

Rhubarb

Spring 2009, Issue Number 21

Designing Mennonites II

LETTERS 2

EDITORIAL by Paul Krahn 3

PRINCIPLES & ACTS by Roland Sawatzky 4

ARCHITECTURE by Clifford Wiens 9

STONE by Todd Braun 13

TWO POEMS by Cheryl Denise 17, 18

QUILTS by Elsie Campbell 19

WEB DESIGN by Ashley Harms 23

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN by Matthew Kroeker 26

NONFICTION by Byron Rempel-Burkholder 29

GRAPHIC DESIGN by Gwen Penner 33

RECIPES 36, 46

FASHION by Jill Sawatzky 37

REVIEWS 41

CONTRIBUTORS 46

LAST WORD by Armin Wiebe 48

COVER IMAGE, *OLDSTOCK CANDLESTICKS (2003)* by Matthew Kroeker

At the cabin, emptied beer bottles are reused and given new purpose. This set of candleholders made from recycled glass bottles, allude to the utility and iconic form of the classic containers.

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organizations and individual donors
who have provided support for this
issue.

Letters

A NECESSARY DIMENSION

The Fall 2008 issue was very impact-
ing for me. Marie and I had been in
Ukraine just weeks before connect-
ing with heritage: re-visiting the
story of the Mennonites in Russia.
The piece on page 17 "Lord, History
Falls ..." added a huge, necessary,
disturbing dimension to my image
of that story. Thank you.

Bernie Wiebe
Bluffton, IN

WITH PLEASURE

We have enjoyed receiving Rhubarb
regularly over the past year, and are
renewing our subscription.

An article of special interest to
us was "My Uncle Henry," by Mary
Anne Hajer, a cousin of Marlene's.
She recalls her father talking about
his cousin Henry, and he is included

in the family genealogy, *The Unruh
Ten Family Book*.

We also want to say that we
thoroughly enjoyed the poetry of
Mrs. Cornie Reimer, and took the
opportunity to share it with friends
during visits at our house. It struck
a special chord with people from
rural background and experience.
Then we wondered, is this for real?
Is this a pseudonym? So we chuck-
led when, in the last issue, your
editor states that Armin Wiebe is
not Mrs. Cornie Reimer. By then we
had also seen reference to a cowboy
poet Cornie Reimer in the Cana-
dian Mennonite ("Mennonites by
Choice"), and concluded that there
might be a relationship there, and
that she truly loves her cowboy!

We will continue to read with
pleasure, and we wish you good
fortune.

Paul and Marlene Neustaedter
Winnipeg, MB

Rhubarb is an independent magazine designed to provide an outlet
for the (loosely defined) Mennonite voice, reflect the changing face
of the Mennonite community, promote dialogue, and encourage
the Anabaptist tradition of reformation and protest.

Rhubarb is looking for contemporary art and writing of excellence.
Writing should be clear, stimulating and persuasive without being
didactic. Rhubarb publishes poetry, drama, creative non-fiction and
short fiction (generally, 2,000 - 2,500 words or less), and black
and white artwork and high-contrast photographs that reproduce
well. Rhubarb also publishes humour, book reviews, commentary
and articles related to theme.

Send submissions electronically or by surface mail to:

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Permanence & change

By Paul Krahn

Like a good Mennonite I am a do-it-yourselfer. We renovated a 1929 vintage gambrel-roof barn into our living space. I do have some idea of my own limitations though, so when it came to stonework, we commissioned Todd Braun (featured in this issue) to design and build a stone centerpiece for the main area of our home, and on which we would place a woodstove as our hearth. The process that brought us to the remarkable thing that we live on and around represents a study in durability and compromise.

Those two elements characterize both the process and the piece itself: permanence and change. By his being, Todd initiated the process. He is, permanently, a creator. When Margruite and I moved here we met Todd. We visited his place and saw his work. At the time we were in the midst of our renovation, and we began to dream about how we could include Todd's work in it. So, we invited him to see our project. We talked, and we drew on paper. We shared visions and, inevitably, negotiated price.

We changed one another in the process, and the uncertainty of it all presented our greatest challenge. You see, Todd and his wife Lisa have become good friends of ours. Still, of course, Todd is an artist. And there really is no rational way to talk with an artist about his work, or the price to be paid for it, much less with a friend. We were not, as they say, "flush" enough to just let Todd loose with the commission.

After the meeting there was a time of silence between us and Todd. When he called, a couple of months later, he was breathless. He said that I had to "come down right now" to see what he was working on. Over the course of our friendship it has not been unusual for Todd to call us to come over to see some new work, so really I did not expect that this excitement might be about a piece he was working on for our home.

When I walked into the his work place, there stood the nearly inconceivable stone bench that would eventually be hoisted, lowered, and rolled along steel pipes into our home. At the time, first seeing the bench and the accompanying already-fitted-together pieces, sitting in the workshop, I was taken aback by the permanence of it. Now we were committed. We had talked and drawn and enjoyed wine to-



Stone bench, chimney facing, and hearth, by Todd Braun.

gether. We had shaken hands and hugged. And now this piece of stone, hewn and polished, waited to become a permanent, immovable, part of our home.

That two-ton stone means more to us now than we could have imagined. Then, we were anxious. Now we are elated. This piece that has been chiseled, sweated over and, perhaps, cursed at, with us in mind, humbles us. We touch it each day. We rest on it. The oils from our hands wear at it, little by little. It will outlast us, but it will know us, and bear witness that we knew it.

I think designers change the world in search of some form of permanence. Even as Roland Sawatzky suggests that most of what humans do is artificial and transient, you will read here a quest for permanence. **R**

Principles and Acts

By Roland Sawatzky

Except for defecating, feeding, and copulating, there is little humans do that is “natural.” The vast capabilities of our brains are spent creating artifice out of reality through categorization, classification, and dichotomization, minimizing the need for instinct. This helps transform endless sensory input into meaningful conceptual structures, which are always culturally and historically mediated, and are always fed back into the cultural system. Granted, this transformational ability is natural for humans, language acquisition and use being its ultimate expression. But the products of this ability are so varied and arbitrary, and its power so completely harnessed by the competing interests of individuals and communities, that it has become a tool for social manufacturing, far outstripping any essential evolutionary ability, such as communicating the whereabouts of a carcass, or hammering out the shape of a chopper.

It is therefore highly irritating to continually hear and read about the “evolution” of cultural products such as architecture. Evolution is a natural process of life physically interacting with the rest of the planet, and the term does not directly relate to cultural forms (sociobiologists’ claims notwithstanding). There is no “natural process of change” in the objects produced by human thought. Evolution does not create change in inanimate things like architecture. Those changes are created by groups of individuals creatively utilizing their patterns and habits of human thought in new social and historical situations.

In Erwin Panofsky’s seminal Wimmer lecture on Gothic Architecture and Scholasticism (1948), he claimed that the relationship between Scholasticism (a formal method of clarification) and Gothic Architecture was a case of the “principle regulating the act” rather than a direct cause-and-effect case. “Cause-and-effect” is scientific, rational thinking (a principle behind constructions of evolutionary theory), whereas the “principle regulating the act” is a mental habit of creation which includes dispositions towards social behaviours learned throughout one’s life and the vast history of one’s ancestors’ lives. The great majority of one’s thinking is produced by this mental habit, rather than subjective creativity or problem-solving.

In Panofsky’s lecture, he used the example of cathedral piers. The principle, or mental habit, of Scholastic thinking was elucidation through enumeration,



Early Mennonite Church (Peter Beckjen teaching Anabaptist principles in a boat). Etching by Jan Luyken, circa 1650s, from the Martyr’s Mirror.



Danzig Mennonite Church, Prussia. Constructed 1818-1819. Photograph by Rudy Friesen.



Interior (1) of the Chortitza Mennonite Church, Chortitza, South Russia (now Ukraine), constructed in 1835.

repetition, and orderly, directional thought. Therefore every aspect of the cathedral should refer in some respect to every other aspect, and the whole project was to be a synthesis of centuries of theological consideration: the cathedral was to be a standing symbol of Christianity for all who entered. Even the seemingly functional cathedral pier was elaborated outwardly by bulges and lines, features that referred to the walls, rib vaults, and levels of the cathedral itself. One can read the cathedral structure through a cross section of a single pier. Similar efforts of total design can be seen in Winnipeg's Precious Blood Church (Etienne Gaboury, 1969) and the creation (and the elucidation of the process of creation) of the St. John's Bible of St. John's Abbey, Minnesota (1998-present). There is no parallel to such total design in Mennonite architecture.

People build according to a set of principles that are a combination of past experiences and present pressures. When we speak of Mennonite church architecture, there is little that is explicit in these principles, unlike the Catholic tradition of total design. Mennonites have more frequently maintained a pragmatic logic in their communal buildings, very much in keeping with a theological emphasis on "orthopraxis" (correct practice) over orthodoxy (correct belief). A history of Mennonite church architecture must thus be placed in the context of human needs rather than architectural style or religious symbolism that support orthodoxy. Those human needs were the principles of Mennonite church designs, and they changed over time.

Principle: Survival and Communion

Early in their history, both in the North European lowlands and the Swiss/South German centres of Anabaptism, Mennonites were forced to hide, flee, or die in the face of persecution. The practice of gathering to read, sing, and pray was often illegal and very risky. Early worship spaces for outlawed Anabaptists were hidden, unobtrusive, or spontaneous, and included boats, fields, homes, caves, and barns.

Principle: Ordnung

Mennonites eventually found tolerant governments in the Netherlands and Prussia/Poland, but there were restrictions on proselytizing and expansion, and worship in houses and barns remained the norm. In 1750 these restrictions were lifted in Prussia, but the prayer houses they built were required to look like homes in their proportions, and could not look like churches. This reflected continuing restrictions on their territorial and religious expansion. Once Mennonite political acceptance was stabilized, their buildings began to



Interior (2) of the Chortitza Mennonite Church, Chortitza, South Russia (now Ukraine), constructed in 1835.



Old Colony Church interior. Constructed 1881 in Chortitz, Manitoba, moved to Mennonite Heritage Village in 1967.



Old Colony Church exterior. Constructed 1881 in Chortitz, Manitoba, moved to Mennonite Heritage Village in 1967.

imply a permanence of place and belief, and an Ordnung in Mennonite society that rivaled any Prussian sense of exactitude.

Permanence and Ordnung was reiterated in the logic of worship practice, even though ritual was not directly tied to notions of the sacred or supernatural. Predictable social events such as preaching, praying, and singing became ritualized in body, time, and place.



Reinland Church, 1876, in Reinland, Manitoba. This building is currently used as a community centre.



Mennonite Church from Rosengart, West Prussia (Poland), 1890. The building features Gothic windows, a modest tower, and a free standing bell tower. Photograph by Rudy Friesen.



Lichtenauer Mennonite Church, 1929-1930. This was the first church building constructed by Mennonite immigrants of the 1920s in Manitoba. It is currently located at the Mennonite Heritage Village.

Rituals of congregational life vary among Mennonite groups due to differences in historical and cultural backgrounds. Certain common factors, however, have influenced the built form of worship space, which formulates the behavioural expression of the belief system. These factors have focused on the community as much as on individual faith, and included features such as specific baptismal areas, large atria, and accessible pulpits.

Principle: Political Assimilation

The tradition of constructing plain worship houses has persisted to the present day among some groups, but in the late 19th century, Prussian and Russian Mennonites began to build churches in styles reminiscent of mainstream Western Europe. The generalized European protestant neo-Gothic style, with its pointed window arches, ornamental facades, and towers or peaks, was common after 1880 among Mennonites in Europe and Imperial Russia. This style, however, also changed the interior layout of the church, with the pulpit at one end of the building rather than the middle of the long wall. The period after 1880 in Russia was one of increasing cosmopolitanism, higher education, and social stratification among Mennonites. Their churches reflected the concentration of power and funds as a social statement in structural form. It was also a statement of political affiliation with modern protestant Europe (emulating Prussian nationalism and contrasting Ukrainian Orthodox tradition). This principle of building was carried to Canada by Mennonites arriving from the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1940s.

Principle: "Modern" Expression

Manitoban Mennonites were increasingly involved in mainstream Canadian culture by the mid-20th century and were largely tolerated by the Canadian

state. The wide variety of churches they built reflects the possibilities open to them in a nation where freedom of religion was respected. Since the 1960s, new Mennonite churches have generally followed national trends, the main one being the tension and compromise between the desires of the congregants and the vision of the architect. Modernist (and post-modernist) architecture espouses, above all, departure from tradition, and most architects look to newness rather



Lichtenauer Mennonite Church in its original location.



The Rudnerweide Sommerfelder Mennonite Church. Funeral of Reverend Peter Dyck, 1931. Photograph courtesy Henry Dueck.



Baptistry at Portage Avenue Mennonite Church

than conformism for inspiration. Paramount in decision making has been community use of space, rather than symbolic content or aesthetics. This is clearly consistent with Mennonite historic design principles.

Principle: Community First

In religions where strict hierarchy dominates the organization of the body of believers, church and temple architecture tends to exhibit total design: the building is constructed theologically, with a complex web of symbols, ritualistic uses, and sacred spaces. In contrast, the building of Mennonite architecture has been dominated by Mennonite communities and their direct worship needs. While these needs have changed over time (from refuge to meeting house to acoustic hall), the community itself has remained the main influence in the construction of churches. As noted, this is largely due to the social emphasis on orthopraxis over orthodoxy.

Mennonites have tended to group around various religious interpretations rather than a strict leadership hierarchy. This has in many cases caused church schism, but it has also created the setting for relatively democratic congregational decisions. These decisions necessarily affect the construction of worship buildings, whose cost and use would be of central concern to the community.

The centrality of congregational needs has dampened "theological" design in Mennonite architecture. Or to put it another way, those needs are the theological design of Anabaptist worship space.

Principle: Iconoclasm

The Protestant Reformation of the 1520s in some cases inspired mob violence against Roman Catholic institutions. Statues and paintings were an easy target for destruction, since these were seen as a focus of idol-worship, and early Anabaptists also sometimes played a role in this violence. A distrust of visual imagery persisted among Mennonites long after they became a peaceful movement in the late 1530s. The plain or understated nature of worship buildings and domestic homes continued to be a long-term form of iconoclasm, in which imagery was denied or repressed.



Westwood Community Church, constructed in 1989. Designed by architect Harold Funk.



Painting at Canadian Mennonite University Chapel.

Pressure to deny a place for visual arts in spiritual spaces came from within the groups and from outside forces. Being heavily persecuted and often on the move, Mennonites had no permanent buildings in which their spirituality could be expressed in art. Even more tolerant authorities in Prussia and Poland did not allow them to build specifically religious structures. In the 19th century, crosses or decorative scriptural verses became acceptable in some Mennonite churches in Russia, but this became more common in Canada only after the 1920s. Traditionalist Mennonite congregations are much less likely to adopt symbolism, while other groups have more recently accepted religious art, although slowly and with some deliberation.

The modern trend to encourage some forms of religious art in Mennonite spiritual settings is meant to inspire and beautify the spiritual experience of worship. It is not, however, a whole-hearted acceptance of the ethic of icon reverence, which can include prayer or tribute. Is modern Mennonite religious art therefore merely a watered down compromise of visual worship, or does it provide a meaningful spiritual experience? In a recent survey of 18 Canadian Mennonite University students, only one student found the larger religious images used in the Chapel auditorium spiritually edifying. While Mennonites continue to attempt to visually express spirituality in architectural settings, they also continually fail. The simple reason for this is the lack of a mental habit for accepting visual symbols: there is no standing principle for regulating the act of visual worship. The Catholic and Orthodox traditions have 1500 years of inculcation to support their art, new and old, while Mennonites have about 25 years, or one generation. This is not to say that individual attempts by Mennonites to design beautiful and spiritually significant pieces are bad or irrelevant. It is only to say that such pieces will be too individualistic or simplistic, and lacking in the kind of heft that can only be bestowed by time, to be regarded by all congregants as "making sense." Perhaps Mennonites have forgotten that blank walls filled with natural light, the light of God's creation, in a room scaled to the human body, may instill the sense of calm and wholeness appropriate to a calm and whole worship. Certainly here there might be recognition of a principle that has regulated the act. **R**

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- Sawatzky, Roland. "A Sacred Gathering: Mennonite Architecture as Spiritual Expression", Exhibition, Mennonite Heritage Village, Steinbach, Manitoba. 2007.

Clifford Wiens Architecture



I have practiced architecture, mostly in Saskatchewan, since 1954 when I graduated from the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, Rhode Island. I originally studied Industrial Design, switching to architecture in my second year. As an architect I continued to design farm machinery, as I had done on the farm as a young man. My architectural designs have been filled with innovative structural elements that befit both machine and habitat design. Architecture rests in both disciplines and the visual arts. The Rhode Island

School of Design—my home for five years—also gave me an intimate exposure to the visual arts.

I was born into a Mennonite family on a Saskatchewan farm with a frugal and self-sufficient upbringing during the “hungry thirties.” I learned to do much with very little. My architectural achievements



have been modest, meeting rigorous budgets in almost every case. I have been building since I could walk, designing and building many of the farm buildings before I really knew that there was an avocation called architecture. I found myself constantly improvising.

My clients have been numerous and varied. I have had the good fortune to be engaged in almost every building type, and the interesting aspect of this is the variety of design problems that spawned a treasure trove of solutions to a complex set of needs, not only of the client, but of the difficult technical problems to be solved in a cold climate. There is a benefit in small projects that realize design ideas without a long, protracted design process. Much can be tested and learned in a short time, adding to a larger and richer architectural vocabulary. I continue to draw on the vocabulary earned and learned

l-r: St Joseph's Catholic Church, Whitewood: Interior back balcony, exterior front, and interior front altar.

in this way. Not all of my projects as an architect have been small, but the small ones were the most fun.

I started my own practice largely in the belief that clients could be reasoned with and infused with confidence in promising ideas that met their needs. I have rarely been disappointed in this assumption. Working for other architects I was always constrained by how they saw the client. There was seldom the adventure that I craved. There was so much to learn, and these early years were not wasted. Like learning to play the violin, it takes a while to get a clear series of sounds out of this difficult instrument. You really need to get very comfortable with an instrument before full expression can be achieved. Architecture is no different.



(opposite) Mennonite Brethren Church, Regina, SK exterior; (above, l-r): MB Church interior hallway, centre aisle, & pulpit.

The most difficult client is the corporate client, if represented by individuals that have no real decision-making liberties, and building committees can be difficult gauntlets to run. These, too, are instruments that one must become comfortable with. Successful designs grow out of many skills that have been mastered.

My first project in 1957, in my new practice, was a church for a Catholic community in the village of Whitewood, Saskatchewan. This design embraces the idea of impermanence, floating on the landscape like a boat with ramps, like gangplanks, mooring it to land. It is a very prairie building in scale and detail, echoing the boldness and delicacy of the prairie landscape.

My second church was for the Mennonite Brethren Community in Regina. This was a strict exercise in economy for a group that were not known for design conscious places of worship. The elders choked on a design that reminded them of brooder constructs for chickens in Mother Russia. They accepted this design in the end as they had agreed to accept my first design—a condition agreed to because of the very low fee. I had to sing bass in a few hymns to help things along.

My third church project involved renovations for the Holy Rosary Cathedral in Regina. This involved me for many years. I had to do it over and over again due to liturgical changes over time, and

for a variety of other interesting circumstances. The priest for the Cathedral also served a summer cottage community. I was engaged to design a summer church to replace an old church they had in the village of Silton, near the Qu'appelle Valley, not far from Regina. Not being able to find land in a largely Protestant farm community, we found a number of house lots in a ravine off the upper prairie plateau that on a very windy day revealed a very calm space in a heavily treed natural amphitheater. The idea of a church without walls took over. It is an interesting structure in how it is made forming a cross in its three-dimensional space frame. The deer find shelter under its roof in winter. This wonderful space may soon cease to be, as vandals are now dismantling it piece by piece for bonfires under its canopy. The



Archdiocese is considering demolishing this important place. I cannot help but think of the Ise Shrine in Japan, rebuilt every second decade to ensure its original perfection. We are such a callous culture.

I no longer practice architecture with a team of assistants, which too often required pursuit of work only to meet costly overheads. I now only take on work that interests me. I have become proficient in CAD drawings, so that design and construction drawings meld into one process with great efficiency. Currently I am designing a home in the United States for one of our six children. It is a very traditional house in the way it functions—much like the house the children grew up

in. It departs from tradition in many ways, featuring a large garden deck surrounding the house at the same level as the interior, separated from the house with a juniper moat that has glass bridges spanning the moat that surrounds the house. The glass bridges glow at night with interior light and in the day they let sunlight into a fully submerged basement. The second level bedroom floor—really the third floor—is penetrated by an elevator shaft and stair system that features

(below, l-r) Silton Chapel, Qu'appelle Valley, SK, rear of chapel, front altar





(l-r) Silton Chapel, exterior, overlooking lake.

water falling three stories to humidify the house in what is a very dry climate. The elevator shaft in turn supports a folded cor-ten steel plate forming a circular platform—like the petals of a flower—that in turn supports photo-voltaic solar collectors, providing ten thousand watts of electricity. This, with geo-thermal heating and cooling using heat pumps, provides for an energy self-sufficient home. The roof of the house is an outdoor living space under the solar platform, giving a view of a large park to the south, and a 360-degree panoramic view of the skyline. The site is an old farmstead with large trees surrounding the new home. I would never place the house designed for this specific site in any other context.

Architecture is the most fragile of the arts; especially in the prairies, where very little is treasured. Little remains of my work that is not sullied. Some of it has ceased to exist. Much has been changed beyond recognition. Despite this, I design because I must—like a prairie flower that blooms again and again knowing that all petals in the end fall away. **R**

COMING UP IN **RHUBARB**

#22 **WAR+PEACE**—Summer 2009

Guest Editor: Victor Enns

#23 **TOP 10'S TOP 10**—Fall 2009

GENERAL SUBMISSIONS ALSO WELCOME.

When submitting work by email, please include name & contact information on attachments.

For further submission information, see pages 2 & 24.

Todd Braun

Stone

Together with my wife, Lisa, I own and operate a constantly evolving small business called Elemental Stoneworks. My work includes traditional stonemasonry, the creation of functional stone objects, abstract stone sculpture, and stone landscapes. At our home, I have created an extensive stone sculpture garden. The garden is a source of inspiration for me as well as a place to display my work and ideas to potential clients. Recently, the garden has developed into a small sideline tourism business. Much of my stonework is for private homes and landscapes; I also become involved in small- to medium-sized commercial and public projects. About one-third of my work is made on spec; the balance is commissioned work. The material I work with is Manitoba granitic fieldstone, as well as granite quarry waste. My day-to-day work varies considerably, which is the way I like it. There is a natural, farm-like seasonality to my work. Spring and Fall is the rush time. Summer is steady. Winter is the most challenging season. Variety keeps work interesting, and prevents physical injury that can result from repetitive motion and vibration.

Stone became a major part of my life at a very early age. Pictures and stories of ancient Egypt, Easter Island, Machu Pichu, and Stonehenge have always fascinated me. As a boy, I recall my excitement at finding perfect little Ordovician period fossils in the crushed limestone gravel that paved many driveways in Altona. Rock collections and seashells were my most prized birthday and Christmas gifts. At age 7, I discovered a small grooved hammer stone on my parents' farm. Since stones are so rare in my part of the Red River Valley, I always kept my eyes on the ground, never knowing what mysteries might reveal themselves. Through the years, I have found hundreds of Indian artifacts. At times, I made a point of walking fields for days at a time searching for stones

and traces of the past. At other times, the stones seemed to find me, like the day I found a stone arrowhead while driving my pickup truck along a dirt road.

Stones, fossils, the natural world just outside our farmhouse door were speaking an incomprehensible language that I was eager to learn. The common things I found in my everyday prairie environment were inviting me to a world that only a few people I knew seemed to consider relevant. At times, I felt guilty and I often wondered why I could not be more practical. I think I felt the presence of my father's "practical first" Mennonite background in my own self. I often struggled to make sense of my compulsions; I must be drawn to stones for a reason, but for what purpose other than to indulge myself?



Mourning dove gate—14 feet high 37 tons rose granite

Applying my interests to the everyday world of work, home, and school was often challenging. I am a born introvert; for most of my early years, I would avoid social situations by blending into the



Hunter—green granite

background. School was of little interest to me and my grades showed how little I cared for my schoolwork. Science and vocational welding were the only subjects that would ever bring me high marks. Daydreaming and waiting for the time, I could get back home to my rock collection, or to explore the edges of the pond, were my top priorities. Life on the farm was ideal for me; the huge open space was a place for inspiration.

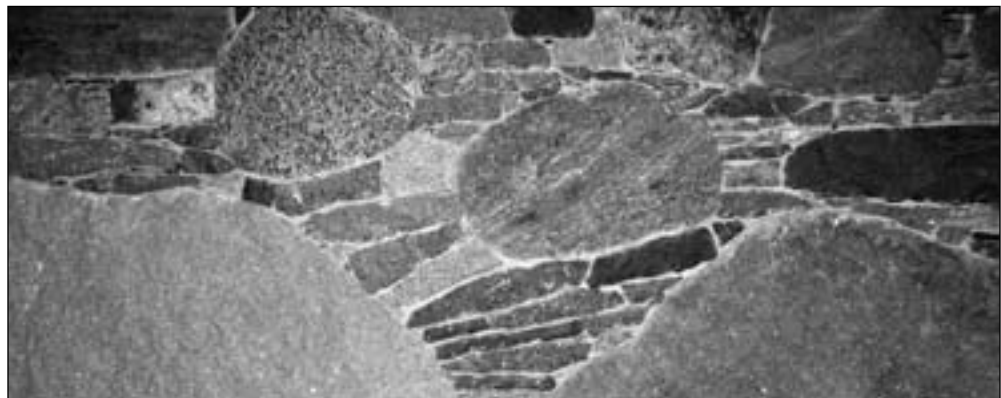
Gardening, plant-

ing trees, and landscaping our farmyard was something that came naturally to me. Looking back, I think my practical side comes from my dad and my creative side comes from my mom. Every winter the family would gather around the kitchen table to dream up a new landscape projects for spring. Each year our projects became more elaborate.

When I was 15, a man named Frank Funk built a fieldstone fireplace for our home. That was a turning point for me: stone could be practical after all. Meeting Frank was like opening a door; I sensed a

kindred spirit in Frank's boundless enthusiasm for stone. When my first attempts at stone-splitting failed, Frank pulled a cracked limestone out of the stone pile and confidently said, "Try this one." Since the stone was already cracked, it was no surprise that my first hammer blow easily split the stone in two. "See, you did it!" Frank's enthusiasm for my modest accomplishment was the inspiration I needed; I was hooked. In the weeks it would take Frank to complete the fireplace, he would show me some of the basics—mixing mortar, splitting stones, and something more important: to follow my passion.

At age 18, it was time for me to start being practical; I joined the family farm. Since the farm was not big enough to support my folks and me, I needed some land. The land I ended up with was 440 acres of rock and bush at Stuartburn, Manitoba. Stuartburn suited me; I enjoy physical labour and working outdoors, I was familiar with farm work, and I would have more stones than I could imagine. Most of the time, farming at Stuartburn was more of a construction project than a farm. Breaking the land was a term we used; we were going to make farmland. Contrary to our plans, the rocky Stuartburn soil had other things in mind, it would not be easily broken. In fact, the soil's rocky armour would break nearly every farming implement we had. Although stones were the enemy of the farm, they remained a big attraction to me; I always had a stone project in mind, so I considered the potential of each new stone I pried out of the ground. Stuartburn was a huge learning experience



Fireplace detail

for me. Looking back, it is sadly ironic that my growing love of nature came at the expense of destroying nature. I only began to appreciate the beauty of the land after I removed almost every trace of what made it beautiful. In the end, farming was not the life for me, but the rocks kept on calling.

In 1990, I had the good fortune of joining the Restoration Workshop at Selkirk, Manitoba, to assist in the restoration of the stone walls of Lower Fort Garry. Working at the historic stone fort was a natural fit; I felt an instant connection, almost a sense of déjà vu. My experience at Lower Fort Garry boosted my confidence and my practical skills, and increased my network of stone connections. I became very interested in historic stone construction. At this time, I began contracting small stone projects and photographing historic stone structures around southern Manitoba.

It was on one of my stone photo trips in the fall of 1990 that I met Michael Resch, owner of a historic fieldstone home in Emerson, Manitoba. I asked Michael if he would allow me to photograph his home, to which he agreed. We had a brief conversation about fieldstone and about my line of work. I left my contact information just in case he might have some work for me. One-and-a-half years later, I received a call from Michael to consider a stone project that he thought I might find interesting. Whether it was fate, fluke, or just good timing, it turned out that Emerson would be the place where I would immerse myself in stone to a new level. I could not believe my good fortune. It seemed there was no end to the possibilities; walls, walks, patios, driveway, water features, and furniture, all made of my favorite material: Manitoba granite fieldstones. The 20,000 hours of splitting, sawing, chiseling, and laying for the Emerson project put me in touch with stone in a way I could not have imagined. It seemed almost everything I did in the past was preparing me for the future.

While I was involved with the Emerson project, I was building a new home base near St. Joseph, Manitoba. Our new home would be a place for me to prepare stone

for Emerson, as well as a place for me to continue to experiment with stones on a property of my own. I could now get serious about the noisy, dusty, and messy business of working with stone and not bother anyone. With so much work in Emerson, it made sense to set up a large stone saw. Building a stone saw and figuring out how to make it work presented its own set of challenges. With the basics in place, stones started piling up around the shop and spilling into the yard. Since working with stone in the middle of the stone-free Red River Valley is a bit of an oddity, we started to attract attention from curious people. Some of these curious people



Fire Ring

became much-needed clients. A project for one client turned out so well, it generated a spin-off effect that has brought dozens of new clients to our door. Each new client brings ideas, inspiration, and support. That exchange is the fuel I need to keep moving forward.

Moving stone is always an event; big machines do amazing things, but it can be surprising what can be done with a few simple hand tools. A few years ago, I had a job that required the installation of two 5,000 pound-plus pieces of stone into the



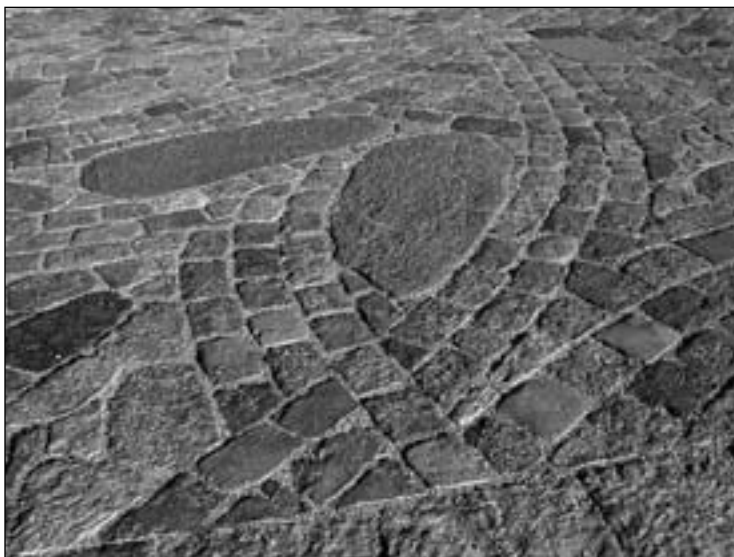
Green Basin

backyard of a Winnipeg client. There was no easy access to this backyard. The crane required to reach the distance would come at a huge price. Since I was committed to the project, I had to find an alternative to the budget-busting crane. The solution was old technology; wood planks, rollers, pry bars and two willing recruits. With planning and teamwork, we moved and placed the two stones with simple hand tools a distance of 100 feet in four hours. Did we move the earth? Well, not exactly; what we did, though, was akin to reaching across the ages. I can only imagine how

our ancestors must have felt when they moved great stones in the construction of buildings and monuments. Did our ancestors get a thrill out of moving big stones? I think so; the reasons for moving big stones go beyond mere practical application. Moving the unmovable—for a brief moment, the three of us connected to an experience that has united people for thousands of years.

Searching for and gathering stone is a favorite part of my work. Sometimes I feel like a matchmaker, finding the right stone for the right person or project. Many things come into consideration; the personality of the stone needs to match the personality of the client or project. Sometimes the stone jumps out in a matter of minutes, and other times the stone is elusive and takes months to find. Many times, I have missed a great stone only to find it in the changing light. Striking the stone in a physical sense, and listening to it, is an important guide to material and quality. Often, I will get a clear sense from the stone if I can move it or not. Cranes, loaders, and heavy trucks are a necessary part of serious rock-collecting trips. Over the years, I have developed a network of exceptional heavy-equipment operators that have gone out of their way to help with my projects.

I work from an intuitive/instinctive point of view. When things are going really well, I experience goose bumps. I try as much as possible to let the stone itself dictate the result of my work; going with the flow is important. Surface stone has its own set of challenges, since stones are often cracked or the wrong size or colour. Sometimes a flaw or bad break can change the direction in a positive or negative way. If the design is very specific, a crack can be bad news. Sometimes a project can stall, which can be a problem when deadlines are looming. My wife Lisa is the person I turn to when I reach a snag or a turning point with a piece of work. Often I can tell just from her expression



Granite paving,
detail

if I am going in the right direction and at other times we will debate for hours to make a decision.

Freedom has always been the starting point for me; I perform poorly in an environment of restriction. In an environment of freedom, I can follow my intuition and enthusiastically pour myself into my work; in a sense, I can create my own reality. Self-employed in an unconventional occupation, I sometimes feel like a trapeze artist working without a net. Will the next move turn out to be a flop? It is possible. I go on faith and past experience—there are no guarantees. I find when I split a boulder with a hammer, the stone will cooperate only when I strike it with a confident blow. When I put my heart into my work, the result will direct my next move. When things do not go as planned, it is not failure, but a signal to reflect, or possibly to take a new direction.

Working with stone has put me in touch with the great immensity of time.

From the dawn of human history, stone has been the way man marks the ages. Stone is a teacher. From the flaked stone arrowhead, to the streak of colour in an otherwise drab boulder, to the particles of dust that rise from striking stone with a tool, stone is speaking. **R**



Petrochelidon—green granite

Resurrection

By Cheryl Denise

When it starts I run to the red oak, watch and pray;
at dawn the macarena rumbles through the woods
and I dance a benediction
before being chased wildly home, rolled over in the leaves.

This crazy God thing is everywhere.

It is the warmth of a bald woman, lying in bed
pink-hatted, unable to move,

the flying red cape of the neighbor boy,
sword drawn, chasing the invisible down the drive.

It is hunger on the first day of winter
I eat and eat and never am full.

It is my Grandfather saying goodbye, holding Grandma's hand
while we sing "How Great Thou Art,"
squinting at the brightness
and smiling.

Things That Matter

By Cheryl Denise

And there they are
outside my kitchen window
in backhoes and blue jeans,
smoking cigarettes at eight a.m.
thick and stubborn as cattle
shovels digging trenches in the rain.

While I worry over red marks on my manuscript,
consult dictionary, thesaurus,
crumple poems for the trash,
they lay pipe, pull electric, chug Pepsi,
fix what I did wrong myself two months ago.
And if there's anything I know now,
it's that you need to lay Schedule 40
to pull electric.
All you need to know in life
is what these men know.

If I were my mother,
I'd serve them lemonade
and molasses cookies
from a wicker tray.

I wish I'd been born a man.
Old Mrs. Evans said a girl
could hurt something female working like them.
But most women don't even try,
don't own a proper work shoe,
won't break a sweat outside a gym.
The only thing we're better at
is multiple orgasms,
and that's important
but men figuring, calculating,
getting something done
something real
pulling cable
sliding in and out of days
green as grass
the mist rising
working under whatever the sky will give

real men, making things electric.
we are the yearning of kisses

come and be loved

Elsie Campbell

Quilts

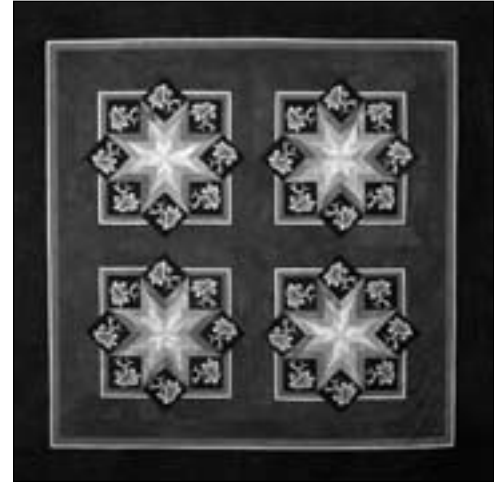


My business is called Aunt MiMi's Quiltworks. I make quilts; judge quilt shows; create patterns; write and edit books and magazine articles about making quilts; travel internationally giving lectures about quilts and quilting techniques; and teach others how to make quilts. (www.elsiemcampbell.com)

I grew up in a General Conference Mennonite Church community in Deer Creek, Oklahoma. My grandfather was one of its founding members. It all began when the region called the Cherokee Strip Outlet, the land that the Indians had been allowed to hunt on along the Kansas border, was opened to white settlement in 1893. At noon on September 16 of that year, over a 100,000 people lined up along the Kansas border, guns were fired, and the settlers raced to claim land by staking their flags in the ground and registering their claim later. People lost their lives in the actual race as wagon wheels and horses' hooves pounded anybody that fell. Others were shot in disputes over who got there first, and so on. My grandfather had to live on and work the ground for at least two years for his claim to be final. Since the race was in the fall of the year, and there were no trees on the property, he dug a hole into the side of a hill, and lived in that hole in the ground for two years. Later, he built a "soddie," and then the two-storey wooden house where my mother and her seven older siblings were born and raised. Grandfather helped found the Deer Creek Mennonite Church, and his brother Christian, who also made "The Run," was the first minister of that church. After marrying my father, my mother raised her family in the same community.

The ladies of the church quilted during the school year in the church basement on Wednesdays. During school vacations, my sisters and I sometimes joined them, putting a few stitches in here and there, but mostly playing under the quilt frame or outside. As we grew older, Mom taught us to sew because she was simply too busy sewing for other people to sew our clothes, too. From the age of 12, I made my own clothes. I joined 4-H and won lots of Dress Revues, and regional and state Make-It-Yourself-with-Wool contests. I won my first sewing machine at age 14 from that contest with a 100% wool three-piece outfit. As my reputation grew, Mom gave me some of her dressmaking customers. I learned my spending money through my high school years by custom sewing for others.

Quilt-making wasn't anything I actually did until 1987 when I completed a Lone Star quilt that my Aunt Grace had started in 1967. She did not finish it before her death. This quilt became my legacy from Aunt Grace. I had the Deer Creek Mennonite ladies quilt it, and I had the privilege of being present to stitch on the quilt, too. As we sat around that quilt frame, I began hearing stories about my Aunt Grace, and others who had passed on, from those that knew her. The experience



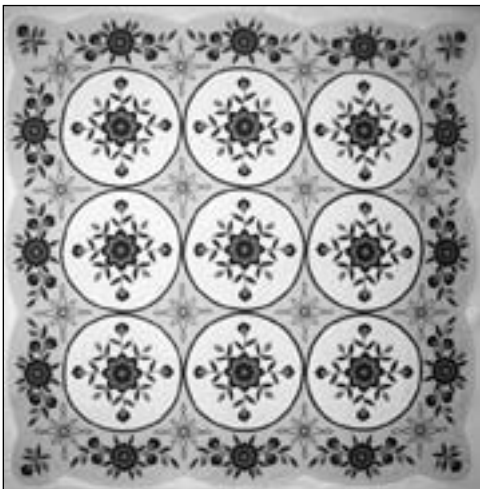
Dolce LaVeta ©2009 54" x 54" Machine embroidered, machine pieced, machine quilted. This quilt is made up of 4 little quilts that were my instructional samples for a show taping on [The Quilt Show.com](http://TheQuiltShow.com). The embroidery design is from Bernina's 75th Jubilee Collection. I used hand-dyed fabrics, and strip-piecing techniques to create the diamonds that form the stars. Pattern available.



Detail, Dolce LaVeta ©2009



Summer Time ©2008 48" x 75" Machine applique, machine pieced, and machine quilted. The appliqued flowers and leaves are actually cut from string-pieced fabrics, and then fused and stitched in place on a string-pieced background. The inner diamond-shaped border is made from scraps of fabric left over from the applique process.



Aunt MiMi's Flower Garden ©2007 84" x 84" Machine pieced, machine appliqued, machine quilted. This quilt in cheery red, pink, yellow and green reminds me of my spring gardens. It is reminiscent of Red and Green applique quilts popular in the 1850s, but the circular setting of the blocks is a contemporary setting.

I had while putting loving stitches in my multiple-generational quilt started me thinking about my heritage and how very much I had enjoyed the process of making that quilt. I went on to make another quilt, and then another and another.

Besides receiving support from my mother, my aunts, who lived on either side of my home in Deer Creek, my cousins, and others in the church, I have a great friend, Ricky Tims, who has encouraged me to make a career from what most view as a hobby or pastime. He is an expert quilter, teacher, and master of making his own way in the quilt world. His new venture, in partnership with Alex Anderson of Simply Quilts (HGTV), is the wonderful website and online quilter's world found at TheQuiltShow.com. I was in Colorado last September for the taping of an upcoming program, and my episode, Series 4, episode 7, is scheduled to air March 30, 2009.

My difficulties arise not from starting a project, but starting too many at once. My design process is ongoing—in my sleep, waking, eating, doing the dishes, driving. No matter what I am doing, I am envisioning patterns and designs. I usually try to keep paper and pencil near me to sketch ideas. I have so many little bits of paper to keep track of, but lots of those ideas do make it into finished quilts. For some reason, some of my best ideas occur at 4 a.m. I wake from a deep sleep, and there it is.

I have a sign on my sewing studio door that my son made for me when he was a teenager. It kind of says it all. "Creativity is NOT a pretty sight!" I thrive on chaos. I don't know why, because I strive every day of my life to be a well-organized person, and to keep things in order around me, but I seem to need visual stimulation in the form of: everything out where I can see it, feel it, and pick it up without having to dig through shelves or drawers for it. Thus, when others walk into my space, they feel somewhat overwhelmed by it all.

I also need lots and lots of light. I love to look outside and see the changing sky. My studio is in a second-floor bedroom with a private bath at one end. I have four very large ceiling-to-floor windows with simple blinds that I can raise clear to the top to let all the natural light in possible. Shelves line all the remaining wall space, except for one. That wall is covered with a bed-sized cotton batting that acts as my design area. My sewing table faces that wall, so that while I am working at my machine, I can see the design, and mentally process what I am seeing. Back to back with my sewing machine table is an old oak library table that my husband bought at an auction for \$10. It is covered with two large cutting mats. This table leads a double life—as a cutting table, as a sewing table for a second machine when I'm working with a friend, and as the overflow table when I am quilting a large, bed-sized quilt. (Well, maybe that's a triple life!)

My office is in a small cubicle-sized room just next to the studio. A large desk/shelving unit fills one corner with my laptop computer and printer housed there, and a small closet that is lined with shelves full of my teaching samples and class handouts in clear, plastic storage boxes. A shelving unit holds my library of quilting

books, but that part of my office has long since overflowed into the family room, the master bedroom, and even my bathroom, too. (When I set up shelves in the bathroom, my husband was quite concerned about moisture, but because we live in a very dry climate, I have never even fogged up the mirror in that room, and my library is doing quite well, thank you.)

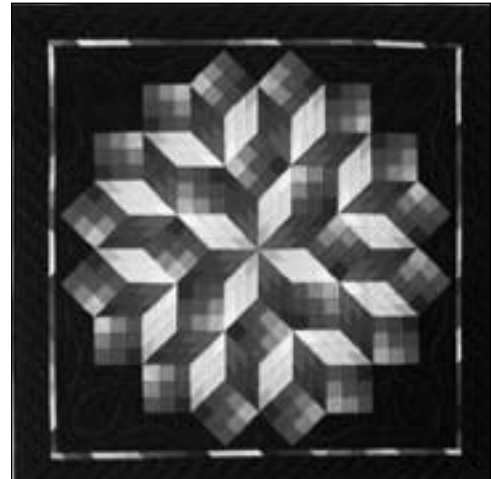
My husband Ken is the first person to see anything I'm working on. He sees it as soon as it is together enough to carry downstairs to the family room, where he usually sets up shop in his lounge chair. His reactions are usually quite understated, but he is an artist in his own right. His career fields are photography and video production, but good art follows a lot of the same guidelines. I love it when his eyebrow raises a little and he responds with a simple, "That's nice...."

For some reason, I am driven to excel by seeing the work of others, and by friendly competition at quilt shows. I started entering national-level competition in 1992, and started winning monetary awards immediately. The amazing work of others in the field is really humbling, but I strive to do something that is new and challenging each year. Most recently, I have striven to master machine quilting. After years of winning Best Hand Workmanship awards, I was ready for a different challenge. It has taken several years, but my first all-machine-made, bed-sized quilt won several Best Machine Workmanship awards this past year, and a Best of Show, too. It is so satisfying and gratifying when others like my work.

I have a tendency toward perfectionism. But I raised two sons, and have a husband, too. Perfectionism in housekeeping was frustrating, and I soon realized it was impossible. I learned that I could indulge my near compulsive-obsessive penchant for detail and perfection in my quilt making, where it isn't a personality flaw, but rather a strength.

I love to make intricately quilted pieces that are very traditional in nature. Viewers seem to be most fascinated when pieces are richly quilted. Many antique quilts were made in this manner, but few people will take the time to do this today. Several years ago before painted quilts were common at shows, I painted some blocks on a black star quilt simply because I didn't want to take a lot more time to add appliquéd flowers. It was fun to watch people as they viewed this quilt at shows. They would remark about the beautiful appliqué. Then, as they would get closer to the quilt, they would realize it was actually painted. Surprise, surprise!

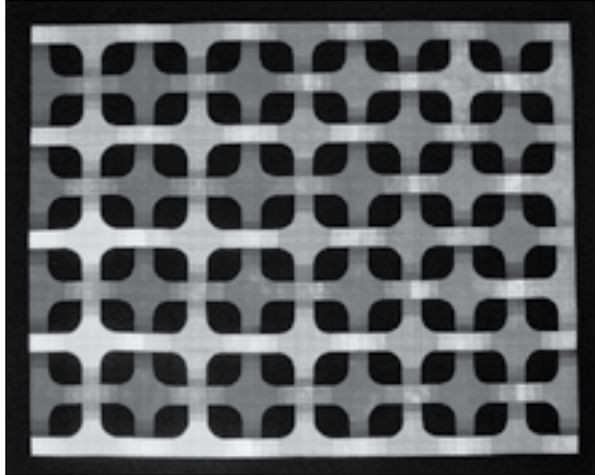
Upper extremity injuries have slowed me down from time to time over the past eight years; first, a torn rotator cuff in 1999 that required months of physical therapy prior to and after surgical repair, which slowed me down for nearly two years. Then, I required double carpal tunnel release surgeries in 2003, while on deadline for my second book. That's when I decided I needed to become proficient at machine quilting. (I still make several hand-quilted quilts each year.) In 2005, it was repair for torn ligaments in my right elbow that slowed me down temporarily. That injury was the result of hauling two 50-pound suitcases full of quilts around airports and convention centers. Now, I pay bellboys and Sky Caps



Cubic Star ©2002 42" x 42" Machine pieced and hand quilted. Cubic Star is made from a variation of a quilt design based on a traditional Broken Star pattern. With clever use of color and value, there is almost an optical illusion of a third dimension. Pattern available.



Kansas Rodeo Stars ©2005 79" x 101" Machine pieced and hand appliqued by Elsie M. Campbell; Machine quilted by Shelley Carmichael-Smith. Rodeo figures in the large alternate squares make this large, bed-sized quilt very special. I used a unique hand applique method similar to ones used for Hawaiiin applique technique. Twelve stars are quite easy to make with assembly line piecing. Pattern available.



Internet ©2004 Machine pieced and machine quilted. I made this small quilt specifically for my book, *Nine-Patch and Snowball Quilts*. Although it looks difficult to piece, it is actually quite simple utilizing strip-piecing techniques for Nine-Patch blocks, and a little curved piecing for the Snowball blocks. Careful placement of the colors and values creates the illusion of interweaving strips. I hand-dyed my own fabrics for this quilt. Pattern available.

to move my bags around for me. That's a lot less expensive than paying my doctor for the aftermath.

Each new injury and subsequent surgery has taught me how very blessed I am to be able to make beautiful things with my hands. I appreciate what I am able to do more because of the times when I have not been able to work. It is so amazing how all the parts of our bodies work together to allow us to live our lives as we choose. When things don't work so well, it reminds us of what a miracle it is when good health is restored.

Aside from quilting, I love to grow things, especially flowers. Flowers seem to appear on my quilts quite frequently. I play piano, and music has always been a large part of my life. Music makes hours pass quickly, and my work goes much easier when I put a few of my favorite CDs in the player or turn on my favorite public radio program.

And then there are my constant companion cats, Jenny and Sally. Jenny is too old now to follow me from room to room, but for 16 years she was never more than six feet away from me when I was home. She now spends her days between her bed in the living room and the food bowl in the kitchen. Sally is a little stray cat that adopted our family in December, 2008. We are still getting acquainted. She is the one who now follows me from room to room and

entertains me with her little games.

I'm working on a new project book for Good Books, Inc., of Intercourse, Pennsylvania. (Rhubarb readers may know Phyllis Good for her series of *Make It and Forget It* cookbooks, and Merle for the series of children's books about the adventures of an Amish child, Rueben.) My book is about making string quilts. String quilts are made from long strips of fabric, small pieces left over from other projects, or from the useable portions of worn-out clothing. There is a lot of satisfaction in making something beautiful and useful from fabric bits that most people would toss into the trashcan.

My mother and grandmother made those kinds of quilts during the Great Depression. In today's suffering economy, I think it is really appropriate to bring back techniques for making inexpensive quilts with love, rather than spending a lot of money on new fabrics.

I have lots and lots of big projects in my head and on bits of paper in my office that I plan to make someday. They only elude me because I'll need time to develop them. Life on earth is finite, so someday may never come for me. I think it is important to make your dream a priority, and I'm pretty good at doing that. But first, I must finish the quilts for the book! **R**

Look for Elsie Campbell's upcoming book, *Innovations and Renovations: String Quilts*, to be released by Good Books, Inc. of Intercourse, PA this upcoming Fall (2009).

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Ashley Harms

Websites

I am a software designer and a database architect. These are typically two very different roles. However, to truly understand the application cycle from front to back, both are required. I develop custom applications for business and provide custom/niche web hosting services. When building a project the common details are:

- evaluating and selecting the components required
- creating and designing the database that stores all the data
- developing the application—creating the business rules and interfaces for the client.
- integrating payment processing
- securing the environment

I knew what I wanted to be from a very early age. The key to my keen interests in computers was my Grandpa Harms. He was a farmer. He bought a computer to do his farm books. I was five years old at the time. I took to the computer and my grandpa kept upgrading so I could keep learning; he didn't need to upgrade, he did it for me. My passion for computers and how they worked consumed a large part of my life. As time went on, my dad continued in Grandpa's footsteps and kept giving me what I needed to always take the next step (and, I might add, my dad continues to do so). At home, my parents kept a computer room for me. This is where I spent countless hours poring through books and magazines, always thirsting for more information and knowledge. Chris Wiebe, my neighbor, was also into computers with the same passion. We spent a wild amount of hours designing programs and figuring it out as we went. The Internet was at its infancy and there were not a whole lot of ways to get help when programming.

I was born and raised in Altona, a small town with small school classes. That was one of the other keys that enabled my access to computers. During those early developmental years, I wanted to know how and why the games worked. As I progressed through school, computers were always what I cared about.

That made for some tough decisions, and determined as well as where I went to high school. The computer program at the Mennonite Collegiate Institute in Gretna, Manitoba, was run by Walter Hiebert. He

was a fantastic teacher and really saw that I wasn't just another student who had to take computer class, but wanted to be there. He presented challenging logic problems and puzzles. This helped mature my problem solving skills and how that translated into computer programming.

Right out of high school I worked at Golden West Broadcasting for two years under the guidance of Ken Wiebe and Conley Kehler. My next job took me across the street to a large printing firm, Friesens Corporation, where I stayed for another two years. I actually purchased Friesens.com their first registered domain name. Many life lessons were learned over these four years. The working world was not what I thought it was going to be. Getting up at 7:30 after coding into the early hours in the morning was not going over well with me. It was tough to get to work by 8:00 with a tie on. It was often commented that my hair was still wet when I got to work; getting out of the house was always a mad rush!

Website development came once I left



Accepting the CCMA award.

Friesens and worked for Online Business Systems in Winnipeg. I had fantastic leaders and mentors. David Neufeld was my first project leader. He was extremely patient and willing to share his knowledge. He challenged me on a daily basis. It was exciting, building applications and learning how the consulting world

were patient and gave direction when necessary. There is no substitute for real world experience with the right mentor.

Website creation is started with a concept/demand. It then moves to a story-board; the Internet is such a visual medium, even for business applications. It needs to look good no matter what the business requirements are. There are many variables that need to be addressed. Such as: what is the target browser/platform? (since not all web browsers support the same features); and will the website need to work on a cell phone and an internet enabled phone? The concept is broken down into smaller logical groups/modules. The requirement for each module is analyzed and that drives what technology platform is required for the creation of the website. A requirements and analysis document is constructed. This is the blue print used to build the database and design the application. It can be many months in each stage, depending on the complexity of the concept and what the final result needs to be.

I grew up working in a small confined space with very few distractions or interruptions. To this very day, that is still my optimum work environment. I have a laptop that is the heartbeat of my development. I usually have a second screen attached so I can develop and test without having to open and close my workspace. I like to work to music. I find a grouping of songs that I load up



The House of Bands website: www.houseofbands.com.

worked. While at Online, I had the privilege to work on Adobe's e-commerce initiative for Image Club Graphics. That's where I really cut my teeth on web and Internet development. This opened my eyes to the power of the web and the visual stimulation it could provide when coupled to the right application.

I have been blessed to have worked with people that had the same love for the art of software development. They

The Mennonite Literary Society declares:

YOU ARE A MENNONITE IF...

...YOU THINK YOU ARE

...YOU WANT TO BE

...YOUR FRIENDS THINK YOU ARE, EVEN IF YOU DON'T

...YOU'RE FIGHTING IT TOOTH-AND-NAIL, BUT CAN'T QUITE SHAKE IT

IF THIS MEANS YOU, PLEASE SEND **RHUBARB** YOUR WORK. THANK YOU.

See Submissions (p. 2) and Coming Up (p. 11) for what's new in **Rhubarb**.

on my iPod and get into a rhythm. I'm not big on clutter. I like a clean and crisp environment. Ironically, I still write my concepts and technical notes on grid paper with a mechanical pencil. I feel lost without them.

The age of the Internet has been built around collaboration. Within any given project there is collaboration with peers and clients. When consulting as a sole proprietorship, there needs to be collaboration. There is no growth or stimulation without it. No matter how great you think your idea is, there is someone with a better way of doing it, or who has encountered a flaw that you didn't anticipate. This form of collaboration is often faceless and involves reading forums and technical posts. It is quite amazing how faceless the Internet has made collaboration. It has made it more visual, but that doesn't imply a face to the name. It can make for an interesting engagement when you don't know the physical characteristics of the persons you are working for or with.

I have worked as an employee, a consultant, a sole proprietor, and an entrepreneur. Each role presented some pretty interesting twists and turns. I was on a very large project in Prince George. This was my first consulting job. The CTO was very aggressive and the project was behind even before the point when I was "sent in." We eventually delivered the application and got it working. The advice I was left with was, "Consultants are hired so there can be someone to fire." I thought that was a pretty interesting way to look at what I was shaping my career to be.

I have been on the road so much that I got a Christmas card from a hotel. And there have been times where I have never wanted to ever get on an airplane! Then I got a bonus in the shape of a holiday that involved a plane trip. It felt like another business trip, until the day after landing and I wasn't going to a client's office.

The project I am working on now is a little more than a project. It has been

a change in life and is our foray into the entrepreneurial world of business. I am phrasing it as "our foray" because this is not something anyone can do without the support of one's spouse and family. We have developed and built the award-winning House of Bands, founded by Tim Neufeld, John Neufeld, and myself. Basically, it's a technology platform for the bands to have an online presence and make money by being a band. Each band is in control of its own media and data. The House of Bands empowers the artist to be unique and make music, and not to have to worry about managing a website. Our customers are both the band and the band's fans. We have coupled the Internet with just-in-time manufacturing of CDs and merchandise and payment processing. We offer the independent artist the opportunity to turn their love and passion for music into a paying career. Each



The Doc Walker website: www.docwalker.ca.

artist has a web store to sell CDs, merchandise and apparel. The web stores can be customized to reflect the individuality of each artist and his/her music. The artists also have access to update their tour calendars, photo and video galleries, and communication with their fans. The House of Bands is a one-stop shop for the emerging and accomplished artist. (www.houseofbands.com)

We (House of Bands) won a Cana-

dian Country Music Award for "Website of the Year" (2008) for the design and development of a website for the music group, Doc Walker. That was a fantastic success. The awards ceremony was held in Winnipeg. It was a very surreal red-carpet weekend that I was able to share with my wife! Winning an award like that validates our abilities and capability to deliver a professional product on the Canadian and world stage. The Internet is global and can really make or break you quickly! The award has already driven bands of all types to us. This award is not an individual accomplishment. It is the recognition of a team that spent countless hours reworking the interface and concept until it was right, and more importantly, satisfying to us personally.

Outside of work, I try to keep up with

my family. My wife and I are blessed with two boys; Owen (8) and Austin (4). Owen is fully entrenched in sports. In order to spend more time with my family I volunteer and coach where and when I can. To stay in shape I volunteer at our park and make and clear the ice with other neighbors in the community. It's good to get outdoors after spending 8 to 10 hours in front of an LCD panel.

Overall, I have been extremely fortunate to have worked for and with great people. Many people do not have this as their story. There have been many ups and downs, but overall I wouldn't change too much. Every experience, good and bad, makes us who we are today, and that hopefully translates into making us better people. **R**

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Pat Your Name On The Barn Door

Matthew Kroeker

Industrial

Matthew Kroeker is an independent industrial designer based in Winnipeg, Manitoba. A graduate of the Ontario College of Art and Design (2000), Matthew's work has been exhibited in New York and Milan and is said to be on the vanguard of the new Canadian design movement. He has earned several awards worldwide and has been published in numerous international publications including *The New York Times*, *Interni* and *Wallpaper*. Recently Matthew was honoured with the distinction of being one of Canada's ten most innovative designers by *AZURE* magazine and curator Rachel Gotlieb. This special exhibit was presented at Toronto's Interior Design Show in February of 2008.

Kroeker is focused on creating smart everyday products and furniture that seek to enhance the rituals of our daily routines. His concepts explore a blend of old and unconventional materials and at times offer a nod to the past while being firmly rooted in the present.

I was trained in industrial design. In simple terms, it's some sort of hybrid between art and engineering. It captures both aspects, while focusing on human interaction and the appearance of the product. Today, for the most part, I create experimental and forward-thinking furniture and products that at times border on sculpture. Although less as an artisan or craftsman, I utilize the techniques of mass production and manufacturing to aid in creating these objects.

My great-grandfather ran a successful potato farm, which still thrives today, in Winkler, Manitoba. On the other side of the family my opa owned Dyck's Containers, a manufacturer of wood crates for the bottling industry. Opa was extremely creative, and in his spare time he populated his enormous back yard with whimsical bridges, windmills, and playhouses. His style was all his own and could be described as some sort of cross between Gothic architecture and Mennonite folk art. There's no question that his creative influence was a major force in what I was to become.

In terms of my creative process, once a concept has been captured, I like to sleep



Bristle side tables (2008). An assembly of solid wood disks and nickel-plated steel wire provide a place for a drink or a visual stop. The jutting wire ends of each table intersect forming a playful detail, as well the tables nest on top of one another for efficient storage.



Camila rocking chair (2007). Covered in exclusive fabrics from Kvadrat by Maharam, the Camila rocking chair becomes an elegant and charming interpretation of an old object. The armless black walnut structure and generous proportions allow the chair to be engaged from the front or side with a more relaxed and natural approach to sitting.

Saw table lamp (2007). Paying homage to our ancestral furniture makers, Saw is at once sculpture and furniture. The solid wood table contains several stylized "saw cuts" into which the nickel-plated lamp post is inserted, each providing a different intensity of light or no light at all when placed in the resting slot. In this age of convenience and technology, Saw hearkens back to a time when the lighting and dousing of a lamp was a more purposeful act, a domestic ritual punctuating the beginning or the end of an evening.



Splinter chairs (2005). Splinter consists of two interlocking chairs that part along a line of jagged and seemingly broken wood slats. The concept evokes the common fragility of relationships, fortunately in this case the chairs get back together merging elegantly to form a single bench. The chairs are made from plantation-grown teak hardwood and stainless steel.



Oma table (2004). This coffee table combines diverse materials in an innovative and practical way. Walnut veneer and thermoformed plastic are laminated creating a removable accent tray that flips to provide a flush surface.



on it, and see if it's still the big idea it was at 2 a.m. the night before. If it all makes sense, I continue to evolve the idea through sketching and models. But the key becomes knowing when to stop. It has to be simple and obvious without adding gratuitous styling that may distract from the original concept. Occasionally I bounce ideas off other designers. There's always that impulse to seek approval from my colleagues. But the fact is, I don't design for designers. The final vote of support often comes from my wife. When she thinks it's cool, then I know I've got something.

My studio really isn't conducive to creative activity. The space is small and devoid of natural light, and the obnoxious hum of the computer's fan fills the room at all times. It's a wonder I come up with anything good at all, really. Having said all that, I would say I do my best work in a retrofitted shipping container suspended above my garage, with floor to ceiling windows on each end, providing plenty of natural light. I just haven't built it yet. One day....

I live and work in a bubble that's isolated from the rest of the design community. As empowering as it is to be one of few doing this type of work in Winnipeg, I still need to travel and see what's going on in places like New York and Milan. It can be humbling to witness that level of creativity, but it keeps me interested and focused.

I was surprised to learn that people often see my work as humorous and romantic. I just had never thought of it that way. I think there's a regional flavor to my work too. Someone from Barcelona might not get some of the references, so when I start talking about pioneers, and old beer bottles at the cabin, some of it may go over their heads. But that's ok. It's important for me to express those cultural and sentimental ideas that are relevant to many other Canadians.

A project called The Splinter Chairs was interesting because the chairs were designed and developed in utter secrecy. Having no track record and little confidence, I showed them in Toronto at a design exhibition and was blown away by the reaction. The chairs were very well received and continue to garner attention to this day. They have been exhibited all over the world and have been seen in just about every major design publication since.

The industry I'm in is inherently snobby and elitist, and proving oneself is always a challenge. "They" seem more interested in working with celebrity designers instead of with emerging talent. It doesn't matter if what you've created is the greatest thing since sliced bread, they're not likely to go for it unless your name carries some weight. Many young designers have avoided this situation altogether by self-producing their work in limited quantities. By doing so, the designer maintains total control without making creative sacrifices. On the flip side, financial sacrifices are often made when doing business that way.

When I'm not busy designing something I'm parenting. And when I'm not parenting, you can probably find me shoveling the sidewalk or washing the dishes. Other activities and hobbies will have to wait!

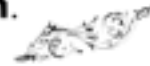
The project I'm working on now plays with those "idiosyncrasies" within the domestic environment, like clutter, excessive ornamentation, and that cherished dinnerware from my wife's bridal shower that's seldom used. One of my latest works takes some of those idle objects and transforms them into useful and functional objects. **R**

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Snake on the Prairie:

A meditation on Manitoba geography

by Byron Rempel-Burkholder

An overwhelming flatness confronted me when I first saw Winnipeg late one night, approaching by train to start a summer job. From the observation car, I considered an arrow-straight horizon of lights stretched beyond both ends of my peripheral vision. This terrain would be a challenge to love. I was born in the mountains. Hills, escarpments, and cliffs defined my horizons. This land had nothing. It would be a two-dimensional summer.

I have since learned that southern Manitoba appeared flat because I had not discovered imagination. I have moved back three times, each time finding the land less flat than it once was. This land is a studio of the spirit.

A labyrinth coils in a meadow beside the Red River north of Winnipeg. Labyrinths require flat land. They loop around in roopy lines and hairpins, leading to a centre. The labyrinth I walk now is mown on a lawn, green on green, folded channels leading around, toward, away from, but always oxbowing toward a centre.

Nearby, under some cottonwoods, stands a white marble Mary, hands extending. "Paint me," her eyes say. "Draw this meadow," her fingers gesture. I choose drawing. I become the pencil that etches this ancient design, yielding to a hand that paints a new earth. My upright body glides on this green canvas, around and back, in and out, ever toward the centre. At long last, I dead-end at another rise: a cup on a rock, an offering on an altar. The trinity of us stands together for a moment—unpainted Mary, ancient rock, and heart-throbbing novice—obelisks on the plains of creation. "Paint, draw," comes a whisper from the trees. And so I swivel with conviction and circle out again, pressing harder now.

The path ends, opening on to something primordial just at hand—the very subject of this ancient drawing. Just beyond, another loopy etch, the mighty Red, marks this region. This kilometer-wide band collects the Assiniboine and countless other prairie streams, ambling north to give itself into Lake Winnipeg. It pulls together again as the Nelson and shoes crookedly through wilderness like a determined trapper. Then it dies into Hudson Bay, the Arctic Ocean, centre of the Northern Hemisphere. The Red's destination, too, lies at the end of oxbows. When rivers travel through flatlands, they snake. The contemplative among rivers, the Red must move in slow curves if it is to traffic in life. Straight rivers are found in mountain ranges, racing headlong between sterile rocks, with no thought to the journey. Prairie rivers stroll through the world's breadbaskets.

Unacquainted with marble virgins and labyrinths, a pilgrim new to the prairies will ask, "What is this patch of river, smooth

as glass? Not much different from a calm lake, except I can't see edges on the right and on the left. What is this little path in the meadow? Just a swath of short grass beside a stretch of long grass. What is this patch of water and straight horizon?" I used to ask these things, an anxious soul narrowly fixed on tall landscapes—the Atlantic gray cliffs of the Cabot Trail or the Pacific redwood giants of the West Coast Trail. I could not believe the virgin of the prairies actually speaks.

But this land at Canada's longitudinal centre is a school for imagination. So whether it is the virgin who speaks, or the wind that whispers, the stone that gestures, the river that saunters so imperceptibly—my teachers bring a word into flesh.

"Climb the cottonwood," they say, "and look down upon this ancient drawing. Do you see a shamrock molded into a circle? Climb down and walk these curves again. Now, lie down and look from ground level. See, you are in a jungle of clover with a giant yellow bee grazing the plump, washed-lavender flowers above. The forest canopy cuts sharply to a groundcover of green and yellow, a dense savanna stamped horizontal just a moment ago by the shoe of a contemplative on his loopy route to the altar.

"Next, wade into the river to eye level. A white gull will skim the water, splash a blessing, and call, 'Paint me.' Greet it back and say, 'Paint me, too.' Creation, creator, and newly created—all mutually pleased.

"Stay in the water a minute. See how the western bank towers above the water? Never has one seen such stately willows. You may think it is raining, but no—it is the wind shaking crisp aspen leaves above your head. But rain may yet come. Observe those towering cumuli above the talking aspens, charging heaven with gathering definition. And mark this moving sea stretching from your iris—it will soon open to an ocean.

"Distinctions between Rocky Mountains and prairie thus will fade. The earth's crust, for all its mountains and ocean canyons, is proportionally as smooth as the skin of any apple. You'll hear the Baptizer and Mary's duet: 'The high are brought low, the lowly exalted. This flat Eden is suddenly the New World.'"

Such are the instructions echoing in the studio of this flat heart of the continent, on this honeymoon of creation. All afternoon I stagger around, attending to the obelisks, the trees, the statues, and other pencils and brushes, all poised, perpendicular to the canvas. I draw sketches in the meadow, conjure paint from the river, and colour everything I see. I position my eyes in every conceivable venue, every possible angle.

From a balloon, I see a canvas stretched out, no longer vir-



Photo by rickola, from creativecommons.ca

gin. The Red meanders in purposeful glory, the lake glistening beyond. To the south, a serpentine lifeline flanked by squares of wheat-green, canola-yellow, and flax-blue. The workers of the land paint them new each season. And look! Directly below are Kingston Row and Point Douglas, neighbourhoods tucked into the oxbows of the Red. People live in these curves.

I look from the porthole of a space shuttle. Whether the canvas, now slightly convex, is horizontal or vertical, below or above—how can one tell from here?—there is the river again, living in my cornea, water shimmering bronze in the fast-setting sun. Could that be the same serpent Moses displayed in the wilderness for those plagued by a lack of imagination? Could it be that sign engraved on diplomas in doctors' offices the world over? That reptile of Eden, redeemed into an icon of life? Look up and live, whispers the wind in the ear of fearful novices.

Whatever may yet be forbidden, the garden is full of fruit. Whatever geography one explores, this apple is permitted, ready to taste. North of Winnipeg lies Narcisse, where limestone pits offer safe breeding grounds for red-sided garters. Each spring, pilgrims trek here to wonder at seething masses of mating serpents. Innocent children, unschooled in the lore of adders and pythons, pick up these amorous, slithering creatures by the armful. Amused parents, who know there are no poisonous snakes in Manitoba, snap pictures. Adams and Eves, Marys and Josephs, Eden revisited. **R**

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Gwen Penner

Graphic design

What I have always loved about a career in design is the constant variety. One week I work on a display for a convention, the next a magazine layout with a photo-shoot squeezed in between.

I entered the graphic design world in 1984, about the same time as the Apple Computer, and was fortunate to get a job that included computer training, as my education had not. I started out on Aldus Pagemaker and Macromedia Freehand v 1.0 (anyone remember these?), with a brute of a black-and-white laser printer, and a Mac computer with a 40mg hard-drive, combined with an 8"x 8" monitor. The fonts I had at my disposal were the few that came with the printer: Palatino, Times, Helvetica. I am not sure if the shift from wax paste and Exacto knives to computer was easier than the constant shifts in technology that I have experienced ever since: first, just page layout, then Web, now animation.

My career has shifted from just doing design, to doing mostly design and a little teaching, to doing mostly teaching and a little design. I had been working for about 10 years as a designer/art director at Goshen College when I was asked to teach their first desktop publishing class. As I took on more teaching and got my M.A. in design and advertising and MFA in New Media, I gradually evolved into full-time teaching, but I have always kept a client or two on the side to keep current with the design world and technology.

One might say I entered the art world from the back door. I did not grow up in an environment that encouraged the visual arts, except that one of my mother's jobs was as a tailor, and so a fair bit of energy was put into altering and designing clothes. There were always chores, gardening, or cleaning to do that dominated any after school time for my three sisters and me. But one very prominent memory I have of my childhood is seeing some of the drawing that my older sister did at school and wishing that I could draw like her and spending countless hours at the chalk board trying to draw "pretty lady" faces. My father was a Mennonite pastor, and so it seems we would move about every five years when he would have a new church. While this was difficult, I did learn to make friends easily and to adapt to many new situations, and I saw a lot of new places.

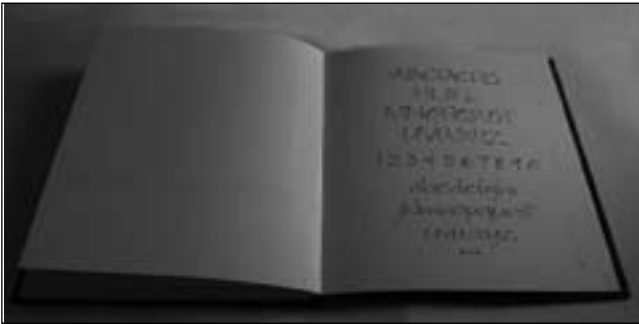
I think from these experiences I have learned things about life that have benefited my life in the arts, once I discovered it: working long



Pointed Pen Book, cover 23 cm x 28 cm. Hand painted cover with calligraphy, inkjet printed on domestic etching. This is an artist book about the history of typography. The book was created to showcase a digitized typeface modeled after the pointed pen style of calligraphy. I called the typeface, Pointed Pen.



First page of book with letter A.



Last page of book which includes the whole alphabet in the Pointed Pen typeface.

hard hours to achieve my goals (MA and MFA both while working part- or full-time) and being willing to take on new and difficult tasks in my role as a professor. As a parent of two, now adult kids, I know how important it is to instill those ideals in the next generation.

Near the end of my English degree at University of Waterloo, Ontario, I took an art elective—calligraphy, I think—and loved it. I had not had one art class in my junior high or high schools years, and so had no idea what I had missed. Once I realized how much I loved the art world, I took as many classes as my schedule would allow, but the practical side of me still graduated on schedule with the English degree. Then I immediately started taking more art classes. The ones that hooked me were the weaving and fiber art classes, and with the influence and help from my Finnish professor, I ended up going to study textile art in Finland for a semester. It

was very eye-opening for a mostly rural, Mennonite, practical woman to live in a culture that places so much value on design, art, and good taste as a way of life.

If I think of formative art experiences, that certainly would be one. Being in a culture with a well-developed sense of design helped me see how to make art an enhancement to daily life, not just an embellishment here and there. I think that time in Finland and experiencing its pervasive cultural attitude—to make even the mundane beautiful—continues to influence my graphic design work. In design, much of what one does can be considered mundane and has a very short shelf life, but if I adapt a *laissez-faire* attitude about the small jobs, I find it also affects the big jobs. So I soon decided that, even if it is a small project, I need to put my energy and creativity into it.

With the heavy use of technology/computers in graphic design, I find that I also want to make art with something very tactile. Fiber



Quiescent Circles, recycled silk yarn on wool felt. In my writing I referred to the art project I worked on in Senegal. This is the finished triptych. Each piece is 35.5 cm x 40.5 cm.

arts stimulate that sense for me, and more recently I have been working in book art, or artists' books, and find it a wonderful blend of graphic design and the tactile.

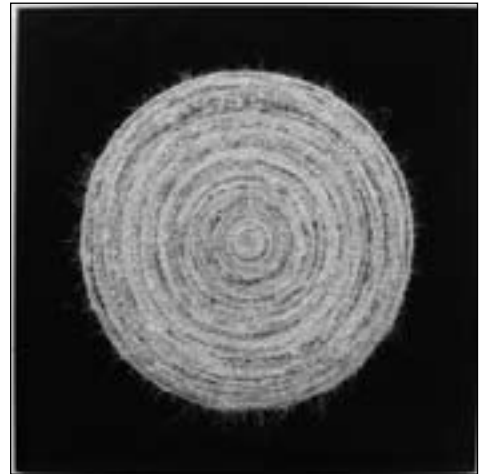
In 2006, I took 15 students to Senegal, West Africa, for a study service term. I wanted to bring some kind of light-weight and easily transportable art supplies, so I looked through what I had and found some wool felt and some recycled silk yarn. I thought these would be fun to experiment with. While there I had time to play. We really don't do that enough. I did not have the pressure of client budgets or class schedules and I started creating moon-related imagery by coiling the silk on the felt and sewing it down. I ended up continuing to follow this theme and medium through my MFA. I have not exhausted it yet, and am continuing that idea, only with seed beads, and with color, yarn, or shape variations.

In my own creative work I find that I love to work in series and let ideas evolve from one piece to the next. That would be in stark comparison to my graphic design, in which typically every piece is different. Certainly when working for the same client, there is thematic material that would serve to depict corporate identity, etc., but in design you are constantly varying what you do for different audiences. In fine art work, the audience would be more constant, or you find the audience after the work is created.

One question that I've been asked is about the type of physical space I like to work in. I find that a fascinating question, and I often ask my students to think about the environment where they do their most creative work, or to think about their process and how that can affect the final product.

I think I work best with a little mess, BUT not too much! If it is too pristine, I feel like I have not been productive, and if it is too messy, I get frustrated because I can't find things. Ideally, before I start a new project, I like to have everything cleaned up from the last one; but, enter into this scene procrastination or avoidance—I don't know what it is—but I really put off cleaning until it is absolutely necessary. That is one thing I constantly work at changing.

The thesis for my MFA was on art and spir-



Blue Moon, recycled silk on wool felt.
106.5 cm x 106.5 cm.



Images of Peace. 61 cm x 51 cm. A poster created for Goshen College admissions that was sent to Indiana High Schools.

it, and to coordinate my art exhibition with my writing, I focused on circular imagery, inspired by my love of the moon since childhood. The first image was silvery blue silk yarn, in a tightly inlaid spiral pattern. When I was working on the project, I was surprised to find how much I needed a calm and fairly quiet environment. It was a tedious process (took about 200 hours), and at one point, I thought I would listen to an audio book to make the time go faster. I ended up taking out almost all the work that I did while listening to that book (for a good 12 hours!) because it got too colourful and busy, and I had wanted a more serene, quiet feel to the work. It is interesting how, with each new piece or project, we discover new things about ourselves. **R**

Rhubarb Pilaf

Ingredients

1 c Uncooked bulgur
1/2 c Chopped onions
1 tb Oil
1 ea Minced garlic clove
2 1/2 c Chopped **rhubarb**
7 ea Dried apricots, chopped
1/4 c Apple juice
1 ts Cinnamon
1 pn Cayenne
3 tb Brown rice syrup
1/2 ts Tamari
1/4 c Slivered almonds
Fresh sprigs mint for garnish

Procedure

Place bulgur in a medium sized saucepan or mixing bowl & add 2 1/2 c boiled water. Cover & set aside to steep for 30 minutes. In a large skillet, saute the onions in oil until translucent. Stir in the garlic & rhubarb & saute for 1 minute. Add apricots, juice, cinnamon & cayenne. Cover & cook over medium heat until bubbly. Add syrup & tamari. Stir in the bulgur. Garnish with slivered almonds & fresh sprigs of mint. Serve warm.

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Jill Sawatzky

Fashion

I run my own clothing line, Tony Chestnut. I do everything from designing the clothing and accessories, to making the patterns, to hand forging the materials, to the final production of the pieces. I've always been a very creative person, although the idea of designing clothing never even entered my mind until I was 20. Growing up in a small town—Rosenort, Manitoba—I was always encouraged to be artistic in everything that I did. I felt very free to express myself artistically, through my schoolwork and the activities I chose to participate in as a child and as a teenager. But most of all, I always felt free to express myself artistically through the clothes that I wore and the way I wore my hair. Let's face it: I probably attempted to pull off a lot more "looks" than I would have dared to if I had been in a bigger school (which would have translated into a bigger critical audience).

The people in my life that push me to be better in my art are other artists. I look up to people who can turn their innate creativity into something relatable, approachable, and relevant. I did a fashion internship with a designer, Hajnalka Mandula of Mandula Designs, who taught me to do exactly that: to find the balance between following your inspiration to create exactly what you believe in, and then marketing that in a way that others can relate to—the secret behind lucrative art!

Because in fashion, I work in seasons, or collections, I always have to be thinking ahead to what I'll be doing next. I feel as though I've always got my next project on the brain. I'm lucky because I am inspired by the simplest things. I don't need to travel to India to be inspired to create a new line. I can read a novel or go for a bike ride and I'll have the concept of what I



tony chestnut holiday 08
raw silk ballerina blouse
with organza tutu
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast



tony chestnut holiday 08
hand dyed cotton tshirt
with heavy wool skirt
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast

tony chestnut fall/winter 08
lace blouse, wool and corduroy
skirt, hand-dyed cotton leggings
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast



want to make next. Once I have that idea in place, I focus on materials—textiles, colors, treatments for fabric, buttons—and pretty soon, I can't stop myself. I'm a production machine!

The studio I work out of is in my home. When production time rolls around, I tend to take over that entire space, plus the rest of my house. For the sake of getting fresh air whenever I can, I'll take the design stages of my work outside of the house, preferably to a comfortable park; but in the winter, a good cafe will do. I am constantly inspired and affected by my surroundings. My studio at home is bright, cluttered (in an organized way), covered in photos and objects that I love, and must always have a flourishing plant. There's just something motivating about a nice fern.

In the past couple of months I've been lucky enough to be able to work with an intern. She tells me where it's at. And I need that. Any feedback is good feedback, but when it comes from someone who has shared your vision throughout the entire design and production process, you really have to listen.

My personality—the kind of person I am—absolutely dictates

the kind of work that I do. I make women's clothing, and I make sure that I would personally wear every single piece that I produce. I want to dress women who are not afraid to express themselves, and who want to wear beautiful, artistic clothing, which is exactly what I look for in a garment or an outfit. I am also a busy and very low-maintenance person (at least, aesthetically!), so I need clothing to be comfortable and functional while still looking great. I like to call it "utilitarian femininity."

I have found that people's reactions to the clothing I make differs so much. If a person "gets it," and sees in the garment what I see, they love it, and are excited to see something different. But I also realize that a lot of the proportions I use, or the silhouettes that I choose, or even the construction techniques that I use, do not appeal to everyone. Generally, I am pretty dead on when pre-

tony chestnut fall/winter 08
wool funnel neck top,
hand-dyed cotton leggings
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast



dicting which pieces will be good sellers; everyone loves a simple hand-dyed scarf, and the one-size-fits-most organic leggings and t-shirt dresses are usually a sure thing. However, every once in a while I'll be surprised by which pieces I can't keep on the racks, or that I absolutely cannot sell. I usually try to make clothing that is very versatile—fabrics with stretch, pieces that are meant to be oversized, or pieces that you can drape according to how you want them to look on your body—and I think that my clientele has grown to appreciate that. You're not always scrounging around for your specific size, and if you try the garment on one way and you don't like, you can try to style it in a different way that you like better, kinda like "choose-your-own-adventure" clothing.

One of the hardest things about working for myself, all by myself, is staying motivated during "less creative" times. The opportunity to be able to be creative every day is fantastic and a true gift, but I'll admit that there are some days that I would love to be told what to do, and not have to make any creative decisions. Sometimes I long for the days when I knew that I would be fired if I didn't do a certain amount of work for my boss. But those guidelines don't exist in self-employment. I've learned now not to force myself during those less creative times. I'll allow myself a day to just work on paperwork, or respond to emails, or even to read fashion magazines (market research!). I love trying any new craft. I love painting, and I would love to get into pottery. Art inspires art.

Right now I am working on the production end of my spring/summer line. I'm really excited about the new pieces. The idea is very feminine, but in an architectural and angular way. I love taking something specific, like ruffles, which are usually girly and soft, and presenting it as something completely opposite. I'm always attracted to androgyny, and I feel that this new collection really captures that.



tony chestnut fall/winter 08
crisp cotton bow-tie blouse,
wool and stretch-cotton
dhoti pants
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast



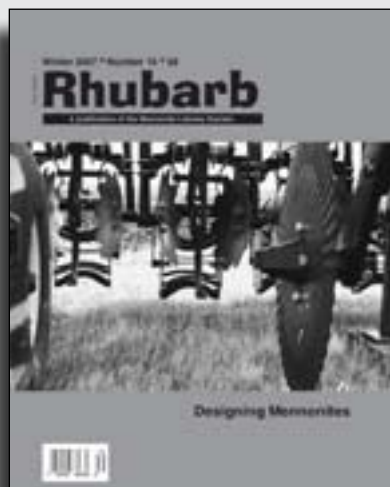
#6 + #7. tony chestnut
heavy felt totes.

tony chestnut holiday 08
heavy wool coat
model: lauren swan
photographer: tristan fast



When I think of where I'd like Tony Chestnut to be in two years, I definitely know that I want my own commercial space. I would love to open a store where I can not only sell my clothing and accessories, but where I can also create a space that a Tony Chestnut fan would feel completely at home in. I want to be able to merchandise the clothing in a way that appeals to different types of women, and I want to be able to interact with those women and feed off of what they are looking for. I want it to be an inspiring space, artistic beyond just the clothing.... **R**

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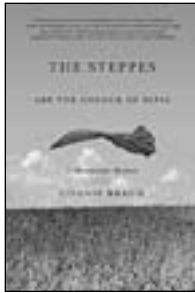
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Reviews

An intimate window

Braun, Connie. *The Steppes are the Colour of Sepia: A Mennonite Memoir*. Ronsdale Press, Vancouver BC 2008, 248pp.

Reviewed by Dorothy Friesen



Connie Braun has woven a spell-binding story of life in the Ukraine from the 1920s through the Stalin collectivization and gulag period, through the Great Patriotic war, the German occupation, her grandparents' move with the retreating German Army, and their experience as refugees in post war Europe

until her father, Peter Letkeman, at age 17, arrived in Canada in 1948 with a light suitcase and heavy memories.

Braun's paternal grandfather, Jacob Letkeman, was a Mennonite Brethren preacher who criss-crossed the country from Siberia to the villages of Michaelsburg and Olgafeld in the Ukraine, preaching, helping people, often only one step ahead of the district authorities who threatened exile. Later, as refugees, the family had to find their way into other cultures, moving from place to place within Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia.

I was struck by the many stories illustrating how Mennonites of the post-World War II migration era quickly learned to navigate cross-culturally as their insular German speaking colonies were uprooted. They joined with Ukrainian, Russian, and Jewish neighbours to eke out a livelihood on the collective farms. In Europe, the school-age refugee children studied in a new language and were taunted by the other children for their haircuts or their clothes. Young men were faced with hard choices: deciphering the line between their faith commitment and survival tactics, like joining the Hitler Youth, or, in other later circumstances, joining the anti-Hitler underground.

Steppes is Braun's gift to her family, whose story she has lovingly pieced together from chance

remarks remembered from childhood, her father's cassette of recorded memories given to her much later, her grandmother's Bible records, and family photos. It is also a must-read for anyone interested in human development, as Braun locates her family's personal memories at the margins of political mainstream history, and captures the effect of war and famine, relentless terrors, big and small, and loss of homeland and language on the individual human being and community.

For decades there was no respite for the Letkeman family, no time to exhale; they carried the trauma with them to the new land. Small wonder that the stories needed a generation's safe space to come to the surface. But *Steppes* is not a victim story, though the author does not flinch from grim details. It is a story of resilience and survival, sometimes through skill, sometimes through the random kindness of neighbours and strangers along the way, most often through inexplicable grace.

Of particular interest to Braun is how writing may function as a second-generation witness to those who experienced first hand history's disasters and ensuing displacement. In *Steppes*, she is a model witness, writing with a purity of spirit and a disciplined distance that validates and honours her family's story without sentimentality.

She has opened an intimate window into the experience of her particular Mennonite family caught in the crucible of state cruelty and violence, war and its aftermath, an important part of our history as Mennonites, a history we are still discovering.

But powerful life and death choices cannot be contained between the covers of one book, nor confined to a single generation. There are many more windows onto this era—other families with different experiences of pain, betrayal and vulnerability. Some windows will undoubtedly take great courage to open to wider community scrutiny. Witnesses to the past are changed by what they witness to consciously and by what they inherit unconsciously. It may require more time and space before light can be shone on the seepage of these traumas into the DNA and psyches of the descendants in the new land.

I thank Connie Braun for her labour of love in *Steppes* and I thank, in advance, those courageous

explorers who will dare to follow her example. The light through more opened windows will be a gift to the inheritors of a chequered peace-making history, stretching back to the Anabaptists, as we grapple to live into it more fully and make it more real for our time.

Dorothy Friesen is a writer and holistic health practitioner living in Fort Frances, Ontario. She has authored *Critical Choices: A Journey with the Filipino People* (Eerdmans, 1988) and a novel, *Stormy Ties* (Avalon Books, 1996).

A Mover, not a Shaker

DVD. Pete: Moving Man Made Mountains. Red and Yellow, Black and White Productions Inc., 2007.

Reviewed by Henry Neufeld



The difficulty lies not so much in developing new ideas as in escaping from old ones.

- John Maynard Keynes.

The conversation in Pete's home office in Lynden, Washington, is interrupted by a phone call

from Florida. The caller wants to work with 86-year old Pete on a computer program, designed by Pete, to determine the centre of gravity of buildings, a crucial issue when moving buildings.

For Pete Friesen, sheer desperation started him down a life-long path of innovation. The windmill on the family farm near Provost, Alberta, stopped turning, and 8-year old Pete had a choice: fix the windmill or start pumping water by hand. Climbing to the top and almost falling, the 8-year old lad looked at the broken part and said, "Pete, du Dommkopp." He thought it through step by step, and the solution became obvious. *Durchdenke*. Think it through. Visualization. The windmill soon resumed its monotonous work.

Formal training encourages students to think in specific, particular ways, and the expertise achieved often includes accepting certainties that are not necessarily all that certain. Unencumbered by rigid assumptions taught to engineering students, Friesen, with eight years of grade school education, devised his own problem-solving systems.

Thinking through problems without constraints

made Pete one of the world's foremost structural movers. He was not limited by certainties that can confine creativity; when told it couldn't be done, Pete did it.

Pete's story begins with his family leaving their Ukrainian estate in the tumultuous 1920s, settling in the Rosenheim district near Provost, then in Glenbush, Saskatchewan, and finally in Yarrow, BC.

Pete left Yarrow to join the army's medical corps in WWII. Based in St. John, New Brunswick, he fell in love with the pianist for the soldiers' worship services and they soon married. When Pete and his new bride returned to Yarrow after the war, the church was not pleased with the presence of this non-Mennonite lady. Pete was kicked out of the Yarrow Mennonite Brethren church. Several decades later he received a letter of apology from one of the deacons.

Trading a chain saw for house-moving equipment launched Pete's career, moving his first house after the 1948 Fraser Valley flood. Frustrated with his equipment, Pete told his crew that next year they would have house-moving equipment that worked automatically. They laughed, making Pete all the more determined.

Pete proceeded to invent a hydraulic jacking system that is still in use today. Patented in Canada and the USA, Pete estimates that by the 1970s he'd moved over 5,000 buildings, and that system is still used by most house movers. Pete's system ensures that the whole building moves at the same pace to prevent structural damage. Most older buildings are made of brick and mortar, and they collapse easily if a move is attempted. Using Pete's system those moves are possible without damaging the structure.

Pete's moving accomplishments include the oldest house to survive the 1871 Chicago fire, a brick fire station, the Fairmont hotel in San Antonio, Detroit's Gem Theatre, the Schubert Theatre in Minneapolis, and several lighthouses, including the historic Cape Hatteras lighthouse. Experts told Pete that the brick lighthouse, weighing 10 million pounds, would collapse. Pete paid no attention and proceeded to 'think it through.' In the end they called this feat "the move of the century." For his accomplishments the International Association of Structural Engineers gave Pete the OPAL (Outstanding Projects and Leaders) award in 2000. A world-renowned expert at moving lighthouses, he has four entries in the Guinness book of world records.

Pete's life has not been easy; his abusive father told him he would amount to nothing; Pete was

forced into bankruptcy; and his two sons have both died. Yet he's a firm believer that all things work together for the eventual good.

A gentle soul and a kind man, Pete often did the impossible; this DVD is a fitting tribute. The story is somewhat weakened by the use of a young boy to narrate. Such a youthful voice is not the best fit for the accomplishments of this remarkable man.

When asked to explain his creativity, Pete smiles, shrugs his shoulders and says it's a God-given gift. And he needs to return the call from the guy in Florida.

Pete Friesen passed away on Wednesday, February 11, 2009, at his home in Lynden, Washington.

Henry Neufeld lives in BC and volunteers on the Board of the Canadian Mennonite Publishing Service.

Catalysts to change

Epp, Marlene. *Mennonite Women in Canada: A History*. University of Manitoba Press, 2008.



Reviewed by Frieda Klippenstein

Some years ago, as I conducted an oral history project about Mennonite women who served as domestic servants in Winnipeg in the 1920s to '40s, I interviewed a woman who worked as a live-in maid for her entire working

life—a stint of some fifty years that ended in the late 1970s! She explained that her River Heights employer hadn't seemed to comprehend that the era of live-in domestic servants was over (sometime around World War II). As striking as that was, I couldn't help wondering why she, herself, had not ventured to think that the time of doing something simply because it was expected of her might be over.

The themes of inertia, momentum, and the catalysts to change in the lives of Mennonite women are central in Marlene Epp's book. This book has more than one link to the series initiated in the 1960s by the Mennonite Historical Society of Canada which covered Mennonite history in broad time periods from 1786 to 1970. Marlene's father, Frank H. Epp, author of the first two tomes, in a sense handed over the assignment of writing a history of Mennonite women in Canada to her, because, "he didn't know

where to find any information on such an unlikely topic" (p.xiii).

Marlene Epp certainly knows where to find it. In this book she navigates surely through a wealth of information on the hugely diverse people that Canadian Mennonites are. She draws on a growing literature by writers who have developed techniques and experience in "reading" non-traditional historic sources, i.e., the women's taped voices; their notes, journals, photographs, and letters; their genealogies and family tree books; their poems, songs, recipes, and memoirs; the minutes of their sewing circle meetings; and even their quilts and embroidery. It is striking that such a history—its sources, perspectives, and techniques—seemed so far-fetched only 30 years ago.

Some might think it a gratuitous exercise. Do we really need a separate history of Mennonite women in Canada? Epp rightly concluded, yes! Women were not adequately covered in the previous studies, which were preoccupied with the men who scouted, led, negotiated, and built; who defined, protected, documented, and controlled—we know the story. Women and children figured into it, of course. But they remained quietly in the background, in their proper, supportive roles.

Epp's book is quite a different read. The ironies of previous exclusion hit hard next to the realities of women as not only the hands and feet of their Mennonite communities but also the heart. Epp expertly deals with the magnitude of the topic—women as immigrants to Canada, women within families, in the church and as citizens of this world—by organizing the materials in terms of the "parallel" and "poetic triads of activity" that she considers central to the historic lives of Canadian Mennonite women. These are their roles as "pioneers, refugees, and trans-nationals," as "wives, mothers, and others," "preachers prophets, and missionaries," "non-conformists, non-resisters, and citizens," "quilters, canners, and writers."

Despite the stereotype, it becomes clear that Mennonite women didn't quietly follow men into the late 20th century. Instead, they actually led their community in all the most important trends of contemporary Mennonite life—sociologically, politically, religiously, and economically. For instance, for some of the larger groups, it was the young women who led their families to the cities in the 1920s and '30s, finding work in domestic service and factories, learning English and becoming the core group of

new urban churches. They contributed in enormous ways to the economic well-being of their families, whether by running self-sufficient households or handing over their wages to pay off their families' travel debts. Sociologically, their actions were pivotal. Starting in the 1960s and 70s, women redesigned their households and their families by adopting the newly available technologies for birth control. And what else had more to do with freeing women up for broader activities and concerns? At the same time, slowly but surely they pushed for and insisted on "suffrage"—an equal say in the activities of the church, and the acceptance of the use of their gifts in all areas within it.

Epp describes these "monumental changes" in Mennonite women's lives and credits them to the impact of "second-wave feminism:" the movement, with its heyday in the late 1970s, that argued for the equality of women. "The feminist movement of the 1960s and beyond was perhaps the strongest force in changing women's lives within their families, society, and the church. Particularly within institutional spheres, change occurred more by default and outside pressure than by intentional denominational decision" (p.18). Epp's point is not to belittle the

gains made by the women's pure persistence, but to note that their effective models, inspiration and "tools" came from the larger society. In all the many ways and places that patriarchy continues to abound throughout our world, perhaps this gives some hope.

Mennonite Women in Canada is a highly readable and engaging book. Despite the magnitude of the topic, individual voices are clearly heard, voices we are not accustomed to hearing in such a genre. Perhaps especially for Mennonite women who can well remember the 1960s and 70s, it will be a memorable experience to read this book about women we know, came from, and perhaps are. Epp's analysis ends around 1980. When I consider how differently our daughters' lives are shaping up, I wonder with what expectations, obstacles, and roles they will be characterized.

Frieda Esau Klippenstein lives in Niverville, Manitoba with her husband Norman and two children. She is an historian with Parks Canada, supporting National Historic Sites in the prairie provinces and British Columbia.

Damaged wanderers

Elias, David. *Waiting for Elvis*. Coteau Books, 189 pages, 2008.



Reviewed by Faith Johnston

To set the record straight, David Elias's second novel has very little to do with Elvis, but a great deal to do with waiting. And, as in the novels of J.M. Coetzee, that waiting takes place in a nightmarish landscape that could be anywhere, but happens

to be a small stretch of the Trans-Canada highway east of Winnipeg.

The book focuses on the relationship between two characters, Sal and Betty, who meet in a diner along the highway, and manage to give each other a glimpse of hope in their joyless, monotonous, damaged lives.

Sal is a scavenger who has established a bizarre camp hidden in the trees just off the highway. He spends his days and nights walking the highway, counting the number of wheels on the semis, gathering usable garbage, reverently burying road-kill. This isn't Sal's first highway, or his first camp. He

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has been a wanderer ever since he escaped the abuse of his mother's boyfriend, Clothespin Harry. He is still haunted by powerful flashbacks of that abuse, and when they come he tries to kill his inner pain by injuring himself physically.

Betty's life is not as grim, but grim enough. She and her husband Arty run the diner along the highway. They have a loveless marriage. Their only son, Tony, is violent and distant and full of scorn for his parents. His biker friends are equally irredeemable. The diner is peopled by horny truckers and vacuous old women on bus tours. Into this bleak atmosphere stumbles the mute, mysterious Sal. In caring for him, Betty finds a release for her pent-up maternal and not-so-maternal emotions.

Unfortunately, none of the novel's characters are convincing. Some (Arty and the truckers and the old women) are common stereotypes, while others, like Clothespin Harry and Betty's social-climbing mother, Ida, are equally one-dimensional. Even Betty and Sal seem more like psychological studies than living people.

I found the writing sometimes powerful, but sometimes irritating. Too often, Elias trades his usual

fluid, poetic style for a series of jerky sentences and fragments. For example, this is how Betty reflects on her reaction to her husband's death: "To go from the known to the unknown. That's what's giving her this hollow chest. Making her muscles and bones ache. She finds herself leaning forward a lot. In her chair. Against the counter. The steering wheel. Leaning into something. The space where the familiar used to be." The most compelling and memorable passages in the novel portray the highway itself with its visceral sounds and smells and detritus. Don't we all, like Sal, live in the shadow of similar destructive forces? How does the weak and damaged Everyman carry on in a world where the forces of evil and indifference seem to be winning?—this is Elias's question. But in answer, all the reader is left with are a few haunting images of destruction and abuse, and, in a moving denouement, a plausible wisp of hope that human beings will survive through caring for one another.

Faith Johnston writes fiction and non-fiction. Her first book, *A Great Restlessness*, won the McNally-Robinson Book of the Year Award at the Manitoba Book Awards in 2007. **R**

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Contributors

Cheryl Denise grew up in Elmira, Ontario. After nursing school she did three years of voluntary service through a Mennonite agency, as a public health nurse, in La Jara, Colorado. She and her husband, Mike Miller, live in the intentional community of Shepherds Field, near Philippi, WV. The sheep farm produces wool blankets, yarn and lambs for sale. She works as a nurse at the Barbour County Senior Center coordinating in-home care services. Cheryl is the author of the poetry book *I Saw God Dancing*, published by Cascadia Publishing House, co-published by Herald Press.

Byron Rempel-Burkholder has worked as an editor and writer for Mennonite institutions and publications for many years, both freelancer and on staff. In the last couple of years he's been trying to work more inten-

tionally at more literary, as opposed to journalistic, projects. Sojourners published a poem two years ago, and this Fall Wiley Canada released an anthology that he co-edited with Dora Dueck. His interests are keen in the intersection of spirituality and creative impulses.

Roland Sawatzky is the curator at the Mennonite Heritage Village in Steinbach, Manitoba. He completed his PhD in Archaeology at Simon Fraser University in 2005 and has recently directed excavations of a Mennonite dwelling in the former village of Blumenhof, Manitoba. His research interests include domestic architecture, material culture, archaeology and Mennonite history. He lives in Winnipeg with his wife Aniko Szabo and their children.

Rhu-barbecued Beef Ribs

Ingredients

4 lb lean, meaty beef short ribs
1/2 c Water
1/2 tps seasoned salt
1 c sliced rhubarb
1 envelope onion soup mix (1 1/2 oz.)
1/3 c honey
1/3 c chili sauce
3/4 c rosé wine
1/3 c water
1/2 tsp basil
1/8 tsp pepper
red onion and greens for garnish

Procedure

Place ribs in 9 X 13" pan. Add 1/2 cup water. Sprinkle with seasoned salt. Cover with foil. Bake @ 350 degrees for two hours. Meanwhile, combine remaining ingredients except garnish in a sauce pan. Simmer 1/2 hour. Pour over ribs. Bake another 1/2 hour uncovered. Baste several times. Place on serving platter, garnish. Serves 6.

Continued from page 48

two-thirds of the two lanes. Yet his right wheels rolled just centimetres away from the curb. Mid-bridge he felt a slight sideways motion beneath his wheels and then he heard a cracking sound. Reflexively, he accelerated and deftly steered the Hummer so the pink stretch limo ahead of him flowed neatly between his wheels without a scrape. A glance in his rearview mirror showed him that the limo survived, and that part of the bridge had collapsed and at least two cars were sliding into the river below. Olfert heard faint sirens as he passed the legislature, his eyes almost level with the toes of the Golden Boy on the dome.

The Hummer's grill ripped through a tangle of overhead wires, sending sparks in all directions. "I've got to get out of the city," Olfert muttered, and turned left against the light at Broadway, crunching a yellow Avalanche and two cyclists and sending a Brink truck careening into the flowerbeds of All Saints Church.

Olfert stopped looking down and focused on the road ahead the way he'd been taught in driver ed. He now longer felt the clunks of vehicles he hit or crunched. By the time Broadway met Portage Avenue the Hummer was straddling three lanes. Olfert honked his horn and whooped, shattering windows on both sides of the street with the sound. The Kenaston overpass shattered as he rumbled through, as did the cloverleaf at the Perimeter Highway. The Trans-Canada loomed ahead, and from his height Olfert could see clear to Portage la Prairie.

Just past the Oakville turn-off, Olfert realized there was only one place he had to go. He started to plan his route, the shortest distance between two points, and he visualized the diagonal across the prairies. But when he reached the corner to turn onto the Yellowhead Highway, the Hummer was much too wide to drive on a two-lane road. Olfert trusted that the Hummer would function well off-road, but some of his distant cousins were farmers and he had a vague suspicion that tearing up crops bordering the highway would not be appreciated.

So he barreled down the Trans-Canada, hogging all the lanes in both directions, peering at the Rockies far on the horizon. At times he passed through white clouds that made him hunger for cream cheese, but not so hungry that he considered stopping. After Re-

gina, though, he heard his stomach growl, and then the Hummer snorted like a horse breaking free of reins, and Olfert felt a power surge through his arms, a power not controlled by his mind, and the Hummer swerved off the highway, flew over the ditch and bucked its way across the land in a sharp northwesterly direction. Olfert was amazed by how rough the Saskatchewan terrain was; he had always believed the myth that Saskatchewan was flat as a pool table.

But Olfert had no opportunity to admire the scenery, for the Hummer had taken control of the accelerator, and steering through the ravines and gullies, up bluffs and rolling hills demanded all his attention. Then clattering helicopters surrounded him and when he looked down he saw the mock Afghan village on the Wainright Military Training Range. People in desert costumes were fleeing his monster wheels. He felt an explosion under his right rear wheel, but the Hummer was traveling so fast, Olfert was able to maintain control for the time being. However, as he approached Fort McMurray the Hummer was wobbling, and the remaining wheels were sinking in sticky muck. But Olfert could not stop the Hummer. Heavy machinery and structures built of huge steel pipes loomed ahead. Olfert steered the Hummer up an embankment. A flock of ducks swooped across the windshield and settled on the dark water before him. The Hummer charged into the tailings pond and rings of waves washed over the tiny drinking ducks. Hardly bigger than mosquitoes, Olfert thought.

The Hummer stopped sinking when the water reached the top of the wheels. Olfert pulled out his cell phone and flipped it open. The screen was nearly the size of his brother's plasma TV. He called CAA, gave his location, then settled back to read *Death by Malathion*. He had barely read the first sentence when the day-old Bread and Circuses loaf caught his eye. He dropped the book and opened the bread bag. One by one he tossed the slices like Frisbees onto the pond, but the tiny ducks did not react, just rose and fell with the gentle swell as the bread soaked up the bitumen-laced water and sank in the rays of the dying sun. **R**

Olfert first appeared to Armin Wiebe in a dream.

Olfert Feeds the Ducks

By Armin Wiebe



Olfert bumped his head as he stepped out of Bread and Circuses with his loaf of day-old bread in hand. He was startled by this because at 5'10" bumping into door lintels just didn't happen, especially doors to establishments he frequented regularly. Rubbing his forehead, he missed a step without stumbling as he descended from the deck and strode down Lilac Street toward his VW Beetle parked across from Whodunnit, where he had bought a new mystery novel called *Death by Malathion*. The cover illustration showed a scantily clad woman draped over the hood of a fogging truck.

As he neared his Beetle, Olfert had a sensation that he had reached his car with fewer steps than seemed normal, and as he stepped around to the driver's door he had to bend slightly to insert the key into the lock. And then the key didn't fit. He examined his keys and tried again. This time he could see that his key was too large. He looked at the license plate. The number was not his. The car was the same colour, same shape, had the same tissue box between the front seats. The Club was on the steering wheel. The VW was just a little smaller than it should be.

Olfert rubbed the bump on his forehead, then tried to insert the key again. As he did so, his eye caught the license number of the vehicle behind his. He approached the vehicle, squinted, and crouched to run his fingers over the letters and numbers. His license number. The plate was even fastened with the same odd-shaped nut he had used to install the plate. Same colour, but it was a Hummer. Olfert looked back at the Beetle and wondered how he could have been comfortable in that car. He looked at the key in his hand and pressed the red panic button.

The Hummer squealed like a pig wedged behind a trough; its lights flashed. Olfert shrugged, pressed the unlock but-

ton, and slipped behind the wheel, tossing his bread beside *Death by Malathion* which lay on the passenger seat. Comfortable fit, Olfert thought as he started the Hummer and reached for his sunglasses above the driver's door. The Beetle appeared even smaller as he pulled out into the street, and as he drove toward the lights at Corydon Avenue, he had a strange notion that there should be a decal on the windshield saying, "Objects Appear Smaller Than They Actually Are." As he waited to turn at the lights the oncoming Ford F150 pickup looked more like a Chevy S10, and once he turned onto Corydon he felt like he was looking down on things. By the time he neared Confusion Corner he worried that the Hummer might not make it under the welcome arch.

Still he felt it was a comfortable fit: the seat adjusted to his back, the controls fit his size, his view of the traffic appeared clear. He breathed deeply and felt invigorated by the volume of air he was able to draw into his lungs. He was a little startled though when he nearly struck a pedestrian in the crosswalk at the Zoo Hotel and he wondered why children were crossing the street without their parents. Except this child had a beard. Then he noticed that all the people on the street seemed the size of children and that he could look into second story windows. He almost ran the red light at River and Osborne because it was so low down that he wouldn't have seen it had he not been eyeing a panhandler in red silk pajamas leaning against the window at Second Cup smoking a pipe.

As he approached the Osborne Bridge a thud against his front tire made him realize that the Hummer was using at least

OLFERT HEARD FAINT SIRENS AS HE PASSED THE LEGISLATURE, HIS EYES ALMOST LEVEL WITH THE TOES OF THE GOLDEN BOY