, zebras, and gazelles followed by the attendant predators. The park's terrain is varied: vast, treeless plains, savannah dotted with acacia trees, magnificent rock out-



crops called kopjes, thick scrub brush to streams, rivers, small swamps and lakes. The park contains an estimated three million large animals, most



of which take part in the seasonal migration that is one of nature's wonders. We couldn't help but be awestruck by the fact that we were witnessing part of this event; the amount of wildebeest, Cape buffalo, elephant, antelope and zebra was just so fascinating. The evenings were spent at camp where we, again, found ourselves in tents and being taken care of by six attendees who were the greatest, friendliest guys. They would bend over backwards to make us comfortable and would dance for us whenever they could.





Through the whole time on Safari we were made aware of the Maasai Tribe, a tribe that lives in the northern part of Tanzania and that actually ruled over much of eastern Africa more than two hundred

years ago. They speak the Maa language and pasture their cattle, donkeys, goats and sheep while living in harmony with the wildlife. Their homes are simple and small, and their life is very communal. The men are the warriors who protect the 'Boma' (the village they live in) and the women construct the homes out of grasses, sticks and cow dung, haul the water to the Boma, take care of the children and make the meals. It was very common to see children, 5 years of age, taking care of the herds of goats and sheep.



The sixth day was spent in the Ngorongoro Crater. 2,286 metres above sea level this is the largest unbroken caldera (a large, basin like depression resulting from the explosion

or collapse of the center of a volcano) in the world. The crater is surrounded by very steep walls rising 610 metres from the crater floor which gives the feeling of a huge amphitheatre. Everything lived together in this one place making us think that the Garden of Eden must have been similar to this. Flamingos, gazelles, buffalo, eland, hartebeest, warthog, zebra, rhino and wildebeest are mixed in with lions, hyena, cheetah and leopards.



We witnessed the birthing time of hundreds of wildebeest. Lions were found on the road, amongst the animals and in the grasses sometimes sleeping, sometimes pretending to sleep so as to fool the victims passing by.

After this unforgettable experience we departed for the island of Zanzibar which is part of Tanzania but has its very own flavour. We toured Stone Town, a historic trade center known for its Sultan palaces, carved doorways and the Slave Trade which went on from 1600's to 1800's when David Livingstone and others finally convinced the British to end slave trade. The inhumane conditions that these people had to endure was very disturbing, to say the least.



After a few wonderful but very hot days at the beach we flew to Zimbabwe, via Dar es Salaam, via Johannesburg. Seeing the Victoria Falls was awesome. Forty years ago we saw it at low season and this was in high season. The roar of the falls is something that one cannot adequately describe. We also felt the poverty of that country.



We then flew back to Johannesburg and met my niece, Jennifer, who is living there with her husband, Sherwyn. We went to the Apartheid Museum and Soweto and had a traditional lunch in Soweto. This brought back many memories. We were in Southern Africa during apartheid and experienced and hated it as we were white and the 'superior' people and saw the separation of blacks at beaches and their washrooms and in churches. We were in Botswana when the Soweto people demonstrated and were killed. At the Museum we were given tickets. If you were 'white' you went through one way; if you were 'black' you went in another entrance. I was 'black'. I could NOT bring myself to go through the black entrance. I could not put myself in their shoes.

On March 1 we left Africa on our ninth flight and, after a day of flying, returned to Toronto on March 1! We feel so very blessed that God gave us this opportunity and the protection. Everything went well during the three weeks there.



~ Submitted by Linda Pankratz

Every Child Matters

What a delightful year this has been! Although our enrollment numbers dropped slightly since September, the children that attended regularly brought joy and energy to the evenings. I want to thank the leaders Adine Enns, Jacqueline Stearns

and Sylvia Tissen for their hard work and patience. I especially appreciated the encouragement and support which I received from Mrs. Enns as I took over the leadership position this year. It's a lot more effort than meets the eye! Thank you also to Emily and Alessio, our student volunteers. It was wonderful the way they both helped out!

We say goodbye to Mrs. Tissen this year and wish her well with her future endeavors. We also say goodbye to Mrs. Enns as she leaves her beloved Pioneer Club this year. She has faithfully organized and served and taught the children for many, many years! God bless you both!

We came to know the children better as the year progressed and they found a special place in our hearts. They blessed us with their exuberance and joy; we in turn were privileged to lead them closer

to the cross of Christ.

In a short survey the children were asked two questions:

What do you like about Pioneer Club?

What makes the time you spend here special?

Here are some of the responses.

We liked learning new things about Jesus, doing crafts and having fun together.

Aria, Julia, Ella and Taylor)

We get to learn about Jesus and worship Him. (Renee C.)

Time at Pioneers is special because I get to learn

more about how to be a Christian; when I get older these things will help me. (Brynna)



I like the awesome teachers, snacks, toys and games. (Alexis)

I like singing songs about Jesus. (Renaë S.)

I like Pioneers because I get to spend time with my friends and we learn about God together. (Mischa)



The grade 1-2 class decided they liked the games, crafts, cooking, singing, making new friends, prayer, learning new things and that Pioneers comes every week.

And the JK-SKs liked playing with friends, praying for people, having fun with friends and just being 'myself'.

Although we are at the end of our Pioneer Club year, we already look forward to a new experience in September. We covet your prayers for all the children.

Every child matters to Christ! Every child matters to us!

~ by Ramona Neufeld



Pioneer Clubs - Valentine's Party -

The Greatest Love Story Ever, John 3:16.



At Pioneer Clubs we played games and had so much fun. Mrs. Enns then shared the story of John 3:16 with us. Our best Valentine's gift ever. God loves us so-o much. We then learned the song, "For God so loved us". Afterwards we made flowers out of paper hearts and planted them on our bulletin board. Each of us is a flower growing in God's garden, and God's love is the warmth that helps us to grow and blossom. We are all to be sunbeams shining in the world, spreading His love and helping others to grow and blossom. The heart candies and cupcakes added a sweet treat to the night for many children.



Pioneer Clubs is always so much fun.
It was extra special during Purik Week.
After the story "Jesus and the woman at
the Well" shared in John 4:1-42, we all
made a fish. Love and God are
beautiful fish. Blessings to you!

Jr. Youth Spaghetti Lunch



Our newest friends
Mohamad
& Muktar.



God's Love for us Overflows

Over the last year or so, I have had the joy of putting together chemistry demonstrations with Rachael Peters to accompany children's story time during the English worship service. In recent months, you may have noticed us up there more frequently as the worship committee has decided to be intentional about including more child-engaging elements in our worship here at NUMC. Throughout this time, I've had numerous people come up to ask me "how'd you do that?" or "where'd you learn that?" Since the "how" is a little more difficult to explain, I'll stick with the "where" for now.

My fascination with demonstrations (the lingo we use for showy experiments that get people's attention) began in high school. I had two high school science teachers, Mr. Unruh and Ms. Coles, who instilled in me a fascination with chemistry, biology, and physics by performing



demonstrations in class or by assigning a student to do one in front of the class weekly on what we called "Freaky Foamy Fire Fridays". Since I went to a very small school in an isolated rural Kansas town, we could probably get away with some things that most schools would never consider. For instance, after spending a number of weeks learning about the laws that govern flight, Mr. Unruh coordinated with a number of local farmers who had airplanes to take our physics class flying for an afternoon—we were able to experience flight in a small 2- or 4-seat plane, experience the sensation of weightlessness when the plane was put into a nosedive, and try our hand at flying by manipulating the controls that change the pitch of the plane. Needless to say, that experience made the textbook chapters about flight and Bernoulli's Principle a little more exciting!



Following high school, I enrolled at Tabor College—another small school where we could get away with certain things—where I began working on my Bachelor Degree in chemistry. It was here that the chemistry demonstrations really got me excited.

Dr. Bruce Heyen, who joined us at NUMC last summer, taught many of my classes, and he frequently included exciting elements in his classes—explosions, fire, loud bangs, colorful reactions, pungent smells, slimy goo—which, again, made the subject matter more memorable and exciting. It was Bruce who taught me the most about these fun experiments as I began helping him with science shows in which we would put together an hour-long program full of these fun experiments for local schools, 4-H clubs, and church groups. For two years, I spent a week with him planning and leading a science rotation for the annual Mennonite Brethren Junior Camp (5th to 8th graders), until leading that on my own the final year.



After Tabor College, I made my way up to Buffalo for graduate school, but I think most of you know that spiel. After a year or two of enjoying children's story at church, I started to think: "Hey, I could do that... I could do this... or that... or... I have so many ideas!" Often times, though, I have to adapt my plans due to having to cross an international border to get to church—I don't want to lose my Nexus card due to bringing chemicals across! Rachael has



also been a wonderful friend in putting these stories together. Often she is the one who remembers that we'll need a towel to work on or a way to keep little kids' hands out of chemicals they shouldn't be in, as well as figuring out how to make a Bible lesson out of something like a beaker of foaming liquid. I've really enjoyed sharing these experiments with you all, and I hope they help you to remember such important things like **"God's love for us overflows!"** and that **"Jesus' gift of love for us makes our hearts clean again."**



~ submitted by Will Friesen

LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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

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