

Matthew 25:31-46

right goats
welcomed hand
clothing sick
gave
prison
king
Come
care
least
visited
stranger
prepared
sheep
one
food saw
naked
drink
thirsty
eternal
righteous Lord

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January, February 2017 VOLUME 4 EDITION 1

Life With Us

At Niagara United Mennonite Church

**True evangelical faith cannot lie
sleeping**

**For it clothes the naked
It comforts the sorrowful
It give to the hungry, food
And it shelters the destitute.**

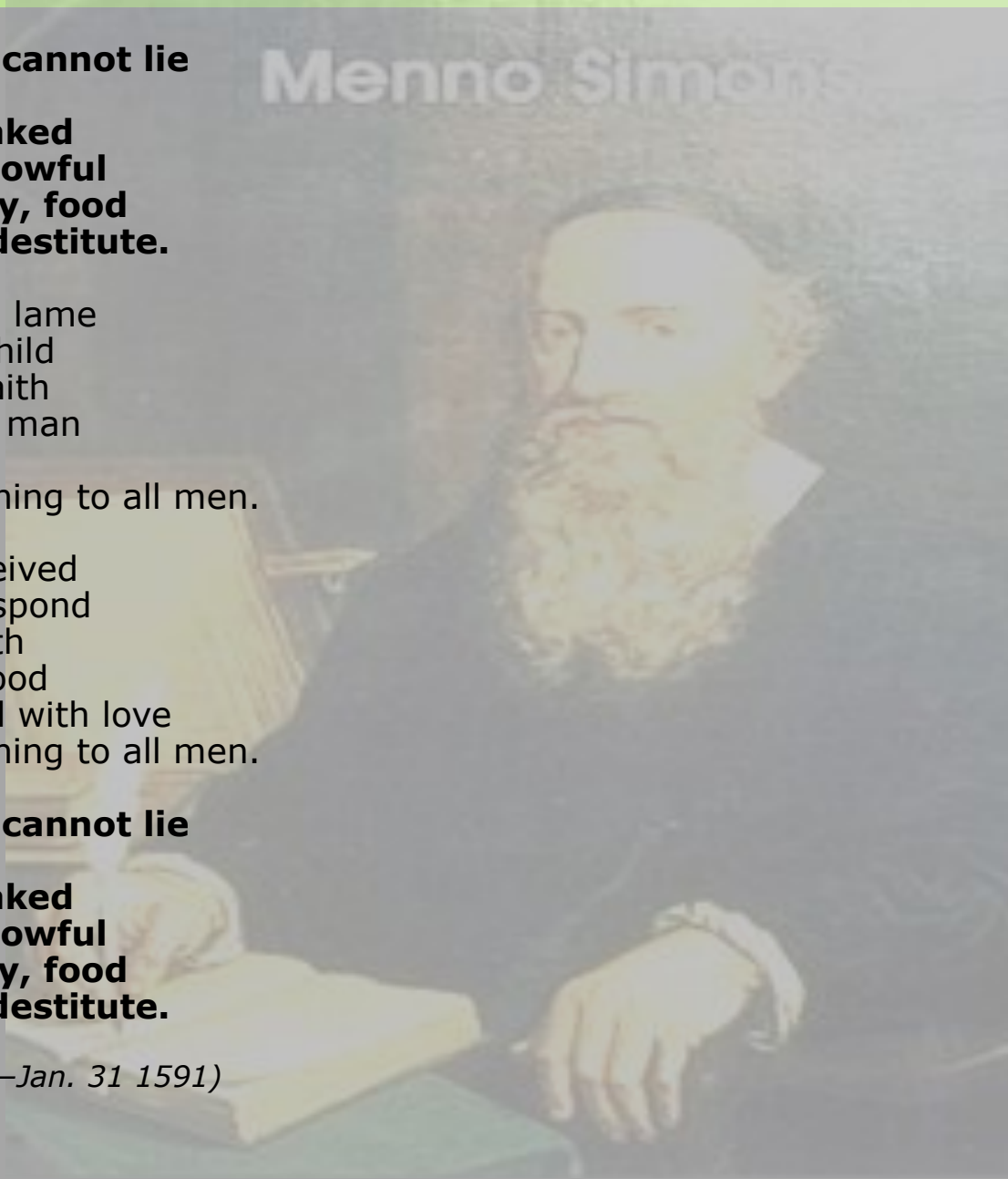
It cares for the blind and lame
The widow and orphan child
That's true evangelical faith
It binds up the wounded man
It offers a gentle hand
We must become everything to all men.

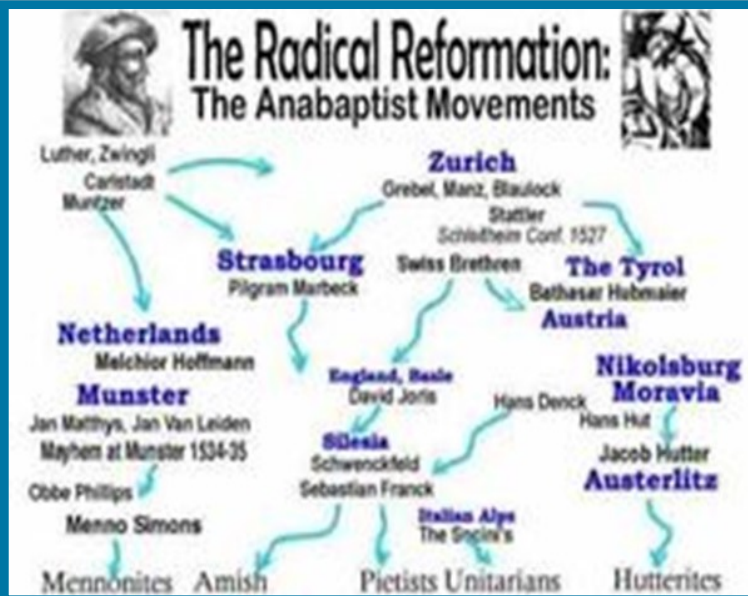
Abundantly we have received
And gratefully we will respond
With true evangelical faith
So overcome evil with good
Return someone's hatred with love
We must become everything to all men.

**True evangelical faith cannot lie
sleeping**

**For it clothes the naked
It comforts the sorrowful
It give to the hungry, food
And it shelters the destitute.**

~ **Menno Simons** (1496—Jan. 31 1591)





It was the evening of January 21, 1525, a dozen or so men slowly trudged through the snow. Quietly but resolutely, singly or in pairs, they came by night to the home of Felix Manz. The chill of the winter wind blowing off the lake did not match the chill of anxiety that gripped the little band that fateful night.

Historical accounts say this: they began to bow their knees to the Most High God in heaven and called upon him as the Informer of Hearts, and they prayed that he would give to them his divine will and that he would show his mercy unto them. For flesh and blood and human forwardness did not drive them, since they well knew what they would have to suffer on account of it.

After the prayer, Georg of the House of Jacob (known to most as Blaurock) stood up and asked Conrad Grebel to baptize him with the Christian baptism upon his faith and knowledge.

Blaurock then proceeded to baptize all the others present. The newly baptized pledged themselves as true disciples of Christ to live lives separated from the world and to teach the gospel and hold the faith.

Anabaptism was born

It has been noted as the most revolutionary act of the Reformation. No other event so completely symbolized the break with Rome. Here, for the first time in the course of the Reformation, a group of Christians dared to form a church after what they believed to be the New Testament pattern.

The early Anabaptists, while diverse and far from perfect, committed themselves to the restoration of the New Testament church. Even though there were regional differences and various aspects received emphasis more than others "there was a common core of theological beliefs and church practices that bound together all Anabaptists as sisters and brothers of a related movement.

Core Belief: The Bible and the Holy Spirit

A fundamental Anabaptist belief was that the Bible is the authoritative word of God and through the Holy Spirit, the unfailing guide to lead to faith in Christ.

Core Belief : Salvation and Discipleship

Listen to the words of Menno Simons more than 500 years ago, regarding the belief of Salvation leading to Discipleship: He writes: Through the merits of Thy blood we receive the remission of our sins according to the riches of Thy grace. Yea through this blood on the Cross He reconciled all upon earth and in heaven above. Therefore, dear Lord, I confess that I have or know no remedy for my sins, no works nor merits, neither baptism nor the Lord's supper, but the precious blood of Thy beloved Son alone which is bestowed upon me by Thee and has graciously redeemed me, a poor sinner, through mere grace and love, from my former walk.

Core Belief : Christ is Central Who or what is at the center of Anabaptist Christianity?

The answer is simple yet profound! The center is Jesus, - his life, his death and his resurrection. Everything else in the New Testament, revolves around this. Without Jesus, Christianity has no basis, no rationale, no center.

Today, we live in a world where corporations and organizations go to great lengths and expense to create codes of ethics. The early Anabaptists had a much simpler way.

Their code of ethics was learned from Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount. Did you know that The Sermon on the Mount is the longest continuous section of Jesus speaking, found in the New Testament? It includes some of the best known teachings of Jesus, such as the Beatitudes. Our Anabaptist forebears adhered to its literal interpretation - that suffering was a mark of the true church, as Jesus had taught in the Sermon on the Mount. (Matt. 5, 6, 7)

Core Belief – Self Surrender (*Gelassenheit* and Peace

It is said that “at the heart of Anabaptism was freedom of choice and personal responsibility for that choice, for both women and men. That choice spoke of the need for self-surrender and yielding [*Gelassenheit*] to God and the Body of Christ on earth being the church. Yielding also meant accepting water baptism and accepting the admonishment of the community of saints”. The Anabaptists baptize only those who have come to a personal, living faith. Voluntary baptism, together with a commitment to walk in the full newness of life constitutes the basis of church membership in the Anabaptist community.

The interpretation of Peace is where Anabaptists differ from many other Christians. On the basis of Scripture, Anabaptists see peace and reconciliation as being at the heart of the Christian gospel. It was costly for Jesus and it may also be costly for his followers. Conrad Grebel wrote in a letter to Thomas Müntzer in 1524: True Christian believers are sheep among wolves, sheep for the slaughter... Neither do they use worldly sword or war, since all killing has ceased with them.

The Hymn “**Who now would follow Christ**” (*Wer Christo jetzt will folgen nach*) one of the original hymns of the Ausbund of 1564 consisted of 27 five line stanzas. The hymn commemorates Georg Wagner, a spiritual leader of the Anabaptists who died a martyr's death in Munich, Germany in 1527. It too depicts yieldedness to God's will.

1. Who now would follow Christ in life
Must scorn the world's insult and strife,
And bear the cross each day.
For this alone leads to the throne;
Christ is the only way.
2. Christ's servants follow him to death
And give their body, life, and breath
On cross and rack and pyre.
As gold is tried and purified
They stand the test of fire.
3. Renouncing all, they choose the cross,
And claiming it, count all as loss,
E'en husband, child, and wife.
Forsaking gain, forgetting pain,
They enter into life.



Core Belief : Servanthood and Sharing

Anabaptists believed that just as Christ came to be a servant to all, so Christians should also serve one another and others in the name of Christ. This meant practical caring for the poor, the widows, and the orphans, and generally living as “members of one body.” It is said that Anabaptists believed in “radical economic sharing” and that this concept was one of the strongest common desires of the peasants in 1525. By 1527, the group had developed its own organization for poor relief, a regular Bible study for members, a rudimentary job-placement program for immigrants and a plan for training evangelists. Does that not sound like us? Today, we don't have to look far to realize that the core belief of Servanthood and sharing is part of our DNA as Mennonites.

It began the evening of January 21, 1525, and we have been reminded of those who led the way against incredible odds, from prisons and dungeons to be obedient to Christ's teachings. We remember the many martyrs who held firm to their core beliefs to their death. The Martyr's Mirror states that like Paul's testimony in Romans 8:35, they believed that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus. Through this love they overcame all things and performed glorious deeds beyond the power of man.

The 16th-century Anabaptist story may seem like ancient history to us today, but for many brothers and sisters in the global Anabaptist-Mennonite church, it will sound familiar, particularly to those groups who face the challenge of persecution and suffering still today.

And so, we remember our heritage as a living testimony to Christ's presence that joins the church today with a great cloud of witnesses who have gone before us. May God grant and instill in us a renewed vigour and enthusiasm for this heritage and create a fervor to nurture and keep it in our lives today and tomorrow.

~ submitted by Rita Epp, as researched & presented for our Anabaptist Heritage Concert, Nov. 2016

My Stories from Ukraine ... *George Dyck*

I have always been fascinated by the stories told by my maternal grandparents, so it was inevitable that I would end up visiting Ukraine. Viktor from Zaporizhyya, Ukraine, brought to life my childhood memories of Oma's stories as we often drove his 1998 Opel through fields using "cow" paths on adventuresome exploring trips. After many trips, I felt my perceptions were merging with those of my grandparents' past and that I was starting to really appreciate their past.

It is no secret that all of our lives include its sad, happy, fearful and profound moments. Life is no different in Ukraine. So I will share four experiences to illustrate.

Viktor and I went on many trips and on one of them we visited the former Lutheran village of Prischib across the Molotschna River from the former Mennonite village of Halbstadt in the Molotschna Settlement. I am on the Board of Directors of the Friends of the Mennonite Centre in Ukraine (aka FOMCU) so I asked Viktor to stop at the orphanage in Prischib, now part of Molochansk. I wanted to see how our projects were progressing.

The roads from Zaporizhyya to Molochansk are very rough so it felt good to finally arrive at the Prischib orphanage facility. It was a beautiful day, sun shining, great surrounding scenery of rolling hills dotted with shrubs and trees. The Molotschna River was in the distance.



Well ... we were not even out of the car when we were enthusiastically greeted by a group of children who wanted to "test drive" the car and see how the horn honked, the lights blinked and so on. It became abundantly clear that we had to quickly lock the car the moment the last kid jumped out before the next group noticed our arrival.

So off we went towards the complex of buildings. Before we entered the main building the kids were showing us how to do cartwheels and various acrobatic twists and turns. I must admit that they were good! They were very eager to impress us ... almost like it was a test. Once inside I met with the orphanage director who explained that their lunch break was to begin in a few minutes and would we please join them. We did. As the kids were washing their hands in the hallway basins they asked all kinds of questions which I did not understand. As I do not speak Ukrainian, I turned to Viktor and asked him to translate for me as there seemed to be some urgency in their persistent questioning. He replied that he would translate everything later. Ok, I thought to myself and we continued our tour of the various classrooms and the gym as the kids were eating. The Mennonite Centre had provided many beds, clothing, classroom materials, building materials and paint over the years and naturally the director was eager to point them out to me and asked me to thank the generous Canadian donors.

It was a very nice visit! The director had been so thankful for all the help we gave them throughout the many years. The orphans had been so welcoming. I had once again learned more about the system, their on-site-school, the dormitory, their meals and recreational facilities and daily activities. As we walked away I turned to Viktor and asked him, "So ... what were the kids asking me in the hallway?" Viktor turned to me, looked directly into my eyes, and said, "They wanted to know if you would be their daddy." I could hardly keep the tears from rolling down my face. They wanted to be adopted and be part of real family.



At the Mennonite Centre we set up clinics for the local villagers who can't afford health costs. There is no "health insurance" as we know it in Canada. We have hired a general practitioner, an optometrist and a psychiatrist to serve the local community through our evening walk-in clinics. Years ago our manager had ordered an "Optometrist Kit" from Kyiv and I clearly remember the day we picked it up in Zap. The kit included one of those charts with (Cyrillic) letters on it, that patients would read to test their eyesight. Then there was a box full of various strengths of lenses and so on. Bottom line is that we test the patient's eyes and our Optometrist writes the prescription for eye glasses. We measure and fit for frames and send off the information. In about a week we receive the tailor-fit glasses. The complete cost has ranged from \$5 - \$10 depending on the lens type.



For most villagers this new found sight is a miracle come true ... they can see clearly. Most cannot afford eyewear costs and the clinics are often far away. We hear many stories of how eyesight, that we take for granted, changes their lives. Grannies can now read stories to their grandchildren. They

can see their own faces clearly. They can safely cook. Men often find that doing their tasks at work is easier and safer with good vision. Anyone over 60 years of age can identify with the "too short arms syndrome". If you are short sighted, then you can appreciate that seeing distances presents its challenges.

One afternoon a little old granny, "Babushka", visited our Mennonite Centre. This is nothing unusual as many people drop by every day thanking us for rescuing them from various hardships. It soon became clear that Babushka was extremely pleased with the new glasses we had provided to her for free. Our staff fully expected to hear the story of how she was able to read and so on. Babushka proceeded to explain that her eyesight when walking along the street was now extremely good. Her safety was now assured as she could see distances and avoid cars and bikes scooting along. In fact her eyesight was now so good that she could see a certain lady by name of Olga from afar down the sidewalk. Now, as Olga would approach, our Babushka could with confidence cross to the other side of the street from afar, thus completely avoiding Olga. Previously she did not recognize Olga until she ran into her and then it was too late to avoid her. Babushka repeated that these new glasses were such a blessing! Enthusiastically she thanked the staff!

In 1909 Mennonites built an incredible, huge church in Schoensee, now Snegurovka. The ceiling was painted with murals by talented artists. But alas revolution, famine, war, weather and time left the church in ruins. Twenty foot tall trees were growing in the former sanctuary. Windows, doors and the roof were gone. Local farmer's geese, ducks and chickens had taken over ownership of what was once sacred space.



A few years ago a little old lady, nicknamed by locals as "Mother Theresa", had an

idea. Then along came Father Peter, a Ukrainian Greek Catholic priest who had a parish in Melitopol and was planting churches. Well, you can already guess what happened ... they tackled the absolutely ridiculously impossi-

ble job of restoring that large church and filling it with local worshipping villagers.



The first problem was that they had no money. In a country where pensioners get \$150 a month this is a problem. Many locals were pensioners. The

resourceful Father Peter brought in volunteers from everywhere. Father Peter tells us that every time he got down on his knees to pray ... God said to go see the Mennonites. So early one morning he arrived at the Mennonite Centre to explain his situation to us. Using email, our board in Canada met



to approve the cost of concrete for the floor. In 2 months the floor was complete and Father Peter was back again asking for insulation and panels for the ceiling. We approved and bought the required materials. Some time later when the restoration work was nearing completion, we asked him how he was progressing. His response was ... not to worry ... the Mennonites had provided the floor and ceiling and that God was filling the space in between with his Holy Spirit.

(cont'd next pg.)



The church at Schönsee—restored!



A short time ago I convinced my friend Viktor, from Zaporizhya, to head into the Donets Oblast, the present day war zone, in eastern Ukraine. So on a bright cool October morning we headed east. The colourful leaves on the trees were beautiful, but the roads with their many potholes were terrible. I promised myself never ever to complain about any road conditions in Canada because absolutely nothing in Canada compared to this ... to date I have kept my promise! The war effort has drawn so much money out of Ukraine's infrastructure budgets that nothing gets repaired much less improved. Schools, hospitals, public buildings, bridges, roads, water, hydro, sewer systems have fallen into disrepair.

We had passed through several military stops. Soldiers search your vehicle looking for weapons and sift through your belongings and identity documents. I had taken some interesting photos approaching several of these. A few days previous we had passed through Mariupol where I got to try on a Ukrainian military uniform. It turns out that Canada supplied 30,000 uniforms and boots to Ukraine. Once they found out that I was Canadian they were friendly and I got some nice photos mingling with soldiers on the "front".

Today we were heading straight for the city of Donets. As we were approaching one of the military stops near the prohibited war zone I had the ultimate photo on my camera screen. Excitedly I clicked and then clicked again. Wow, they were really good ones! We waited our turn and slowly approached the military personnel who we knew would ask for our papers and look in the trunk of the car. I was looking out my window as Viktor talked in Ukrainian with the soldiers. Two seconds later

he turned to me and said, "They want your photos." My photos? "Yes, they want you to erase them from your camera. You are lucky that they don't want your camera." I asked Viktor to mention that I was from Canada. The soldier, as if anticipating my response, replied, "I am the one holding the gun!" I promptly erased my stellar photos! I must point out the war front is a very dangerous place to be. A few weeks previous a kind old gentleman had stopped by the war front and had dropped off a can full of local honey, considered a delicacy. He had said, "For our boys at the front". Several hours later it exploded killing 3 soldiers.

~ submitted by George Dyck (brother of Linda Dyck Friesen)



MY VACATION WITH A PURPOSE!!

On Saturday, October 8th I embarked on my first trip alone. Until the age of seventy-nine I had never flown anywhere alone and so was both thrilled and terrified at the same time.

My husband, John, and my daughter, Joannie Penner, took me to the Toronto airport at 6a.m. to catch my flight to Hong Kong at 10:15a.m. They accompanied me to security and we said good bye.

As I walked through security and waved good bye to them I found a tear coursing down my cheek as I suddenly realized that I was truly all alone! I walked down miles of moving walks, up and down escalators and finally arrived at the gate of the Air Canada flight. I had fortified myself with a lot of reading material so I sat down and waited for our flight to embark. The flight was fifteen hours from Toronto to Hong Kong with no stop over. We flew right through the night and arrived in Hong Kong at one thirty Sunday afternoon. Hong Kong is an immense airport with planes coming in from all over the world. Again, I walked down long moving walks, up and down long escalators and then a train to get to the part of the airport where we were to pick up our luggage. After going through security I finally came through the door and into the waiting room where my grandson was standing with a huge smile on his face. I was never so happy to see a familiar face.

We took a taxi to the border of China and cleared customs to go to Shenzhen, the city where my grand daughter, Adrienne Janzen Richardson, her husband Scott, and their two children Emmeline and Oliver live. Scott took me to the Marco Polo hotel that my daughter Debbie and I had booked for the two weeks we were spending there. I had a quick nap and shower and then went down to the lobby where I suddenly saw this little figure come running at full speed to meet me and throwing herself into my arms! Emmeline and Scott had come to get me and we walked to their apartment, which was a brisk twenty minute walk, to meet my newest great grandson, Oliver, who was just a week old. What a joy it was to hold this newest little member of our family in my arms and give him a loving hug and kiss!



The following day Debbie arrived from Newark, New Jersey, and we settled into our hotel room that we shared for the next two weeks.

Shenzhen is an enormous city of 10 million people that had been just a town about twenty five years ago. It is all high rises and modern buildings. Debbie and I walked to Adrie and Scott's place twice a day and spent wonderful times with Emmeline, taking her to parks, play areas and long walks and so giving Adrie and Oliver a little quiet time. At Adrie's apartment we made big pots of chicken noodle soup and borscht and Christopher, our other grandson, would join us for supper. We had wonderful times going out for lunches and dinners with all the family.

The weather in Shenzhen was hot and humid for the two weeks we were there, and the Friday before leaving for home, Hong Kong and Shenzhen were hit with a typhoon. The schools and government offices were closed for the day. In Shenzhen it was mostly torrential rain and strong winds causing our hotel to sandbag the doors facing the wind and rain; but in Hong Kong six hundred and forty flights were cancelled or delayed. This gave us great concern about our flight home the next day, but fortunately by the next day flights were back to normal.



Our time with our family in China went by too quickly, and we got ready to fly back home. Chris took me to the border between Mainland China and Hong Kong and I took the limousine back to the Hong Kong airport. Again, lengthy security, long moving walkways, escalators, and a train to get to the Air Canada gate. Coming back I gained the twelve hours time difference and so left Hong Kong at 3:00 p.m. on Saturday and arrived in Toronto at 6:15 p.m. on the same day. Again the security, long walks and waiting at the carousel for the luggage but as I emerged through the doors, there were John and Joannie waiting with welcoming smiles on their faces. I was so happy to be back in Canada!! It was an awesome trip!!

~ submitted by Lucy Harder

Amazing Experiences in Iceland



If you asked me a year ago where I saw myself now, it would not have been Iceland. This is my final semester with the University of Guelph and I only need 1 full credit to graduate (2 courses). The

reason I made the decision to go abroad was to travel, and to take time for myself to figure out what I want to do after I graduate. Iceland was not my number one choice for an exchange, but here I am, and I just love it! The school is great, and the people are friendly, but also a bit odd... that's a different story, or many. I am currently in four classes. Two of them are about Iceland; *Icelandic as a Foreign Language*, and *Icelandic Nature*. Myself, as well as many other exchange students that are taking Icelandic language find it very difficult to get the hang of. I find myself to be the most disadvantaged, because while I only know one language, all of the other students have their native tongue, whether it be German, Spanish, Slovakian, Czech, French, etc, in addition to English. I feel like they are better at learning a new language than me because of this, or they understand the reason or context that masculine and feminine words might be used in. This is something that I really struggle with. I am having a lot more fun in my Icelandic nature course, and I have gone on two field trips. The first was whale watching, and we got to learn about the fish processing factories. For the second trip, we visited a dairy farm, a horse farm, and an



agriculture research lab that tests soil and plants that can survive Iceland's climate. There was also a small church by the research lab that was very pretty, and well maintained. It is still in use every Sunday for mass, and the priest lives on the farm. Supposedly there were three large fires that caused damage to the church in the past,

and it is said to have been due to karma. Either it was set on fire by people, or it caught fire from a lightning strike. Words may have been lost in translation to whichever is true.

I have had the pleasure of experiencing many spectacular things in Iceland, and one of my favourites is the aurora borealis. In fact, I've seen them many times now, and they are just so breathtaking every single time. The way the lights dance in the sky, or fade from it to come back again even brighter. A few times, I have even seen them with different colours like violet, in addition to the regular beautiful green that they are. It's pretty difficult to capture them on camera sometimes, so you just get to sit back and enjoy them on their own.

I have gone on many weekend trips with friends or even full week trips with visitors from home. On these trips around Iceland I saw many waterfalls, glaciers, geysers, craters, lava fields, beaches, cliffs and many small towns in the middle of nowhere on the way to some destinations. My experiences in Iceland so far have been absolutely amazing. While I was scared to leave home, I definitely made the right decision coming here. I feel like being on my own so far away from home has made me more independent, and it has also given me lots of time to learn about myself as a person.

~ Amy Groetelaars

(Amy is granddaughter of Gunnar & Gertraut Doerwald, 22 yr. old daughter of Sigríð, the girl of the triplets. She attends the University of Akureyri in northern part of Iceland. It is called the heart city because the mountains around make it look like a human heart from space.)



Amy,
Sigríð,
Gertrude
& Leon





Lava stone and water, a very typical view



The bubble just before the geyser blows



Steam coming out in many places—lots of geothermal activity

~ submitted by Gunnar Doerwald



Where am I now? It's a good question, and one that has caused me to reflect a little bit. God has brought me to some wonderful places over the past few years since leaving Niagara on the Lake, and the great community at NUMC. In 2009 I left home and began my business degree at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo. These years were full of adventure, road trip service projects, serving at camp and, of course, some academic learning. I found a great church community while in Waterloo - a student church called The Embassy, where I played drums on the worship team every week.



I met Katherine during my time at Laurier, and we married in June 2014. Marriage has also been an exciting adventure and we have learned a lot in our first two years of marriage. About each other, God, humanity and ourselves.

Presently we rent in Burlington but will be moving into our first home in the new year. For this we are also very excited! God has blessed us with a great community here in Halton, and we have been attending Forestview Church for two years now. We have been involved in various ministries at the church, and like the approach Forestview takes on both local and global missions. It would be too much to write here, but if you are interested in the initiatives that we support, you can check them out on the web.



Facilitating leadership at NUMC

Katherine is hoping to secure work in the Hamilton/Halton region after she gets called to the bar in June, and I continue to enjoy my job selling and facilitating leadership training programs at a company called Eagle's Flight in Guelph.

As I reflect on the way that God has guided and provided, I am thankful and in awe of his goodness. Katherine and I look forward to the future as we continue to grow together and learn how to make sense of the big and busy world we live in!



- submitted by Jeremy Enns
(son of Dorothea & Rudy Enns, & grandson of Annemarie Enns)

Where is Miss O'Riley now?

By Emma Dirks

My first major speaking role on stage was one Christmas Eve at NUM. I brought to life Lani Gade's character, Miss O'Reilly who served as the narrator and tour guide for the congregation that evening. Outfitted in a pencil skirt and one of Mrs. Gade's scarves, I set off on a journey that would eventually



take me to the stages at Eden High School and The University of Texas in Austin. I went to UT on an athletic scholarship thinking that I would major in TV and Film however, the stage called me back. One day upon seeing the animated thespians pour out the doors of the theater building, I heard the siren's call. I went inside to investigate the possibility of changing my degree to a Bachelor in Fine Arts –Theater Studies.



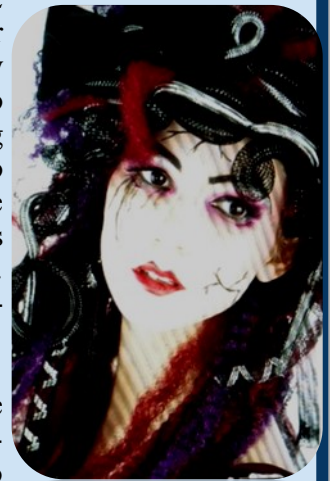
theatre props or working on my business portfolio. After a year in the Theatre program, my heartstrings were pulled towards the creative world of Makeup. I studied stage makeup, special effects, beauty/editorial, and I learned the lost



art of wig making. My teammates served as my makeup models and I had fun acting in their videos for their film courses. Upon graduation I was ready to test my skills out in the real world. I packed up my cowboy boots and my little puppy and drove on out to Hollywood.

I was blessed to find a kindred spirit in LA makeup artist Victoria Rowe. She hired me for my first movie, after living only 2 weeks in La La land. This film kicked off my career and I spent a year working in the Makeup Industry on and off film sets. When my US visa was about to expire the "Adventures of Emma and her traveling Makeup kit" had to continue in Canada. So back to the great white north I went. Since returning I have been focusing my talents on editorial fashion shoots

in Toronto and helping the beautiful brides of Niagara achieve their perfect wedding look. Last fall I was hired to work a short-term placement in the Wig Department at the Shaw Festival and 'my heart took flight'.



My adventures thus far could not have been achieved without the full support of my entire family. My father Peter Jr. was my rowing coach and instilled in me my passion to drive towards a goal. Even though my mom, Linda, was an art teacher it was my sister Kate who clearly who picked up the talent for canvas while I could hardly draw a stick figure. During my drama classes at Eden HS, I learned my calling was for transforming and enhancing faces with theatrical makeup. My aunt, Susan Kaye taught me colour mixing and brushwork in her painting classes and I frequently use these skills in my makeup applications. Finally my adventures, especially those in Hollywood, would not have been possible without the love and support of Peter and Marie Dirks, my Opa and Oma.



A good makeup look is not possible unless you have a good foundation. That holds true in my life, a good foundation in family and faith has led to many great adventures. Lani always asks me "What has Miss. O'Riley been up to?" Now you can see for yourself. You will find my work on IMDB, or on my website

www.em4makeup.com

I work on Beauty, Bridal, Blood and Gore, you have been warned ;)

Jennifer Janzen-Jabs, Architect

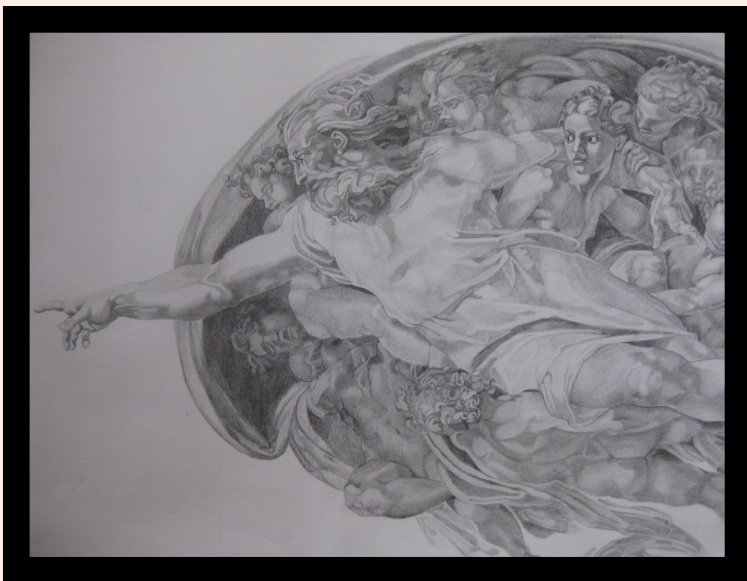
Once upon a time, there was a little girl who loved to draw. She sat for hours on end, with paper and pencil in hand, drawing everything from people and pets to houses. On Sunday mornings she sat quietly in church, bulletin on her lap and pencil in hand. By the end of church, she had at least 2 house plans drawn.

Jennifer was always creative. She spent time with me at work after school where she helped pick paint colours and wallpaper designs for customers. As the little girl grew up, her art teacher in high school was a big influence on her, and helped her to develop a love of art, art history and design.

Another big influence in her life was her Grandmother Murray, who always encouraged Jennifer to follow her dreams. In the 40's, before she was married, Grandma Murray was given a full scholarship to a New York design school. Later, she designed the house in which she raised her family. Jennifer was a frequent visitor to that house, and absorbed its "peopleness" –the smell of food preparation, the canning of farm produce. Its inhabitants grew, the family festivals marking their lives,- all of which made the structure a home which reflected its designer. This was a large influence on Jennifer's inspiration to become an architect, who is simply one who designs the spaces and buildings to which we relate in our lives.

The above is the condensed version of what led Jennifer into architecture. It's a profession where she can use her creativity every day. To see what the house plans drawn on church bulletins became, you can check out "Linebox Studio" on the internet. The little girl is all grown up now.

~ submitted by Wendy Janzen (and Peter)



Samples of Jennifer's artwork

January Birthdays

Eric Goerz: 84 (1/1/33)
Else Ballau: 90 (1/2/27)
Victor Braun: 89 (1/2/28)
Rudy Wiens: 91 (1/7/26)
Frieda Neufeld: 83 (1/12/34)
Elvin Penner: 81 (1/15/36)
Hermann Gau: 83 (1/17/34)
Gunter Block: 87 (1/18/30)
Frank Siemens: 83 (1/19/34)
Jacob Epp: 83 (1/21/34)
Nettie Rahn: 86 (1/24/31)
Margarete Pauls: 86 (1/28/31)



February Birthdays

Lieselotte Schmidt: 80 (2/2/37)
Helene Peters: 84 (2/3/33)
Hertha Neumann: 85 (2/5/32)
Lena Van Bergen: 84 (2/9/33)
Hannelore Enss: 83 (2/9/34)
Hans Ulrich Fieguth: 82 (2/11/35)
Lucy Harder: 80 (2/27/37)

My Life in Reflection ~ by Lena Van Bergen

I can't believe I'm approaching my 84th birthday. It has been an interesting and adventurous journey. At the time, my grandmother had 7 grandsons (4 on the Fransen side and 3 on the Andres side) and I was the first granddaughter who happened to arrive on my Aunt Lena's 15th birthday, Feb. 9, 1933.

No questions asked, my name had to be Lena!

I certainly did not become a spoiled child because by age 3, I had 3 more siblings, 2 of them being a set of twins. Years later my mother remarked that had she known how well twins got along, she would have wished we were all twins. By the time I was 12, I had 8 younger siblings and I had a full time job looking after them. I remember crying one day that there just seemed to be no end to babies arriving. My aunt tried to console me and said they will all grow up some day. But I recalled saying that by the time they grow up, another one is on the way. My thoughts at the time were if I ever had another chance to come into this world, I would want to be the youngest.

Growing up we were never allowed to hit each other physically, but teasing to no end was okay. We always had our own hockey and baseball teams and loneliness was never in our vocabulary. I had a lot of responsibilities in a family of 12 but now that they are all married and matured, I am thankful to have them. Somehow our parents managed to keep us all within the Niagara region.

My 3 oldest brothers have passed on and the 8 younger ones are enjoying their retirement years. Being the oldest now, I remind them its pay back time. Our parents would be so thankful that we all get along and enjoy each others company and that we are there for each other.

Growing up in a large family surely had its advantages.



History at NUMC via bulletins ~ Harold Neufeld

From the January 15, 1967 Bulletin: "Sale Of Our Old Church: If someone wants to buy our old church, or if you know of someone who wants to buy it, please contact Church Council." (*As I figure it, in January 1967, "Our Old Church" was slightly less than 30 years old.*)

(*In the meantime, the kids were acting up...*) from the February 5, 1967 Bulletin, this: "Children have been doing mischief in the Sunday School Classrooms. We encourage parents and teachers on Wednesday nights and Saturday mornings to accept responsibility in this area."

From the Jan. 3, 1971 Bulletin: "Jan. 17 – Afternoon and Evening, Annual Membership Meeting. At the same meeting the Church will elect two new Deacons. Our slate of nominations for Deacons are: Hans Herman Dau, John Harder, Paul Rempel, Jacob Reimer."

Also this on Jan. 3, 1971: "Notice of Birth and Notice of Death: Marita, daughter of Siegfried and Helga Wiens, was born on Dec 14. 1970 in St. Catharines. She died on Dec. 17 in St. Catharines and was buried the next day at the Niagara Lakeshore Cemetery. May God comfort the young parents."

Birthday messages for Frank Siemens

"Thanks for all your love and support, have a great birthday!
Love, Ingrid"

"Zum Geburtstag alles Gute. Thanks for being such a great father.
Love, Hans"

"Congratulations on another trip around the Sun, Pop!
A toast ...
May your coffee be extra hot, and the tereré ice cold,
May your song be strong, and your hammer swing bold.
As we add another candle to your birthday blaettertorte,
Know that our love for each other will never fall short.
Love Wern"

Jennifer: "Frank, I really lucked out in the father-in-law department! You have made me feel part of the family from day-one and you are always ready with a big smile, a warm hug, and a fun laugh! Happy birthday to you...love you!"

Zack (12): "I love Opa because he is kind and understanding. He is someone I can talk to about hockey. He loves to hear about my games. That's only a little bit of why I love Opa. Happy birthday Opa!!!"

Gabe (11): "I love Opa because he is funny and makes *very* good tomatoes. He is also awesome in a lot of ways. One is he comes to my hockey games and will give me a twoonie if I score!"

(Laney drew a picture and added a poem to it. The picture depicts Laney in the garden with what I think are tomato plants and Opa is below with "You rock" written on him. I have transcribed the poem below:)

Laney (7):

"Have a magical day,

Hopefully things go your way.

I've set the birthday candles alight,

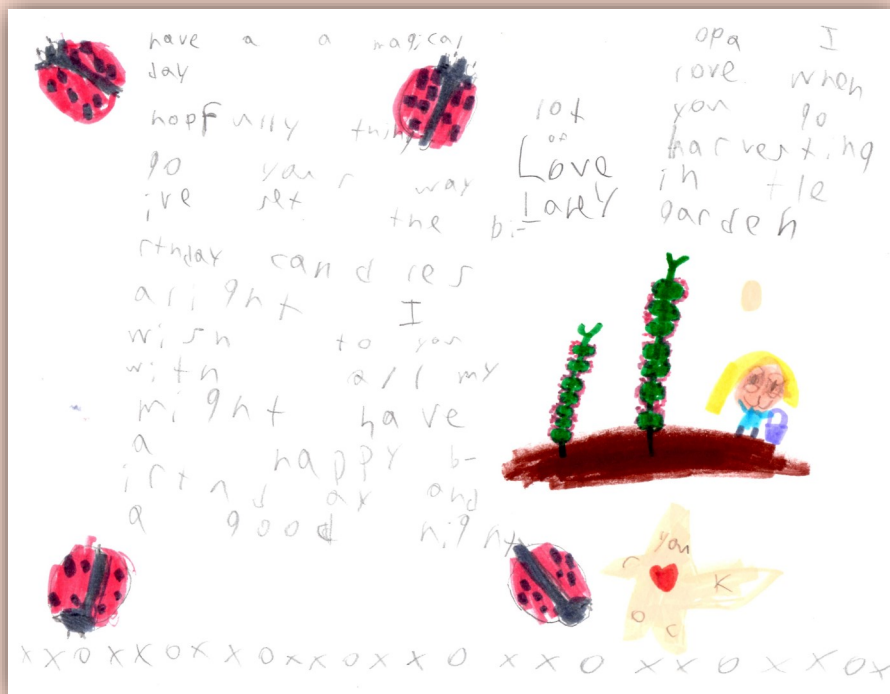
I wish to you with all my might.

Have a happy birthday

And a good night.

Opa, I love when you go harvesting in the garden.

Lots of love, Laney
XOXOXOXOXO"



Recipe for a great week cycling ~ Peter Janzen

1 borrowed van
2 eagle riders*
4 birdie riders**
1 designated driver and assistant***
4 par riders****
1 sagwagon
10 bicycles

Combine 1 borrowed van, 4 birdie riders, designated driver and assistant and 4 bicycles in Niagara-on-the-Lake. Travel to Leamington/Point Pelee. Add the 2 eagle riders who are at the hotel in Point Pelee, having ridden in from Windsor the day before, each on 1 of the bicycles. Ride into Point Pelee National Park. Find that coincidentally the \$20 of kitty money from last years' cycling holiday for the 6 cyclists now in the mix, basically covers everyone's entry fee. Big relief for the cyclist who was the treasurer and had this weighing on his conscience for over a year. Travel by bicycle, shuttle and foot to the southernmost point of mainland Canada. Observe that while we may be a peaceful nation, this part of the country is protected by very numerous and vicious biting flies. Take refuge.

For supper, put all 8 attendees into 7 passenger borrowed van, and drive to Kingsville for a wonderful supper in a wonderful setting. Thanks for the referral, Ron & Lou.

Next morning, designated driver and assistant return borrowed van to Niagara-on-the-Lake. Eagle and birdie riders are now alone with a bicycle each, and will ride east, following the shoreline of Lake Erie. All riders reassure each other that the road is level, and the prevailing winds will be behind us; this will be a cakewalk. The par riders will be leaving Niagara-on-the-Lake in the sag wagon and with the last of the bicycles, arrive at our evenings destination, park sag wagon, ride west (against the prevailing winds) and we will meet up somewhere in the middle, then go to back to where sagwagon is parked, where we will spend the night. Eagle and birdie riders hatch devious plan to leave late in the day, and extend the par riders ride against the west winds, then decide to leave such mischief till later in the ride when there will be less opportunity for payback. A little bit of miscommunication as to which group is on which roads, at which point in time the wives take control of the cell phones and everyone's future. All groups meet at a fruitstand on Highway 3, which we learn again is the Talbot Trail from the early settlement in this area. Lots of trucks hauling harvested tomatoes, but those aren't need for this recipe. I remembered the family drives to Leamington in the 60's along Highway 3, sometimes right on the shore, the oil derricks ("grasshoppers" we called them) slowly and continuously dipping their heads for a drink, then raising them to let it flow down into themselves, the red and green Insulbrick tobacco drying kilns, the rest area pull-offs where a curve in the road had been straightened and we would stop to eat a lunch of dried zwieback or rollkuchen. Less grasshoppers and kilns now though.

Stayed the night at Erieau (this is the first time I ever heard of that place), at the cutest little Mom & Pop motel. Apparently, Bayside Brewing Company is resident somewhere near here, and hopefully next time we go this way, we can find it. Wives find grocery store, so we can have bacon and eggs for breakfast and a picnic lunch tomorrow. Ride to the east end of the point on which Erieau sits, and looking across 150 metres of water, we

see Rondeau Provincial Park, tomorrow's destination. But, it's a 30 km ride to get there. Go figure.

Ride into Rondeau Park the next day, and have a picnic lunch. Park is virtually deserted, and we beach it for a while. We note that the biting flies from Point Pelee are not

in evidence, for which we are thankful. One of us observes the very many and large stands of big bluestem grass growing in the park. This is one of the native tallgrasses from the prairies, and it was native east to some parts of Ontario, which obviously included Rondeau. That night we stay at a lovely 3 storey log cabin bed & breakfast. Hostess had expressed a concern about the lack of restaurants in the area, and where would we have supper, since we only had bicycles. Made us an offer we couldn't refuse, \$15/head for supper. Said, if you want wine, that will be extra, but she would gladly obtain it for us. Being cheap, we said, we'll go with the \$15 offer, but there are some good home winemakers in the group who will look after libations. And so it was, we all got a pork roast supper, with all the fixings, and several kinds of dessert, and all the seconds you wanted, and the home winemakers looked after the libations. A well invested 15 bucks.

One balding rider finds that one of his tires is starting to match his hairline, and departs in sagwagon to buy another tire. Buys a 26 inch tire, but on trying it, finds that it is a different size than his 26 inch rim. Returns tire, taking rim with him, so that he is assured that the same 26 inches will work on both. He is successful in that, and concludes that there is indeed a lid for every pot.

The ride continues east. The theory of the wind being always at our back is being challenged. We are in the land of the wind turbines and we quickly observe that when the turbines are facing us, the riding is a lot easier than when they are facing away from us. We also look back along the shore, and we note that many times, the shoreline is a cliff. We start to wonder about the "road is level" theory. We ride through tobacco country, speak low German to the barefoot boys working in the tobacco fields. They explain to us what they are doing. Since this is September, after Labour Day, and these kids look like 12 year olds, we conclude this must be a work experience through school for them. However, I don't recall seeing any teacher or school bus present, so maybe we were mistaken.

We ride down to Port Stanley to our accommodations. Apparently the west side of it is in a valley which we have just ridden into. If the east side isn't in the same valley, the "road is level" theory will hold, but at this time, some doubters are showing their colours.

The next morning, the level road theory dies entirely. One cyclist breaks a chain, others walk up the valley exiting Port Stanley. As we proceed east, we also learn that all those creeks that drain into Lake Erie run downhill in valleys, so more hills. And actually, the valleys are worse than hills, because you get the downhill first, but know you have to go up after that. Fortunately, we are able to take rest and sustenance in one of those valleys where there just happened to be an ice cream stand, which also had a giveaway library. I took some of the free books, but who borrowed them? Somewhere along the ride, we get a bit of a break, because the old road bed of very broken up pavement had been replaced by a brand new, newly paved road, which was still awaiting its road markings. We overlooked that very small defect, as well as the pylons placed across the road so cars because their turn to use it would come later, and went across in three groups. Some guy in a white hard hat came out in a truck to welcome us. By the time he got to the last group in which I was riding, he was just smiling and waved us on. He had had a few more words for the front two groups, but he was probably sick of repeating his welcome speech.



At Port Burwell, we toured a submarine, stayed at a bed and breakfast, ordered pizza which the proprietor rolled out for us, then called his wife to come and finish, as he had to go to “be in the play”. The pizza was great, and after supper on the verandah, we all went to the opening night of “Seniors of the Sahara”, a play put on by Periscope Playhouse, the local theatre group in their newly renovated theatre. The 10 of us took up the back row, and probably comprised 25% of the audience. Wendy won \$75 in the 50/50 draw that was held, but I’m sure the locals were happy to support the tourists. Since this was opening night, they had food afterwards, where there was this huge buffet of mostly homemade goodies, and we gave a good account of ourselves to the hospitality of the townsfolk, shared snacks with the pizza proprietor and complimented him on his acting – and his wife on her pizza.



Port Rowan and Turkey Point all got left behind, as did Port Dover and Dunnville. There was a high school reunion going on in Dunnville, and some of the attendees to that were sure they remembered my sister-in-law from high school, she looked so familiar to them, but they had just forgotten her name. She assured them she had never attended that high school. Onward and east, along the feeder canal road out of Dunnville to Wainfleet. Somehow we ended up on the same road as was being used for the cycling stage of a triathlon being run that day from Welland, and we were passed by the leading cyclists from the triathlon, but not before a spectator had cheered us on with his cowbell. We are still wondering what the second most exciting event he ever experienced in Wainfleet.

And so to Welland, then along the Welland Canal bicycle path until we all wandered off to our respective homes, happy and healthy, and glad to have enjoyed a week of friendship. Next year’s plans are in progress for another cycling adventure.

The following substitutions suited our tastes:

* Arnold & Marlene Goertzen	** Erv & Esther Willms, Peter & Wendy Janzen
*** Sigrid Wiens and Rita Boldt	**** Rick & Elenore Block, Jim & Eleanor Dick

There is great flexibility in the ingredients, so I would encourage you to try this recipe with any group of people you call your friends. Avoid ingredients whose flavour may rise above the rest, and so disturb the harmonious balance, which makes the best tasting event. Also, while the eagle riders got in two extra days, and the birdie riders an extra day, we all had a great week, so the aging period can vary without affecting the pleasant outcome. Try it.



Was it Coincidence or? Since most of the here told stories reach into the past, so I will do the same. It was shortly after we were married. Like many of you know, marriage is not only a bed of roses. The daily responsibilities can be quite overwhelming. I was no exception. Three children under two, a mortgage on the house, payments on the car and a husband who worked at GMC. He got this job under one condition: that he would work steady night shift for the first year. That was difficult.

But be that as it may, we needed the money and we were willing to go by these rules. Odd as it may seem, we were overjoyed because that meant a steady income, but my husband had to get his sleep during the day. This resulted in me taking long walks with my three little ones many a times. When lunch time came around, we would sneak into the kitchen. I would quickly feed the children and put them down for the afternoon nap. The kids would sleep in the one bedroom and my husband in the other one. I could only do work that would not disturb my husband who was sleeping in the bedroom right next to my kitchen.

To make a long story short: Most of my work had to be done when my husband was at work – at night. Of course. I still remember that one night. Laundry that needed to be ironed had piled high. I was terribly tired. Since I was always anemic, my second name was ‘tired’. It was around 11 o’clock PM. The unironed laundry was still there. I could barely keep my eyes open. I was looking for something that would keep me awake. I reached for the radio. Maybe there was some program on that would take my mind off my tiredness. I turned that dial on the radio. There was nothing worth listening to. In my state of mind I needed something that would capture my attention. Well, that was it. What now? We had none of these modern distractions, such as TV. So I figured I would try again. All of the sudden I heard: Halleluja! O no! was my first thought. That was not Mennonite! That was definitely nothing for me!! **We were quiet in our church services.**

Well, my pile of laundry had still not gone away. I was still very tired. And the laundry must be ironed today. The next day brought enough work. I could not put it off. So I turned the dial once more - and - of course, hit the same station. Well, I thought, I may as well listen to this station - if it keeps me awake. And wouldn’t you know it? That minister captured my attention. He brought such a simple, down -to-earth message. Just what I needed. I listened while I ironed, with rapt attention. The young people nowadays would say: She is hooked! And you know what? They were right. Since then I was really looking forward to that half hour at night. I would gather work, such as mending socks or taking out zippers, jobs I really did not care for, in a pile and save it for this half hour. When Brother Rolloff -whose program first caught my attention – was killed in an airplane accident - I was very upset. But I found “Through the Bible Radio” by Dr. J Vernon McGee. A program that takes you through the Bible in five years. That was just what I needed.

I had made the decision when I was in grade 7 to teach my children – if I ever got married and had children – from the Bible. So no substitutes! God took me by my word and here was the first lesson. Coming from Volendam, Paraguay, I attended a very good school where Bible was one of the main subjects. Therefore, I was convinced I was quite knowledgeable when it came to the Bible. I even knew most of our catechism off by heart. But I was surprised by how much I had not known, after I had gone through the Bible with Dr. McGee in five years. We modern, very busy people, never seem to have enough time to do everything we ‘need’ to do. Well, here is one way to learn and still accomplish what is expected of us.

Through the Bible in 5 years?	Yes! Come and join us!	This program: Through the Bible Radio is being aired for the 10th time!	It is heard in over 100 languages and in over 100 countries.	Where can I find it? On WDCX 99.5 FM	When? In the morning at 10:30 AM	And if I miss it? Do not worry! The same program is repeated at night at 7:30PM
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When we plan a trip, we study the map very carefully before we start out on our vacation. The Bible takes the same place in our life. So hop on the Bible Bus!

You will not regret it! You will be blessed!

Well, was this really a coincidence? No! No! No! God moves in mysterious and sometimes even in “humorous” ways.

Yes, He does!

~ submitted by Elfriede Schimann

A Christmas Tradition



I always loved the lights of Christmas. Perhaps it is the warmth and promise of living in light in a dark world that gives hope. Growing up my mother and father always made sure that there were glowing lights outside our modest home and a Christmas tree inside that sparkled with the antique lights and decorations from my grandparents. It always made me feel happy and secure. When our own children were small Alice and I continued the tradition by hanging lights outside the front of our home and making sure that a fresh smelling cut Christmas tree adorned our small bungalow's living room with colourful lights. We both enjoyed Christmas decorating every year. When I retired eight years ago I had the extra time to be a little bit more creative with our outside display. Trips to the Benefit Shop or Bibles for Missions always provided a bit more items to display with the knowledge that the money spent on these purchases were going to a good cause. While sitting in my favourite Lazy Boy chair and looking out of our family room windows that overlook our backyard I started to have the idea of extending the joy of lights to this dark area. So I put the odd string of lights up back there and thought that this was very nice. Well, every year since and every trip to the above mentioned stores always provided me with the excuse to put up more and more with the stipulation that no inflatables, no overly flashing lights, or tacky displays were allowed. From a stable scene built from reclaimed wood from our old storage bin, to a jolly snowman made from grape vine balls, to Santa's sled and reindeer, to our fold up clothes line Christmas Tree, the displays have grown. We added the beautiful sounds of my mother's antique musical candles that play several familiar carols that delight our visitors. Wow, I sure got pleasure out of setting up



these little stations that would bring immediate smiles to our family. It was also joyful to see the faces of the children looking out of their back windows in the homes that surround ours. Then we thought, why not open our back gate and allow our neighbours and friends to stroll around our backyard and enjoy these light and sound displays too. That's what we did! I made a sign that read, "Please visit our backyard display!" and put it by the road in front of our house and made sure that it was suitably lit up at night. One by one our neighbours started to feel comfortable about walking through our side gate and visiting the backyard displays. They often feel a bit uncomfortable if they see us in our family room but we just wave and smile and say just enjoy the experience. The numbers of visitors have grown over the last few years. We leave the lights on and the displays up from November 25th to January 10th. I wasn't sure if I was going to be able to provide this again this year given our family health problems. But praise God for his grace and blessing on us all. It was also hard not to respond with a positive response when the neighbour kids knocked on the door in November and asked if the lights would be on again this year. I just couldn't say no. So, the light displays, both front, back and around the entire house are complete and lit from 5:00 pm to 11:00 pm. We invite everyone to come visit at 27 Mississauga Road, just north of Lakeshore road in north St. Catharines close to the lake. Let's hope that we get a bit of snow to reflect the warmth and brightness of Christmas lights. God bless us all!



~ submitted by Alex & Alice Bradnam

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LIFE WITH US NEWSLETTER

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