



“MENNONITE QUESTIONS”

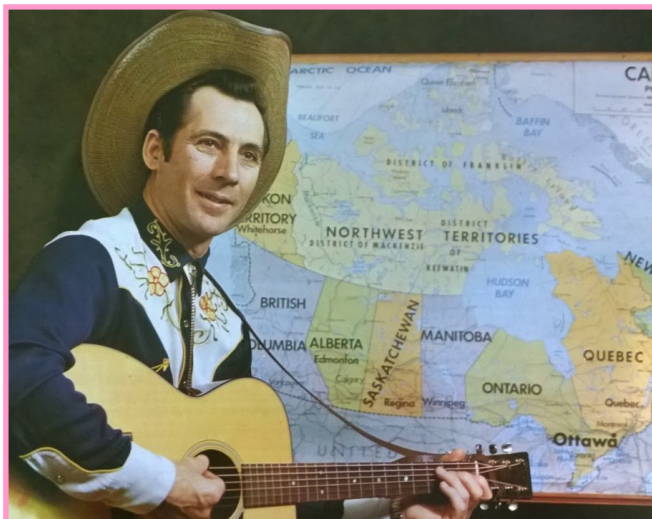


- “Do you own the most basic necessities like a *knipsbrat*, a picnic table and a lawn swing?”
- “Do you prefer *kompst borscht* or *somma borscht*?”
- “Is one or more of your relatives a ‘minister’?”
- “Do you have aunts and uncles your age?”
- “How many kinds of sweets and jam do you have for Sunday *fasha*?”
- “Who do you think makes the best pickles ever?”
- “How long does it take you after meeting another Mennonite before you start to wonder if you could anyhow yet be related?”
- “Have you uttered the phrase *fon vaut sorte Pannasch bast du*?”
- “Did you visit relatives in Alberta on your honeymoon?”
- “Is your idea of keeping up with the Joneses having a bigger garden than them?”
- “Do you know exactly which spots in Manitoba have the best potato soil ever?”
- “Did you milk a cow when you were a kid?”
- “Does it take you at least three settings to feed everyone at a family gathering?”
- “Does it make your week *gaunz* until next Saunday when someone compliments your buns?”



If you grew up Mennonite or know one, you might get a chuckle out of some of these cheeky questions!

- Adapted from a post by de Valm Reimasche
- Submitted by Lydia Dueck



- “Did you celebrate your 18th birthday by starting to listen to funeral announcements instead of Aunt Ollie on CFAM?”
- “Did you think Stew Clayton was about as hot as they come?”
- “What did your parents treasure more, their Locust and Wild Honey Plautdietsch records or their Teichroeb's book?”
- “Do you have more *friendshauft* in Mexico, Belize or South America?”
- “Do you have to buy at least 50 boxes of flapper eggs for Easter?”
- “Do you have at least three uncles with the same first name?”
- “Do you spring clean in fall?”
- “Would you actually die if someone saw you at the LC or would you just be *gaunz marshich* ashamed?”

Turn to page 7
for more hilarity!

- “Do you remember the bangs debate?”
- “When you went to church on Sunday mornings, were you the kid holding someone on your lap or the kid being held?”
- “Do the words *Christmas vench* strike terror in your heart?”
- “Have you ever cruised a village?”
- “Did you share bath water with your siblings because it would run that cistern completely dry to fill the tub 14 times on a Saturday?”
- “Did your parents judge your date by how good a farmer their dad was?”



EMMANUEL MENNONITE CHURCH

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Funny stories with Chris

- Chris telling “funny” jokes (he claimed to be young)
- The multiple retreats with Chris
- DQ runs with Chris at Mini Ds
- Chris messing around in the pews during youth sharing during the services
- Chris getting 11 cheeseburgers instead of 15 and almost driving off without them
- When Chris hit the lights in the gym during kickball
- Hoop challenges for blizzards with Chris
- Making cookies without a recipe
- Chris scaring Nate when he was in VR (virtual reality)



“LETTER FOR CHRIS”

Compiled by Sonya McNeil

With contributions from Anna, Neven, Naomi, Emma, Raheli, Mathias, Carter, Keoni, Elizabeth, Amani

Edited for length



Things we miss about Chris:

- Him spinning his phone for stupid question of the week
- Him telling us his stories from his childhood and when he was young
- Weird Bible lessons (i.e. someone fell from a third story window and Peter revived him)
- His life lessons that kind of don't make any sense
- Chris trying to set up movies and failing miserably (he usually finally succeeded after a half hour)
- Wise words from Chris (i.e. don't do drugs, don't smoke, how not to get suspended)



Special Memories:

At Camp Squeah, the mini-d's retreat 2 years ago:

“I remember it being really fun. We stayed there for the weekend and we were doing activities. We went on a big hike to the hermitage. We did these activities in Lodge where we would play games for points. Whoever got the most points would win a prize. We talked a lot in the cabin.” - Mathias

Mini Ds:

“We went to Castle Fun Park and Get Air. We played putt-putt at Castle Fun Park. It was fun. It was fun to jump around.” - Raheli and Naomi



Stupid question of the week (in honour of Chris):

If you had a superpower what would it be?

Matias - teleportation, because then you could go places fast, like if I wanted to go to Paris

Neven - to be able to find out who people have a crush on

Raheli - invisibility - you could sneak out of the house really easily and then you could steal stuff really easily

Anna - to be able to clone yourself, so I could be at school and the real Anna could be at home relaxing

If you had a million dollars, how would you spend it?

Matias - invest, so I could make more money

Anna - buy 50 pets and then the rest of the money to feed them all

Raheli - give some to charity and then buy a big house for my family

Naomi - give half to charity and then I would go on vacation or I would get an electric car



If you were running the country what would you change?

Matias - build pipelines (joke!)

Naomi - make more forests and kick Matias out of Parliament

If you could combine 2 animals, what would they be?

Naomi - duck and an eagle

Anna - lion and an elephant so they can crush people

Matias - cheetah and a zebra - cheetahs are fast so it would be fast, but it would have the body of a zebra, so it would blend in with the other zebras

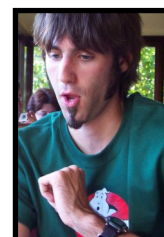
If you could change the fireside room, what would you do with it?

Naomi - I would make it in the sky so it could float in the sky

Anna - make it into a basketball court, the ceiling would have to be higher

Amani - put posters of Chris up everywhere, make it bigger and more modern-looking

Elizabeth - more modern couches



“Thank you! This is making me feel all the emotions... I deeply appreciate this!! It warms my heart all the way out here in Virginia!” - Chris

"SUPER WOMBATS"

Amid all the devastation caused by Australia's bushfires, an unlikely hero has emerged: the wombat. Quite generously, wombats have reportedly been allowing other animals to take refuge in their homes, as they hide from the blazes that threaten their own habitats. Complex underground tunnels, created by wombats, have served as safehouses for other species like wallabies and echidnas, allowing them to survive an otherwise fatal situation.

Peter Hylands, a documentary filmmaker, visited the burnt landscape of the Cobargo Wildlife Sanctuary, and told [Yahoo](#), "You've got animals that are completely unscathed and those must be the animals that have been under the ground, it's the only explanation when the fire zones are so extensive."

This sentiment is echoed by Wombat Rescue manager Yolandi Vermaak, who said, "At most, there would be animals fleeing into burrows. I've seen echidnas going into burrows — lizards, and skinks, rabbits — those sort of things. I have even seen a small wallaby."



Vermaak also said that she hasn't seen a single burnt wombat during her rescue missions, and instead has discovered a series of survivors — wombats and several other species — hiding in the tunnels.

When the fires are eventually extinguished, hopefully wombats get the praise they deserve — both from the people of Australia and their fellow members of the animal kingdom. *This article was written by Eben Disken and originally published on Matador Network on January 15, 2020. <https://matadornetwork.com/read/wombats-sheltering-animals-burrows-australian-fires/>.*

Creation Corner

CAUSES FOR CELEBRATION!

From top to bottom: baptism of Micah Brandt, baptism of Emma Nickel, ordination of Gerald Neufeld. Pictures by Waltrude Gortzen (top and middle) and Ken Ha (bottom).



For our April newsletter, our theme will be:

"A PLETHORA OF POETRY"

April is "National Poetry Month" in the United States and Canada, so put on your creative caps and send over your best sonnets, songs, limericks, and freeform epics. Never written poetry before? This is the perfect chance to give it a try. *As always, all newsletter themes function mostly just as prompts to get your brain going, so if you've got something to submit that's not related to the theme, go for it!*



A Note from the Editor:

The Emmanuel Mennonite Newsletter would love to receive submissions from the church community! We are looking for stories, articles, poetry, art, prayers and recipes under 800 words that are encouraging and promote community. Submissions may be edited and will be published depending on space.

The newsletter is published five times per year in the months of **February, April, June, September and November**. Thank you for reading and participating!

If you have something you would like to share please e-mail Joel at office@emmanuelmennonite.com.

**APRIL NEWSLETTER DEADLINE:
MONDAY, MARCH 23**



Christy as a young girl

CAN
YOU
GUESS
WHO
THIS
IS?

Christy Lee and her husband Steve Pham returned to Ho Chi Minh City (formerly known as Saigon),



Vietnam on Wednesday, January 22nd. They served in the Vietnamese Church and also in Emmanuel for three months. They are expecting their first baby in the summer and have returned to family for that special occasion.

"STORY OF COMPASSION"

by Jon Nofziger

(As told on Christmas Eve, 2019, at EMC.)

"Compassion is the language of God", so stated Pope Francis in a meditation this past September.

Compassion is responding to someone or something on the human level, akin to what God did through the birth of Jesus. Compassion lets us see the reality of a given moment, it splashes colour onto the gray landscape of human existence. Furthermore, compassion leads us to deeper understanding of who we are, it forces us to declare what we value.

One story that illustrates compassion by fleshing out the heart of right relationships expected of the people of God is found in Matthew 25:34-40. It is through compassionate action that justice and righteousness kiss. Jesus' words were amply fitting for the stage and time. Today, the words might be slightly different to speak into the current spaces and times.

I want to retell the Matthew passage using language of Emmanuel Mennonite Church in 2019. This is our story of compassion. I simply paraphrase with some couplets that I am aware of and encourage you to further the story upon your further reflection.

I was hungry and you made breakfast for me at school; my family was without food and you contributed to the MCC cyclathon to provide us with emergency assistance; I was in a cycle of hunger and you advocated to the Canadian government to improve policies on food security.

I was thirsty and you ran so that clean water could be made available in my community; water sources are increasingly being polluted and you participated in an event to remove garbage from a stream; I thirsted for recognition and you acknowledged that my culture has value.

I was a stranger and you joined a refugee resettlement team to welcome me to a new country; I was struggling with my identity and you embraced me as I am; I was new to the Canadian work force and you provided me a job;

I was homeless due to a natural disaster and you volunteered with MDS to rebuild a house for me; I was living on the street and you offered me a dry warm place to sleep; I had limited ability in English and you met with me weekly to practice the language.

I was injured and you cleaned my yard; I was grieving the loss of a loved one and you held my hand; I was in depression and you sat with me to listen to my experience;

I was in prison and you enrolled with the M2W2 visitation program; I was captive in an abusive relationship and you held me accountable to demand change; I was embroiled in a conflict and you helped transform it.

When did we see you in such condition Jesus? Then God incarnate replied, when you took action to add colour on the bleak landscape of human realities.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

: 2019-1939

by Frank Dyck (Garibaldi)

Images and dreams play a role in a boy's life.

Gophers, grasshoppers and dust-devils left their future in the memory bank of the boy. 1939: with a good harvest in sight raised the hopes of weary farmers. The boy was now of age to participate. But hopes and wishes

mingled with the past disappointments. Home-brewed dreams that fermented and bubbled on the local grapevine also reached the boy's ears: "If there would be war, the wheat would get a better price."

With the threshing of wheat one farmer delivered a horse-drawn wagonload of wheat at the local elevator. He came back with good news and the boy heard: "The price of wheat has risen; there is war."

The mixture of "good" and "bad" news in a wagonload of wheat left mixed feelings also in a boy's soul. He took these feelings to school which started after harvest. 1939—the age to enter Grade XII and graduate in 1940. But the mixture of feelings persisted and seemed to avoid knowledge and examination. But it prompted the desire to make a decision. Is there something preceding the price of wheat? Memory words came to the boy's mind: "Seek first the Kingdom of God" (Matt. 6:33).

Many moons later the future grown boy wrote a letter to the boy of the past. It ended with a postscript which could be taken to be a proverb: The boy is the father of the man.

- Written with blood of senior's pen on Sunday morning, January 12, 2020

"Mother's Zither"

By Mary Derksen

It's that time of year. Snowflakes drift gently through the crisp November air. Mother calls us to the window. "Come children! It's snowing!"

She pulls up a chair and sits down as the six of us crowd around Mom. Slowly she draws a pick across the strings of the autoharp on her lap, changing keys by pushing buttons with her left hand.

"Leise rieselt der Schnee..." (Snowflakes gently drift down) We sing this lovely German Christmas folk song from memory. The first stanza describes the winter scene which reminds us to "Rejoice! The Christchild is coming soon." The next stanza suggests that as our hearts warm, our problems and sorrows will melt away because "the Christchild is coming soon." The last stanza announces the advent of the Holy Night. The angel choir is waking. Hark! How beautiful the echo. "Rejoice, the Christchild is coming soon."

The memories always linger: the first snowfall, Mother calling us to join her at the window, singing that lovely song as she plays her autoharp, which we called "Zither."

I was the oldest of six, so I felt quite right in asking Mother if I could inherit her zither. In the meantime Peter and I were married, and had followed God's call to be missionaries in Japan. Family and friends came to Seattle to see our family of four off on the freighter that would take us to Japan.

The years flew by, and five years later we arrived in Canada as a family of seven for our first year of furlough. My Mother had lived through two operations for Parkinson's. After the second one, she had a stroke, and never spoke again. My father was not well, and a sister who was teaching fulltime was caring for them in their home. A tiring life.

Before our next furlough in 1965, I wrote home that we would take care of Mother for the coming year. As soon as we were settled in Abbotsford BC, Mother was flown from Ontario to live with us. At the time we had five children. The youngest three were attending North Poplar, the same school where their Daddy had attended. The older two were at MEI. Peter had enrolled in seminary in Portland, Oregon, coming home one week-end a month. And I had Mother at home with me.

It was a busy and difficult year. However, now as I look back, I realize what a privilege it was to take care of Mother. We lived in a small rental house on Hill Street right in Clearbrook. On Sundays I packed Mother's wheelchair into the trunk and took her with our five to West Abbotsford Church. When the men standing above the stairs of the old church saw us, they rushed down, lifted Mother into the wheelchair, and carried her up the stairs.

The children accepted their Oma as part of the family. One day our seven-year old sat on Oma's lap, facing her. He began pinching her cheeks saying, "Oma, say Ja!" He repeated it over and over until we were all laughing. Finally, with great effort Oma said "Ee-ja!" A joyful united laughter rose to the ceiling, no, perhaps to heaven!

We took Mother's zither to Japan with us. Peter and I had been visiting Shiraki San who was bedridden with Parkinson's. Every time we came, the older sister told us she hadn't spoken for years, and could not understand anything we were saying. In other words, don't bother us. I showed the invalid the zither, and told her "My Mother had Parkinson's just like you. She gave me this zither to remember her." When we sang for her with the harp, tears rolled down her cheeks.

The next time we visited, no one answered the door. We walked around the side of the house, and saw the empty bed. She was in the hospital. Off we went with the zither. The sister again insisted that the invalid didn't speak or understand.

We sang *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*, and *O Come and Go with Me To the Father's House*. Peter began to pray. Suddenly we heard Shiraki San's clear voice repeating every word. Peter slowed down, and led her to salvation in Christ through prayer. We had experienced a miracle! The invalid who couldn't talk prayed.

The harp went with me every week to my volunteer afternoon in the city of Fukuoka's Christian hospice. Other volunteers joined me, and after serving ocha to the patients, we sang. A nurse had just come out of a patient's room, and asked us if we would sing for him. What a privilege to be asked. The invalid's wife and other family members were gathered. Not realizing that they had been called to the dying man, we began our singing with fun songs, doing animations. Everybody in Japan knows *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*, so we closed with that and took our leave.

On our way out, we met the family that had been in the sick man's room. They told us: "He died twenty minutes after you left." I was shocked! How could I have been so insensitive? How could I ever rectify such a blunder? I felt this ruined my volunteer activities in the hospice.

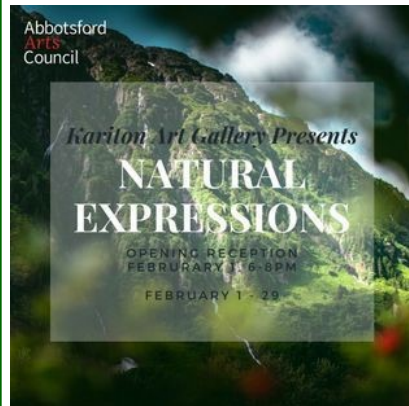
Two weeks later the head nurse called me aside. I went into her room, believing this was my termination. She handed me an envelope that the wife of the dying man had brought for me. I opened it at home with shaking hands. The note thanked me. The wife and her daughter had taken a train home after he died, and had seen a rainbow. For them it was a sign that God had taken him to heaven. "You sang him right into heaven!" She wrote. The letter included a 10,000 yen bill (approximately \$100.00). Isn't that just like God? He turned my blunder into a blessing.

Now I am old, much older than my Mother was. Mother's zither sits in the corner of my new home for independent seniors in its sturdy bag made by a volunteer friend in Japan. It is too heavy for me to carry around, but occasionally I sit and reminisce, playing the songs my Mother taught me.

Although well taken care of, I love the care my children are showing me with calls and visits, including daily phone calls from a daughter at nine every morning. Am I reaping the results of the year with Mother in our home?

NOW OPEN at the KARITON ART GALLERY:

FEBRUARY 1-29: "Natural Expressions." To start off the new year, the Kariton Art Gallery is proud to present our upcoming exhibition "Natural Expressions". This exhibition holds a large



variety of styles from modern acrylic paintings to detailed oil paintings to photography journalism. The artist's all present their expressions on their experiences with nature through their various art forms. **Opening reception: Feb. 1, 6-8pm.**

Kariton Art Gallery is located at 2387 Ware St., Abbotsford, BC.

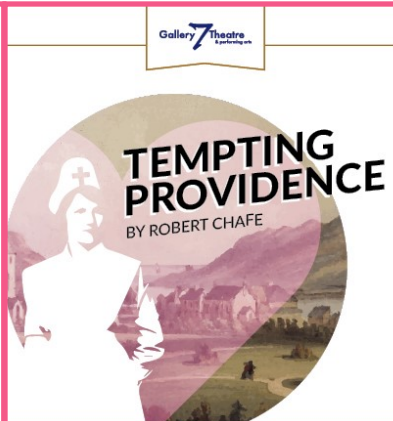
Image: Netzah Garcia

THEATRE CORNER

TEMPTING PROVIDENCE

Where? Abbotsford Arts Centre
When? Feb 1,4-8 @7:30pm; Feb 1,8 @2pm.

Synopsis: Myra Bennett leaves her life in England in the early 20th century and journeys to a remote village in Newfoundland to be the region's medical practitioner. Despite the cold, harsh winters and the townspeople's initial skepticism about her abilities, Bennet determines to confront expectations through her down-to-earth courage and fortitude. Can she earn the community's respect?



BEST OF ENEMIES

By Mark St. Germain

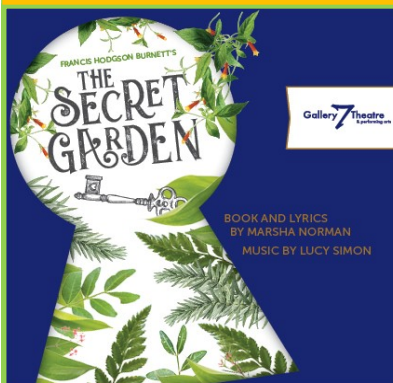


BEST OF ENEMIES

Where? Pacific Theatre
When? Feb.28-Mar.21, Wed-Sat. @8pm with 2pm Sat. matinees.
Synopsis: Civil rights activist Ann Atwater is fighting a pitched battle for her daughters' education. C.P. Ellis is the Exalted Cyclops of the local KKK chapter. When a Washington mediator arrives in Durham to institute nationally-mandated desegregation Ann and C.P. are forced into an uneasy truce as they wrestle for control of the future. How can we best build the future?

THE SECRET GARDEN

Where? Abbotsford Arts Centre
When? Mar.27,28; Mar.31-Apr. 4@7:30pm; Mar.28, Apr.4@2pm
Synopsis: Orphaned in India, young Mary Lennox journeys back to England to live with her reclusive and embittered Uncle Archibald and his invalid son, Colin. Struggling to come to terms with her new life, Mary discovers a secret garden hidden away and abandoned on the estate and dedicates herself to restoring it to its former glory.



New to EMC Library: Chapter Book for Early Readers by an Indigenous Author

Review by Barbara Nickel

Christy Jordan-Fenton & Margaret Pokiak-Fenton (text) and Gabrielle Grimard (art), *Fatty Legs* (Annick Press, 2010). Paperbound, 106 pp.

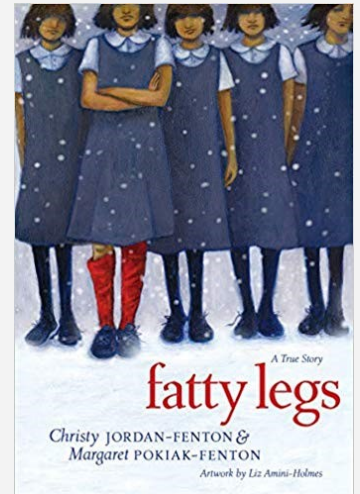
This is the companion book to *When I Was Eight*, the picture book that I reviewed in the November newsletter. Like the picture book, Margaret Pokiak's true residential school story in the Arctic is told in the first person, but in *Fatty Legs* the narrative is aimed at an older audience—an easy-to-read first chapter book with illustrations, larger size type, and even a photograph album at the end. The expanded format allows the reader to delve more deeply into Margaret's (or Olemaun, her Inuvialuit name) point-of-view and to see the characters even more vividly. Both Olemaun and her father are particularly convincing, especially in their dialogue. Early on, we learn the unique twist to this residential school story; Olemaun desperately begs her father to leave their home on Banks Island and attend the school in Aklavik because she wants to learn to read like her older half-sister. After months of pleading, he gives this response: "Do you see this rock? It was once jagged and full of sharp, jutting points, but the water of the ocean slapped and slapped at it, carrying away its angles and edges. Now it is nothing but a small pebble. That is what the outsiders will do to you at the school." From his words, we not only learn about the father's knowledge and intelligence but also get an immediate sense of the Arctic setting, the rock a tangible detail in his hand.

Olemaun's eventual success in convincing her father to let her attend results in heartbreaking pain and injustice, especially at the hands of the "Raven," the wicked nun who has it out for her. But Margaret's stubborn strength, determination, and feistiness give her a compelling and triumphant through-line that kept me turning the pages from beginning to end.

Fatty Legs is also an information book. Unfamiliar terms such as "Mother Hubbard parka" are explained in nicely designed tags throughout, and small black and white photos in the margins link to identical but larger photos with explanatory captions from "Olemaun's Scrapbook" at the end.

Although packaged for beginning readers, this beautiful and important story is highly recommended as a moving, enriching, and informative read for all ages.

This is the second in the series of reviews of children's books by Indigenous authors. April's newsletter will feature the third and final review, My Name is Seepeetza, by Shirley Sterling.



YOUTH UNLIMITED UPDATE — with Greg Sawatzky



Over the Winter Break, I took two youth out to Wing's in Abbotsford. They assured me on the ride there that they wanted to try the spicy wings and that because they were Indian they could handle the spice. When we got our food, they tried it with eagerness and quickly realized they could not handle the spice. The rest of the meal involved them asking our waitress for more and more water and cups of ice and struggling to cope. An entertaining, learning experience. A couple Fridays ago, we brought a group of youth to Vancouver to watch the Canadian men's national volleyball team play. There was a lot of hype and excitement. Whenever there was a big spike or block, they played a special song and the crowd was supposed to participate and dance. One girl in our group seemed really hesitant at first, but as the night went on she let her guard down and really entered into the fun! This month will be full of basketball: watching, playing and coaching. We continue to run our Wednesday after school club and Thursday guys nights and girls night. We also plan to bring some youth to the Harlem Globetrotters game in Abbotsford. Please pray for our West Abby team which consists of 2 staff and 12 volunteers. Pray for many opportunities to show God's love and to speak of his mysterious plan concerning Christ (Colossians 4:3). Thanks!

Donations to Greg's ministry can be made by:

Mail Youth Unlimited - Greg Sawatzky

2760 Emerson Ave. Abbotsford, BC V2T 3J6

Email (finance@youthunlimited.com)

Online (www.youthunlimited.com/donate or [click here](#))

"CAMPGROUND CONFUSION"

Author anonymous.
Submitted by Lydia Dueck.

The story is told of a lady who was rather old-fashioned, always quite delicate and elegant, especially in her language. She and her husband were planning a week's vacation in Florida, so she wrote to a particular campground asking for a reservation. She wanted to make sure the campground was fully equipped, but didn't quite know how to ask about the toilet facilities. She just couldn't bring herself to write the word "toilet" in her letter. After much deliberation, she finally came up with the old-fashioned term BATHROOM COMMODE. But when she wrote that down, she still thought she was being too forward. So she started all over again and rewrote the entire letter referring to the bathroom commode merely as the BC. "Does the campground have it's own BC?" is what she actually wrote.

Well, the campground owner wasn't old-fashioned at all, and when he got the letter, he just couldn't figure out what the woman was talking about. That BC business really stumped him. After worrying about it for awhile, he showed the letter to several campers, but they couldn't imagine what the lady meant either. So the campground owner, finally coming to the conclusion that the lady must be asking about the local Baptist Church, sat down and wrote the following reply:

Dear Madam:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but I now take pleasure in informing you that a BC is located nine miles north of the campground and is capable of seating 250 people at one time. I admit it is quite a distance away, if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be pleased to know that a great number of people take their lunches along and make a day of it. They usually arrive early and stay late. It is such a beautiful facility and the acoustics are marvelous. Even the normal delivery sounds can be heard.

The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and it was so crowded we had to stand up the whole time we were there. It may interest you to know that right now a supper is planned to raise money to buy more seats.

I would like to say it pains me very much not to be able to go more regularly, but it surely is no lack of desire on my part. As we grow old, it seems to be more of an effort, particularly in cold weather.

If you do decide to come down to our campground, perhaps I could go with you the first time you go, sit with you, and introduce you to all the other folks.

Remember, this is a friendly community.

*Sincerely,
Campground Owner*



What's Happening...

AT EMMANUEL

- **Tuesday, February 11, 1-7:45pm: Blood Donor Clinic** in the gym. Come give life! Book online at www.blood.ca.
- **Thursday February 27th, 7-8 pm: Yoga as Prayer.** Angelika Dawson invites you to join her an hour of yoga. This month, as we enter the season of Lent, we'll explore what it means to let go and receive. You do not have to have any yoga experience but a reasonable level of mobility is helpful. **You do need to have a yoga mat.** Feel free to bring any other props with you if you usually use these in your personal practice, and bring a small blanket or large towel with you to cover yourself at the end of our practice. We will meet in the small banquet room, please use the gym entrance. If you have any questions, please contact Angelika at ajdawson@telus.net or 604 870 0494.
- **Sunday, March 29 – Mennonite World Conference at Emmanuel!** As a part of *Renewal 2027*, a 10-year series of events commemorating the 500th anniversary of the beginnings of the Anabaptist movement, we will be hosting a guest speaker from MWC, Samson Omondi from Kenya, who will be giving the sermon during our worship service on the theme of "Jesus Christ: Our Hope." He will be joined by Arli Klassen for Adult Education at 9:30.



CONNECTIONS: God's Church in the 21st Century, Living into the MCBC Imagination.



MCBC AGM Saturday Feb 29, 2020 9 am-5 pm Registration: 8:30 am Lunch Included

ABBOTSFORD ISLAMIC CENTER PRESENTS

OPEN MOSQUE DAY

LEARN THE ISLAMIC STORY OF JESUS (PEACE BE UPON HIM)

SATURDAY, FEB. 22ND 10AM - 3PM
1980 SALTON RD ABBOTSFORD

OPEN TO ALL

TO LEARN MORE: info@openmosquebc.ca

AROUND TOWN

- **Friday, February 14, 6:00pm—Mennonite Central Committee 2020 Centennial Banquet** at South Abbotsford Church. Come for an evening of dining, sharing in community and storytelling, as MCC shares about serving in the name of Christ for 100 years. Tickets are \$20 or \$150 for a table of 8, and are currently available at the Welcome Centre, from the office, from Waldimar Neufeld, or online at Eventbrite
- **Saturday, February 15, 10am-3pm—Multi-Cultural Training Tour** in Richmond, BC. Learn more about our diverse cultural communities in a fascinating and enriching training tour of a Muslim Mosque, Hindu Temple, Buddhist Temple and a Sikh Temple. \$99 registration fee; get a certificate at the end. Call 888-897-4224 or email shirleymclauren@gmail.com.
- **Saturday, February 22, 10am-3pm—Open Mosque Day** at Abbotsford Islamic Center, 1980 Salton Rd. A great community building gathering over delicious snacks, friendly faces, and wonderful conversations featuring a tour of the Mosque, display of various exhibition banners, Henna tattooing and Hijab-tryouts for kids and women, as well as a beautifully crafted exhibition showcasing the Islamic understanding of Jesus, commemorating his life and teachings and creating a platform of unity in the face of growing stigma around Islam. The event is free of cost and registration is not required. For more info and Media inquiries email: info@openmosquebc.ca or exhibition@bridginggapsfoundation.org.
- **February 28-29—Mennonite Church British Columbia LEAD Conference and Annual General Meeting** at Cedar Valley Mennonite Church in Mission, BC. LEAD Conference is on Friday, Feb. 28th from 9-4:30, with everyone welcome to attend. Registration is \$35 and includes coffee break & lunch. AGM is on Saturday, Feb. 29th from 9-5 and includes lunch.

MCBC LEAD
Friday Feb 28, 2020



Being Human:



Featuring
Sanctuary Ministries
with Daniel Whitehead

Cedar Valley Church, Mission, BC
Reg. 8:30 am 9 am - 4:30 pm Lunch included