



FGMF Newsletter

Dear FGMF Family



A big thank you to the past two newsletter committee members, Joan Pankratz Turner and Ruth Jansen who helped out with ideas, follow up and contributions to the newsletter in the last two years. Also, thank you to Duane Penner who consistently says "yes" when the committee asks if he will format the newsletter, so that it is attractive and enticing to read. I want to welcome Dolores Lohrenz who has agreed to help out on this committee. The committee tries to have three newsletters each year. If there is

anyone else who would like to join the committee and share your ideas, we would be happy to have you. We meet two or three times a year to plan the newsletter and follow up with tasks required. The goal of the newsletter is to help each of us connect and get to know each other better. The committee appreciates your input, whether you are asked to contribute or do so voluntarily. Thanks to all of you who have contributed so far.

Debby Neufeld

QUOTE:

“Part of the inner world of everyone is this sense of emptiness, unease, incompleteness, and I believe that this in itself is a word from God, that this is the sound that God’s voice makes in a world that has explained him away. In such a world, I suspect that maybe God speaks to us most clearly through his silence, his absence, so that we know him best through our missing him.”

— Frederick Buechner, *Secrets in the Dark: A Life in Sermons*



WISDOM OF POPE FRANCIS

We need saints without cassocks, without veils - we need saints with jeans and tennis shoes. We need saints that go to the movies that listen to music, that hang out with their friends. We need saints that drink Coca-Cola, that eat hot dogs, that surf the internet and that listen to their iPods. We need saints that love the Eucharist, that are not afraid or embarrassed to eat a pizza or drink a beer with their friends. We need saints who love the movies, dance,

sports, theatre. We need saints that are open, sociable, normal, happy companions. We need saints who are in this world and who know how to enjoy the best in this world without being callous or mundane. We need saints.”



BRAUL VIDAL NICARAGUA UPDATE

Dear Friends and Family,

In August we will finish our interim assignment with MCC Nicaragua/Costa Rica as country representatives. We are thankful for this opportunity to serve, and also that MCC has found a couple to replace us who can commit to this job for a longer time period. That means we are beginning to get ready for



another transition and more new experiences.

Our time since Christmas has been filled with many visits with partners, getting to know our team better, reviewing proposals, budgets and working with legal documents with the government. Most interesting for Alden has been the work with partners who are implementing agriculture development programs with smallholder farmers.

MCC has for the last three years been promoting a system of production called conservation agriculture which seems to be well-adapted to many parts of Nicaragua where farmers grow meagre crops on soil depleted rocky hillsides. Seldom do these farmers grow

enough to meet their own consumption needs, meaning they have to spend significant time away from their family each year as migrant labourers to sustain their family.

Noel is one of the project participants who recently learned about conservation agriculture from one of partners that MCC supports.

Conservation agriculture is all about making good soil. The benefits include more efficient use of nutrients, less labour and higher yields. During the drought last year, almost all of Noel's neighbours had a total crop failure, while he managed to harvest an average bean crop. His field was a living testimony that growing a crop was still possible during very dry years. Through the experience, Noel has been able to encourage other farmers to try the



technology. Noel is now investing more time on his own farm rather than migrating to other parts of Nicaragua in search of work.

Marcos and Rebeca are doing well and enjoying school. Marcos has a fascination about volcanoes

given the many volcanoes we have seen, and is continually asking for stories about them. There is a volcano close to Managua that we visited where you can drive to the edge of the crater and peer down the endless hole in the ground and watch the sulfur laden clouds bellow out of the volcano from below. Rebeca is very proud of the pre-school she attends in the neighbourhood every morning. Her Spanish is coming along nicely which will bring lots of joy and smiles to Aida's side of the family (we are planning a short trip to Colombia in July). Marcos is also speaking Spanish very well, and on occasion has corrected Alden's Spanish....

Aida's writing skills and experience as a lawyer continually come in handy. There is a never ending need to understand the legal structure as we work on legal issues within Nicaragua. Her fees are also very reasonable! Aida is looking forward to cooling off though. During the last month, our house temperature hovered between 32 C and 38 C, day and night. Fortunately with the rainy season beginning shortly, the temperatures will drop a few degrees.

We expect to arrive in Winnipeg the end of August to get Marcos and Rebeca into their respective schools, and continue the job search.

For those of you in the northern hemisphere, we hope you have a great summer!

Cheers,

Rebeca, Marcos, Aida and Alden

WORD FIND BY WERNER NEUFELD



Challenges
 Discernment
 Family
 Food Bank
 Hope For Hunger
 Hosts
 Inclusive Church
 Menno Guest
 House
 Planning Committee
 Sad News
 Someone else
 Soop
 Steep Slide
 Transportation
 What do nurses do ?
 Wonderful Person

PLANNING COMMITTEE UPDATE MAY 2015 - WENDY JANZEN

The planning committee continued to meet monthly, and last met in early May to finalize plans for the May congregational meeting, discernment and committee coordination. The May planning committee meeting is the last meeting with the current committee members. Following the May congregational meeting, each committee will plan a transition meeting in June to welcome the new committee members and say good-bye to those completing their term. At this point in the year the planning and coordinating for spring services, Sunday school, events, etc... are mostly complete. There will be further planning in May and June for baptisms, which may take place at the church retreat

and a June service. Adult ministries, children's ministries, YAYA and the worship committee have all begun to look ahead to services, speakers and teachers for September. In advance of the May congregational meeting each committee was asked to review the description of the committee roles and responsibilities. Each committee responded with confirmation of the current text or proposed revisions to reflect the work of the committee. These descriptions will be printed in the report books and discussed at the May congregational meeting. Other significant topics at planning committee included updates on the discernment process, which will be concluded and confirmed by the

congregation at the May meeting, and ongoing challenges with the church sound system. There are different ways in which we can be an inclusive church, and some FGMF attendees are challenged to participate fully in worship when they cannot hear the speakers. Various suggestions have been explored, and there will be ongoing work toward an effective solution. It was a productive year for the planning committee, including movement on some challenging topics, yet there remains to be a number of interesting challenges and work ahead for the new planning committee in 2015-16.

VALERIE, NEIL AND OWEN BLOCK

Valorie and Neil returned to make their home in Winnipeg five years ago after a decade of adventuring in the United Arab Emirates and Toronto. While both of them have educational backgrounds in music, Neil is currently teaching drama and the humanities in the Pembina Trails School Division while Valorie works in fundraising at Manitoba Opera. Owen is seven and enjoys Lego, math, reading and playing outside. They enjoy travelling, and have had the privilege to gallivant to many countries and on numerous Canadian road trips. If they're not at home in summer, they may be found camping, at music festivals or on a picnic at the beach.



WINNIPEG LOVES THE FRINGE

WINNIPEG FRINGE THEATRE FESTIVAL

Are you looking for an evening out? Come and be entertained at the Fringe! VIOLET is a musical about a young girl with a scar on her face who is on a journey to be healed by a TV preacher. The moods range from happy and sad, to joyful. I am playing the part of young Violet in the production. The musical was one of this year's

hits on the Broadway stage in New York.

Janna Larsen, a graduate of Westgate, is well known for her excellent theatre work with young children and teens. She has served many years as Drama and Music teacher at Grant Park High School, plus working after hours with the JUNIOR MUSICAL THEATRE COMPANY. Janna is directing VIOLET, and I am enjoying the rehearsals at Grant Park once or twice a week. It is fun and hard work! Since each Fringe show is only one hour, we are in the process of shortening the script. I have been singing and acting with the group since I was 8 years old, and am looking

forward to the Fringe and hopefully welcoming some of you there.

Performances at THE FRANCO-MANITOBAN CENTRE on:

Wed. July 15 @ 7:45;
Thurs. July 16 @ 9:30;
Sun. July 19 @ 5:00;
Thurs. July 23 @ 7:45;
Fri. July 24 @ 9:30;
Sat. July 25th @ 6:00;
Sun. July 26 @ 6:45.

I am looking forward to singing for you, Kali Wasilewski.

SNAKES OF NARCISSE

It's Saturday of the May long week end and snow is predicted for Sunday and Monday. Snow and cold will drive the garter snakes back into their underground caves, so let's go see them today! At twelve o'clock noon, Kali and Jori along with Grampa and Gramma are headed north on Highway #7. We follow the road to Tuelon's main street where most vehicles stop for ice-cream; then turn West on Highway #17 and continue on to the huge billboard in the middle of nowhere announcing the Garter Snake pits of Narcisse. We turn right into a country field with about one hundred parked cars. Here we begin our three km walk on the gravel pathway leading to four snake pits.

The first sighting is the sudden appearance of a red-sided garter snake crossing directly in front of us and disappearing. Wait a minute – those are not twigs but contorted bundles of snakes. Huge balls of tails and heads are slowly being coaxed to life by the rays and warmth of the sun. Our eyes remain glued to the bottom of the pit. The entire bottom seems to be awakening in slow motion. Writhing, undulating, flexing - gracefully executed calisthenics continue, as almost without notice, small bodies escape the intertwined masses. A pointed head escapes its circle followed by an even sharper tail – allowing it to become a creature on its own, slithering along the snake lined floor, up the steep sides of its once safe haven, and out to wherever instinct directs.

One look at the crowd tells us we are witnessing a great love affair. Snakes being caressed, stroked, kissed. Snakes wound around hands and necks, climbing up pant legs, balancing on outstretched arms, climbing over shoes and crouching backs, flicking their tongues in play. We are in no hurry to leave, enjoying this miracle of nature. After about three hours of watching in awe and numerous pictures, we slowly say farewell to the Garter snakes of Narcisse, feeling privileged to be within driving distance of this adventure.

Newspapers tell us that visitors from all parts of the world come to view the pits as an estimated seventy to a hundred thousand crawling reptiles emerge from their underground hiding places to spend the summer eating frogs and fish, and multiplying in regional swamps and bogs.



As we leave the snake pits of Narcisse not many words are spoken. We marvel at the natural phenomena we were privileged to witness. Each spring when the warm winds descend and the sun melts the snow, our minds will picture the graceful, fluid movements of these beautiful reptiles as they begin the strange ritual of their yearly foray into the world.

Dolores Lohrenz – contains material from my original story in GLIMPSES – 2009.



COSTA RICA - OUR TASTE OF PARADISE

We had a small taste of this Costa Rica. We were a great multi-generational group of 35 travelers, ranging in age from 11 to 70. Everyone was kind, respectful and a lot of fun.

We arrived at the beautiful Inter Continental Hotel in San Jose at midnight. Very early the next morning we met Jorge, our tour guide, boarded the beautiful luxurious coach, saw the sights of the city and were on our way to our first destination. Little did we know that this two hour drive on



the beautiful Pan American highway would soon come to an end and we would be driving on narrow, gravel roads. Sometimes Hanzel, our coach driver, had to maneuver the bus just right to proceed over the very narrow bridges.

Our first stop was in San Isidro de Heredia for a taste of gourmet chocolate. Here we learned the history of chocolate and how it's produced by the master chocolatiers Julio Fernandez and George Soriano an environmentalist and a journalist who started this small chocolate workshop.

Then we headed to my favorite, the beautiful Tortuguero National Park. Our luggage was transferred to one of two small boats. We

embarked on a 2 hour river journey through the protected wetlands, spying Caymans right beside the boats. The scenery was breathtaking. We stayed in the rain forest on this remote island for 2 nights. We spent the day gliding through the canals and waterways of the park.

We drifted into a cove, turned off the motor and listened to the birds. Howler monkeys were watching us from the tree tops and we were watching Spider Monkeys cross the river on a canopy of trees above us. It's difficult to explain the beauty of the rain forest. The air was fresh, clean and humid. It felt wonderful. We toured a small village and watched the children practice for their Easter parade.

Our time here came to an end much too soon. We embarked the boat again and glided slowly back to our waiting bus at the landing. Our luggage was once again transferred by a strong young man onto a wheelbarrow and quickly moved up the hill to the waiting coach. I don't know how many times he ran back and forth. He was barefoot!

Next stop Sarapique, a beautiful spot still in the rain forest. This time we had to walk to the Sueno Azul Resort, because the bus was too big for the narrow bridge. Our luggage was loaded into a small old truck and brought to our rooms. This was a lovely spot to relax and enjoy the lush green rain forest. Apparently there was an earth quake during the night. Ron noticed it and thought it was a train....no trains in the rain forest. We saw toucans, endangered great green macaws and beautiful small orange poison dart frogs. I often

thought of the FGMF Bird watchers and how much more they would enjoy all these beautiful birds. The early risers joined the director on an easy hike looking for exotic birds of the region.

We continued our adventure to La Fortuna de San Carlos, home of the colossal Arenal Volcano. Here we enjoyed the thermal pools, beautiful gardens and birds. Then to the Monteverdi Cloud Forest, straddling the Continental Divide, home of the luxuriant vegetation, abundant wildlife, coffee plantations and spectacular views. No one warned us of the very narrow, steep, curved, newly graveled road with no guard rails. Yikes. Our hotel was high up in the mountains. We always had to call for a shuttle to take us to the dining or reception rooms. Here we had the pleasure of listening to 92 year old Marvin Rockwell, a Quaker, speak about his journey from Fairhope USA to San Jose. The group of ten Quakers from Alabama made roads where there were none and started and settled in a community in a highland agricultural region that came to be known as Monteverdi.

You may want to Google Costa Rican Quakers or the history of Monteverdi. You will find a beautiful, heart-warming story.



(COSTA RICA cont'd) We joined our guide on an excursion through the Monteverdi Cloud Forest where we had a bird's eye view of the lush green forest as we walked on the unforgettable Sky Walk. We walked across 4 suspension bridges at canopy level, each higher and longer than the last. I personally walked at a very steady pace, right in the middle of the bridge. It was a breath taking



experience.

On our last morning on Monteverdi, I got up very early and saw 'the blood moon'. It was full and dark red; what an unusual sight! We descended from the lush Monteverdi Cloud forest on a very narrow,

rocky road in a wreath of mist, surrounded by lush greenery again. Here we also saw wind bines. Half of our fellow travelers went home and the other half including Ron and me went to spend a few more days at Tamorendo Diria Beach Resort. The temperature was 36, slight breeze and high humidity. We relaxed a couple of days by the ocean, listening to the waves, the birds, the howler monkeys, enjoying the white sand of the Pacific coast. We had the best pineapple and watermelon. We are enjoying the wonderful, smooth flavorful coffee we brought home from our adventure. Our fellow travelers were a lot of fun. The food was very good. We always had many kinds of fruit and a large choice of cheeses. Our accommodations were first class. In the remote Tortuguero National Park we had no phone, no TV. Screens and shutters on the windows only, no glass. Our wake up call was a man knocking on our door at whatever time we had written on the bulletin board. We never did turn the T.V. on. This was an Eco-Adventure Tour; therefore we did not see the arts and theatre culture. We will leave that for next time!

Para Vida !!

SPECIAL GUESTS AT FGMF - DOLORES LOHRENZ

We were honored to have Elder Margaret and her aunt, Donna Roach who works with meals for the homeless and social awareness of needs for children and adults. As pictured, they were dressed in traditional clothing while they performed some of the traditional drumming music along with the words. The beautiful Cree song, PRAYER FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN, written by Margaret Harris, was sung for us as well as performed during the 50th MCC Concert at Knox United Church on April 18th. While at our morning service, our guests spoke about CARE FOR THE EARTH emphasizing the need for more concentration on the disposal of garbage and litter across all of Canada. It should be a priority for all of us and taught to all children! While in Winnipeg, our guests, who flew in from Vancouver, stayed at the home of Debra and Robert Martin Koop. While here they had time to attend Kiteri Tekakwitha on Ellice Avenue – the only Aboriginal Catholic Parish in Winnipeg. The many special visits in conjunction with the MCC 50th celebrations as well as the choirs and dignitaries made it a memorable week-end. Thank-you to all.



A POEM BY DOROTHY FRIESEN

Shortly after retiring from the Interfaith Immigration Council in 2012, John Peters, my youngest brother was diagnosed with dementia. At first his family tried to cope, but then shortly after John was admitted to Victoria hospital. From there he was transferred to Charleswood Care Centre and in 2013 he was transferred to Lions Manor on Sherbooke St. where he is residing at present. John will be 70 years old in July. My husband John and I visit him regularly.

Dorothy (Peters) Friesen

To John Peters – September 2014

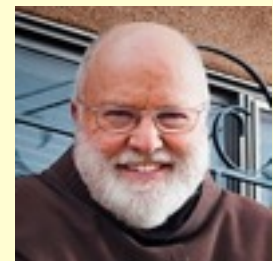
*We wish he'd say, "and come back soon," but can't.
Oh sure we will. We'll come again to see you, brother.
Dementia with Lewy body – a long and fancy name,
Imaged and labelled – from the MRI.
Invisible – yet evident in speech, and gait, and vacant stare.
Fun loving, witty and intelligent,
You raised your family, farmed and taught.
Lent many years to those from distant shores
Close to despair because of loss and pain,
Who refuge sought within our lands,*

*And found new life and hope,
Because you forged ahead in church, and school, and such,
And found a place for them to start again.
Yet, stricken now, with shoulder sagging, scruffy hair,
and muscle gone.
But most of all your hollow eyes, so vacant, yet they say so much.
Where are you bro? Where have you gone?
What reaper grim is waiting at your side?
We're here, you know. We hold your hand and briefly gain a smile.
We call your name, we wait, and then you turn,
and shuffle off and walk away.
Away - so far away.
Believe us bro, you leave a trail of tears and broken hearts,
And questions with no answers anywhere.
We yearn to span the aching void,
Commune with that diminished spark,
To bond, to mingle with the soul,
O brother, friend, can you accept our love?*

Sister Dorothy

Wisdom of Richard Rohr

One great idea of the biblical revelation is that God is manifest in the ordinary, in the actual, in the daily, in the now, in the concrete incarnations of life, and not through purity codes and moral achievement contests, which are seldom achieved anyway... We do not think ourselves into new ways of living, we live ourselves into new ways of thinking... The most courageous thing we will ever do is to bear humbly the mystery of our own reality.

**WISDOM OF ST FRANCIS OF ASSISI**

It is not fitting, when one is in God's service, to have a gloomy face or a chilling look.

A VISIT TO THE MENNO GUEST HOUSE (JOANNE KLASSEN)

Ah, retired at last, time to enjoy new freedoms and the comforts earned from years in the workforce, maybe travel, play golf, sleep in, or take up a new hobby. Yet there are people who are choosing other options. They have their sights set on an alternate path. Another choice is Menno Guest House, operated by non-profit Hospitality Services Center, (HSC) in Glendale, Arizona, a suburb of Phoenix. Since 1995 an international Mennonite Church program, Service Opportunities for Older Persons, or SOOP, has been "providing a launching pad for persons desiring to serve those in need." SOOP services are provided locally by HSC. On a quiet street of modest homes in Glendale, two houses, side-by-side, look like others on the street, but what happens inside these homes is anything but typical. These two houses, linked by a patio and surrounded by fruit trees, comprise the Menno Guest House where mostly retired volunteers from across the U.S. and Canada gather for a few weeks, or a few months to live, and work together.



During breakfast on a sunny February morning, sixteen members of the Menno Guest House 'family' show each other Facebook photos of snowstorms, ice and blizzards back home in Indiana,



Ohio, New York, Calgary, and Virginia, sent today by family members and friends.

The forecast for Phoenix is 75 degrees. Dressed in short sleeve shirts, the sixteen hop into three vehicles to head for the volunteer jobs that they selected at a meeting the night before. Ted will drive his red SUV; Jim is driving the blue SOOP van, and Ron his silver truck. Ted takes Lois, Carl and Darlene to Abounding Service, a volunteer-based language school for refugees who are learning to speak, read, and write English, many in preparation for becoming U.S. citizens. The SOOPer's job is to work one-on-one with students as Encouragers, using the Rosetta Stone computer language program and other tools.

Jim, Lila, Bill, and Patty will work at St. Mary's Food Bank, the oldest food bank in the world, and the second largest in North America. They will perform one of many jobs to ensure that today's 19 tons of food is packaged and delivered to schools, families and the homeless across Arizona through more than 30 partner organizations.

Edd, Bruno, Rha, Lila, and Ron are helping at Hope for Hunger, a 55th Ave. food pantry started and supported by Glendale Fire Department volunteers working with others to serve the needs in their area.



Edna and Bill Ressler from Ohio, also volunteers, serve as hosts for Menno Guest House. They are busy cleaning, doing repairs, and setting up schedules for their impromptu mega family associated with the guest house. (cont'd p.10)



St Mary's Food Bank Warehouse

A VISIT TO THE MENNO GUEST HOUSE (CONT'D)

What propels older folks who have earned the right to take it easy, to leave the comforts of home, drive thousands of miles in dicey weather to share living space, meals, cooking, cleaning, and bathrooms with strangers? What some would consider menial, physically and mentally demanding work, these folks are ready to embrace at 7:30 a.m., five days a week, knowing that when they get home they will be tired from taxing aging muscles, joints, backs, and brains. Here's what SOOP volunteers at Menno Guest House have to say

about their motivation for following this alternate path in retirement:

- We saw a tiny ad in a Mennonite magazine and knew this was what we had been looking for.
- I needed something to help me re-focus after my husband died. Being lonely is not a good way to live. This is life-giving for me.
- We always knew that when we retired we wanted to give something back to the larger community in a more involved way.
- Our family are now busy with their own lives, they need us less

and less, and we love to make a difference in any way we can.

- I was once as once a single mother who wondered where our next meal would come from. Thanks to others, we never once went hungry, now it's my turn to help someone else.

SOOP volunteer's reflections echo those of George Bernard Shaw, who wrote,

"This is the true joy in life; being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one..."

THE STORY BEHIND THE TATTOO (JOANNE KLASSEN)

Every person has a story to tell and older people often have the time to hear, cherish, and re-tell stories, like the one Danny told me.

It was a drizzly Friday morning in January. Nine SOOP volunteers arrived at St. Mary's Food Bank. My job, near the family who'd receive the box, and so I did. This job was turning out to be fun. During a lull in the line, I greeted a staff member who operates a fork lift. "I like your tattoo," I said, indicating a cross on his cheek near his eye. "Thanks. It has

special meaning to me." In the next few minutes, Danny told me the story of his cross, a tattoo that was almost a teardrop. "My older sister Stephanie and my younger brother David were involved in a horrible accident. "May I write down your story, Danny?" I asked. He agreed. Raoul, another staff member, suggested, "Take his picture." So we did. Stories are like many ways we can live our faith.

"For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in," Matthew 25:35



 OLD LADIES DON'T

(Names have been changed to protect the innocent and guilty)
by Dorothy H. Adrian

One August Sunday afternoon at 1630 I finished being on call at the nursing station. Being restless I decided to go for a walk. I grabbed my camera, windbreaker and

walking shoes. On my way out the residence, I stopped to tell the security guard, Samuel that I was going for a walk in the community so that he would be aware of my absence.

Earlier that week, I had walked east & west through the community. That left only the northern direction as the lake was south of the nursing station. So up the hill I headed toward the centre of the community past the arena and church. It had rained that morning so the sandy earth was wet but there were no puddles to negotiate. I saw the school with a large wooden play structure at the top of a small hill. I decided the play structure would make a great vantage point from which to take photographs.

Short minutes later, I was at the play-structure which was about nine to ten feet high. I saw that the ladder leading to the top was broken with a gap of about two feet of middle ladder rungs missing. There was a climbing incline with old tires bolted to it.

I carefully crawled on all fours and with some careful hand and foot maneuvering got to the top. It was not an easy climb as my bum right leg did not like negotiating the bouncy tires. I took pictures of the lakes and forest surrounding the community. The forest green of the pine and spruce contrasted

with the bright yellow of the birch and poplar. It was a perfect sunny windless autumn day with the temperature at plus fifteen celsius.

I realized I had a slight problem when I decided it was time to leave the play-structure. I could not get down the ladder due to the broken rungs. Going down the tire incline would be trickier going down than going up. That left the two slides. One slide was a bright yellow enclosed pipe. I had a sudden vision of the headline "Nurse Gets Stuck in Children's Tunnel Slide." So that left the other open steep slide. It looked like it was eighty five to ninety degrees vertical instead of the usual twenty five to forty five degrees. I should have thought about getting down before I went up but it was too late! I had not been on a slide for at least thirty if not forty years. Gingerly I sat down. No sooner did I sit down that I felt and saw that the yellow plastic slide was full of tiny bead-like raindrops. Too late, now my backside was wet. It was a very short two second ride down but oh, that was fun.

I started down the hill when I saw a group of eight or nine children running toward me, ranging in ages seven to twelve. As soon as they were close to me, they asked, "are you Mrs. Prince, our new teacher?"

"Sorry no".

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Dorothy, the nurse".

"What do nurses do?" asked a boy.

I glanced at one of the girls whom I recognized. I looked at her,

"You were at the clinic on Friday.

What did I do for you?"

She smiled, "I had a skin rash. You told me how to keep it clean and

gave me medicine because it was infected".

"That's right". Then I explained that nurses look after people when they are sick but also teach them how to stay healthy by getting enough sleep, eating healthy food, keeping clean and about giving immunization needles to help protect them from measles, chicken pox, diphtheria, and pneumonia. Suddenly, another boy looked at me and exclaimed "Nurse Dorothy, why is your backside all wet?"

"I climbed the play-structure to take pictures of Lac Brochet.

When I was done, the only way down was the slide because the ladder is broken" I replied. He put his hand on his hips and loudly said "Old ladies do not slide".

I put my hands on my hips, bent my knees, bent down to his level, looking him straight in his eyes declared just as loudly, "this one does". We all roared with laughter.

I knew the story of the "old" nurse sliding down the slide would be all over Lac Brochet by morning.

I continued walking back to the nursing station. About an hour later, I rang the nursing station doorbell. Samuel came to the door to let me in.



OLD LADIES DONT CONT

“Soooo, old lady nurses go on slides”. In surprise, I looked at him so he asked “did you forget about the moccasin telegraph?”

I laughed “I thought it would take till morning”. He smiled and said, “No, now the moccasin telegraph has the help of cell phones. I hope you are not upset that the children thought you are an old lady”.

“Not really. Their parents are probably age twenty five to thirty five and their grandparents age forty five to fifty five so to them I am an old lady because I am older than grandma”.

He laughed “yeah but they will not be thinking they are old when they get to age sixty”. “Probably not”, I replied.

Sure enough the next day when I left Lac Brochet, at the airport they asked me if I was the old lady nurse who slid down the slide.

SAD NEWS - SUBMITTED BY JOANNE KLASSEN

We were saddened to learn last week of the death of one of our community’s most valuable members. Someone Else. Someone Else’s passing creates a vacancy that will be difficult to fill. Else has been with us for many years and for every one of those years, someone did far more than a normal person’s share of the work.

Whenever leadership was mentioned, this wonderful person was looked to for inspiration as well as results.—“Someone Else can work with the group.” Whenever there was a job to do, one name was on everyone’s list—“Let Someone Else do it.” It was common knowledge that Someone Else was always the one the organization called upon to support a particular project. Everyone just assumed that Someone Else would provide what was needed. Someone Else was a wonderful person—sometimes appearing superhuman, but a person can only do so much.

Were the truth known, everyone expected too much of Someone Else. Now Someone Else is gone. We wonder what we are going to do? Someone Else left a wonderful example to follow, but WHO is going to follow it? Who is going to do the things Someone Else did? When you have a chance to participate in our organization’s activities, REMEMBER—we can’t depend on Someone Else anymore.

Reprinted from The Port Hole, March 1981

CONGRATULATIONS AND A STORY ABOUT OUR FAMILY BY GISGARD MUGOSA + SYLVIE MUKABAHA

Hi Debby, this is our story and kids's ages. Gael Irengé Mugosa: January 02, 2012, Gloria Kinja Mugosa: December 22, 2013, Gabriella Hero Mugosa: April 09, 2015. Sylvie spend most of the time with them at home while I’m at work. Then, After work, we always share the meal, watching tree house, playing toys and finish by prayer and reading stories with them. On weekends, we enjoy visiting friends, families and go to the park, mall and do shopping. We are very happy and thankful for having them us our kids. Having fun with them it our priority but when they are not in mood we are not happy. I mean when they are sick, can't sleep, can't eat or crying for no reason. From all these challenges, we learn how to be strong and how to solve their problems and satisfy their need.



GOD OF GUIDANCE (SUBMITTED BY LAURA PETERS)

Quicken your Holy Spirit in our hearts and minds so that we may know your love, discern your truths and follow what is right.
 Lord, open our hearts and hands to the stories and the needs of those around us and those far away.
 We pray for the families of murdered and missing women, for those who live with the legacy of residential schools and colonialism here in Canada, and for those who



experience continued racism in their communities and in our systems. Be with leaders and elders who continue to bring forward truth and facilitate for healing in the lives of individuals, families, and in our country. Work in our city, and be with us as we strive to be your hands. We pray for newcomer and refugee families as they adjust to a very different life and culture. Be with them as many continue to deal with the aftermath of trauma. May we be compassionate. May we find a way to be with those who have suffered from violence, deprivation, and the struggles of leaving home. Be with those who welcome and support refugees in our city. Be with the EAL teachers, with the settlement workers, and with those in our church who work to prepare a place for newcomers.

We pray for the victims of natural disasters like the earthquakes in Nepal and for the victims of human caused disasters like the war in Syria, the oppression in Palestine, and the conflicts in Africa. Be with those fleeing terror like the many who have lost their lives in the Mediterranean while trying to reach safety and peace in Europe. Be with those who are working towards a compassionate response and with the rescuers who are trying to prevent the loss of more lives. God may your spirit move in the minds and hearts of our leaders. Be with those who have the power to create just laws and policies, to work for the health of our environment, and to take actions that will reflect the love you have for all people. Give us the wisdom and courage to take part and use what we have been given to help create the change we need to see.

Enlighten our minds, purify our hearts, strengthen our wills, and lead us to live as faithful followers of Jesus in truth and action.

Amen.

(Words in bold have been adapted from #725 in the Hymnal: A Worship Book.)

Randomness from the Newsletter Staff



DEBBY
NEUFELD

Looking forward to this

summer, connecting with family and friends at the Winnipeg Folk Festival (annual event), a three day family reunion @ Clear Lake (every five years) and enjoying the fresh smells and produce from the garden. Wishing all of you a safe, healthy and happy season.

DOLORES
LOHRENZ



We are off to Halifax to see our oldest grandchild (Brad's son) graduate on June 29th.



DUANE
PENNER

A must read book for you all this summer is Peter Enns's "The Bible Tells Me So"... if you have ever wondered what to do with some of the difficult and inconsistent Biblical passages about God. Have a great summer!

REVIEW BY DOROTHY FRIESEN: WILD ROSES AND RHUBARB BY MADELEINE ENNS

The Travel section at McNally Robinson Booksellers was packed to capacity, with the audience spilling over into surrounding standing area, on the evening of May 11, 2015. Family and friends were eagerly awaiting Madeleine Enns's launch of her book: *Wild Roses and Rhubarb*: prairie childhood stories set against the headlines of the 1940's and 1950's.

In her introductory comments, Joanne Klassen, an established writer, emphasized the importance of storytelling. She described the book as one with a bit of a twist. Madeleine in turn encouraged the audience to track their memories, for memory begets memory, she said, and so beginning to write might well lead to further engagement.

From carefully selected segments of the book, Madeleine read about her childhood in Arnaud, southeastern Manitoba, but only after she confided that she had renamed characters and places, allowing for fact to be embellished by fiction.

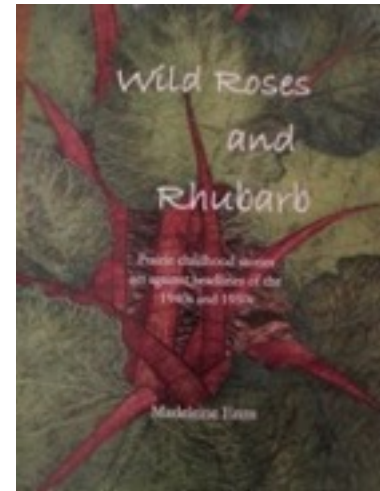
Her younger brother's finger getting snagged in the manual meat grinder; the dreaded strap

suspended against the wall; the smell of wild roses at the boardwalk; the adorning moment of first nail polish, are glimpses into a life of a particular Manitoba Mennonite prairie child; at the same time delving effectively into universal themes of growing up female, place in the family, accountability, and authority. The reader is drawn into the texture of the writer's daily life, her

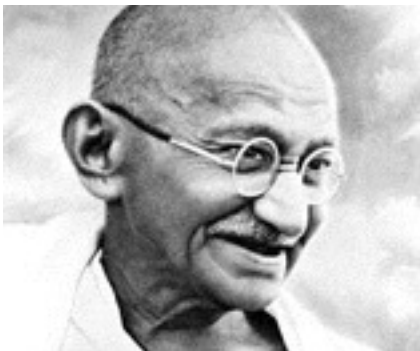
laughter and tears, her challenges and her insights.

Interesting and informative and tenderly created, this book is very good read.

Madeleine dedicates her remembrances, "with love and blessing," to her eleven grandchildren.



WISDOM OF MAHATMA GHANDI



"To call woman the weaker sex is a libel; it is man's injustice to woman. If by strength is meant brute strength, then, indeed, is woman less brute than man. If by strength is meant moral power, then woman is immeasurably man's superior. Has she not greater intuition, is she not more self-sacrificing, has she not greater powers of endurance, has she not greater courage? Without her, man could not be. If nonviolence is the law of our being, the future is with woman. Who can make a more effective appeal to the heart than woman?"