



# OMHGS NEWSLETTER

Volume 16, Issue 1

February 2003

OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

**PAX—PEACE—PAX—PEACE—PAX—PEACE—PAX**

## THE STORY BEHIND PAX

by Cal Redekop

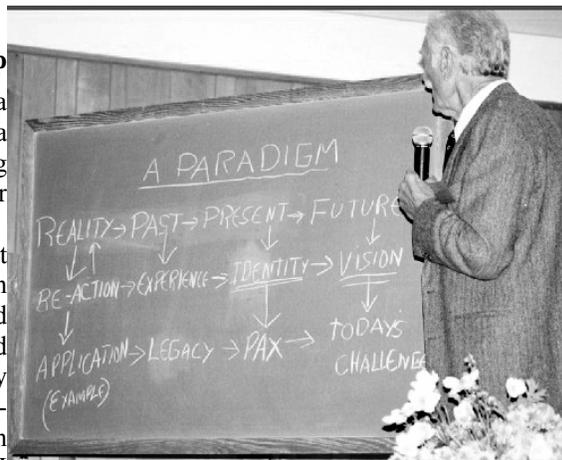
I want first of all to thank Ray and Tina [Kauffman] and the planning committee for a very commendable job they did of organizing this conference. It's a real personal pleasure for me to be here.

This is, secondly, a rather meaningful event for me because I lived here near Dallas, Oregon for three years from 1937 to the fall of 1940 and I was at my home near Rickreall when World War II was declared so that is very vivid in my memory. Oregon was a very important experience in my life. I didn't learn to know too much of the broader part of this part of Oregon, but I had heard about Hubbard. I heard about Corvallis, and I heard about the Zion Church and Eugene and some other places. I didn't get around to meeting these other types of Mennonites because we were Russian Mennonites and these other Mennonites didn't seem to have too much in common so I didn't learn to know them too well. When I went to Goshen College, I discovered this other branch and discovered that they were pretty decent people as well and fairly with it. They were aware of what was going on in the world; in fact, so much so that I married one of them. Freda is from Pennsylvania.

If you really want to know the history of PAX, read Urie Bender's book, *Soldiers of Compassion* or take a look at this one *The Pax Story* as well and you can get it much more adequately and accurately than from here.

As Ray already indicated, we had a marvelous reunion celebration at Lake Syracuse a year ago, a year and two weeks as a matter of fact. Those of us who were at Lake Syracuse had a very profound experience because we came there two days after September 11. On September 13 this one-day reunion began and there was a tremendous awareness of the significance of our meeting and I think that whole event (September 11) permeated/and people who were there experienced it very much. Some of you were there, and if I am not correct, you may correct me, but I think it was a doubly profound event because of the events that had just transpired two days before. Now, a year later, guess what? We are contemplating another catastrophe, if I may call it that, namely, the invasion of Iraq. Who knows when it will happen; I am convinced it will happen. So the last year has been sort of an interesting and exciting and significant experience for us PAX people and people who have related to the PAX program.

So, it was a great event. This is a great event. This is another sort of a sectional reunion, a re-assertion of friendships and re-remembering of what the program did for all of us. It is obviously an opportunity to renew friendships and

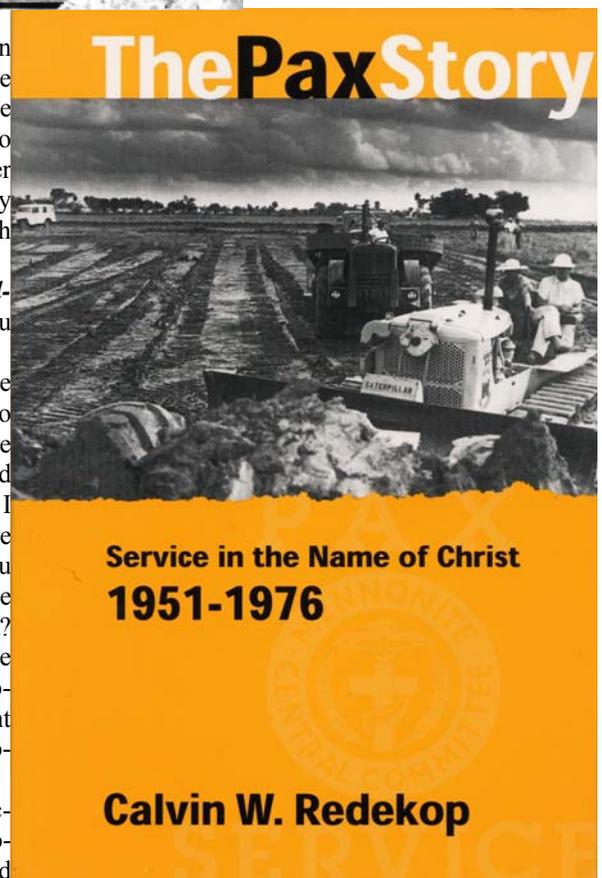


## Calvin W. Redekop

Key player in the formation of Pax.

Served as the first Pax European director.

Many literary achievements including the book pictured below. *The Pax Story: Serving in the Name of Christ 1954-1976* Pandora Press © 2001



## OMHGS SPRING MEETING - 2003

**History of Singing in the Mennonite Church.** March 23, 2003, 2:30 p.m. Fairview Mennonite Church. A Hallmark of the Mennonite Church for many years, has been SINGING. Even years ago some were concerned about losing this heritage. Come to the OMHGS Spring 2003 meeting. Enjoy singing, learn more about the history of our singing and see if we now stand where some older folk thought we might.

**For more information or if you have questions, call Margaret Shetler at (503) 873-6406.**

for some it will be an opportunity to meet some more of the PAX people and their spouses and so forth as we go through this weekend.

Another reason why I think this is an exciting meeting is that there will be opportunity to talk about the possible future of PAX, continuing on the saga, the story, the events of the PAX program. So this is not just a return to the museum or to the monument, remembering what our ancestors did there, but it will be an opportunity for us to think ahead and to think together about what the future of the PAX program may be. We'll be talking about that later, especially in my third presentation which will be talking about the future of PAX. So I think this is really a pretty significant and profound meeting. This is an attempt to recollect and reevaluate the PAX vision and what it will mean for us in the future.

My topic for this afternoon is "The Story Behind PAX." It is an interesting one and goes back quite a ways; one could say it goes back to 1520 when the Anabaptists first emerged on the scene. That's when a major revolution took place where some Christians, some followers of Christ, said one of the major aspects of the Christian faith is discipleship, and discipleship means following Christ, and following Christ means that we don't kill each other. There are Bible passages that refer to that. So 1520 is considered the date of the emergence of the Anabaptist movement.

It's a long story that continues from there - very interesting; very fascinating - and let me just tell you very briefly. There has been in recent years, I would say the last 20 years, a dramatic rediscovery of the significance of the Anabaptist movement. Now you wouldn't guess it by looking at what is happening in our local communities; namely, where Mennonites live. Former Mennonite churches are now being called Bible churches or community churches. What's happening in our Mennonite communities? The Anabaptist tradition is being forsaken. We are losing, we are leaving, we are rejecting the Anabaptist tradition in the local congregations. But what I said before was that Anabaptism is being rediscovered among the thinkers, among the theologians, among the church people. Stanley Hauerwas, who has been considered the leading theologian of the 20th and 21st centuries, said in a recently published article that "Anabaptism has won the Christian wars." And in the meantime, Mennonites are dropping the name Mennonite and becoming community churches. So, my point is that this story of the origins and history of Anabaptism is what brings us here today, but this tradition is being rapidly dispensed with, exchanged for modern na-

tionalism and patriotism.

Let's jump quickly to World War I. World War I was a very important experience for us Mennonites here in the United States because there were no provisions made for exemption from military service. I'm sure most of us know that. So the Mennonites and the Quakers and the Brethren, of course, who were still staunch pacifists, had to make a way for themselves. Most of them weren't able to get approval for alternative service so they had a rough time. And, as you may know, four Hutterite COs died at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. I just discovered in other readings that two other Mennonites also died, one of them at Alcatraz because he refused to wear the uniform and suffered so much deprivation that he died. I didn't know about that before so at least six Mennonites during World War I died for their convictions.

What did these people do? Most of them put on a uniform and tried to get by as I-A-0 noncombatants. They had the military designation but they were noncombatants. They served in the hospital units, sanitation and so forth. That was quite a traumatic experience for our people, the three peace groups. This is the very quick background of World War I.

By the time World War II came along, there had been considerable preparation done to not have to repeat this again. It's a long story and I cannot repeat it here, but I'm sure you all know that through considerable appeal and representations to Congress and to the Selective Service boards a selective service law was passed in 1941 which allowed Mennonites and other peace people to take an alternative position to war. This was a tremendously exciting period. Many innovations and developments and inventions were created. You may remember that one of the tremendously important results of the Civilian Public Service, CPS, was that the U.S. policy towards mental illness was completely turned around. That was almost totally because of CPS boys and their wives. (There were many wives; this is coming out more. There are books being written about the role of women, CPS wives who worked along with their husbands in doing this alternative service.) They were the ones who called attention to the inhumane way in which the patients were being treated. There have been a number of books written on how the whole mental health treatment of the mentally ill was changed because of the CPS program. That's just one illustration of what happened.

There was no real alternative for COs in World War I but in World War II, alternative service was arranged and it "worked very, very well." Most of the peace church people who wanted

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to get alternative service got it. There were exceptions. There were some local Selective Service Boards who did not give the COs their exemptions, their alternative service status, so they had to go through the same harassment and many of them did suffer in many ways. It wasn't a clean sheet by any means in World War II, but it was getting there.

Now, there were certain problems with CPS and one of the problems was that it was not a very meaningful work for many people. I'll read a quote from a footnote that is on page 138 of my book, *The PAX Story*, that is more specific than my oral report would be here. After describing the positive aspects of the CPS program (in his book, *Service for Peace*, a tremendously big book that gives the story of the CPS program), Melvin Gingerich states, "On the other hand, the CPS program revealed certain critical weaknesses. Many COs had a superficial understanding of their positions and had little depth of spiritual experience. Intolerance and a lack of love for each other led to tensions among campers. Working without pay and sometimes on jobs that appeared insignificant had a demoralizing effect on many men. Some who witnessed government red tape and inefficiency in certain areas reacted by developing cynicism and a lack of cooperation toward government." That was just one brief statement but there are many more that would reflect the lack of significance of many CPS activities. Much of it was very meaningful and the most exciting was the smoke jumpers. Then there were about ten men who were sent to Ann Arbor and were actually guinea pigs. I know a couple of them who were guinea pigs and they went through some harrowing experiences. So that was another part.

After the CPS program terminated, the Mennonite Central Committee was encouraged to rethink the CPS program to try to discover whether there would be more meaningful ways for service in the name of Christ. So Voluntary Service developed. After the war was over, the Mennonite colleges developed, for example, a student service program where the students would go to Europe for the summer and spend a couple, three or four weeks, touring Europe and then spending a month in a work camp. The American students joined these European work camps and I saw that program in operation. I personally led two of them and actually was in charge for about two years.

Beyond that, in the United States right after World War II, the American Voluntary Service just exploded and there were volunteers serving in almost every possible social service. Almost every Mennonite denomination, as well as the Brethren, had its own voluntary service program. The Mennonite Church had its own program; the General Conference Church did; the Mennonite Brethren did, etc. This was a tremendously explosive period of growth in the voluntary service idea. This voluntary service idea then was taken to Europe, as I said, and we who went to Europe volunteered. I volunteered for MCC service as soon as I graduated from Goshen College in the summer of 1949. I really had no clear vision of what I was to do with my life. MCC and VS seemed to be a workable and a challenging and stimulating thing so that's how I went to Europe as a volunteer, and started at Espelkamp to build houses there.

The historical context continues. You have World War I, World War II and then the Korean War, 1951. I was directing the work camp when we heard the news that the United States had declared war on Korea. We had a really intense discussion that evening among the students (we had students and other European young

people) and we wondered what is this going to mean. What does this now mean? What is the future? What is going to happen? The excitement was overwhelming about the significance of it. We were especially aware that the draft was probably going to be reinstated and, of course, in latter 1951 the draft was reactivated. Al Keim has a very fine introduction in *The PAX Story* in which he describes how it was reinstated when the Korean War was declared.

It was at that time that the I-W program was initiated here in this country. The complex activities that took place between the Selective Service Board and the representatives is a fascinating story. The Mennonite representatives were not about to repeat the CPS program. Selective Service, on the other hand, thought the CPS program was marvelous. Actually, the first CPS program was administered by the government, but it didn't take long for the Mennonites to say, "Uh, uh, we don't want the government to run this program," so they got permission to run it themselves. Selective Service wasn't too happy about that so they appointed a representative from Selective Service who toured the CPS camps to make sure that things were being done right.

Anyhow, the I-W program was instituted. The church was very much aware that many people who went to CPS did not really have a personal conviction; they went because their communities told them they should and this was the right thing to do. But the I-W program was structured so that the church was going to see to it that the young men who went into I-W service went there because of conviction. The church developed a very extensive counseling program. Did any of you participate in a local counseling program where the congregation would appoint a I-W representative and they would keep track of the young men who were being called up? They would get together and counsel them on the matters of faith and matters of peace and so forth. It had a better preparation, but there was still a lot of difficulty with the I-W program and I don't need to repeat that for you. Some of you are aware of some of the darker shadows of I-W situations where the young men did not comport themselves very well. Just to illustrate, we had some I-W fellows in jail in Denver. Denver was probably the most notorious place for I-W. Everybody wanted to go to Denver and that, of course, created a tremendous management problem, etc., and we had some I-W fellows in jail. That gives you a bit of a picture of how a vision, how a commitment, how a dream can become a nightmare if we are not careful.

Let's go then to the fourth important point and that is the European convergence. Those of us who went to Europe in the late 1940s and 1950s saw a continent that was devastated. I got there in January of 1950. It was really a catastrophic situation; it was just demoralizing. Those of us who were in Europe at that time in MCC saw the destruction of war. We noticed all these young people who were literally walking down the streets aimlessly, who were looking for things to do, and one of the most successful programs MCC ever organized were work camps in Europe. We just had to announce that a work camp would be held at such and such a place and they would knock the doors down volunteering. They wanted to do something; they wanted to have a place, well, first of all, to eat. I'm not kidding you; the work camp was the place where many of these young people for the first time - they told me so - had a square meal. It was MCC meat, of course. Those of us who were in PAX and MCC know about MCC meat; that's an institution in itself. These people came there. They had nothing to do; they were demoralized. They came to these work camps.

American students came to these work camps. We had stimulating discussions, etc.

Then we had the Korean war hysteria. All these things were fermenting in Europe. Is there any hope for this world? What's the solution? What's the hope for this world? Can we somehow bring the role of the peacemaker into this situation? Why not marry the needs of the world with the workers for peace? Of course we said, "Why not?" Many bull sessions, evening discussions, MCC workers' retreat were important stimulating contexts for discussion. Out of this then came the idea of a PAX unit.

We saw the ubiquitous destruction all around us. We saw the aimless wanderings of these many, many young people, the idealism that many of them had, although most of them were terribly confused. Can you imagine young people in America today suddenly discovering that their nation was rotten to the core, and I mean that almost literally. That's hard for young people to understand. We Americans had a bit of difficulty not being too judgmental. It was especially hard for us COs (we in MCC were COs) to be humble about our position. We felt so superior to these Europeans who had thought that war was the answer and of course all the rest that went with it, the Nazism gas chambers and all. We couldn't understand a society that could do this. We came with a bit of a superior attitude. We hope God has forgiven us for that.

This was the context in which we said, "Is there not a way to do a creative reconstruction and a revision of the world?" So here we had the Korean War and the renewed conscription staring us in the face. We had the disastrous needs of the European refugees and the complete community disorganization that we saw right in front of our eyes. We had the World War I and the World War II experiences, we had the CPS experience, we had the alternative to military service; all these things were there. What do we do with all these things there and with the energy that we saw in these young people and that many of us had? We decided that the time is ripe for us to do something.

One day Paul Peachey and I were driving from one MCC conference to another, here we were going from one meeting to another when suddenly this idea came to us: "Hey, why don't we have an international voluntary service program where the people from the United States, the fellows, of course, but the girls as well, would get alternative service credit?" We thought, and it's in the book [PAX history], and I would hope that the PAX II (I am already jumping ahead) will not exclude women. That's a very important idea. This PAX I had only men, but in PAX II we hope there will be women. So there was this real awakening of the tremendous power and energy that was being unleashed in Europe and in America as well and with the clouds of war coming before us, we said that something had to be done. Paul and I sat down and wrote a letter to Orie Miller and the rest is history. Within five months the first PAX people were on their way. That's just an incredible thing. I don't think it can happen again.

Just a word personally. I grew up in the EMB context, Evangelical Mennonite Brethren. Ironically, the Evangelical Mennonite Brethren during World War II had the highest proportion of COs. I'm proud of that. But within 20 years, I'm pretty sure that the CO, the pacifist, position was almost gone. That shows you how quickly a denomination can change, can lose its heritage and go after mainstream Christianity. I shouldn't use the term evangelical Christianity or even fundamentalist Christianity because there are Christians who are fundamentalist and there are Chris-

tians who are evangelicals - that's a certain kind of emphasis that I am talking about here - which wants to reject the discipleship and teachings of Christ and wants to follow what is a popular religion. In Goshen is where I found my roots again and I discovered what my ancestors had really promoted. I did not know when I was a young fellow at Mountain Lake as an EMB that my tradition was pacifist. Would you believe that I signed up as a 1-A? I didn't go because I have a bad ear; I can't hear, so I was not drafted. That's how close I came to going into the military. I was an EMB whose ancestry had promoted and proclaimed the significance of peace.

The MVS [Mennonite Voluntary Service] experience, the refugees, the Korean War in my experience were simply events that helped me to begin to get a grasp on reality, to get some hold as to what's going on. What do these things mean? How can I do something? And I am asking myself today in this context, how many of our young people are asking, "What's going on? What is happening today?" I am talking about the American situation. I am talking about the Palestinian-Israeli situation. Are young people asking themselves the question, "What is going on?" and "Who am I?"; that is, "What is my heritage? What is my point of departure? What is the place upon which I stand? How do I make sense out of this? And what do I do about this?" This was the challenge that faced me, and with a lot of help from my fellow MCCers and others, I got a least a bit of the picture as to what the world needs and what possibly might be my contribution. This is a pretty personal statement here but I hope it is helpful and relevant to our discussion today.

I don't want to over dramatize today and the situation that is around us, but when you look at history, most of us are so inured to history. Inured means to begin to take things for granted. I told someone that I was here for three years and as I have come back, I have gotten an impression of how beautiful this place is, this area here. Too many people, but that's another issue. When I was here there were half as many people and the sky was clear but anyhow it was still beautiful. The same thing goes for us as human beings. We can become inured to what we are experiencing. We can get used to it and think it is every day domesticity. There was a statement by a philosopher that everyone thinks that what happens around him at that moment is what has always been. Friends, that is wrong. There is history to this thing. Things are changing. There is a challenge and there is an opportunity.

## "What was I doing in Bolivia?"

by Byron Gingrich

The question "What was I doing in Bolivia?" became increasingly intriguing to me the more I thought about it. On what level do I spend my time tonight; on the practical nuts and bolts of what I did? On the process that led me to Bolivia? Or, on how I was impacted by that involvement?

### In other words:

- What did I do while in Bolivia?
- What were my duties?
- How did I spend my time?
- Where in the country was I located?



Who did I work for?

**Or:**

Is it more about the selection process?

Why service outside of the U.S.?

Why specifically PAX?

**And then:**

Why did I choose Bolivia?

What motivated that direction?

Why not somewhere else? Perhaps anywhere else!

**Still another level to the question:**

What was Bolivia doing to me?

Obviously I cannot do justice to all of these ideas or elaborate on any given area in a few minutes, but I hope that there is a sense of a tentative response to most of them.

I grew up in the nurture and care of the Albany Mennonite Church and in a family very active in its church life. The issue of peace and non-resistance was taught from as early as I can remember. The functional side of peace was a little less clear and yet I sensed peace was a work in process.

I remember vividly a Sunday evening service at the Albany Mennonite Church during my High School years, when Mark Headings, a returned PAX man, spoke and showed his slides. What I remember are not the details of his talk. I cannot even tell you where he served. But what I do remember was that his presentation impressed me to the point that I made an inner commitment to serve with MCC in PAX in some capacity, in some country, some day. Mark showed me a practical example of doing peace-making. The influence of my mother and father was stronger than I had realized, perhaps because it was more subtle, yet constant. Their emphasis on compassion, commitment, hard work and service were part of the mix. During my years in Bolivia, all four of us siblings were in service, three with MCC. My brother and sister-in-law, Gale and Florence, served with MCC in France, my sister Jessie Hostetler, with MCC in Viet Nam and my younger brother Roy was doing his 1-W service in the Chicago area.

Beyond the context of the family and the congregation; the value of a lifestyle of peace was taught and discussed at Western Mennonite School where I was privileged to spend four years. During my High School years, the Viet Nam war was gaining momentum. With the assistance and resources from WMS, the guidance of our pastor and support group from our congregation, following my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, I applied for and received my CO classification.

College for me was an on-again, off-again affair. In the mean time Uncle Sam was apparently keeping track of what I was up to. It seemed my college was not "on again" enough to keep Sir Sam satisfied so I received my notice to serve. This was really neither surprising nor upsetting. My dilemma was not if I should go but rather where I could go. The war being in Southeast Asia I figured that is where I would go. MCC decided that they would allow me to serve with them in the PAX program and agreed that Viet Nam would be an appropriate assignment. There was, however, one small potential bump in the process. They had no opening for PAX men in Viet Nam for at least six months and possibly as long as nine months. When I talked with the draft board they were less than willing to allow me to wait. MCC's other option was Bolivia.

As I said, I was easy to please. If my first choice was not going

to happen, Bolivia was as-good-as-any for a second choice. After all I did have a vague recollection from my grade school years of the books and maps of Bolivia that my father and his brother-in-law, Joe Stutzman, poured over as they studied the possibility of moving their families to farms in Bolivia. Nothing materialized from their discussions but I at least had name recognition of that landlocked country in the middle of South America.

Following orientation in Akron, PA, in early 1966, Eldon Miller, from Middlebury, Indiana, and I left for our assignment at the Lake Victoria Leprosarium in northeastern Bolivia. We were on loan from MCC to the Bolivian Indian Mission soon to be renamed the Andes Evangelical Mission. The steaming, teaming Amazon basin was to be my home for the two years following language study.

There were a couple of significant issues related to our setting. For one, we were not actively part of the larger MCC unit. We missed that community of kindred spirits in this new land. Our connection with the other MCC'ers was during the annual retreat; enough time to learn some names but not much more. Secondly, we were geographically isolated. Initially we were fortunate to get mail every two months. There were no other young people on the compound, neither villages nor towns that were accessible, and of course electricity and running water were luxuries that no one in the area had. The only practical form of transportation was by light aircraft.

Our role consisted of constructing a couple of buildings, using lumber we cut in our small saw mill, repairing and maintaining other buildings and keeping the grounds looking as good as we could. We also helped the nurse, as needed; we distributed food and managed the work crews that came for two to three months a couple of times a year. These activities consumed most of our time, but we too spent some time learning to cook a few basic meals, trying to find worthwhile and entertaining reading material, and always working on the language.

The year before going to Bolivia I had earned my private pilot license. While in language study in Bolivia the mission pilot suggested I attempt to get my Bolivian pilot license. With the generous assistance of the Flight Service Station manager and a good English-Spanish dictionary I left for the leprosarium with my new Bolivian license.

Several months into our assignment the mission made a decision to purchase a second airplane and base it at Lake Victoria. They concluded that it was more cost effective to have me do the flying needed for the Leprosarium than to service the facility from three hundred miles away. You might imagine my elation at the opportunity to pilot an airplane during my service assignment. Isolation was no longer such an issue for me. That was not so for Eldon. While I was free to travel and see different places and people on a regular basis, Eldon was not so fortunate. This fact was partly responsible for his asking to be reassigned after the first year. Eldon went north to assist in youth work for the Andes Evangelical Mission. I remained content where I was; mixing in flying with my other responsibilities. It is my understanding that I was one of the only PAX fellows to have flying responsibilities as part of his assignment.

Bolivia continues to be a defining period of my life. The natural beauty of the country; the majestic Andes Mountains that tower above you as one fly's a small four place airplane through the valleys; the massive expanse of jungle that seems to extend endlessly to the horizon cut only by serpentine rivers and dotted

by an occasional settlement. People who share generously, many out of their poverty, a people willing, even insistent, that you stay for a meal or spend the night. I learned from a culture that values relationships and does not view time as a monetary commodity. I acquired a language of musical beauty that has enriched my life and allowed for many unimagined opportunities.

These and many other things have informed my world view. A view made possible from my involvement with those who shared generously of themselves, their love, their wisdom, their joy, and their faith. The Bolivian people, the mission personnel, the MCC workers and staff; these were all part of the pool from which I was privileged to drink during my time in PAX, in Bolivia.

I must not close without also noting changes and growth in my personal direction, values and faith. The practical dimensions of some of that change and growth lead to my attending Seminary and then move into church work; it also had more than a little influence on my meeting the pretty Peruvian that became my wife just under thirty years ago.

I will forever be grateful to MCC, the PAX program, and the opportunity it provided for a young man to exercise his conscience in opposition to military service by affording me the structure and support and location to make it happen. My prayer is twofold; one, that God may be glorified as a result of the privilege that was mine and, two, that others may continue to have the opportunity to serve God by serving others through MCC

## THE ACTS OF THE PAX FELLOWS: IN EUROPE

by Orville Schmidt

I'd like to talk about the PAX program in Europe. One way to start about it is to talk about what happened to PAX guys when they came home. Most of them got married. Some of them married the girl just like the one that married dear old Dad. Their wives would listen to all their stories very obediently, one year, two year, four years, five years, never got tired of them. Next, some of the PAX guys would marry a wife that was perhaps a little bit more independent and so after four or five years, they got tired of hearing the same PAX stories and they said, "Hubby, I'm just PAXed out. Can't take it anymore." Then you have some PAX guys who married some real radical and flame-throwing feminists. They told their husbands, "Look, you guys got nothing but a glorified experience of male bonding." I'd like to drop the adjective glorified and talk about the male bonding. I think this was very special to the PAX guys in Europe, especially in Germany where we had a number of units. Each unit had about 10 to 12 to 14 guys, and they had a matron and a German dienstmatron. When you live together for three, four, five months, six months a year, there are certain things that happen that make you bond very strongly. I'll just go through a typical day.

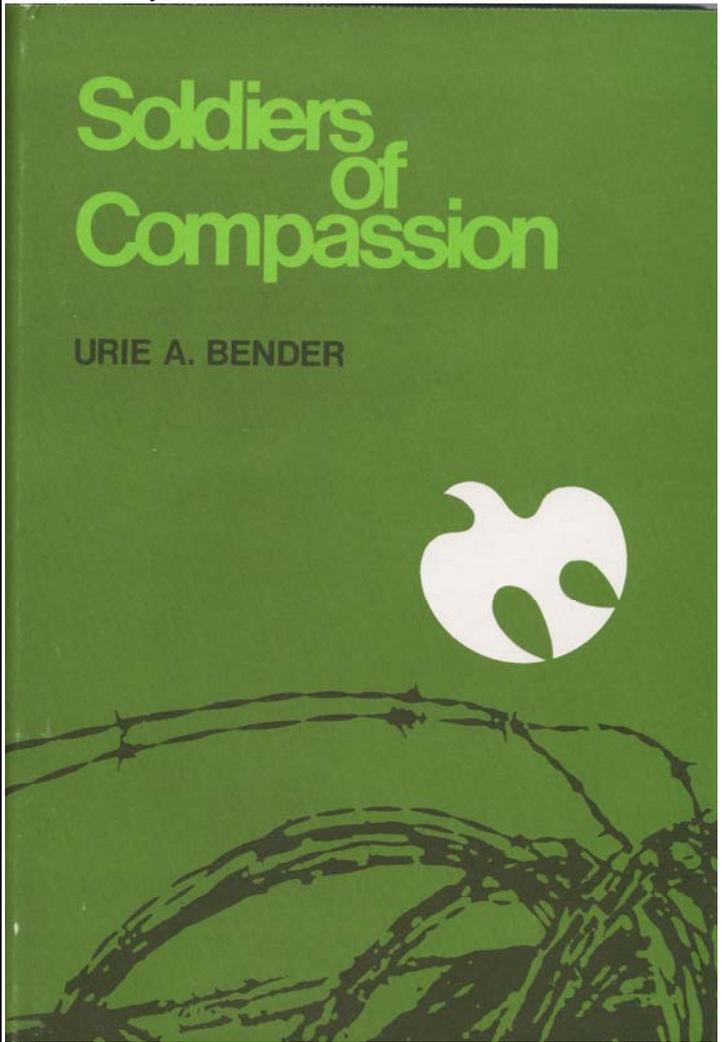
The first one who gets up in the morning is the matron. We usually took her for granted. She was a very important person in our unit. She was the one who did all of our meals; she was the one who washed all of our clothes; she listened to our sob stories; and she was just a very important person. She was usually an older lady, usually from the OM [Old Mennonite] Church - wonderful people. We'll never forget them. We usually judged their value by the number of different ways they could fix MCC beef! Some of you will know about that also.

About six o'clock some of us guys got up; 6:30 was break-

fast. We didn't all make it, but everybody had to be there for devotions. That occurred about 6:50 or 6:45. Now you have to bear in mind that there were guys there who barely had eighth grade and guys who had college, but yet everybody - we all had a turn - everybody had to read Scripture in the morning after breakfast. By that time everybody had to be there. He had to pray an audible and spontaneous prayer and that's no easy matter if you have never done that before, especially with a bunch of guys. You had to choose the hymn and then we all sang it. Then we went out for work. If you listen to those kinds of hymns, those kind of prayers, day after day after day, they have an effect on you. They do something to you.

The same thing happens when you go out to work. You work with these guys on the same project; you help each other, etc., etc. The German meister thinks that you don't know a thing, but you don't know that. It's a very wonderful situation in which to bond the best way possible.

By 9:00 we had what we called second breakfast. Second breakfast lasts about 15 minutes and that was perhaps about the funniest or most humorous time of the day. We got to go for a break, during which the unit leader would bring us fresh German baked bread. We had good old-fashioned MCC apple butter and we had honey from the States and milk from German cows. And



*Soldiers of Compassion*  
by Urie Bender  
Published by Herald Press c1969

it was at that time when the real conversation occurred. Tit-for-tat; tat-for tit. There were guys there who could keep us all in stitches. We had two of them and maybe some of you know them: LaMoine Epp, who died about six years ago, and Gleif Kisamore who still lives up in the hills of West Virginia. Then we had Henry Gehman who was our unit leader, a jokester par excellence. I can't repeat all the jokes and all of the things that happened at that time, but those of you who have experienced things like that, know what effect it has. It just makes you all for one, one for all.

Then we'd go back to work and from 12:00 to 1:00 we had lunch again or maybe I ought to say we had MCC beef and cauliflower all over again. Then we went back to work until about 5:00 and then we had our evening meal.

The evenings could be spent in writing letters, reading letters, listening to music, studying German. There were a lot of things that we could do. Weekends were the best time of the whole week because we had two days off. We couldn't do very much because we got only ten bucks a month which at that time was about 40 marks. It was about 42 marks. But 42 marks in a month hardly bought postage. We had to do a lot of improvisation. We played a lot of ball. We did a lot of hiking, especially the unit at Backnang. There was a lot of hitchhiking, a lot of touring. In winter, the guys would plan ski tours and we had these old-fashioned Volkswagen combies with the signal lights on the side, with a stick that moved up and down. That was PAX.

One of the most exciting things that happened came as every house was finished. It came time for families to move in and those people were just so excited, so happy, we felt like saints. We weren't always saints, let me guarantee you on that point, but at those points we felt that we were on top of the world. We had done a good work. In Enkenbach they built approximately 22 houses and if you read Cal's book, he will tell you how many houses they built in Espelkamp, in Bechterdiessen, in Backnang and finally just south of Salzburg.

What did it do to us as individuals, as PAX guys? If you go out in the hallway, there's a newspaper there which talks about Vietnam and in that article there are a couple of comments by Luke Martin in which he says what happened to him when he was in PAX. If you read Cal's book, there is a most astounding article of what happened to Arlin Hunsberger who, before he went, was just a butcher. He had no idea of going into PAX, but to know the rest of the story, you have to buy Cal's book and read it. There's a picture out there that Loyal Klassen who was at Enkenbach took of four OM guys. For those west of the Mississippi [Orville came from South Dakota], we had never seen OMs, we had never met those funny animals. And when we got into PAX, here were those guys with these blankets around them, these straight jackets, these high-collared coats; we had never seen that before and we didn't know what to make of that. And they didn't know what to make of us. They didn't know if we were Mennonites. It was an interesting conversation. But when you work together and you all wear the same PAX T-shirt, those differences are forgotten. They perhaps aren't forgotten, they have just disappeared. And when you sing around the table, when you go on the same vacation, when you read the same 'Dear John' letters and things like that, it doesn't matter anymore.

I think the best thing that could ever have happened was a number of years ago the rest of the Mennonites started to come out of Russia, the so-called Umsiedler, and they went to these old

locations. They went to Espelkamp, they went to Beeken and there was a lot of controversy, there was a lot of difficulty in getting the new Umsiedler out of Russia to get along with the Mennonites in Germany. Or maybe should turn it around. There was a lot of trouble for the German Mennonites to get along with these new ones who came out of Russia. One of the things that was dominant in the Backnang congregation was, "Look, we remember how those Mennonite guys from North America, how they learned to work together and so on; if they can do it, we can do it too." It made you proud to be a PAX guy.

Back to the picture I was telling you about. Those guys, all four of them, Glen Kisamore, Al Keim, John Shearer, Pete Gingerich, none of them had above an eighth grade education when they got there. So the only thing they could really play was Scrabble so that's what is on that picture. Now those guys, John Shearer is a very well-known counselor out East. Pete Gingerich goes to Italy every couple of years and buys Fiat farm equipment so he can help certain people out in Romania; and all of you who have read the story of Bender in the *Mennonite Weekly Review* know of Al Keim. He has taught for years at Eastern Mennonite University and he's the one who wrote the Mennonite best seller on Bender.

It is amazing what happened to a lot of the guys who were in PAX. I don't want to steal your thunder, Larry, but Sandra and I just had a wonderful time staying in Larry and Karen's home, and when I heard Larry talking about his experience, there was one example that he gave that to me sums up the best of what happened. Larry went to Africa as a mechanic, an auto mechanic. A surgeon, Diller, watched him use his hands when he was working with his tools. He says, "Son, I think I can use those hands in my surgery," and Larry will tell you the rest of the story when he gets up here.

Thank you very much.

[NOTE: One brief clarification was made. Orville mentioned that there were 22 houses built at Enkenbach for the refugees; those houses were apartment houses with four families in each house. A lot of families were housed.]

## **The Congo Rebel Story** (in memory of Dr Paul Carlson)

by Jon Snyder

I have used the following resources for the presentation. My own recollections/notes; David Reed's *111 Days in Stanleyville* 1965 of which some information is taken from an interview David had with Gene Bergman and myself; Michael Hoyt's *Captive in the Congo* 1998; Dr James Decker's *Press Release for the University* published immediately after our release/rescue from Stanleyville; Homer E. Dowdy's *Out of the Jaws of the Lion* 1965; Lois Carlson's *Monganga Paul* 1966; and Urie A. Benders *Soldiers of Compassion*. © 1969.

I began my two year term with the University in October, 1963. My assignment was assisting the Administrative Vice President, which included scholarships, purchasing, inventory and the like.

To set the stage see (MAP of Congo) (**Slide 1. Map**) the rebellion began in the Eastern part of the country in the spring of 1964. Stanleyville was captured early Wednesday morning August 5<sup>th</sup>. Ervin Goessen the first PAX man assigned to the University had been evacuated the previous day, since his two year term had been completed. Both Gene and I were staying in the University Apartments. Paul Carlson a medical doctor had evacuated the hospital at the Wasolo missionary station near Yakoma in the

Ubangi Province with his family in response to the approaching rebels. He then returned to check on the hospital, after which his escape routes were blocked, subsequently Paul was captured by the "Simbas" (or *Lions* as the rebels were called). It was not well known to the missionaries at this time that the rebels were particularly anti-American although Hoyt (the American Consulate) had become aware of this leaning. The missionaries had survived several other uprisings. Therefore Hoyt's family did evacuate, but none of the missionary residents accepted or were persuaded to evacuate. Hence the American consulate staff felt it necessary to stay, they stayed on the consulate grounds.

That August 5<sup>th</sup> morning was a most harrowing experience itself. About 2:00 AM we (Gene and I) heard the shouts of *mai mai mulele* (water, water, Chinese trained minister under Patrice Lumumba the Congo's first prime minister allegedly assassinated by the CIA due to his leftist policies) to defend them from bullets. They believed that saying *mai, mai* would melt the bullets and prevent bullets from penetrating them. **(Slide 2. Apartments)** We were on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor in one of the University apartments. Later about 3:00 AM Dr Bernt Lampe a University professor came with the Simbas to check on us. He wisely surmised that we would have been taken for military, as the buildings had previously been owned by the Belgian government as military barracks and we were of that age. Bernt had convinced them that we were professors rather than missionaries as the word missionary in French sounds very much like mercenary. We along with Bernt were taken to the rebel head quarter's (a tent with a desk and several chairs). An important side note is that we; Bernt, Gene and I did our talking in German to avoid having our accent's being detected while being marched to the headquarters. This worked well enough to not have our identification papers checked. While in the tent we watched helplessly as our University electrician was beaten. Gene as manager of maintenance had worked closely with him. We were then taken back to our apartment. but our Congolese cook was gone. I do not know what happened to him, I suspect having worked for us white folk his future was dim to say the least. Later that morning Dr. Melvin Loewen and Gene went to rescue our workers. Mel loves to tell how he took his two youngest children (4 or 5 in age) to let the rebels know that Gene and he were no threat, in fact were kindly folks, hence able to rescue the workers.

**(Slide 3. Hobcrood's next door to Loewens Home)** In response to that experience, the next Sunday afternoon (August 9<sup>th</sup>) when relative calm had settled in after the city's capture and with Sunday normally being quiet we moved into Dr Loewen's home about 100 yards or so behind the apartments. We also carried new appliances: stoves and refrigerators ready for the professors that had not yet arrived for the upcoming school year from the apartments and hid them in a storage room next door to Loewen's.

The rest of August, September and most of October were relatively uneventful for us. Gene and I rode our bicycles, since our cars had been seized, throughout town running errands, shopping, and checking on the University and continuing to making our presence known as University personnel. I also taught Loewen's oldest son some algebra during this time. The irony of the situation was that the Simbas would always defer to us as white and professors from the University, not knowing we were American. We felt it prudent not to argue with them as they were on edge due to the precarious military situation and might ask for our ID, which likely would have had unpleasant repercussions for us. I

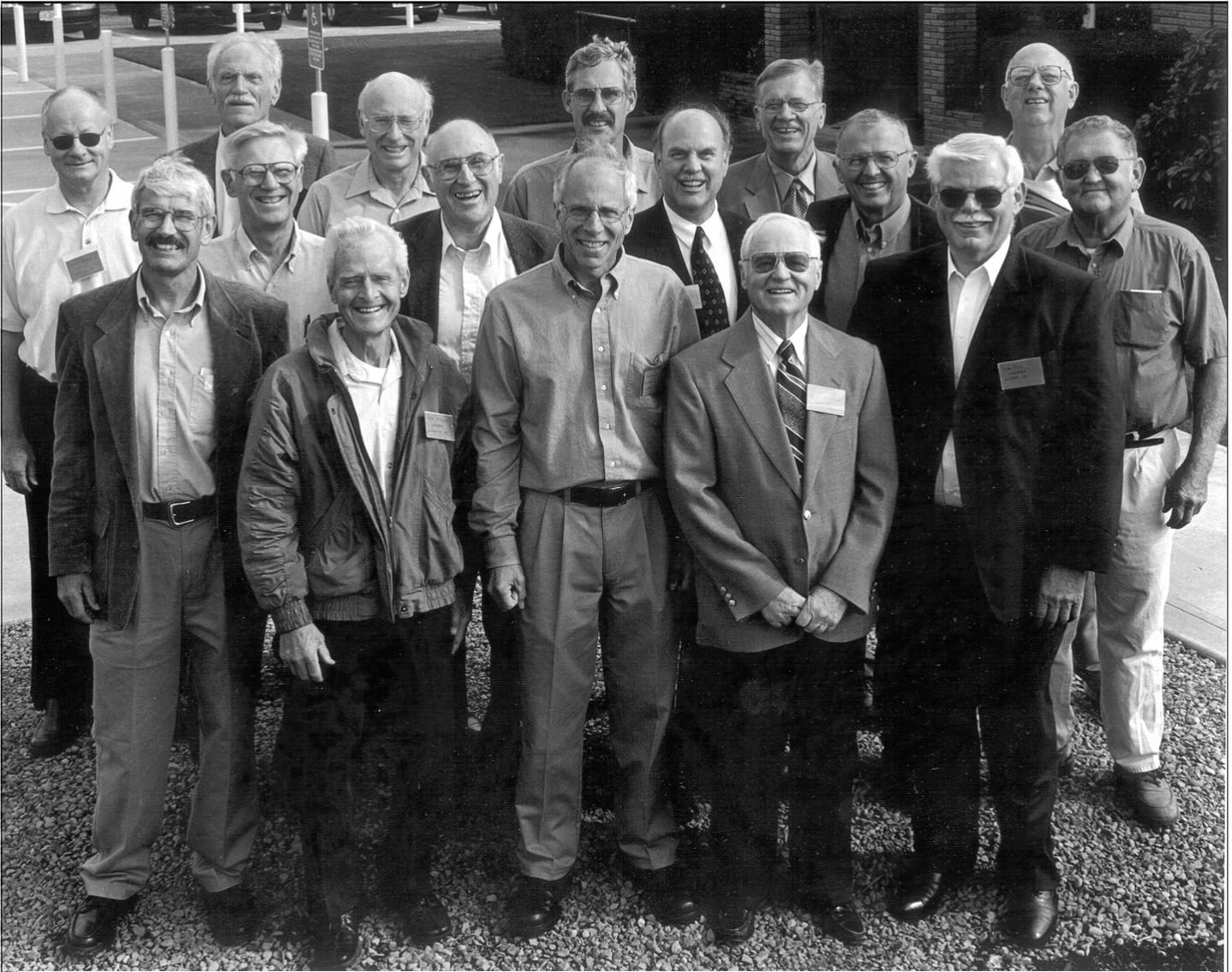
remember one experience in particular when Gene and I were waiting in a long line for bread, a young Simba noticed us at the end. He beckoned us to go to the front. He was demonstrating his authority and as well as deferring to us whites and University professors.

During these months we had heard about Dr Paul Carlson, although knew little about him other than that the local media indicated they had captured an American Major (apparently Carlson had served in the Navy and had kept his military papers). Also militarily the National Army (ANC) and South African mercenaries led by Mike Hoare were quickly approaching Stanleyville from the south. This kept the Simbas very much on edge. The mercenaries were hired by Moise Tshombe (Prime Minister of the Congo) as they were seen as the only effective way to quickly defeat the rebellion, the ANC were still somewhat spooked by the *mai mai mulele* chants. Meanwhile Dr Carlson was being transported from his station to Stanleyville as evidence that Americans were supporting the National Army, which of course the US was funding. On October 23<sup>rd</sup> Carlson was brought to the Central Prison and placed in the cell occupied by Hoyt and his staff.

On October 28<sup>th</sup> a general arrest order had gone out for all Americans. **(Slide 4. Hotel des Chutes)** The next day they came to the Loewen's house and took Mel, Elfrieda, Gene and I to the Hotel des Chutes for ID checks. Once Gene and I were identified as Americans we were promptly escorted to the Central Prison. Elfrieda is American, but crafty Mel was able to swap his Canadian ID card with Elfrieda's ID which the officer could not read thereby avoiding Elfrieda's arrest.

**(Slide 4. Stanleyville Prison)** When Gene and I arrived at our prison cell we for the first time met Dr. Carlson, he was medium height and seemed to be relatively calm, probably because this was a more controlled environment than he had while being transported to Stanleyville. He had learned about the general arrest order and had relayed it to Hoyt. Our cell mates included the American Consular Staff: Michael Hoyt (Consulate), Dave Grinwis (Vice Consul), Ernie Houle, James Stauffer, Don Parkes: the Belgian Consular Staff: Patrick Nothomb (Consulate) . Paul Duque (Vice Consul) and a Corporate Business Manager Gleb Makaroff. Hoyt, Grinwis and Carlson were closest to the door. We were able to let the Loewens know that we were imprisoned by passing a note "PAX Boys" hidden in a food basket to the missionaries at the **(Slide 5. LECO Store)** Evangelical Book Store (LECO) located across the street from the prison. The missionaries at the store were our daily source of food until the 10<sup>th</sup> of November food when communication was cut off from the store. I don't recall what we had for food after that, although we didn't need much given the lack of physical activity.

The prison facilities were very meager; boards for beds, fortunately not on the floor but with a slight incline and not dirty. We were not allowed to bring personal items with us although Carlson as a medical doctor had a cardboard case and apparently the consular staffs were permitted to have official papers as they kept detailed records of the events and communications. A shower consisted of running cold water out of a pipe outside the cell next to ours with no enclosure. This makes up our family for the next four weeks. Some played bridge, but we generally did a lot of talking and sleeping. Most of the time our doors were closed to keep us "**protected**", which to some extent was true. Having eleven of us together helped keep the morale up. As Hoyt would



**Back Row (left to right): Melvin Penner, Cal Redekop, Ervin Kauffman, Jerry Friezen, Robert Ediger, Orville Schmidt**  
**Center Row (left to right): Homer Andres, Jon Snyder, Jim Wenger, Larry Graber, Merle Kauffman**  
**Front Row (left to right): Ray Dyck, Fritz Mishler, Ken Beachy, Ray Kauffman, Calvin King**

say there is some protection in numbers. We always enjoyed the rains, as it refreshed the air and had a general calming effect on the prison personal, inmates and Simbas.

This leads me to several experiences that are well ingrained in my memory. On Saturday evening November 14<sup>th</sup>, Martin Kasongo a minister of the interior of the rebel government of Albertville and three other Simbas entered the cell. The colonel announced he was going to hit each of us and proceeded to do so. Most of us let him hit us and feigned being hit much harder. However the Belgian vice counsel slid to the ground prior to being hit. He was subsequently slapped and kicked several times. Apparently this event was brought on by the news that the National Army (ANC) was only ten miles from town. Another incident was when a Colonel and his 12 year old son entered our cell. The boy was waving his gun at us, it appeared as if anything could have triggered him to start shooting at us, thankfully no shots were fired. These were very trying and frightening events..

**Wednesday November 18<sup>th</sup> was a day of horrors. We**

Americans; the five consular staff, Dr Carlson, Gene Bergman and I were taken from our cell and across the courtyard to the prison's check in desk by a Simba officer. We were ordered to write our names down on a list as if we were to be executed. In fact that was what Radio Stanleyville had broadcasted. We met a huge crowd outside the prison yelling and hurling obscenities our way. One canvass covered jeep vehicle and a VW bug awaited us. Dr. Carlson, Michael Hoyt, David Grinwis, Gene and I were shoved into the jeep. The driver told Hoyt we were being taken to the Lumumba monument. to be executed. (We were aware that many Congolese had been executed there by the rebels) hence lending credence to the validity of the assertion. Along the way we were poked at with burning cigarettes and anything else they could poke through the canvas. We all felt this was IT. **(Slide 7. Lumumba Monument)** We arrived at the monument which had a full sized picture of Patrice Lumumba. There was a mass of thousands of people to witness the execution on **(Slide 8. Post Office)** top of buildings and everywhere. I found out later our

Sudanese students were also there. They had suspicions that we were involved, but were helpless to do anything. I had built up a good relationship with them as they were good friends and spoke English. The driver reiterated that we were to be killed. The other three consulate staff were taken from the VW bug and shoved into the back of the jeep with us. (Very tight quarters) The Simbas formed a ring around the jeep to guard us. We were all ordered out of the jeep and marched toward the **(Slide 7. Lumumba Monument)** I had prayed but only by the Grace of God will we be spared. Just as I was putting my first step up on the concrete walkway leading to the monument, General Nicolas Olenga the most powerful leader of the rebel government showed up argued with the Simbas for a brief moment and ordered us back into the jeep. However there was no driver to take us back to prison. The guards pushed us for several blocks. Our driver finally came and told us "Consider your selves lucky to be alive". I did not remember this but Hoyt was in the middle of us all and somewhat beneath us and was being poked by a sharp object. He finally got us to shift our weight so he could move away from the object. The driver told Hoyt that President Christophe Gbenye had saved our lives. He must have ordered Olenga to not have us executed.

The driver then took us past the airport to the Presidential Palace (two miles away) where there was again a huge (1000 or more) crowd made up of mostly jeunesse (teenagers) and not town folk. The jeep stopped and we were ordered to get out. We lined up in two rows in front of Gbenye on the porch where he was addressing the crowd. Meanwhile a Greek photographer took several pictures which were the source of the pictures used by the national and international press. **(Slide 9. Gbenye)** Gbenye was speaking in Lingala of which Carlson understood. In French the crowd was told that we had been tried and condemned to death. The executions had been put off at the request of Kenya President Jomo Kenyatta. **(Slide 10. Carlson. Snyder, Hoyt)** During all this Carlson personally felt singled out, however he was not identified by anyone there except by Gbenye who had brought Carlson down from Buta. Carlson at this time was standing behind me when he slipped his Bible into my back pocket and asked me to give it to Lois his wife. Gbenye meanwhile was raising and lowering the frenzy of the crowd. He finally was able to convince them that the execution of the eight American mercenaries would be delayed four days and announced over the radio if negotiations do not succeed. Gbenye then motioned us away. We were briskly taken back to prison, which was a most welcome site again seeing our remaining cell mates the Belgian Consular staff. At that time Carlson led us in prayer of thanks for sparing our lives. Politically at least Hoyt and Carlson were more valuable alive then dead!

The next day, Thursday November 19<sup>th</sup>, Hoyt learned that the reason for the previous day's events was to get negotiations started and that it had been advertised several days in advance and intended to get the attention of the outside world. That is easy to say once we were in the relatively safe confines of the prison walls. And as Hoyt said it certainly got our attention.

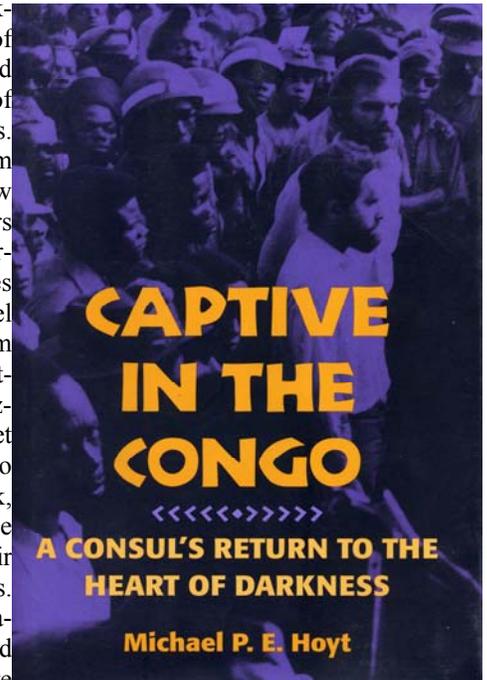
Friday November 20<sup>th</sup>, at seven in the evening we were marched to the **(Slide 11. Victoria Hotel)** Victoria Hotel, apparently to impress Jomo Kenyatta that we were being treated well in line with the Geneva prisoner accords, however Kenyatta decided not to come as it was too dangerous. **(Slide 12. Victoria Closeup)** We were taken to the lobby filled up with all other whites rounded up from the city. The Loewens were not present. Throughout this episode the word was that we would all be killed,

however we again were more valuable alive than dead. I maneuvered myself away from the entrance in order to be as far away from the Simbas as possible. At dawn on November 21, Saturday we were ordered to our rooms. Dr Carlson, Gene and I with several others were taken to a room on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor. There we pretty much stayed put so to not draw unneeded attention to ourselves. Although Carlson went to various rooms visiting with other missionaries and attending to medical needs.

Saturday afternoon all the men were ordered into the lobby. Shortly a bus and a truck came and they crammed all they could into the two vehicles into it including Gene and Paul. I had held back and was not put on either the truck or bus. I thought that would be it for Gene and Paul getting out of the city under the Jeunesse control. I felt somewhat safer in town under control of the higher in command. The visions of where they were destined were ghastly. They had passed through several places including the Tshopo Falls **(Slide 13. Tshopo Falls)** where many Congolese had been executed. However the decrepit bus was failing due to the overload and finally stopped and would not start. One of the Belgian mechanics was asked to work on it and disabled it completely. A Simba colonel arrived with three trucks and returned them to the Victoria Hotel. Meanwhile Carlson during all this was helping with medical needs as he was the only Doctor among the hostages.

Much talk was had about the immanency of a political or military end to the situation. Some seemed to have avenues of information to which Gene and I were not privy, being "PAX Boys" as we were called. Since the phone system was not shut down throughout this period, no wonder rumors were flying. Perhaps some undetected radios were still in operation as most had been confiscated in the preceding months as anything technological was deemed mysterious and suspected that it would be used against them.

The Final Episode: At 8:00 A.M. Tuesday the 24<sup>th</sup> of November we were awakened to the sound of C-130Es overhead flying in and out of the low level clouds. Our fourth floor room provided a good view of the paratroopers dropping on the airport about two miles away. I called Mel Loewen alerting him of the events. In retrospect it was amazing that the rebels let the phone system to continue to work, they must have needed it for their own communications. By 7 A.M. the paratroopers had captured the airport and were making their dash into town. Nothing happened to us until 7

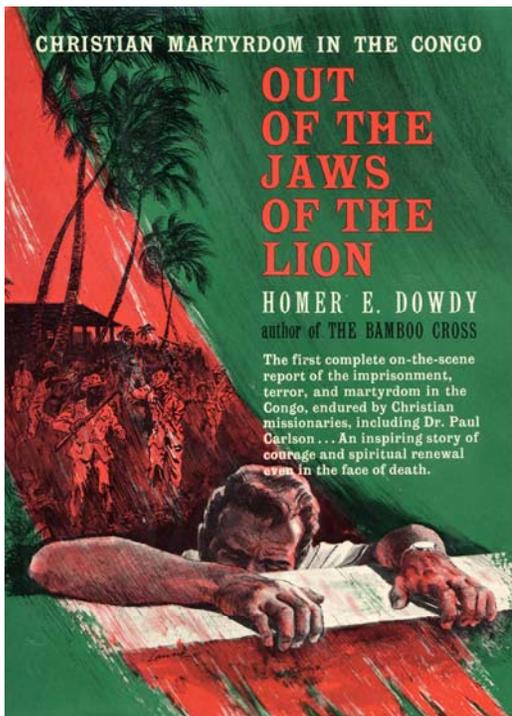


*Captive In The Congo*  
A Consul's Return to the Heart of Darkness  
by Michael P. E. Hoyt, © 2000  
Naval Institute Press

AM. Apparently the Simbas were working off their drugs or were taken completely by surprise and thoroughly disorganized about what to do. Thank Goodness! The Simbas then went throughout the hotel ordering all the hostages out on the street. Many were allowed (illness etc) to stay or were able to hide in their rooms. There were about 298 in the hotel. Only about 250 were taken out of the hotel onto the street including Dr Carlson, Gene and I. (Note: Carlson earlier mentioned to me that he had a mild case of malaria.). The Rebel Colonel Opepe a presumed friend of the missionaries was in command. He and the other Simbas told us that we were going to die under our American bombs. The Simba soldiers wanted to kill us now, but Opepe ordered them to use us as a human shield (apparently to buy time). According to one source Opepe wanted to march us to the airport, perhaps to turn us over to the paratroopers. He was walking a fine line as he would easily be killed if deemed to be too soft on us. He then ordered us to march three abreast towards the oncoming paratroopers. **(Slide 14. Street Scene Victoria in background) We** marched for about three blocks until he ordered us to stop. Dr Carson, Gene & I were about a third of the way back from the front. Hoyt and his staff were up near the front around the corner. **(Slide 15. Street Scene)**

A pickup drove up with a bazooka, the driver intended to use it on us, but Opepe ordered him to use it to fight against the oncoming paratroopers, so he drove off. The Simbas had one machine gun, several rifles and spears. Within several minutes we heard a loud blast of machine gun fire several blocks away by the paratroopers blasting through the last barricade before getting to us hostages. This triggered the Simbas to begin firing at us. Carlson, Gene & I lay prostrate motionless in the street, many others ran for houses etc. Many of those in front ran into a lumber yard. Phyllis Rhine one of the missionaries was killed in doing so.

When the machine gun fire stopped to be reloaded, I got up and ran towards the house across the street. **(Slide 16. House)** I



*Out of the Jaws of the Lion*  
By Homer E. Dowdy  
Harper & Row, Publishers © 1956

did a weaved as I went to avoid being an easy target. I ran along the right side of the house towards the back to get the house between me and the attacking Simbas, but seeing a armed Simba about 100 feet away I quickly reversed my tracks and ran towards the front of the house and scaled a 5 foot veranda wall onto the front porch. In going over the wall my glasses came loose from my front pocket and fell out as I

ran to the front door. I picked them up and then entered the house. Not immediately seeing anyone went in further and found a closet door with an opaque window facing the right side of the house, not visible from the front door. I opened it and there in the dark were several men and a young Belgian girl. They must have immediately fled when the shooting began, likely from back section of the 250 hostages as the Simbas with guns were concentrated near the front of the hostages. The child was somehow kept very quiet in spite of being understandably extremely frightened.

Carlson was on the street, but having seen me and others enter into the house successfully decided it would be a good place to hide as well, ran to the wall that I had previously scaled and was killed while attempting to do the same. (According to other sources Chuck Davis was the missionary who attempted to help Carlson over the wall when Carlson was shot). Davis the last one to enter the closet stood behind the closed door holding a large bottle ready to smash the first Simba to enter. Soon (within minutes, it seemed much longer) a Simba entered the house looking for us, but with only seconds to search and not seeing the room immediately he left. **Whew!!!** (I do not know if the Simba was the same one that I had seen behind the house or if he is the one that killed Carlson).

Meanwhile Gene was lying in the street keeping an eye on the unfolding events. Within a few seconds we heard German sounding voices near the house (actually Flemish one of the languages spoken in Belgium). They had taken control of the street where the massacre had occurred. These paratroopers knew the layout of Stanleyville as many had grown up here, but were evacuated during the Congo's independence in 1960. Gene apparently had directed them into the house to get us. Gene, knowing that Carson had his Bible, and that he wanted it given to Lois his wife if he were to die, retrieved it to be given to Lois in Leopoldville. There were about 25 casualties from the massacre.

We were then taken to a deployment area a block or so away from the massacre scene and waited to be transported to the airport about two miles away. Most of the wounded were taken on the first flight to Leopoldville. The consulate staff was also on that flight. Gene and I went on the third flight. When we arrived, Dr James Decker the University President and Kenton Brubaker were there to greet us. With Jim being slight of stature, I literally lifted him off the ground with a monumental bear hug unleashing months of pent up emotion. Kenton and his family barely avoided also being in Stanleyville when it was captured. The boat they were on was turned back. Kenton was a MCC volunteer to the University as Professor of Agriculture.

Several weeks later David Reed from the *Readers Digest* caught up with Gene and me at the University Cafe where we had a two hour plus fast paced taped interview. David used this for *Readers Digest* book summary and the *111 Days in Stanleyville* book.

Gene and I were asked by MCC if we would return to the States for a tour of the Universities (which ones were not specified), but also given the option to stay and finish our term. We declined returning and finished our term. I continued working at the University in Leopoldville in my administrative position. Gene was assigned to other MCC projects in the Leopoldville area.

About 6 months later in June of 1965, I returned to Stanleyville to review the state of the University property. It was then that I took many of the pictures involved in our experience. Ironi-

cally the only way to safely get around town was to use mercenary transportation in their open air Jeeps. Their language was quite colorful to say the least. Another interesting note was that the appliances Mel, Gene and I had hid on that Sunday in August were still intact.

**(Slide 17. Airplane, Haves)** I also had the opportunity to return to Leopoldville with Margaret Hayes a British missionary who, had mistakenly been listed in the missionary obituaries. I was the first missionary type to speak with her in English after her experience. Her story of survival is truly remarkable.

Gene & I returned to the US in December 1965 at the end of Gene's term, mine had ended in October 1965, but we wanted to do the Mid East and Europe tour together.

## **THE ACTS OF THE PAX FELLOWS: CIM IN THE CONGO**

by Merle Kauffman

I'm Merle Kauffman. I'm from Albany, Oregon. I served in the Congo from 1957 to 1959. At that time I was living in Twin Falls, Idaho. We attended the Filer Mennonite Church. The Congo Inland Mission was actually a General Conference Mennonite mission and I really don't remember how I heard about it or found out about it, but what they were looking for was for young fellows to come and serve and help relieve the missionaries the responsibility of building and chauffeuring, doing whatever.

I actually went to the Congo by myself. I had like a second cousin that was going to go with me and because of a girl friend he backed out at the last minute. So I went by myself. At 19, going by myself, it was a bit of an experience.

The CIM had, I think, seven mission stations in the central southern part of the Congo, which was the Belgian Congo then. The station I was on was Mukadi and it was about 50 miles from the closest grocery store, I guess you would call it, where the mail came and so forth. There were three of us young fellows who lived together. We had a cook, Jokomi, that fed us and took care of us. Wilbur Neuenschwander was the fellow I was with the longest. John Sprunger was the third fellow and he was a teacher. Willie was the block layer, the mason guy, and I was the carpenter. We both had crews that we worked with. The first two months we spent half days learning Chaluba. Young guys holding still to learn a language was pretty hard to do back then. But we picked it up enough to get by and to work.

They had us doing many different things. We built the dispensary. We built several teachers' houses and did some remodel jobs and things. The Africans didn't drive at all; it was a rare case where anybody could drive; so it was our responsibility to drive for pastors to do communion. I can remember going out on Saturday and Sunday and we might do anywhere from five to eight communions in little villages at these different African churches, going from one to the other doing communion. We'd drive the pastor along. This might be an overnight thing.

Another thing we had to do, we would get called out any time of the day or night to drive a patient to the hospital which was like two ferries away. We could go any time of the day or night. For emergencies or a lot of maternity cases, we could wind up with some really pretty bad situations. Then we would drive them to the hospital. We had a lot of opportunities to see lots of things and have lots of adventures. For a farm boy coming from Idaho going to a country like that, it was quite an experience, something I will never forget.

To go to town to really shop, I think was something like 160

miles away and this was an overnight trip. We'd go with a truck. This would happen about once every three months that we'd go and pick up supplies of all kinds for all of the missionaries on our station, everything that was needed from bicycles to food to books to anything; we'd come back with a whole truckload of supplies that would last for several months until it was time to go again. That was quite an experience.

One of the jobs that we did, the last one, we built some classrooms. This was money that came from the Belgian government from their lottery. This was kind of ironic that we were spending lottery money to build schools for the Africans. They had plans and specifications how these had to be built with concrete block and metal roof and this sort of thing. It was less than ten miles from the Angolan border. We'd go down there and stay there for a couple of weeks at a time. Then we'd come back. This was just prior to when we came home. The last time we went down they had told us they were going to be replacing some small bridges and we would have to go home a different way which meant that we had to go through Angola. At the border there was a sign and an unoccupied guard post you could just drive through so we wound up just driving over into Angola. We had gotten some instructions, but when we got to where we were supposed to get back into the country [Congo], the road got smaller and dimmer and dimmer to where the grass was about eight feet tall and you could just see a tiny little trail. We just kept going and finally it turned back into a road again and we came out. We had a lot of experiences like that that were very memorable.

We were able to spend like a month of vacation time at a little paradise lake called Metamopi where all the missionaries had a chance to go and just relax and take their vacations. To me this was the ultimate place to vacation. We were there for like 30 days and swam for 29 of them. It was really fun.

We also had an opportunity to travel to East Africa, another fellow and I, and this was a whole story in itself, a big one, and visit other PAX fellows working there at the same time. We had quite a good time with the guys, visited with them, and when we came home, Willie and I, we wound up missing our train which ran only once a week so we sat in a hotel. We had money for a hotel but we didn't have money to eat so we ate a lot of peanut butter and jelly for four days until we could get on our train to get back home. Young guys, we did all kinds of crazy stuff.

It was a real experience to be able to do this and actually do something that really helped people out and to get to know the Africans and their faith and their belief in God and to find out how missionaries really live and work. To me that was really exciting.

The fellow that I spent the most time with and I spent almost three months coming home. We took the long way. We went to Durban, South Africa and came up the east coast of Africa and through the Suez Canal into the Middle East back when it was peaceful there. We were able to see a lot of country at the same time.

To me this was a real high point and a taste into working in missions. In fact, I have been a Nazarene for 30 years. I am retired and I travel a lot and build cabinets. I was in Homer, Alaska this summer. I go to Guatemala, will probably go to Guatemala in November again, and I am going to the Philippines to build cabinets. This all started with the PAX program,

being able to go there and just continuing the same thing.

Thank you.

## **PAX BUILDING THE TRANS-CHACO ROAD, PARAGUAY**

by Robert Ediger

**I was born on March 11, 1935 in Henderson, Nebraska.  
Married Evelyn Janzen from Dinuba California on August 21, 1959.  
Home Builder and Sub-division Developer in Topeka, Kansas since 1959.**

In April of 1956 I was finishing my sophomore year at Tabor College and the school was encouraging me to declare a major of study to help in completing my college education. I didn't know what direction my life should or would take. Fortunately for me, Dwight Wiebe spoke at one of our chapel services telling about PAX work in Germany, of building homes for refugees. He also mentioned the possibility of starting a road building project in Paraguay. This information was like a shot of adrenalin to my brain and that afternoon I signed up for PAX service. My church conference is Mennonite Brethren and they had noticed that almost all PAX men were from the General Conference or the Mennonite Conference. For an incentive to M.B. men to join, the conference offered to pay 1/3 of their PAX service expense. This certainly was another boost for me. My Henderson church agreed to pay 1/3 and my parents came up with the other 1/3.

August of 1956 found me at the Caterpillar Manufacturing Plant in Peoria, Illinois with five other PAX men and our project foreman Harry Harder from Mt. Lake, Minnesota. We spent two weeks at their demonstration grounds learning to operate all kinds of road building machines. Up until that time my resume only included the fact that my dad had a Caterpillar and scraper on the farm which we used for land leveling to aid in irrigation. In two weeks time we certainly weren't road building pros but with a super leader like Harry we began the task in September 1956 and the 250 mile stretch of road was completed six years later. The project we built is now part of the Pan-Am Highway.

### **WHY PAX IN PARAGUAY?**

There are about 20,000 Mennonites living in Paraguay. Most of them are living in the Chaco. The main inhabitants were a few a few Indian tribes before the Mennonites arrived. The first Mennonites arrived in the late 1920's. They were a group from Canada that wanted to retain their German language and be in charge of their own schools. Next came a group from the Ukraine in the middle 1930's and lastly another group from the Ukraine and Poland after World War II. Filadelfia is the most prominent town in the Mennonite Colonies. It was our job to connect Filadelfia and the Capital of Paraguay which is Ascuncion.

Before the Trans-Chaco road was built, a trip from Filadelfia to Ascuncion took one week. First there were 100 kilometers by Ox cart to the rail station. Then there were another 75 kilometers by narrow gauge railroad and finally the river boat to Ascuncion. Now they drive that trip in five hours. The colonists definitely needed a "farm to market" road. I've said, as I've heard other PAXER'S say, "I received more from my service time than I gave." However, upon my two times back in Paraguay and being able to see the tremendous improvement in the colonist's economic situation, I am very impressed and glad to see what an impact the road made.

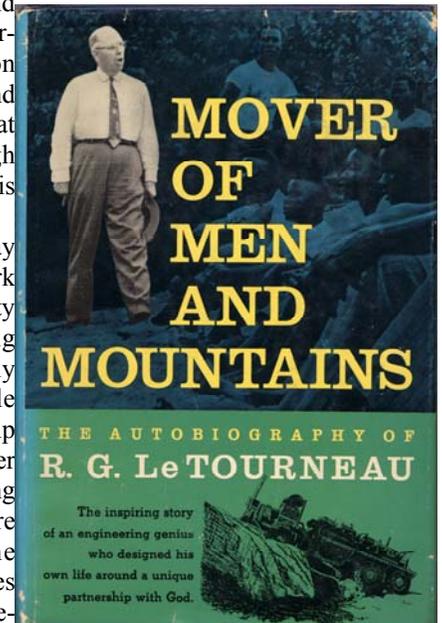
The road project was put together by five groups; the U.S. Foreign Aid, Paraguayan Government, MCC, the Mennonite Colonies and the ranchers along the road. The U.S. Government

was, of course, the greatest contributor in monetary amounts, but MCC was definitely the catalyst that instigated the project and kept pushing it until it's completion. The U.S. Government gave most of the machinery to build the road. Some of the equipment was new but a lot of it was left over Korean War surplus equipment. It was five years old but had never been used. MCC directors kept working with U.S. foreign aid people to get this project going and then sent the PAX group to be operators of the equipment and training Paraguayans to become operators so that they could maintain the road once it was completed. The ranchers along the route donated the right-of-way land to build the road and also donated money for oil and fuel. The Paraguayan government donated some machines, parts and fuel. They also supplied military personnel to do a lot of the hand labor, running the camp facilities, cooking and personnel to be trained as machine operators. The Mennonite colonies also contributed land right-of-way and personnel to be operators and to do other types of work on the road project. The colonies "Obershulz" also continued to work with MCC in promoting this project.

When I think back now about how this mammoth project, with so many groups involved in the work, I am amazed and it makes me thankful to God for His direction and definite involvement in the project.

PAX service years were some of the most formative and growing years of my life. The age surely had something to do with it, but also being in a new culture. Being part of the PAX unit and having Harry as a mentor all contributed to making it a great two years. There were some bad times but they have certainly faded from memory faster than the good times. Harry drew out abilities from within me that I hadn't recognized before. Unit life was of paramount importance. We worked together, played, sang, worshipped and prayed together. Living together 24 hours a day for two years makes for closeness like a family. We played volleyball with the Ascuncion Mennonite youth almost every weekend. We went hunting when it was too wet to work. We played lots of ROOK and other games. We worshipped in the Ascuncion Mennonite church and even sang in they choir at times. I can't say enough about how important this unit life was.

PAX units of today could be sent out to work on Habitat for Humanity International building homes. Agricultuarally knowledgeable people could be sent to help countries grow better crops and make drinking water safer and more accessible. Medicine knowledge and supplies are always needed, especially in Africa with the AIDS epidemic. The new PAX service should not be limited to men only



***Mover of Men And Mountains***  
The Autobiography of  
**R. G. LeTourneau**  
Printice-Hall, Inc © 1960

but should also include women. The needs today are as great or greater than they were in the 50's and 60's.

## **HOW PAX IMPACTED MY LIFE: WEST PAKISTAN**

by D. Richard Landis

I was one of those OMs that we just heard about, one of those strange animals—is that what you said? That was a number of years ago. I guess I need to clear up a couple of things also that Orville mentioned. He talked about the matrons. I knew nothing about that. I was in PAX and we had no matrons and I feel somewhat slighted because of that. I heard about it at the PAX reunion [2001] but not all PAX guys had matrons as part of their experience. And the other thing he mentioned, male bonding. In our unit, we had usually myself and one other person. There were two guys on our project. Male bonding. As I thought about it, for a year and a half I worked with a German man named Johannes that was supplied to the program by Bread For the World. John and I were both somewhat stubborn and we went a couple of weeks without talking with each other. And I thought, is this male bonding? I don't think so. So I thought I should clear that up at the beginning. But I need to go on and say maybe it was after 35 years of not seeing Johannes, we got a phone call. Through some rather mysterious detection work, Johannes had tracked me down. He and his wife came and visited with my wife and me last year and we had a wonderful time together, reminiscing some of these experiences. We straightened that out.

Before I go on I just want to say it's a real privilege to be here and thank you for the invitation. Certainly I thank Jerry and Nancy, my cousin, for opening their home to us and making us feel very welcome and showing us this beautiful part of Oregon. There again, I almost didn't get here. I have a friend back in Pennsylvania, maybe some of you know of him. It's Erv Bitikofer who grew up near Auburn [actually, Salem], I believe. He married a girl from Doylestown, Pennsylvania and I always liked to tease her. He told me about being from Oregon and how beautiful it was and everything and I said, "Erv, why are you in Pennsylvania, then?" And he would have some explanation how he wanted to go back sometime. He said I should go and see it, and I had looked on the map and I saw there's a lot of things from the devil. There's the Devil's Bowl, the Devil's Canyon, Devil's - I don't know how many different devil things there are. I said, "Erv, I don't feel I can go there; I don't feel it's safe to visit," but finally when I got this invitation I thought, "Well, it's in a Mennonite church, it will be okay." So, here I am and then I looked at the address and I saw [laughter; the church is on Whiskey Hill Road], but I'm sure it's okay anyway.

What was I doing in West Pakistan? To tell my story I need to start with the time when I was about 14 or 15 years old. My parents had a rule we had to go to church every Sunday night which of course I didn't appreciate, but I did. We had church every Sunday night at Doylestown. One evening there was a man that came there and he showed his slides of a road building project in either Peru or Bolivia. I think his name was Nofziger. But what I remember is seeing those bulldozers and that big equipment, hearing about R.G. LeTourneau. That was me. I was going to run one of those machines, I decided that evening. I heard R.G. LeTourneau speak; I bought his book, *Moving Men and Mountains*, and I was more convinced than ever that that was what I was going to do. That night, I have to say, changed the course of my life, when

I was 14 years old because of seeing those slides.

I continued on going through high school and then I entered a diesel training college for two years. I also met a young lady and we became pretty fond of each other but she knew very early in our relationship that there were going to be two years that I would be spending in PAX with Mennonite Central Committee. That was always understood. As time went on we were engaged when I was 19. I applied to MCC to go to Peru or Bolivia to work on the TransChaco highway. In the meantime, MCC got back to me and wondered if I would consider going to West Pakistan. Well, I had never heard of it. I probably should have in school, but I didn't pay a lot of attention to geography. There are a lot of other people that don't know where it was. Today it's different, but at that time there were a number of people that didn't really know where West Pakistan was.

There were two problems. That was a land-leveling project so it did involve equipment and moving earth, not to the extent that it did down in South America, but it still caught my interest. One problem was I was told that we would be living in tents or mud huts. That didn't sound very exciting. The other thing was that it would be a three-year assignment instead of a two-year assignment and that seemed to be really quite a hurdle, especially with Laurie and I being engaged. She had accepted two years. Three years, that's a little bit longer. But after praying about it and talking about it, we both agreed three years, that's what it would be. I would go to West Pakistan.

So as I left, I remember getting on the ship in New York. It was on a freighter and I would be on the ship for one month without getting off. I'm not a boat person and I found out that first week that I was sick almost every day, just for the first week crossing the Atlantic. Of course, there would be other passengers on this boat. I thought that would help. There were four passengers. It was a missionary couple and their 13-year-old child; I was the fourth one. I remember sitting on the boat looking out at the horizon and it starts rocking and your stomach does the same thing. Then you think this isn't working so you go to your cabin and you feel the same way and in bed, the same thing. That was a difficult start to the PAX experience.

But I eventually arrived in Karachi and spent a couple of days there, then went by train to Lahore where I met Ray and Elsa Harder who were a Swiss brother and sister couple who worked in Tibet, a very talented team, and they were actually working in the project and I would be working under them. He was in charge of the economic development. I remember going to their home. Pakistan was for a long time part of the British Empire and was highly influenced by British culture, all concrete and high ceilings and hardly any rugs. I wasn't used to the setting. They had a servant there. There was three times more silverware than we needed and napkins, real fancy napkins, and what all else goes with it. There was a little glass bowl that looked like it had water in it but there was another glass for drinking so I wondered about this glass bowl, what was that for. No one had told me in orientation about something like this. We never had anything like this at home. And I was thinking, is it to drink or to wash my orange. I think there was an orange on the table. So I decided to look and to watch what others did. To make a long story short, it was a finger bowl, I found out later. That's just a bit of some of the things that we experienced as PAX guys in a different culture.

From there I went for three months to learn the language up at Murree near Kashmar almost on the border of Afghanistan. I

spent three months in language school. There I met a Methodist short-terminer by the name of Gary and we became good friends. We did a lot of things together over the next years.

After three months we went on down to the desert to begin leveling the land. Just a little background about what our job was. West Pakistan began in 1948 when India and Pakistan split. Most of the Muslims went to Pakistan. The Hindus remained in India and a lot of the Christians also became refugees and went to West Pakistan. Some Muslims were also refugees. The government gave these refugees 15 acres of land in the desert which was a pretty desolate place. It gets up to 130° in the shade and they have one inch of rainfall a year. If they can get water on the ground, they can grow some different crops. So our job was to take sand dunes and level the tops off so they could use flood irrigation. They have a pretty extensive canal system there. They said if they just had the equipment to get the land level, then they could raise crops. That was what our job was, to level the land. There was no charge in the beginning. They would flood the land and plant their crops. After about a year and a half or two years on the project, we came to see that some of the farmers didn't have the initiative to always get their fields planted. Then the wind would come along and blow the sand back and start building up. When they were too high again, they were unable to plant.

We decided that what we needed to do was to charge only for the fuel. So we began to charge for the fuel. We moved to another village 75 miles away. This was a Christian village. They had a meeting when they realized that they needed to pay something. This was disheartening to them. They said, "Why do you charge us? The Christian church in America is so wealthy, how can you charge us to do this?" We continued on with the idea. We felt that if they invested something in what we were doing, they would be more careful and take care of it and make sure that it gets planted. It was a real battle. They have a Punjabi saying that goes, "You can hit me with a stick, but don't use such a big stick," and that's what they told us. The project really became successful when we started doing that. We would watch the clock. If we had enough money to work three hours with the equipment, we would be there, and when the money was gone, I'd go tell the villager either we leave or we have more money. Well, they had no money so I'd get on the tractor and start to leave. They would begin pawing under those long clothes they had on and find a little bit here. There would be some rupees that they would give me and somewhere else there would be some more rupees. Then I'd go back and start working again and after a couple of hours, the money is gone again. Then they would start looking some other places. It was amazing how they would find the money.

There is one thing I do have to say and that is that Muslim settlers also wanted us to work in their villages and occasionally we did. I remember specifically one village, there were two of them that walked 12 hours to come and ask us to work in their village. When we did work in the villages where Muslims were they really seemed to be more willing to work harder. I don't know why. I think maybe because the Christian church was just constantly giving to new Christians, they just expected it. It was interesting to see the difference in mentality.

We also had vacations. I think we had two or three weeks every year. I spent one vacation in Afghanistan, in Kabul, and I was a bit leery. I remember being told that there was a Russian bakery and the Russians were making food for the people of Afghanistan. I climbed up on the backs of a couple of trucks that

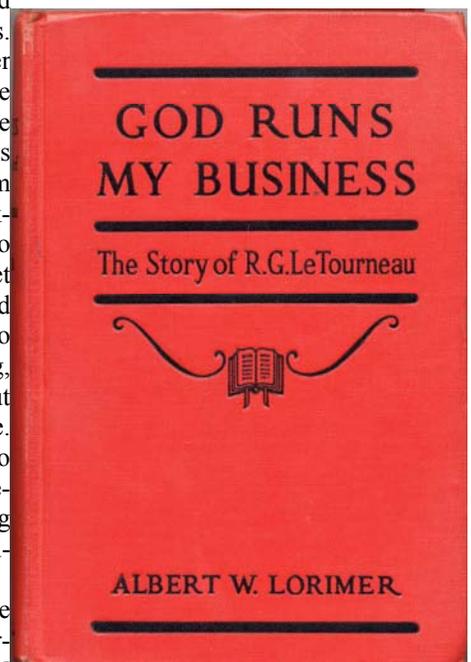
were waiting in line for baked bread and here on these trucks were bags of grain that would be used to make the bread and it said, "Donated by the people of the United States of America." When I tell this to some folks, they wonder why the people didn't stop this, why they didn't read it. But most of the people couldn't read it. It had been sold on the black market to Pakistan and sent by truck and the Russians were getting the credit for making bread.

I mentioned that I was engaged when I left home. Laurie sent a letter almost every week. Every week I got one letter for two and a half years. Then at the end of two and a half years, for a couple of weeks I didn't get a letter and I started thinking; "What is happening?" It went for another couple of weeks. Finally I received a letter after about a month and I remember so clearly getting that letter and looking at it. It felt pretty thick. I'm thinking, is this a good letter or a bad letter; after all, it could be either one. I tried to evaluate and I remember the hesitation to open it and the fear of what it said when I did finally open it. She told me that she had met someone else and that she was going to be married in a short time, a couple of months. That was kind of hard for me. I mentioned that at the time there was one other person on our project and that was John. I don't know if we were talking a lot at that time or not. I knew I couldn't talk with John and there was no one else.

I took the letter and I started walking about 5:00 in the evening through the desert and I walked all night long. I remember talking to God and that's when I really got to know God and asked Him that He would put my mind at ease as I prayed about it. In the morning about 6:00 I came back and tried to arrange a telephone call to Laurie which at that time it took a couple of days to make arrangements. I did finally get through to her. I did a lot of praying and she agreed to come back, agreed to wait for me. If she would just wait, in a few months I would be home. I got a letter back, "waiting but no promises." So I was all excited and I thought that God had answered my prayers. Then I got another letter saying that she would like to come visit. Well, Pakistan is 12,000 miles from home and I was thinking, we are going to get married when I get home, and that would cost a lot of money. So I wrote back saying, "I'd love to see you but it's really expensive. You are welcome to come." I got a telegram saying, "Going ahead with the wedding" and that was it.

That experience was an awfully important part of my PAX experience.

I mentioned Gary whom I had met in



*God Runs My Business*  
The Story of R. G. TeTourneau  
by Albert W. Lorimer  
Fleming H. Revell Company © 1941

Murree during language school. Gary and I spent one summer walking 240 miles through Nepal. Actually, while walking Gary told me about this cute redhead he knew up at Elmira, New York. I wasn't really interested. Laurie and I were still writing. It was about two years that I had been there. But it did stick in my mind. Of course, well ... I brought that cute little redhead with me today. So when I got home I wrote to Gary and spent time in New York.

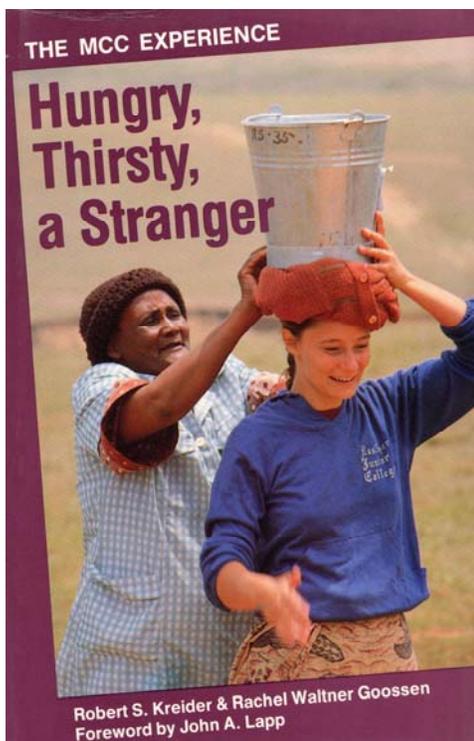
Thinking of the things that really changed my life, one was that walk through the desert all night long. I realized that God is faithful; He runs the universe; He watches over us; He knows what is best for us. The second thing, riding a motorcycle through Europe - I got a used BMW and spent a month in Europe. On the Autobahn I was going probably about 85 miles an hour when a tractor-trailer pulling two trailers pulled straight out across in front of me. It was like a wall all of a sudden and I brushed past him while he was still moving. The bumper of the truck caught the right hand side of a bracket on the motorcycle, bending it a little bit, and the left hand side caught the bumper of a car. I went on with my knees hitting the side of the gas tank on the cycle thinking what a job I had done. Of course, I realized at once there was a greater Power than myself protecting me at that time.

When I got home, Mother wondered if I had been in any trouble. I said, "Why would I be in any trouble?" Then I was curious, "Why do you ask me?"

She said, "One day your father was in Philadelphia and he had the feeling he ought to pray for you. He didn't know why; he just felt that he ought to pray for you."

I asked when was that. She said it was on a Thursday. I looked in my diary. I kept a diary when I had ridden through Europe and I had stopped to see some missionaries from our church on a Thursday and it was on that day that I was hit. I knew without a doubt that God had told my father to pray for me that day. That taught me another lesson. Whenever God tells you to pray for someone, it's pretty important to do. Pay attention when someone's name comes into your mind.

That's it. Now we have two redheaded grandchildren plus two



*Hungry,  
Thirsty,  
a Stranger*  
The MCC Experience

by **Robert S.  
Kreider  
& Rachel  
Waltner Goossen**

**Herald Press**  
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OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY  
Fall Program SEPTEMBER 28 and 29, 2002  
Featuring the MCC PAX Program  
Zion Mennonite Church, 6124 S. Whiskey Hill Road, Hubbard OR

**Saturday, September 28**

- 3:00 Prelude music by Enkenbach Mennonite Choir (on CD)
- 3:10 Welcome, hymn & devotional meditation - Jerry Barkman
- 3:25 The Story Behind PAX - Cal Redekop
- 4:05 Questions and discussion
- 4:15 The Acts of the PAX fellows - Part I  
Merle Kauffman - CIM in the Congo  
Orville Schmidt - Europe
- 4:40 How PAX impacted my life, W. Pakistan - D. Richard Landis
- 5:05 Dismissal
- 5:15-6:30 Dinner with special music by Darren McCoy
- 6:45 PAX building the trans-Chaco Road, Paraguay - Robert Ediger
- 7:15 Special music by Western Mennonite High School - Tauna Pile and Rachel Marshall
- 7:20 The Acts of the PAX fellows - Part II  
Byron Gingrich - "What was I doing in Bolivia?"  
Fritz Mishler - "What was I doing in Germany?"  
Larry Graber - "What was I doing in the Congo bush?"
- 7:50 The Impact of PAX on the church and the world - Cal Redekop
- 8:15 Questions and discussion
- 8:25 Recognition of PAX alumni in attendance
- 8:35 Remembering the six PAX men who died while in service
- 8:45 Closing Prayer

**Sunday, September 29**

- 3:00 Welcome and hymn - Ray Kauffman
- 3:10 I was a Simba Hostage in the Congo - Jon Snyder
- 3:40 How PAX impacted my life, Indonesia - Cal King
- 3:55 The Acts of the PAX fellows - Part III  
Raymond Dyck - Greece  
John F. Kauffman - Jordan
- 4:20 The PAX Legacy and What's Next - PAX II? - Cal Redekop
- 4:55 Questions and discussion
- 5:10 Refreshments
- 5:45-6:45 The Draft and What YOU Should Know - Workshop for youth - covering current proposed draft legislation and related issues. Youth, parents, sponsors, and pastors are encouraged to attend. Charlene Schrag, workshop coordinator.

Freewill offering

There will be book and photo displays.

**Be sure to visit the exhibits in the South lobby by the gymnasium. All Paxers in attendance, please wear your name tags.**

more. That's all because of my PAX experience.

**REUNION**

Hochstetler/Hostetler/Hochstedler Reunion: The fourth continent-wide gathering of all spellings and branches of the descendants of the 1738 Amish Mennonite immigrant Jacob Hochstetler will meet July 11, 12, 2003 at Iowa Mennonite School, eight miles northwest of Kalona, Iowa. Registration begins at 8:00 a.m., followed by browsing exhibits, fellowship and making connections as well as a variety of rotating seminars, interest groups and audio visuals beginning at 9:00. There will be a noon potluck dinner, and 2:00 p.m. program. Various family-related publications and materials will be available for purchase. For more information, including a Friday evening Banquet, and "silent auction" to raise funds for John's Little House, contact H/H/H Family Newsletter, 1102 South 13<sup>th</sup> St., Goshen, IN 46526. Ph. 574/533-7819 or [iacobii.hochstetler.com](http://iacobii.hochstetler.com)

**NOTICE**

**Due to the length of the OMHCS Fall Program, we were not able to include it in its entirety in this issue. If unable to complete it in the Fall 2003 issue, we will be completing it in following issues as space allows.**