Speaking for Herself

The Autobiographical Writings of Anna K. Juhnke

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http://www.juhnke.com/Anna/

Contents

Anna Kreider marries Jim Juhnke
August 31, 1963
Wadsworth (Ohio) Mennonite Church

Preface

"This is Anna Kreider, speaking for herself now." In the fall of 1952, with delightfully fresh and confident self-awareness, a budding twelve-year-old eighth grader in Wadsworth, Ohio embarked upon a remarkable career of life-documentation. Anna Kreider started her first photo album. On each large black page she placed four or five photographs with black corners. Using white ink, she carefully wrote informative labels for each photograph. She "had made a lot of new friends" and "had a lot of fun."

At the same time, Anna was keeping a separate scrapbook, "a collection of things to make, games, parties and magic tricks." Her successor scrapbooks came to include clippings from newspapers, church bulletins, school and college publications—a rich documentary source of family and community life. Anna's parents, Leonard and Rachel Weaver Kreider, encouraged their daughter's efforts by giving her a small camera and scrapbook materials. Anna's father was a research chemist with B.F. Goodrich. Her mother was a homemaker, family historian and genealogist.

Anna saved her scrapbooks and photo albums. By the end of her life in 2005 at age sixty-five, the collection included more than seventy large volumes. In addition, for most of those years she faithfully wrote a daily diary, sometimes adding a summary essay at the end of the year. Anna also wrote and saved letters. From 1957 when she left home to attend Bluffton College, she wrote weekly letters home, a practice that became the habit of a lifetime. Added to the collection were two years of courtship-by-correspondence letters (1961-63) exchanged with Jim Juhnke, her husband of forty-two years. During her career as an English teacher at Bethel College in Kansas, Anna kept in touch with many friends by letter. Anna and Jim's home in North Newton began to bulge with boxes and filing cabinets full of personal and family documents.

Anna never intended to write an autobiography, or a comprehensive set of autobiographical essays. Nevertheless, she frequently wrote reflective fragments about her own life,

musing about her family origins, about Mennonites, about the changing roles of women and men, and about her own quest for spiritual wholeness. Although she typically did not write about herself for publication [apart from one essay published in the collection *Godward, Personal Stories of Grace* (1996)], by the end of her life Anna had written for herself and her family a set of essays that can be of interest to a wider audience.

These essays do not constitute a complete life history. They leave out important events in Anna's professional life and the life of her family. Her academic specialties in English literature and Bible studies are insufficiently represented. Some of her significant overseas experiences, such as the trip to Mennonite World Conference in Strasbourg, France (1984), and the year of teaching and travel in China (1987-88), are not included. Nevertheless, these essays do have a meaningful shape, beginning with Anna's early years and ending with her extended struggle with kidney cancer. At the end of this volume we have included several final pieces not of Anna's writing: obituaries and reflections from her memorial service.

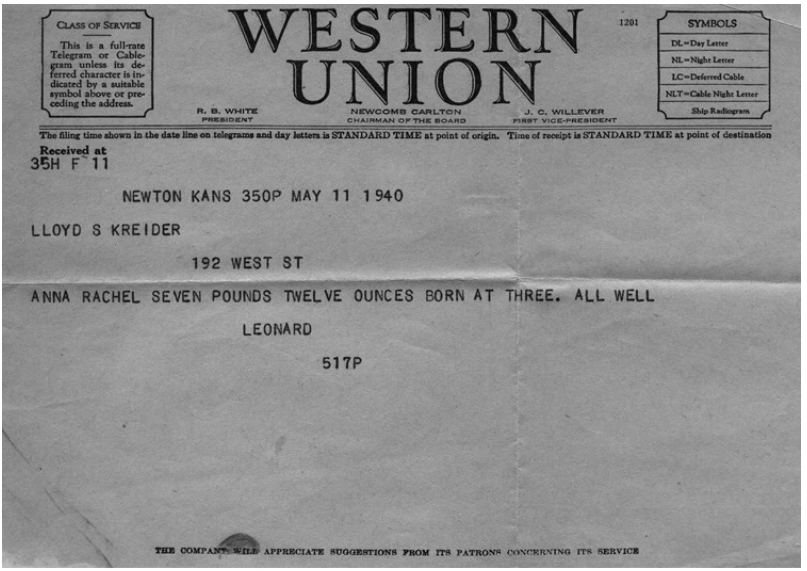
Among her significant contributions was to pave the way for women's leadership in the Mennonite church. With earlier support in the male-dominated Mennonite denomination, Anna's role in the church might have been different. In 1997 she recalled her budding gifts for leadership in the youth group at the Wadsworth Mennonite Church: "If I were a boy, somebody would surely have recognized my potential as a church leader and talked to me about being a minister—and I probably would have accepted the challenge." As it was, the available role for Mennonite women was in higher education, and Anna used her gifts as a college teacher.

At the time of Anna's death in 2005, nearly four hundred of her friends and admirers sent notes of condolence and tribute to her family. There were many expressions of appreciation for her teaching, especially from students who thrived under rigorous standards and high expectations. Among the dozens of women who praised her pioneering initiatives for women's liberation was a fellow Mennonite Central Committee worker in Botswana: "I always was blessed by Anna's smile, and

obvious joy—and was completely in awe of her courage and boldness in encouraging women to be equal partners in life with the men (like—'Jim can change the diaper!') The year was only 1972!" Many friends noted her depth of spirituality. One Bluffton college classmate wrote, "It was a joy to be friends with Anna for so many years! She was intelligent and knowledgeable, always interested in knowing and understanding the details. She was kind and compassionate, and always humble. I will miss her sweet smile and her soft voice, her loyal friendship."

Anna would be embarrassed by such lavish compliments, as well as by the publication of this book of her writings. Nevertheless, it should be acknowledged that these pages represent only a small selection from a life exceptionally well documented and most graciously lived.

—Jim Juhnke



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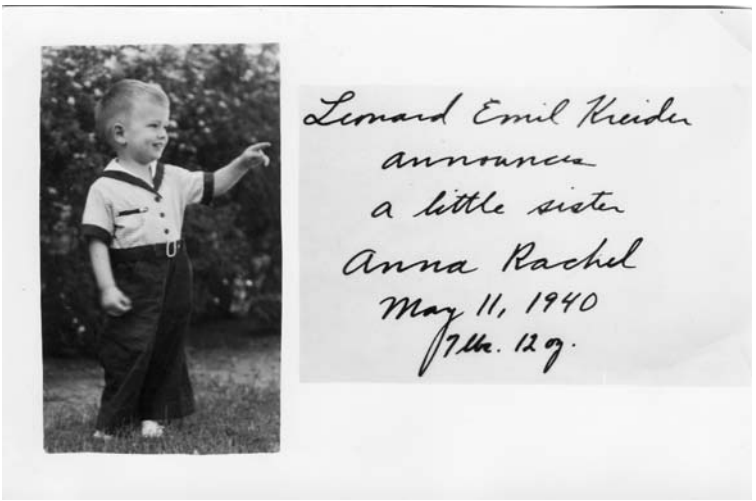

Big brother Emil appeared on the birth announcement

Anna's Girlhood Memories (1940-1957)

When I was born, on May 11, 1940, Leonard and Rachel Kreider named me Anna Rachel. Anna was an old Kreider name: Dad's great-aunt Anna Kreider Hoover, Grandpa Kreider's cousin Anna Hoover Bollman, and Great Grandma Anna Overholt Kreider. The only other Annas I knew were "old" women—Bobby Siemens' mother and Anna Linscheid, the sweet North Newton postmistress in the southeast corner of the Bethel College Ad Building. Through elementary and high school, I considered my names very old-fashioned, when "Linda" and "Shirley" were in vogue; but in fact "Anna" and "Rachel" had just skipped a generation or two before being used for my friends' children.

My earliest memories are sparse, except for what Mom has told me or what I see in the many photos Dad took. I remember nothing at all about our apartment on the first floor of Kliewer House, on College Ave., just south of Bethel College, where Dad taught chemistry. Mom was a sort of house mother for some college girls upstairs. I have visual images of the apartment only because after 1959 I visited my English professor Honora Becker there.

Probably my memories of songs go back the farthest, reinforced by hearing those same songs throughout my childhood. I surely was rocked to "Rockabye Baby, the moon is a cradle," "Father, we thank thee for the night," "Ee-wa-aye, my little owlet," "Each evening tulips close their eyes," and "Dear little moon, high overhead." I was wakened to "Good morning to you. . . we're all in our places," "Good morning, merry sunshine," and "Birdie with a yellow bill. . . aren't you shamed, you sleepyhead." Recently I was able to make a list of 21 songs Mom used to sing to us children, and found I could sing 40 others on the additional list Mom prepared.

The earliest event I remember is when I had just turned three. We had recently moved to the house that Bob and Vernette Regier now own, on the corner of E. 25th St. and Minnesota Ave. (We learned very early that if we were lost, we must recite "202 East 25th Street, North Newton, Kansas" and our phone number "2888-W.") Emil, age 5, and I were playing in the little ditch in front of our house. Now I know that Mom was in the hospital having baby Sara at the time. I begged for a tin can that Emil was digging with.

When he disgustedly threw it to me, it hit me on the head, making a gash that needed stitches and causing a great hullabaloo.

I don't know when curbing and gutters eliminated the need for the ditch, but I do know that Mom let us play in the mud of the ditch, barefoot and wearing one-piece "mudsuits"—coveralls that could be stripped off for us to be hosed down before being taken in to the bathtub. I remember being amazed when a little girl came to play at our ditch wearing a pretty playsuit and sandals that she had to keep clean. The tiny bridge at the end of our sidewalk that crossed the ditch was a hiding place for wasp nests. I was stung at a very young age and was terrified of wasps after that. Another very early fear was that the toilet would overflow. I still have a vivid mental picture of Mom trying frantically to prevent the downstairs toilet from overflowing, while a brown sausage of someone's B.M. floated dangerously near the rim. I was afraid to flush the toilet for a long time after that.

Daddy dressed up to go to teach. He had a watch in his vest pocket and a chain with his American Chemical Society key that draped across his vest. When we sat at the lunch table and somebody spilled a glass of milk, it always seemed to pour directly down the oilcloth onto his good pants. He wore rimless glasses, which he carefully removed in the evening or Sunday when he would "roughhouse" with us kids, making a "kidpile" out of the three of us.

Sometimes we played hide and seek with him. Saturday evening, after he shined all of our shoes, was bath time. Daddy would take two or three of us kids into the tub at once with him. When we got older, Sara and I would sometimes take a bubble bath together. What fun! We weren't always the tidiest children, but Dad would frequently quote approvingly from the book about Rags, Wags, Tags, and Obadiah (dogs) that "he buried his bones *neatly*." Dad took many pictures and developed them himself, and Mom made each child a photo album, so thanks to them I "remember" many things that otherwise would be lost.

I have only the vaguest memories of the upstairs before we remodeled it. I recall my folks waking us little tots to take us to the toilet before they went to bed. And I remember naptime in a little painted iron bed in my old room, because I felt guilty for scratching

off its decal picture while waiting to feel sleepy. Of the remodeling itself I only remember the strange look of lath before it was replastered. That is when I got my own room, which I don't even remember sharing with Sara. Dad made me a "vanity" table with a mirror and a shaped top over wooden boxes painted white. Mom made a gathered skirt, tacked on to hide the shelves, and I was proud of my "vanity."

Sliding down the bannister to the "newel post" near the front door was discouraged. Downstairs, the telephone was near the side door, and so were hooks for jackets and a "parking shelf" for mittens and things we needed to remember for school. The basement wasn't completely excavated. The area not dug out was encased in cement, with a crawl space on top where we kids could play and where Dad stored logs for the fireplace. Mom did the wash in the basement on Monday mornings. The dirty clothes we sent down the clothes chute from the upstairs mysteriously ended up near the old Maytag.

Anna & Emil, Christmas 1941,
with the Korean chest

The front door opened onto a hallway that went right back into the kitchen. To the left was the open stairway, and to the right was a wide arch into the living room, closed off with blue curtains in the winter. The "front room" had a figured reddish carpet, the brown "davenport" and "big chair," the Korean chest that had brass

decorations, and a bay window with blue cushions on the window seat. It was mostly reserved for Sundays or evenings when Daddy was home. Mom had crocheted a blue shawl in graduate school (her only crocheting project); it hung over the back of the davenport.

The dining room was our playroom and had a studio couch where we lay when we were sick. The kitchen had a small nook for a table. We little girls sat on a bench on one side. We would watch through the window, singing "Daddy, Daddy, why don't you hurry home?" for Daddy walking home from the Science Hall at Bethel College. My favorite table grace was

> Thank you, God, for milk and bread
> and other things so good.
> Thank you, God, for those who help
> to grow and cook our food.

Lunch menus were very simple. We might have pancakes, French toast, tomato soup, chicken and noodles, or cornbread eaten with milk and sugar. Cornmeal mush wasn't my favorite, but when hardened, sliced, and fried it was delicious, with syrup on it. When Dad wasn't home, we were satisfied with "graham cracker soup" or "bread and milk soup," bread broken into pieces with milk and maybe applesauce on it. A special treat was strawberry shortcake or apple dumplings, which would be the whole meal, again with milk poured over them. Daddy didn't like tossed salads with dressing, so we would have carrot and celery sticks, little chunks of head lettuce—or sliced tomatoes and plain garden lettuce in season. Dad didn't like cheese and wasn't very fond of casseroles, so we had macaroni and cheese when he wasn't at home.

Breakfast was usually cold cereal. It's funny that I don't remember my own preferences, but I remember that Daddy ate 40% bran flakes, while Mommy ate corn flakes. Daddy liked saltines ("white crackers") with apple butter and peanut butter on them, while Mommy ate graham crackers. The evening meal was usually potatoes, meat and a vegetable. I'm amazed that a one-pound tin of peas or beans was enough for five people. If there was something we kids didn't like, we still had to eat "three bites" or we wouldn't get dessert. But that didn't apply to sour things like pickles, because Dad didn't like them either, and they weren't part of the main course. Dessert was often canned fruit, cornstarch

pudding, banana pudding, or cookies. Other common desserts I loved were cup custards and graham marshmallow custard—a dish Mom often took to picnics. Occasionally she made Indian pudding, which I haven't eaten since childhood. Pies were her specialty, from the seedy elderberry pie to the rich raisin pie with muscat raisins. The masterpiece, especially associated with Dad's birthday, was butterscotch pie made from scratch, carmelizing sugar in a heavy pan. Instead of birthday candles, a 40-watt light bulb!

I liked our yard, with the big elm trees along the street on both sides of the corner lot, each tree banded with sticky stuff against insect pests. Dad had a saw horse where he sawed dead branches from the trees for the fireplace, and he pushed the simple lawn mower. I liked the swing Dad hung from one of the trees by stout ropes that we could climb and do "tricks" on. I liked the nice smell of honeysuckle, the wren singing, the mock orange bush I played under, the spirea bushes that divided our lot from the Lingenfelders, and the little garden where Dad buried the garbage, neatly wrapped in newspaper. I liked making hollyhock babies and playing with the tight coils of green hollyhock seeds. I especially liked playing in the gravel of the semi-circular driveway and climbing the little "play tree" that was in the semicircle, between the tulip and petunia bed and the hedge. I don't remember working in our little garden, but I do remember trying to hoe corn in the big truck patch we had beyond the college and getting so hot and tired. I guess the folks grew potatoes there; I thought it was special to eat the tiny potatoes that Mom canned in their skins.

Anna liked to "open peas"

I don't remember many toys—a few stuffed animals like ugly maroon Ezra (a dog Grandma made), Emil's "Finky" elephant, a peg bench to hammer, some tinkertoys and Lincoln logs, a few dolls, and, for outdoors, there were tricycles, a wagon, a sled, balls and bats, and Emil's scooter. At some point Dad made us stilts. I had a big doll with hair and eyes that closed, but I don't remember her name or how I played with her. When Emil and I were in grade school, we had card games, like Authors and Old Maid, and board games like Hippety Hop (I memorized all the little verses), Pollyanna, Sorry, and Joot. (Aunt Myrta taught Dad and his brothers this Korean game, and they produced copies.)

Mom was great at entertaining us kids without toys. She kept a dress-up box of discarded finery for us to wear. We made play tents with blankets over the dining table and chairs, but we never owned a real tent or went camping. On rainy days we might wrap up with her in a blanket on the screen porch and sing rain songs: "It's raining, it's raining, we have to stay indoors," or "Did you take a big umbrella on a very rainy day?" I also remember the way she would tell stories as she ironed in the dining room and I lounged on the studio couch. I'm amazed now at how she told stories through I and II Kings. She says I later told those stories to the neighbor children, and she could hear me say, "It must be Jehu, for he drives furiously." Mom reserved some "quiet time" on Sunday afternoon. Then she would make a special occasion out of eating popcorn and drinking cocoa in front of the fireplace on winter Sunday evenings, with the kitchen bench for a table and our little red chairs. In summer she might take that bench and red chairs outdoors so Sara and I could have our meal there as a "picnic." I liked picnics so much that Mardy Rich and I occasionally took sack lunches somewhere beyond the college and found a secluded place to eat our sandwiches. We said grace before picnics too.

We always said prayers at bedtime. Our evening prayer was a more progressive version of "Now I lay me down to sleep." Instead of "If I should die before I wake," it had

> When in the morning light I wake,
> Help me the path of love to take. . .

The word "layme" never made sense to me.

We had a few children's records: Uncle Remus stories and songs ("Zippadeedoodah"), "The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins," a circus record: "I'm the lion. Do you hear me roar?" and Little Black Sambo. We often quoted "I'm the grandest tiger in the jungle" when we got new clothes. But reading was the important entertainment in our family. Stories Mom read to us included Old Mother West Wind stories, Flicka, Ricka, and Dicka, "Parasols is for Ladies," and one about Hercules, the horse-drawn fire engine. We had quite a few Little Golden Books. My favorite was about Tootle, the little locomotive, who learned the puritanical lesson not to frolic in the meadows; he finally earned A+ in "Staying on the Rails No Matter What." I learned to read when Emil did, before I went to school, and I often read to Sara. I loved it when Dad took us to the Newton Public Library on his Saturday grocery trips. One of the librarians had bright red circles of rouge on her cheeks, which I had never seen on anyone else. I remember reading in my room on the north side of the house on rainy summer days, watching the rain come down on the flat roof of our garage and on the trumpet vine there. One book that I associate with that scene is the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen. We got magazine subscriptions to *Highlights for Children* and *Wee Wisdom* when I was in grade school. I liked to dress the paper dolls drawn by children in *Wee Wisdom*, as well as my bought paper dolls, but I couldn't draw well enough to make my own.

I liked to color in coloring books, to do connect-the-dot puzzles, and to cut pictures from catalogs and paste them with homemade flour-and-water paste. I especially loved the weeks of making valentines and May baskets on the dining table, from old cards Mom saved through the year and from construction paper. The prettiest valentines were the ones where we drew around a heart on the fold of the paper to cut a heart-shaped folder, whose edges we colored with red crayon; it was completed by pasting flowers on the outside and writing "Be my Valentine" inside. We made many kinds of May baskets—woven ones, double cones, and square boxes with handles. I remember once being at Mardy's house and suggesting that we make May baskets. How I looked down on the poor materials she scraped together for the project! It was always fun to fill the May baskets with flowers and hang them secretly on the doorknobs of the neighbors.

In the winter we cut snowflakes from folded paper. But I went off to my room to make Christmas presents for family members, since Mom and Dad didn't have the custom of giving us kids money to shop for gifts, and there were no stores near by to teach us shopping skills. Having mostly paper and paste, I made useless things like bookmarks and tiny notebooks. My room had an orangey pink wallpaper with little white flowers, and I must have thought I found a nice picture to put up on it. Then I realized that paste wasn't the best way to do that, because I tried to wipe off the paste with the first thing I grabbed. Unfortunately it was a piece of carbon paper. I still have a vivid image of the blueblack smear on the wall and feel my guilt about it!

I don't have a lot of memories of Cooper School. The kindergarten teacher, Miss Gardner, gave us the kind of work sheets where you matched the mommy with an iron and a dress, and the daddy with a hammer and the trousers. She played the "Rustic Dance" on the piano for us to skip around our circle of little tables. The war was over by then, but one of the songs we sang was "Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going, bearing so proudly the Red, White, and Blue? I go where my country my duty is calling; if you'll be a soldier boy, you may go too." Some boy would carry the big American flag on its pole and the rest of us would fall in line behind him. I was more distressed by the fact that even crybabies like Albert got to carry the flag (when girls couldn't) than that it was about soldiers. (After all, my mother taught me a song about the little man with a big bass drum—boom, boom, boom—who wasn't frightened, you understand, "But if I'm called to fight for my land, I want to be ready to play in the band—boom, boom, boom.")

I don't remember the incident when Miss Gardner came into the room and caught me reading to the other children, because my family never made a big deal of my being able to read early. I do vaguely remember the many tests I was put through ("what's wrong with this picture?") After Christmas I was promoted to first grade even though I didn't know any arithmetic. Miss Akin was very kind, and didn't scold me for looking up the answers in the small print in the teacher's section of the workbook. I read everything I saw. I tried to pat the color off of my crayon pictures, because the Crayola box said in fine print "U.S. Pat. Off." But I got off to a bad

start in first grade because we had a run of illness in our family; first we kids had measles, and then pink eye. Sometime while scuffling around in stocking feet during days of absence from school, I got a broken piece of a needle run into my foot. It was awhile before I got an X-ray to determine the cause of the problem. I had to be carried around, not go out for recess, not wear a shoe, and keep a brown paper towel on the floor under my stocking foot—both before and after my surgery to remove the needle. At the hospital, it was scary when they put the ether mask over my face to put me to sleep.

I was shy and didn't make friends in the first grade easily. I was now in the same grade as my friend across the street, Mardy Rich, but not the same room. I was afraid of my severe second-grade teacher, Miss Gallentine. Once when I cried that another child had knocked my little tin lunch box off my desk, I made an excuse that my little jar for canned fruit was broken. Miss Gallentine looked for herself and saw that it wasn't, and her impatience made me cry all the more. I got glasses early in the third grade, for being very nearsighted. I had probably squinted at the board in previous years, but when Miss Buckley put me in the back of the room, I couldn't see at all. It was probably in third grade that I was delighted with the reader *Faraway Ports* and made a booklet of drawings showing Juan's house, Popo's house, etc. "It depends, it all depends on where you live and what you have to build with" was the book's refrain. I have liked learning about faraway places ever since.

I was good at my studies, but I didn't like recess. I didn't have chums, maybe because I didn't live near my classmates. In fact, I remember only two town girls' names—Judy Nordstrom and Anita Swim—and I never visited their houses. I always had to walk to Main Street right after school and take the bus back to North Newton. It was while waiting at the corner with Mardy Rich that I learned to buy bubble gum and to blow bubbles. At recess I was never good at the girls' games—jacks, or tricks on the high and low bar (be careful when you swung by your legs that your skirt wouldn't fall down over your head and show your panties). Once near the trick bars I started singing, "Du, du, liegst mir im Herzen," and Miss Gallentine came close to listen. Later, when I found out it was a love song, I was embarrassed and thought that was the reason

she had had such an odd look on her face. During the Truman-Dewey election, when I was eight, the kids chose their parents' candidates and, in long lines with interlocked arms, marched across the playground, chanting "We like Truman" or "We like Dewey." I didn't know which one I liked.

Once in about the third grade, just after school, I got something in my ear that made a terrible noise. My teacher, the principal, and maybe a school nurse were all trying to help me, and someone got the idea of having me hold a flashlight to my ear. Sure enough, a tiny ant crawled out. I was embarrassed that I had said it was a big fly. Maybe my crisp pigtail ribbons had added some rustling to the booming on my eardrum. In fourth grade my teacher, Mrs. Willis, tried to teach us girls to knit and crochet, but it never took with me. I just did the crocheted potholder and a piece of straight knitting that could be a cape for my doll.

My memories of church go back before kindergarten. We met in the chapel of the Ad Building on the Bethel College campus, with the rows of seats that folded up. On the stage were the pulpit chairs with upholstered seats and a communion table with a lighted cross on it. The service always started with the choir processional as we sang "Holy, Holy, Holy." I wanted to sing the hymns before I could read, but nobody explained things like "which wert and art" (and evermore shalt be). One hymn we often sang seemed to be about "seesaws" (Lord, dismiss us). Even "Silent Night" was confusing with "yon Virgin" and "sleep in heavenly peas." Mommy usually wore a hat to church. She wore her hair in two long braids wrapped around her head, and I was fascinated by the way she wrapped the tiny ends of the braids with loose hairs caught in her comb. I tried to cross my legs just like she did, and got confused when I looked and saw Mommy's legs suddenly were crossed the opposite direction. Our family often sat in the front row of the balcony, where we kids could see below. We were supposed to sit very still without playthings except a pencil and paper. Or maybe we would pick silver maple leaves as we walked under Hohmanns' trees, to curl into interesting shapes anchored with the stem stuck through. Even those activities were to cease during "prayer time." My earliest Sunday School memories are the songs, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," and "Hear the pennies dropping... every one for Jesus." I think the nursery school class was in the

northeast top floor area of the Ad Building, where I later had my English Department office.

When I was older, I went to School of Missions on a special series of evenings, and remember one year being very impressed with Helen Kornelson, our teacher from India. In summers, we went to Bible School. Sometimes it was at First Mennonite Church, which had beautiful stained glass windows. We were taught to tiptoe reverently into the sanctuary, but also to sing rousing choruses like the "B-I-B-L-E." I remember the story of Ruth's gleaning and the memory verse, "When thou gatherest the grapes from thy vineyard"—you should leave some for the widows and orphans. It was strange, because our family always gathered every last bean from the vines! I know I was involved in many Bible School and Sunday School programs, but the only one I remember well was when I was probably in the 4th grade. I was in a Christian Endeavor skit as a church woman, wearing a hat. I was supposed to say something with a little laugh, which no doubt sounded as phony as it felt. Then we were to sing a hymn, standing in the choir part of the chapel stage, which was set off by maroon velvet curtains hung on a low brass bar: "Jesus, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my *breast*." I was embarrassed by the word. Not that I had breasts yet, but I knew they were very private and not to be discussed; they were in the category that my mother whisperingly called "bathroom talk."

My most vivid church memories are of junior choir practice. Our jolly pastor, Lester Hostetler, lived across the street from us and would play with us children and let us somersault and roll ourselves down the hill back of his house toward the dry Kidron Creek. He not only prepared our choir to sing in church, wearing our short, white "vestments." He also taught us to conduct, waving a hand mechanically in 2/2, 3/4, or 4/4 time. And he taught music appreciation. When we listened to symphonic records on the record player in his home, we were supposed to tell what instruments we were hearing, and I never could get beyond picking out the violins and kettledrums and maybe trumpet. Later, the choir was a "choir school," directed by Joan Enz, and we started with warm-ups up and down the scale, "nah, nay, nee, no, noo." She trained a lot of altos, but I couldn't get the hang of that. Judy and Janet Enns and Mardy Rich were especially good singers. I remember making a

scrapbook for choir school, with musical instruments cut out of the Sears Roebuck catalog. The junior choir got to sing at the 50th anniversary of Bethel College Mennonite Church in 1947. Mrs. Enz also gave me my first piano lessons, being very particular about technique and the position of my hands. I used Emil's old Schaum and Schirmer piano books. He was already in the third red Schirmer book under Harold Moyer, and the peak of his piano career was playing "Dangerous Journey" from it.

My first memory of a personal religious commitment was when I was walking the two blocks home in the dark from choir or Christian Endeavor. I may have been a bit scared at walking alone, since I was usually with Emil. I sang both verses of "I would be true, for there are those who trust me," and felt I was making a promise to God. It was actually very safe to walk around the campus in those days. But one time a man picked up Eleanor Wedel, a fifth or sixth grader with white blond hair, in his car when she was returning from school. All the parents were *very* upset, and I was confused by the vagueness of their expressions of worry. When I saw Eleanor later, she looked all right as far as I could see.

My fourth-grade teacher, Mrs. Willis, discovered that Mardy Rich and I could sing church anthems as duets, and had us sing our complicated one, "Praise Ye the Father," with her at the piano, for a PTA meeting. I even remember what we wore. I had a favorite hand-me-down dress from Gretchen Horsch, with blue and white checks, and pleats on the bodice, each accented with a button. Mardy had a homemade bolero and sundress combination ("with panties to match," as the announcer pointed out when she wore it at a little show of homemade fashions, held in the Student Union room of Memorial Hall). It wasn't as nice as my dress, I realize now, but she made me feel that a bolero was something really special, and she had patent leather Sunday shoes, while I had to wear oxfords (not even fashionable saddle shoes) that were first for Sunday and later for school and then play.

Sara and I wore dresses even for play, because that was what we were given. I wonder if I even owned any tee-shirts in Kansas. When I was very small I had to wear long tan stockings in the winter, held up by some kind of garter belt, and I hated them. Mom paid the price for all those dresses by having to iron them.

We got hand-me-downs through the mail not only from Horsches but from Mom's college friend Dorothy Nicholls, and then passed on any dresses not worn out to Mary Jo and LaDeen Goering. One special handed-down item was a white fur muff that I could hang around my neck and warm my hands in on the way to church. But I got to pick out my own clutch purse made of red moire fabric lined with white, to carry my money for Sunday School. Mom hated to sew, but she did manage to make Sara and me little summer pinafores out of printed feedsacks or other free remnants. Making ruffles over the arms was much easier than setting in sleeves. I liked the pinafores, and wore them till I started developing breasts in junior high. I had my hair cut short when I was little, with a "rooster-tail" gathered in a rubber band on the side, decorated with a ribbon for dressing up, until I graduated to French braids at about age seven.

North Newton was a wonderful place for kids. I remember a Fourth of July picnic at Goerz Hall at the age when lighting "ladyfinger" baby firecrackers on the sidewalk was a big thrill. Emil and Bobby Siemens were the youngest of the group of boys that roamed the village playing games. I remember seeing the mysterious arrows from their games of "Follow the Arrow." Carol Rich was always organizing activities too, like a circus at our rope swing, and we little kids once got to ride in her wagon train of little red wagons. Emil helped organize younger groups to play games like "Grey Wolf" and "Kick the Can," often at our house. I preferred the version of Hide and Seek called Sardines, where the seekers one by one joined the one who hid, because there was less running. But I sometimes just withdrew into the house to read. I liked playing with fewer children—Emil, Bobby Loewen, and I constructed towns in the gravel half-circle driveway. One time Bobby and I made "orange drink" by rubbing a soft orange brick on the rough sidewalk to make dust that we mixed with water. Emil and Mardy and I had "offices" in the play tree. The offices, with Emil's always being the highest and most official, involved draping lots of string around, probably for phone lines. We had gotten a mass of string from Daddy's office in Science Hall, and I patiently untangled it. I liked going with other children to catch lightning bugs, or up and down the street to gather the cicada shells ("locusts") clinging to the tree bark.

Sara was too little to figure into my memories of Kansas play. I only remember that Emil and I used to "ditch" her when she wanted to tag along. We would also tease her by calling her names that wouldn't sound too mean when she tattled: "I'm not either a human bean!" she protested. We kids were allowed to roam around without being too specific about where we were going, as long as we stayed within the range of Mom's referee whistle. Five blasts meant Emil, three blasts meant me, and one blast meant Sara. Come home at once!

The neighbors were so friendly to children—Mrs. Baumgartner, the Lingenfelders, the Fretzes. Winfield Fretz embarrassed me often by calling me his girl friend. It was fun to take May baskets to the neighbors and especially to go around in our Halloween costumes, never store-bought except for the mask. We were always invited in before we got our treats. We didn't know how funny it was to our parents that the gruff-voiced, intimidating President Kaufman ran and hid behind the sofa because our masks scared him so! He had a soft spot for children, and I still remember how to count to ten in Chinese, as he taught me. One summer day Mardy and I dressed up as pirates and went from door to door with our butcher knives, confident of being admired as on Halloween. But the neighbors were so concerned about our safety with the knives that we could hardly swashbuckle.

I had little interaction with the college students, although some surely babysat for us, and I didn't visit Dad often in Science Hall. Emil, on the other hand, delivered the Wichita *Eagle* in the campus community as early as 10 years old. Mom also reminds him of the time he had to take the covered gallon milk pail to Dad in Science Hall, because Dad forgot to take it along to get milk at the college farm. Instead of taking the pail to Dad's office, he walked into the lecture hall, plunked it down, and said, "Here's your old milk pail," to the great amusement of the students.

In the summer time, when most of the college students were gone, we children spent more time on the campus. Emil and Bobby Siemens roamed widely, past the College Farm to make "hide-outs" at Sand Creek. I played some with Lynnette Schmidt and Phyllis Sawatzky, who lived in the Pullmans or the "Homettes" hastily put up for the post-war influx of families. Bonnie

Kauffman's grandpa had the most wonderful museum. It had scary wild animals, including a huge, coiled snake and a polar bear on its hind legs. There was an airplane you could look down on from the balcony, glass cases of stuffed birds with brightly painted backgrounds, and furniture made from cow horns. Grandpa Kauffman had carved life-sized Indians and little story scenes in boxes. The log cabin was the most special. When Mr. Kauffman would pull the leather latchstring to open the door, we went in to visit the pioneer father, mother, and baby in reverent quiet. Once Mardy and I got into the unused winding stairway of the Administration Building and wanted to add to the naughty graffiti left on the plaster walls by older children. The dirtiest thing she could think of to draw was someone on a toilet seat with several plops falling, and I admired her daring.

Christmas was the big holiday of the year, with a Christmas tree, the red plush wreath over the fireplace, the fold-out red-tissue bells, and the candles that we never lit. We celebrated quietly at home, because we didn't have relatives near, except that a couple of times Gram Weaver came, riding on the train. I remember that Gram made me a dress with an aqua top and navy blue skirt, modeled after a picture I had cut out of the Sears catalog. Once she put up my hair in rags to make long curls. We had our own simple rituals, such as Dad annually reconstructing the cardboard manger scene. When we kids would get up in the morning, the "curious camel" would somehow have made his way over to look into the stable window. We never were taught to believe in Santa Claus, although some of our practical gifts, like socks and underwear, were just labeled "from Santa." The most memorable early Christmas for gifts was when I got a whole stack of books—*Pollyanna*, *Five Little Peppers*, *Black Beauty*, *Heidi*, and *Little Joe Otter*. In second grade we were supposed to bring a favorite Christmas gift to school. I brought a pint jar full of tiny beads of different colors that I really enjoyed stringing, but I felt deflated when I saw that my gift wasn't at all like the shiny toys or big dolls that the other children brought.

Kreider family Christmas card

I don't remember the Christmas programs I was in, but I do remember that I was developing a taste for *The Messiah* at the college by the time I was 8 years old—especially the big choruses like "For Unto Us a Child is Born." I didn't realize then how many times I would get to sing in Christmas *Messiah* choruses in Wadsworth during high school years and at Bluffton College and once even in Botswana.

Mom and Dad enjoyed classical music, but they owned only a few of those expensive sets of 78 rpm records, including a Mendelssohn violin concerto, Mozart French horn concertos, and Beethoven's 9th and 5th symphonies. I became so fond of the 5th that I once asked my folks at bedtime to wake me when a certain climax came in the third movement. (They didn't, just as they didn't obey my request to wake me on trips at night when we went through towns all lit up.) On Sunday afternoons we listened to the New York Philharmonic Symphony on the radio, sponsored by Longine-Wittnauer watches. During the war, and perhaps after, the program started with the "Star-Spangled Banner." I could sing along, but I

didn't know it was about our country or war, that the banner was our flag, or even what "donnserly light" was. My folks didn't discuss the war in my hearing. In 1950, I was reading them a joke from *Reader's Digest* about a Nazi, and they were struck by my innocence when I pronounced it "Nay-zai." I don't recall the day the war ended (I was only five), but I have a vague memory of Mom solemnly telling us that Pres. Roosevelt had died. I don't know whether Dad's bee-keeping, the white hives at the far corner of the garden, had anything to do with wartime sugar rationing. After the war, there were a few red or blue ration "tokens" that ended up as toys.

Newton train station used to be a very busy place, especially during the war. One kind of Sunday afternoon entertainment was going down to the station and sitting in the car to watch the trains. We didn't take many trips in those days. First there was gas and tire rationing for our Terraplane, and then we were still poor. We sometimes went with D.C., Martha, Eleanor and Judy Wedel for a picnic at the sand dunes near Hutchinson or elsewhere. When we had out-of-state guests, we took them to windy Coronado Heights for a picnic. Near the end of the war we had a rare trip when Dad was asked to preach for the CPS boys in Fort Collins, Colorado. My memories of Fort Collins were of puncture vine and grasshoppers. And they sang a wonderful song we apparently didn't sing at the Bethel College Church: "We're marching to Zion." I was hardly more than five, but I tried without success to find it in our hymnbook when I got home. We went to South Dakota for Daddy to speak at a commencement when I was six, and we have a photo of a "picnic" in barren surroundings, with some of the family sitting on the old Indian blanket and some on the running board of the Terraplane.

I got motion sick very easily on merry-go-rounds and in the car. On trips Mom always put a paper sack in the glove compartment for me to throw up in. One Sunday morning when Dad took us with him on a preaching assignment in Deer Creek, OK, we stopped at a farm house for soda crackers for my queasy stomach. The kind woman spread them liberally with butter, and I puked them up very soon! My one big trip, at age 7, was to go alone with Dad on a train ride east around Christmas, when Dad went to an NCAA meeting in New York, representing our Kansas

athletic conference. I threw up on the train and tried not to soil my favorite little skirt that Mom made for me out of a man's tan pants, with pretty green floss in a running stitch on the wide shoulder straps. We had Christmas in Goshen with Gram Weaver and Uncle Carls, which I don't remember, and then Dad left me in Wadsworth with Grandpa and Grandma Kreider. I was sick in bed there, and cousin Evan next door was commissioned to entertain me. I have a vague memory of seeing Great Grandpa Stover looking awful upstairs in his house when he was dying, and I recall gazing out across the snow at the cemetery while he was being buried.

Aunt Eunice visited Mom sometimes and then married a Bethel man, Bob Regier, in our living room, but I was too young to remember. We seldom had visits from Kreider relatives. We have pictures of a visit from Grandpa and Grandma, but I don't remember it. I do remember hero-worshipping Uncle Don, who came full of jokes and fun when I was maybe 5 or 6. He gave us kids chewing gum, a very rare treat. When he took movies, I didn't know what to do except walk toward him, chomping my gum.

I think I was more happy than sad to leave for Ohio in 1949 when I was nine. On the way, Dad left Mom and us children to enjoy a whole month at the Stahly Weaver farm near Goshen. I was impressed with the animals but kept my distance. I loved playing with my cousins Barbara, Bonnie, and Mike. Emil and I had had swimming lessons at the blue, chlorinated pool in Newton. But it was a different kind of adventure to walk across the pasture with patched inner tubes on our shoulders to play in the muddy creek—and scream if we found slimy bloodsuckers attached to our legs. The Weaver kids loved to make popcorn with lots of butter; somehow I had thought that popcorn was made only by fathers. Mom didn't drive often, and we children knew how brave it was for her to drive us the rest of the way to Wadsworth. She was wearing "brave little buttons" like those on the fireman's clothes in the Button Book she used to read to us when we were very young.

It was terribly hot and muggy when we moved into our first rental house on Lyman Street in Wadsworth. Our temporary furniture was crummy, but it was fun to sleep in the turret rooms. Sara and I became good playmates, trying to scrape away the broken glass and other trash to make a playhouse area behind the

house. The policeman next door had a daughter Sara's age. He wore a gun, and I had never seen a gun before. I checked out immense numbers of books from the public library in an old house just around the corner, going through all the Bobbsey Twins and Nancy Drew books in short order. My favorite books were the Oz books, a 1920s "JoAnn, Tomboy," and "Inca Gold." In the next year or two I was devouring baseball stories by John Tunis, career books like all the "Sue Barton, Nurse" series, Andrew Lang's Red, Green, and Blue Fairy Books, the Maida books, and whatever else I saw in the junior fiction room of the library. A shiny new Ford replaced our old Terraplane, no doubt because Dad was earning more as a researcher at the B.F. Goodrich Research Center in Brecksville than teaching chemistry at Bethel College. Just as memorable to me, by spring time my French braids (which accentuated the narrowness of my face) were replaced by curls from my first permanent. I did learn to braid Sara's hair in French braids though.

After a few months we moved to a duplex on Stover Court, made out of Great Grandpa Stover's horse barn, near the locust grove he planted for fence posts. Under our back porch was a wonderful ground-level playhouse area for Sara and me, and down a steep slope was our garden, where I greatly admired the first gladioli that we had ever grown. We played in the tiny creek in the unused part of the cemetery nearby and sledded on the cemetery hills in winter. Dad bought a junky old piano, so Sara and I could take lessons. The wide gravel dead-end street was a good place for Dad to help Emil (and me in my half-hearted attempts) to practice catching a softball. On our first Christmas in Wadsworth, we had homemade ornaments that we carved from sheets of styrofoam. It was a wonderful new kind of material that we picked up from a discarded floral arrangement when Aunt Myrta Stover took us to an Air Show near Cleveland. Emil and I were sick on Christmas Day. I was happy that our cots were set up under the Christmas tree while the folks and Sara went to church. I read my new book, Dickens' "Christmas Carol."

For the first time we lived near relatives—Uncle Don, Aunt Elda, Eldon, Dierra, and Leo in the corner house of Stover Court, and Great-Grandma Stover across the Court. Uncle Robert, Aunt Virginia, Evan, Paul, and Mark lived next to Grandpa and

Grandma Kreider on West Street. We could easily cut across the empty cemetery land to visit Grandpa and Grandma and pick cherries and grapes. We had a small Kreider reunion with homemade ice cream (on which Grandpa poured puffed wheat), when Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Ruth Heatwole came from Virginia. I remember that Larry, as a baby in his daddy's arms, was trying to chew a leaf from the apple tree. Even though Uncle Kenneth was a doctor, he didn't seem alarmed at the possibilities of dirt. "It's God's dirt," he said.

We all had accounts in Citizens' Bank, "Grandpa's bank." Grandpa had started them for us children while we were still in Kansas and put in a yearly birthday dollar for each. We had tiny bank books with entries done by hand. Grandma was a good cook, and we liked her garden lettuce with the thin, sweet cream dressing and her tender home-grown corn. It was fun to visit Aunt Myrta Stover in Berea for special events, such as when her synchronized swimmers at Baldwin-Wallace College put on a show. I had never experienced family reunions before we moved to Wadsworth, but now we went even to Jonas Kreider reunions, where there were a lot of second cousins I didn't know. And occasionally we got to a big Emmanuel Weaver reunion, like the one hosted by the Sauder families in Archbold, Ohio, where they roasted the wieners on pitchforks.

The first cousins nearest my age but slightly younger were boys, Eldon and Evan, and therefore not much fun to play with. But I discovered the pleasures of having female second cousins, though they too were a bit younger. Karen Weltzien, who also lived on West Street, was very creative, both in making up artistic craft projects and in-group story-telling games with Sara and me. I remember us making ornaments out of English walnut shells while taking turns adding to a story we were making up. Faye Newcomer lived on a farm that was fun to visit. One night she and I slept on top of the corn ears in the corn crib for a real thrill. She and I had a silly salute, pulling in our lower lip over our teeth and making sucking smacks in rapid succession with our tongues against it. Our Weltzien, Kreider, and Newcomer families later went to Mohican State Forest and other places for outings together. Jerry and Carl Newcomer and Mike Weltzien were near Emil's age.

Sara was between Karen and Camilla Weltzien in age and two years younger than Faye.

It was at Grandpas' that I first tried to ride a bike, at about age 9. I headed it down the hill straight for a thorny rosebush. Mom and Dad eventually bought me an old bike, but I never liked to ride it much, especially not up and down Wadsworth hills. I liked roller skating better. But I always had skinned knees, and the teachers at school weren't supposed to paint them with mercurochrome, because I was allergic to mercury. At age 7 or so I had had terrible hives from a mercury treatment for a skin disease, so that I could scratch my name anywhere on my skin and have it rise in red welts. The summer when we lived on Stover Court we were in easy walking distance of the city swimming pool and often went there. We had swimming lessons there, but I never got beyond Intermediate.

I had only one year, my fifth grade, at Central School, in the same building as the junior high and high school. It was just across the street from our Lyman Street house and not a very long walk from Stover Court either. The walk was too long once, though, I remember. I desperately needed a bathroom, and none was near, so I finally had to let the pee come down my legs. Embarrassment sharpens memory; I know I was wearing my blue dress with the ruffle around the yoke. It was a little wet in back, so I took off my sweater, tied it around my waist and hurried home, totally humiliated even though nobody was with me to see my shame. My teacher, Mrs. Rohrer, wore a lot of make-up, but the only other thing I remember about her was shaming me for biting Ellen Wohlford ("like a *puppy* dog") when Ellen grabbed my scarf. Ellen's sister Dorothy was one of my friends. My special event of the year was a solo as Aurora, goddess of the dawn, in the operetta. Mom made my costume of pink, lavender, and magenta crepe paper streamers attached to a ribbon that went all the way out to my wrists, and I had a tinfoil-covered wand to wave while singing "Again I use my flaming wand, / I touch the clouds and they respond. . ."

We occasionally went to Bethel (Old) Mennonite Church out in the country, where Grandpa, Grandma, Uncle Dons, Uncle Roberts, and Newcomers attended. Uncle Robert, who was a car salesman

during the week, wore a plain, high-collar coat to church; he was one of the ministers. As they arrived, the women went into their separate anteroom to hang up their coats and pin on their prayer coverings in front of the mirror. Old women like Grandma had a white net cap big enough to enclose a bun at the nape of the neck, but the younger women like Aunt Elda perched crisp little coverings on top of hair done in a tight roll that extended from ear to neckline to ear. The women sat on the left side, Grandma always near the front. There was no musical instrument, and the chorister who gave the pitch from a pitchpipe and kept the beat going was always male, but Grandma's loud, clear soprano really led the singing.

Although we usually attended First Mennonite Church (General Conference) downtown, I was in a little sewing circle Aunt Elda held in her home for grade-school girls from Bethel church. We embroidered tea towels. Sara and I went to the summer Bible school at Bethel Church, which was also attended by plain children from the Wisler Mennonite church on the next rural corner. I liked the real Bible lessons, including memorization of the "love" chapter, I Cor. 13, and playing Red Rover at recess. Grandma Kreider gave me a New Testament for memorizing a psalm. I already knew 1, 23, 24, 100, and 122, so I memorized Psalm 150. We kids laughed at Mom, who couldn't memorize the two verses of Ps. 117, because she mixed them up with all the other psalms she knew.

When Dad and Mom decided not to go back to Bethel College after the sabbatical, they bought the house on Highland Ave., which we all enjoyed so much. In our room Sara and I had twin closets and twin beds—no more hitting each each other for trespassing across the middle (imaginary) line of a double bed! The whole house was paneled inside with wide, rather dark wood panels, which Mom thought should be washed every year. Mom laboriously made drapes for the many windows in the house. The front door opened directly into the living room, with a view straight across into the bathroom, so Mom had to nag us to keep the bathroom door closed. Now we got our Kansas furniture. We also bought a nice console radio/record player and lots of classical records (33 rpm). I loved them, especially the choral ones like

Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and never pined for a 45 rpm player to play the hit singles. The living/dining room had a fireplace and was very long and therefore flexible. The dining table could be opened out long with all the boards when we had dinner guests. We normally ate in the big kitchen, where we had a world map and an Ohio map on the wall right beside where I always sat. Supper was at 5:30, the exact time Dad returned from the Research Center at Brecksville with his car pool. There was only one bathroom in the house. That required everybody to be speedy, especially when we had overnight guests. Fortunately, we didn't have the habit of shower and shampoo every morning. We bathed in the evening—on Saturday and whenever else we were really dirty!

The master bedroom also had two closets, with a full-length mirror between. It was big enough to hold not only bedroom furniture but a heavy desk, the sewing machine, an easy chair, and a big radio that could get classical music programs from WOSU in Columbus. It had a second desk, files, and a tall metal holder for charts, when Mom began to untangle the Amish Yoder genealogies in the middle 1950s.

We fixed up a long basement room for a recreation room. We kids were in on the decorating. We chose yellow paint and helped Dad plan the pattern of the vinyl tile floor—small arrangements of yellow tiles surrounded by bluegreen and bordered in black. There were beds at the far end. Yellow-painted orange crates with little curtains held the art supplies, toys, and comic books (Bugs Bunny, Little Lulu, Archie, Wonder Woman, Batman) between the big old radio and ugly old sofa. The main feature was the pingpong table. A map of the U.S. filled one wall. The other long, narrow half of the basement held the furnace, Dad's workbench, where he repaired things, Mom's ironing board, Maytag washing machine and rinse tubs, and clotheslines for when it was too cold or rainy to hang wash outdoors. Dad painted a shuffleboard court under the clotheslines. At the very most inaccessible place at the far end was the pantry, so we kids and Mom were forever making "trips" down from the kitchen to get jars that Mom had canned—elderberry jelly sealed with paraffin, applesauce, peaches, beans, and bread-and-butter pickles. Or to take down the empty boxes, jars, and plastic cartons, that Mom saved in great quantities.

Washing day was Monday, and Mom would go down to the basement with the bed linens and the laundry from "the cave" in the bathroom. She sorted it in piles, with whites to be washed first while the water was hot, with good suds. We kids could help run the clothes through the wringer from the washer into the hot rinse and then into the cool rinse with bluing. Mom starched Dad's collars with old-fashioned cooked Argo starch. Then we struggled up the steps with the heavy bushel baskets, lined with oilcloth and full of wet wash. Mom stretched the clothesline rope between the house and garage corners to a stationary pole and a tree. We propped the lines up over the driveway with notched poles. I had to learn to iron not only my clothes but shirts and slacks for Dad and Emil. We sprinkled and ironed everything, including "company" sheets, even after we got a dryer, because fabrics weren't usually wash-and-wear till after I left home. However, Mom finally got pant-stretcher frames for hanging the jeans and khakis on the line.

There was a yellow metal "glider" swing on the breezeway, where I liked to read in summer. On hot, muggy summer days, we would sometimes eat on the breezeway. Mom would try to cheer us by saying, "Oh, there's a breezelet!" every time the air stirred. We inherited two big maple trees in the front yard, beautiful azaleas and rhododendrons around the house and a huge crabapple bush outside Emil's window. Dad was kept busy trimming the yews in front and also the hemlocks by the breezeway and the back fence, which he kept well painted. Dad and Mom planted a tiny garden that produced an amazing lot of vegetables. Dad also kept improving the property, adding a stone wall along the driveway where there was a drop-off, with lovely roses below; my favorite was the Peace rose. He had Dana Kreider, a landscaper, put a border of Rose of Sharon, firethorn, hazelnut, and other bushes between our kitchen window and Gale and Althea Richey's driveway. And he also built a tall grape-arbor fence along the south edge of our property. When I was in high school I helped putty and paint around the many little window panes. Dad was very particular how it was done.

I was so proud of the things Dad could make and the problems he could solve in his patient, research-minded approach. He kept us supplied with useful chemicals, such as benzene or carbon tetrachloride for spot removal. His aluminum chloride was an anti-

perspirant so powerful we used it only once a week, and it ate out the underarms of our pajamas. He provided hexyl resorcinol to disinfect our cuts. He was like the barber-surgeon of old, cutting Emil's hair and my bangs, which I wore straight in grades seven to nine, and, if he was at home, he removed slivers from our fingers and bare feet.

I liked First Mennonite Church, the white New England building just west of the Square. Mom and Dad didn't let us kids know what a let-down it was from Bethel College Mennonite in Kansas. It had petty politics, uninspired methods in Sunday School, thin sermons, and mediocre music. We even sang from *Tabernacle Hymns* on Sunday evening. Dad sometimes took along a New Testament in French or German to help occupy his mind during the sermon. Though he couldn't read music well, he dutifully sang something resembling a bass line, and Mom sang alto. Dad taught Sunday School, was a deacon, and eventually chairman of the church council. We kids had to attend even Sunday evening services and special Lenten series, and take part in all activities, in other words, "show support." The church was small enough, with attendance around 100, that we got to know everyone. One of the most regular attenders was Pearl Overholt, tiny and bent almost double. Her squinty red eyes, odd talk, and the rat's nest of uncombed hair under her hat made her repulsive to me. I was always annoyed that Dad's way of reminding me not to slouch with stooped shoulders was to call me "Annie Pearl."

Zula McBride and Mildred Reed tried hard in leading the Junior Sunday School opening in the basement of the little New England style church near the Square. For a hard piano accompaniment, like for "J-O-Y," they would bring down Bob Hart, the young church organist, whom I admired. When we had a birthday, we put as much money as our age in the lighthouse bank while the children sang "Happy Birthday"; it was a big deal when Zula put in a fifty-cent piece. There was one row of children's books in a cupboard for checking out—silly books like the Sugar Creek Gang and "It was God—and Susie." Sunday School rooms were cubicles made by accordion-pleated walls. I really liked Dad's cousin-in-law, Geneva Stover, as teacher for the fifth and sixth grade girls, because she was sweet and pretty. Zula organized a "service project" of candy-making parties, to send fudge to Charles and

Wilmer Sprunger, sons of the Congo missionaries from our church, at Bluffton College. I had never made candy before; I enjoyed that new skill. “Penuche” was my favorite fudge.

For a few years I was in the all-girls junior choir led by Elva Baldwin. We had white tops with big maroon bows and maroon skirts. We sang at the church’s centennial, which Mom wrote the history for. Once an India missionary woman dressed some of us girls in saris for a mission program. The “White Gift” service the Sunday evening before Christmas was nice. The gifts often went for the Vernon Sprunger family in Congo; they had a daughter Jeannette who was my “twin,” born the same day as me. But my favorite day of the church year was Easter. We had “sunrise” service around 7:30 a.m., followed by breakfast in the church basement, with an unvarying menu. Each adult class had its own assignment, such as Easter eggs or cut citrus fruit. Then we would go home and have our indoor egg hunt of colored eggs, marshmallow eggs, and jelly beans before the main service, which always was celebrative with much music and Easter lilies and a communion service. I don’t remember that I liked any particular Christmas carol as much as I liked “Christ the Lord is Risen Today,” and “Low in the Grave He Lay.” Egg coloring became quite elaborate in our home. We decorated with crayons before dyeing the eggs and with ink transfers after dyeing.

I was only 11 and in 7th grade when I was baptized by Rev. Neuenschwander (assisted by Dad as deacon) at First Mennonite Church. I wrote on the first page in my first little Spiral notebook diary: “June 1, 1951. Dear Diary, Today is the happiest day of my life.” But I half remember thinking at the time that I was exaggerating because that was what I was supposed to feel. I was very serious about catechism class, and I sincerely wanted to follow Jesus. I didn’t need to invent a sinful life to repent of, because our church didn’t go for revivals or crisis conversions. Our family read the Bible straight through for family devotions (“steam-rollering through the Bible,” as Rev. Neuenschwander called it), but it was OK to make wisecracks and comments when something in a Bible story struck us funny. In my diary for June 25 I wrote “My Bible memorizing is coming along fine. Yesterday I learned the 10 Commandments and whipped 7 of the psalms into shape.”

Because we had moved to Highland Ave. in the north part of town, I had to move to Lincoln School for 6th grade. Mr. Weyrick was my teacher, and the silly girls tried to invent a romance between him and the art teacher, Miss Baughman, who wore too much rouge and perfume. We had a class newspaper, and I wrote poems and articles for it. I was no good in art. I admired Debbie Hunsberger's ability to sketch horses and Carol Crumrine's to sketch curvaceous women. I was at the head of the class otherwise, and Mr. Weyrick probably did praise me too much. But it hurt to be considered an intruder and be taunted "Anna is the teacher's pet; he can't afford a dog." The social leader, Judy Serfass, used her superiority in the boy-girl game to put me down too. From then on through high school, the dominant word "popular" carried a sting for me, because I would never be in that set. However, once or twice they paired me off with Marvin Goldstein, who was too short and probably too Jewish (the only Jew in the school) to interest the other girls. He gave me a little chocolate Valentine, which meant a lot to me.

I do remember that 6th grade was the first year I enjoyed recess. Lincoln School had a good jungle gym and a painted hopscotch court, and I was competent on both. I felt included in the girls' games of dodgeball and jump rope. I can still recite a lot of the jump rope chants: "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear, turn around." "Cinderella, dressed in yella / Went upstairs to kiss her fella / How many kisses did she get?" "I went downtown to see Miss Brown / She gave me a nickel to buy me a pickle." I wasn't good at "red hot pepper" but not too bad at double dutch with two ropes.

I was in Girl Scouts in 5th and 6th grade, but I didn't like it. I didn't even like my uniform, a second-hand one in an older style and color. I sold Scout cookies only to family and relatives; I have always hated salesmanship. The troop leader and maybe the girls wanted to do silly badges like Hostess and Good Grooming. Once our troop baked a batch of cookies together out at Chapin's cabin, and each of us got to drop one spoonful of dough onto the cookie sheet. Ridiculous! I knew by heart the recipes for the chocolate chip oatmeal cookies and Grainger cookies that I often made. I didn't like Scout Camp at Camp Chibiabos, though I went with my friend Carol Crumrine. I suppose that too was dominated by the social set that made me feel inferior. Debbie Hunsberger didn't bother with

Scouts. Debbie loved baseball, birds, and music. Her family had pigeons and squabs at their Baird Street home and Debbie had a pet crow, Amos.

In 6th grade I tried to start a "club," with Carol, Patty Myers, and Debbie, and organize my own social life. In junior high I had basement slumber parties and a Halloween party in our basement that I planned to the nth degree, including decorations, food, and "Murder in the Dark," plus little party games I gleaned from the game books I loved. I only invited girls. I was a year younger than my classmates and not eager to grow up. I refused to take dancing lessons when the other 7th graders—even Debbie—did. I suppose Mom and Dad were glad, because Grandpa and Grandma Kreider would have been offended by that. Grandpa and Grandma no doubt knew that our family went to movies. We saw Disney movies like *Snow White*, *Cinderella*, and *Fantasia*, though never on Sundays. They probably also knew we used playing cards that had faces on them, but we were careful not to mention them or the movies in Grandpas' presence.

Popular culture had its impact on us, but Mom and Dad never bought a TV set till I was through college. I preferred to read, so I didn't care, though I occasionally watched "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Art Linkletter, or "I Love Lucy" at Carol's house. On the radio we kids listened to The Great Gildersleeve, with his famous laugh, at noon, and on Sundays to "Amos and Andy," "Charlie McCarthy," and "Blondie" ("Ah-ah-ah-ah; don't touch that dial!") I wasn't exposed to much advertising, but I do remember the songs, "Super Suds, Super Suds," "Bub-bub-bub-bub-bubble action Bab-O," and "Halo, everybody, Halo. . .the shampoo that glorifies your hair." Even now, when I hear "gentle as a lamb," I automatically sing, "Yes, ma'am! Pamper, Pamper, new shampoo."

Winters had more snow in Wadsworth than in Kansas—and sometimes even a "snow day" off from school. It wasn't fashionable to wear snow pants and boots. Why did the other girls get to wear jeans under their skirts on cold days while I had to wear babyish snowpants? Of course, they were fine for making snowmen in the back yard or sledding in Durling Park. Newcomers' pond, which was rather mucky for swimming in summer, was great for ice skating, but my ankles always flopped over.

Christmas became a much bigger deal when we children started actively participating in decorating the tree. Dad always put up the lights. I didn't mind the patient task of hanging individual aluminum-foil icicles or stringing cranberries and miniature marshmallows alternately in colorful chains. We always pleaded with Mom to throw away her old, bedraggled ornaments and not to save so much wrapping paper from one year to another. Sara took the lead in creative gift wrapping. Two pairs of socks became an eight-legged spider, or a tie became a snake. Once a windshield cleaner became a hobby-horse head, with the pole stuck into the tree. Grandpa and Grandma Kreider and sometimes Gram Weaver continued to be a part of our Christmases, especially after Uncle Dons and Uncle Roberts moved away. Our custom was to recite the Luke 2 Christmas story in the King James Version while sitting beside the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve. We would all start strong with "there were in the same country shepherds," and then the voices would slowly peter out till a strong end with "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." We opened our huge pile of gifts on Christmas morning, many of them jokes and some probably coupons for services. We always took time to admire or laugh at each gift before the next was opened.

We seldom made much fuss over birthdays in our family. No gifts, just a special menu for supper, and a cake with candles, though Mom dreaded making frosting and much preferred baking pie. Maybe a friend would come over to eat with us. But each of us got one or two birthday parties. I planned my party in the 8th grade to go to my favorite place, Whipps Ledges. I loved woods, hills, and climbing on rocks and never was homesick for Kansas scenery. Mom and I made a big picnic lunch, and Dad took a carful of us girls to climb on the rocks—and Debbie, of course, watched birds. I considered it a great success.

Dad always took a lot of pictures, both slides which he systematically filed, and black and white, which Mom kept in photo albums, stored in the Korean chest with its massive brass lock and strange key. In 8th grade I took over the photo album that Mom kept for me, carefully writing in white ink on the black pages like she did. Dad gave me a camera, and I took my own pictures at Camp. I also started my lifelong interest in scrapbooks. The first one is inscribed "A collection of things to make, games, parties and

magic tricks. A.K. January 8, 1951." I soon added jokes, cartoons, puzzles, and inspirational sayings, often from Sunday School papers. I filled four big scrapbooks, with items crowded close together, working at the pingpong table, while listening to programs like "The Shadow" or "The Lone Ranger" on the big old radio. Emil followed the Cleveland Indians and got me a little bit interested too. I remember the family going to a couple of Indians games near the lakefront in Cleveland. The ceramic Indian mascot joined the little busts of Beethoven, Haydn, and Brahms and Mom's philodendron plants on the piano.

Mom and I had a good relationship. One odd thing I remember: having only one shampoo a week, I developed dandruff, which Mom would scratch loose and sometimes treat with "Sea Breeze" before helping me wash my hair. I liked the intimacy of our conversation during those sessions. Mom had heard that if you didn't teach your daughters to keep house by the eighth grade they would get too busy and not learn at all. So beyond my usual helping with cooking, laundry, cleaning, and summer jelly making, I was to get serious the summer before eighth grade and learn to cook whole meals and to sew. I liked it all but the sewing. I struggled through making bermuda shorts (the new length, between shorts and pedal pushers) and pajamas with pink tops and black pants (the current fashion colors). My "final exam" was hosting the Winfield Fretz family who came to visit when Mom was in the hospital for surgery. I changed the beds and cooked the meals and felt very proud.

In 8th grade Home Ec. class I was contemptuous of Miss Henry's prissy little thimble exercises, making pincushions, cooking oatmeal, arranging "banana boats," and learning to butter the toast all the way to the edges. It was sort of an adventure to go to the store for plaid gingham to make our aprons. But the main challenge was learning to use the old treadle sewing machines as well as the electric ones. I wish now that I had taken Industrial Arts with the boys and learned something useful, but then it was unheard of.

We frequently had company for meals, especially Sunday dinner. Mom's typical company menu was scalloped potatoes covered by bacon strips (or mashed potatoes with browned butter if

we had scalloped peas), ham or ham loaf, molded tomato aspic salad (which I didn't like), or baked apple halves covered with cinnamon and thickened juice (which I loved), or in season tomato slices broiled with crumbs and brown sugar on top. If dessert wasn't pie made with Mom's canned sour cherries it might be a baked date pudding or brownie pudding. We had a lot of overnight guests too, including Bluffton College students who gave programs in our church, and peace speakers hosted by the peace group Mom and Dad helped start, as well as relatives and Kansas friends.

I started babysitting soon after we moved to Highland Ave., and was a regular for the Danforths and the Shearrouses for several years. The fee was 50 cents an hour and double after midnight. There was one crisis, when a Shearrouse kid having a tantrum bashed his hand through a glass pane and was badly cut, but I don't remember how I handled it. I was already in high school when I babysat for the Parkers across the street and somehow the baby crawled away, giving me a time of panicky searching—and the topic for a theme in English class: "When the Babysitter Lost the Baby." I sometimes slept on the couch after the kids were in bed, but I generally read, and on Saturday nights I watched the Hit Parade on TV. 1952 was thus the only time in my life when I sort of knew what the popular songs were. Rock and roll had not yet replaced the dreamy love songs like "Melody of Love," the funny ones, like "Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," and inspirational ones, like "He" and "I Believe."

I never had a special gift for working with children, though I dutifully took a turn helping with the united churches' Bible School one summer as a young teenager. I was offended by one of the adult teachers teaching a fun song, "O *Chest*er, did you *'ear* about *Harry, chest* got *back* from the *army*. . . .*hip*, *hip*, hooray for the Army!" I had been well taught about peace, and my parents' peace organization exposed us to good peace speakers. I remember hearing Charles Wells, maybe partly because the man who was introducing him at the Reformed Church had a heart attack and died on the platform. I tried to read the Wells Newsletter on national and world affairs after hearing Wells. The best peace course I ever had was Dad teaching the high school class in the Amen corner from a peace quarterly designed for Mennonite teenagers. I saved that quarterly and still have it.

Camp Friedenswald was the highlight of my year, from its opening in 1950 or 51, when Emil and Bobby Kilmer were the first registrants of the raw, new camp, right through high school. I remember that first year not having a dining hall. Cooking was done in one of the cabins, and we ate on benches made from boards over cinder blocks under a tarp, while rain water rushed under our feet. There was no beach there on Shavehead Lake, and you sank in the muck wading out to the deep water to swim to the diving raft. For a couple of years we had bucket brigades to drop sand into the water for better footing. But even that was fun. It was so wonderful to learn to row a boat on a real lake and to live on wooded hills. On Inspiration Point, you could look past the rugged cross down across the lake. I liked living in a cabin with kids like me. How we enjoyed Mary Jo Diller's birthday cake one year, even eating the stale popcorn Mrs. Diller had stuffed around it for mailing. I adored the fine young cabin counselors, lifeguards, and craft instructors, like Ruth Gilliom, John Bohn, and John Bauman. I enjoyed all the rituals, even cabin cleaning and dish duty after lunch. There were campfires in Mosquito Hollow, Morning Watch alone in a secluded spot, chapel on rough benches under the trees, a cookout across the lake, stunt night, talent night, and singing silly songs at the table: "What did Ida-hoe?. . .What did Dela-ware?"

Crafts both at camp and at the Wadsworth Rec Center tended to feature Lustre Lace. I must have braided dozens of lanyards and bracelets. I still have the aluminum tray on which I etched "Camp Friedenswald" and a flower. I started making notebooks full of camp songs, which I would later teach Sara. Our worship and our religion classes, led by people like Dave Habegger and Robert Kreider, were always so much better than we had in Wadsworth. I learned about the persecuted Anabaptists, and always dedicated my life to Christ when we set our candles out in little paper boats on the lake the last night of camp. Dad did more than his share of those long Sunday trips to Michigan that were so exciting to me. And when we didn't want to lose our perfect attendance record for Sunday School, he obligingly stopped at some roadside park and taught our Sunday School lesson at a picnic table.

One of my favorite activities from age 10 or 11 on was writing to penpals. Some were girls I met at camp, like Sue McKibben, Mary Alice Baumgartner, and Roberta Leisy, but others were from

penpal columns in *Words of Cheer* or other youth magazines. Frances Hayashi lived in Hawaii, and Patricia Lockhart in Trinidad, so I never met them. But my family made special stops on trips to visit a girl in South Dakota, and Alta Lou Durbin, my "twin," in Indiana. Jeannette Sprunger, my twin, is the only old penpal who is still my friend. In high school I had 30 to 40 penpals, including Marie Barton, an English girl who was a nanny, and two girls from Philippines. There was just one penpal who made me uneasy: Essat Kandeel was an older teenager, a Palestinian refugee who asked me to send him things and said "Christians and Muslims are brothers; we all hate the Jews." I was systematic even in junior high, and would keep a record of the date and name for each letter I wrote.

I took piano lessons from Mrs. Wirth for a couple of years, starting at Stover Court, but I never got very good. Sara had more talent and persevered longer. I remember a recital in about 7th grade, where Meta Mathes (a few houses down the street) and I played a creditable "March Militaire" as a duet. I also had a too-difficult solo, "The Teddy Bears' Picnic," which I always messed up, although I played it better at the recital than ever before or after. I never wanted to play a band instrument, so I was left out of the fun of marching band in high school, where my best friends, Carol Crumrine, Debbie Hunsberger, and Jane Smith, all played—on clarinet, trombone, and trombone, respectively.

Every day on the way to school (now back at Central School for junior high and high school), I stopped for Carol, who was invariably not ready when I knocked on her door. I would have to wait in their spotless living room, standing near the baby grand piano and the plush chairs that I wasn't supposed to sit on. Jane Smith, who moved to town in 9th grade, would meet us at the next corner. Occasionally Marilyn Serfass, a year or two older than us, would walk with us. But then she sort of disappeared, and the whisper went around that she went somewhere because she was pregnant, and after that, we avoided her. I didn't know much about that sort of thing and wasn't in the group of girls who enjoyed pooling their (doubtless skimpy) knowledge about sex and telling dirty jokes. Our school years were astonishingly insulated—from awareness of racism and sexism, from drugs and from violence.

The high point of my junior high years was the spelling bees, which were my big triumph. Actually in both 7th and 8th grades I came in second in the local bee. But I could go on to the regional as representative of one of the 4 grade schools in Wadsworth. I studied the practice book of words and was the only one from Wadsworth to emerge from the written screening tests for the *Akron Beacon Journal* bee. In the 7th grade, at the pre-Bee dinner a buttered pea rolled around on my lap, leaving a track on my aqua dress with the silk-screened daisies at the shoulder. I actually came in 3rd that year, when I was 11, falling on "bourgeois." I got a one-volume Columbia Encyclopedia and a fine Wittnauer watch that I wore till I was a young mother. One day the watch fell out of the band on a grocery shopping trip, and I never found it, to my sorrow. In the 8th grade, I only came in 8th. I tripped on another French word, "badinage."

I was offended that Mr. Weaver, my 7th grade geography teacher, laughed at my phonetic spelling "burzhwa" when I was feeling so triumphant about winning 3rd place. Geography was my favorite class in 7th grade, and I enjoyed learning things from the maps we had on the kitchen and basement walls at home. I made my geography notebook on the "humid subtropical" regions of the world. I struggled to find information on the Zulus of Natal, never dreaming that I would someday visit Natal. Once Mr. Weaver promised a free Coke or "phosphate" at Brenneman's drug store, the local hangout, for anybody finding a picture of the Matterhorn in our everyday surroundings. I hunted long and hard through magazines, thinking it was in an ad (I was vaguely remembering the Prudential insurance Rock), and only belatedly noticed the Matterhorn, framed, in the entrance arch at Brennie's. I suppose Mr. Weaver was surprised when I refused my prize, but I was *much* too shy to sit in a booth at Brennie's with him. I never went there even with my friends.

I liked reading "The Revolt of Mother" and "Treasure Island" in seventh-grade English, but I don't even recall the teacher's name. My home room teacher was Miss Allen, the strict math teacher. I was scared when she asked me to come to her desk after class—but it was only to look at my unusual beadwork necklace. I felt important having an "exam week" like the high school, and I always got A's, but junior high studies were mostly a bore. Often I

had nothing to do in study hall but read a book. I took a notion to memorize the whole Declaration of Independence when I was in 8th grade American history—and I succeeded! I didn't like my 8th grade English teacher, Mr. Hildebrand—"Spotty," as we scornfully called him because of grey spots in his hair. He made us pay attention to current events. I sputtered that current events was only about who advanced a few inches in Korean War battles. Mr. Hildebrand wasn't sweet and kind like his wife, our assistant principal. It was a terrible shock when the Hildebrands were killed in a car accident by a drunken driver. We weren't exposed to much death, despite the Korean War.

At home on Highland Ave. in Wadsworth, Summer 1953

We started taking family trips on Dad's two-week vacations. I was in 8th grade when we took a big Western trip, with a stop at Bethel College. Mardy Rich had a slumber party for me, inviting people I remembered, like Bonnie Kauffman, Lynette Schmidt and Judy Wedel. Mardy taught me to make up verses to "Do your ears hang low?" and Sara and I made up some funny ones as we traveled ("Is your tummy plump and round / Does it drag on the ground?") We went on to Yellowstone and to Idaho to visit Uncle Bob and Aunt Eunice Regier and family. On another trip we went to Washington, D.C. and visited Aunt Ruth and Uncle Kenneth Heatwole in Virginia. On the way we visited the Great Smoky

Mountains. It was misty-drizzly, and Dad said, "You are walking through a cloud. They aren't soft and fluffy!"

My favorite trip, in 1951 when I was 11, was to Canada. In Ontario I picked up another penpal. Kate Coffman was the niece of Mom's college friend; she showed me her scrapbooks of Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Then on to Quebec, where we often saw little roadside shrines, and around the Gaspe Peninsula, where there were so many big water birds. We took the ferry to Prince Edward Island. (I liked *Anne of Green Gables*). Back in New Brunswick we visited the Magnetic Hill, where your car seems to back uphill, and also a place where the tide comes in as a wall of water. Mom and Dad had taken much of that trip years before as a honeymoon, and Mom enjoyed reading from the old, old guidebook about what we were seeing. I was fascinated by the French language in Quebec, and mailed postcards to many penpals from Bureaux de Poste. I kept a detailed log in my diary: "11:20 Deer! Almost ran over it. I must tell Debbie. 12:00 New Brunswick. We lose an hour. 3:00 to 4:10 Swimming in Hot Bay. We saw them digging clams. 6:35 Waiting for the ferry across Miramichi River. 10:00 A room in Bay Inn to clean up for church." We always went to church on Sunday, no matter where we were. I liked the day in New England when we visited a saw mill at work, wandered through a wool mill, visited Calvin Coolidge's home, church and cemetery, went to the baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y., and drove around Fenimore House. I noted, "We're all reading historical markers. Dad the first sentence, Emil the last, and Mom and I the middle. What a mess!"

On trips our family usually ate cereal in our cabin for breakfast and picnicked in the parks for lunch and supper. A rare treat was eating a whole half gallon of ice cream as our meal. We enjoyed evenings in tourist cabins, when we played Hearts and read the Bible before bed. I learned to enjoy reading tourist guidebooks and studying the map. We three kids would sometimes scuffle (as Emil claimed his "fair 3/4" of the back seat for naps), but the shoebag attached to the back of Mom's seat (or later a "fun box") had playthings in it, and we sang a lot. By third grade, Sara could sing the lower melody for "Brothers, Row," and the troll song, and later she learned to harmonize, singing alto. Emil and Dad didn't sing much, but Dad might burst out singing "Caw, caw, says the crow" if he saw crows. We watched for license plates from all the states,

raced to get every letter of the alphabet from signs on our sides of the car, or added up points for cows, horses, pigs, and sheep (wiped out if you passed a cemetery). Our favorite guessing game in the car was Famous or Infamous. Sometimes on trips we read a funny book like "Party Line," or "We Always Lie to Strangers: Tall Tales from the Ozarks."

Other kids' families often took their vacation by a lake, and we did that once, by a lake in New Hampshire, during the week of Dad's 1953 Gordon Conference nearby. Characteristically, we took a two-week trip to Gettysburg, Washington, D.C., and New York "on the way." On Sunday in New England we hunted for a church in the little towns, but none showed signs of life. Our car horn started making a racket every time we turned a corner, so we ended up at a service station rather than church. At Lake Pemigewasset it was fun to swim every day and be in a cabin surrounded by pines and other trees. One memorable night Dad took us star-gazing, lying flat in a rowboat. My favorite nature activities were and are hiking, identifying trees (Debbie's birds were too hard to see), and astronomy. I liked to watch the rare comet or eclipse with Dad, who had taught astronomy at Bethel, and to learn the names of the constellations.

When I was in 8th or 9th grade, my mouth was too full of teeth, so I had four pulled and started a long process of wearing braces. After my parents got me started with the orthodontist in Akron, they let me go by bus for my appointments. I enjoyed it. It got me out of school, and I usually had a little time to wander in the stores before catching the return bus. When I was a sophomore or junior, I bought a blouse in the newly-fashionable dark olive green, with a fan of little tucks on the front, ending in gold heart-shaped buttons. Sara looked at it and said "Yuk!"; Mom admitted that it looked better on me than on the hanger, and Gram Weaver said, "Well, it won't show the dirt."

I hadn't had much experience of shopping, although Mom would occasionally grit her teeth and drive to Akron, where we hunted in O'Neill's or Polsky's (especially the bargain basements) for what we needed. I preferred watching the animated Christmas wonderland windows in those stores to trying on Christmas clothes. Although not very fashion conscious, I know I had circular skirts in

6th grade, a "polished cotton" dress when that fabric came out in my 8th grade year, then crinolines (but not hoops) in 9th and 10th grade. By my senior year, full skirts were giving way to sheath dresses that required a girdle for my always-protruding tummy. My favorite was a brown jumper, whose short jacket buttoned in back and had a white Peter Pan collar. In junior high Debbie and I had vowed that we would never wear garter belts and those hot nylons whose seams were so hard to keep straight. But in 9th grade we were in Girls' Glee Club, which required not only nylons but formals for the concert. So I got my first formal, a pink strapless covered with net and a more modest net shawl that snapped on. For dress-up in spring we had short, flared coats called toppers. We generally wore skirts for school, saving our jeans with rolled pantlegs or our pedal pushers (I remember my red ones with laces up the shin) for after school. When "fluorescent" colors came in, Sara got a hot lime and I got a hot pink sweater. For a while we girls all wore nosegays of artificial flowers at our blouse collars. I didn't have many of the really faddish items, but maybe I got a dog collar for my bobby sox one year. We wore sweaters or sweater sets with a variety of white collars, dickies, and beaded collars. I got a red wool class jacket as a sophomore but no class ring, because their only use was to trade when you went steady. Right after a haircut and permanent I would put up my hair in pincurls, switching to rollers when it grew longer.


SCHOOL DAYS 1952-53
WADSWORTH

By ninth grade it was already clear that Debbie, Carol, Jane, and I weren't likely to get dates, so we formed the Old Maids' Club, disguised under the initials OMC, the same as the Ohio Match Company in Wadsworth. Not that we were conscious of our self-sufficiency and the pleasure of female company. Our conscious purpose was helping each other plot how to win the attention of boys. Because we were reading *A Tale of Two Cities* in English, we kept our notes about our "projects" with our coded names:

Jacques I, Jacques II, etc., and an elaborate air of conspiracy. Fairly consistent "projects" of mine were David Weaver and especially Charles Crupi, a jolly fellow who eventually became an English professor in a small college too. Girls didn't ask guys for dates, and Charles never asked me. When the rural kids from Centralized School joined our class in 10th grade, Elaine Crislip and Verna Rohrer were added to the OMC, but Elaine started dating seriously in the next year and married soon out of high school, when the rest of us went off to college. Some of the others had family-arranged dates for important occasions; for example, Carol went to the Rainbow Girls dance with "Huge" Bicksler, son of the undertaker. But I never had a date all through high school until the Senior Prom. I went once or twice to the after-game dances with girl friends in my junior and senior year, but I danced hardly at all and could only manage the slow dances, not the new rock and roll numbers.

When I felt so marginal socially at school, it was nice to know I would fit in perfectly at Camp Friedenswald. In high school camp I appreciated the year when our small group could choose our own topics. My group chose Betty van der Smissen on recreation leadership, a session on singing unfamiliar hymns in four parts, and nature hikes with H.W. Berky, who taught us about dwarf sumac, poison sumac, and sassafras. One year Bob McCrory (a poor and acne-scarred Chicago kid whom I sort of liked) and I led the rebellion against Bill Keeney as camp director. We actually wanted him to step down and let Dave Habegger be the director! I later wrote him an apology and got a kind reply. Many of my camp friends and I were planning to go to Bluffton College. We were encouraged by Bluffton Night at camp, when the counselors would sing "Hail to thee, dear Bluffton College" so beautifully. When I started to earn money at the library, my first contributions beyond the church offering were to Friedenswald.

Mom and Dad gave me my education in high culture. We would go to Cleveland Symphony concerts at Severance Hall, where a performance of Verdi's "Requiem" was the highlight for me. I learned to like the French Impressionist painters at the nearby Art Museum. Hunsbergers and Kreiders took Debbie and me, and later our younger sisters also, to Tuesday Musicals in Akron. I got autographs from Isaac Stern, violinist, and Rise Stevens, opera

soprano. I saved programs from the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (with Maria Tallchief) and the Obernkirchen Children's Choir. Each year we went to the Metropolitan Opera on its Cleveland visit. I especially loved "Carmen" and "Don Giovanni." Debbie became a real opera fan. I remember the play, "The Sign of Jonah" at the Karamu, an interracial theater in Cleveland, and the summer Shakespeare series at Stan Hywet mansion in Akron, although I was nearly through high school when those started.

I generally liked high school classes better than junior high. Jane King, my 9th grade English teacher, required a theme every week and put comments on them. She had us do a lot of book reports. I reported on a biography of David Livingstone; I didn't imagine that I would visit the site of his mission some day in Botswana. Miss King probably was surprised when I wrote a drama report on the opera, "Aida," one of my favorites. I think I knew "Aida" only from the radio and from Mom's descriptions of seeing it in New York. Miss King was also our speech teacher. Her favorite speech of mine was the commercial for "Comfy Coffins" I developed around the song "Comfy Coffins they are fine." Dad showed me how to "boil water in a paper bag" (a little box made of shiny magazine paper) for my "how to" speech. I didn't mind the little speeches in class, but I dreaded the forensics tournament we had to enter. I didn't have the right kind of speech and was nervous; I came in last in every round that day in Canton. The only good thing is that I had arranged to meet Diana Green, a penpal who lived in Canton, our first and only meeting, for a few minutes between rounds.

My freshman year I had biology with Mr. McCafferty. "Bugsy" was strict and nervous. He made us take careful notes in a notebook and introduced us to microscopes. He was progressive enough to have us work in small groups. I worked on tree identification as my individual project. I liked Latin class under sweet Mrs. Gairing. We went Christmas caroling in Latin (from "Adeste Fideles" to "Mica, mica, parva stella"—twinkle, twinkle), and we had great Roman banquets. As freshmen we dressed in short tunics as slaves and served food to the reclining sophomores. Sophomores dressed as historical or mythological characters and put on skits. In our sophomore year Debbie, Carol, and I went as the 3 Furies, with

garden hoses draped around our black robes to be snakes. I graded Latin papers for Mrs. Gairing when I was a sophomore. I never liked gym class, which we had to take through 10th grade. The one-piece navy blue gym suits looked dumb, and I didn't think the compulsory shower was necessary. I cracked my elbow trying to do a cartwheel in gym during 8th or 9th grade. I shamelessly used the "cramps" excuse when I had my period to escape playing basketball and volleyball. The only activity I liked was square dancing. I even made up my own set of calls on a "Susie Q" theme.

I didn't respect Willard Hunsberger as much as I should have as a knowledgeable world history teacher, who made us draw maps (which I didn't do well). Mr. Hunsberger rambled and droned too softly in a huge room. I preferred the loud and vigorous teaching of Barbara Schaffer in English that sophomore year, although I often thought she should exchange her little room for Hunsberger's big one, because her voice hurt my ears. I remember the dramatic way she read "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." She made us memorize passages from "Julius Caesar." I can still quote bits of "O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome / Knew you not Pompey?" and "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." I also made a good poetry notebook for her class. Mom was helpful, knowing poems that could be illustrated and having piles of pictures and magazines to go through.

The main part of the high school building was a hollow square, with Principal O.J. Work's office rising on high from a sea of lockers. Beulah Good, and later Wanda Kuhn, were the helpful secretaries in that office. Discipline was tight; study halls were quiet under threat of detention; we had to wait outside the building till shortly before classes started; and hall monitors checked our passes if we were in the hall between classes. Much of the activity of the school centered on the auditorium, which was the theater for plays and concerts as well as the assembly hall for all-school assemblies, pep rallies, and chapels. Its stage was the gym for both gym classes and the basketball games. It was the dance floor for school dances, including informal lunchtime sock hops. Those of us who carried sack lunches ate in the front rows of the auditorium. The band practiced in the Annex, the old Methodist church next door.

Debbie and I were the only sophomore girls chosen to be in the high school choir. I felt immensely honored. Unfortunately Carol had to wait till Joanne Tennant graduated before she could accompany the choir. The choir was featured in concerts, the Thanksgiving and Christmas assemblies ("Over the River and through the Woods," "The Night before Christmas," Fred Waring style), and the compulsory monthly chapel services, which Kingsley Sears designed in a more or less Methodist way. I almost collapsed with stage fright before the time I had to read the Scripture in front of the whole school though. I was asked to sing the solo for "Panis Angelicus" when I was a senior and sang it right through because I remembered how Paula Neath had sung it two years earlier. Then I got a really bad cold and sore throat and someone else got the solo. Now I wonder whether I arranged the cold to get out of singing the solo before a crowd. When I was a senior I wrote the little spoken bridges between the songs for the spring concert, "Sentimental Journey," of all the vocal groups. I think it was my idea to have Larry Spice, a husky non-singer with a motorcycle, be taking a trip across the country to all the places we sang about, to make it a little less sentimental. On the desert we sang "Cool, clear water." We practiced next to Mr. Schaffer's U.S. history room, singing plaintively, "Water, water!" until one day Mr. Schaffer marched in with a bucket of water, "Since you've been hollering for it for so long." I think once Mom and I hosted the choir for sloppy joes and cocoa after we had been out caroling.

Mom and Dad didn't discourage my attending Youth Ablaze as a 9th grader. It met in a school classroom and was led by my friend Jane Smith, playing flourishes on the piano for "Jesus Saves!" and by her older brother Dick and others from the Christian & Missionary Alliance and Nazarene churches. But I could tell it wasn't my kind of religion, even though I could beat everyone in number of Bible verses I could recite. I soon dropped out. I was pious in my own way, however. We got Good Friday off of school, and I once went by myself once or twice to the 3-hour community service, based on the seven last words of Christ. Our family attended services every evening of Holy Week in our church, and I remember working hard to follow the Bible study on Ephesians one year.

In our small church there was only one other girl in my class, and I was so lucky it was Debbie. Emil was lucky also when Abie Mast moved to town and to our church, because they were good friends and basketball buddies. With those friends, Ruthann Cochran, the Hunsberger twins and Ruth and Larry Shoup, we had the nucleus of a youth group that could hold our interest in spite of some other kids—Jan Welday, Linda Shelly, Bob Kilmer—with whom we had little in common. From junior high on, Rev. Neuenschwander was teaching me how to be a leader. His idea of planning programs was the old Christian Endeavor style where you gave slips of paper to different people to read Bible passages or the prayer. In 1955 Debbie was president and I was secretary, and then I was president in 1956. I tried hard to to make the programs fit together, e.g., singing "He Leadeth Me" when the program was about planning for college, with the guidance counselor, Mr. Calvin. I planned a hayride that was fun, and we sang a lot of camp songs. I think we went to Whipps Ledges once. We never did anything together with the Bethel Mennonite Church youth, but sometimes we would invite friends from other churches—especially Emil's friend, Steve Marmaroff—to activities. Mom was a good coach for church leadership, and constantly encouraged me to find ways to involve everybody with tasks they could do successfully and to help draw in the kids from marginal families, like Bob Nettleton, Merrily Basinger, and Elsie Shayes. She had done much the same thing in the Women's Missionary Society. She taught me the importance of keeping records and showed me how to send a publicity article to the newspaper when we had a fund-raising concert by Elmer Ende, organist.

The biggest challenge was when it was our turn to host our area youth "rally." We would get together for a weekend with the only other two Eastern Ohio GC youth groups—Dalton and Sugarcreek—and often with the Bluffton and Pandora kids. It was fun when we went to Dalton and played singing folk games. We would spend the night with church families, and at least once I stayed with Phyllis Bixler. I have the program of the April 1956 spring "workshop" I planned, as well as the sign-up questionnaire to our church people for help with food, hosting, and transportation. I also have a letter from Mary Jo Diller telling who would come from Bluffton and Pandora. Floyd Bartel, a seminary student, was

the speaker and came with Ernie Neufeld, Middle District Young People's Union (YPU) president, from Chicago. The women of the church served a Saturday banquet and Sunday noon meal for us. Abie Mast was Master of Ceremonies, and we had musical numbers from the 3 eastern groups. Debbie had a solo, and Phyllis Bixler led singing. Our "service project" on Sunday was singing at the hospital and a nursing home. Emil led recreation in Memorial Park before the Sunday evening picnic and final vesper service.

My senior year, the fall of 1956, we joined the UNICEF "trick or treat for others" and also helped organize a clothing drive for Hungary. Mom and Dad's peace group, under American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) sponsorship, got the clothing to pour into our little church basement from all over town, and United Youth of Wadsworth churches helped with the sorting and boxing. It was quite a party and got a full page of photo coverage from the *Wadsworth News-Banner*. A couple of months later, it was also under AFSC auspices that Dick Kissling and I, the Hunsberger twins, Larry Shoup and Meta Mathes went to Columbus for a weekend workcamp. We did our own cooking and slept in Central Community house, and worked at cleaning and and painting in a poor area. It was a good adventure and whetted my appetite for voluntary service, such as the six weeks I spent at Woodlawn Church in Chicago after my first year of college.

Emil and I quarrelled sometimes, but at least from junior high school on, I was immensely proud to be his sister. He was two years older, though only one year ahead of me in school. He was self-assured, witty, and male, and he brought interesting boys home. He was a hard worker and had good-paying jobs, starting with delivering the *Wichita Eagle* in North Newton and then working at Ida Yoder's Northaven in Wadsworth. I also worked for Ida briefly when I was 10 and 11, pasting legal notices from the newspaper onto cards, and thus I got my Social Security card as a real worker. In 1950 I earned $13.60 from that job. Emil later worked at Good's Sparkle Market, and one summer loading bricks at the brickyard. It seemed his friends were more "popular" than mine were, and he played basketball, which enhanced his image greatly. I was proud to follow him to college and even (I'm ashamed to admit it) to wash and iron his shirts like some of the girls did for their boy friends.

I never did get to see Sara shine in high school, and never heard her sing in the Harmonettes, because she was 4 years behind me. But I admired her wit, and her piano playing and artistic talents. She started cartooning early, although her most famous cartoon, "Stop, Pay Troll," was after she was married to Greg, who called her Troll and proclaimed her birthday National Troll Day. Sara and I were good friends. She affectionately called me "Kitty," "Puss," or "Flea," and I called her "Beany." She was good at harmonizing an alto part, and we sang a lot of duets while washing dishes, or trios with Mom. We spent many hours sitting together at the round blue card table, working on projects for Native American missions. We cut square quilt blocks or made different shaped cards out of construction paper with pictures cut off of old greeting cards, for the missionaries to put Bible verses on. Even though she was much younger, she could hold her own in playing family games (Hearts, Battleship, Qubic, Double Solitaire, Rook, and Pit) on our trips or at our Sunday game nights in front of the fireplace when we didn't have church or youth group. She was therefore such a keen game player that she would beat all the kids her own age. Emil was so good at Monopoly that I quit playing. Emil also got very good at bridge, and Mom and I suffered for our being scorned as Dad and Emil's partners. We forgot what cards had been played or what signal a certain bid was sending. I was always glad to be the dummy and let my partner play my cards. I was surprised later when Debbie Hunsberger gave a party during college Christmas break, and she and I outplayed arrogant Bill Stuhrke and Roy Larson in bridge. I also felt very inadequate at the occasional roller skating or bowling party. I didn't fall down too often at the rink, but my bowling balls always went straight for the gutter.

I wasn't eager to learn to drive. Maybe I absorbed from both my family and the culture that driving was a masculine thing. Dad was patient but a more particular teacher than they had in Drivers' Ed. It was like bridge: although I probably drove as well as my friends, I felt inferior. In those days before turn indicators, it was always such a hassle to roll the window all the way down to signal a turn. And Mom's panic about making left turns was at least partly conveyed to me. The lessons continued through college: Dad made me take my turn in the car pool the summers when we went

together to the B.F. Goodrich Research Center in Brecksville, and gave me a lot of advice.

I hadn't the slightest feminist consciousness in high school. I admired the cheerleaders and the majorettes and their cute routines. Every girl of my generation tried to twirl a baton, but I knew I had neither the skill nor the looks to be chosen majorette. And I had no desire to join the huge pool of "reserve" cheerleaders. However, I never questioned why there were no girls' varsity athletic teams for people like Debbie, who loved to play baseball. There was only Girls' Athletic Association, which could have the gym every other Tuesday afternoon for an hour and otherwise did service projects.

I knew science and math were masculine fields, but I took pleasure in doing better than the boys in "their" classes. Joan Kahl and I were the only girls in trigonometry, and we enjoyed being with the boys. Chemistry and physics with Charles Kreider and Advanced Algebra, Solid Geometry, and Trigonometry with Eugene Lyren were my most challenging courses. In the 1950s there was no possibility of Advanced Placement or college courses in high school, but I didn't feel bored with my classes.

I already knew I wanted to be an English teacher. English was my favorite subject, not so much junior English under Mrs. Giffin, but British literature under Oliver Cooper. We wrote compositions for his class, although not a formal research paper. I pleaded not to have to read my essay to the class when the topic was "The Kind of Person I Want to Marry," because I said a Christian who didn't smoke or drink, not a "popular" thing to say. I had liked studying Shakespeare in English classes, ever since *As You Like It* my freshman year, and really enjoyed *Macbeth* as a senior. I was too timid and awkward to try out for a play, but I was proud of Debbie starring as "Mrs. Moonlight" in the junior class play.

Each year seemed more enjoyable than the previous one. I had been on the cabinet of Jr. Y-Teens, and I remember writing a skit for a program. But the main activity of Sr. Y-Teens was putting on the formal winter dance, and I dropped out. I spent two years on the make-up crew for high school plays, but it wasn't as much crazy fun as Emil had on Mr. Sears's stage crew. I knew nothing about make-up, not having worn any myself. According to the yearbook I had two years in Future Teachers of America, and as seniors we took

over classes for half days during parent-teacher conferences. I had completely forgotten.

As a junior I finally got into the right extracurricular activity. I felt honored to be one of the two juniors Mr. Cooper chose to join the Annual Staff. I was so proud to go down to Ohio University with the seniors, whom I admired, for a week of workshop on putting together the yearbook. (I remember watching the senior girls for the right way to use the showers, and then felt foolish washing my face beforehand, in imitation of Linda McKain, who used a special soap for her acne!) I was so proud of the 1956 annual, which used the WHS Grizzlies pencil as the theme, with cute cartoons of a pencil person.

Dick Kissling and I were to be co-editors of the 1957 *Whisperer* as seniors. I was too humble about my talents when a talented male was in the picture, so I asked to be literary editor and him be editor in chief. My job was to do almost all the writing in the book. There was a lot, even a determinedly clever paragraph for every two teachers, whom we posed in interesting combinations. Occasionally my writing gushed about "cute" or "charming" girls, but in general it was good. It was wonderful to feel in the center of things, to work together with Carol Crumrine, Elaine Crislip, Judy Lucas, Charles Crupi, and Dick. The Annual Staff had 2 or 3 outings to Cleveland a year—including the Don Cossack Choir, "As You Like It," and "The Solid Gold Cadillac." Several of us girls made a golden idol for Mr. Cooper's Christmas gift. Imitating something Mom had made, we put a plastic doll in a milk bottle covered with plaster of Paris that had pens, erasers, paper clips and other annual-staff instruments stuck in it—and all spray-painted with gold. I overcame stage fright enough to help present the 1957 annual at the Recognition Assembly.

I also thoroughly enjoyed my after-school job. When I was a junior, I got a job at the public library, which Sara later got. The library had just moved out of the old house at Lyman and Broad Streets bequeathed by Ella Everhard. It was in temporary quarters in the basement of the Recreation Center while a new library was being built on the old site. Old Mrs. Woodard, and sweet Miss Rasor and Mrs. Williams had a frugal and uncreative library operation that probably didn't suffer too much from being moved.

Nola Rasor taught me to mend tattered books with homely materials like Mystic tape, white paste, stitched bindings she had made from sheets, and waxed paper to keep the pages from sticking together when we put reglued books in the press. I was proud of being able to help seniors find novels by British authors that would be fun even for the non-readers to do their book reports for Mr. Cooper. Daphne du Maurier was a favorite. My worst failure was once when I was the only one on duty and couldn't help an embarrassed man who wanted a book on "frigidity." I didn't know he needed a book about sex (a word adults didn't say to kids), and he wouldn't explain. In the spring of my senior year it was great to work in the spacious new building with all new furnishings. There was a proper reference section, a children's area near the big circulation desk, and two tiers of stacks. Good-natured Don Pike, who had something like cerebral palsy, started working as a "page" and we joked together. I'm surprised that after good experiences of jobs in the Wadsworth Public Library, in the Bluffton and Bethel College libraries, and in the B.F. Goodrich research archives, I still wanted to be an English teacher rather than a librarian.

Anna checks out books at Wadsworth library – in her fashionable olive green blouse!

I always read a lot; our neighbor Mrs. Campbell laughed about those Kreider girls who walked home from school or the library reading. In 8th grade, I kept a record of reading, at least 3 books a week, including *Anne of Green Gables*, *Ivanhoe* and *Autobiography of Will Rogers*. However, the books that made my "Hall of Fame" for the year tended to be teen romances by the likes of Betty Cavanna and Rosamond Du Jardin. Even in high school I read such books, to identify with popular girls who had dates. I also read Sherlock Holmes and Poe's mystery stories, *Quo Vadis*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Lloyd C. Douglas (*The Robe*, and *The Big Fisherman*). Frank Slaughter, and Agnes Turnbull. I bought *Willie Mae* (on a sale) and *Uncle Pogo's So-So Stories*, but not many others till college. I enjoyed the poems in Mom's "best-loved poems" books and memorized some. For senior British book reports, I waded through *David Copperfield* and H.G. Wells' *Outline of History*—maybe in penance for all the lightweight stuff I had been reading. I also read Wells' *Newsletter Between the Lines*, *Ladies Home Journal*, the *Readers' Digest* and *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons.

Joan Kahl and I were elected to go to Buckeye Girls' State the year after Emil went to Boys' State. Mom put on a dinner for the senior veterans of Boys' and Girls' State (Emil, Steve Marmaroff, Harry Cook, Carol Cooper, and Mary Grow) to give tips to us juniors; the boys were Charles Crupi, Bob Martin, and Dick Kissling. At Girls' State, held at Capital University in Columbus, I enjoyed campaigning for Mayor of Storer City, my wing of the dorm, but I lost and was a city councilman instead. I got a little trophy cup for writing the year's official Girls' State song, to the tune of "For the Beauty of the Earth." I made an elaborate Girls' State scrapbook and wrote to some of the girls for awhile. The American Legion Auxiliary, who sponsored us to Girls' State, had chosen my essay "Patriotism in Working Clothes" for the $50 first prize in their patriotism essay contest that spring. I had been consciously non-military in my approach, so I felt smug to win!

At the end of my senior year I was covered with other honors. Four boys and I from Wadsworth High were National Merit Scholar semi-finalists, but I was the only one who became a Merit Scholar. B.F. Goodrich gave Merit Scholarships to the three qualifying children of their employees as well as several others. I was highest

in the county in the Ohio General Scholarship tests and tied for 26th place in the state (tied for 5th among girls). Five boys in my class were also in the top 5% in the state, with Charles Crupi just 10 points behind me. I was valedictorian of the senior class. My picture was frequently in the *Wadsworth News-Banner* that spring. I placed third in Ohio in a national essay contest Mr. Cooper made his college prep seniors enter, promoting employment for the handicapped. Mr. Cooper drove me and Mom down to the governor's luncheon in Columbus. I shook the governor's hand as I received my $250 in savings bonds, and I made a brief acceptance speech.

Publicity Photo for National Merit

End-of-school senior activities were fun. I think Dad got me a corsage for the Junior-Senior Banquet, which I attended with girls. But to the amazement of the other girls, who thought the enigmatic

new boy in our class, Dick Manske, was a good catch, he asked me to the Prom. Dick would stand aloof, staring with his slightly bulging eyes, and he pretended to be such an intellectual that Sally Stark checked a book of Plato out of the library to be able to converse with him! But he confessed to me that he never learned to read properly, and I learned later that he drank too much. I got a new white formal with blue trim and had a handsome escort who was patient with my poor dancing ability.

Dick & Anna go to the Senior Prom

We decided to be sensible and not stay awake all night for the party, but to go home for some sleep till the breakfast. Unfortunately he overslept. He came over to apologize some hours after the breakfast was over and made another date to play tennis (which I could do about as well as I could dance) and to fly kites.

While waiting for that date, I was fooling around with Sara at the piano. We were making up "Italian opera," singing "Spaghetti, spaghetti, macaROni... noodle, noodle, noodle." It was typical of Dick that instead of knocking on the door, he sat for awhile on the front steps, listening. I hardly saw Dick after that, but I have good memories of him. Sara became good friends with Dick's sister Marlene.

Graduation of the Class of 1957 in the high school gym was not a highlight of my life, although it was fun to dress up in my white cap and gown. The boys wore blue. I didn't like it that the senior boys' quartet sang such an inappropriate song, "Standing at the Corner Watching All the Girls Go By." I wasn't as nervous as I expected to be for my valedictory, but my speech, "Time for Living," had an ignorant premise, that we would be the generation with leisure time and should use it idealistically. The only copy I have of it is one that Grandma Kreider copied out in her careful handwriting.

Anna's Senior Photo

I was looking forward to an interesting new summer job as a telegraph messenger at B.F. Goodrich in Akron, thanks to being a Goodrich Merit Scholar. My OMC friends and I were excited about college and planned a Round Robin letter to keep in touch. Our high school guidance counselor, Mr. Calvin, had thought it was so foolish that I didn't even apply to the best academic colleges, since I could get in, and the Merit Scholarship made them affordable. But I applied only to Bluffton. We had visited Emil there for Homecoming and I went again in April, where I was hosted by Mary Jane Rittenhouse in the dorm and saw Joyce Musselman do a magnificent job of acting in "Angel Street." My friends from Camp Friedenswald and the rallies—like Doris Liechty, Phyllis Bixler, and Mary Jo Diller—were going to Bluffton too. Those were the people who shared my faith and my idea of fun. I have never been sorry I went to Bluffton.

Although I spent most summers in Wadsworth till I married, and still enjoyed being part of First Mennonite Church, I never felt attached to Wadsworth again. All my OMC friends except Elaine lived elsewhere. I eventually identified more with North Newton, the village of my early childhood. I had no interest in attending the Class of 1957 dinner-and-dance reunions. After my folks moved away from Wadsworth in 1982, Debbie, whose parents stayed in Wadsworth, was my only link. At the time of my 1993 surgery, she got the OMC'ers to help send me flowers at Mayo Clinic. Then I got us together for a reunion in the summer of 1994. I found, to my surprise, that not only did our group of six still have many things in common, but also I enjoyed meeting some other female classmates that Debbie and her mother gathered for a lunch. We were able to get into the old high school building to look around, and we drove around Wadsworth. But I didn't feel a sentimental tug to those places. I'm glad I moved on.

—1997

Junior Choir at Bethel College Mennonite Church (1940s)

I would like to give a child's-eye view of Rev. Lester Hostetler and the junior choir from the late 1940s.

We Kreider children lived just down this street, at the corner of 25th and Minnesota, in the house where Bob and Vernette Regier live now. We were almost directly across the street from the parsonage on Minnesota Ave.

Rev. Hostetler loved children. My dad took a picture of the seesaw that Rev. Hostetler had rigged up in front of the parsonage. Lester was sitting on one end and three children were on the other end going up and down. When Rev. Hostetler raked leaves in the fall, he didn't mind scattering them around a bit, having leaf fights with the neighbor children. He was jolly and full of jokes. He would entertain us by playing the piano with his hands behind his back, as Harold Moyer did last night.

Rev. Hostetler directed the junior choir. He taught us to sing many songs from the children's section of the dark blue *Mennonite Hymnary*, which he had co-edited a few years before. But he wanted to expand our knowledge of good music. I remember we gathered around the record player in the parsonage listening to symphonic music and trying to pick out the sounds of the different instruments.

He taught us to direct choral music. In the photo on the time line upstairs, Eleanor Wedel, daughter of D. C. and Martha, was directing. But every one of us learned how. I was a six-year-old in pigtails on the front row in the photo, but I too could do 4/4 time—1,2,3,4, 1,2,3,4—and 3/4 time—1,2,3, 1,2,3. This church has taken the musical education of its children seriously for a very long time.

Our junior choir sang for the 50th anniversary of the congregation, in the college chapel, wearing our little white vestments. I don't remember whether Rev. Hostetler was still director.

Either that year or the next, Joan Enz (Mrs. Jake Enz), took over and formed a Junior Choir School. This was even more

advanced music education. We practiced after school and always started with vocal warm-up-exercises. I think the parents had to pay something for our enrollment, and children from other churches could participate. There was an article on the choir school in the Newton *Kansan* that commented with surprise that there were even colored children in the group. We had homework too. I made this scrapbook about music when I was eight years old and illustrated it with musical instruments cut from the Sears catalog.

But I don't recall it being as much fun as when Rev. Hostetler directed.

—Nov. 8, 1997, written for the Bethel College Mennonite Church Centennial celebration

Voluntary Service at Woodlawn Mennonite Church (1958)

I spent 6 weeks in a summer VS unit at Woodlawn in 1958, with 5 other young women from Bethel and Bluffton Colleges. Our main assignment was first teaching two weeks of summer Bible school (and putting on a closing program with the children) and then helping with four weeks of "day camp," which was usually activities in one of the big public parks of Chicago, swimming in Lake Michigan, attending museums, etc. We went in a rented bus, and I believe Ed Riddick was the driver (African-American church leader studying in seminary in Chicago, as I recall).

Our unit lived in the same building that housed the church, 4606 Woodlawn. Some of the girls were occupying Marion and Lois Deckert's apartment; Marion was a Ph.D. student at U. of Chicago during the school year, but they were gone for the summer. Also living in that building were Delton and Marian Franz's family and Vincent Harding, then single. Probably Ed Riddick too. At least when our unit invited Vincent to a meal, we invited Ed too.

The seminary had moved out of the neighborhood the previous year, and one of the houses they occupied was still basically vacant, across the street. There were white Mennonites in "4626," including Elmer and LaVera Neufeld's family. Elmer was working on his Ph.D. at the U. of Chicago in philosophy.

The departure of the seminary must have made a drastic change in the congregation, but I wasn't really aware of the history, and I don't recall much about the worship services except that Vincent was a superb preacher when it was his turn. Each member of the VS unit had some additional task in the church. Since I was the youngest, barely 19, I was assigned to be part of the high school Sunday School class and youth group, known as "The Conquerors." All the 21 members (I have a photo of the class) were black, bright middle-class teenagers, and they were well led by Elmer Neufeld. I remember at least one cook-out we had in a park with big open spaces, when I enjoyed working with the female class members on buying and preparing the food.

In the Bible school I was supposed to teach the pre-kindergarten class, and I was having trouble keeping order with a dozen squirmy kids who hadn't yet been in school. They didn't know how to sit quietly for a story or go out to play in a group, rather than scattering noisily. Thank goodness, a competent 14-year-old named Pat Calloway from the Conquerors was recruited to help me. She knew the children and took a firm hand with them!

The neighborhood was already starting to have problems with violence, but we young white females could move around safely in twos and threes in the daytime, riding the "El," etc. A novel that I read recently helped me feel what it must have been like for white children like the Franzes but also black middle-class members of this community as they were swamped with rougher black migrants from the South and the gangs and black power movement. Sue Miller's "The Distinguished Guest" is set in the 1990s but still dealing with the aftermath of a 1960s integrated church on Chicago's South Side being torn apart by these changes—actually about the family of the white pastor being torn apart, as he went with black power and Saul Alinsky.

—March 26, 2001

Memories of the Baby Years (1967-1973)

This week I dipped into *In Her Own Voice: Childbirth Stories by Mennonite Women*, published in Canada in 1997. It prompted me to write about my own experiences with my babies, although they do not stand out in clear detail in my memory.

We had been married three years before I was hired to teach English at Bethel College in the fall of 1966, with a new Ph.D. from Indiana University. There was an understanding that Jim would also be offered a contract to teach history after he got his Ph.D., which was in the dissertation stage in the fall of 1966. I really didn't have any concern for my teaching career when we decided already that fall that we wanted to start our family. I guess I assumed that I would take some years off from teaching but could have my job back when I wanted it.

I was surprised how long it took for me to get pregnant after going off the birth control pills. Nobody had told me how common that was. We quit trying for awhile in the late spring, because we both had severe colds and were very busy and tired. But we must have had sex at least once, because I became pregnant. I remember morning sickness that hot summer of 1967, but the pregnancy otherwise was easy. I borrowed maternity clothes, mostly from my sister-in-law Louise, although I also remember wearing my bright red "tent dress," which was briefly the style. I taught the fall and winter quarters at Bethel. I was too busy to do much reading or even talking with other women about pregnancy and childbirth.

We were renting a small house on East 23rd Street in North Newton, which had no room for a baby because the second little bedroom was full of bookshelves and desks for Jim and me. So we didn't buy much baby equipment. I think we borrowed the Juhnke baby basket and later their baby bed. The faculty wives gave me baby clothes at a shower. We felt modern when we bought a Gerry carrier, a new style of backpack that could carry an infant or a bigger child. We later bought a high chair and playpen.

I was both naive and lucky in the exact timing of this first birth. I may have been teaching only one class that winter quarter.

I had a remarkable class of English Literature students, including Darlene Klassen (Dick), Barb Pankratz (Fast), Sharon Unrau (Nance) and Dorothy Nickel (Friesen), so I prepared a schedule for them to teach their own class, starting on the due date, January 31. That was several weeks from the end of the term. They worked on preparing those lessons in advance, in consultation with me. Of course I knew a baby is unpredictable, but I didn't realize that a first baby can be weeks late! Lo and behold, I started having contractions the night of January 30, and Joanne was born exactly on her due date. The students swung into action as teachers and finished the course with some help from me. At least I gave the exam!

I don't remember much about the childbirth process at Bethel Deaconess Hospital. The enema and pubic shaving caught me a little off guard. Dr. Eldon Rich was of the old school in believing that you didn't have to tell the patient a lot. I had the epidural injection for pain because that's what he recommended, and he didn't even tell me he routinely did episiotomies. Husbands weren't allowed in the delivery room anyhow, so Jim went home to sleep, and although he came again in the morning, he went back to teach his classes. He probably wasn't yet at the hospital when the baby was actually born near noon, January 31, 1968. I was 27 years old.

We named her Joanne Ruth, the name of one of my youngest cousins, Joanne Ruth Heatwole. I had always liked the name Joanne, and one of the friendly women of our Hesston Inter-Mennonite Fellowship also spelled her name that way (Joanne Klassen). Jim had a sister Ruth and I had an Aunt Ruth. We were thrilled at having a healthy baby, but sobered by the fact that our friend Kathy Kasper gave birth the next day to her second child, a beautiful girl born without bones, who immediately died.

Joanne's birth announcement recalled another happy event of our year—Jim receiving his Ph.D. at Indiana. The cover of the folder was like the title page of a dissertation. The degree we granted ourselves was Ph.D.—Parents Hustling but Delighted. Perhaps it was a lucky omen for Joanne to be born on Chinese New Year, but we had no awareness of Chinese New Year. What I

clipped for Joanne's baby book was the notice of the Tet Offensive in the Vietnam War, which happened on that day.

Anna & Joanne, January 31, 1968

In those years, mothers stayed in the hospital for a few days. That was fine with me. I was very tired from a long labor, and I was grateful to get help as I started breastfeeding my baby. I was delighted that my mother was coming to help for awhile. When I got home I was almost overwhelmed with the number of guests, Juhnke and Goering women who showed up that very afternoon to meet my mother and the new baby. Joanne was a nervous baby, and she really started to fuss, because she was handed around till she was overtired. I was overtired too.

Mom slept on the hide-a-bed in the living room for the week or so she was with us. She eagerly took on the task of comforting the baby when she cried at night, although of course I was the one who did the feeding. I was most worried about how to bathe this squirming little red infant, but Mom helped me as we warmed up the kitchen and put the large oval basin on the kitchen table and went through an elaborate procedure for washing so few square inches of flesh!

We had no washing machine at first, so we had a diaper service. But the tall hamper of used diapers made our bathroom so

stinky that we were glad to find a used washer when the weather got nice enough to hang out diapers. It had been quite a chore to go to the laundromat with the baby. The Gerry carrier, however, made laundry and other chores possible. Joanne was fussy and didn't lie contentedly in bed or sit in her little carrier chair. The motion of being on my back seemed to soothe her. Sometimes to get her to settle down to sleep, we even had to put her on the back seat of the Volkswagen and drive around town a little. But I sometimes got so frustrated I would chant under my breath, "Hey, hey, what do you say? Somebody throw this baby away!"

I felt cooped up, but I did get to read, especially when I lay on the bed breast-feeding the baby. I read *Anna Karenina* that way, for example. Berneil Mueller had been hired to teach my classes in spring quarter, so I had a kind of unpaid maternity leave. I was a sufficiently traditional mother at that point that I even started the process for getting somebody to replace me the next year. Then I realized that I could be kept out of my career by the new person! So I said I wanted to teach part-time. We hired Jim's cousin Nancy Juhnke, a college student, to babysit while I was in class, but I spent very little time in my office. I had toddler scribblings on my lecture notes sometimes, proving that I had "help" when I tried to prepare my classes at home.

Early in Joanne's first summer, when I was still breastfeeding her and before she could crawl, Jim and I took her on a crazy adventure, a camping trip all the way to California. We took the

back seat out of the Volkswagen bug and packed in our little tent, a couple of cooking kettles and a few clothes and the Gerry carrier. We put the bedding on top and laid Joanne on top of that, just behind our front seats. Those were the days before the laws about child safety seats. In our tent Joanne slept in a cardboard box that fitted snugly around one of our suitcases by day and was lined with our towels by night. We had such fun on that trip, my first experience of tent camping. We did other trips too, such as Christmas trips to my parents in Wadsworth, Ohio.

I remember even less about my experience of pregnancy and childbirth with Carl. I know I had morning sickness again in early 1970, but I went on with part-time teaching. We obviously had to find a bigger house. In March we bought a house on West 26th St. built by John Schroeder, our next-door neighbor on 23rd Street. The house belonged to our friends Walt and Ruth Unrau. A faculty couple, Emerson and LaWanda Wiens (more knowledgeable than we), had already inspected it and bargained the price down before they decided not to buy. So without any fuss or shopping around, we got a house one block from the college for $21,000 (Jim's salary then was around $6,000). It even provided us some income, since we rented out the basement for many years. Mom and Dad Juhnke with their pick-up truck helped us move our meager furniture. Mom Kreider also came at that time to help us get settled—a particularly welcome addition, since I was miserable with a cold.

The events of the next year sometimes made us question the wisdom of buying that house. The situation at the college was rapidly deteriorating; perhaps Emerson had thought his job might disappear or the college even close down. Jim decided in May (after President Nixon widened the Vietnam War by bombing Cambodia and after the Kent State student protesters were killed) to run for Congress as a Democrat peace candidate. That was expensive for us, as he reduced his load to part-time teaching for fall semester. Then a year later we decided to go to Africa with MCC on a VS basis. Amazingly, however, buying the house turned out to be the best economic decision we ever made. Rapid inflation made it easy to pay for—and would have made it hard to afford a house at the higher prices and interest rates of even three years later.

What I remember about pregnancy and childbirth in the summer of 1970 was that it was *very* hot without even a window air conditioner at home and that Jim was never at home to help—nor was the car often at home for a trip to the grocery store. He was usually at his campaign office in Wichita or out meeting the voters. It was really lucky that Jim could even take me to the hospital for the birth. Fortunately, on that Saturday, July 19, I had noticed some blood spotting. I told Jim he needed to stay home from the fair where he had planned to shake hands and distribute his Juhnke for Congress literature that evening. Sure enough, the contractions started in the evening. On the way to the hospital we decided on the names—Carolyn for a girl and Carl for a boy. Carl was an important name in both families—Jim's immigrant ancestor and an uncle were Carl. I had an uncle Carl and a great-uncle Carl. James seemed an obvious middle name.

I remember that Jim was allowed in the labor room this time, but that he was busy writing his sermon for the next morning. He was to preach at the Lorraine Avenue Mennonite Church in Wichita. By midnight Carl was born, and the next morning Jim could announce his birth at Lorraine Avenue. Of course, we made Carl immediately useful in the political campaign. There was a nice photo of proud parents and baby in the Hutchinson paper. The birth announcements, printed in blue ditto, had the wavy red and white flag stripes designed by Bob Regier for Jim's campaign brochures and the heading "Another Democrat for Peace and New Priorities." Carl's very first outing was a fund-raising pork

barbecue at the Juhnke farm when he was a week old, and just two weeks before the primary election—which Jim won!

This time my mother couldn't come to help with the new baby, because she and Dad were on a tour of Eastern Europe. My sister Sara, who was married and had a new Ph.D., came out for a few days from Goshen. She taught English at Goshen College, but this was July. I don't remember significant babysitting by the Juhnke parents, although they helped us in many other ways, especially with produce and butchered meat. We went there for Sunday dinner when we could, maybe monthly. But they were 45 minutes away, busy with farm chores, and had Ruth and Candy still at home. I think the only time we asked them to take care of our children was January 1978, when we were in Asia for Jim's study of missions, and they stayed in our house.

I probably remember so little about Carl's babyhood because it was a hectic year. I was probably more tense about Jim's campaign than Jim was, although I didn't participate in it. I had trouble sleeping, partly from worrying about some detail that Jim's staff wasn't taking care of, partly because of Carl's waking to be fed, and sometimes because patriotic pastor Vern Bender was calling late at night to challenge Jim to debate!

Fortunately Carl was an "easier" baby than Joanne was. He would settle down to sleep contentedly with his pacifier. Their personalities were different in other ways. Whereas Joanne loved to have her daddy toss her around and hold her up high above his head when she was very small, such adventures only distressed Carl. He was emotionally sensitive as a little boy, distressed at being made to hurry or at seeing anyone cross or unhappy.

Carl had powerful lungs. Hesston Inter-Mennonite Fellowship had purchased the old Methodist building and had a more convenient cry room than the distant classroom or rest room where I had had to take Joanne when we worshipped at Hesston Middle School. However, the sound of Carl's crying easily carried into the sanctuary from this cry room! He had his own individual dedication service; there weren't any other babies that year at Inter-Mennonite. It was an exhausting hassle getting ready for a 9:30 service with these two little ones—feeding and cleaning them up, finding the shoes, and packing the diaper bag. I often got to church

too frazzled to enjoy it. One Sunday morning in October when the Congressional campaign was in its last month, we set our clocks ahead an hour for the end of Daylight Savings time. We arrived breathless and weary in Hesston, only to find that it was 8:30. We had turned our clocks the wrong direction!

I read a Solzhenitsyn book and Dickens' *Bleak House* while nursing Carl. But I weaned him to a bottle after six weeks as I went back to teaching half time. LaWanda Wiens took care of the children in the Baumgartner House just beside the Fine Arts Center, and presumably I could have run over there to feed the baby on a regular schedule. However, I had such leaky breasts I would often have had wet spots on my teaching clothes. It was definitely easier to have LaWanda give him a bottle when he wanted it. Both children seemed to thrive under her care, and Joanne enjoyed Renee Wiens and Larry Bartel, her playmates at "Aunt LaWanda's." When she was at home, Joanne created play situations and characters with great imagination. The Christmas before she was three she was The Little Drummer Boy over and over with her drum. She loved "cozy corners," including the little towel-drying cupboard beside the kitchen stove in the 23rd St. house. When allowed to campaign in a parade with her daddy, she waved her little flag from the convertible and shouted "Juhnke for Congress. Vote for Daddy!"

After the election, Jim and I had a let-down. [Editor's note: The Republican incumbent Garner Shriver won the general election, by a decisive margin.] We were so very tired. And I was bored with being at home so much with the children. True, I got out a few hours a day to teach, but it was getting dull, repeatedly teaching English Literature survey and freshman composition. I was ready for a new adventure, and I had always wanted to do overseas service. I persuaded a reluctant Jim that now was the time to apply to MCC. The college, with its sharply reduced enrollments, had been suggesting that if a few faculty and staff had something else to do for a year, it might ease the budget. The prospect of having household help also attracted me to an underdeveloped country. Jim was recruited as country director for MCC in Botswana, and after I made a fuss, the part-time director then in Botswana got around to finding me a high school English job. Harold Schultz, the president-elect, then urged us not to go, but we had decided.

Joanne was three and a half and Carl was barely one year old when we left for Africa in the summer of 1971. By this time it was unhandy to change Carl's diapers because he wouldn't lie down for it. I had to learn to diaper him when he was standing. The long trip and strange surroundings (including a week of orientation in Akron, PA and visits to Lehmans in Brussels and Luise Hohn in Frankfurt) affected the children's eating. For a few days in Gaborone, Joanne wanted to eat only "cold carrots" (raw), and Carl screamed for food from the moment he woke up and at every meal time. Later we had a crisis when he lost his last pacifier. We had to hurry to town and finally were able to buy a "dummy," when we learned what to call it in British English! Carl took his first steps on the thorny ground of Gaborone, Botswana. He learned his first English and Setswana phrases at about the same time—"Me corn plakes" and "Mpha mashi" (give me milk). Neither child learned Setswana, since they had mostly English-speaking playmates. But Joanne invented bits of her own language, Hieroni, as her way of coping with the strange language she heard the maid Alice talking to her little girl Violet.

Anna with two students at Gaberone Secondary School, 1971

Our toys and diapers were in our air freight, which we hadn't known enough to have cleared through customs in Johannesburg by an agent. We bought Carl the kind of thick terry cloth nappies that other expatriates used. And for three months Joanne invented

games with the pods from the thorny acacia trees and from memories. She pressed Carl into service as the silent character: "Let's play airplane. I'm the stewardess and you sit there." "Let's play Nan and Nora (Jim's cousins just a bit older than Joanne); I'll be Nan and you're Nora." When the precious air freight was finally rescued in Johannesburg with Bill Snyder's help, it was like Christmas! But they had few toys even then. Jim made them a big set of blocks. Carl might knock down Joanne's towers and repeat "docka downa," when Joanne accused him of being a knocker-downer, but basically they played well together. We enjoyed the plentiful supply of books from the National Library a block away. Richard Scarry's *What Do People Do All Day?* was a dear friend, as was the "doughnut book," where Carl always put his finger into the donut hole.

Alice was unwilling to look after the children, so we had different young girls help with them at first. The next year we replaced Alice with Miriam Ngwenu, who loved children and was less obsessive about polishing the floor. She was the one who toilet trained Carl and sang to him. She cheerfully called him her "moshimane" (boy), but she surely must have grieved that her own children were far away with grandma in the village. Before we left town, she had her own new baby living in the little servant house behind ours, although we never met her husband, who worked in Francistown in the north.

Carl's third birthday was on our return trip from Botswana. We were in tropical Dar es Salaam and had played on the beach that day. In the evening we had a make-shift celebration with banana chips and other snacks, and Carl prayed, "Thank you God that I am three and that I am so pleased!" He was a beautiful blond child with a cherubic smile that could melt us down.

By the time we returned from Africa in 1973, Joanne had had a year of British "infant school" and could read (even *Alice in Wonderland*) and do a bit of arithmetic, so she skipped kindergarten and entered first grade at age 5 3/4. Carl came back old enough for Harvey County Day Care and already showing unusual interest and ability with numbers. We had all had a happy time in Africa. Our re-entry to the U.S. as a family was probably aided by having Tom and Mary Jo Lehman in our basement

apartment. They had just started at Bethel on returning from Zaire with Alan, who was Joanne's age, and baby Kathy. We had so much in common.

Anna reads to Carl & Joanne, May 1975

Many of the details of our lives with our little children are recorded in their baby books and photo albums. Our weekly letters of that period might give a different impression than I have now, looking back at those strenuous years.

We had sweet children, and I loved them, but I was glad when the baby and toddler years were done. That wasn't my favorite stage. I never told another young mother, as I was told, "Enjoy these precious years with your babies. You'll look back on them as the best."

—October 1999

Streams in the Desert (1970-1993)

Protestants don't go to the desert to find God, as the early Christian monks used to do. When Jim and I signed up for service in Botswana with Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) in our early thirties, I was looking forward to a service adventure, something beyond the repetitive routine of housework, childcare, and part-time teaching of the same few college courses. I wasn't going to this barren desert country of Africa to seek God, because neither I nor God was lost. I had lived my whole life knowing I was a child of God, trying to be obedient, flourishing in the Christian community.

There was a special joy for us in Botswana. Often I had an exhilarated feeling as I bicycled to school along the dusty roads of our little city before seven in the morning. I received warm greetings from the Botswana women and men on their bicycles and watched the early sun shine on the rocky hills. Even the scrub thornbushes all around us took on a kind of beauty. I felt boundless energy for our new tasks.

And I exhausted myself. I was the competent, highly credentialed teacher, doing all my good work in my own strength, until I was physically and spiritually worn out. I caved in to some minor infection and was sick in bed for six weeks. That was the real desert. Like a lot of other sick people, I felt useless and depressed. Now that I wasn't busy, I had time to pray. But I was too dry to pray. I discovered that I didn't even know how, and that scared me.

Even more frightening was my feeling of having no identity when I couldn't teach, work, and achieve something. I tried to comfort myself by believing that my spiritual state was a result of illness. But deep inside, I suspected that the reverse was true. In any case, the panic of emptiness drove me to seek God in that dry desert country.

As I slowly got well, I began to listen to people who talked about healing, including my charismatic friends. We also started visiting the Apostolic Spiritual Healing Church—a truly African church which believed in healing for the whole person. Whether you were sick or depressed, had lost your job, or were having trouble in your marriage, they laid hands on you and prayed for healing.

But I wasn't free to ask them to lay hands on me and pray for me. These Christians danced and sang because of God's generosity, not because of their own competence or credentials. But I wasn't free to dance with them because I was clumsy, not a good dancer. I realized that I had always managed to avoid situations where I feared I was not competent and in control—like public speaking, for another example. I had been in more of a prison than I had recognized.

But God led me patiently until, at an MCC Easter retreat that year, the cross and resurrection became real for me. The Lord was inviting me to die to my old self, to nail my competence and credentials on the cross and be free to live by God's grace. Suddenly, as in an old Wesley hymn, "My chains fell off, my heart was free; I rose, went forth and followed thee."

The feeling of grace and peace continued with me on the following day when all the petrol stations were closed and we ran out of gas on the way home. While Jim hitched a ride, I sat on the dusty roadside telling stories to our two little children, my heart brimming with joy.

Life felt different. I could be spontaneous with people. I danced in church, and it was okay to be absurdly awkward. I agreed to speak to the student body in chapel, and it was okay to feel my knees knocking. Salvation was happening in that thorny, desert country, as in the words of Isaiah 35:6.

> Then the lame shall leap like a deer,
> and the tongue of the speechless sing for joy.
> For waters shall break forth in the wilderness
> and streams in the desert.

Unfortunately, when I came back home to the United States, I slipped slowly back over the years into the shell of supercompetent teacher as my main identity. That put a lot of psychological pressure on me—and a lot more on my students. But somehow I didn't realize how destructive I was to my students, how terrorized some of them felt in my classes.

Finally came a semester as barren and rocky as any desert. A student friend of mine confronted me, speaking the truth in love. I was shattered. With shame I asked the campus pastor to interview some of my students and help me understand what was going wrong. It was

hard to confess that teaching was the most unredeemed area of my life, that my "competence" was blocking Christ from speaking through me or using me.

Painfully I surrendered the broken pieces of my self-confidence to God, praying for just enough grace to get through each day. At times that year I thought it would be easier to quit teaching than let God mend what was broken, including my reputation, in whatever time that would take.

In fact it did take several years for the joy to come back into teaching, for me to be able to concentrate on my students instead of thinking, "Oh, no, what am I doing wrong now?" But because of that healing in the desert of Botswana, I knew that God's grace would see me through this new desert stage of my journey. When the African-American students sang the gospel song, "I don't believe he brought me this far to leave me," I could feel the "amen."

I am grateful that God gave me those experiences of spiritual brokenness and healing early enough that I didn't have to cope with them at the time both my sister and I were diagnosed with cancer. This time the prayers and love of the community provided strength I hadn't believed possible. A friend who had lived with cancer left me a note at the hospital before my kidney surgery, encouraging me to see cancer as a pilgrimage. So that night I memorized part of a pilgrimage psalm:

> Blessed are those whose strength is in you,
> who have set their hearts on pilgrimage.
> As they pass through the Valley of Baca,
> they make it a place of springs;
> the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
> They go from strength to strength
> till each appears before God in Zion.
> (Psalm 84:5-7 NIV)

Water in the desert . . . springs and streams of it. My sister Sara's cancer quickly worsened, but with calm courage she prepared to appear before God in Zion. Both of us were held up by praying friends and by God's grace. For me it was an almost physical sense of being lifted into the stream of healing power.

Despite the pain and the grief, there was a radiance and goodness surrounding this wilderness pilgrimage that stayed with me for a long time.

Ten happy years passed, including a sabbatical year of teaching in China. I thought the cancer was gone. It wasn't.

At the end of 1992, it showed up again in my pancreas. A far more dangerous surgery would be necessary to try to buy another good decade by removing my pancreas and related organs.

We had a very tense Christmas that year, thinking about the surgery at the end of the month at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota. Two days before Jim and I left for Minnesota, our pastors and close friends at Bethel College Mennonite Church came to our home. They led us in an anointing service and claimed the power of God's healing love on our behalf. It was a wonderful gift. We did feel the power of God's love filling us. We flew north in strength.

I told the surgeon that many people were praying for him. Dr. Thompson answered, "And I will be praying for you." That was somehow a confirmation that I was surrounded by God's love. Dr. Thompson operated on me till ten o'clock at night, and he must have been exhausted. But God was with him and me and with Jim and the other family members who waited and prayed at the hospital. I not only survived, but all my reengineered digestive systems worked! It still seems a miracle.

This time the lonely pilgrimage had been the long months of testing and decisions before the surgery. But the nine months of recovery, when I was too weak to teach, were not a desert of emptiness and lost identity. I experienced a garden of flowers, filled with the love and kindness of many Christian friends.

After a couple of months, I returned to my Thursday morning prayer group of faithful prayer veterans. They had supported me through both cancer crises, and their singing always lifted my spirit. Each season and activity as I returned to it had a new radiance. Teaching again in the fall was a special gift; each colleague and student was a gift. I felt surrounded by love.

It's not all roses. By now some of the glow has gone out of teaching again. I live with the knowledge that there is no

chemotherapy or radiation that works on renal cell carcinoma as backup for my surgery. I now am diabetic, daily aware of the fragile chemistry of my body and of the mysteries of the immune system I'm depending on to suppress new cancer growth. I think often of Psalm 84. I am going "from strength to strength" now, but I'm aware of the end of the pilgrimage, "appearing before God in Zion." When I get there, I can thank God for experiences of grace in desert times, each preparing me for the next stage of the journey. Indeed, I can give thanks now.

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Reflections on Being a "Mennonite Woman Leader" (1950s-1996)

This summer (1999) I reviewed a book called *She Has Done a Good Thing: Mennonite Women Leaders Tell Their Stories*. I realized that most of the 26 women were of my own generation, roughly age 55 to 65, and that my own story of serving on General Conference and MCC boards intertwined with their stories. Joanne never knew much about it, although she remembered that when she was still at home, I would sometimes dash off to take a plane for a meeting somewhere. I am writing this for her as well as to refresh my own memory.

My mother, Rachel Kreider, was my first model and mentor for women in church leadership, when I was in high school and belonged to First Mennonite Church, Wadsworth, Ohio. Although I had never seen a woman pastor, Mom was pastoring every Sunday after the worship service—greeting new people and thinking of ways they could be integrated into the action, inquiring about griefs and joys, encouraging people of all ages. She was president of the Missionary Society and then backed off and trained Alta Newcomer to lead it, coaching her behind the scenes. She helped start a local Church Women United organization and a peace group in Wadsworth. She gave speeches, something I was too shy and nervous to do.

The youth group in the church sort of grew up with my brother Emil and me, so it's not surprising that I was a leader from the beginning, and was president by the time I was a sophomore or junior. Mom taught me her own skills in organizing programs, drawing in the marginal people, leading meetings, keeping records, and even sending an occasional story to the newspaper. When it was Wadsworth's turn to sponsor the weekend Youth Rally of the three eastern Ohio GC youth groups, Mom and I really made lists: overnight lodging, food, transportation, games, programs, speakers, and the rest.

At Bluffton College I was never at the top of any organization, but one of my small leadership roles put me in touch with the wider Mennonite world: being secretary and newsletter editor for Intercollegiate Peace Fellowship of the Mennonite colleges.

Meanwhile Mom was serving on the General Conference peace committee, on the Constitution committee of the merging Middle District & Central District women's organizations, and then as secretary of the Central District Home Missions Committee.

When I got my Ph.D. in English in 1966, there were few other Mennonite women with Ph.D's. The only ones I knew were in home economics: Wilma Toews at Bethel and Edna Ramseyer at Bluffton. My college mentors in English at Bluffton and Bethel, Naomi Brenneman and Honora Becker, belonged to the pioneering generation of single women educators but didn't have Ph.D's. When I was hired at Bethel, Wilma Toews, Honora Becker, Mildred Beecher, Mariam Schmidt, Christine Miller, and Leona Krehbiel were near retirement; Ruth Unrau also taught full-time, and Dean Al Meyer had hired some younger women, including Phyllis Bixler (1 year), Janet Juhnke (2 years), and Ruthann Dirks. I told Al Meyer it was unfair that husband and wife could not both be tenured faculty members. That rule changed right away, and the rule against an administrator's spouse being on the faculty changed in the 1970s, but the rule that the spouse of an administrator would lose (her) tenure lingered into the 1980s, perhaps ending at the time when Melvin and Lorene Goering were in that situation. Actually, for me, tenure was far away, because after two years of teaching, I had my first child and dropped to part-time teaching. Part-timers never got promotion or tenure.

The feminist movement first hit Mennonite awareness just before Jim and I left for two years of service with Mennonite Central Committee in Botswana in 1971. I taught a Women's Studies Workshop in the summer before leaving. Patty Shelly remembers that class as raising her consciousness, including the possibility that a Mennonite woman could get a Ph.D. At the time of the workshop, the president of the Student Council asked to me to write a letter he could take to the Bethel Board with the students' request that dorm "hours" (curfew) be ended for women. I wrote a strongly worded letter about justice and patriarchal assumptions!

For me, as for Jim, the break-through into broader church circles was through our MCC service in Botswana, 1971-73. In 1975, I was appointed as a "token woman" when the MCC Department of U.S. Ministries was formed. That board was a

response to Canadian complaints that MCC binational was spending too much time on U.S. military draft and coordinating U.S. Voluntary Service. Most of the new board's members were male staff members from the Mennonite agencies that sponsored Voluntary Service. The only other "at-large" woman I remember was Lois Kenagy, who was vigorous, fearless, and a good mentor and friend to me. I was able to bring an important non-feminist item to almost the first meeting (1976?). Bethel College had just held a summer workshop, sponsored by a FIPSE grant (Improvement of Postsecondary Education) on integrating peace into the curriculum. I had worked on my Women in Society course. Tom Lehman had the idea of a Mennonite mediation service, sponsored by MCC. Robert Kreider and Bill Keeney worked it up as a proposal for me to take to the new U.S. Department. It took years to become a reality, but the Mennonite Conciliation Service was a pioneer and very influential program in the U.S. and international mediation movements.

When I returned to Bethel in 1973, I found faculty women in a very poor situation. The financial and enrollment crisis in the college just before Harold Schultz came as president in 1971 led to serious cuts. Many women were cut to part-time, including Ruth Unrau, who had lost her tenure by being away in India for three years after teaching at Bethel 1947-1970. In the fall of 1974 I wrote a long memo to the administration deploring the situation. Edna Ramseyer Kaufman had been cut in stages from full-time to one course in home economics. Jean Wedel in English had been cut to part-time and left after that year to become a librarian. Barbara Anderson (Graber) was the only woman faculty member teaching full time—*very* full, with teaching 1/3 of the physical education courses and coaching three varsity sports plus one club sport. (Interest in women's sports had steadily risen in the 1970s). Ada Mae Haury was working full-time in speech and forensics, though paid only part-time at the instructor level with no fringe benefits.

Since part-time women like myself never got promotions, I was still an assistant professor, with a base salary was considerably lower than Jim's, even though we had the same credentials and I started teaching at Bethel before he did. I protested the suggestion from the dean and my department chair that I drop back from 2/3 to

half-time in the next year so that a full-time (male?) English teacher could be recruited to replace Jean Wedel. Partly as a result of my memo, the decision was made to consider faculty at 75% or more as full-time, with pro-rated benefits, and those from half to 3/4 time got some benefits. Raylene Hinz-Penner was hired (part-time) to replace Jean Wedel. I was promoted to associate professor. A joint tenure arrangement allowed me and Jim to share 1½ positions, an agreement that worked flexibly for us and for the college until I retired. For 4 or 5 years I was the only tenured female faculty member. More women were hired as enrollment expanded, with up to 5 being full-time, although I was the only female Ph.D. until Julia Quiring (Emblen) was hired to head the nursing program, in 1979.

Other issues I raised at various points included the disparity between the pay of secretarial staff (all female) and maintenance staff (although even there, janitor Agnes Jantz, who did the heavy lifting, was paid less than her husband Leland, who had a heart condition.) In 1975 I pressed for Bethel to appoint an Affirmative Action officer, because the reports required by federal Title IX law were being written by Paul Harder, who was in charge of staff hiring and overall personnel policies, not by a watchdog on his activities. I lost that one. Bethel produced its Affirmative Action Statement in 1985.

My course on Women in Society was briefly a feminist point of reference on campus. I now feel embarrassed about muscling out a course on The Role of Women that Edna Kaufman had wanted to teach in the home economics department from a more traditional point of view, but she generously shared her materials with me. After a year or two with an interdisciplinary or Peace Studies listing, however, the course had to seek a home in a department. Home economics accepted it with the provision that it be team taught with a home ec teacher. Edna Kaufman had retired by then, so Barbara Overaa, my good friend, shared the teaching. Soon enrollments were not seen as big enough to justify two teachers, and I lost out. The course dwindled until Karen Klassen Harder revived it in the 1990s.

My most famous moment in the growing awareness of women among Mennonites was a 10-minute “response” I made to one of

the main speeches at Mennonite World Conference in Wichita in 1978. I was 38. On the whole roster of plenary speakers, the only women were me and a European woman with our "responses." In referring to the Powers that bind humanity, I said they were greed and fear. In the "fear" section I punched a few strong lines about fear of women gaining equal power. Of course, that is what people applauded and remembered. Erland Waltner told me later in the day that he had defended me against someone who had called me a women's libber. I assured him, "But I AM a women's libber, praise the Lord!"

By 1980 MCC U.S. was formed, with a full board and rapidly developing regional offices and boards under it, on the MCC Canada model. I was elected to the executive committee and thereafter had meetings four times a year, twice a year at Akron, once at some interesting VS location (Miami, New Orleans, Appalachians), and once at the annual meeting in some center of Mennonite population. In 1984 I was elected as chair of MCC U.S. I held that position until going to China for sabbatical in 1987.

When the General Conference met at Estes Park in 1980, the children and I attended. Jim happened to be in Africa on an Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission (AIMM) administrative visit, as chair of the AIMM board. I went to a women's caucus meeting where people were upset by the lack of women on the ballot for the various churchwide boards. We decided to put up a candidate for each of the four boards, to be nominated from the floor. I was chosen to run for General Board. Prominent men sympathetic to our cause made the nominations; Palmer Becker made the speech for me. Every one of us was elected, including a young lawyer Carol Suter to the Division of Administration. That loophole of outsiders being nominated from the floor was closed by an amendment to the constitution at the very next triennial session, but the women on General Board helped assure a companion amendment: a nominating committee with half women on it.

It's possible that the 1980 nominating committee thought that women were already adequately represented, because there had been significant gains after the 1973 and 1977 triennial conferences, from the four or five women scattered through all the boards before then. In 1973 Women in Mission won the right,

based on their financial contributions, to name one person to each program board and the seminary board, and others were elected, to make 4 (out of 14) on Home Ministries, 4 on Education, and 2 on seminary. Women on General Board were doubled by adding Irene Dunn to Hedy Sawadsky. In 1977, there were 4 women on Home Ministries, 7 on Education, 4 on General Board, 4 on Overseas Mission, and the first woman on Administration. Women in Mission lost the privilege of appointing women to the boards in the early 1990s.

I served on the General Board for 12 years, 1980-92. I was glad Irene Dunn and Loretta Fast knew the ropes. In the restroom at break or when we shared overnight lodging, Loretta would let me know what was *really* going on. Because I was good at wording resolutions and motions, I often came up with compromise wording for decisions both on General Board and on MCC U.S. I also served a few times on the resolutions committee at GC triennial conferences.

I had already served on GC Communications Committee since 1977. In 1980 General Board added to it the committees on *Der Bote* and *The Mennonite*, and I chaired that combined committee 1980-86, until it was absorbed into the Division of Administration. I helped bring Diane Umble onto the General Conference communications staff and Bethel College faculty, where she started the communications program, 1981-86.

In my first years on General Board, we struggled with civil disobedience, deciding not to withhold the "war taxes" of several staff members. A major effort of the entire General Board was the Call to Kingdom Commitments capital campaign, launched at the conference in Saskatoon in 1986. At that same meeting, people were polarized and emotional about the Statement on Human Sexuality (that is, the sentences about homosexuality, which Don Steelberg and I were able only to soften a bit in General Board discussions). Florence Driedger became the first female moderator of General Conference with the death of Ken Bauman and then was re-elected in 1989. She led us into the partly joint conference with the Mennonite Church in 1989, in Normal, Illinois and the first steps of the merger process.

In 1980 the General Board named me as a General Conference representative to MCC and MCC U.S., so I was no longer just an at-large member of MCC U.S. Because I was never on the executive committee of the international MCC, I mainly participated in annual meetings. However, I served on the nominating committee of MCC at least once, as well as often for MCC U.S. In fact, the nominating process was probably my greatest overall contribution to Mennonite leadership. I worked hard to find qualified new people—women, men, and minorities—to create balanced committees, and to persuade people to accept. I suggested Harriet Bicksler Sider as an at-large member for MCC U.S. in 1988. In 1999 she was elected chair. I was on the search committee in 1988 that chose Lynette Meck (already on the staff) as the first female executive secretary, taking over from Wilmer Heisey at MCC U.S. I urged the GC General Board to appoint Karen Klassen Harder to replace me on MCC As I expected, she rose quickly to leadership, being elected the first female chair of MCC in 1999.

I also prodded MCC on other women's issues over the years, in cooperation with the MCC binational Committee on Women's Concerns, which produced a good newsletter and packets but which was frustrated in attempts to influence MCC's ways of doing things. In the late 1970s I pushed for more attention to women's needs in the U.S. and overseas settings where MCC was doing service. I got them at least to make a survey. MCC moved women into administration earlier than most Mennonite organizations. A few became overseas country representatives or shared that job with their husbands in the late 1970s. I admired Griselda Shelly's good administration of MCC Central States as it developed and Nancy Heisey Longacre's work as Associate Executive Secretary of MCC. In 1984 as the new chair of MCC U.S., I wrote a long memo about the trends and concerns of women in MCC. I proposed a Personnel Policies committee. Thereafter I met occasionally with the executive secretaries John Lapp and Wilmer Heisey, the office manager Naomi Wyble, the part-time Peace Section staff person on women's concerns, and other committee members. We discussed child care, flexible hours, and possible procedures to process grievances and give office staff women more say in decision

making. It was an awkward committee, but it provided some focus.

Wilmer Heisey was my mentor in leadership during the three years I was chair of MCC U.S., 1984-87. After a meeting we would spend at least an hour together. He didn't make specific suggestions for improving my leadership, but I absorbed his wisdom and gentle spirit. Two other men who taught me a lot as we discussed MCC business were Robert Kreider, with whom I often flew to meetings in early 1980s, and Phil Rich, who was vice chair of MCC U.S. when I was chair and then he became chair of MCC. Like Jim Harder, who was my colleague in the early 1990s on GC General Board, Phil enjoyed analyzing the dynamics of a meeting, identifying the key players, and planning how consensus might be won. I always felt nervous leading the annual meetings of MCC U.S. and didn't like the speaker's role. In contrast, I talked too much and was bossy as chair of executive committee sessions. But overall I did an acceptable job as the first woman board chair in the MCC system.

Meanwhile, back at Bethel College, things changed more slowly. I had finally become a full professor in 1984. Marge Warta finished her Ph.D. in 1982 and became full professor in 1988, the year Shirley King got her doctor's degree and Janice Davidson, also a Ph.D. was hired to head the nursing department. At least six women gained tenure in the 1980s. In 1985 I was elected as the first woman chair of the Bethel faculty and served for two years till we went to China. It may have been about then that I started inviting the faculty women to meet monthly for lunch and fellowship, as well as informal discussion of gender issues on campus.

Bethel was behind several other Mennonite colleges and the General Conference in naming women to administration. Norma Johnson (1987) and Lois Barrett (1992) were executive secretaries of GC Commissions. But at Bethel, no woman was named to a high administrative post until 1998, when Shirley King and Sondra Koontz were added to the cabinet in new positions in enrollment management and fund raising. No woman received a tenure-track appointment in science or math until Monica Meissen in 1997.

After our year of teaching in China, 1987-88, I finished my General Board and MCC terms through 1992. I served on the executive committee of the General Board and visited the area churches assigned to me, usually preaching a sermon. I represented our board as an "observer" at a meeting of the Mennonite Church General Board in 1989 and chaired a 3-year review of Vern Preheim in 1991.

A delightful assignment from Mennonite World Conference in 1989 was to meet with MWC and Baptist World Alliance representatives for four or five annual sessions. We were to discover what we had in common and what we could learn from each other and to make recommendations. The report we worked so hard on was too North American, and it quietly died. But we 14 or so people had great fellowship, even meeting the final year in Netherlands, where our groups had had a connection in the 17th century.

From 1990 to 1996 I served on the Church Board of Bethel College Mennonite Church, where I was active in nominating for committees, as I had been earlier on the Personnel Selection Committee of the church. I was also on the Western District Conference nominating committee for 3 years. As a long-time teacher, I could name a lot of younger people for various positions. I was also able to help find women leaders, including Leann Toews as moderator, a role Patty Shelly had held earlier. Larry Voth had been on the committee for a number of years, nominating the 6 Western District members of the Bethel College Board, all affluent males. My first year I tried many female names for Bethel Board, but he vetoed all of them. They were probably not rich enough. The next year I got Elsie Steelberg nominated, and she has been excellent.

Teachers never know who has been influenced by their mentoring and role modeling. I think my most significant years for this were from 1968 to 1978, when there were few other visible professional women as role models at Bethel College. I list some students in the English department during those years who probably considered me their mentor and with whom I have kept in contact by letters and visits over the years:

— Rachel Senner van Wingen, head of the nationwide archival system of the Environmental Protection Agency

—Gayle Gerber Koontz, professor, dean, and acting president at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminary

—Dorothy Nickel Friesen, pastor and chair of MC/GC Integration committee

—Susan Unrau Stucky, specialist in Artificial Intelligence and international consultant

—Claudia Limbert, president of the Mississippi University for Women

—Barb Pankratz Fast, art and humanities professor at Eastern Mennonite University

—Darlene Dick, Newton High School English teacher and interior decorator

Also through the 1970s Jim and I hosted weekly Bible study or Christian fellowship groups which always included students, plus a few young adults in their late 20s or 30s and one or two older couples. We got to know those students very well. Throughout my teaching years we also invited students for meals and games. More of the former English majors who wrote for my retirement book mentioned being in my home than mentioned classroom memories.

From 1977 to 1994 there were three strong role models and mentors in the English department—John Sheriff, Raylene Hinz-Penner, and me. Some of our successful students were Susan Schultz Huxman, Wynn Goering, John McCabe-Juhnke, Keith Ratzlaff, Janice Ediger, David Sprunger, Carla Reimer, Paul Schrag, Brad Siebert, Alain Epp Weaver, Ben Harder, Karen Siebert, Jennifer Hiebert, Greta Hiebert, Michelle Schrag, Ami Regier, Gail Wiebe Toevs, Andrea Krause, Marion Spies, Martin Klopstock, Sharon Fransen Landis, Suzanne Marie Hitt, Lysianne Unruh, Karen Sheriff LeVan, Joel Yoder, Marike Janzen, Beverly Baumgartner, Melissa Friesen, and Melissa Waltner. Over the years I have kept up with many of these as good friends. Of course, others whom I befriended were not so successful. I think of the abused woman trying to raise four children on her student loan. I helped her till she disappeared. There were two troubled souls, one

often mentally ill, with whom I corresponded occasionally after they left.

Although I had a few church positions where I was publicly noticeable, I usually preferred the behind-the-scenes or committee parts. I did informal pastoring and mentoring the way Mom has done all her life. But I was not cut out to be an administrator, pastor or public person. Public speaking was stressful for me, but I felt some obligation as a feminist to give the occasional speech or sermon if requested. I was even asked to be the Staley Lecturer at Goshen College in January of 1981 or 1982, and I had four sessions on "The Exodus in Modern Imagination." In contrast to the speaking, being on MCC and GC boards and committees was very satisfying. It gave me a broad friendship network of people who prayed for me during my cancer surgeries and affirmed me for my strengths, while I often felt in my everyday work that people were mainly criticizing me for my weaknesses. It was a rich experience of giving and receiving. One small highlight was meeting Sally Schreiner for the first time at an MCC meeting. She's quite a bit younger than I, and she said, "It's great to get to know you! I've heard about you as a saint."

Not a saint. Dorothy Nickel Friesen, Gayle Gerber Koontz, and Karen Klassen Harder have been more gracious, wise, and effective GC women leaders. I was a woman in the transition generation, who was ready at a ripe moment for women's increasing role in Mennonite education and denominational leadership.

—Summer 1999

Pilgrimage through the Wilderness

A Sermon

Two weeks ago we celebrated Easter. That day Jewish people all over the world were in the middle of the eight days of their Passover celebration. On the same night that we gathered around tables for our Maundy Thursday communion service, Jewish families were gathering around their tables for the Passover Seder meal. That's not a mere coincidence either, because Jesus' Last Supper with his disciples was a Passover meal.

Passover celebrates the Exodus. The Exodus is the central event in the Jewish faith. The core of it is the deliverance of the Israelites from slavery in Egypt—the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea. But in a broader sense, the Exodus is a whole series of events. Throughout the ages the Jewish psalm writers and prophets praised God for the whole series. Look, for example, at the list in Psalm 136:

> God smote the firstborn of Egypt,
> led the Israelites through the Red Sea,
> led them through the wilderness,
> and helped them conquer the land of the Canaanite kings
> to be their own land.

Add one more event: the covenant at Mount Sinai. Between the Red Sea crossing and the journey of forty years in the wilderness, Moses brought the Israelites to Mount Sinai to learn God's law, the way God's chosen people were to build their new society of justice and righteousness.

The Exodus, the covenant, the wilderness, and the Promised Land—that's the way God saved the Israelites and created them as a people. It's the central event of Jewish history. But it is not the central event of Christian history. Our central event is the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus. That's how God saved us and made us a people.

However, with a little imagination, Christians of the Middle Ages saw how you wouldn't really have to choose between these two great events of salvation. They saw the Exodus as foreshadowing the death and resurrection of Jesus. A very old

Easter hymn written before 750 A.D. just folds the Exodus right in (#178, *The Mennonite Hymnal*):

> Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
> Of triumphant gladness;
> God hath brought His Israel
> Into joy from sadness;
> Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
> Jacob's sons and daughters
> Led them with unmoistened foot
> Through the Red Sea waters.

The rest of the verses are explicitly about Jesus' resurrection. Another Easter hymn by the same poet, John of Damascus, again uses the parallel of the Exodus and the resurrection as saving events (#174):

> The day of resurrection!
> Earth, tell it out abroad;
> The passover of gladness,
> The passover of God.
> From death to life eternal,
> From this world to the sky,
> Our Christ hath brought us over
> With hymns of victory.

Jesus Christ is our Moses leading us out of slavery and into eternal life.

That's a glorious vision. But I didn't find much of it as I looked through modern hymnbooks. We generally take hold of the Exodus events at a different place and make them much more individual. Yes, Jesus set me free from bondage to Satan, but we don't usually think of Satan as Pharaoh or of our baptism as crossing the Red Sea, the way medieval Christians did. Our imagination picks up the Exodus events during the forty years in the wilderness while each one of us is journeying to our Promised Land, our heavenly home just beyond the Jordan River of death.

You can think of a lot of songs describing this journey. Many of them picture the pilgrim as all alone in the wilderness: "I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger / A-traveling through this world of

woe." I am tired, hungry, and thirsty. I tend to get lost. I pray urgently for God to help and guide me, remembering the manna that God gave the Israelites. Or the water that Moses struck from the rock. Or, remembering the guiding pillar of fire: "Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, / Lead Thou me on; / The night is dark, and I am far from home; / Lead Thou me on."

This somber tone echoes in another favorite hymn, "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah." Look at this hymn (#311) with me. The first line sets the scene. I am a "pilgrim through this barren land." I am hungry, so I pray for manna: "Bread of heaven, feed me now and evermore." I am thirsty, so I pray for the water that Moses struck from the rock: "Open now the crystal fountain / Whence the healing streams do flow."

The words make sense and give hope if you know the Exodus story of salvation. But if we know the secret key, the New Testament story of salvation is hidden here too for our hope and encouragement. We need the Gospel of John as the key. According to John 6:51, Jesus said, "I am the living bread that came down from heaven; if any one eats of this bread, he will live forever."

Jesus also is the water of life, the living water. Remember that in John's Gospel, Jesus promised the living water that we would drink and never thirst again (John 4:14-15).

One more reference in the book of John is a little harder to recognize. John also sees Jesus as the pillar of fire that guides in the wilderness. Jesus said, "I am the light of the world. He that follows me will not walk in darkness but have the light of life" (John 8:12).

Well, by the time we find Jesus everywhere in the wilderness, we gain a different view of being a "pilgrim through this barren land." The land doesn't look so barren anymore.

And I'm not just alone with Jesus on this pilgrimage either. Other Christians are on this pilgrimage with me. We're marching to the Promised Land together, and that old gospel song, "We're Marching to Zion," is so joyful partly because of the fellowship.

Who else, besides friends and other church members, is with us on this journey? The book of Hebrews tells us that all of those Israelites in the Old Testament surround us on our way, as a cloud of witnesses. Hebrews 11 is the great roll call of heroes and heroines we read for our scripture this morning. Abraham and Sarah, Moses, Gideon, David, and even Rahab the harlot set forth of their journey of faith, as do we. As verse 10 says, "they were seeking that city that has foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Verse 13 says they knew they were strangers and exiles on the earth, and they never received what was promised, since God had foreseen something better for us. Verse 40 says that apart from us, they would not be made perfect.

Now here we are on our pilgrimage, says the author of Hebrews. We're surrounded by this great cloud of witnesses to inspire us. And chapter 12 goes on to speak of our goal. It says you have not come to Mount Sinai and its terrifying fire and divine voice. Instead (verse 22) "you have come to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable angels in festal gathering,…and to Jesus, the mediator" of the gracious new covenant.

Rejoice, therefore! We're marching to Zion, the beautiful city of God, and all the heroes and heroines of the faith are marching with us to receive the promised kingdom!

We have already seen several Christian layers over the Exodus story. It's like the series of transparencies of the human body that you have seen in health classes. First the vital organs, and then overlay the blood vessels, and the nerves and bones and muscles one layer at a time to give the total vision.

I have one more overlay on the Exodus story to give the vastness of Biblical vision of salvation. The last one is from the book of Isaiah.

The Israelites had suffered a disaster when they were taken into captivity in Babylon. They had lost their Promised Land—what more was there to hope for? But a prophet Isaiah arose in Babylon, and his message starts in Isaiah 40: "Comfort, comfort my people." He had a new vision of hope. There would be a new Exodus much greater than the first Exodus. The exiles would come

streaming back across the desert from Babylon to their home on Mount Zion.

But this time everything would be transformed as they went. I will read from Isaiah 43, starting with verse 14. Notice how God reminds the Israelites of the path through the Red Sea in the first Exodus. And yet God promises to do a new thing, much better, when leading them out of this captivity:

> Thus says the Lord, your Redeemer,
> the Holy One of Israel:
> "For your sake I will send to Babylon
> and break down all the bars,
> and the shouting of the Chaldeans
> will be turned to lamentations . . . ."
> Thus says the Lord, who makes a way in the sea,
> a path in the mighty waters,
> who brings forth chariot and horse,
> army and warrior;
> they lie down, they cannot rise,
> they are extinguished, quenched like a wick:
> "Remember not the former things,
> nor consider the things of old.
> Behold, I am doing a new thing;
> now it springs forth, do you not perceive it?
> I will make a way in the wilderness
> and rivers in the desert."

The pilgrimage this time won't be wandering forty years in the desert. When the Lord says "I will make a way in the wilderness," that means a royal highway—"every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low . . . and the rough places a plain." (Isa. 40:4)

When the Lord says rivers in the desert, that doesn't mean just enough to drink on the journey; it means enough to turn the wilderness into a new garden of Eden, as in Isaiah 35:

> The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad,
> the desert shall rejoice and blossom;
> like the crocus it shall blossom abundantly . . . .
> For waters shall break forth in the wilderness,

and streams in the desert;
the burning sand shall become a pool,
and the thirsty ground springs of water.

As the people journey on the highway, "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; the lame man shall leap like a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing for joy." Everything and everyone is transformed. "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with singing, with everlasting joy on their heads."

This means more than a little band of Jewish exiles going back to rebuild Jerusalem in 538 B.C. This is the Messianic age, the end times, the approach to the holy city of God, that new Jerusalem of eternal joy with which the Book of Revelation ends.

Isaiah sees this new Exodus as involving the whole world, not just the Jews. As he says in chapter 51:

The Lord will comfort Zion;
he will comfort all her waste places,
and will make her wilderness like Eden,
her desert like the garden of the Lord;
joy and gladness will be found in her . . .
for a law will go forth from me,
and my justice for a light to the peoples.
My deliverance draws near speedily,
my salvation has gone forth,
and my arms will rule the peoples;
the coastlands wait for me,
and for my arm they hope. (Isa. 51:3-6)

What a vision of the whole world redeemed! We can't see the holy city of God's new kingdom yet in our world of violence and injustice. We can't see the desert blossoming in the midst of pollution and strip mining. But we don't sit back in despair waiting for nuclear destruction. We work with hope for the renewing of our world. Because, to the eyes of faith, Christ has already started to transform this world. He has begun with us, with the Christian community.

And as we march to Zion, surrounded by the great cloud of witnesses from Jewish and Christian history, we can already see the flowers and rivers starting to spring up in the desert around us.

On our pilgrimage we pray, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And we are granted a vision of the new Jerusalem, Zion, glorious city of our God, coming to earth, as John saw it at the end of the Book of Revelation. Thus, seeing God's pattern of salvation for the past, the present, and the future keeps the church moving forward in hope on its pilgrimage through the wilderness.

—April 25, 1982, at Bethel College Mennonite Church, North Newton, KS

Vespers Reflection, Jerusalem Seminar (1996)

Some of my most powerful images of this trip will be of harsh, barren mountains. I'm a flatland Kansan, and my Bible maps look pretty flat too. So I was shocked that the two greatest, most symbolic Jewish journeys were over those fiercely forbidding mountains—first, the Exodus journey and also the pilgrimage three times a year to the great Temple festivals in Jerusalem.

We followed the general route of the Exodus, from the south to the north in Jordan. It was amazing, both in the Petra region and when we took all those hairpin curves to go down and cross the Arnon River and then back up again. What a lot of faith and courage it took to travel through those awesome mountains that hid hostile Edomites and Moabites. On Mount Nebo after all that struggle, Moses saw the goal he would never reach. For him, "the journey *was* his home." That's a tough one for a very goal-oriented person like me. And I'll have to learn to live for the journey itself, because I'm retiring and losing my work that provided goals and achievements. The day-by-day journey under God's guidance has to be enough now.

As we drove up the Wadi Kelt from Jericho to Jerusalem, I was also appalled by the difficulty of the pilgrimage to the Temple for Galilean Jews like Jesus. Those Psalms that are called the Songs of the Ascents all sound so joyful about ascending those dangerous hills. But now I know why Ps. 121 says "He will not let your foot slip [and topple you into the canyon]; he who keeps you will not slumber." When we met that bus on the side of the cliff, I was hoping God wasn't slumbering and would also keep *tires* from slipping.

My favorite Psalm of Ascents is Ps. 84, "How lovely is your dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts." The middle section (verses 5-7) is about the journey. I learned it in NIV, but I'll add a few parenthetical alternate translations from Jerusalem Bible that are more literal about the difficulty of the climb.

Blessed are those whose strength is in God,
who have set their hearts on pilgrimage [with courage to make the Ascents].

> As they go through the Valley of Baca [Valley of the Weeper],
> they make it a place of springs;
> the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
> They go from strength to strength [from height to height],
> till each appears before God in Zion

The revelation for me, of course, isn't really about mountains and hard historical journeys. Both the exodus and the ascent to Mount Zion are commonly used as metaphors of our journey of life, with the goal of eternal life. Death is crossing the Jordan into Canaan or marching upward into Zion, the beautiful city of God.

And I have been making *my* pilgrimage this month very conscious of being in the last stage of my life—though I hope it is still a lot of years. I have been thinking about how a Christian journeys toward death. For thirteen years I have had kidney cancer, a kind that can be treated only by surgery, and I have had two major surgeries, removing my kidney and pancreas. Now the CAT scans show spots in my lung and abdomen, and for some reason my heart has been warning me a lot lately; it goes crazy with too much exertion.

My pilgrimage with cancer so far has basically been a positive one; I *haven't* been climbing rugged mountains. Or at least I've been carried along by the prayers of so many people that I have felt blessed. For example at the time of my last surgery, there was a special anointing service of a dozen friends from church, and a number of people, including Patty Shelly, sent me Patty's "Benediction":

> The Lord lift you up, the Lord take your hand,
> The Lord lead you forth and cause you to stand
> Secure in God's word, seeking God's face,
> Abounding in love, abiding in grace.

But this little piece of Psalm 84 has been my theme song. I memorized it the night before my kidney surgery thirteen years ago, because Lois Deckert told me cancer was a journey:

Blessed are those whose strength is in God,
who have set their heart on pilgrimage.
As they go through the Valley of Baca,
they make it a place of springs,
the autumn rains also cover it with pools.
They go from strength to strength,
until each one appears before God in Zion.

I recovered from that surgery, going from strength to strength. My younger sister, who was diagnosed with cancer at the same time as me, died three weeks after my surgery. *She* appeared before God in Zion. She died with a courage and faith that continues to inspire me.

Taking this Holy Land Pilgrimage with all of you Christian sisters and brothers also gives me new heart. There have been many epiphanies of the love of Christ on this trip. The journey to the city of God together *is* our home, and it *does* feel joyful to make the ascents to Zion.

—January 21, 1996, on a January seminar in Jerusalem, sponsored by Bethel College and led by Patty Shelly

Litany for a Pair of Expensive Shoes

For queenly feet so hard to fit,
For steps still steady on the street,
For calves still trim and ankles neat,
Lord, make us truly grateful.

From blistered heels and corns on toes,
From slips and falls on ice and snows,
From aching arches and all such woes,
Good Lord, deliver us.

Keep these feet from wet and cold,
Guard the steps of one grown old,
Keep these shoes from wearing out,
Keep their owner gadding about,
Freed from guilt at what they cost.
Freed from shame at fashion lost.
At the age of one hundred ten,
Let her die with her black shoes on.

Amen.

—A blessing from Anna to her mother Rachel Kreider

The Life Preserver

"My purse," she insists.

We find it in the drawer
  and place it on her lap,
    limp and empty.

She clutches it as we wheel her
  from her room into the sun.

It once held solutions
  to many emergencies—
    a Band-Aid, a cough drop,
    an accordion-pleated plastic rain bonnet;
it held cash and checkbook,
    keys and driver's license,
    competence and responsibility.

You're still a person if you have a purse.

Hang on to it,
or they'll take your watch and glasses next
    and you're sunk.

—September 4, 1999
Inspired by Anna's mother-in-law Meta Juhnke

Resurrection

This Holy Week morning
the weeping willow
is rejoicing by the lake.
Her strands of golden hair
glow in the sunlight,
wave in the wind,
float their delicate tips
on the rippling water.
Slender yellow catkins
welcome the insects
with nectar and pollen.
The willow blooms and laughs.
Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning.

—March 30, 1999

When the Leaves Stop Working

I

When the leaves stop working, I'm told
the chlorophyll disappears,
and the other colors shine through
dancing in retirement.

II

Cottonwood crowns
Glitter gold on sky blue,
October treasure.

III

The softly weeping willow
I had hardly seen among other trees
has flung her grief
in yellow splinters
across my path.

IV

As our maple modestly
clung to summer greenery
she watched the neighbor ash
grow golden
and drop her leaves;
then her own blush began to spread,
green to yellow,
and pink to red.

V

Pillar of fire,
the maple at the post office
flamed scarlet
when the sky was still summer
and led our village to autumn.

The torch is smoldering
in cold November rain.
Our feet cross a faded red sea
toward winter.

VI

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
and every common bush afire with God,"
wrote Elizabeth Browning in Italy.

Did she know the burning bush
the pure flame springing
from naked hedges
and brown borders of our town?

Or perhaps the Bradford pears,
their myriad hearts sing the red and gold
of other leaves now fallen;
they line the drive like luminaria,
the final candles of fall.

—November 26, 1998

My Journey With Renal Cell Carcinoma (1982-2005)

My younger sister, Sara Hartzler, got cancer first, probably a couple of years before I did. Like me, she experienced only one symptom—very high blood pressure. But Sara's doctor in Goshen, Indiana, just tried to treat the symptom. The last time I saw her was during a Weaver reunion. She admitted to me that she had been extremely tired, caring for her three little girls and her teaching. When requested to play her grand piano for a few remaining relatives, she had to stop in the middle because she was shaking. She got her diagnosis a few months later—just at the start of the school year of 1982. It was advanced adrenal cancer and had already spread to her liver. At first the plan was to start chemo immediately, but after a biopsy at Mayo Clinic in early October, the doctors at Mayo decided to take out the adrenal gland and what they could from the liver before the chemo would start.

By that time I had my own diagnosis of cancer. At age 42 I had my annual physical exam with "Uncle Doc" Delbert Preheim, who noticed that my blood pressure was extremely high, 200/100, surprising for my age, normal weight, and good health. When the high BP persisted for a few days, I went back, and this time Dr. Preheim listened to my renal artery with his stethoscope. "Listen," he told his preceptee. "You don't hear this very often." He knew that severe hypertension could damage the kidney, so he ordered an IVP test of the kidney, an X-ray done with intravenous dye. The right kidney was very enlarged and there was clearly a tumor in it—probably kidney cancer, renal cell carcinoma. We chose to have our church friend, Dr. Herb Fransen, do my surgery, even though he hadn't done very many kidney surgeries, and do it in Newton, where friends surrounded us.

Jim and I tried to go on as normally as possible in our teaching, preparations for Fall Festival, and family life with Joanne (14) and Carl (12), but we told them, and our friends and my students what was happening, and Wynn Goering was hired to finish the semester of teaching for me. My parents, of course, were devastated to have both daughters diagnosed with cancer at once. Sara's family needed

the grandparents more, so they stayed in Goshen, where they had moved six months earlier to Greencroft.

The final test before my surgery was an arteriogram in Wichita, which didn't go well. I almost passed out (maybe from allergy to the iodine dye) and had such severe cramping when the dye went in that I could hardly hold still for the series of X-rays. Fortunately the cancer didn't appear to have spread into the big vein. In the more leisurely hospital pace of the early 1980s, they put me into the Bethel hospital in Newton 36 hours before my surgery was to begin, and I already got many visitors and flowers. I felt surrounded by love and prayers. Jim's parents, sister Candy, and our friend Irene Weaver all kept vigil in the waiting room during the surgery on October 12.

The surgery went quite well, and the nurses got me up and walking the next day, when it seemed my guts were falling out. I had a lot of pain in the first days, but the incision healed fast. The problem was that I couldn't keep food down. Dr. Fransen talked about an "ileus," saying my intestine was still paralyzed as a result of surgery. He had a naso-gastric tube inserted and my stomach pumped. That tube was in and out several times, as the days passed into weeks, and still there was no improvement. I vomited gastric juices when I hadn't eaten or drunk anything. I would feel so victorious when I could hold food down for 4 hours and imagine I could feel a rumbling of gas in my intestines. But then it would all come up, even though an X-ray showed no blockage in my intestines. I got weaker and more confused as I lost weight (20 pounds altogether). On October 24, a younger surgeon, Charles Graber, was in charge of my case, and he put a subclavian feeding tube into my vein so I could get some nourishment. But the n-g tube went in again too.

On the 27th of October, Dr. Preheim returned from vacation and prescribed a simple medication called Reglan, to open the pyloric valve at the base of my stomach. THAT was the problem all along! Then I recovered fairly fast. But at the same time, Sara was back in the hospital with considerable pain. It was clear that her cancer was spreading fast. She refused to go back to Mayo Clinic and refused further treatment. She went home, with Hospice care, and died on November 8. Although I got home November 3 and talked with

Sara by phone briefly several times after that, there was no way I could go to her funeral when Jim and Joanne went. Carl stayed home to help me, and Joanne Janzen came to sit and pray with me during the actual time of the funeral in Goshen.

My journal is full of inspirational tidbits through the month of October, verses that people sent me on the multitude of cards and notes, or things from my own reading. It was a time of spiritual growth and confidence, miserable as I often was. It's a great thing to be prayed for so intensely. And the continuing prayers for me during November and December buoyed my recovery and my long walks in preparation for taking students to London in January, together with sister Janet Juhnke and Ted Hale. I walked on clouds of God's grace and love.

I assumed that the surgery "got it all." Dr. Fransen did show me a pathology report later, which mentioned that the cancer was not in fact all enclosed in the kidney, as first thought. There were some RCC cells in the fat that surrounded the tumor, which was removed, together with the adrenal gland and some lymph nodes in this "radical" nephrectomy. But he and Dr. Preheim didn't suggest follow-up CT scans, which were not so common in the 1980s, and I passed the physical to go to China with China Educational Exchange in 1987-88. It's possible that the year in China, when I had a chronic cold, depressed my immune system. But nothing showed up until the fall of 1992.

Dr. Tim Wiens was my new young primary care physician, and he paid more attention to my history of kidney cancer. I'm not sure whether the CT scan was early in the series of tests, but it showed two little spots in the head of my pancreas. An attempt at a needle biopsy in Wichita was unsuccessful, but an elaborate urine chemistry showed a lot of strange things. So in early December, Jim and I drove to Mayo Clinic. Their first attempt at a needle biopsy, using a sonogram to locate the tumor, was unsuccessful, so I had to take a terrible laxative and come back the next day. This time the biopsy located renal cell carcinoma. The pancreas is a very unusual place for a first metastasis of RCC. The oncologist, Dr. Kvols, said that with my record of slow growth of the cancer and my age and general health he would recommend a Whipple surgery, even though it involved removing the entire pancreas,

spleen, gall bladder, and duodenum, and rearranging the connection of liver bile ducts to a lower part of the intestine, which was to be turned around to connect to the stomach. Or maybe he didn't even explain that much. He certainly didn't tell us the mortality rate for such a drastic surgery. We drove home, listening to Brahms' "Requiem" and feeling heavy foreboding.

The surgery was scheduled for New Year's Eve. After we hosted the Juhnke family at our home for Christmas, we had an anointing service in the living room one of the next evenings, inviting a number of our closest friends. Dotty Janzen performed the anointing. It was very meaningful to know again that many, many people, including my Thursday Morning Glories prayer group, were praying for me and for the surgeon, Dr. Geoffrey Thompson. Karl was just completing his in-country training for Peace Corps in Swaziland, but Joanne and Mike, not yet married, and Leonard and Rachel Kreider came to Rochester, Minnesota too, to give me and Jim support.

When I got to St. Mary's Hospital, I didn't even have time to read and sign the Living Will papers they gave me before starting on the heavy-duty laxative. Those bottles of GoLightly soon had me gagging and then cramping as they did their job all too well. Luckily I knew about Reglan, so when I started vomiting up my gastric juice, I could tell them what to give me—and they faithfully put it into my IV for many days. The next day was totally lost for me, but it included six hours of surgery. When the assistant surgeon came out and announced with great jubilation that I had survived the surgery and my vital signs were good, Jim was a bit surprised at the tone. He had just assumed I would survive.

With plenty of morphine in the next few days, I floated in and out of consciousness. At one time I saw a whole troop of diabetes doctors come in and look at me, but my diabetes care was really poor. Because I had some residual insulin in my body at first, the staff got lazy about checking my blood sugars, even after I had started eating again and had complained repeatedly about dry mouth. My catheter had been removed, so I could tell that my urine had turned sticky (from the sugar and ketones). Thus I got a major infection in the area. My diet was designed for a Type II diabetic trying to lose weight rather than for a post-surgery patient

who needed to build up strength. My insulin regime was finally spelled out, but so outdated that Dr. Wiens changed it, after I returned to Kansas, to the newer regulations—insulin at every meal. I asked to see the diabetes doctor and complained, but I got no apology and learned later that he wrote on my chart that I was "hysterical." I was too weak when I got home to write a letter of complaint, but I repeatedly composed it in my head. Jim had gone home earlier to teach his January interterm class, and only Mom was left in Rochester to be my advocate. She was too old, deaf, and catching a bad cold. When I flew home alone, two weeks after my surgery, I almost missed my connection in Chicago, but fortunately I had a good quick wheelchair man. Mom flew alone to South Bend, delayed by bad weather, arriving late at night and sick.

Jim took me back to Mayo Clinic for a 3-month follow-up, but it seemed a waste of time. Dr. Kvols left Mayo soon thereafter, and when I occasionally sent a report of my CT scans in subsequent years, nobody was interested in my longevity with Stage 4 RCC. (However, when I mentioned Dr. Thompson's name in 2004, I got a nice personal note from him. He seemed genuinely pleased that I had done so well.)

High blood pressure and thyroid deficiency appeared after surgery, and my digestive system was less efficient. I had to eat a lot more than formerly to maintain my weight and was prone to gas and diarrhea even after learning how many pancreatic enzyme pills I needed to take. I got my diabetes in good control and slowly got my energy back. I was ready to teach again in the 1993-94 school year, feeling great gratitude to God for healing. I had only one kidney, but it doubled in size and functioned just fine.

By the middle of 1994, however, there were signs that the cancer had spread elsewhere through the bloodstream. That summer Dr. Wiens removed a little white nodule of RCC from under the skin near my collarbone, a few weeks before we traveled to Swaziland to visit Karl. There were also some BB-size spots in the lower lobe of my right lung, but in retrospect they had been on the scan two years earlier and could be calcifications.

In January 1995 during an intense interterm course, I had some episodes of chest pain that didn't check out to be related to heart problems. We realized that they, and the occasional abdominal pain

that accompanied them, had showed up at other times of overwork and stress. I decided that this was the time for me to take early retirement. Jim and I had a sabbatical opportunity to be Fellows at the Young Center for Anabaptist and Pietist Studies at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania for 1995-96. My light load was teaching one little class on Mennonite literature, but I ran around a lot, enjoying the tourist and cultural opportunities, so I had many more episodes of the chest pains. The CT scan that December in Lancaster identified nodules in all 3 lobes of my right lung. When I went on the Jerusalem Seminar trip with Patty Shelly in January, it was with the feeling that my cancer was spreading and inoperable. I took rest days, worked to manage my diabetes, and didn't try to do as much as the rest of the group. I did a meditation for the group about my "pilgrimage," using the exodus to the Promised Land and Psalm 84 of ascents "until each one appears before God in Zion" as metaphors for the end of my life. It was my last overseas trip except for a relaxing Caribbean cruise that our family took with my parents in the summer of 1998.

The June 1996 CT scan showed nodes in my left lung too and a two other new things. A band of increased opacity in the middle lobe of my right lung suggested that an area had collapsed, maybe with air intake blocked by a little tumor. Also there was a soft tissue mass near the right side of the spine and not in the lung. The reading I did about kidney cancer treatment was bleak. There was no effective chemotherapy or radiation. A combination of alpha-interferon and interleukin-2, both elements of the body's immune system, had been administered with a few successes, but the overall "response" (not cure) rate was less than 40% (later reduced to 15%), and the side effects were severe. Dr. Wiens tried to connect me with an oncologist, but the good one I visited in 1996, Rebecca Helton, soon moved away. She thought I should try the IL-2 sometime but that I was stable enough I could concentrate for awhile on the antioxidant vitamins, pycnogenol (suggested by Emil Goering), aloe vera, and other ways I was trying to boost my immune system. It would also be OK to try the high-dose intravenous Vitamin C at the Garvey Center (Center for the Improvement of Human Functioning) in Wichita, she said. I was in an experimenting mode, and for about 6 months I took Essiac twice a day.

At about this time my strange fatigue symptoms became more troublesome, especially if my immune system was overstressed due to a cold. Besides the shortness of breath, chest pains and sometimes abdominal pains and tenderness, I could tell that my nervous system was greatly overloaded too, because I was sleeping very poorly and couldn't stand too much stimulation or hurry. I started scheduling two hours of daily bed rest, I stopped going out or doing anything very stimulating before my 9 o'clock bedtime, and I tried various meditation tapes to help me relax and do healing imagery. I wasn't very good at the imaging. I felt like an 85-year-old, and because I had cancer with distant metastases, I was successful in applying for Social Security Disability and Medicare. The bright spot in late 1996 was that the right middle lobe of my lung returned to normal. My prayer group had been praying for that to open up again, and I was assured of the healing power in prayer.

My fatigue continued to grow, with crises of vomiting in October 1997 and January 1998, when I had overexerted for several days in a row—the church centennial celebration, and a Christmas visit from the family. During the second episode I had blood in my stool and dangerously low hemoglobin. At the time I thought the bleeding was from the Phenergen I had taken to prevent vomiting, but looking back, I think it was because I had a stomach ulcer then like I had in the fall of 2003, both times as a result of aspirin. The American Diabetes Association promoted low-dose aspirin to protect the heart and vascular system, but Dr. Wiens told me to stop. Gradually I got stronger, slept better (using Ambien) and had no more of the mental confusion I had experienced in the winter.

In 1998 my dear librarian daughter started doing research for me. Joanne subscribed to the KIDNEY-ONC list online, reading the people's stories and occasionally forwarding me an article about a new experimental treatment. I especially appreciated hearing a blow by blow account of a woman's dreadful interleukin-2 treatment as observed by her pastor husband, along with his meditations about the end of her life.

In May of 1998 I felt enough energy to visit the Garvey Center to work on the fatigue problem! Their day of testing revealed that I was not absorbing certain minerals well, and they suggested some

different supplements or different amounts of the ones I was taking. The Center also offered me three months of free treatment in the experimental program of high-dose (30 g) Intravenous Vitamin C, plus large doses of Immunopower supplement. They had had two kidney cancer patients with complete remissions on this program and had received a grant for a larger study. Dr. Wendell Wiens implanted a Groshung IV port above my left breast—unfortunately so deep that the nurses had a lot of trouble accessing it without nicking a little blood vessel. I drove to Wichita twice weekly from September through November 1998. The Vitamin C treatments had some minor problems related to my diabetes. I think they drove down my glucose and made me shaky, but Neil Riordan, director of the program, thought that the Vitamin C just disabled my glucose meter. A CT scan after the 3 months showed basically no change in the lung metastases or the paraspinous one. This was not the dramatic remission they were hoping for, though the treatment may have done some good. I studied the book *Beating Cancer through Nutrition*, by Patrick Quillin, creator of the Immunopower mix, and I figured out how to get many of the same ingredients at Vitamin World and take them at about 1/3 the dosage. I also started taking 6 grams of Vitamin C orally each day. But I didn't want to take the IVs the rest of my life, so I had the port taken out.

A bone scan in June 1999 showed spots on my 5th and 8th ribs. This pushed me to seek out an oncologist again. I visited with Dr. Bouda at the Garvey Center, an oncologist from Omaha with a holistic-alternative approach. He pointed out that I was way off the charts, since the average survival with Stage 4 kidney cancer is a year and a half. My immune system was clearly recognizing and suppressing the cancer. Yet the "stable" reports on my tumors were only relative to the previous 6 months, and the tumors were slowly growing. He explained why the interferon and interleukin-2 was a terrible choice, drastically upsetting the balance of my immune system, and he recommended going back on Vitamin C.

Dr Henry Lee, a new oncologist at Wichita Clinic, was very thorough and also recommended against interleukin-2. Since there wasn't much else I could do, he said I could go to having CT scans every 12 months instead of every 6. He moved away before I needed a second appointment. Both oncologists recommended against trying to radiate the bone—and glory be! The spots on my

ribs had faded considerably by the next bone scan, and disappeared altogether the next year. Since my prayer group had focused prayers especially on those ribs, I counted the healing as another miracle.

The next change that showed up in May of 2002—though in retrospect it was faintly visible the previous year—was a 4.8 cm x 2.8 cm lesion in my liver. There was a possibility of its being a hemangioma, and a needle biopsy was too dangerous, so I was sent to get nuclear radioactive tagging. That wasn't conclusive either. Surgery would have been possible, but Dr. MacEachern in Newton wasn't very willing to do it, and due to the uncertainty, I just let it ride. I was actually feeling better than I had felt in 1997 and 1998. Being retired, I had been able to fly to Indiana twice a year, besides our usual summer trip, to spend a couple of weeks with my parents. In April of 2001 my father had a stroke, and I was with Mom and visiting him in the hospital and nursing home until he died on May 12.

The big shock came in March 2003, just after Jim and I returned from a delightful trip to Atlanta (me) and Sarasota (both of us). Jim noticed a prominent lump in my right cheek near my ear. How could we have missed noticing it before? Dr. Tim Wiens had just left for vacation, but his colleague set me up with the Ear, Nose, & Throat doctor Scheinberg, who comes to Newton every week. Scheinberg was arrogant and rough when he did the biopsy of my parotid gland and said he would take out the gland as an outpatient procedure at the clinic in Wichita. When Dr. Wiens came back, he sent me for a CT scan, which revealed that the tumor was also in the masseter muscle and had a substantial blood supply. Those results were sent to Dr. Scheinberg, but he didn't look at them. On surgery day, I asked him to look at them, but he said he could make a better decision after going in surgically and looking at the situation. Then I waited in my hospital gown for a long, long time, before he came to my cubicle, white-faced. The anesthesiologist had convinced him how dangerous the surgery was, that I could bleed to death before they could get me to the hospital, from the major supply of blood that kidney cancer metastases usually commanded. All the prayers of my friends for this surgery were answered by God's intervention to prevent it!

Dr. Scheinberg tried to transfer responsibility for next steps by sending me to an oncologist who might recommend radiation instead of surgery. I didn't have an oncologist, but had heard a recommendation for a "good Christian one" who specialized in kidney cancer, Dr. Bassam Mattar. We drove right over to his office, and he squeezed me into his lunch hour. He said radiation was a terrible choice, both for its bad effects and because it wouldn't offer a cure. He overwhelmed me with his entire scenario—first interleukin-2, then thalidomide, and if (when) those failed, enrollment in his experimental stem-cell transplant program. He was so eager to have me as a guinea pig that he was already urging me to have my brother Emil's blood tested to see whether Emil could be a stem cell donor for me. I was appalled.

By the time I got to see a better surgeon, Dr. Randall Regehr, the tumor had grown even more. It was like a hard ping-pong ball under my skin. Joanne had looked up what few articles were available about metastasis of kidney cancer to the parotid gland, and Dr. Regier did too. Because it was likely to be bloody, he decided to take a very conservative approach. First there would be five weeks of radiation to shrink the tumor. Then I would have an "embolization" procedure to block the major artery that was feeding the tumor and the next day would have the surgery.

All these arrangements took time. Dr. Jorge Wong and the Central Care Cancer Center in Newton got me set up for the radiation, starting in early April. There was a little gap while the machine was being updated, and at just that time, my mother had a serious fall, resulting in a broken hip and stress fractures in her back. Jim took me on a quick trip to Goshen to see her in the hospital, but I was not a good advocate for her. I knew about her tendency to constipation because of scar tissue from previous surgery, but I didn't manage to communicate the seriousness of it, and she was already bloated and in much pain from it. Fortunately Uncle Art Weaver came and took charge a few days later. My first two weeks of radiation weren't hard, but soon my mouth became very dry. The medicine to stimulate saliva stimulated so much sweating that I stopped taking it. The jaw being radiated became swollen, and the jagged edges of my wisdom teeth on that side cut into the cheeks. My skin became very burned by the end of the 4th week of treatment. But the scariest effect was nausea. I couldn't eat

well, and I lost weight, but also I couldn't control my blood sugars and got serious lows and highs. The Compazine to control the nausea made me extremely jumpy. It was clear that I couldn't go to the Memorial Day Juhnke reunion in Iowa. So I stayed at home but was miserable and wished Jim was home to fix some food for me. The radiation did its job, however, shrinking the parotid gland dramatically.

The embolization on June 2, 2003, was a much bigger deal than I expected, a 4-hour procedure. I had to be awake the whole time so that I could hold my breath when needed for the little camera sent up through the artery from my groin to get sharp pictures. Later, Dr. Lucas showed me some of the images, including the artificial blockages. Some were used to block off arteries that continued to my brain, so nothing foreign would float up into it. I was admitted to Wesley hospital overnight, where the nurses were terribly overworked. Dr. Regehr did the surgery the next morning, and found, to his surprise, that the origin and main part of the tumor was in the big masseter muscle, and the parotid gland by then was empty. It was a tricky, complex task of almost four hours to separate out the many branches of the facial nerve and stretch them out so the gland and cancer could be removed. The stretching left the nerve paralyzed, and cutting a hole in the masseter muscle left more permanent damage, but it was a beautifully neat job. Over the next few months the nerve came back to life, so I could open my mouth wider to eat and didn't have to puree my meals any more. The dentist said my other salivary glands were compensating for the lost parotid gland, and I could reduce the fluoride treatments he had prescribed to protect my teeth and gums from the radiation. The physical therapist at Newton Medical Center worked on my jaw muscles, and the speech therapist gave me exercises around my lips. I continued to see my hair thinning, as it always did for some months after a major surgery, and there was a permanent bald spot behind my right ear from the radiation.

In July, as soon as I was able to chew better, we took another trip to Madison to visit Joanne's family and to Goshen to visit my mother. Halfway through our time in Goshen a new lump appeared on my cheek, just a little further from my ear than the original one, and a little redder. I was very upset to think that I had gone through so much, and this fast growing tumor had already spread. I felt

ready to quit. We hurried home earlier than planned, so I could have a needle biopsy of the new lump. To my relief, it was an infection and responded to antibiotics. I reluctantly took two or three more weeks of radiation to clean up remaining cancer cells, because the pathology report hadn't shown a clear margin around the tumor that Dr. Regehr had removed. When that was all done, at the end of August, Jim and I took a little trip to Oklahoma and the Ozarks to celebrate our 40th anniversary.

It seemed clear that I should have an oncologist, so I made two more efforts to consult Dr. Mattar. I did learn some things from him. The jaw tumor was probably a mutation of the kidney cancer cells that my immune system didn't recognize, although it had been controlling the old tumors for so many years. He considered my supplements, prayers, and past good fortune meaningless. His personal style was to take total charge, order lots of scans, and do only systemic treatment that aimed for a cure, not just going after a single tumor with surgery. I was rejoicing that a new 1.5 cm nodule in my lung on the March CT scan had disappeared. Dr. Mattar said it must not have been cancer. We got into the mode of shouting at each other about my lack of obedience, so I didn't even understand his offhand comment that Radio Frequency Ablation (RFA) sometimes destroyed liver tumors. He didn't recommend RFA, because again it wasn't a cure, and there would doubtless be some seeds of the cancer left in the liver to grow new tumors. A suspicious area had showed up in the left parietal occipital lobe of my brain on a CT scan of the head, but the report said it was likely damage from an old and small stroke. I had refused Dr. Mattar's recommendation of a brain MRI earlier, so there was nothing to compare it with.

Jim had retired a year early, in spring of 2002, because of my health, and he did a lot of travel and speaking. When I went with him on a trip to Ohio in the fall of 2003, I learned that my Wadsworth, Ohio, classmate Duane Crislip had kidney cancer and was miserable with side effects from his interleukin-2 treatments. We began corresponding.

I myself had a frightening episode in November 2003, which, as in the spring, became an emergency just after Dr. Wiens left on vacation. My hemoglobin reading dropped very low, and it seemed

as though there was blood in my stool. I was hospitalized in Newton for blood transfusions. Dr. Wiens' colleague told us that if it was a cancer lesion in my stomach or bowel, I could quickly bleed to death. Actually I soon felt better and had a good red blood count. I had to confess to Dr. Wiens that I had gone back to taking (enteric coated 81 mg) aspirin. I refused a colonoscopy because of a bad experience some years earlier, when he couldn't find his way through my restructured intestines. They let me go home, but then just as Jim was to leave for Eastern Mennonite High School for several days of teaching and speeches, I had another red stool. I caught him just in time at the Wichita airport, and he came home again to put me into the hospital. This time I did agree to have a scope put down into my stomach. We waited anxiously for the report and were greatly relieved that all I had was a stomach ulcer, which was already healing from the medicine Dr. Wiens had prescribed.

We had briefly faced the prospect of a speedy death. Now we were facing the more ambiguous prospect of cancer that was speeding up. When was the right time to stop chasing the tumors? The tumor near my spine had been growing faster, and so had the liver tumor, as well as a new tumor in my lung. Most serious was the brain tumor discovered in March 2004 in the same general area as the so-called stroke damage in the left occipital lobe. Joanne got onto the KIDNEY-ONC site and began an active correspondence on liver and brain tumors, which among other things gained me a wonderful new penpal, Rebecca Koch, a kindred spirit who had responded so warmly to Joanne. Joanne also learned that there is an effective new half-day radiation for brain tumors, called Gamma Knife. The gamma rays are very weak, so hundreds of them can be made to intersect in the tumor area, sparing the other brain tissue they pass through. A frame is screwed into the skull, to keep the head totally still while MRI images are made, from which a computer calculates the correct angles of each ray entering the holes in a lead helmet. The helmet and head are again immobilized inside the gamma ray machine. Wesley Medical Center had established its Gamma Knife center less than a year previously.

The cost of the treatment was over $45,000, as much as my conventional surgery and hospital stay for my jaw. Dr. Mills, the neurosurgeon located at Wichita Clinic in Wichita and on the

Gamma Knife team, essentially refused me when Dr. Wiens sent me to consult him. Dr. Mills' main reason for putting me off was that my liver tumor was so big that I wouldn't survive long enough to make the investment worthwhile. Also he didn't take me seriously because I didn't have an oncologist to take some of the responsibility. After a phone call to the nurse-coordinator of the Gamma Knife, I saw that it wasn't normal to put off an applicant for a couple of weeks and more MRIs. I wrote a careful argument with calculations about the slow growth of my tumors over the years and asked Dr. Wiens to forward it to Dr. Mills—or maybe I would explore going to Mayo Clinic for the treatment. Dr. Wiens instead called Dr. John Hered, the head of the program, who approved me as a patient. This also gave me a chance to meet Dr. Grant Rine, the radiation oncologist for the program. Dr. Rine became my ad hoc general oncologist for the next year, very kind and helpful.

The treatment wasn't as easy as the literature suggested, although I was very glad not to need the Decadron that sometimes is used to reduce swelling after treatment. Since it is a steroid, it would have given problems with high blood sugars. The main problem was that my forehead is so narrow that the halo frame was too big. Both of the long pins in front had to be pulled out and replaced by longer ones. Drainage from the wounds created swelling behind my eyes. For a week, they would open only a crack, and drainage oozed stickily from the tear ducts. There was also swelling around the tumor, which caused "light shows" behind my right eye, from 3 months to about 5 months after the Gamma Knife. The doctors were so surprised to see so much swelling on the MRI that they wanted me to get a PET scan to see if the tumor might still be growing. But gradually it receded, with the edema being absorbed again.

Shortly after the Gamma Knife treatment, I got the idea of protecting that investment by trying to deal with the liver tumor too. Joanne's research on Radio Frequency Ablation gave me hope. Dr. Rine thought that a 6.3 cm by 3.9 cm tumor was too big for surgery, and he suggested that a radioactive seed might be implanted. I also made an appointment with Dr. Hunninghake at the Garvey Center to discuss alternative treatments—the bindweed extract their lab was experimenting with, and also low-dose

naltrexone, that Rebecca Koch and Joanne introduced me to. Dr. Hunninghake hadn't heard of the latter, but he encouraged me to try something to extend my life. So I hunted on my own for a surgeon who specialized in liver. I called Via Christi medical center and asked for a recommendation. Dr. John Smith was vigorous, cheerful, and obviously competent. He said that 7 cm was the biggest tumor he would operate on. A lot of scar tissue in the area might prevent successfully cooking it with his microwave equipment, which turned out to be the case. But since it was to the far right end of the liver, he could remove the tumor with loss of about 10 per cent of the liver. Dr. Wiens talked to Dr. Smith and gave approval.

We squeezed in another of our trips to Wisconsin and Indiana, arriving back just two days before the surgery, scheduled May 10, 2004. Subjectively, the worst part of the whole process was the laxative clean-out the night before. I took only the first half, but even that was much too harsh. The cramping and repeated blow-outs led to vomiting, and I was so glad I had asked for a prescription for Reglan for just that emergency. Later that evening, I couldn't eat or drink much, and then I had to fast, so I arrived at the hospital very dehydrated, and the nurses had an awful time drawing blood and inserting IVs. But the surgery itself went very well. Dr. Smith was very skillful in preventing bleeding, even though livers and RCC tumors are both very bloody. I recovered remarkably well, but had to stay in the hospital a fifth day because of an infection from the catheter. The antibiotic was so powerful that I couldn't sit still and couldn't sleep a whole night. The sleeplessness was made worse by my first-night roommate, a "frequent flier" on that ward whose entertainment was trying to devil roommates into requesting a different room. Having failed to get a private room, she bedeviled me every night thereafter by anonymous phone calls from her home, which I didn't figure out till that last night!

As soon as I was recovered from the liver surgery, I gave Dr. Wiens materials from the Internet on low-dose naltrexone, which tricks the brain during the hours of sleep to interfere with receptors for a VEG-F growth factor. I asked him for a prescription to try low-dose naltrexone, and he agreed. I am so glad he let me experiment. I can't prove that it did any good, but in December

2004, about five months after I started taking naltrexone, my CT scan, although showing much cancer growth, did also show that a few of the older lung tumors had shrunk somewhat.

The next crisis, however, had already begun. I had a brain MRI on Nov. 19, 2004, to follow up the Gamma Knife procedure. The blinking lights behind my right eye had subsided, so I expected (correctly) that the brain tumor and its swelling had also subsided. The bad news was a set of three little tumors that had arisen in the muscle of my right temple and now had eaten through my skull and was pressing on the lining of the brain. In retrospect, the tumors were visible on my August MRI, but it was clear that the tumor was growing fast. The weeks of deciding what to do and who should do it were as agonizing as before the jaw surgery and the Gamma Knife. Dr. Wiens and I discussed the possibility of no more treatment. I had CT scans to see whether the other tumors were growing aggressively. Two were—the old one beside my spine and the newest one in my lung—but the others were stable, or even slightly smaller. Dr. Rine said that Gamma Knife would not be possible for tumors right below the skin because the angles weren't adequate for intersecting the rays. He said radiation would be possible, though six weeks of treatments might not get it all and would burn me severely, because of being focused on the skin level. It seemed that surgery, followed by radiation, would be the Cadillac treatment, but was that much investment even good stewardship? I visited with Dr. Hered, the neurosurgeon, and twice with Dr. Wong at the Central Care Cancer Center. The second time with Dr. Wong, I went through all the preliminaries, but I got cold feet when I started to sign the sheet listing all the side effects, including a possible 12 weeks of swelling in my brain (near the optic nerve) and nausea, which had plagued me during the jaw radiation. When I went back to Dr. Hered, he no longer seemed willing to do surgery, and said I should go to Houston to the M.D. Anderson cancer center for a consultation. I was feeling panic about the fast growth of the tumor and the delay. Again Dr. Wiens interceded. He asked Dr. Regehr if he would be willing to do the surgery, and Dr. Regehr said he would do it together with Dr. Hered. I had to go back to Dr. Hered, and the joint scheduling turned out to be impossible before Christmas.

Indeed we had to wait till January 13, 2005. We decided to make our Christmas trip to Madison (Joanne's family) and Goshen (my mother) after all. We freely told people of my situation, and many promised to pray. A miracle happened during those weeks: the tumor mass didn't grow. The surgeons were jubilant after the surgery. The cancer hadn't penetrated the brain, and they were able to clean out all that they could see. They did a great job, and I recovered quickly, going home from the hospital in three days. Dr. Rine believed that I had gained significant time before any remaining cancer cells might get organized again. He didn't really recommend radiation. The hole in my skull, which hadn't been patched with a plate or graft, would let radiation into my brain at a greater intensity than if it had to go through bone. We celebrated the reprieve by another trip to family in late March and early April. When we visited Karl and Katie in Minneapolis, we got to attend two of Katie's piano playing events (church and a musical) with her parents. We had several jolly days with Joanne's family and then Easter week with mother and visiting with some of my relatives.

When we came back, I had a brain MRI, to be a "baseline" of surgical changes, so any new tumor development could be compared with it. But, alas, it was too late to be a baseline. There was already tumor regrowth in the area. Besides that, there was a new brain tumor, this time in the right occipital lobe. That made it quite clear that it was time to quit treatment. The other sign was new changes in the rest of my body. I had been experiencing odd aches and pains on my right side—leg, arm, and back. My blood pressure had been rising, even though I had already doubled the medication a few months before. My blood sugars were rising from these stresses and required larger doses of insulin. I was losing some weight, especially because whiffs of nausea made it harder to eat.

—April-May 2005

Former Bethel English Professor Sought Greater Roles for Women

By Robert Rhodes
Mennonite Weekly Review

June 27, 2005

NORTH NEWTON, Kan. — Anna Kreider Juhnke, a former Bethel College English professor known as much for her advocacy of women in the church and academia as for her devotion to teaching, died June 17 at her home after a long battle with cancer. She was 65.

Juhnke served on the Bethel faculty from 1966-96 and had dealt with cancer intermittently since 1982. She became the first female chair of the Bethel faculty in 1985.

Bethel English professor Ami Regier of Wichita, a former student of Juhnke's, remembered Juhnke for the encouragement she gave to other women on the faculty and to female students.

"She was an important role model for many women," Regier said. "In that sense, she does represent an era of change in higher education when few women were leaders and were able to create significant change. She certainly encouraged strong female students to be more ambitious, rather than play down their strengths."

Juhnke and her husband, Jim, a retired history professor at Bethel, were active in overseas service. In the early 1970s, they served in Botswana with Mennonite Central Committee. In 1987-88, they taught English in Chengdu, China, with China Educational Exchange.

Juhnke served on the executive committee of the MCC U.S. board, which she chaired for three years, and for 12 years on the board of the General Conference Mennonite Church, including seven years on the church's executive committee. She also was active with Mennonite World Conference and was a plenary speaker at the MWC assembly at Wichita in 1978.

Juhnke credited her mother, Rachel Kreider, for inspiring her interest in expanding women's roles in the church.

"My mother . . . was my first model and mentor for women in church leadership," Juhnke wrote in 1999. "Although I had never seen a woman pastor, Mom was pastoring every Sunday after the worship service—greeting new people and thinking of ways they could be integrated into the action, inquiring about griefs and joys, encouraging people of all ages."

An exacting and rigorous teacher who returned papers covered in red-penned corrections, Juhnke is remembered as an inspiration in many lives.

Claudia Limbert, president of the Mississippi University for Women in Columbus and a 1978 Bethel graduate, said Juhnke was a devoted mentor.

"She totally changed my life for the better," said Limbert, who was an impoverished mother of four when she started attending Bethel in 1975. "If I hadn't known her, I don't know what would have happened to me."

When Limbert told Juhnke her ambition was to teach kindergarten someday, "she said she saw me doing something more than that," Limbert said. "When I asked her how I could ever repay her, she said, 'Claudia, you don't pay it back, you pass it on.'"

Born May 11, 1940, in Newton, the daughter of Leonard and Rachel Kreider, Juhnke graduated from Bluffton (Ohio) College and earned master's and doctoral degrees in English literature at Indiana University. She attended Bethel for a year.

Juhnke met her husband at a peace conference in Tennessee, and they married Aug. 31, 1963, at Wadsworth, Ohio.

Survivors include her husband; a son, Karl Juhnke of Minneapolis; a daughter, Joanne Juhnke of Madison, Wis.; her mother of Goshen, Ind.; a brother, Emil Kreider of Beloit, Wis.; and two grandchildren. She was preceded in death by her father and by a sister, Sara Kreider Hartzler.

A memorial service will be held at 11 a.m. July 2 at Bethel College Mennonite Church, where Juhnke was a member. Memorials may be made to Bethel College.

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Anna K. Juhnke
1940-2005

Memorial Service Bulletin Obituary (July 2, 2005)

Anna K. Juhnke
May 11, 1940 – June 17, 2005

Anna lived her early childhood in North Newton, Kansas, with her parents Leonard and Rachel Kreider, her older brother Emil and her younger sister Sara. Her father taught chemistry at Bethel College, followed by a position as research chemist with B.F. Goodrich in Ohio, where the family moved in 1949.

She graduated from Wadsworth (Ohio) High School as a National Merit Scholar and studied English literature at Bethel and Bluffton colleges. Her senior year of college she met Jim Juhnke at an Intercollegiate Peace Fellowship conference in Nashville, Tennessee. They married two years later, in 1963. Their daughter Joanne was born in 1968 and their son Karl in 1970.

Anna and Jim pursued their graduate degrees together at Indiana University, where Anna earned her master's and doctorate in English Literature. In 1966 she joined the English department faculty at Bethel College. Anna taught at Bethel for thirty years until her retirement, becoming a full professor in 1984. In 1985 she became the first woman chair of the Bethel faculty.

Anna was a rigorous teacher who set high standards for herself and for her students. Among her favorite courses were "The Bible as Literature" and "Literature of the Non-Western World." She also loved to invite students to meals and evenings of table games in the Juhnke home. Her active interest in students' lives and aspirations led to mentoring relationships and lifelong friendships.

A two-year Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) service term in Botswana in the early 1970s set the course for Anna's leadership work in the church. At the 1978 Mennonite World Conference (MWC) assembly in Wichita she was a plenary speaker, in addition to hosting multiple guests from around the world in her home. She served on the executive committee of the MCC U.S. board beginning in 1980, later serving as chair for three years. For twelve years she served on the General Board of the General Conference Mennonite Church, including seven years on the board's executive

committee. She encouraged Mennonite women to prepare for positions of church leadership, and worked with other women to crack open patriarchal church structures.

Anna loved to travel, planning overseas trips with great enthusiasm. During her teaching years at Bethel she led multiple January interterm trips to London and taught English for a sabbatical year in Chengdu, China, with China Educational Exchange. After the 1984 MWC assembly in Strasbourg, France, she and Jim escorted a Mennonite tour through Western Europe. Her journeys led her to locations as diverse as Jerusalem and Japan, and she always eagerly wrote down her memories and what she learned as she traveled.

Anna lived over a third of her life as a survivor of kidney cancer. She and her sister Sara were both diagnosed with cancer in the fall of 1982, but Sara's cancer took her life that November, while Anna experienced a long remission before her own cancer returned. She then went on to beat the average survival rates for recurrent kidney cancer by more than a decade, a testimony to her active involvement in her own treatment.

After taking early retirement in 1996, Anna pursued ministries of correspondence and prayer. She encouraged prisoners on death row and wrote dozens of letters to legislators about peace and justice issues. She lived to see both her children find spouses and to welcome the birth of two granddaughters.

When Anna learned in April 2005 that her cancer was advancing widely and rapidly, she chose not to pursue further treatment. She celebrated her 65th birthday in May and spent her final weeks at home in the care of her husband, of Hospice and a great company of family members and friends.

Poetry Reading

by Karl Juhnke
Memorial Service, July 2, 2005

Mom and I shared a love of poetry. When I was growing up, poetry wasn't something you set aside for special occasions only. A verse might be found for any occasion. For example, Mom might say, "Celery raw is good for the jaw, but celery stewed is more quietly chewed," if I was chewing a bit loudly. After I grew up and moved away from home I began to learn poems of my own choosing, not just the ones that Mom introduced to me, and I grew apart from Mom. But more than once I was amazed to find that my poems, the ones I discovered and loved on my own, were her favorites too. And even though our worldviews sometimes diverged, poetry was always a bridge between us, something we always shared.

I have chosen three poems that Mom liked, starting with one inspired by a Bible verse. Luke chapter 19, verses 37-40, tells us of Jesus' triumphal ride into Jerusalem. From the New International Version:

> When he came near the place where the road goes down the Mount of Olives, the whole crowd of disciples began joyfully to praise God in loud voices for all the miracles they had seen:
>
> "Blessed is the king who comes in the name of the Lord!
> Peace in heaven and glory in the highest!"
>
> Some of the Pharisees in the crowd said to Jesus, "Teacher, rebuke your disciples!"
>
> "I tell you," he replied, "if they keep quiet, the stones will cry out."

Imagine stones crying out. Here is the poem:

A Christmas Hymn, by Richard Wilbur

A stable-lamp is lighted
Whose glow shall wake the sky;
The stars shall bend their voices,
And every stone shall cry.

And every stone shall cry,
And straw like gold shall shine;
A barn shall harbor heaven—
A stall become a shrine.

This child through David's city
Shall ride in triumph by;
The palm shall strew its branches,
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry,
Though heavy, dull and dumb,
And lie within the roadway,
To pave his kingdom come.

Yet he shall be forsaken,
And yielded up to die;
The sky shall groan and darken,
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry
For stony hearts of men:
God's blood upon the spearhead,
God's love refused again.

But now, as at the ending,
The low is lifted high;
The stars shall bend their voices,
And every stone shall cry.
And every stone shall cry
In praises of the child
By whose descent among us
The worlds are reconciled.

The second poem I have chosen was written by John Milton, shortly after he became blind at the age of forty-four. Milton wondered how he was supposed to continue in God's service, if God had afflicted him in this way. Even though he was blind, Milton continued to write prose and poetry. Anna was diagnosed with cancer at age forty-two, and lived another twenty-three years. I never heard her question out loud what God's plans for her were. I do know she wanted in her retirement to volunteer—to edit the church newsletter and to serve in other ways in her retirement. But

she was unable to because of chronic fatigue syndrome, and the energy it took to take care of her diabetes and her own illness. Maybe that is why she liked this sonnet—Milton's reflections on his blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best. His State
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

The third poem is from Tennyson, comparing death to setting out to sea. As I understand it, the bar is the last shelter offered by the harbor, and when you cross the bar it means you are venturing out into the open ocean, the unsafe and the unknown.

Crossing the Bar, by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The tide may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Reflection: My Mother Anna

by Joanne Juhnke
Memorial Service, July 2, 2005

Some of my earliest memories of my mother involve singing and verse. I know she loved to sing me lullabies and, since I was born during the Vietnam War, probably an occasional protest song as well. Anna remembered and sang to me the songs that her mother used to sing to her.

As I grew older, the songs grew to include hymns, and I begin to remember favorite books and poems as well. Some she read over and over again, to the point that quite early on I learned to recite big, exciting words. "Lord Mayors of the city, in velvet cloak and chain, appear in state—expostulate with Bing, but all in vain!" ran one favorite stanza from Jonathan Bing Dances for Spring. I picked up her love of language almost through osmosis.

Poems and songs could carry big, exciting ideas, too. One special treasure was our copy of the *Children's Hymnary*, published the year I was born. "I sing a song of the saints of God, patient and brave and true," I remember Anna singing from that book. The point of the song was that anyone could aspire to be among the company of the saints of God—a profound goal. "And one was a soldier, and one was a priest, and one was killed by a fierce wild beast, and there's not any reason, no not the least, why I shouldn't be one too!" Mom used to teasingly change that last line to, "there's not any reason, except for the beast, why I shouldn't be one too!"

Another frequent occasion for singing came during family vacations. We took long trips by car during grade school summers, an advantage of having both parents working an academic schedule. Anna and Jim would raise their voices in rounds or duets, from the sublime to the ridiculous. "Sing to the Lord a new made song," they might sing. Or, "Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree, tickling all the monkeys he can see!"

Only now, with two young children and a career of my own, am I developing a proper appreciation for my mother's achievements while her children were small. Anna had a stunning

talent for planning and organizing, and she must have been working it to its limits as she pursued her fledgling career at Bethel College during the "baby years." The year 1970 must have been a particular challenge—to be teaching, caring for toddler Joanne, supporting Jim's congressional campaign, and giving birth to my brother Karl in the middle of it all. And then the next year, as a respite, heading off to Botswana with Mennonite Central Committee for two years, little children and all! She did admit that the prospect of domestic help in a developing country looked very attractive to her, but it takes a real organizer to pull off such a progression of events.

Back in the States, as Karl and I grew, she continued to fill her life with organizational challenges. I was not aware during our school years of her groundbreaking committee work in the larger Mennonite church, or her faculty work as leader and teacher and mentor. I saw only the parts of those involvements that came into our home—the gatherings of students for food and table games, for example. Or the houseful of fascinating international guests we hosted during the 1978 Mennonite World Conference in Wichita. We reaped the benefits of her commitment to hospitality. One occasional tradition that made a particular impression on me took place on Christmas Eve. We would bake cut-out sugar cookies and save them till Christmas Eve. Then after the Christmas Eve service here at church, we'd invite someone over to help with the frosting and decorations, who might otherwise have gone home alone.

Anna's household management style taught me much about efficiency. Cooking, for the most part, was something she viewed as a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. We ate tasty and well-balanced meals… generally prepared in the span of about half an hour. Several of her friends have commented in recent weeks that Anna's brand of hospitality was warm-hearted and unpretentious. Hospitality need not involve agonizing over elaborate dishes and decorations—as one friend told her, "you taught me that to entertain, you don't need any more than a box of Oreos and wonderful conversation."

I also learned to appreciate my mother's intellectual life more deeply as the years went by. I grew up with no idea that it was anything out of the ordinary to have a frequently-consulted dictionary next to the kitchen table for vocabulary questions during

dinner time. Other reference books sat nearby in the living room to turn to if the need arose. When I reached the point to be able to start reading in her literature teaching collection, I quickly learned that there was a decision to be made. Should I get a clean copy of a book from the library, or read Anna's copy all covered with notes in the margins? She filled margins left and right with concise insights, a fascinating complement to the text. Then again, when I read her copy of Jane Austen's *Emma*, her notes entirely shattered the mystery of who had given the piano to Jane Fairfax.

As an educator, Anna touched so many lives. She expected a lot from her students, and from herself as well. Her lectures were carefully constructed and researched. A couple of years ago I had the occasion to lead an adult Sunday school session on the passage in Genesis where Jacob wrestles with the angel. I asked her if she had any helpful materials for me, and pretty soon in the mail came a fat packet of lecture notes and articles and even a couple of clippings of relevant artworks. The care and feeding that went into those files, and then the organization to easily lay her hands on just the right folder to send me!

My senior year of high school at Newton High, I had the privilege to be able to come over to Bethel and take one of her favorite courses, "The Bible as Literature." My copy of the *Jerusalem Bible* that I bought for that class is brimming with notes and insights from those sessions, though again, my notes look like baby-steps indeed compared to the contents of *her* copy.

It was in that class that I learned of Anna's uneasy relationship with public speaking. Not that she wasn't good at it—she molded herself over the years into a competent and experienced lecturer and discussion leader and preacher. But it never came easily to her; for her it took effort and a great deal of courage. I admired that in my mother, and always appreciated her encouragement when it came my turn to speak in front of a class or congregation.

When Anna's students reminisce about her impact as a teacher, the theme of encouragement comes up again and again. She was genuinely interested in her students' hopes and dreams, and encouraged so many of them over the years—women in particular—to excel in their fields and to expand the horizons of what they thought possible. I benefited from her guidance as well,

though I had enough of an independent streak about my own career decisions that I did not consult her as much as I might have. I did call on her repeatedly when it came time to revise my resume, and she always had excellent advice.

High expectations can work in both positive and negative ways. Anna's high expectations of herself and others often gave birth to extraordinary efforts and achievements. However, she also struggled with the flip side of high expectations. She tended to be critical of herself, and of others as well… and then to be hard on herself for being too hard on others.

I include this aspect of my mother not in the spirit of criticism, but to acknowledge that we can also learn from the struggles of our parents, our mentors, our role models and friends. The saints of God, in the broad sense of the term, are not more than human, for all their gifts and achievements and faith.

Anna's faith, and her organizational gifts as well, played an immense role in her journey with cancer the latter part of her life. Karl and I were in junior high and high school when she got her first kidney-cancer diagnosis and surgery. She and Jim were open yet optimistic about her condition, and sent us to school on the day of her surgery rather than have us kick our heels in a waiting room. I would hardly have grasped the gravity of the situation, except that Anna's sister Sara was diagnosed with a different type of cancer at the same time, and died within weeks. Mom's faith, and the loving arms of family and community, kept her going when her own surgery prevented her from attending her sister's funeral.

The cancer did not return for ten years. The blessing of that cancer-free time enabled her to see her children graduate from high school and college, and to come into her own at Bethel and in her denominational work. These were the tenure years, her years as the first woman president of the Bethel faculty, the heart of her service on the General Board of the General Conference and the MCC U.S. board. During the same decade she and Jim traveled to China together to teach a sabbatical year in Chengdu in the Szechuan Province.

If the ten-year remission was a blessing, the following thirteen years can be counted as a miracle. It's hard to pin down published

survival figures for metastatic kidney cancer, but Anna was told that the average is around a year and a half. She found herself having to turn her energies and planning skills to managing her health and treatment, including the diabetes that resulted from her second cancer operation in 1992. Overseas travel after that point came as a special gift, especially the chance to lead one more student trip to see plays in London in January 1994, and a Jerusalem seminar led by Patty Shelly in January 1996. By 1996 the cancer had spread considerably, though slowly, giving rise to chronic fatigue symptoms, and she took early retirement that year.

Anna did not want to be remembered primarily as "Mrs. Cancer Survivor" and it's no hardship to honor that preference, given all that she was and all that she did across the entire span of her 65 years. However, in many ways her cancer story is the part I know best. The more recent years were the years in which I had the chance to move into friendship with her as an adult. I ended up becoming a librarian, and helping her gather the kidney cancer information that she needed was an important way I could show my love even halfway across the country.

Through letters and phone calls and occasional visits, she shared with me the new pace of her life, a pace more conducive to correspondence and poetry and prayer. Anna kept scrapbooks before scrapbooking came into vogue, and her scrapbooks became increasingly rich and up-to-date. Another slower-pace pastime was magnetic refrigerator poetry. I doubt that anyone has ever wrung more out of those little words on magnets than my mother did. She kept at it until every last word fragment was part of one poem or another—and then she'd write them all down, mix the magnets up and start over. She was feeling well enough in February 2002 to make a two-week visit to Wisconsin to help me make the transition into motherhood, helping care for her first granddaughter when my husband went back to work after the birth. She lived to welcome my second daughter's first year as well and help celebrate her birthday in May.

My mother made many wise decisions about her health, especially in the past three years as the disease accelerated. Continuing in that same course was her decision in April to cease treatment and conclude her life at home in the care of her husband

and hospice. She then proceeded to orchestrate her passing with the same thoughtfulness and intentionality that characterized her living. Even as her body grew weaker, she welcomed her friends and family members to her side for life-affirming goodbyes. I treasure the Memorial Day weekend we spent so recently with her and my father, making new memories and internalizing the acceptance with which she approached the end of her life.

When I speak with my now-three-year-old daughter Lydia about Grandma Anna's death, I keep coming back to the fundamental assurance that God is taking good care of Grandma Anna, just as God takes care of us. This assurance also rings through the hymn that we are about to sing, "Come, Come Ye Saints." As my mother affirmed in her suggestion that we include this hymn, I invite you to join me in singing together: all is well, all is well!

Index