

# The Chiropractor

English – Low German Edition



# De Trajchtmoaka

Englisch - Plautdietsch Utgow

Jack Klassen

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## Prologue

This is a novel patterned upon the life of a real person who lived at a time when single parenting was almost unknown. She was my great-aunt 'Trutje'. In her lifetime she cared for 53 children, three of which she adopted. She was able to look after them by means of her profession as chiropractor. Her concern and love for helpless children, plus her great ability as a bonesetter was well known throughout southeastern Manitoba. At age 19, in 1911, she was a full-fledged chiropractor. At age 22, she took in her first two children. Her name was Gertrude Klassen. She was the granddaughter of the well-known David Klassen who was one of the delegates that came to Manitoba in 1873 to check out possibilities for immigration from Russia.

I have decided to use the actual names of most of the individuals who were part of Trutje's life. This, in order to bring more reality to the story. Most of the incidents described in this novel are invented, but are an attempt to picture the way she lived her life. Unless one had a diary, it would be impossible to describe her actual feelings and that of the others in the story. I have deliberately avoided including in the story those individuals who are still living because of the fact that this is a novel and not a biography. A biography would have to be written by someone who was actually there.

The author, 2003.

## Väawuat

Dit es een Romaun waut utem werkjlichen Läwe von een Mensch dee en de Tiet läwd wan eenletzje Elre noch nich Mood wiere. See wia miene Groottaunte 'Trutje'. En äa Låwestiet naum see dreeunfeftich Kjinja unja äare Flichte, un dree von dee naum see aus volstendje Kjinja aun. See kunn dee aula feede un opptrakje derch äare Oabeit aus Trajchtmoaka. Väle Lied en Siedoost Manitoba wiste von äare Leew un Sorje fa halplose Kjinja. Un see wiste uk von äare Fäichkjeit metem trajchtmoake. Em ella von achteen Joa wia see aul volstendich Trajchtmoaka. Biem ella von tweeuntwintich Joa naum see äare ieeschte Kjinja nen. See wia de Grootdohta von Doft Klosse, dee enne 1873 no Manitoba kaum aus Delegaut von Russlaunt, om to seene auf dit Launt paussent wia toom omsiedle.

Wiels dit een Romaun es, un ekj mie vål hab dietlich jemoakt woo daut en äa Läwe mucht senne jewast, hab ekj nich aule Nomes soo jeschråwe aus dee werkjlich wiere. De Nomes von soone waut aul jestorwe sent hab ekj oba jebrukt soo aus dee wiere. De mieeschte Dinja waut ekj ut äa Läwe beschråwe hab sent mau bloos Bilda waut ekj mie vääjestalt hab. Eena wudd meist habe must doa senne, ooda en een Doagesbuak jelåst habe, toom weete woo daut aula werkjlich passieet wia.

De Schriewa, 2003.

## Chapter 1

The winter storms had swept this part of the prairies through countless seasons. The trees and bushes were permanently stooped and looked so tough in their grey, gnarled winter garb. They had learned to bend with the elements. They had also put down deep roots without which they would have succumbed long ago.

So it was with the European pioneers who had settled here in the 1870s. By now, they were a bit stooped and a bit gnarled. They had put down their roots in the black prairie earth and now stood tough and resilient in this cold, hostile land.

So, when a new sapling was about to be launched and put to soil, there was no great excitement and only the simplest of preparations for this event. There was confidence that if a few simple steps were taken at the right time this seedling would take root and grow as decreed.



## 1. Kapitel

Fa lange Joare haude de Winta Storms äwa de wiede Stape jeblost. De Beem un Bescha stunde een bätje kromm un doljedrekjt en äa greiwet, gnorrjet Wintasch Kjleet. Mete Tiet haude aule sikj jeliieet een bät bandich han to stale. Un one äare deepe Wartle wiere see aul lang tonicht jekome.

Soo wia daut uk met de Europäische Aunsiedlasch waut enne achteenzäwentichs hiahää jetrocke wiere. Dee wiere nu uk aul een bät kromm jeboage un hoatlich. See haude äare Wartle deep en de schwoaate leed lote wausse un stunde nu stoakj un steil en dit kolde, schienboa onauuntrakjendet Launt.

Aulsoo, wan doa nu een junga Boom fresch jeplaunt woare sull, wia doa nich väl Oppräajunk ooda reedmoake doobie. Doa wia daut Toovetruue daut een Poa einfache Bejäwenheite wudde aul toorieekje toom daut et Boomkje sikj aul vewartle wudd, un uk wausse.

The Homestead

Oppen Hoff vonne Wirtschoft

She came into this world, a very alert little tyke, delivered with the help of a woman in the community who was known for her ability with these things. The woman who attended this birth was not considered a mid-wife but had been present at the birth of this baby's older brothers and sisters and had seen several of the couple's previous babies die. At the turn of the century, there were quite a few infant deaths, but this last one was definitely determined to survive. The lusty cry and immediate attempts to kick and box augured of a spirit that in future would make things happen. This newcomer was the last child to be born to Peter and Katherina Klassen.

They lived in an unassuming wood frame house. The outbuildings were modest. The log barn housed a dozen horses, fourteen Holstein cows and one bull. Chickens made themselves at home among the other animals, laying their eggs and picking out grains in the mangers and straw bedding of the larger animals. The only other outbuilding was a smaller log shack further back in the poplar bush. This was half-covered with straw and housed some pigs.

It was January 2, 1892 in the dead of winter. In the house, a roaring wood fire was going in the large brick central oven. This oven was set in the middle of the house and extended into the vestibule, the kitchen, the living room and the dining room. The brickwork reached almost to the ceiling and besides the main firebox, there was another such box in the kitchen used for baking.

Daut wia een sea wakret kjlienet Dinkj waut doa too Welt kaum. Enne Nobaschoft wond ne Fru waut met Jeburtssache gaunz bekaunt wia. Wan see uk nich ne volstendje Häwaum wia, wia see oba bie dise Kjliene äare Breeda un Sestre äare Jeburts bie jewast, un uk doabie aus een Poa von äare Jeschwista biem Jeburt jestorwe wiere. Rom däm Nääjentieenjoahundat wiere doa noch zimlich väl Kjinja Doodes biem Jeburt oba dise Kjliene haud sikj oppeenst vääjenome aum Läwe to bliewe. Daut läwendjet Jeroa, un daut lostje Utschlone met de Been un Oarms wees daut dit Kjint von sikj waut moake wudd. Dit kjliene Dinkj wia daut latste Kjint waut Peeta un Tien Klosses habe wudde.

See wonde en een kjlienet heltanet Jebied. De Stalinj wiere mau nat, von oppjeklotste Laute. See haude ne Dutz Pieed, vieetieen Holstein Kjieej un een Boll. De Heena muake sikj tusich mank daut Sprie un Mest waut doa em Staul wia. See muake sikj Nasta enne Vee Kjrebbe un koakelde saunft doabie. Hinje em Struck stunt ne kjliene Schend von Pappel Laute jebut. Dit Jebied wia haulf unja Stroo wua de poa Schwien sikj dan vekroope.

Dit wia nu em Joagang 1892, dän tweeden Jaunewoa, em meddel vom koltsten Winta. En däm grooten Tieejelowe brend daut Holt Fia sea lostich. Dis groota Owe stunt meddel em Hus un wia enne Kjääkj, enne Settstow, un enne Ätstow to seene. De Tieejle rieekjte meist bat aum Bän. Doa wia een Fiakauste enne Settstow un uk eena enne Kjääkj wua jebakt wort.

Ordinarily this oven was only fired up twice a day, but on this night when it was thirty-five below and a new life was making its appearance, Big Peter Klassen had thrown extra wood on the fire.

Once the attending woman had tied and snipped the birth cord and cleaned the baby, little Trutje was placed in bed with the mother. Big Peter, a man who was quite stout but not very tall, was so named because of having a son who was also named Peter. Now he proceeded to wake the older children and inform them that they had a new baby sister.

\* \* \* \* \*

This man, in order to marry his bride Katherina 18 years earlier, had walked thirty-five miles to Neuanlage near Steinbach from Scratching River near Morris.

The second day after he arrived, they were married in a simple ceremony conducted during the regular church worship service. There had been no courtship at all, only correspondence between the parents of the couple. In fact, the couple had only met once before in the bride's home. At first, after marriage, they had been quite shy with each other, but being naturally compatible, it was not long before they were functioning as one unit.

Katherina had learned well her role as female in a pioneer setting. She knew

Jeweenlich wort hia mau tweemol dän Dach aunjelajcht, oba dise Nacht, wiel daut soo kolt wia, un doa een nieet, emfinteljet Läwe äwadäl jekome wia, haud Groota Peeta mea Stekja Holt nenjeschmäte.

Aus de Häwaum eenmol daut Jeburts Strank aufjebunge haud, un daut aufjekjnipst haud, un de Kjliene schmock aufjewosche haud, läd see däa bie de Mame em Bad. Groota Peeta wia soo jenant wiel hee runt un dikj wia, wan uk nich sea lank, un hee haud een Sän Peeta waut fa sien Ella butajeweenlich kjlien wia. Nu wakjt Groota Peeta siene elre Kjinja opp un säd an daut see een nieet Sestakje haude.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dis Maun, achteen Joa trigj, haud fiefundartich Miel von Scratching River no Nieaunloag jegone, om siene niee Brut Tien to friee.

Dän tweeden Dach no siene Aunkunft, worde see aul jetrut. Daut wia ne gaunz einfache Formlichkjeit un wort Sindach enne Morjeaundacht foadich jemoakt. Doa wia kjeen Velafnis jewast. De Elre haude sikj unjaenaunda een poa Breew jeschräwe, oba sest haud daut Brutpoa sikj mau eenmol verdäm jetroffe. Verieescht wiere see zimlich bleed unjaenaunda oba schienboa pauste see gaunz fein toop soo daut et nich lang dieed bat see sikj tusich feelde.

Aus een Kjint en dit niee Launt haud Tien äare Oppgowe goot jeliheet. See

that she was there to be supportive. She sewed clothes, made meals and took care of household and garden chores. Earlier in their marriage, she helped with the milking and some of the other farm chores, especially during Spring seeding and Fall harvesting. She made sure Peter broke up and prepared a plot near the house for a garden. This she planted and kept clean during the growing season. In the tough pioneering life that they were used to, it did not take long for marriage partners to adapt to, and accept their roles quickly. It was essential for making progress against the wilderness surrounding them.

They had settled down on a bush farm some eight miles west of Steinbach at a spot called "Heuboden." There they had cleared a half acre in the middle of a poplar bluff. They were about half a mile from the trail that ran between Steinbach and Winnipeg.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Big Peter woke the children, he did not know that the oldest son had been awake and listening in on the activities going on downstairs. John was fifteen years old and very curious about the process of birthing. He had attended the birth of calves, pigs, and colts, but human birth was still a mysterious, secretive thing. Theoretically, he knew the scenario of conception and birth but this was not talked about. If he were ever to become a family head like his father, he would have to know more. For human birth, they had to have a lot of hot water, and there was much moaning and even some screaming involved.

wist daut see opp soone Struck Foarm wudd met vâl motte halpe. See neid aule äare Kjeleeda, muak Moltiede, un deed aule Oabeit em Hus un em Goade. See haud Groota Peeta berät daut hee jiedat Joa een Goadeplauz reedmoake wudd. Dit deed see dan beplaunte un uk besorje. Verieescht haud see uk metem malkje un Schwien besorje jeholpe, äwahaupt bie de Sodeltiet un de Eifst. Daut dieed nich lang bat soon Poa sikj toop jewant haud. Om en soone Wiltnis verwoaz to kome wia dit uk sea needich.

Bie Heiboode, acht Miel waste von Steinbach, haude see eene Städ jefunge. Runt om wia Papelbosch, oba see haude een haulwet Aka rein jemoakt. See wonde von onjefäa ne haulwe Miel vom Wajch waut tweschen Steinbach un Winnipeg jinkj.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aus Groota Peeta de Kjinja oppwuak wist hee nich daut de elsta Sän waka jebläwe wia un aules toojehieet haud waut doa Unje väajegone wia. Jihaun wia feftieen Joa oolt un sea nieschierich wan et bat Jeburtssache kaum. Hee wia bie aulahaunt Kjalwa, Schwien un Pieets Jeburts bie jewast oba wan et bat Mensche Jeburt kaum wiere doa noch vâl Rotsel, un daut wort uk sea jeheemnisvoll vehaundelt. Hee wist doa wia vâl Heetwota doabie un wort uk vâl jestänt un maunchmol uk jeschräaje doabie. Hee wist woo Tiere schwanga worde oba von soont wort nich vâl jerät, besondasch nich wan et met



Mensche to doone haud. Wan hee noch mol Voda wull woare, wudd hee noch vël liere motte.

“It must be a very painful process,” he deliberated, as he sat in his room and listened. His younger brothers Peter and David shared the room with him but they were sound asleep. He thought about his brother Peter who was nine years old. Peter had been very small at birth and stayed very small. At nine, he looked like a five-year-old. The parents hoped that he would shoot up to normal size at puberty. John too, was hoping this would happen because he, John, was very supportive of his small brother and many a time had to fend off the bullies at school and encourage the little fellow to keep going back. Many a time he comforted little Peter when he was crying into this pillow at night.

“Why can’t I be like other kids my age?” he would sob.

“It is not how you look that is important, it is what you have up here,” and John would point to his head and say, “You’re a bright boy and you’ll make out okay.”

The youngest brother, David, was doing fine. He was slight of build too, but not undersize. He helped some with the chores, doing things like feeding the pigs and bringing wood into the house.

The younger girls, Anna and Lena, were four and two. They still slept in the small bedroom beside their parents’ bedroom. Now they were sleeping through

“Jeburtjäwe mott sea wee doone,” docht hee too sikj selfst aus hee en siene Stow saut un horcht. Siene jinjre Breeda Peeta un Doft wiere toop met am enne selwje Stow un de schleepe sondasorj. Jihaun siene Jedanke wankte nu no sien Brooda Peeta. Dee wia näajen Joa oolt oba sea kjlien von Jewauss. Am sachet no een Fiefjoascha. De Elre haude Hopninj daut hee aus junga Maun nohecht scheete wudd. Jihaun wenscht dit uk wiel hee haud een besondasch wieekjet Hoat fa sien kjliena Brooda un haud vël mol am von de jratre Benjels enne School must beschitze. Hee haud am uk ieremol beschwicht un betutat wan kjliena Peeta en sien Kjesse nenn hield.

“Wuarom sie ekj nich soo aus aundre Kjinja waut mien ella sent?” schlukst hee aus de Trone rolde.

“Dauts nich wichtich woo et die utlat, oba woo vël du em bowaschten Stock hast!” Un doamet wees Jihaun no sien Kopp un säd, “Du hast vël Vestaunt un du woascht aul goot utmoake.”

Doft, de jinjsta Brooda, haud kjeene soone Trubbels. Hee wia uk een bät kjlien von Jewauss oba nich daut et doaropp aun kaum. Hee holp met Schwien foodre un Holt nenn droage.

De jinjre Mäakjes Aunna un Leena wiere vea un twee. See haude äa Bad en de kjliene Schlopstow unje, besied de Elre äare Schlopstow, un schleepe nu

everything, unaware of the new sister in the house.

The little one was bawling lustily in the wooden cradle that Big Peter had made in the summer kitchen. He had used only a hammer and a saw to do it with, but it looked quite nice. The white pine wood still smelled so fresh and clean.

The boys were now allowed to come into the bedroom and look at the baby. John took one look from the doorway with the pretended disinterest of an awkward fifteen-year-old. Peter was more spontaneous and walked up to the cradle and touched the little hands. David wanted to pick up the little bundle and hold it, but Big Peter said, "Maybe later when mother is up."

It was too early in the morning to start choring the animals so Big Peter made clumsy attempts to make coffee. He had to go ask the drowsy mother where the coffee was kept and how much to put in the pot.

After Big Peter had had a cup of coffee, he and the boys got out their felt boots with rubbers, their mackinaws and a cap with earflaps. Since it was cold, John made sure David had a scarf over his face. Little Peter who was nine, took care of his own face cover. Big Peter and John did the milking and then helped the younger boys finish feeding the animals. When they were finished an hour and a half later, they returned to the house to find mother up and cooking oatmeal for breakfast.

sondasorj derch aul däm Oppräaje un wiste nuscht von de niee Sesta.

Daut kjliene Dinkj schrielech lostalich en de heltane Wieej waut Groota Peeta enne Sommakjäakj jemoakt haud. Hee haud bloos een Homa un eene Hauntoag jebrukt oba daut sach gaunz nat. Daut witte Dauneholt rikjt soo fresch un rein.

De Junges haude nu Frieheit enne Schlopstow nenn to gone un daut Bäbe to seene. Jihaun bleef bie de Däa stone un kijkt een bät han. Aus een Feftienjoascha deed hee soos wan am daut nich sea intressieed. Peeta wia driesta. Hee jinkj no de Wieej un feeld de Finjakjes. Doft wull daut kjliene Dinkj opphäwe un hoole oba Groota Peeta säd hee sull mau wachte bat Mame opp wia.

Toom Vee besorje wia daut noch too tiedich zemorjes aulsoo vesocht Groota Peeta met väl Bemieeje Koffe to moake. Hee must de haulfschlopende Fru froage wua de Koffe wia, un woo väl eena must tooschedde.

Aus hee ieescht sien Kuffel Koffe ut haud, trocke hee un de Junges äare Burrsteewle aun. De haude gumne Sole. Näakjst trocke see äare tusjemoakte Waumse aun un Metze met Uaklaups. Jihaun muak secha daut Doft uk ne Binj äwa sien Jesecht haud. Näajenjoascha kjliena Peeta haud sikj aul selfst waut rom jenome. Groota Peeta un Jihaun deede ieescht malkje un dan holpe see de jinjre Benjels metem auffoodre. Aus see ne Stundunhaulf lota trigj nom Hus

kaume wia de Mutta aul opp. See koakt aul Howajrett to Freestikj.

"John, you will take the horses, King and Queen, and fetch some hay from the Hudson Bay Quarter. There are some stacks close to the bush. Start on the one farthest to the east. I am taking Sandy with the cutter to Steinbach for flour and sugar. Peter, you and David stay in the house and help mother look after Anna and Lena."

"Jihaun, nemst no Freestikj de Pieed, King un Queen, un hol een Feeda Hei vom Hudsonsche Vieedel. Doa sent een poa Hupes dicht biem Bosch. Nemst von däm latsten Klompe waut et wietste em Ooste nenn es. Ekj foa no Steinbach om Mäl un Zocka to hole. Ekj woa däm Kotta un Sandy näme. Daut Pieet rant soo leicht. Peeta, du un Doft bleibt em Hus un halpt Mame met Aunna un Leena."

John went off to the hayfield and Big Peter started out for Steinbach.

Jihaun fua auf no de Stap un Groota Peeta fua auf no Steinbach.

Katherina, still weak from the birthing, bravely began the daily chores, cleaning up, helping the girls dress, and taking care of the newborn. She lay down for a while when little Trutje was sleeping. She was still hurting quite a bit with some bleeding. The children were being quite noisy so Katherina could not sleep. After resting an hour, she got up again to nurse the baby.

Tien, wan see uk schwak wia von Jeburt jäwe, jinkj gaunz brow trigj aune Oabeit. See holp de kjliene Mäakjes sikj auntrakje, riemd uk opp, un muak sikj drock met daut niejebuarne Kjint. See läd sikj een Stootje dol aus de Kjliene schleep. Daut wia noch aula schlemm un blad uk noch een bätje. See kunn nich entschlope wiel de Kjinja zimlich lud wiere. No eene Stund stunt see wada opp om de Kjliene to foodre.

Peter and David got dressed to go out and play in the snow. Big Peter had built a sled for them. They had made a track through the poplar bush toward the creek that crossed their land. Peter and David took turns pulling each other along the hard frozen track. They stopped here and there to check the rabbit and grouse tracks. They also noticed the tracks of deer and saw where they had bedded down at night. At the creek, they took turns sliding down the embankment on the sled. It did not slide

Peeta un Doft trocke sikj aun om bute em Schnee to späle. Groota Peeta haud an een Schlätje jebut. Derchem Papelbosch haude see ne Bon jemoakt. De jinkj no de Ritsch opptoo waut äwa äa Launt rand. Peeta un Doft trocke sikj metem Schlätje omzajcht velenjst de jefroarne Foa. Han un wada hilde see aun wua see Hose un Raupheena Spoare deede seene. See sage uk Ree Spoare un beobachte wua dee sikj enne Nacht doljelajcht haude. Bie de Ritsch rutschte see omzajcht vonne

very well because it was so cold. They then tried rolling down. The snow at the bottom was protected from the harsh winds and so was a little softer. Once they reached bottom they were almost buried. This meant that snow got into their mittens and boots. After half an hour of this, David complained about cold hands, so they decided to head back to the house where they would quickly discard their outdoor wraps and move toward the warm oven.

When the boys entered the yard, they stopped short. Off to one side of the yard stood the hayrack with the horses entangled in the harness. The hayrack box was resting at an angle on top of the sled. The horses had doubled back so that their heads were faced into the hayrack. They were feeding on the forkfuls of hay in one corner of the box. Where was John? Peter ran to the bam and David ran to the house to check whether he was there. No John!

“Mother, the team is in the yard but John did not come back with it,” Peter cried.

Mother quickly got up from her chair and ran to the window. She saw the entangled team and immediately knew that something had happened to John.

“Peter, take old Darby and ride to the Thiessens. You know where they live. Follow the wagon trail over there. It is about two miles in that direction. Please hurry.”

In the meantime, Katherina, who,

Kaunt rauf. Daut rutscht nich sea wiel daut soo Kolt wia. Dan proowde see rauf to kulre. De kolda Wint haud doa unje bie de Ritsch nich soo bie kunt, aulsoo wia daut Schnee doa noch wieekj un deep. See wiere meist begroft aus see unje aunkaume. De Schnee kroop en äare Fusthaunschkje un Steewle nen. Om ne haulwe Stund grumsaujd Doft daut siene Henj kolt wiere un dan jinkjet auf nohus opptoo wua dan schwind aufjetrocke un dicht biem woama Owe hanjesäte wort.

Aus de Junges oppem Hoff nopp kaume stunde see plazlich stell. Aun eene Sied Hoff stunt daut Heirekj. De Pieed stunde doa gaunz em Jescherr vezoddad. De Heirekj Baks honk soo haulf äwrem Dobbelschläde. De Pieed stunde gaunz omjedreit un fraute Hei vom Feeda. Wua wia Jihaun? Peeta rand nom Staul, un Doft fluach auf nom Hus toom seene wua Jihaun jebläwe wia. Kjeen Jihaun!

“Mame, de Pieed sent oppem Hoff oba Jihaun es nich metjekome,” schrie ech Peeta.

Mutta stunt schwind opp vom Stool un rand nom Fensta. See sach de vezoddade Pieed un wist fuaz daut Jihaun waut jeworde wia.

“Peeta, nemm de oole Darby un foa schwind no de Thiesses. Du weetst wua de wone. Foa dort de Woage Spua no. Dauts onjefää twee Miel dän wajch. Spood die sea, jo!”

Unjadäm, strenjd Tien sikj aun äare

because of her weakness and excited state was gasping for breath, struggled to get into her outdoor clothing.

“David, watch over the girls and the baby while I head out to find John.”

She hurried out of the house and headed for the rig. She untangled the harness as well as she could and unhitched the horses. Hurrying them over to the cabin-sleigh she hitched them up and got the team going in the direction that they had come. Their trail was clearly visible in the snow. She guided the now docile horses along the bumpy fields until they came to the edge of the bush on the Hudson Bay land. Katherina saw a dark object in the snow a little farther on and stopped by John’s inert body. She bent over John and saw that he was unconscious. She could see that he had received an awful whack to his head. His cap had been knocked off and there was a big bloody spot on his forehead. She scooped up a handful of snow and placed it on his head. John stirred as the cold snow touched his open bleeding sore.

“What happened? ... What in? ... ”

“Take it easy John. You were hit on the head.”

“Mother, you shouldn’t be out here!”

John got up and groggily walked toward the sleigh.

“Where’s the hayrack, mother? What’s going on here?”

“I do not know what happened John, but the horses came home without you. I

Winta Kjleeda auntottrakje. Wiel see noch schwak wia, deed see schwoa puste.

“Doft, pauss no de Määkjes un daut Bäbe opp. Ekj foa seene waut met Jihaun jeworde es.”

See spood sikj utem Hus rut un rand auf nom Heirekj. See dreid daut Jescherr trajcht soo goot aus et jinkj un spaund de Pieed ut, lenkjt de schwind nom Kabitschläde, spaund dee wada aun, un fua auf. De Foa em Schnee wua de Pieed nohus jekome wiere, wia goot to seene un see fua dee dan no. See lenkjt dee, nu gaunz make Pieed, äwa de stuckaje Stap bat see no de Kaunt Bosch kaum biem Hudson Bay Launt. Een enjskje veropp em Schnee sach Tien waut dunklet ligje. See hilt schwind aun un rand no Jihaun sien rieestella Kjarpa. See kunn seene daut hee een jehieeja Schlach aum Kopp jekjrääje haud. Siene Metz wia vom Kopp jefloage un doa wia ne groote Bloot Plak väare aum Stiern. See naum schwind ne Haunt voll Schnee un hilt am daut aum Kopp. Jihaun ried sikj aus daut kolde Schnee sien Schlems aanschieed.

“Waut es passieet? ... Waut es ...?”

“Mau ruich Jihaun. Die haft waut aum Kopp jeknault.”

“Mame, du sust nich hia bute senne!”

Jihaun stunt opp un jinkj schludrich auf nom Schläde.

“Wua es daut Heirekj, Mame? Waut jeit hia vää?”

“Ekj weet nich waut hia passieed, oba de Pieed kaume one die nohus. Ekj feel

am not feeling very well.”

Katherina was starting to shiver and looked quite pale. John seeing this quickly led her to the sleigh. He wrapped her in the blanket that Katherina had hastily thrown on the sled. They returned to the home place and John helped Katherina to the house. By now, he noticed the blood on her legs and quickly helped her into bed. The bed sheets were turning red. John was still very confused and upset by the blood. He ran back and forth not knowing what to do. Then he remembered the horses and ran out to put them in the barn. Meanwhile Katherina had slipped into unconsciousness.

Little Peter had reached the neighbours' place and Mr. and Mrs. Thiessen were on their way. In the meantime, David was having a hard time with the girls. They were trying to wake up mother. Little Trutje was hungry and screaming by now. David had tears in his eyes while trying to keep the girls from bothering Katherina.

John's head had cleared up by now so he ran back inside. He found some water and a cloth to bathe his mother's head. Then he picked up the little bundled up baby and held it close. Fifteen minutes later the Thiessens and Peter walked into the house. Mrs. Thiessen immediately took control and told Mr. Thiessen and John to wrap Katherina in a blanket and carry her into their covered sleigh.

mie nich sea goot.”

Tien funk aun to flautre un sacht gaunz blaus. Aus Jihaun dit sach, naum hee äa schwind nom Schläde un rold dää enne Dakj en waut Tien em Schläde nenjeschmäte haud. See fuare jnietsch trigj nohus wua Jihaun äa em Hus nenn holp. Aus hee sach, daut doa aul Bloot aun äare Been wia, brocht hee äa schwind tobad. Hee sach uk daut de Badeloakes aul aunfunge rodlich to lote. Jihaun wia noch emma nich gaunz kloa em Kopp un uk oppjerächt wääjen aul daut Bloot. Hee rand han un hää un wist nich waut hee wull. Opp eenmol behilt hee daut de Pieed bute stunde un rand rut om dee em Staul nenn to brinje. Bie aul däm wort Tien nu aul soomea bewustloos.

Kjliena Peeta wia nu aul bat de Nobasch jekome un de Thiesses wiere uk aul oppem Wajch. Tus haud Doft siene Trubbels met de Mejales. See proowde Mame opptowakje un de kjliene Trutje kjriescht met vollem Hauls wiel äa soo sea hungad. Bie Doft kaume de Trone aul, un hee vesocht de Määkjes von Mame wajch to hole.

Jihaun wia nu aul mea toosikj un rand trigj nen. Hee funk Wota un een Kodda un hilt daut aun Tien äa Kopp. Dan naum hee daut kjliene Dinkj un hilt daut dicht aun am. Fefteen Minnute lota kaume de Thiesses un Kjliena Peeta em Hus nen. Taunte Thiesche naum fuaz äwahaunt un säd Oom Thiesse un Jihaun see sulle ne Dakj rom Tien näme un äa en Thiesses äa Kabitschläde nenn droage.

"You will have to take her to the Convalescing Home in Steinbach right now. Maybe the nurse in charge can help. You will have to hurry! She looks very ill."

They did as instructed while Mrs. Thiessen fed the children. But she did not know what to do with little Trutje. She told her husband to ask in town for some mother that had lost a baby or for some woman with extra milk.

In the meantime, she knew of a mother in Kleefeld who had just had a baby. She decided to have John take her over there with little Trutje. Kleefeld was only three miles away and this lady could feed the baby at least once.

John still had a headache but he knew that it was crucial to get to a wet nurse. So the younger children had to be left alone again. However, they were children of the frontier who were used to being alone. John gave some parting instructions and then they were off. Mrs. Thiessen and the baby were wrapped up in blankets with John guiding the horses.

It was late in the afternoon when they returned to the Klassen homestead. Big Peter and Mr. Thiessen had not yet returned from Steinbach. It would probably be much later before they would arrive. Mrs. Thiessen would stay until they were back. She began fixing supper for the children. Her own

"Jie motte äa nu fuaz no daut Krankenhaus en Steinbach fiere. Veleicht kaun de Krankensesta äa halpe. Jie woare junt motte spoode. Äa sit daut sea krank."

Oom Thiesse muak Tien dan reed aus Taunte Thiesche de Kjinja Äte gauf. Oba see wist nich waut see met de kjliene Trutje doone wudd. See fruach äa Maun auf hee en Steinbach romfroage wudd auf doa ne Fru kjirzlich een Bäbe veluare haud. Dee kunn opplatst Malkj fa daut kjliene Kjint habe.

Entweschentiet wist see von eene Mutta en Kjelefeld waut doa jrod een Bäbe jehaut haud. See fruach Jihaun auf hee ar un Trutje doa han näme wudd. Kjelefeld wia mau dree Miel auf, un dise Fru kunn daut Kjint weens eenmol Foodre.

Jihaun haud noch emma Koppweedoag oba hee wist daut et wichtich wia ne Aume to finje. De jinjre Kjinja wudde aulwada motte auleen jelote woare. Oba see wiere Kjinja von Aunsiedla waut soont muste jewant woare. Jihaun deed de Kjinja noch een bät mone daut see sikj sulle jescheit oppfiere un dan fuare see auf. De Thiesche un Trutje wiere en Dakje enjepakt un Jihaun fua.

"Daut wia lot Nomeddach aus see schlieslich trigj bat Klosses wiere. Groota Peeta un Oom Thiesse wiere noch emma nich von Steinbach trigj. Daut wudd woll lot woare. Taunte Thiesche wudd bliewe bat see trigj wiere. See muak dan uk Owentkost fa de Kjinja. Äare ieejne Kjinja, dee auleen



children back home were old enough that they could take care of themselves.

After supper John chored the animals and did the milking. He was quite tired after all of this but quite worked up, so he did not feel like sleeping. He should stay up for his father's arrival anyway. Now he decided to retrace the tracks to the haystack to see if he could figure out what had happened to make the horses spook. It was a clear night. The moon was full. It was so bright that the moonlight created shadows of the poplar trees beside which he walked. John could see the snowshoe rabbits playing on the snow banks. The coyotes were barking and howling in the big bush about a mile away. Just hearing the crunch of his footsteps on the cold, hard snow and the howling coyotes made him feel more relaxed and in tune with the universe.



Tus wiere, wiere aul oolt jenuach daut see sikj selfst wiste.

No Owentkost jinkj Jihaun rut om de Kjieej to malkje un daut aundre Vee to besorje. Hee wia sea meed no aul dit, oba hee wia soo oppjeräacht daut hee sikj nich no schlope feeld. Hee sull jeedenfauls oppbliewe bat sien Voda nohus kaum. Nu entschloot hee sikj hee wudd trigj velenjst de Bon nom Heihupe gone om to seene waut doa werkjlich passieet wia daut de Pied sikj veschrocke haude. Daut wia een kloara Owent un uk Vollmon. Daut wia soo Dach daut de Papel Beem Schaute leete fuaz besied wua hee jinkj. Hee kunn de kjliene Boschhose seene aus dee oppe Schneediene spälde. De Wilw balde un julde em grooten Bosch onjefää een Miel auf. Aus hee soo schrettwies wieda jinkj, un hee siene Footstaupe opp däm kolda, hoada Schnee hieed, un uk daut Jejul von de Wilw hieed, wort hee dolla jelote un em Toon met de Weltomfank.

Walk in the moonlight

Spaziagank biem Moneschien

He reached the haystacks. He stopped short when a great horned owl hooted from the stack and lifted up into the air. Now he knew what had spooked the

Aus hee bat de Heihupes kaum bleef hee plazlich aum stone aus ne groote Ul loos schrieech un vom Hupe opp fluach. Nu wist hee wuarom de Pied



horses. He followed the tracks the sled had taken from there. The horses had run alongside the bushes, so close to them that the limbs of some of the bigger trees would have come over the top of his head. That solved the mystery of his sore head.

But the magic landscape of stars, moon and snow held him in its grip. He sat down on the part of the haystack that had been opened up by him earlier. The still green, fresh smelling hay was a balm to his spirit. He thought of the time when he would probably have his own farm and nice wife to share with him such a beautiful winter landscape.

After a while, his thoughts returned to the present. What about his mother and little Trutje? He realized that he should be back home helping Mrs. Thiessen with the children.

## Chapter 2

In spite of the rough beginning little Trutje experienced, she was coming along very well. A wet nurse had been found for her. This kind lady, who had just lost her baby, was willing to come and stay at the Klassens while Katherina was very sick in the Convalescing Home. She slept in the large room (living room) and even helped with the cooking and caring for the family. This was very convenient for Big Peter. He

sikj jeenjst haude. Hee jinkj de Jleise no wua de Schläde wieda jefoare wia. De Pieed wiere dicht aum Bosch velenjd jefoare. Atliche Asta wiere zimlich läach. Daut Rotsel woo hee sien Kopp jeschloage haud wia nu oppjekloat.

De Stap haud soon selwanet Jeschien von de dache Mon un Stierns daud hee meist bejeistat wort. Hee sad sikj opp daud fresche Hei nopp waut hee Äwadach op jemoakt haud. Daut fresche, noch emma jreenet Hei rikjt soo scheen daud hee sikj boolt bäta feeld. Hee docht aun de Tiet wan hee veleicht siene ieejne Foarm un eene feine Fru habe wudd met wäm hee dit aula erfoare wudd.

No eene Tietlank kaume siene Jedanke trigj no Nu. Woo wudd et met siene Mame un kjliene Trutje nu senne? Am wort daud kloa daud hee Tus senne sull om Taunte Thiesche met de Kjinja to halpe.

## 2. Kapitel

Seitdäm de kjliene Trutje daud verieescht uk een bät schwoa haud, muak see nu gaunz goot ut. See haude ne Aume fa dää jefunge. Dise leefolje Fru, dee jrod äa Kjint veluare haud, wia wellent bie de Klosses to bliewe wiels Tien soo sea krank em Krankenhaus lieech. Taunte Thiesche schleep enne Groote Stow un holp uk metem Koake un Kjinja besorje. Dit wia sea paussent fa Groota Peeta. Met eenmol de Wääkj

had his hands full having to travel to Steinbach once a week. He would go in one day and return the next.

Katherina barely noticed when he was there to visit. This made him very nervous. What was he to say or do? His big hands felt so out of place in this small antiseptic room. He had brought some cookies that had been given him by the neighbour lady. He tried feeding one to his wife, but she moved her head sideways indicating refusal. He tried in his clumsy way to speak hope to her. He told her the children were fine and that little Trutje was being fed. He was not sure she was hearing him so he bent down close to her face.

“Katherina...can you hear me? Nod your head if you can.” He was relieved and encouraged to see a slight nod. He continued. “Our dear Lord will help you get better. Don’ give up! The children back home are all praying for you!”

He got up and walked out into the street. It felt a little better being free of that room. Oh, the pain he felt when he saw the usually strong Katherina so very weak and helpless! He was wondering what to do until evening. He was staying at his cousin’s place in town but there were many hours until supertime. Ordinarily time was not a problem, but what with having so many things on his mind ... the children ... the farm ... he should be at home preparing for the spring seeding, and then

no Steinbach foare haud hee siene Henj voll. Een Dach fua hee dan nenn un dän nääksten Dach kaum hee trigj.

Wan hee dan no Tien kaum wort see am mau afens en. Dit muak am sea narwees. Waut kunn hee saje ooda doone? Siene groote Henj feelde am soo em Wäaje en daut kjlienet, reinet Stowkje. Hee haud atliche Kuake metjebrocht waut de Nobasch Fru am jejäft haud. Hee vesocht siene Fru eene Kuak to foodre, oba see dreid bloos dän Kopp tosied un wees daut see dee nich wull. Hee proowd däa Moot tootospääkje. Hee bemoakjt daut aules goot wia met de Kjinja un daut de kjliene Trutje fein jefoodat wort. Hee wist nich secha auf see am hierie kunn aulsoo kaum hee gaunz dicht bie äa Jesecht.

“Tien, kaust du mie hierie? Nekjkopp wan du kaust.” Am gauf daut niee Moot aus see äa Kopp een bät bewäajd. Hee proowd wada. “Ons leewa Gott woat halpe daut du bäta woare woascht. Jäw bloos nich opp! Tus saje de Kjinja aula een Jebäd fa die.”

Hee stunt opp un jinkj rut oppe Gaus. Doa Bute feeld hee friea aus en de kjliene Stow. Oo, wee! De Weedoag waut hee feeld aus hee de schwake un halplose Tien sach waut jeweenlich soo stoakj wia! Hee wundad waut hee nu bat Owent wudd doone. Toonacht wudd hee bie sien Fada bliewe oba daut wia noch miere Stunde bat Owentkost. Jeweenlich haud hee kjeen Trubbel wäajen Tiethaulwe, oba nu, daut hee soo väl Dinja romen Kopp haud; de Kjinja, de Foarm, hee sull Tus

Katherina. It was taking so long ... and there is that unresolved problem with the land deal. He just could not concentrate on things.

Should he go to the H. W. Reimer store and sit on the nail kegs with the other men? But he was not happy with some of the things they said. They liked gossiping about the town prostitute. He usually got up and left when this started. He was in no mood for that kind of stuff, especially now with his wife so sick. But what else to do ... he had to admit that he was curious about their stories. The other day he had walked into the living room and seen Mrs. Friesen nursing the baby. This had aroused him, and now it even bothered him when a cow had to be serviced. Ordinarily these things did not affect him, but with all the unsettledness and with Katherina carrying the baby for so long, his natural urges were making him nervous and unsteady. Big Peter's conscience was talking to him. "Stop thinking about it, Big Peter! You should be ashamed of yourself! Your wife is on her deathbed and you are having lustful thoughts! How can you do this to her?" When he walked into the store, he felt all eyes on him. He was sure they could read his thoughts. He found a nail keg and sat down without speaking.

senne om fa de Sodeltiet reed to moake, un dan Tien. Daut nemt aulatoop soo lang, un dan uk de Sach wäajen däm Launt Haundel. Hee kunn siene Jedanke bloos nich jescheit lenkje.

Veleicht sull hee nom Hendrikj Reimasch Stua gone un doa met de aundre Mana oppe Näajelkauste sette. Oba am jefoll nich aules waut doa jerät wort. Doa wort maunchmol äwa de loose Darps Fru jerät. Dan stunt hee sea jeweenlich opp un veleet. Am wia besondasch nu nich no soont, äwahaupt nu wiel siene Fru soo krank wia. Oba waut deit eena sest? Hee must äwens toostone daut de froagliche Jeschichte am nieschierich muake. Dän aundren Dach wia hee Wajch enne Groota Stow nenjegone jrod aus de Friesche Trutje jefoodat haud. Daut haud am sea oppjeräacht. Nu baudad am daut soogoa wan ne Koo besondasch nom Boll jebrocht wort. Jeweenlich baudad am soont nich, oba met aul dise Oppräajunge un daut Tien aul soo lang daut Bäbe jedroacht haud, muake siene Kjarpaliche Driefs am narwees un onruich. Groota Peeta sien Jewesse ploagd am nu. "Hiee mol opp doavon to denkje, Groota Peeta. Du sust die mol een bät schäme! Diene Fru licht oppem Stoawbad un du denkst aun Menschelost. Woo kaust du dit to äa doone?" Aus hee em Stua nenn jinkj feeld hee daut aule Uage opp am wiere. Hee docht neiw see kunne siene Jedanke läse. Hee funk een Näajelkauste un hukt sikj dol one waut to saje.

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Faithful Little Peter did more than his share of helping in the house. Although he was no bigger than his five-year-old brother, he was much more mature. He conscientiously helped dress the little girls and did numerous small chores in the house. He was very quiet and would not speak unless spoken to. He had always been close to his mother and now he missed her very much. Every spare minute was spent at the window with him anxiously looking down the road, hoping someone would come along from Steinbach bringing his mother. The days when Big Peter was in Steinbach were especially long. In this pioneer settlement, the children were kept home from the church school during the coldest weeks of winter so the time dragged. He tried to invent games and activities for the children.

“Hide and seek” soon became too noisy in the house so he helped bundle up the kids and they went to play this game in the barn. The smallest one would be together with little Peter when he was hiding or “it.” It was fun to find the numerous little nooks and crannies in the barn. There were little nests in the back corners of the haymow behind the hay. There was the space between the last cow and the wall, or they could crawl into the horses’ crib and cover up with straw. When David did this, the horse nipped his protruding bum, thinking it to be something edible. David cried a little but was soon back in the game finding new hiding places. He was good at this. He went so far as to crawl

De trua Kjliena Peeta deed mea aus sien Poat em Hus to halpe. Wan hee uk nuscht jrata aus sien fiejoascha Brooda wia, wia hee doch vël toovelessja. Hee holp de kjliene Määkjes metem auntrakje un besorjd vël kjliene Sache em Hus. Hee wia sea stell un auntwuad bloos wan eena to am råde deed. Siene Mame un hee vestunde sikj goot un nu feeld hee daut bedient sea daut see nich doa wia. Jieda Minnut wan hee een bät Tiet haud jinkj hee nom Fensta un kjikjt bekjemmat däm Wajch velenjd, daut opplatst eena von Steinbach siene Mame nohus brinje wudd. De Doag waut Groota Peeta en Steinbach wia worde besondasch lang. En de ieeschte kanaudsche Aunsiedlungge worde de Kjinja de Winta vonne Kjoakje School Tus jehoole, aulsoo wort de Kjinja de Tiet zimlich lang. Kjliena Peeta proowd sikj aulahauntje Spells un Drockichkjeite uttojreble fa de onruje Kjinja.

“Vestääkja” späle wort boolt too lud em Hus. Hee holp de Kjinja met äare Waumse un dan jinkj et met nom Staul wua see dan wieda spälde. Daut klanste Kjint bleef bie kjliena Peeta wan hee sikj vestuak ooda wan hee jriepe must. Daut gauf vël Spos aul de kjliene Akje un Winkjels em Staul to finje. Doa wiere kjliene Nasta hinjrem Hei enne Schien. Doa wia een Plauz tweschen de latste Koo un de Waunt, ooda see kunne enne Pieets Kjrebb nenn krupe un sikj met Stroo bestreie. Aus Doft daut deed, stuak sien Hinjarenj een bät vää. Daut Pieet docht daut wia waut toom äte un beet daut een bät aun. Doft breld loos un hield een bät, oba daut dieed nich lang dan

up into the rafters. It took the others a long time to find him.

With playing in the barn and without regular baths, the children were beginning to look like street urchins and were beginning to smell. Finally, after a week and a half, Mrs. Friesen, the wet nurse, decided that she could not stay in the same house with a bunch of smelly kids, so she asked John to fetch some water and fill up the tub set on the brick oven. The artesian well was located behind the barn. It flowed into a water hole. It took too long to fill a pail from the thin stream of water flowing from the pipe, so John enlarged the hole in the ice and scooped the water with two pails. Once the tub was half-full it was left there for a couple of hours, what with adding some heated water, it eventually got warm enough. Then Mrs. Friesen put the two little girls in it and scrubbed them thoroughly. The boys were old enough so they could wash themselves. By the time little Peter was finished, the water was grimy. John preferred to bathe at night when everyone else was asleep. He did not want little bodies running through the room when he was bathing.

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Katherina had not been aware of anything around her during the first week of her stay in the Convalescing Home. She was now drifting in and out

späld hee wada soo wieda. Hee vestunt goode vestääkj Städe to finje. Boott kroop hee huach oppe Spasch nopp. Daut dieed lang bat see am funge.

Doadersch daut see em Staul spälde un uk aul lang nich jebot haude funge de Kjinja aun een bät strenj to rikje. Entlich, no eene Wääkj enne haulf, deed Taunte Friesche, de Aume, sikj entschlute daut see nich lenja met de stenkjaje Kjinja em selwjjet Hus kun läwe. See fruach Jihaun auf hee Wota wudd nenbrinje un de Bett oppem Tieejle Owe sate wudd un doa Wota nenn jeete. De äwaranscha Borm wia hinjrem Staul. Daut Wota rand em Wotaloch nen. Daut naum too lang dän Ama voll to felle met daut denne Stroom Wota waut doa ute Piep kaum. Jihaun hakt een jratret Loch em Ies un schapt twee Amavoll tojlikj. Aus de Bett meist voll wia, wort noch heetet Wota toojegote un dan leete see dee doa fa een poa Stund stone bat daut Wota woam jenuach wia. Dan stopt Taunte Friesche de twee kjanste Kjinja doa nenn un reef dän jehierich. De Junges wiere oolt jenuach daut see sikj selfst kunne bode. Daut Wota wia zimlich muzhrich aus de Kjliena Peeta tolatst ute Bett staup. Jihaun wull leewa lot zeowes bode wan see aula schleepe. Hee wull nich habe daut kjliene Botsasch derche Stow rane sulle wan hee enne Bett saut.

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De ieeschte Wääkj daut Tien em Krankenhaus wia, wia see mieschtens biesta un wort nuscht en waut rom äa vää jinkj. Nu wia see han un wada mol



of the world of consciousness. She had wild and scary dreams. In her condition, it was difficult for her to know the difference between reality and dreams.

When she was half-conscious she thought of her children back home and wondered in tears what was happening to them. She had fleeting thoughts of little Trutje, but the baby was not as fixed in her consciousness as the other children. Her full breasts were giving her much pain. The nurse collected the milk from Katherina daily, knowing that she would want to nurse the baby when she recuperated.

Katherina's periods of consciousness were getting longer and longer. She had improved rapidly ever since Big Peter said those first words of encouragement. Today she had stayed awake and alert for most of the morning and had eaten fairly well. She was constantly thinking of her children. Of them she missed little Peter the most. He was so small and vulnerable and yet so sensitive and helpful in the home. Now she was starting to miss little Trutje and worrying about how she was getting along. Her bad dreams were gone so she was able to think rationally once more and draw on her inner resources. Her simplicity of faith and stoical pioneering attitude now helped her to gain back her equilibrium. Gently, but firmly, she now began to lobby the nurse to let her go home. When Big Peter came to see her, she asked a hundred questions.

"How is little Peter? Is he eating

toosikj. See haud uk dise furchtboare Dreem. En äa Toostaunt wist see ieremol nich auf waut werkjlich wia ooda auf see dreemd.

Nu daut see maunchmol soo mea doabie wia docht see väl aun äare Kjinja, un daut gauf uk Trone aus see wundad waut met dän passieed. Kjliene Trutje kaum uk mol en äa Jedajchnis nen, oba dee wia noch nich soo en äa Vestaunt enjewartelt aus de aundre Kjinja. Äare vole Broste gauwe äa een deel Weedoag. De Krankensesta naum pinkjlich jieda Dach Malkj von äa wiel see wist daut Tien wudd Trutje de Brost jäwe welle wan see ieescht jesunt wia.

Tien haud nu mea Tiede daut see bewust wia. Daut wort jnietsch bäta nodäm daut Peeta äa de ieeschte Mootvolle Wieed toojesproake haud. Vondoag wia see dän gaunzen Morje waka un munta jebläwe un haud uk goot jejäte. See docht de Tiet äwa aun äare Kjinja. See bangd sikj besondasch no däm Kjliena Peeta. Hee wia soo kjlien un emfintlich un oba soo wellent mettohalpe. Nu wort see opp eenmol eensom fa de kjliene Trutje un duad om dää, auf dee aules kjrieech waut äa fäld. Äare schljachte Dreem kaume nich mea un see kunn nu wada jlikj denkje un haud uk wada Väarot. Äa eenfacha Gloowe un äa Aunsiedla Erfoarunk muake äa nu stoakj. See fruach de Krankensesta natjes aun, auf see nu nich boolt nohus kunn. Aus Groota Peeta näakjstens spaziere kaum fruach see meist hundat Froage.

"Woo jeitet Kjliena Peeta? Haft hee een

properly? Is little Trutje getting enough milk? What does she look like? Are Anna and Lena very lonesome? Is David growing?"

Big Peter, who never spoke much, had a hard time answering her questions. "Little Trutje needs me. Please ask the nurse if I can go!"

"No, Katherina. You know how much I would like to have you at home, but it would be best if you stayed here for at least another week."

\* \* \* \* \*

The men were getting into the gossipy things again. Big Peter moved uneasily on his keg. He should really go home right now and get some work done. He felt so useless just sitting around. Yes, that is what he would do. There was still time to get home by dark. He went to the livery barn and harnessed the horses. He had not bothered to study the sky before starting, but now he noticed that it was a lead grey colour. In the distance, he could see what looked like a white mist. It was the wind blowing the loose snow around. By the time he had reached the two mile stretch of open prairie it was snowing hard. He found it difficult to see the trail but he knew that the horses would stay on course. Their hooves were good at sensing the hard tracks that had been built up through the winter. It was getting much colder now so he covered up with the horse blankets on the sleigh. He pulled them right up to his eyes and pulled his fur cap as far down as possible. Through the

gooda Opptiet? Kjricht de kjliene Trutje jenuach Malkj? Woo sitt et de Kjliene? Sent Aunna un Leena sea eensom? Waust Doft goot?"

Groota Peeta, dee niemols väl to saje haud, haud ne schwoare Tiet äare Froage to Beauntwuade. "De kjliene Trutje fält et aun mie, bitte froag de Krankensesta auf ekj aul nohus kaun!"

"Nä Tien, du weetst woo sea ekj die Tus habe mucht, oba daut wia daut baste wan du hia weenichstens noch eene Wäkj lenja bleefst."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dee funge aulwada met äare Pludarie aun. Groota Peeta bewäajd sikj met Onjemak opp sien Näajelkauste. Hee sull nu soorajcht nohus foare un mol Oabeit jedone kjrieje. Hee feeld sikj soo nutzloos bloos hia rom to sette. Jo, dauts waut hee wudd doone motte. Doa wia noch Tiet vere Diesta nohus to kome. Hee jinkj nom Pieedsstaul un läd de Säle oppe Pieed. Hee haud nich Tiet jenome om to seene woo et met daut Wada stunt. Nu sach hee daut et däm Himmel soo greiw leet. Enne Weid kunn hee nu seene daut et soo witt utsach. Hee sach daut de Wint daut loose Schnee aul rombloose deed. Aus hee bat de twee Miel lange opne Stap kaum schnied daut aul harzofflich. Hee kunn meist nuscht von de Bon seene oba hee wist daut de Pieed aul äa Wajch finje wudde. Dän äare Heefta wiere zimlich emfintlich soo daut dee de oppjebude Schnee Bon finje kunne. Groota Peeta naum nu de Pieets Dakje em Schläde äwa sikj wiel daut nu opp

slit, he tried to guide the horses but could see very little.

The monotonous drone of the runners and the rhythmic squeak of the horses' hooves on the cold snow acted as a sedative on Big Peter. He fell into a deep reverie. He hardly noticed the howling of the wind. The cabin sleigh was completely enveloped in swirling snow. He was completely isolated from the everyday world. Occasionally he returned to reality when there was a very strong gust of wind threatening to blow the sleigh right off the tracks. But, he could not see beyond the rumps of the horses, so he went back to his reverie.

He had often wondered about the strong pulls that stretched him in several directions at once. The stories in the store of people's lustful activities had their hold on him. What about some of the great heroes of the Old Testament, did not they do some rather questionable things? What about King David who committed murder and adultery and was still called 'a man after the heart of God' by the writer of the book of Hebrews? But, of course, David went through much pain later for his sinful acts ... his newborn child died ... later his son Absalom became rebellious and was killed by David's own soldiers. The guilt David felt because of these things was not worth the pleasure of

eenmol väl kolda wort. Hee trock dee nu nopp bat aune Uage un siene Metz rauf soo wiet aus mäajlich. Derch daut kjliene opne Loch em Fensta vesocht hee de Pieed to lenkje oba hee kunn tosaje nuscht seene.

Daut Jesomm von de Kuffe, un daut eendrajchtje Jeknoa von de Pieetsheefta oppem kolden Schnee oabeid soos een Schlopmeddel aun Groota Peeta. Hee wia boolt deep en Jedanke. De schrieenda Wint wort hee mau kaum en. De Kabitschläde wia runt om met kjrieselden Schnee beloagat. Daut wia meist soos wan hee trigj em Muttalief benne wia. Hee wia gaunz un goa von de jiedadachsche Welt aufjesondat. Han un wada kaum hee trigj no de Werkjlichkkeit wan een haustja Wint de Schläde meist von de Bon rauf puste deed. Oba hee kunn nich wieda aus de Pieed seene, aulsoo jinkj hee trigj no siene deepe Jedanke.

Maunchmol haud hee doa äwa jedocht woo doa soone stoakje Driefs wiere waut eenem en veschiedne Rechtunge trakje deede. De Jeschichte em Stua von de schljachte Menschelost waut atliche em Darp begone deede, kunn hee nich gaunz loos lote. Haude eenje von de Helde em Oole Tastament nich atliche froagende Dinja begone? Soona aus de Kjeenich David dee doa dän befrieden Toostaunt beschendje deed un uk noch een Mort bejinkj. Oba doabie noch em Hebräa Buak wort hee "de Maun no Gottes Hoat" jenant. Oba doch, de Kjeenich must nohää uk han hoole fa siene Sinde. Sien niejebuarnet Kjint storf. Lota wort sien Sän Absalom sea jäajenaun un wort von sien Voda siene



self-gratification when he had exercised the personal power of possessing a beautiful woman at will ... but then again, power and prestige seem necessary to make your mark on the world. There have been some quite undisciplined people who have still done some very positive things for humanity. What about Samson? He was a bit of a "rang-a-tang" and still God used him to further the Jewish cause. And yet, maybe he could have done much more and without so much loss of life if he had been more obedient. Who knows? Then that is the human condition. There are the high ideals of God and then there are the actual life experiences of mere humans that fall far short...

He came back to earth with a start when the conveyance suddenly came to a standstill. It seemed like only a few minutes had passed, but in actuality, he had been on the trail for at least two hours. He opened the sleigh door and looked around. The wind almost upset him when he stepped out. He made out what looked like a barn in front of him. To one side was the grey outline of another building. That must be the house. He was on the Schwartz yard. They lived about four miles east of his own place and attended the same church as he. The horses had accidentally taken a side trail and ended up here.

"Well," he thought to himself, "it is just no use trying to go home today. The

ieejne Soldote omjebrocht. Daut Vejnieceje waut de Kjeenich David doavon haud wia daut bloos nich wieet waut hee nohää wääjen dise Sache feeld wua hee ut sien Selfstwellen de straume Fru to sikj selfst naum. Oba dan wada, Macht un een huaget Aunseene wia schienboa needich toom hecha sträwe en dise Welt. Doa sent soone jewast, wan see uk nich sea opprechtiche Mensche wiere, habe doch noch väl goots jedone. Nemm mol Simson. Daut wia een bät een Daugeniks oba Gott brukt am doch om de Israelite to halpe. Oba doch, hee haud veleicht mea volbrocht, un weinja Mensche Läwes jekost wan hee jehuarsom jebläwe wia. Wää weet? Oba dan, soo es et met de Menschheit. Doa sent de huage Väabiltlichkjeite von Gott un dan de Werkjlichkjeite em Mensche Läwe waut doa lang nich han rieekje.

Hee kaum plazlich trigj to leed aus aules opp eenmol aum stone bleef. Am kaum daut soo vää aus wan mau een poa Minnuten wiere vebie jegone, oba hee wia nu aul meist twee Stund oppe Reis jewast. Hee muak de Schläde Dää op un kijkt sikj rom. De Wint pust am meist äwa aus hee rut staupt. Daut sach soos een Staul dicht ver am. No eene Sied kunn hee afens noch een Jebied seene. Daut must woll een Wonhus senne. Hee wia woll bie de Schwoate oppem Hoff. De wonde onjefää vea Miel ooste von siene ieejne Städ un jinje no de selwsje Kjoakj aus see. De Pied wiere toofalich oppe faulsche Bon nopp jerode un wiere hia aunjelaunt.

"Na," docht hee too sikj, "Ekj mucht jerod soo goot hia to Nacht bliewe, de

storm is much worse and it is getting late. I will have to ask whether I can stay over."

He groped his way toward the house and finally found the door. He knocked timidly. Big Peter heard light footsteps and the door opened. Mrs. Schwartz stood in the open door.

"Hello Helena! The horses took the wrong turn in the trail. I could not see anything so I did not notice ..."

"Come in, Peter! What a blizzard! Do not bother about the snow on your feet."

"Is Diedrich at home, Helena?"

"No, he went to town this afternoon. I hope he makes it home!"

This was embarrassing to Big Peter. He blushed a deep red. Ever since the Schwartzes had moved into the community, he had felt an attraction for this woman. He had tried to suppress this feeling, but the magnetism was always there when they met. What made it worse was the fact that he noticed that she was conscious of this, too. They seemed to have some kind of unspoken understanding of each other. Big Peter was able to suppress and forget these feelings as long as there was no direct contact with her. Now his first thought was to turn around and try to go home in the blizzard.

"I ... I think I better be on my way, Helena, as soon as I've warmed my hands a bit."

Storm woat emma oaja un daut es aul lot. Ekj woa froage auf ekj Nacht bliewe kaun."

Hee jinkj nom Hus opptoo un feeld velenjd de Huse Waunt bat hee schlieslich de Dää funk. Hee puttad leise aun. Boolt hieed hee leichte Footstaupe un dan jinkj de Dää op. Doa stunt Taunte Schwoatsche enne Dää.

"Goodenowent, Leena! De Pied naume de onrajchte Bon. Ekj kunn nuscht seene un wort nuscht en."

"Komm nen, Peeta! Soon furchtboara Stiem! Dauts eendoont om daut Schnee aune Feet."

"Es Dietrich tus, Leena?"

"Nä, hee fua Nomeddach nom Darp. Hoffentlich moakt hee daut trigj nohus!"

Groota Peeta wort nu gaunz root em Jesecht. Seit dan aus de Schwoate enne Nobaschoft nenjetrocke wiere, haud hee äa sea auntrakjent jefunge. Hee proowd sikj daut bute Feelinje to steete, oba daut Jefeel kaum emma trigj wan see sikj wua troffe. Hee wort en, daut see daut uk feeld, un daut muak et oaja. See haude schienboa een Vestone unja sikj one waut tosaje. Groota Peeta kunn dise Jedanke un Feelinje gaunz wajch doone soo lang aus hee äa nich bejäajne deed. Hee wull nu bloos omwenje un em Stiem nohus foare.

"Ekj hab bäta ekj foa auf nohus, Leena, soo boolt aus ekj miene Henj een bät oppjeweamt hab."

“No, you’d better stay. What if you get lost or something else happens?”

“Well, I guess it would be foolhardy to try to get home, but, I...I could sleep in the barn, it is fairly warm there.”

“Oh, there is lots of room in the house. You can sleep in the spare bedroom.”

“Well, if you’re sure it’ll be okay... I will go and put up the horses.”

Big Peter headed for the barn and unhitched the team. The horses seemed to be glad to get into a warm barn. Big Peter found the chop bin, and gave them each a scoop of chop and then threw a forkful of hay to each horse. He headed back to the house and suggested to Helena that he would do the chores since Diedrich was not there to do them.

By the time he was done, it was late. When he returned to the house, Mrs. Schwartz had supper on the table. They bowed for an unspoken grace. This helped a little to put things into perspective. At first it was very awkward, both realizing the situation they were in. It did not take very long though until they were conversing quite naturally. Both made efforts to relax and treat each other as friends only. This naturalness helped to relieve some of the sexual tension between them.

The howling blizzard outside brought darkness early. There were very few diversions in the pioneer home after

“Nä, du hast bäta du blifst. Waut wan du vebiestre wurscht ooda wan doa waut aundret passieed?”

“Na, jo, daut wudd veleicht een bät domm senne wan ekj vesocht nohus to foare oba ekj jleew ekj kunn woll em Staul schlope, dauts doa zimlich woam.”

“Oh, doa es vâl Rum em Hus. Du kaust enne Kjliene Stow schlope.”

“Na, wan du denkst daut et eendoont es, woa ekj de Pieed em Staul brinje.”

Groota Peeta jinkj nom Staul un naum de Säle von de Pieed. Daut sach soos wan dee sikj freide daut see em woama Staul wiere. Groota Peeta funk de Fooda Puddel un gauf de Pieed jieda eene Schoop voll Schroot un ne Forkj voll Hei. Hee jinkj trigj nom Hus un bad sikj aun, hee wudd daut Vee besorje wiel Dietrich nich doa wia.

Daut wia aul lot bat hee schlieslich foadich wia. Taunte Schwoatsche haud daut Owentkost oppem Desch aus hee trigj nenn kaum. Dee säde toop een stellet Jebäd. Daut holp daut et sikj aulatoop een bät normala feeld. Toiescht feeld sikj daut aul een bät ommaklich oba daut dieed nich lang bat see unja eenaunda gaunz natieedlich nobade. See proowde beid dolla Jetroost to senne un tweschen äant sikj soos Frind optofiere. Doaderch kunne see äare kjarpaliche Driefs tosied schuwe.

De julenda Stiem brocht een tiedja Diesta. No Owentkost un nom besorje wia doa nich vâl waut eena bie de

chores and supper. The kerosene lamp was dim and good books were few. Big Peter decided to retire for the night. He went into his room and was soon sleeping soundly.

He woke up in the middle of the night. Because of the dream, he was immediately wide-awake. It had not been a nightmare but just the opposite, a very romantic one, which had started his hormones racing. Before he was fully awake, he was already aware of his surroundings and the possibilities of the situation.

“Nobody would ever have to know. If I went into the kitchen and pretended to have indigestion, she might wake up and come out of her room. Then maybe she had invite me into her bedroom...” Big Peter quietly began to pray and as his mind began to concentrate on positive portions of the Scriptures, he became drowsy and drifted back to sleep.

### Chapter 3

Big Peter’s personal moral battle during the night of the blizzard was the biggest struggle he had ever experienced. Now, a few days later, he realized that a higher power had helped him to suppress his need. Now he was holding little Trutje in his arms, happy that he could look on her without a feeling of guilt. When King David committed his

ieeschte Aunsiedla fa Tietvedrief doone kunn. De Eelj Laump wia nich sea dach un Bieekja wiere mau weinich. Groota Peeta entschloot sikj schlope to gone. Hee jinkj no siene Stowe un wia boolt em deepen Schlop.

Meddel enne Nacht wuak hee opp. De Droom waut hee jehaut haud muak am fuaz voll waka. Daut wia nich een gruselja Droom oba krakjt omjedreit, romauntisch, soo daut am de Feeba stieech. Hee wist uk krakjt wua hee wia un waut et hia fa Jeläajenheite jäwe kunn.

“Kjeena wudd jeemols utfinje, wan ekj enne Kjääkj nenn gone wudd un soo deed aus wan ekj Buckweedoag haud. See wudd veleicht oppwakje un ut äare Stow rutkome. Veleicht wudd see mie en äare Schlopstow nenn kroage.” Groota Peeta funk stell aun to bäde un aus sien Jedajchnis aunfunk von veschiedne Schreftstäde to denkje, wort am schleeprich un hee duseld dan met de Tiet en.

### 3. Kapitel

En de Nacht von däm grooten Stiem haud Groota Peeta de jratsta Striet met sikj selfst waut hee jeemols jehaut haud. Nu, een poa Doag lota, wia am daut kloa daut ne hechre Haunt am jeholpe haud, doamet daut hee sikj haud bemaune kunt. Nu hilt hee de kjiene Trutje en siene Oarms, froo daut hee dää one Schult kunn aankjikje.

indiscretions, the natural result was that others around him suffered, especially his own children. Oh, yes, Big Peter still felt guilt about having harboured those lustful feelings on that night, but he now realized that the experience had matured him. He now felt surer of his ability to control his sexuality and could now interact with the opposite sex more easily. He now felt a closer bond with Katherina than before. He had been tempted and remained true to her. What a good feeling. How would he ever have been able to face the church brothers and especially Diedrich Schwartz ... and with himself being considered the "Schult" (Mayor) in the community. He thanked God for keeping him from making that terrible mistake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Big Peter went at his daily tasks with renewed vigor. He hauled several bags of wheat to the gristmill in Steinbach where it was ground into flour. Miller Rempel was the only one with extra cash and was considered the community banker. Peter now approached him about the possibility of a loan so that he could add to his quarter section of land. The agreement was made by word of mouth and Peter took the money in cash. The land was now his. He walked away with a feeling of satisfaction. If the new land did well, he would be able to enlarge the barn for more cattle.

"This will be good news to take to Katherina," he said as he headed for the infirmary.

Doadersch daut de Kjeenich Doft soo onbedocht siene Sind bejinkj deede aundre rom am liede, äwahaupt siene ieejne Kjinja. Na eendoont, Groota Peeta feeld sikj doch noch schuldich daut hee soone lostvolle Feelinj de Nacht jehaut haud, oba hee sach en, daut hee von Natua nu weisa un dolla oppjeweosse wia. Hee feeld nu ne jratre Sechaheit daut hee siene Drief, nu bäta unjadon hoole kunn. Hee feeld nu een dichtre Vebinjunk met Tien aus verhää. Am wia jeprooft worde un hee wia tru jebläwe. Daut wia soon gooda Jefeel. Woo wudd hee jeemols habe kunt de Kjoakje Breeda jlikj aunkjikke un besondasch Dietrich Schwoat. Un uk daut see am aunkjikjte aus de 'Schult' en äare Nobaschoft. Hee bedankt sikj bie Gott daut hee am bewoat haud von soo een schrakjeljen Fäla to moake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Groota Peeta haud nu mea Krauft jekjraaje om siene dachdääjliche Dinja to doone. Hee naum een poa Sakj Weit no de Mäl en Steinbach wua see Mäl von muake. Mäle Rampel wia de eensja waut doa Jelt toom äwajen haud. Am wort aunjeseene aus de Bankia enne Omjäajent. Groota Peeta fruach am nu auf hee am Jelt borje wudd soo daut hee een bät Launt tookjeepe kunn." De Bestemmunk wia nu wuatlich jemoakt un hee naum daut Boajelt fuaz met. Wan daut Launt nu goot enbrinje wudd, wudd hee däm Staul kjenne jrata bue fa ne jratre Häad Vee.

"Dit woat goodet Nies senne fa Tien," sad hee aus hee nom Krankenhaus opptoo jinkj.



Katherina was in the sitting room when he arrived. She was beginning to look her optimistic old self again.

“Oh, I am glad you came! I am so lonesome for the children. The nurse says I can go home in time for Sunday.”  
“Well, great! I will be here on Saturday to pick you up. I should arrive here by noon.”

After visiting for a while, Big Peter got up to go.  
“See you on Saturday, then!”

At the supper table, Big Peter made the announcement to his family. “Children, your mother can finally come home! I will be fetching her on Saturday!”

“Oh goody, goody!” cried the little girls in one breath, “Will she still look like mother?”

“Oh, I am sure she will, but you know, before she comes home we will have to clean up. Peter and David, can I count on you to help tomorrow?”

“Yes, dad,” said little Peter quietly. He had missed mother the most because she had always been there to encourage him. The next day was Friday and everyone was up early and ready to go.

“John and I have to cut some more fire wood for next winter. We will be gone all day. Anna and Lena, be good girls and listen to Peter.”

Tien wia enne Settstow aus hee doa aun kaum. Ar sachet nu wada soo äwanäment aus verhää.

“Sie ekj oba froo daut du jekome best! Ekj sie soo eensom fa de Kjinja. De Krankensesta sajcht ekj kaun Sinnowent nohus kome.”  
“Oba goot! Ekj kom dan aum Sinnowent un näm die nohus. Bie rom Meddachtiet woa ekj hia senne.”

See spazieede fa ne Tietlank un dan säd Groota Peeta hee must foare.  
“Sinnowent woa ekj die dan erwoarte!”

Aum Owentkost Desch muak hee daut Nies bekaunt. “Kjinja, june Mame kaun entlich nohus kome! Ekj woa däa Sinnowent hole!”

“Oh, goot, goot!” schreeje de Mejales aulatoop loos, “Woa see noch emma soos Mame utlote?”

“Oh, ekj sie mie secha see woa, oba weet jie waut, wie woare motte sea opprieme. Peeta un Doft, woa jie Morje sea halpe?”

“Jo, Pape,” säd Kjliena Peeta gaunz stell. Siene Mame haud am sea jefält wiel see haud am emma soo unjastett! De näakjsta Dach wia Friedach un een jiedra wia tiedich opp un reed toom oabeide.

“Jihaun un ekj motte fa däm näakjsten Winta mea Brennholt moake. Wie woare däm gaunzen Dach wajch bliewe. Aunna un Leena, siet jescheit un horcht no Peeta.”

The men left the house. Mrs. Friesen had gone home for the day and taken little Trutje with her. Little Peter now felt full responsibility for the household. Things were not going too well though. First off, little Lena threw a tantrum because David had pinched her by accident while getting her dressed. This in turn upset Anna who spent the next half hour in the outhouse. This kept Peter busy trying to placate everybody, so very little was being done.

Just when Peter was ready to break into tears himself, the dog began barking. Everyone ran to the window. A sleigh pulled into the yard. Mrs. Thiessen got out and headed for the house. She had her hands full of containers. Her son, who had brought her, now left with the team. It was not very long before the children heard the tinkling of sleigh bells and this time it was Mrs. Froese and her husband. They brought more containers, mops and pails. Mr. Froese offered to take all the kids back to his place. The Froeses children were almost the same age as the Klassen children. They also had several teenage daughters who were good babysitters.

"But father said we were supposed to get the house cleaned," Peter said.

"Oh, that'll be okay, Peter. We will take care of everything," said Mrs. Froese.

With some uneasiness, Peter assented and the children were bundled up and sent away. Once they were gone, more neighbours descended on the Klassen premises and went to work. They cleaned the house from top to bottom.

De Mana jinje rut. Taunte Friesche haud kjliene Trutje jenome un wia no äa Hus jefoare. Kjliena Peeta bleef gaunz auleen met siene Veuntwuatlichkjeite em Hus. Daut wort fuaz een bät trublich. Ieeschtens muak kjliene Leena een Jeläw wiel Doft äa biem auntrakje haud derch Onjlejk jekjnäpe. Dit räajd Aunna soo opp daut see fa de näakjste haulwe Stund Derchfaul haud un must em Sekjreet sette gone.

Jrod aus Kjliene Peeta daut aula too väl wort hieed hee de Hunt bale. Jieda eena fluach nom Fensta. Een Schläde kaum oppem Hoff. Taunte Thiesche kroop rauf un kaum nom Hus opptoo. See haud de Henj voll Jefässa. Äa Sän leet äa doa un fua vom Hoff. Boolt nodäm hieede de Kjinja Pieets Kjinjasch un ditmol wiaret Taunte Friesche un äa Maun. De brochte mea Jefässa, Fluakodre un Amasch. Onkel Friesse säd de Kjinja kunne aula no äant kome. Frieses äare Kjinja wiere onjefäa soo oolt aus de Klosses Kjinja. Frieses haude uk Elre Mejales waut doa goode Kjinjawachta wiere.

"Oba Pape säd wie sulle daut Hus rein moake," säd Peeta.

"Dua nich doa äwa, Peeta, wie woare aul aules jedone kjrieje," säd Taunte Friesche.

Peeta leet sikj beräde wan hee uk een bät Sorje feeld. De Kjinja wiere boolt aunjetrocke un wajch jebrocht. Aus dee eenmol fuat wiere kaume doa mea Nobasch toop bie Klosses un funge aun to oabeide. Daut Hus wort von unje bat

They filled the pantry with baked goods and other edibles. By late afternoon, they had all returned to their respective farms. When John and Big Peter returned, expecting to make a simple supper for the family, they were surprised to find the table set, a pot of soup simmering on the stove, and some cooked spare ribs and sausage on the table. Soon they heard sleigh bells and the excited voices of the children on the yard. The children entered the house and became very quiet. Everything was spotlessly clean. They had been bathed at Froeses so they too looked clean and neat. Big Peter was overwhelmed. He tried to call back Mr. Froese who had hurried off the yard as fast as he could.

“Children, we have good neighbours! Let us thank God for them! Now be sure to keep the house this way for mother when she comes home tomorrow.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the children were begging to come along to bring mother home.

“No, it will be better if you wait here for her. Mrs. Friesen is bringing little Trutje. She will leave her with you so that we can be alone as a family when mother comes. Peter and David, why do not you take the girls for a long sleigh ride to the creek so that they won’t get impatient. Put them to bed right after lunch. We should be home at about three.”

bowe rein jemoakt. See druage de Koma voll met Jebaknis un aulahaunt aundat. Lota Nomeddach wiere see aula wada trigj nohus jefoare. Aus Jihaun un Groota Peeta nohus kaume, rääkjende see doa opp daut see wudde eene eenfacha Owentkost moake motte. See wiere erstaunt aus see sage daut de Desch oppjesat wia, daut doa een Grope Supp oppem Owe stunt, un daut doa Rebspäa un Worscht oppem Desch wia. Boolt hieede see Pieets Kjinjasch un oppjerääjde Kjinja Stemme oppem Hoff. De Kjinja kaume em Hus nenn un worde sea stell. Aules wia blitz-blank rein. De Kjinja haude sikj bie Frieses jebot un dän sachet schmock rein un krakjt. Groota Peeta wia äwarauscht. Hee vesocht Onkel Friese trigj to roope oba de spood sikj vom Hoff rauf soo jnietsch aus hee kunn.

“Kjinja, wie habe oba goode Nobasch! Welwe Gott danke fa dän! Nu moakt secha daut em Hus aules en Ordnunk blift fa Mame wan de Morje nohus kjemt.”

\* \* \* \* \*

De näakjsta Morje prachade de Kjinja auf see nich metfoare kunne om Mame to hole.

“Nä, daut wudd bäta senne wan jie hia fa äa luade. Taunte Friesche woat kjliene Trutje hää brinje. See woat dää bie junt lote soo daut wie aus ne Famielje auleen kjenne toop senne wan Mame nohus kjemt. Peeta un Doft, nämt de Määkjes un jäft äant ne lange Foat metet Schlätje. Foat bate Ritsch, un nämt june Tiet, soo daut dee nich soo



schwind onjeduldich woare. Un Nomeddach brinjt dän tobad fa een Meddachs chop. Bie Klock Dree rom woa wie Tus senne."

Big Peter left for Steinbach and John went to do the usual routine chores of a bush farm where he helped in the wintertime. He was a hard worker and did not mind all the hard work on his father's farm. He knew that eventually he would inherit some of the land to begin his own farming.

Groota Peeta fua auf no Steinbach un Jihaun muak sikj drock met de veschiedne Oabeit waut opp soone Struck Foarm em Winta todoone wia. Hee kunn schwoa Schaufe un am wia de Oabeit uk nich too väl. Hee wist uk daut hee mete Tiet atlichet von daut Launt wudd oawe un siene ieejne Wirtschoft aunfange wudd.

The children were up from their nap and lined up at the windows by two o'clock. "Is it almost time?" asked Anna. "It'll be at least another hour," said David.

Bie Klock Twee wiere de Kjinja aul waka un biem Fensta. "Es et meist Tiet?" fruach Aunna. "Daut woat weenichstens noch eene Stund näme," säd Doft.

Lena, who had not slept because of the excitement and anticipation, was holding on to the edge of the windowsill. Her eyes were droopy and her head went down on the sill periodically. Every so often David would throw on his wraps and run down the driveway, checking to see if his parents were coming yet. Many times, he came back with a disappointed look on his face. As the afternoon wore on, the weary watchers were beginning to fail at their posts. Lena was sleeping soundly on the scatter rug below the window. David and Anna were drawing on paper bags with their pencils but they were still faithfully watching at the window.

Leena, dee nich mol jeschlope haud wäjjen aul de Oppräajunk un de lange Wajcht, hilt sikj faust aum Fenstakopp. Äare Uage leetet aul gaunz schleeplich un äa Kopp läd sikj han un wada oppe Fensta Schwal. Doft trock sikj mieremol däm Waums aun un fluach rut lenjst de Oppfoat un kijkt auf doa aul wää kaum. Hee kaum ieremol trigj nenn met een langet Jesecht. Aus et lota Nomeddach wort, wort de Wajchta äare Oppmoakjsomkjeit schwaka un schwaka. Leena, dee schleep nu aul sondasorj oppe Fluadakj unjrem Fensta. Doft un Aunna deede bieaun opp Papia Tute mole un doabie pauste see doch noch biem Fensta opp.

"Here they come!" Peter cried.

"Hia kome see," schrieech Peeta.

Anna ran out of the open door before

Aunna fluach to de Dää rut ea Peeta äa

Peter could catch her. Peter retrieved her and they all waited at the door except for Lena, who was still sleeping on the floor.

Father held onto mother as she stepped slowly out of the sleigh. He led her to the door and there Katherina threw her arms around all three children.

“Oh, I have missed you,” she whispered as tears streamed down her cheeks. “But where is little Lena?”

She hurried into the house and there she saw her curled up on the rug with her thumb in her mouth. Katherina did not wait for her to wake but bent over and picked her up. She held her close and kissed her as she was waking up.

“Mommy!” Lena cried when she realized who was holding her, and then she snuggled against mom’s bosom and refused to look at anyone for ten minutes. Little Trutje was too small to notice all the comings and goings of the past few weeks. She had been getting her nourishment and attention and that was all she cared about. When Katherina came to her crib and picked her up, she began to bawl lustily because her feeding was about due. Katherina was so thrilled at having her newborn in her arms again that she forgot all about the other children and took time to feed her. Trutje seemed puzzled by the stranger who was now attending to her, but her appetite got the better of her and she soon settled down to nursing. She even managed a little smile when Katherina talked to her and cuddled her.

jriepje kunn. Hee hold äa trigj, un dan stunde see bie de Däa un luade. Oba Leena schleep noch emma oppe Flua.

Voda hilt Mutta biem Oam aus see langsam vom Schläde rauf staupt. Hee holp äa no de Däa un doa schmeet Tien äare Oarms rom aule dree Kjinja.

“Oh, hab ekj mie no junt jebangt,” fuscheld see aus de Trone lenjst de Bake rande. “Oba wua es Leena?”

See spood sikj em Hus nen. Doa sach see däa oppe Fluadakj met äa Dume em Mul. Tien luad nich bat see oppwakjt oba buach dol un hoof däa opp. See hilt äa dicht aun sikj un kust ar aus see oppwuak.

“Mame!” schrieech Leena aus see enwort wäa ar hilt, un dan nast see sikj jäajen Mame äare Brost. Fa tien Minnute kjikjt see kjeenem aundren aun.

Kjliene Trutje wia noch too junk toom weete waut doa aula väajegone wia enne latste poa Wäakj. See kjand dee, däa ar fläaje deede un äa Noarinj gauwe. Aus Tien dan no äa Proschkje kaum un ar opphoof, funk see lostalich aun to brelle, wiel äa nu hungad. Tien wia nu soo bejeistat daut see wada äa Niejebuarnen enne Oarms haud daut see gaunz vonne aundre Kjinja vegaut un naum nu Tiet äa to foodre. Trutje sachet een bät vebiestat nu daut een gaunz Framda no äa sach, oba boolt naum de Hunga äwahaunt un see funk aun to lutsche. See frinteld soogoa een bät aus Tien to äa räd un äa em Oarm schockeld.

## Chapter 4

By the time little Trutje was four years old, one could see that she would aspire to something beyond the ordinary. She was not a beautiful child but she had spirit. Her independent and determined personality was already surfacing. The



bright, intelligent eyes and insistent purposefulness made people notice her. Whether it was because she was the youngest and a little bit spoiled or whether the first few weeks of life had influenced her psyche, she often became the leader among her peers.

It was a bright February morning and the three girls, Anna, Lena and Trutje had gone out to play. They were making criss-cross trails in among the poplars. Once they were finished, they played a simple form of "Fox and Geese."

John had some time off from chores and was heading off for his trap line. He had set up rabbit snares at 500-yard intervals on his two-mile circular route through

## 4. Kapitel

Bie vea Joa oolt kunn eena aul seene daut de klijene Trutje waut butajeweeneljet rom sikj selfst moake wudd. See wia nich een besondasch straumet Kjint oba see haud een sea läwendja Jeist. Dit Määkjskje äare

Fox and Geese

Foss un Jans

Selfststendichkeit un Entschlotenheit wia nu aul to seene. De kloare, ensechtje Uage un drinjenda Zwakj wia soo oppfaulent daut de Mensche äa bemoakjte. Auf daut doawäajen wia daut see de jinjste wia un veleicht uk een bät vewant, ooda auf de ieeschte poa Wääkj von äa Läwe äaren Toosecht haude beenflust, oba see wia jeweenlich de Leida von dee waut en äarem Ella wiere.

Daut wia een dacha Feebawoa Zemorjes aus de dree Määkjes, Aunna, Leena un Trutje rut jinje toom späle. See muake Stiej, äwakjriez un dedwää manke Papelbeem. Aus see dan foadich wiere, spälde see "Foss un Jans."

Jihaun haud een bät Tiet aufjenome von de Foarm Oabeit un jinkj auf no siene Faule. Aule fief hundat Schrett haud hee Hose Schlenje oppjestalt. De

the bush. This morning, as usual, his mind was off on philosophical trips. The stimulation of a beautiful, sunny February morning, with the promise of spring in the changed light of the sun's rays, made him percolate. He was thinking how easy it would be to consider the sun as a deity. Was not the sun the main life-giving force for most living things? If that sun did not warm up this cold north country, life would not be possible.

How thrilling to see the squirrels come out of hiding on a day like this to romp and scold. How exciting to see the sun fingering the snow-covered boughs of the trees and bringing the pale green colour back into them. John even imagined that he could see the first brown buds starting and swelling on the trees. Oh yes, he could easily understand how the primitives could think of the sun as their god. But, of course, Judaism had an all-powerful, all-knowing, being who had set up the whole overwhelmingly complex and fascinating creation. But he did not believe, like Mr. Braun the neighbour, that God would interfere and change the course of nature on the plea of one individual. Just because Mr. Braun did not want the grasshoppers to eat his crop did not mean that God had not set the whole thing in motion. It was so well done that He did not have to intervene to straighten things out. To John everything seemed very predictable and

kjrenjelde derchem Bosch eenen Kraunz onjefää twee Miel em Derchmot. Disen Morje, soos jweenlich, wiere siene Jedanke wiet auf opp fillisofische Reise. Daut Aunreizen von soon scheena, sonja Feebawoa Morje, met däm Vespräakje von Farjoa un daut veendade Licht von de Sonnestrole, muak am Jedankevoll. Hee docht aun woo leicht daut senne wudd, de Sonn soos een Gott auntobäde. Wia de Sonn nich de Lävrens jäwende Krauft fa mieschte Dinja? Wan de Sonn nich aules soo fein oppwoame wudd en dit kolde nuadeljet Launt, wudd et Läwe nich mäajlich senne.

Daut gauf soone Freid to seene wan de Ieekjekotasch äwadäl kaume un sikj unjaenaunda utloamde un rom flitste. Un daut gauf uk soon gooda Feelinj wan de Sonn soo delenj de Boom Asta fote deed un de feine licht jreene Kalia trigj brocht. Jihaun bilt sikj uk en hee kunn seene daut de ieeschte brune Knoppes aul aunftunge to wausse. Na jo, hee kunn sea leicht seene woo de ieeschte Mensche de Sonn aunbäde kunne. Oba, de Jude haude een aulmajchticha, aulwissenda Doasenna, dee de gaunze vewekjelde un wunda-boare Welt oppjestalt haft. Oba, hee jleewd nich soos sien Noba Onkel Brun, daut Gott de Natua fa bloos een Mensch endre wudd. Bloos doawäajen daut Onkel Brun nich wull habe daut de Heischrakje siene Kropp oppfräte sulle meend et nich daut Gott aules fa am omdreie wudd. Hee haud aules soo goot jemoakt daut doa nuscht brukt trajcht jemoakt woare. En Jihaun siene Meenunk wia aules räajelmässich. Dit

to him this spoke of a reliable, predictable God.

säd am daut eena sikj gaunz opp Gott velote kunn.

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The girls were interrupted in the middle of their play when they found an injured blue jay in the snow. It tried moving away from them, but, in the deep snow and with its injured wing, it could not move very fast. They caught up to it and reached down to pick it up. Anna got a nasty peck on her hand and ran back to the house, crying. Trutje came up with the idea of throwing her big scarf over it before picking it up. Now they carried it carefully to the house and showed it to mother.

De Määkjes worde en äa späle vesiemt aus see een Heista em Schnee funge de tosplät jekome wia. Daut Voagel proowd von äant wajchtokome oba em deepe Schnee un metne velatste Flicht kunn et sikj nich sea jnietsch bewäaje. See kaume daut no, un wulle daut dan opphäwe. Daut Voagel tukst Aunna jehierich aune Haunt. See rand auf nom Hus un hield. Trutje haud een Biefaul. See schmeet äa Duak äwa daut Voagel un dan kunn see daut enne Henj näme. See druage daut väasechtich nom Hus un weese Mame daut.

“Oh, you’d better let the dog take it, Lena! The bird is injured and will die anyway,” said mother.

“Na, lot de Hunt daut mau habe, Leena! Daut Voagel es velatst un woat jeedenfauls omkome,” säd Mame.

“But mother, I will take care of it! Maybe we can put some wormwood ointment on it and it will heal,” said Trutje.

“Oba Mame, ekj woa doano seene, veleicht kjenn wie doa Saulw nopp schmääre un dan woat daut heel woare,” säd Trutje.

“But where will we keep it, children?”  
“We have an apple box in the summer kitchen. We can put some rags in it and keep it in the living room,” said Lena, who now was also enthusiastic about keeping it.

“Oba wua woare wie daut hoole, Kjinja?”  
“Wie habe een Aupelkauste enne Sommakjäakj. Wie kjenne doa atliche Kodre nenn doone un dan daut enne Gauststow hoole,” säd Leena. See wia nu uk aul gaunz bejeistat om daut to hoole.

“Very well. We will keep it for a while, but you’ll have to look after it, girls.”

“Na jo. Wie woare daut dan een Stootje hoole, oba jie Mejales woare daut motte besorje.”

They got the apple box and put the bird into it. From then on, Trutje was the

See holde dän Aupelkauste un läde daut Voagel doa nen. Von dan aun wia



faithful nursemaid visiting and feeding the bird every few hours. Eventually the bird got stronger, but its wing was permanently crippled. It became tame and followed Trutje around when it was not in its box. Trutje was like a nurturing mother hen. She held it, fed it, and talked to it.

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Over the next several years, she became known in the community as the one who could fix up animals. People brought their injured chicks, piglets, puppies and kittens to the Klassens. By the time Trutje was twelve she was already setting bones and applying splints to the little creatures that came her way.

At this age, Trutje was rather disillusioned with the male species. As far as she was concerned, boys were only a necessary evil. She felt that many of the injuries experienced by the little furred and feathered creatures were perpetrated by mean, cruel boys armed with slingshots, rocks, sticks, bows and arrows. Oh, there were a couple of boys she liked, who seemed to be a little more aware and sensitive. Her preoccupation with her animals and her physical plainness had created in her a disinterestedness regarding sexuality. She assumed that the boys were not attracted to her and so she pretended little interest. In the ultra-conservative society in which she lived, relationships between the sexes were discouraged and played down. Even the older girls and boys had very little to do with each other.

Trutje de Flääjarin. See besocht un foodad daut Voagel aule poa Stund. Mete Tiet wort daut Voagel uk stoakja, oba de Flicht wia fa emma vekjräpelt. De Heista wort gaunz tom un zoageld Trutje hinjaraun wan et nich enne Doos wia. Trutje vehilt sikj soos ne noarende Mutta Han. See hilt daut, foodad daut, un räd to daut.

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Enne näakjste poa Joa wort see bekaunt enne Nobaschoft aus soone waut doa Tiere kunn trajcht moake. Lied brochte äare velatste Kjikjel, Foakjel, junge Hunj un Kaute no de Klosses. Trutje wia noch mau twalw Joa oolt aus see aul Knoakes trajcht sate deed un dee dan uk met Splinte vebinje deed.

Dit wia uk de Tiet en äa Läwe wua see fa Junges nich vël äwrich haud. Soo wiet aus äa aunbelangd, wiere dee bloos ne needje Ploag. See feeld daut een deel von de kjiene falje un fadaje Tiere waut doa to splät kaume worde von de niedatrajchtje Benjels velatst, dee doa met Schlenje, Steena, un Flitzboages dän dan troffe. Doa wiere je dan doch een poa Junges waut see jleicht, wiel dee een bät mea bewust wiere un uk een bät emfintelja. Äa Vetieftheit met äare Tiere un uk daut et äa nich utbenome schmock leet muak daut see sikj nich sea fa Jeschlajchts Dinja intressieed. See muak sikj dietlich daut de Junges nich en ar intressieet wiere un doaderch deed see uk soos wan äa daut nuscht aun jinkj. En de trigjtrakjende, ooltmoodsche Jesalschoft en däm see sikj funk, Vewauntschoft tweschen de Jeschlajchta wort aufjerot

un nich vël von jerät. Soogoa bie de elre junge Mensche haude de Junges meist nuscht met de Mejales to doone.

Occasionally she felt some stirrings deep within her. This made her uneasy and self-conscious. Once she had come upon the barnyard rooster fulfilling his destined role in life. Her first instinct was to look away. Her mother had given her the feeling that these things were very private and maybe a little bad. Her awakening sexual instincts, however, made her walk in behind a bush and watch from there. This way nobody would see her curiosity. When she accidentally came across the mating between the herd bull and a cow, she began to wonder whether a similar act had to take place between a man and a woman to have children. This turned her off. She did not even want a boy to touch her, let alone getting too close ... and yet she liked children. What if she had never want children of her own? Well, she would not worry about it just yet.

She was a good student at the private church school where the children learned to read and write in German. The textbook was the Bible. Trutje had memorized all the names of the books of the Bible and a number of verses. She memorized verses like: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord"; "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling"; "Wide is the gate that leads to condemnation, and narrow is the gate that leads to everlasting life"; "They that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution"; "Blessed are

Han un wada feeld see een Drief deep en sikj. Dit muak äa onruich un sea selfst bewust. Een Dach haud see onverhofs em Staul däm Hohn jeseene aus hee siene läwens Flicht erfeld. Äa ieeschta Jedanke wia wajch tookjikje. Äare Mame haud äa de Iedee jejäft daut soont sea priewaut un veleicht uk een bät schljacht wia. Äare erwakjende Driefs muak äa, daut see hinjrem Bosch jinkj un doa tookjikjt. En disen wajch wudd kjeena äa Nieschia tooseene. Aus see onverhofs daut aantroff, aus de Boll enne Vee Häad ne Koo berand, funk see aun to wundre auf soowaut must tweschen een Maun un ne Fru passiere om Kjinja to habe. Dit wia äa sea jäajenaun. See wull nich mol habe daut een Jung äa sull aunschiere, un dan soont! Oba doch see jleicht Kjinja. Waut wan see niemols äare ieejne Kjinja wudd habe welle? Na, see wudd nu nich doa äwa duare.

See wia een gooda Schiela en de priewaut Kjoakje School wua de Kjinja opp Dietsch lieede to läse un to schriewe. Daut Takjst wia de Bibel. Trutje haud aul de Nomes von de Bibel Bieekja utwendich jeliyet un uk een deel Bibelvarzh. Opp huachdietsch lied see soone Varzh aus: "Denn der Tod ist der Sünde Sold aber die Gabe Gottes ist das ewige Leben in Christo Jesu, unserm Herrn," "schaffet, das ihr selig werdet, mit Furcht und Zittern"; "Denn die Pforte ist weit, und der Weg ist breit, der zur Verdammnis abfuhret ... und die Pforte ist enge, und der Weg ist

the pure, for they shall see God"; "Flee youthful lusts..." and many others.

schmal, der zum Leben führet"; "Und alle, die gottselig leben wollen in Christo Jesu, müssen Fevoljunk leiden"; "Selig sind, die reines Herzens sind; denn sie werden Gott schauen"; "Fliehe die Lüsten der Jugend ..." un vüle aundre Schreftstäda.

It was not customary for children to read the Bible except under a tutor. Picked scripture portions were read to them, either in church or by the father on special holidays like Easter or Christmas. The one Bible in the house was the big family Bible that sat in a special place and was very heavy. The children were discouraged from using it, because it was up to adults to interpret and pre-digest God's Holy Word for them.

Daut wia nich mood daut Kjinja selfst de Bibel lāsde one een elra Äwasechta. Utjewälde Schreftstäda wort an vääjeläst, entwäda enne Kjoakj ooda Tus vom Voda, jeeenlich opp Heljedoag soos opp Oostre ooda Wienachte. De eene Bibel em Hus wia de groote Famielje Bibel; dee haud äare utjewälde Städ em Hus un wia uk sea schwoa. De Kjinja wort auferot dee to läse wiel daut de Oppjewosne äare Flicht wia dee to äwasate un väätolaje.

Once when she was left alone in the house, she had paged through it. She was amazed and shocked at some of the things she had read in the Old Testament. For several months afterwards, she felt guilty every time she saw this awesome and almost forbidden book. She began experiencing some confused feelings. A hundred new and different concepts were coming at her.

Eenmol aus see auleen em Hus wia haud see dee derchjeblädat. See wia erstaunt un haud sikj veschrocke äwa waut see doa em Oole Testament jeläst haud. Een poa Moonat nohää haud see sikj schuldich jefeelt jiedat mol wan see daut oppfaulendet un meist vebodnet Buak sach. See funk nu aun een bät vedreide Feelinj to habe. Hundat niee Iedee un Biefal kaume äa nu en.

The attitudes and taboos of adult society were already deeply impressed on Trutje. There was definitely a hell where bad people were sent when they died. There was also good and evil. One had to watch and hope that evil did not overwhelm ... And the worst evil of all was sex ... at least that was the understanding of the older people ... that is the one thing one had to watch most of all. One wrong move and

De Oppjewosne äare Stalunge un Befertunge wiere aul stoakj en äa enjewartelt. Doa wia sechalich ne Hal wua schlajchte Mensche han jeschekjt worde wan see stoawe deede. Eena must sea oppause daut et Schlajchte nich äwahaunt naum ... un daut schlajchste wia daut, waut doa kunn passiere tweschen eenletzje Junges un Määkjes. Dauts wua eena daut mieeschte must vää oppause. Eenmol



condemnation. She wondered whether the things she had read in the Old Testament had already condemned her. It was a worry that gnawed at her in her more depressed moments.

Then there was the time she had felt that pleasurable feeling ... while riding a horse ... she had been told to ride it side-saddle but she had insisted on riding it like the boys ... and the time when she had gone to the outhouse at the neighbours' place ... she had opened the door ... exposed before her was an older youth ... he quickly covered up while she turned and fled ... and then the muffled noises from her parents' bedroom. Her own drives argued against the logic of sex being essentially bad or that it should be buried so far in the backwaters of human experience. Although she had been alarmed with the onset of the menstrual cycle, once her mother had explained things to her, she accepted them as normal.

These introspective periods in Trutje's adolescent years were interspersed with the good times when she was completely absorbed with her animals. As a Mennonite pioneer girl, she was also expected to learn cooking, cleaning and caretaking. But she did not find fulfillment with these activities. Her first love was nurturing.

soon Fäla moake un dan wia eena vedaamt. See wundad auf daut waut see em Oole Tastament haud jeläst äa aul vedaume deed. Doa duad see eenjemol äwa wan see een bät schwak feeld.

Doa wia uk eenmol daut see soon feinet Jefeel jekjräaje ... aus see Pieet jeräde haud ... dee haude äa jesajcht see sull siedlinjs oppem Sodel sette oba see haud doch soo jesäte aus de Junges biem riede ... ooda dautmol aus see bie de Nobasch nom Sekjreet wia jegone ... see haud de Däa op jemoakt ... doa splintanoaktich stunt een elra Jung ... Hee trock schwind de Bekjse nopp aus see sikj wajch dreid un jnietsch fuat rand ... un dan wia daut waut see maunchmol von äare Elre äare Schlopstow hier e kunn. Äare ieejne Driefs streede doajäajen daut et aula schljacht wia un daut et aula soo jeheemlich en de menschliche Erfoarenheit begroft woare must. Wan see sikj uk een bät oppräajd aus see äa ieeschte Moonatfluss beläwd, aus äare Mame daut dan erkjläare deed woo daut schauft, naum see daut aus räajelrajcht aun.

Wan see uk dise Tiede en äare Jugentjoare haud wua see soo deep met äare Jedanke ennalich jinkj, haud see uk goode Tiede wua see gaunz met äare Tiere vetieft wia. Aus een junget Mennonitischet Mäakje, wort daut velangt daut see liere must woo Äte to moake, rein to moake, un woo aules must besorcht woare. Oba see feeld nich volfeld bloos soowaut to doone. Äare ieeschte Leew wia veschiednet to noare.

When Trutje was sixteen, she regularly attended the church services in the village of Kleefeld. These were held on the last Sunday of each month. These gatherings were all-day affairs with a communal lunch followed by a three-hour preaching service. The women and children sat on the left side of the church and the men and boys on the right side. When the church service was about to begin, the bishop and elders would emerge from the preacher room and take their seats on the elongated platform situated at the front middle.

Trutje enjoyed singing the simple hymns of the faith. They infused more confidence and assurance in her than the sometimes-boring message of the ministers. Although she did not understand all the details of a faith commitment, she had a feeling that God was benevolent and forgiving. This conviction had helped her get over some of the agonies of adolescence.

Now, as she participated in the Sunday services, she and the other girls her age usually gravitated toward the corner of the church where the older ladies usually prepared lunch. She helped along with the food preparations but in the meantime, she heard about the people in the community who were ailing. She had remember the names for later. When the girls were not helping with serving, they would be babysitting the children. Sometimes when she was holding the children, she would notice a slightly dislocated joint and would gently massage and work the limb. She

Aus Trutje sastieen Joa oolt wia jinkj see pinkjlich no de Kjoakje Aundachte em Darp Kjeleefelt. Dise worde aum latsten Sindach enne Moonat jehoole. Dise Toopkomes naume dän gaunzen Dach wua see opp Meddach aula toop äte deede. Nodäm wort fa dree Stund Aundacht jehoole. De Frues met de Kjinja saute to linkje Haunt un de Mana un Junges saute to rajchte Haunt. Jrod ver de Aundacht kaum de Eltesta un de aundre Ooms ut daut Prädja Stowkje rut un sade sikj opp daut lange Plautform dol dee doa Väare enne Medd stunt.

Trutje jinkj daut scheen de eenfache Gloowens Leeda to sinje. Dee gauwe äa mea Toovetruue un Sechaheit aus de maunchmol een bät lankwielje Prädichte von de Rädnasch. Wan see uk nich aules venaum waut doa vom Gloowe jesajcht wort, kunn see daut späare daut de Har een jäwenda un vejäwenda Gott wia. Dise Äwazeijunk help äa äwa atliche von de Weedoag dee doa met de Jugentjoare kaume.

Nu, aus see doa enne Aundachte Poat naum, jinkj see met de aundre Mejales waut äa ella wiere, enne Akj vonne Kjoakj wua de elre Tauntes jeweenlich daut Äte reed muake. See help metem Äte moake un doaderch kunn see utfinje wäa enne Omjäajent waut schod. See behilt de Nomes fa lotta. Wan de Mäakjes nich drock haude met bedeene, deede see kjinjawachte. Eenjemol wan see de Kjliene hilt, un enwort daut een Kjint tonicht wia, deed see daut Jelenkj ooda Jliet strikje un kjnible. See deed daut hinjarigjs wan kjeena oppaust. Wan see feeld daut een Kjint emfintlich

did this when no one was watching. If she came upon a child that was delicate and nervous, she would caress its neck and back. The children loved this and treated her as a special friend. Even the shy ones would come and sit on her lap. She did not 'ga' over them like some of the other girls, but spoke to them quite sensibly.

\* \* \* \* \*

One Sunday they had a visitor in the congregation. He was from Germany visiting the Mennonite settlements in Manitoba. The agricultural success of the Mennonites in the wilderness of Manitoba had reached the ears of the world press and so land agents in Europe were using them as models to sell homesteads in the unsettled areas of the prairies.

Mr. Gross, a twenty-seven year old man, found the Mennonites rather serious and frugal, though he liked their honesty and simplicity. The food was German-like so he ate well. It was hard to get on personal terms with them because they did not trust worldly strangers. They were afraid to be drawn into compromising positions. The teenage girls were especially hard to get close to. He had tried talking to several of them, but they had quickly retreated into the safety of the older women's circle. Trutje was not so lucky. She happened to be serving coffee at the table where he was sitting. He turned his chair into the aisle in order to talk to her, thus blocking her

un narwees wia deed see daut Jenekj un däm Rigje saunft strikje. De Kjinja jleichte daut sea un naume dää aun soos een besondasch gooda Frint. Soogoa soone waut doa bleed wiere kaume un saute dää oppe Schoot. See behaundeld un räd to de mea soos Oppjewisne, nich met kjliene Kjinja Räd, un nich soos atliche von de aundre Määkjes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Disen Sindach haude see een Gaust enne Aundacht. Hee wia von Dietschlaunt un hee deed de veschiedne Mennonitische Aunsiedlunge en Manitoba besieekje. De Mennonite äa Jlekj met de Launtwirtschaft enne Manitoba Wiltnis wia enne Weltzeitunge bekaunt jemoakt woare. Launt Ajente en Europa brukte dän aus Mosta daut see en de onbesiedelde Jääjende oppe kanaudsche Stape Heimstäda vekjeepe kunne.

Herr Gross, dee hia nu de Gaust wia, wia een säwenuntwintichjoascha Maun. Hee funk ut daut de Mennonitische Karakta sea iernst un spoasom wia. Dän äare Opprechtichkeit un äare Eefachkeit jefoll am sea. Hee aut doa uk goot, wiel daut Äte een bät Dietschlensch wia. Daut wia schwoa een perseenlichet Veheltnis met dän to habe wääjen äa Mestru opp weltliche Framde. Äant wia angst daut see sikj en froagliche Omstende nentrakje lote wudde. Daut wia besondasch schwoa met de jugentliche Määkjes Jemeenschoft to fläaje. Hee haud aul vesocht met een Poa von dän to vetale, oba dee haude sikj schwind manke elre

escape route.

Tauntes trigj jeschlikjt. Trutje wia nich soo jlekjlich. See deed jrod bie sien Desch Koffe enjeete. Hee dreid sien Stool em Gang nenn soo daut see nich vebie kunn un soo daut hee met äa räde kunn.

“Wass ist ihr Name, bitte?”

Trutje was not a girl who was easily rattled, so she answered quite civilly. “Mein Name ist Trutje.”

“Was ist ihr Name, bitte?”

Trutje wort nich schwind vebleft un auntuwad am gaunz veninflich. “Mein Name ist Trutje.”

His was an impeccable German, not like the German of the Mennonites whose language he probably considered archaic. She was immediately smitten by this exotic person from a foreign world. He was so handsome and his accent ... so exciting! He had asked her some questions about her life. She had told him she liked to care for injured animals. He became quite interested and found out that she could even set bones.

Sien Huachdietsch räde wia sea genau, nich soos daut ooltmoodsche Huachdietsch waut de Mennonite hia räde deede. See wia fuaz een bät veblint met disem Framden von butrem leedkjreis. Däm sach et soo aunstendich, un siene Batoonunk, soo aunräajent! Hee haud äa atliche Froage äwa äa Läwe jestalt. See haud am jesajcht daut ar daut intressieed velatste Tiere jesunt to doktre. Hee wort gaunz vetieft doa met un funk uk ut daut see Knoakes vestunt trajcht to moake.

“I should take you to the Tiergarten in Stellingen, Germany. You would enjoy seeing all the animals.” Trutje did not say anything to this but her eyes brightened considerably.

“Ich sollte dich nach Stellungen in Deutschland nämen, woo da ein Tiergarten ist. Du würdest da bedeutent Nutzen finden wenn du all die Tieren da sehen würdest.” Trutje säd nuscht doatoo oba äare Uage dachte kloa opp.

He continued, “Say, I know about a school in Germany where they teach how to set bones. Maybe I could get a set of books for you.”

Hee räd wieda. “Sage mal, ich weiss von eine Schule in Deutschland die da das Knochenartst unterrichtet. Vielleicht kann ich da für dich etliche Bücher erhalten.”

Trutje was quite overwhelmed with this so far unthought-of possibility. She did not know what to say but she

Trutje wia gaunz äwarauscht met dise niee Mäajlichkjeit. See wist bloos nich waut to saje oba see säd een bät

hesitatingly said, "Maybe we could ask father about this?"

"Your father is the 'Schult' here, isn't he? I think I've met him; he is a fine man." For a minute Trutje was at a loss for words, but then she said, "He is over there, at the other table."

"I will be meeting him again, I am sure. I will talk to him about it then ... Well, it is been nice talking to you. Maybe We will meet again!"

Trutje was quite excited and almost spilled coffee on the next person she served. Hurrying back to the kitchen she left off serving coffee and slipped out the door to think this whole thing over alone. As she walked away from the church and down the lane, she was thinking what a nice man he was.

It was the time of year when the juices were beginning to move and stir in plants and animals. The bark on the poplars looked greener. The thin layer of ice on the creek was usually gone by mid-morning. Throughout the day, you could hear the water busy at work freeing and exposing the black earth and patches of grass. The smell of water, earth and tree bark excited the senses and warmed the spirit. Even the ordinarily sedate sheep and goats let loose when they were released after being cooped up all winter. They kicked up their heels, butted each other, and ran in short spurts. They sniffed the

trigjtrakjent, "Kjenn wie veleicht Pape wääjen dit froage?"

"Dein Vater ist der Schult hier, ja? Ich glaub ich hab ihm begegnet, er ist ein guter Mann." Fa en Stootje wia Trutje gaunz ut Wieeda, oba dan säd see, "Hee es dort aun jan Desch."

"Ich werde ihm allemal wieder begegnen un dan werd ich mit ihm davon sprechen. Ja, das hat mir gutgegangen mit ihnen zu unterhalten. Vielleicht werden wir uns wieder sehen!"

Trutje wia sea oppjeräacht un aus see däm näakjsten met Koffe bedeene wull haud see däm boolt bekjietat. See jinkj schwind trigj no de Kjääkj un schlikjt sikj to de Dää rut daut see sikj aules auleen kunn derch denkje. Aus see dan vonne Kjoakj fuat jinkj docht see to sikj selfst waut fa een feina Maun daut uk wia.

Dit wia de Tiet em Joa wua daut Sauft en Plaunte un Tiere aunfunk to oabeide. Daut Boakj aune Papel sach aul väl jreena. De denne Schicht Ies enne Ritsch wia jeweenlich oppjedeift bie meddel Morjes. Dän gaunzen Dach äwa kunn eena daut hiere woo daut Wota oabeid daut de schwoate Ieed un kjliene flekja Grauss aunfunge vää to kome. Daut Jeroch von Wota, Ieed un Boom Boakj reitste de Jefeel un woamde de Seel. Soogoa daut jeweenlich make Vee hupst lostalich rom aus dän rut jelote wort no däm langen Winta. See schluage nohinje ut, buchelde sikj unjaenaunda, un flitste



snow patches and took a bite or two of the dried grass.

The warm sun brought out the little children who measured water with their boots and made little dikes to lead water astray. Every so often, they would be stuck in the mud puddles. With all this spring fever, it was no wonder that high feelings among the young people made them break taboos and conventions and actually smile at each other across the church aisle.

Trutje, who had squelched these feelings up until now, could not suppress them any longer. Her heart hammered and her hands shook as she remembered the stranger's polite manners, perfect German and above all else, his looks. He was so handsome. He was tall, had blue eyes and blonde hair. But she mustn't think about him, it was wrong. How did she know what he was really like? Maybe he was very worldly and sinful... but a worldly man would smoke and wear a moustache... oh, I hope dad invites him!

## Chapter 5

Everything was spotless. Mother and daughters had prepared a very complete supper. There were fried potatoes, ham, corn, dill pickles, pork hocks, freshly baked bread, "Plume Moos" and for

een bät han un hää. De schneffelde de Schnee Plake un naume ne Frät voll driejet Grauss.

Soogoa de kjliene Kjinja kaume rut enne woame Sonn. See maute Wota met äare Gumm Steewle un muake kjliene Daums daut et Wota tosied rand. Han un wada bleewe see dan em Blott hucke. Met aul dit Farjoasch Feeba wia daut kjeen Wunda daut de Feelinj manke junge Menschen huach rand un daut dee bie dise Tiet de Moode un Sitte brääkje deede un werkjlich to sikj unjaenaunda äwrem Kjoakje Gank frintle deede.

Trutje, dee doa aul soo lang äare Feelinj haud dol jedrekjt, kunn dee nich lenja dol hoole. Äa Hoat homad lud un äare Henj flautade aus see trigj docht woo bescheide hee wia, un woo genau sien Dietsch wia, oba äwa aules, soos hee utleet. Hee wia huach von Jewauss, haud bleiwe Uage un lichte Hoa. Oba see must nich aun am denkje; daut wia onrajcht. Woo wist see waut fa Sort Mensch hee rajcht wia. Veleicht wia hee sea weltlich un sintlich. Oba een Weltlicha Maun wudd doch rieekjre un een Schnurboat droage. Oh, miene Hopninj es daut Pape am woat enlode!

## 5. Kapitel

Aules wia blitz-blank. Mutta un Dajchta haude een sea volstendjet Owentkost reed jekjrääje. Doa wiere jebrodne Ieedschocke, Schinkjefleesch, Korn, Schwiens Kjnechels, niejebaktet



dessert, Saskatoon pie with "Prips," a hot drink made of roasted barley.

Trutje's hinting to Big Peter had brought results. He had invited Mr. Gross to supper. Everyone in the house was nervous and excited. Mr. Gross probably came from the big city where they would have oak floors, nice rugs and chandeliers in their homes. They felt self-conscious about the simple, austere surroundings. Trutje, the practical girl that she was, did not spend much time worrying about that. She was more worried about how the conversation would go. Big Peter, although a man of few words, had a lot of self-assurance and did not feel the need to be so entertaining to an "outsider." He was on the yard preparing the seed drill for the spring seeding. Katherina had told him to come in early to wash and change for

Broot, Plume Moos, un fa Läpelkost, Saskatoon Pei met Prips, un uk Jedrenkj von jereeschta Joascht jemoakt.

Met Trutje äa Toorode haud Groota Peeta Onkel Gross to Owentkost enjelode. Aula em Hus wiere narwees un oppjeräacht. Woarschienlich kaum Onkel Gross vonne Grootstaut wua see aulemol iekjne Fluare, schmocke Fluadakje, un straume Lichta aum Unjabän haude. See feelde sikj sea jerinj en äarem eefachem un strenjen Omkjreis. Trutje, dee soo praktisch wia, naum nich vël Tiet doa äwa to duare. See wia mea beduat äwa woo de Unjahoolunk gone wudd. Groota Peeta, wan uk een Mensch von weinich Wieeda, haud vël Toovetruue opp sikj selfst, un feeld nich daut et soo wichtich wia to een 'Framda' soo oppnäment to senne. Hee wia oppem Hoff un deed de Drill reed moake fa de Sodeltiet. Tien



Car ride in a Model T

Em Model Tee metfoare

spring seeding. Katherina had told him to come in early to wash and change for the visitor, but he was in no hurry.

The girls had swept the floors, dusted the rugs three times already, and were

haud am jesajcht hee sull tiedich nenn kome om fa de Jast sikj to wausche un sikj omtokjleede, oba hee wia en kjeene Bos.

De Mejales haude aul dree mol utjefääjt un aul dreemol de Fluadakje utjestowe,

constantly running to the windows. Anna, who was twenty years old and Lena who was eighteen, were as intrigued by this newcomer as Trutje was, but for them it was mostly curiosity. They were both sure; they wanted to remain within the safe environs of the local community. This meant that they would marry local farm boys and raise large families.

John had married several years ago and had his own farm. Peter and David were still at home. They had gone to the creek with fishing poles and homemade hooks. An ideal day to find a dry rock or tree stump by the creek. The warmth of the sun and the trickling sound of water almost put them to sleep. Occasionally they would watch as a red-tailed hawk or bald eagle floated over. The killdeer and meadowlarks were calling and they could hear the occasional drumming of ruffed grouse.

This dreamy, idyllic quiet was suddenly shattered by a snorting, sputtering racket that came from the direction of the trail leading to their place. The boys hurried back to the yard just in time to see a new Model T car chugging up to the house. The noise had brought Big Peter scurrying out of the barn as well. They had seen pictures of the car in a Hudson Bay Co. brochure, but this was the first time they had seen a real one. Mr. Gross was just getting out. He greeted them with typical German

un fluage uk pienich no de Fenstre. Aunna, dee doa twintich Joa oolt wia, un Leena, de doa achteen wia, wiere krakjt soo vetieft met disen Framda aus Trutje wia, oba fa dän wia daut mieeschtens Nieschia. See wiere sikj beid zimlich eenich daut see enne Sechaheit von äare ieejne Omjääjant bliewe wulle. Dit meend soo väl daut see Foarma Junges vonne Omjääjant friee wudde un groote Famieljes habe.

Jihaun haud sikj aul een poa Joa trigj befriet un haud nu aul siene ieejne Foarm. Peeta un Doft wiere noch beid Tus. Dee wiere jrod no de Ritsch jegone met äare Fesch Angels un tusbjemoakte Hoakes. Daut wia een paussenda Dach toom een drieaja Steen ooda een Boom Stobb bie de Ritsch to finje toom dolsate. Daut jinkj neiw bie daut de woame Sonn un daut fuschelden Wota äant nich enschlope muak. Han un wada bemoakjde see aus een Hoftje ooda een Odlä soo langsomkjjes äwa schwäwe deed. De Kjiewikje un Aumsels roopte, un han un wada kunne see de Raupheena hiere wan de drommelde.

Bie aul dit soo dreemhaufft un rieestellet wia meteenst een Jeschnurkjs, Jeschnuck un Jetimmel. Daut Jelud kaum von de Oppfoat wait no äant jinkj. De Junges sage daut see trigj nom Hoff kaume, un jrod to Tiet, aus see sage daut ne niee Model T Koa oppem Hoff nopp kaum. Daut Jereisch brocht Groota Peeta haustich utem Staul rot. En een Hudson Bay Company Zadel haude see een Bilt von soone Koa jeseene, oba dit wia daut ieeschtemol daut hee eene werkjliche Koa jeseene

robustness. They responded in monosyllables as a pioneer people would, and as especially Mennonites often did when impressed with new-fangled machines in front of them. The boys ran their fingers over the shiny fenders and fingered the steering wheel.

“Would you like to have a ride?”

“Well, I do not, but maybe the boys would,” said Big Peter.

The boys piled into the car and away they went. On their return, they found the girls outside standing around their father. Mr. Gross now offered the girls a ride. Shyly they got into the car with Trutje sitting in the front passenger seat. Mr. Gross had found that the pasture beside the trail was smoother than the trail itself so they did a few turns around it. It was a sight to behold; the girls' hair flying in the breeze with an occasional anthill sending them all bouncing a foot off the seat and Mr. Gross almost losing control of the jalopy. By the time they returned to the yard they were ready to get off this flying machine. Trutje, although somewhat frightened, nevertheless thanked Mr. Gross and said she had enjoyed it.

Katherina called from the door that supper was ready. They all headed for the house with Mr. Gross keeping the conversation going. He shook Katherina's hand vigorously and politely took his place at the table where indicated. Everyone except Katherina sat

haud. Onkel Gross staapt jrod rauf. Hee jreest an een bät soos een äwabrostja Dietschlenda. See säde mau weinich soos Aunsiedla deede, un soos Mennonite to de Tiet deede, äwahaupt wan doa eene niee Maschien ver an stunt. De Junges rande äare Finjasch äwa de blanke Blottbräda un foote aum Stia aun.

“Wünschen sie mal mitzufahren?”

“Na, ekj nich, oba veleicht wudde de Junges,” säd Groota Peeta.

De Junges kroope enne Koa nenn un dan fuare see auf. Aus see trigj kaume funge see de Mejales besied äa Voda reed stone. Onkel Gross loot äant uk en met to foare. Een bät schuchta kroope see nen, un Trutje saut Väare besied däm Foara. Herr Gross haud utjefunge daut opp de Weidhock sikj bäta fua aus opp de Oppfoat, aulsoo fua hee doa een poa mol enne Runt. Daut wia uk waut too toseene! De Määkjes äare Hoa weifelde em Wint un han un wada hupste see een Schoo vonne Sett auf wan see äwa een Eemskje Knubbel fuare. Eenjemol velua Herr Gross meist siene Harschoft äwa de Koa. Ea see batem Hoff kaume wiere see aul gaunz reed von dise flieejende Maschien auftosate. Trutje, wan see uk een bät schnett wia, dankt Onkel Gross un säd äa haudet gootjegone.

Tien roopt vonne Dää daut et Owentkost reed wia. De jinje aula nom Hus opptoo un Onkel Gross bleef biem råde. Hee drekjt Tien äare Haunt sea un dan sad hee sikj met groote Heeflichkjeit biem Desch bie. Een jiedra sad sikj bie, buta Tien, un dan säd

down and then Big Peter said a grace. Mr. Gross, seeing the others bow, also bowed.

"That is a quaint custom you have, Mr. Klassen. Do you believe that there is a God who actually listens to your prayers?"

"Yes, we do," Big Peter said simply. "We would not have survived in this new land if we had not had God's help."

"That is interesting, we are not so sure about the existence of a Supreme Being, but it is probably good for people to have something to hold on to. Do you have a school for the children here?"

"We have church school for children ages eight to fourteen where they learn to read the Fiebel and the Bible."

"So your children have no other education than that?"

"No, and they really do not need any other, Mr. Gross. Higher education would only make unbelievers out of them."

"Oh, I do not see why that should be," Mr. Klassen. "Increased knowledge only helps understand life a little better! This 'Plume Moos' is excellent, Mrs. Klassen! Can I have the recipe? I am a bachelor and would like to try making it when I get home."

The girls' expressions showed their surprise. A man attempting to cook! Poor man, he needs a wife, they all thought to themselves. When they were

Groota Peeta en Jebäd. Onkel Gross sach daut de aundre sikj aula dän Kopp nekjte, aulsoo deed hee uk soo.

"Das ist eine wunderbare Sitte das sie haben, Onkel Klassen. Glauben sie dass da wirklich ein Gott ist der da Eure Gebete hört?"

"Jo, wie jleewe daut," säd Groota Peeta gaunz eenfachlich. "Wie wiere nich en dit niee Launt aum Läwe jebläwe wan Gott ons nich jeholpe haud."

"Das ist interresant, wir aber sind uns nich so sicher das da ein alerhöster Dasein ist. Das ist wohl das der Mensch an was festhalten kan. Habt ihr hier eine Schule für ihre Kinder?"

"Wie habe eene Kjoakje School fa de Kjinja von acht bat feftieen Joa oolt wua see ute Fiebel un de Bibel liere.

"Also, eure Kinder haben keine andere Bildunk als das?"

"Nä, de brucke soorajcht uk nuscht aundat, Herr Gross. Ne hechre Bildunk wudd dän bloos de Ongloowe hää brinje."

"Na, ich kann nich sehen wie das sein kann, Onkel Klassen. Eine höhere Bildunk hilft das einer das Leben besser verstehen kann! Diese Pflaumen Moos schmeckt soo schön, Tante Klassen! Möchte Ich das Rezept behalten? Ich hin unverheiratet und möchte gerne diese Moos machen soogleich ich wieder zuhause bin."

De Mejales äare Jesechta weese äare Äwarauschunk. Een Maun dee doa vesocht to koake! Oama Maun, däm fällt secha eene Fru, dochte see to sikj selfst.

done with the meal, the women cleaned up the dishes and the men went outside to enjoy the spring weather and to admire the new car.

“Mr. Gross, you had mentioned that you might be able to find a chiropractor’s course for Trutje. She is good at fixing up injured limbs and bones. Maybe a course like that would give her a start as a chiropractor.”

“I will certainly see if I can find one for Trutje. There are chiropractic organizations in Germany.”

“Once you have found something, let me know how much it will cost.”

“I will check it out for you, Mr. Klassen.”

They discussed the ups and downs of making a living as a pioneer farmer in Canada, while the boys looked the car over from top to bottom.

Once the women were through with the dishes, they came out on the porch and Trutje headed for her animals. They had to be fed and doctored. Mr. Gross asked whether he could accompany her on her rounds and Trutje blushing acquiesced. She self-consciously led the way to the cages. As Mr. Gross saw the skilled fingers and the gentle manner of Trutje, his admiration for this simple country girl grew by leaps and bounds. Mr. Gross's helpfulness and knowledgeable comments about animals impressed Trutje and she found herself

See wiere nu foadich met de Moltiet. De Frulied besorjde daut Oppwauschtich un de Maunsmana jinje rut en däm scheene farjoasch Wada un lowde sikj de niee Koa.

“Herr Gross, jie säde daut jie veleicht een Trajchtmoaka Liaplön fa Trutje kunne finje. See vesteit goot woo Jläda un Knoakes motte trajcht jemoakt woare. Veleicht wudd soone Lia äa väl halpe toom Trajchtmoaka woare.”

“Ich werde bestimmt soowas versuchen zu finden für Trutje. Da sind etliche Knochenartst Gesellschaften in Deutschland.”

“Lot mie weete wan du soont auntrafst, un lot mie uk weete wooväl daut woat koste.”

“Ich werde das für sie ausfinden, Onkel Klassen.”

See nobade nu wieda äwa woo daut met de Foarmarie en dit niee Launt Kanada Boajopp un Boajauf jinkj wiel de Junges sikj de niee Koa von unje bat bowe bekjijte.

Aus de Frues metet Oppwauschtich foadich wiere, kaume see rut oppem Schaffott un Trutje jinkj auf no äare Tiere. Dän must jefoodat un jedoktat woare. Herr Gross fruach auf hee met äa metgone kunn. Trutje vekjläad, un spruak een onwellichen jo. Met Bleedheit jinkj see dan veropp no de Klotjes. Aus Herr Gross sach, waut fa Fäichkheit see haud, un woo natjes Trutje dän behaundeld, kjrieech hee emma een bätra un bätra Endruck von dise eenfache Foarma Mejäl. Onkel Gross siene Behelplichkheit un sien

drawn to this man. By the time the rounds were done, she was chatting amiably and without a feeling of self-consciousness.

"You should come to Germany and see our zoos out there. I am sure you could even get a part-time job at one of those places and take a chiropractor's course in the meantime."

"Oh no, I could not do that. Father could not afford it and my parents would not hear of me going so far away from home."

"Well, anyway, I will try to get you that chiropractor's course. Let us go for a walk down the lane."

Trutje was afraid of what her parents would say about her being alone with this man, but she did not have the nerve to refuse him.

They walked down the lane a ways. A large, fallen tree beside the road made a suitable seat and they sat down at each end. The sparrows were chasing each other noisily among the trees. Squirrels were chattering and scolding. The first dandelions were showing in the growing patches of grass. A few bugs were already nosing around in the plants. Trutje and Mr. Gross felt the electricity of spring all around them. Conversation slowed down as they were both drawn into the magic of their natural surroundings. Mr. Gross finally broke the silence.

weiset Rotjåwe äwa de Tiere jefoll Trutje, un see funk daut hee sea auntrakjent wia. Aus see schlieslich metem Besorje foadich wiere, wia Trutje aul gaunz frie metem Vetale un goanich mea Bleed.

"Es werde gut wenn du mal nach Deutschland kommen wurst, um unsere Tiergartene dort zu sehen. Du konntest da vielleicht sogar teilweis Arbeit finden und die Knochenartst Lehre nehmen.

"Oba nä, daut kaun ekj nich doone. Pape kaun daut nich dwinje, un daut ekj soo wiet von Tus wudd wajch trakje wudde de Elre nuscht von hiere welle."

"Na, ich werde wenigstens sehen ob ich nich die Knochenartst Lehrordnunk für dich besorgen kann. Wollen wir hier ein bisschen auf die Linie gehen."

Trutje wundad waut äare Elre wudde saje daut see hia auleen met disen Maun jinkj, oba see haud nich de Narf am auf to saje.

See jinje een Enjskje velenjd de Oppfoat. Een groota jefolna Boom lach doa besiedem Wajch un muak eene goode Sett. See saute sikj opp jiedrem Enj dol. De Spautse fluage derche Beem met en grootet Jepiepa. De Ieekjekotasch schnautade un loamde lud. De ieeschte Bottabloome weese sikj en de Grauss Plake. Een poa Kjniepasch kjreiwelde enne Plaunte rom. Trutje un Herr Gross feelde de farjoasche Ellektrisität runtom äant. Daut nobare wort weinja un weinja aus see Beid von de natieedliche Omjäajent äwakome wiere. Herr Gross säd schlieslich waut.



"Please call me Eckhardt from now on, Trutje, Mr. Gross is too formal. I would like to write to you when I return to Germany, may I?"

'Well ... I ... do not know ... I guess so ... as long as it is about the course, I guess it'll be alright."

"Will you write to me too, Trutje? I would like to hear from you."

"But, I can't write very well. What will I write? Nothing of interest happens around here."

"Oh, write and tell me about your animals."

"Well, I won't promise, but I will try."

They got up and walked back to the yard where they joined the others in the house. Her parents looked at them with suspicion but did not say anything. After making some small talk, Mr. Gross said he would like to get back to Steinbach before dark. He shook hands all around, giving Trutje a prolonged handshake and telling her that he would do his best for her in Germany. Trutje blushed deeply but did not say anything.

After Mr. Gross left, Trutje fled to her room to think things over. She was in a high state of excitement. "He was so nice but I acted like such a country bumpkin," she agonized to herself. "I am sure he'll not bother writing me at all ... he probably has many nice city girls hanging around him in his own

"Bitte nenst mir Eckhardt von jetst an, Trutje. Herr Gross ist zu formlich. Ich möchte an sie schreiben wenn ich einmal zurück in Deutschlant bin, darf ich?"

"Na ... ekj ... weet nich ... ekj wudd jleewe soo lang aus daut äwa de Liaordnunk es, woat daut woll eendoont senne."

"Werdest du mich auch schreiben, Trutje? Ich wurde gern auch von dich hören."

"Oba, ekj kaun nich sea fein schriewe. Waut woa ekj schriewe? Doa passieet je niemols waut Intressauntet hia."

"Na, schreibe was über deine Tieren."

"Na, ekj woa nich vespräakje, oba ekj woa vesieekje."

See stunde opp un jinje nom Hoff opptoo, wua see sikj met de aundre toopschloote. Äare Elre kjikjte äa een bät mestrusch aun oba see säde nuscht. No een bät en Jenoba, säd Herr Gross daut hee ver Diesta bat Steinbach foare wull. Hee hauntrieed met aulem un gauf Trutje ne besondasch langen Hauntdruck un vespruak äa daut hee fa äa en Dietschlaunt daut baste vesieekje todoone wudd. Trutje vekjläad sea oba säd nuscht.

Aus Herr Gross eenmol fuat wia, fluach Trutje auf no äare Stow om aules tobedenkje. See wia sea oppjeräacht. "Hee wia soo fein, oba ekj stald mie soos een Daumelskopp vää," jaumarieed see to sikj selfst. "Ekj sie mie secha daut hee nich schriewe woat. Hee woat secha en Dietschlaunt

country.”

She thought about every word and action of his during the visit and rehashed in her mind every word and reaction of her own. That is what she should have said when he said that ... she should have done this when that happened ... oh, she had talked just far too much ... he probably thinks I am silly ..., etc., until she was more agitated than ever.

Her sisters were getting ready for bed but she was sure she would not be able to sleep for a long time. She decided to slip out of the house after everyone was sleeping. She went and sat in the porch, looking out across the moonlit yard. It was still fairly cold at night so she had slipped a heavy sweater over her shoulders. The dogs on each side of her were a reassuring presence and warmed her shivering body.

Eckhardt’s handsome face kept popping up in her mind’s eye. And his hands, so deft, delicate and white in comparison to her father’s and brothers’ hands, he had such a deep, manly voice and nice expressions. He was not really a believer, yet he seemed like such a good person. Her inner turbulence increased as she kept mulling these things about in her mind. She would have to take her friend into her confidence. Justina lived two miles away and was her best friend. Could she really tell her everything that lay on her heart? After what seemed like hours, she finally fell asleep.

aulahaunt feine Stauts Mejales rom sikj habe.”

See docht äwa sien jiedret Wuat un aules waut passieet wia wiel hee bie äant jewast wia, un docht uk aun aules waut see jesajcht un jedone haud. Dauts waut see sull jesajcht habe aus hee daut un daut säd. See haud daut sult habe jedone aus daut un daut passieed. Oba, see haud bloos väl too väl jerät. Hee woat jewess denkje daut see een bät onschuldich es ... unsoowieda jinkjet, bat see dolla un dolla oppjerächt wort.

Äare Sestre muake sikj reed toom schlope gone oba see wist neiw daut see nich fa een langet Stoot schlope wudd. See entschloot sikj utem Hus rut to schlikje wan see aula aum Schlop wiere. See jinkj un saut enne Väaleew un kjikjt rut wua Moneschien däm Hoff opp dacht. See naum sikj eene dikje Wolldakj om wiel daut noch zimlich kjeel de Nacht wort. De Hunj aun jiedatsied wiere goode Jesalschoft un woamde äa uk wiel äa hubbad.

Ekjhardt sien Jesecht kaum äa emma wada väa. Un siene Henj, soo scheklich, soo emfintlich un witt em Vejlikj met äa Voda un äare Breeda äare Henj, hee haud soone deepe, Mauns Stemm un uk soone feine Utdruks. Hee wia nich een Jleewenda, oba hee wia soon gooda Mensch. See wort emma mea onruja aus see äwa dit aules docht. See wudd äa basta Frint aules motte saje. Kunn see däa werkjlich aules saje waut opp äa Hoat lieech? No eene lange Tiet jinkj see trigj to Bad. Enne tiedje Morje Stunde schleep see dan schlieslich en.

## Chapter 6

Something was happening in the community that had everyone excited. An American minister had come and started evangelistic services in the area. They were held in the home of one of the members of the church, Mr. Goossen.

For as long as he had been a member, Goose had always been a thorn in the side of the leadership. Every decision made by the congregation was criticized by him. The laid-back, peaceable, 'do not rock the boat' approach to Christianity that most of the other church members had, bothered him as well. He agitated for more active preaching against sin. When he had visited relatives in Kansas, he had been invited to attend the preaching service of a certain Mr. Heilman. He was so impressed with this man's preaching that he had invited him to come to Manitoba and conduct similar services. Now there was talk of the preacher scaring people half to death and leading them astray.

Trutje had heard nothing of this development when she went to visit her friend Justina. She had struggled for a week with her ambivalent feelings about Eckhardt. Now she was ready to confide. Justina was glad to see her because by now she had heard many rumours about the visit of the man from Germany and was eager to hear from

## 6. Kapitel

Doa passieed nu waut enne Nobaschoft waut aulem oppräajd. Een Stätscha Prädja haud enne Omjääjent Eewanjeelische Vesaumlunge jechoole. Dee worde en eent von de Kjoakje Jlieda äa Heim aufjechoole, Oomkje Goose.

Goose, dee, soo lang aus hee en Jliet wia jewast, haud emma waut äwre Kjoakj to poakre. Jieda Entschluss waut de Jemeent muak, wort von am doljerant. De jelotne, frädliche, "moak nich een grootet doavon" Stalunk däm Kjristentum jäajenäwa waut de mieeschte von de Jlieda haude, ploagd am uk. Hee wia sea doafäa daut doa mea jäajen Sind jeprädict woare sull. Aus hee Frintschoft en Kaunsas besocht haud, haude see am enjelot to een Owent Vesaumlunk wua eene Prädict von een Oomkje Heilmaun jebrocht woare wudd. Disen Maun siene Prädict haud soon deepa Endruck jehaut daut hee disen Prädja eene Enlodunk jejäft haud daut hee no Manitoba kome sull un doa uk Vesaumlunge hoole. Nu wort jerät daut hee de Mensche haulf doot enjste un uk veleide deed.

Trutje haud noch nuscht von dit jehieet verdäm daut see no äa Frint Justine jinkj. See haud sikj fa ne gaunze Wääkj met äa Vedruss äwa Ekjhardt jekjamft. Nu wia see reed sikj uttoschedde. Justine wia froo äa to seene wääjen see aul väl äwa disen Maun ut Dietschlaunt jehieet haud un nu wull see jieren von Trutje selfst waut hier.

Trutje herself.

It was a Sunday afternoon, so Trutje and Justina sat down on the bench in the garden. It had a lattice framework above it with vines running up over the top. Some of the vines were turning green in the warm sunshine. Trutje was careful not to let all her feelings hang out. She did tell Justina that she had special feelings for Eckhardt.

"I know I should not even think about a possible marriage partner if that person is not a member of the church but I do not see any harm in writing to Eckhardt and influencing him, do you?"

"Well, you know what they say, it usually works the other way, the unbeliever influences the believer," said Justina.

"That doesn't say much for our faith, does it? I would think we should be stronger than that."

"Talking about faith, have you heard about the evangelistic meetings that are being held at Goossen's house?"

"My parents have been having some secretive discussions but they usually hush up when we children are around ... they mentioned the meetings ... rather reluctantly, I thought."

"Yes, there are many bad feelings going around. Friesens are not speaking to Goossens. My parents are trying to stay out of it. I would like to go to the meetings just to see what they are like. Quite a few young people are going."

Dit wia aune Sindach Nomeddach, aulsoo jinje see un saute sikj opp de Benkj em Goade han. Daut haud een Splätjebu bowenäwa un doa rande uk Ranke doa äwa. Atliche vonne Ranke worde aul jreen enne woame Sonn. Trutje paust opp daut see nich aul äare ieejne Feelinj openboa muak. See säd oba daut see besondere Feelinj fa Eckhardt haud.

"Ekj weet ekj sull nichmol doa aun denkje daut ekj däm opplatst kunn Frieer wiel hee nich en Jliet von onse Kjoakj es. Oba ekj see kjeen Schode doarenn wan ekj am schriew un am beenflusse doo, deist du?"

"Na, du weetst je waut see saje, daut schauft jeeenlich dän aundren Wajch, de Onjleewenda dreit dän Jleewenden dän Kopp," säd Justine.

"Daut sajcht nich väl fa ons Gloowe, deit et? Ekj wudd denkje wie kunne stoakja aus daut senne."

"Nu daut wie aul vom Gloowe räde, hast aul von de Eewanjeelische Vesaumlunge jehieet waut bie Gooses em Hus jehoole woare?"

"Miene Elre habe doa von unja sikj jerät oba soo schwind aus wie Kjinja rom sent woare see gaunz stell. See erwände de Vesaumlunge, een bät onwellich, docht ekj."

"Jo, doa sent väl schljachte Jefeete rom. Frieess räde nich to de Gooses. Miene Elre vesieekje doavon fuat to bliewe. Mie wudd intressiere no eent von de Vesaumlunge to gone om ut to finje waut doa vää jeit. Een nat schoof von

de Junge Mensche gone doa han."

"I would like to go too, sometime. Let us go together. How about tonight?"

"Alright, you stay for Faspa and then We will walk the mile to Goossens. It is back toward your place. If you take the trail across the back quarter it shouldn't be more than a mile for you afterward."

Justina's folks, the Bartels, were happy to have Trutje there for Faspa. The Faspa consisted of 'Tweebak' (buns), raspberry fruit preserve, cheese, wild plum jam and butter, all wholesome homemade products, plus 'Prips'. After Faspa Trutje sought out one of the younger Goossen children who had a chronic case of arthritis. When Trutje visited, she always took ten minutes to massage the child. Trutje was gentle, yet jolly and communicative. She was well liked by these young sufferers.

When the Bartels heard that the girls planned to visit the Goossen meeting, they expressed some concerns.

"Are you sure you want to go?" asked Mrs. Bartel, "The speaker gets pretty loud and emotional."

'We thought we wanted to see what it is all about.'" said Justina, "Most of the other young people are going."

"Well, I am not sure that Mr. Heilman isn't a false teacher. He seems to be bringing a lot of discussion into our community. Several of the people that

"Mie wudd uk jankre mol dee to besieekje. Well wie toop doa han gone. Woo wudd Vondoag zeowes pause?"

"Na jo, blifst hia to Faspa un dan go wie toop de twee Miel no Gooses. Daut es oppem Wajch trigj no Junt opptoo. Wan du lota däm Stich äwa daut Hinjavieedel nemst, sull et nich mea aus ne Miel fa die senne."

Justine äare Elre, de Boatels, freide sikj Trutje doa to Faspa habe. Fa Faspa haude see Tweebak, Himbäare Oft, Kjees, Wille Plume Jell un Botta, aules jesundet tusjemoaktet Äte, un Prips. No Faspa socht Trutje sikj een von de jinjre Gooses Kjinja waut doa väl Rietinj haud. Wan Trutje doa han kaum naum see emma tien Minnute toom daut Kjint beriewe. Trutje wia nat un schaftich en voll Räd. De Kjliene hanhoolende jleichte äa sea.

Aus de Boatels hieede daut de Mejales no de Gooses Vesaumlunk gone wulle, säde see daut see daut een bät beduade.

"Sent jie junt secha daut jie gone welle?" fruach Taunte Boatelsche, "De Rädna woat aul noch lud un oppjeräacht."

"Wie dochte wie wulle mol seene äwa waut daut aula es," säd Justine, "De mieeschte von de aundre junge Mensche gone doa han."

"Na, ekj sie mie nich secha auf dis Onkel Heilmaun nich een faulscha Liera es. Hee haft en onse Nobaschoft väl Räd towäaje jebrocht. Atliche Lied

have gone over to his side seem to have become very self-righteous. They say the rest of us are either unbelievers or backsliders."

"We try to do the Lord's will faithfully," said Mrs. Bartel. "They say you can know that you are going to heaven, but I believe we have to work at it. The Bible says that we are to work out our salvation with fear and trembling."

"But some of our people are so anxious about their salvation that they are not happy," said Justina.

"But Heilman's hell-fire and damnation preaching won't help either," said Mr. Bartel. "It scares people. Those among us who are over-sensitive will become even more neurotic."

"But there may be those among us who need that kind of thing," said Mrs. Bartel.

"I think We will go and hear him just once," said Justina.

"Be sure you do not let him get you all confused," said Mr. Bartel.

"You know we're quite level-headed, do not you Mr. Bartel?"

"Well, I guess so, but young people often haven't got it all figured out."

Justina and Trutje put away the food and helped with the dishes. They returned to the garden bench and talked until it was time to go to the service.

dee doa no am sent äwajegone sent sea selwsjerajcht. Dee saje daut de Mierheit von ons entwäda onjleewende ooda trigjefolne sent."

"Wie proowe däm Harn sien Welle to doone," säd Taunte Boatelsche. "Jane saje daut eena kaun weete daut eena em Himmel kjemt, oba ekj jleew eena mott doafäa oabeide. De Bibel sajcht eena saul de Erleesunk met Forcht un Flautre utoabeide."

"Oba atliche von onse Mensche sent soo beduat om äa Gloowe daut see emma bedrekjt sent," säd Justine.

"Oba Heilmaun siene Prädichte äwa Halfia un Vedaumnis kaun uk nich behelplich senne," säd Oomkje Boatel. "Daut moakt Lied angst. Dee mank ons waut äwa emfintlich sent woare noch dolla narwees woare."

"Oba doa sent veleicht soone mank ons waut soowaut fält." säd Taunte Boatelsche.

"Ekj jleew wie woare am weenichstens eenmol hiere gone," säd Justine.

"Moakt secha daut hee junt nich gaunz dän Kopp vedreit," säd Oomkje Boatel.

"Jie weete doch daut ons de Kopp rajcht oppe Schulla sett, Onkel Boatel?"

"Na jo, ekj denkj soo, oba de Junge Mensche habe sikj daut maunchmol nich sea goot bedocht."

Justine un Trutje sade daut Äte fuat un holpe metet Oppwauschtich. Dan jinje see trigj oppe Goadebenkj sette un vetalde wieda bat et Tiet to de Vesaumlunk to gone wia.



"I hope Eckhardt is going to write. You should have heard him talk! His German was perfect and his manners were so considerate, so soft spoken. Oh, Justina, I wish you could have met him!"

"Trutje, you'd better stop thinking about him. He'll probably forget all about you once he gets back to Germany, and besides, he's much too old for you."

"Oh, I think older men are much more sensible and understanding ... besides, he said he would write."

"It would be better for you if you did not get involved. It is not for us simple folks to get mixed up with the world."

"But he is so nice. I wonder if he isn't a believer without realizing it."

"That is very doubtful. People like him usually know what they believe."

"I guess so. Anyway, which of the young people are going to be at the meeting tonight?"

"Susan told me the Thiessen boys planned to come, also Henry Barkman, Cornie Fast and Abe Isaac. Of the girls, Mary Reimer, Anna Friesen, Lise Penner and Helena Dueck are coming."

"Let us all of us girls sit together in a row of chairs at the back."

The girls got ready for the evening service. They put on dark overcoats and

"Hopentlich woat Eckhardt schriewe. Hautst däm sult hiere råde! Sien Dietsch wia soo volkome un siene Heeflichkheit wia soo tojedocht. Hee wia soo saunft mete Räd. Oba, Justine, ekj wensch mie daut du am hautst trafe kunt."

"Trutje, du hautst bäta nich mea aun am denkje. Hee woat aulemol gaunz von die vejäte wan hee eenmol trigj bat Dietschlaunt es, un noch eent, hee es väl too oolt fa die."

"Na, ekj jleew elre Mana sent väl veninftja un vestentlicha. Un uk, hee säd hee wudd schriewe."

"Daut wudd bäta fa die senne wan du die nich met däm vewekjle deedst. Dauts nich fa ons eenfache Mensche met de Welt ons to vebinje."

"Oba hee es soo jescheit. Ekj wunda auf hee nich gloowent es one daut hee daut weet."

"Dauts sea twiewelhauft. Mensche soos hee weete jeeenlich waut see jleewe."

"Mucht woll senne. Emmahan, woone von de Junge Mensche woare bie de Vesaumlunk zeowes senne?"

"Suss säd de Thiesses Junges wudde doa senne, un Boakjmauns Heinrich, Fauste Kornelius un Isaake Obraum. Von de Mäakjes kome Reimasch Marieche, Friess Aunna, Panasch Liess un Dueckje Leena."

"Well wie aus Mejales aula toop oppe hinjaschte Rieej Steela sette."

De Mejales muake sikj reed fa de Owent Vesaumlunk. See naume äare

large black kerchiefs over their braided hair. Their high black shoes had buttons halfway up to the knee.

The girls started off for the Goossens. They were rather subdued as both of them had their thoughts on the coming service. They were somewhat apprehensive and yet looking forward to something new and entertaining in their rather dull pioneer life.

The excitement they had just felt was soon curtailed by the somber seriousness on the faces of the people already there. All sat very quietly. The girls sat down quickly so as not to draw attention to themselves. A few of the girls had the nerve to look across the room to where the boys were sitting. The boys, even more self-conscious than the girls, did not even look up but stared down at the floor. Everybody loosened up a bit when the singing began. This was a new style of singing and the songs were so different from what they were used to.

Until now, singing had all been done in unison with the song leader starting off the melody and everyone joining in a few notes later. At the end of the verse, his voice would drone on through to the beginning of the next verse when everyone would fall in again. Originally, the songs themselves came out of the Old Hymnbook that had many very old but beautiful choral pieces dating back to the sixteenth century. The melodies had been passed on from generation to generation by memory since there were

dunkle Äwarakj un groote, schwoate Dieekja äwa äare jeflochtne Hoa. Äare schwoate Schoo haude Kjneep dee doa haulfwääjes botte Kjnee rieekjte.

See jinje dan auf no de Gooses. See haude nich vâl to saje wiel see dochte sea aun de komende Vesaumlunk. An wia een bät Schnett, un doch kjikjte see veropp no waut nieet, un waut en äa eenfacht Aunsiedla Läwe een bät Vejnneeje gauf.

De Oppräajunk waut see jrod beläft haude naum schwind een Enj aus see enworde woo iernst de Lied äa Aunjesecht sach waut doa aul wiere. De saute aula sea stell. De Mejales sade sikj schwind dol daut see äant nich sulle enwoare. Atliche von de Mejales wiere brow jenuach daut see äwrem Gank kjikjte no wua de Junges saute. De Junges, bleeda aus de Mejales, kjikjte nich mol opp oba kjikjte bloos no de Flua. See leete aula een bät gone aus et batem sinje kaum. Daut wia ne gaunz niee Mood von sinje waut see hia aantroffe un de Leeda wiere gaunz aundasch aus waut see jewant wiere.

Bat nu haude see eenstemmich jesunge. Bie äant deed de Jesankleida aunfange to sinje un dan een poa Noote lota stemde see aula bie. Oppem enj vom Varsch bleef hee aum bromme bat de näakjste Varsch aunfunk. De Leeda wiere scheene Chorale waut no de Sastieenjoahundats trigj jinje, un wiere en äa oolet Jesankbuak. De Wiese haude see von Jeschljacht bat Jeschljacht wieda jedroacht wiel doa kjeene Noote bie de Leeda bie wiere. Vâl von de Leeda haude mea aus

no musical notes with the songs. Many of the songs had twenty verses or more. twintich Varzh.

The audience was brought to abrupt attention when the song leader announced the rousing song, "Will ich des Kreuz's Streiter sein?" (Am I a Soldier of the Cross?) Several of the older members of the congregation got up and left because they were offended by the new song. The swingy catchy tune seemed like sacrilege to them. It also spoke of soldiering, which was contrary to their beliefs. Several of the already loyal Heilman followers were singing enthusiastically and soon the girls found themselves joining in. The first song was followed by another one:

*Muss ich gehn mit lehren Haenden,  
Muss ich soo fuer Jesum stehn,  
Kann ich keine Seel ihm bringen,  
Keine eins'ge Garbe sehn.*

*(Must I go and empty handed,  
Must I meet my Saviour so,  
Not one soul with which to greet Him,  
Must I empty-handed go.)*

After several more of these kind of songs, Mr. Goossen got up and faced the audience.

"Welcome to all those who have come. We are thankful to the Lord for sending Rev. Heilman to us. God is speaking through him so Let us pay close attention as he speaks."

Mr. Heilman got up and called for prayer. The whole congregation got down on knees facing their own bench. The evangelist now began his prayer in a

De Vesaumlunk wort haustich Oppmoakjsom jemoakt aus de Jesankleida daut läwendje Leet aun gauf, "Will ich des Kreuzes Streiter sein?" Een Poa von de elre Lied stunde opp un jinje rut wiel äant daut steete deed. De hotsje Wies kaum äant soos ne Gotteslestrunk vää. Daut wia an uk sea framd daut doa von Soldote jerät wort. Atliche von dee waut aul true Heilmaun Nofolja wiere sunge aul gaunz bejeistat, un daut dieed nich lang dan sunge de Määkjes uk met. Nom ieeschte Leet kaum daut nääkjste boolt hinjaraun:

*Muss ich gehn mit lehren Händen,  
Muss ich soo für Jesum stehen,  
Kan ich keine Seel ihm bringen,  
Keine einsge Garbe sehen.*

No een poa mea soone Leeda stunt Oomkje Goose opp un kijkt äwa de Vesaumlunk.

"Ekj saj Welkom to junt aula. Wie sent däm Harn dankboa daut hee ons Prädja Heilmaun jeschekjt haft. Derch am rät Gott to ons, aulsoo well wie sea oppmoakjsom senne."

Onkel Heilmaun stunt opp un kroagd aulem toom Jebäd. De gaunze Vesaumlunk dreid sikj om un kjneede sikj bie äare Benkj dol. De Eewanjelist

loud and impassioned voice.

“Dear Lord and Father, we come to you in the name of Jesus and pray for your presence in our midst. We pray that your Holy Spirit will be among us and speak to us. Especially do we pray that He will convict souls of sin. Lord, we are sure that there are many here tonight that need to get right with God. There are those here who have sinned grievously and are in danger of hell-fire. Lord, rescue them from spiritual death. You have said, ‘The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.’”

Trutje and Justina were beginning to feel some kind of fear and guilt as for the first time they heard these words in such a threatening manner. Sure, they had heard similar words before but never in such a context. They had usually been mentioned in a kindly, friendly type of setting where it was never an ‘us and them’ issue. Until now, the young people had felt that all were in it together.

Mr. Heilman now launched the message of the evening in an impassioned tone.

“Dear friends, I have been invited here by Mr. Goossen to speak to you about some very serious matters. He says that there are many questionable things happening in this community. Widows are being cheated out of their properties;

funk nu aun to bäde met ne lude un deepfeelende Stemm.

“Leewa Har Gott un Voda, wie kome no die en Jesus Nome un bäde die daut du bie ons senne wurscht. Wie bäde uk daut dien Heiljen Jeist uk mank ons senne woat un to ons räde mucht. Besondasch bäd wie daut Hee Seele von Sind äwazeie wudd. Har, wie sent ons secha daut hia Vondoag zeowes väl sent waut doa met Gott rajcht moake sulle. Doa sent soone hia, dee doa en deepe Sind jeroode sent, un nu en groote Jefoa enne Hal to kome sent. Har, bewoa dän von daut jeistelje Doot. Du hast jesajcht daut, ‘De Loon waut de Sind tolt es de Doot; Gott oba schenkjt daut eewje Läwe en Jesus Kjristus, onsen Harn, Amen.’”

Trutje un Justine funge nu aun een bät Angst un Schult to feele aus see toom ieeschte mol dise Wieeda unja soone jedreiwde Omstende hieede. Selfst-vestentlich haude see aul verdäm änliche Wieeda jehieet, oba niemols en soon Omkjreis. Dise Wieeda worde jeeenlich leeftolich met Frind toop jerät wua daut nich soo jestalt wort aus wan daut “Wie jäajen Jane” heet. Bat nu haude de Junge Mensche jefeelt daut see en dise Sach aula toop stunde.

Oomkje Heilmaun funk nu aun to prädje met een grootet Iewa.

“Leewe Frind, Onkel Goose loot mie en hia to räde äwa sea wichtje Sache. Hee sajcht daut en dise Omjäajent väl froagende Dinja passiere. Derch Kromheit woare de Wätfrues äa Ieejendom loos, doa woat jerät daut doa

there are reports of drinking and carousing. Quarreling and disagreement is in evidence, while fornication and uncleanness is also present here. The Lord has very strong words to say to us about these things. In Revelation 21:8, the Bible says, 'Murderers, whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death.

"Christ also says, 'Whoso looketh upon a woman to lust after her has committed adultery already in his heart.'"

Trutje began to question herself as to whether she had had sinful thoughts about Eckhardt. What exactly did it mean to lust?

Was it lust to want to get married to someone or even to be together with someone of the opposite sex? She would have to think about this when she got home. She could not think straight while listening to these forceful words.

The evangelist went on and on in the same tone. He told a story about a young man who had resisted his appeal to be saved when preaching in a small town in Kansas. The young man left the revival meeting in anger. Later that night his horse had come home rider less. He was found dead by the side of the road, apparently dead of a heart attack.

After an hour of preaching, he finally began with the invitation. The young people sat petrified in the back row as

Suparie vääjeit, daut Jachte un Oneenichkjeit es schienboa uk doa, un de Huararie un Onreinichkjeit es uk äwadäl jekome. De Har haft sea strenje Wieed to saje äwa aul de Dinja. Openboarunk 21:8 sajcht daut Merda, Huare, Zaubra un Jetsendeena, un aule Lääjna woare äaren Plauz em Fiasee habe, dee met Schwäwelblitt brent; dit es de tweeda Doot.

"Kjristus sajcht uk noch, 'Wäemma doa met Janka no ne Fru kjikjt dee haft en sien Hoat aul Huararie jedräwe.'"

Trutje funk sikj selfst aun to froage auf see aul lostvolle Jedanke äwa Eckhardt jehaut haud. Waut krakjt meend daut wan doa wort fon Bejia jerät?

Wia daut aul Janka wan eena aun Befrieed docht ooda wan eena met een Maunsmensch wull toop senne? See wudd motte doa äwa denkje wan see ieescht Tus wia. See kunn nu bie dise strenje Wieed nich jlikj denkje.

De Prädja bleef soo met änliche Wieeda biem räde. Hee vetald nu ne Jeschicht von een junga Maun dee sien prachre bie ne Prädicht en Kansas nich jeleicht haud. De wia ut Dollheit ut de Vesaumlunk rut jegone. Lota dän Owent wia sien Pieet one am nohus jekome. See funge am besied däm Wajch, woarschienlich Doot von Hoat-schlach.

No eene Stund funk hee schlieslich aun met de Enlodunk. De Junge Menschen saute hinje rein enje-enjst aus hee met

the pleading began.

“Just one lustful thought is enough to send you to hell. I plead with you, come to Jesus tonight so He can forgive your sins and make you whole.”

Those already won over by Heilman’s preaching began singing softly while the minister continued the invitation. Henry Thiessen, a young boy who was of delicate health and nervous disposition, was the first one to move to the front. Tears were streaming down his face as he kneeled. Soon several other young people moved toward the front. Justina and Trutje held back although their inner turmoil was visible in their faces. When several older folks went forward, Justina gave in and headed to the front of the church. Trutje really felt she had to think this over in a calmer, more rational atmosphere so she held back.

When finally the meeting drew to a close, the new converts stayed up in front where Rev. Heilman talked to them and prayed with them. Trutje stayed near the door waiting for Justina. She was approached by one of the older ladies and urged to go to the front of the church. She did not respond and slipped out of the door to wait outside. Justina finally came out, red-eyed and somber. They started off for home without speaking. Finally Justina said, “I think you should have gone forward too, Trutje, it would have done you good.”

Trutje could not respond. They kept on

sien prachre aunfunk.

“Bloos een Lostvolla Jedanke es jenuach junt no Hal to schekje. Ekj pracha junt Vondoag zeowes, komt no Jesus daut hee junt kaun de Sinde vejäwe un junt gaunz heil moake.”

De waut aul Heilmaun siene Prädicht aunjenome haude funge leise aun to sinje aus de Rädna met de Enlodunk wieda jinkj. Thiesses Hendrikj, een junga Benjel waut nich sea jesunt wia un uk sea Narwees, wia de ieeschta waut no Väare jinkj. Trone rande am lenjd de Bake aus hee sikj dol kjneed. Boolt jinje een poa mea junge Mensche no Väare. Justine un Trutje hilde sikj trigj wan daut uk to seene wia daut see sea oppjeräacht wiere. Aus een poa Elre Lied no Väare jinje gauf Justine en un jinkj uk no Väare. Trutje docht werkjlich daut see sikj dit, bie ne ruje, veninfkje Städ derch denkje must un jinkj nich no Väare.

Aus de Vesaumlunk dan schlieslich toom Enj kaum bleewe de nie Bekjiede Väare wua Prädja Heilmaun to dän råde deed un uk met an bäde deed. Trutje bleef hinje bie de Däa stone un luad fa Justine. Eent von de elre Frues räd äa aun daut see sikj uk hanjäwe wudd. See säd nuscht un schlikjt sikj to de Däa rut om bute to wachte. Justine kaum entlich rut met roode Uage un wia däaje Ieeboa. See jinje auf nohus oba kjeena säd waut. Entlich säd Justine, “Ekj jleew du hautst uk sult no Väare gone, Trutje, daut wudd die hab Goots jedone.”

Trutje wist nuscht to saje. See jinje soo



walking along the dark lane until they came to where Trutje had to cross the field to her place. They said a subdued “good night” and she started off alone. The fields still had wet spots from the spring melt and once she stumbled into a muddy stretch. Her shoes sank into the mud and were sucked in. She lost her balance and pitched forward. Now her hands went into the mud up to her wrists. She finally straightened up and pulled herself out of the mud. Finding some long, dry fall grass, she managed to get her hands moderately clean.

In deep thought about the evening’s events, she walked along the grassy field wherever possible. A killdeer was startled from its resting spot and noisily chattered as it moved away from Trutje. The frogs were just beginning to trill in the sloughs and ditches. It was a spring night and, subconsciously, Trutje gathered confidence from the night’s songs. The smell of wet earth and wet grass further whispered continuity to her senses. The creator was very much present and in control. A song they often sang in church now came to mind:

*“Oh Gott, mein Gott, so wie ich dir,  
In deinem Worte find,  
So bist du recht ein Gott fuer mich,  
Dein armes schwaches Kind.”*

*(“Oh God, my God, the way I find  
You in your precious Word,  
So you truly are my God,  
Your poor, weak child.”)*

wieda velenjd de Lienje bat see no däm Plauz kaume wua Trutje auleen äwre Stap must nohus gone. See säde een stellet “Goode Nacht” un dan jinkj see auleen auf. De Flekja haude noch naute Plake von däm farjoascha Deiw. Opp eene Städ jerod see em Blot nen. Äare huage Schoo vesunke, un suage sikj em Schmurz en. Doaderch kjrieech see Äwawicht un voll verwoaz. Äare Henj jinje nu bat aune Hauntjelenkja em Blott nen. Schlieslich brocht see sikj ut daut Schmurz rut un funk atlichet driejet Hoafst Grauss wua see sikj dan soomea de Henj reinwesche kunn.

En deepe Jedanke äwa de Väafaule von disen Owent, jinkj see dan velenjd daut Grauss wuaemma see kunn. Een Kjiewikj vefieed sikj wua daut Voagel rue deed un schwietad aus et von Trutje wajch fluach. De Pogge funge jrod aun to piepe enne Lächte un Ritsche. Daut wia ne Farjoasch Nacht un ennalich funk Trutje nieet Toovetruue von disen Nacht Jesank. Daut Jeroch von naute leed un nautet Grauss fuscheld to Trutje äare Feelinje daut dit Läwe doawäajen soo wieda foare wudd. De Erschaufa wia toojäajen un haud Ordnunk. Een Leet waut see ieremol enne Kjoakj sunge kaum äa nu em Senn:

*“Oh Gott, mein Gott, so wie ich dir,  
In deinem Worte find,  
So bist du recht ein Gott für mich,  
Dein armes schwaches Kind.”*

*“Oh Gott, mien Gott, soo aus ekj die,  
En dienen Wuat nu finj,  
Soo best du rajcht een Gott fa mie,  
Dien oamet schwaket Kjint.”*

She was much happier when she arrived at home. Her mother was waiting up for her clearly concerned about her coming home so late. When she saw all the mud she exclaimed, "What happened to you?"

"I took a short cut on the way home from Goossens."

"You were at the meeting, then, Trutje?"

"Yes, I was, mother."

"What do you think of Mr. Heilman?"

"I just do not know, mother. The man is very persuasive."

"Oh, I am sure some of the things he says are true and right but one must look at people's actions. The Goossens have been very hard to get along with. It seems like there is much self-righteousness there. But we mustn't judge ... Well, you'd better get cleaned up and ready for bed."

"Good night mother ... Oh, can I ask you something? ... If Eckhardt writes me, should I write back?"

"I do not think you should, Trutje. It might lead to other things. Good night."

Katherina went to her bedroom and Trutje prepared for bed. Once in bed she found herself going over all the evening's happenings again and again. Should she have gone forward like Justina or did she do the right thing?

See wia nu väl frooa aus see nohus kaum. Äare Mame haud oppjewacht un wia beduat om äa daut see soo lot nohus kome wudd. Aus see aul daut Blott sach fruach see met Schrakj waut äa passieet wia.

"Ekj kaum schroz äware Stap von Gooses."

"Du wiescht dan oppe Vesaumlunk, Trutje?"

"Jo, ekj wia, Mame."

"Waut dochst dan von Oomkje Heilmaun?"

"Ekj weet bloos nich, Mame. Hee es äwa aules sikj sea secha."

"Na jo, ekj meen daut atliche Dinja waut hee sajcht sent woll woa un rajcht, oba eena mott beobachte woo Mensche sikj Benäme. Met de Gooses es et emma schwoa jewast foadich to woare. Doa es schienboa väl Selsjerajchtichkjeit doa, oba wie motte nich Beuadeele. Na, du hast bäta wausch die un moak die reed to Bad."

"Goode Nacht, Mame. Oh, kaun ekj die waut froage? Wan Eckhardt mie schriewe woat, wurscht denkje daut ekj trigj schriewe sull?"

"Ekj jleew nich daut du sust, Trutje, daut mucht to aundat wieda leide. Goode Nacht."

Tien jinkj trigj no äare Schlopstow un Trutje muak reed toom schlope gone. Aus see eenmol em Bad wia funk see daut see emma wada trigj docht äwa aules waut dän Owent passieet wia. Haud see selfst veleicht sult no Väare

Should she attend more of the meetings or stay away? Justina would probably be going every night now until they were finished. That would mean Trutje would have a boring week alone at home. She began to think about some of the things Mr. Heilman had said. Was she really such a bad sinner that God would not forgive her unless she went forward at the meeting? Until now, she had felt that God was her friend and that He loved her. She had learned a simple prayer as a child. It went as follows:

*“Lieber Heiland, mach mich fromm,  
Das ich in den Himmel komm, Amen.”*

*“Dear Lord, make me devout,  
That I may get to heaven, Amen.”*

At church, she had heard prayers that were deeper and more complete. These she had incorporated into her own personal life. She had also memorized many Bible verses and many of these were treasured by her. As she lay there, some of them came back to her.

After tossing and turning for what to her seemed like hours, the words from Psalm 23 came to her. “The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want ...”

gone soos Justine ooda haud see daut rajchte jedone? Sull see noch no mea von de Vesaumblunge gone ooda wajch bliewe? Justine wudd nu woarschienlich jieda Owent gone bat dee äwa wiere. Daut wudd meene daut Trutje fa ne gaunze lankwielje Wäakj wudd auleen Tus hucke motte. See funk aun to denkje äwa atliche Dinja waut Oomkje Heilmaun jesajcht haud. Wia see werkjlich soon schljachta Sinda daut Gott äa nich vezeien wudd wan see nich bie de Vesaumlunk no Väare jinkj? Bat nu haud see jedocht daut Gott äa Frint wia un daut hee äa Lieb haud. See haud een eenfacht Jebäd jeliheet aus een Kjint. Daut jinkj soo:

*“Lieber Heiland mach mich fromm,  
Das ich in den Himmel komm, Amen.”*

Enne Kjoakj haud see Jebäda jehieet waut doa deepa jinje un waut uk mea volstendich wiere. Dise haud see en äa ieejnet Läwe nenn jenome. See haud uk väl Bibelvarzh utwendich jeliheet un dee räakjend see sea väl. Aus see doa nu lach kaume de trigj en äa Jedajchnis nen.

No waut äa no lange Stunde väakaum aus see sikj han un trigj schmeete, kaume de Wieeda von dam dreeuntwintichsten Psalm no ar. “*De Har es mien Hoad, mie woat nuscht mangle ...*”

## Chapter 7

For Trutje the next week was full of ups and downs. One minute she was sad and the next minute she was exuberant. One minute the week seemed to drag and the next it was going too fast. On Tuesday, she was taking the cows to the far pasture located near Justina's place. She was sure she could make out Justina outside the Bartel place. She waved, hoping Justina would see her and come over for a chat. It seemed that the minute Justina saw her she turned and walked into the house. That was odd. Her friend was usually so glad to see her. Trutje decided to go over to the Bartels after the cattle were at pasture just to make sure all was well.

She approached the Bartel home and knocked at the door. Today the response to the knock seemed to be very slow. Finally, Justina's smaller brother answered the door and invited Trutje in.

"Is Justina at home?" Trutje asked of him.

"Yes, she is ... Justina! Trutje is here to see you!"

Justina came into the room and said a subdued "Hello." Trutje could not understand the complete change of behaviour in Justina.

She asked, "Is something wrong?"

Justina said, "No, not really."

"But I do not understand, are not you

## 7. Kapitel

De näakjste Wäakj wia sea han un hää fa Trutje. Eene Minnut wia see truarich un de näakjste wia see äwadriewent schaftich. Eene Minnut wort äa de Tiet lank un de näakjste Minnut jinkj et too bosich. Aum Dinjsdach naum see de Kjieej no de wietaufsche Weid waut dicht bie de Boatels wia. See wia secha daut see Justine doa bute seene kunn. See weifeld mete Haunt, enne Hopninj daut Justine äa wudd seene un no äa kome om to vetale. Daut scheen soos wan soo schwind aus Justine äa jeseene haud wia see em Hus nenn jegone. Daut wia sondaboa. Äa Frint wia jeweenlich soo froo äa to seene. Trutje naum sikj vää see wudd doa han gone soo schwind aus daut Vee enne Weid wia, bloos toom secha moake daut aules en Ordnunk wia.

See kaum no de Boatels äare Dää un puttad aun. Vondoag kaum äa de Auntwuat sea langsam vää. Schlieslich kaum Justine äa jinjra Brooda no de Dää un kroagd äa nen.

"Es Justine tus?" fruach Trutje am.

"Jo, see es, Justine! Trutje es hia fa die!"

Justine kaum enne Stow nenn un säd een gaunz stella "Gooden Dach." Trutje kunn bloos nich vestone woo Justine opp een mol sikj gaunz aundasch oppfieed.

See fruach, "Es doa waut onrajcht?"

Justine sad, "Nä, soo äwajens nich."

"Oba ekj vesto nich, best du nich froo

glad to see me?"

Just then, Justina's mom came into the room. She said, "My husband and I are attending the meetings too. We think you and your folks should be there too."

Trutje was taken aback by the abrupt and impersonal treatment. She excused herself and said she had to get back home. Mixed emotions surged through her as she walked home ... anger at Justina for treating her so coldly ... bewilderment because of the loss of an intimate friend ... at least, that is how it felt right now... maybe this was only a temporary thing. She hoped Justina would become her usual self again once these meetings were all finished.

When Trutje reached home, she found a large package and a letter waiting for her. Her father had brought them from town. Trutje grabbed the letter and ran to her room. She opened it and read:

*Dear Trutje,*

*It was a wonderful experience to visit you out there in the "wilderness" of Canada. Your people have done a lot towards taming this vast wilderness. Though it is been only a few weeks, I miss the wide-open steppes of Canada but I miss you even more. I remember you showing me the first flower of spring bravely blossoming in the snow. It is known as the pasque flower, which is in the anemone family. You remind me of one of those. So brave in such stark surroundings ... yet as gentle as the lavender color of the petals.*

mie to seene?"

Dan jrod kaum Justine äare Mame enne Stow nen. "Mien Maun un ekj gone uk to de Vesaumlunge. Wie denkje daut du un diene Elre uk doa sulle senne."

Trutje veschrock sikj daut see ar soo direkjt un onperseenlich behaandelde. See entschuldicht sikj un säd see must nohus gone. See haud sea jemischte Feelinje oppem Wajch nohus. See oajad sikj daut Justine äa soo kolt behaundeld, un wia vebleft daut see een gooda Frint veluare haud. Soo weenst feeld daut nu. Veleicht es dit bloos opp verieescht. See haud Hopninj daut Justine wudd wada sikj selfst woare, soo schwind aus dise Vesaumlunge äwa senne wudde.

Aus Trutje nohus kaum wia doa een grootet Pakeet un een Breef fa äa. Äare Pape haud daut vom Darp jebrocht. Haustich naum Trutje däm Breef un rand auf no äare Stow. See muak däm op un läsd:

*Liebe Trutje,*

*Das war eine wunderbare Erfahrung da euch in die Kanadische Wiltnis zu besuchen. Elre Leute haben viel getan um die Wiltnis zu bändiggen. Wenn es auch nur ein Paar Wochen sind das ich jetst zurück in Deutschlant bin, doch fehlt mir das an die weite, offene Steppe da in Kanada. Aber noch mehr, fehlt mir das an dir. Mich denkt das noch gut als du mir die erste Frühlingsblume zeigtest, die daeben durch dem Schnee sich hatte geoffenbart. Das nent sich die "Pasque" Blume welche in die "Anemone" Famielje ist. Die Blume macht mich an dir denken ... So tapfer in solche*

*Right now, I am tied down at my office. I have much work to catch up on now that I am back. If I sent you money for passage would you consider coming to visit me out here? You would have the experience of a lifetime. I am sure you would not regret it. Please think about it and let me know as soon as possible. I hope the chiropractic materials reached you safely and that you find them useful.*

*With love,*

*Your faithful servant,*

*Eckhardt Gross.*

Trutje's heart pounded and her face flushed when she read Eckhardt's expressions of admiration for her.

It took her a few minutes to settle down enough to face the family. They were waiting impatiently for her to come and open the packages. She hid the letter under her bed before she went into the kitchen. Nervously she unwrapped the books and some handwritten sheets of notes. She read the German titles of the books aloud and looked at the illustrations.

"Are not you pleased with this material, Trutje? Now you can study and become a real chiropractor!" said Katherina.

"Oh, yes, yes, this is really great, I am really pleased!" said Trutje.

*strenge Umgebunk ... Dennoch so sanft als die rotblaue Farbe von das Blumenblatt.*

*Gerade jetst bin ich schwerpflichtet in meine Gescheftsstube. Ein Haufen Arbeit erwartet mich seit dem ich zurück gekommen sei. Wenn ich dir Jelt schickte, werdest du mich hier vielleicht besuchen? Das würde für ihnen eine Lebenserfahrunk sein. Ich bin mir bewusst, das es dir nachher nicht wird Leit sein. Bitte denck darüber nach und lass mich so schnell als möglich wissen.*

*Hoffentlich ist das Knochenartst Werkstoff unschädlich angekommen und das du es brauchen kanst.*

*Viele Liebe,*

*Dein treuer Knecht,*

*Eckhardt Grosse*

Trutje äa Hoat bumpst lud un äa Jesecht wort root aus see läsd woo Ekhardt äwa siene Leew fa äa utdrekjt haud.

Daut naum äa een poa Minnute bat äare Jefeale ruja wiere soo daut see de Famielje aukjikke kunn. Dee luade met Onjedult daut see mol kome wudd de Pakeete op moake. See vestuak däm Breef unja äa Bad ea see enne Kjääkj nenn jinkj. See wia noch gaunz flautrich aus see de Bieekja utpakt un atliche von dee bie Hauntjeschräwne Bläda met Noote bekjikt. See läsd de dietsche Tietel vonne Bieekja äwalud un bekjikt sikj de Aufbildunge.

"Freist du die nich too aul dit Stoff, Trutje? Nu kaust du studiere un een werkjicha Trajchtmoaka woare!" säd Tien.

"Na jo, jo, dit es sea fein, mie jefelt daut sea!" säd Trutje.

"Is something bothering you, Trutje, I thought you'd really be excited about this," said Big Peter. "Oh I am. I am. It is just that I ... that ..."

As Trutje stammered and blushed, Katherina, who had read the situation, quickly said, "Big Peter said you could use the small room to study in. We will put the old sleeping bench in there so your patients can sit on it when you treat them."

Trutje, still blushing, gave her mother a grateful look. Her feelings and thoughts were in turmoil. First, the snubbing by her closest friend and now a very personal letter by someone whose writing gave her a feeling of guilt because he was considered an unbeliever by her church.

How could she concentrate on studying with all these other things hanging over her? She picked up the books and moved them to her room. The boys had already moved the small white table from the summer kitchen and had found an old hand-made wicker chair for her to sit on. She sat down at her place and looked at the material. As she paged through it, her mind was a blur. She read words but they did not sink in. She saw pictures, but they flashed by without speaking to her.

She soon found herself sitting and staring into space. What have I done to

"Ploacht die waut Trutje? Ekj docht die wudd dit sea aunreize," säd Groota Peeta. "Oh, ekj frei mie sea, dauts bloos daut ekj ..."

Aus Trutje soo stomad un vekjlääd, Tien, dee daut aul venome haud waut doa loos wia, säd schwind, "Groota Peeta säd du kust de Kjliene Stow brucke toom benne liere. Wie woare de oole Schlopbenkj doa nenn doone soo daut diene tonichte Jast doa kjenne sette wan du dän trajchtmoake deist."

Trutje, noch emma root em Jesecht, gauf äare Mame een dankboaren Blekj. Äare Feelinje un Jedanke wiere en een Opprua. Ieeschtens, daut äa basta Frint äa soo aufschnitt, un nu een sea perseenlicha Breef von eenem dee ar schuldich feele muak wäajen daut de Kjoakj am aus en Onjleewenda aunsach.

Woo wudd see nu äare Jedanke biem studiere hoole wan aul dise aundre Dinja äwa äa henje deede? See naum äare Bieekja un brocht dee no äare Stow. De Junges haude aul däm kjliena, witta Desch vonne Sommakjäakj jebrocht un haude uk een oola hauntjemoakta Korfstool jefunge daut see waut toom sette haud. See sad sikj doa han un besach sikj daut Stoff. Äare Jedanke wiere nich doobie aus see daut bekjikt. See läsd Wieeda oba daut muak kjeen Endruck. See sach de Bilda oba de fluage vebie one daut see waut bediede deede.

Boolt funk see daut see doa bloos saut un jlikj wajch kjikt. Waut haud see aun



Justina to deserve her cold, impersonal treatment? Was it because she had told her about Eckhardt? Does she think me backslidden, or even an unbeliever? That thought hurt ... had she not always showed much Christian love? And she had never done anything she thought was so sinful.

Her willpower made her go back to the books before her. How should she begin her studies? Where should she start? Before she knew it, her mind was wandering again. Should she write Eckhardt? If she did write, it would encourage him to keep thinking of her in a special way. But she should write and thank him for sending her the books, it would be very rude if she did not do that. Should she also tell him that she felt something special for him?"

Trutje's agitation was increasing. She got her Bible from her bedside and tried finding verses that would give her direction. She could not find the usual comforting verses and finally laid the Bible aside. Not even her whispered prayers did any good. She got up and paced the room. Finally, after fifteen minutes of this, she got her coat and left the house. In the past, whenever she was under severe pressure, she would go for long, fast walks through the fields and woods. Now she headed straight into the poplar bush, dodging trees and wading through puddles here and there. She did not notice anything around her for the first fifteen minutes of her walk.

Justine veschulcht daut see äa soo kolt un aus een Framda behaundeld? Wia daut doawäajen daut see to ar von Eckhardt jerät haud? Denkjt see daut ekj trigj jefolle sie? Ooda soogoä een Onjleewenda sie? De Jedanke deed äa wee. Haud see nich emma väl kjristliche Leew bewäse? Un see haud uk niemols waut jedone waut doa soo sintlich wia.

Äa Wellenskrauft muak äa trigj no ääre Bieekja gone waut ver ar lieeje. Woo sull see äa studiere aunfange? Ea see daut enwort wiere ääre Jedanke aulwada opp aundat. Sull see Eckhardt schriewe? Wan see schriewe deed, wudd am daut nich aunmuntre daut hee soo wieda de besondere Feelinje fa äa wudd habe? Oba see sull am woll schriewe un bedanke daut hee ar de Bieekja jeschekjt haud. Daut wudd sea onheeflich senne wan see daut nich deed. Sull see am uk saje daut see uk besondere Feelinje fa am haud?

Trutje wort emma dolla oppjeräacht. See hold ääre Bibel von besied äa Bad un vesocht Varzh to finje waut äa dän Wajch wiese kunne. See kunn nu bloos nich de treestende Varzh finje un läd schlieslich de Bibel tosied. Nich mol ääre stelle Jebäda holpe äa nu. See stunt opp un jinkj han un trigj enne Stow. Schlieslich, no feftieen Minnute hold see äa Äwarock un jinkj rut. To aundre Tiede haud see äwre Stape un derchem Woolt met lange, jnietsche Footstape jegone. Nu jinkj et jlikj boschen, rom een Papelboom un derch de Puddels. Fa de ieeschte feftieen Minnute wort see nuscht rom äa en.

Eventually her sensitivities to the beauty of the natural world made her aware of the fragile awakening life surrounding her. She noticed a blooming prairie lily and bent down to have a close look at it. It was red with black spots inside. As Trutje admired it, her thoughts slowed down to a rational level. The flower was so beautiful and vulnerable. She had almost stepped on it in her thoughtless tramp through the bush. Now she looked carefully around and noticed movement high up in a nearby tree. A hairy woodpecker was chipping at a hole in the tree. The bird was preparing the place where it would raise its family. This thought set her mind going again.

“He is the first and only man who has made me feel something. He cared about my aptitude in healing. Maybe God led him into my life for a reason. Maybe He wants me to go to a different country. “

She caught herself walking faster again, blindly crashing through the underbrush.

“Hold on there, Trutje, slow down. Get a hold on yourself. If I could only go and talk to Justina she could help me to some kind of a conclusion. “

Trutje forced herself to slow down and finally found a seat on a fallen tree. She noticed an anthill near her feet and began watching the little creatures scurrying back and forth, in and out of their tunnels, intent on doing what they

Met de Tiet bemoakjte äare schneuwe Feelinje de Natua Scheenheit un daut emfintelje wakjende Läwe rom sikj. See bemoakjt ne blieejende Stape Lilje un buach sikj dol om dee bäta to beobachte. Dee wia root met schwoaate Punkta von benne. De Bloom wia soo scheen un velatsboa. See haud doa boolt nopp jestaupst en äa onbekjemmade Flucht derchem Bosch. Nu kijkt see sikj doch mol jescheit rom un wort en doa wia een Jereisch huach em Boom. Een Holthaka muak doa een Loch em Boom un de Speena fluage. Daut Voagel deed sikj eene Städ reed moake wua see äare Famielje wudd optrakje. Met dit funge äare Jedanke wada aun to kjriesle.

“Hee es de ieeschta un eensja Maun dee doa mie haft moake waut feele. Hee intressieed sikj fa miene Heelinjs Fäichkjeit. Veleicht haft Gott am fa eene Uasoak en mien Läwe nenn jeleit. Opplatst well hee habe ekj saul no een aundret Launt gone.”

See wort en daut see wada jnietscha jinkj, un daut see blintlinjs derchem Bosch fluach.

“Hool aun, Trutje, mau langsoma, beharsch die nu mol. Wan ekj nu bloos mol met Justine räde kunn dan wudd ekj mie mol kjenne entschlute.”

Trutje muak sikj nu mol selfst langsoma gone un funk schlieslich ne Sett opp een jefolna Boom. Dicht bie äare Feet sach see en Eemsjeknubbel un kijkt nu vetieft aus de kjliene Kjreatuasch doa han un trigj rande, nenn un rut ut äare

were created for. As she sat there and watched, all the apprehensions and worries slowly receded into the background and she found herself completely absorbed in her observations.

An hour later, she glanced up and noticed that it was getting dark. She felt drained of all feeling as she started back for home. Something had been resolved in herself. It did not matter anymore. Whatever was bugging Justina was not her fault. She would let things be. If Justina wanted to be friends, she would have to make the first move. Trutje would be polite and friendly but she would not make an attempt to force the issue. As far as Eckhardt was concerned, she would send him a polite thank-you letter, and, although she felt like expressing her admiration for him, she would be reserved in her personal comments. She entered the house with a new sense of direction and self-assurance. Heading straight for her study room, she sat down and began to draw up a plan of study.

## Chapter 8

Over the next several weeks, Trutje was busy studying. Occasionally her feelings would come to the surface and she would lapse into a pensive mood. The turmoil in the community was still at a peak because those who had become

Jenj unjre leed, gaunz venome met äare Oabeit wuatoos see erschauft wiere. Aus see doa saut un too kjiikt, trocke äare Forchte un Beduaren ennem Hinjagrunt. See wia nu gaunz benome en äare Beobachtunk.

Ne Stund lota kjiikt see opp un wort en daut et aul meist Diesta wia. Äare Feelinje wiere veschwunge un doamet feeld see sikj nu soo ladich aus see trigj nohus jinkj. Irjentwaut haud sikj nu en äa beschlote. Daut wia nu aula dolla eendoont. Wautemma Justine schod wia, wia nich äare Schult. See wudd aules soo tochlote. Wan Justine wada wull Frint senne met äa dan wudd see motte daut ieeschte malde. Trutje wudd heeflich un frintlich senne, oba see wudd nich utem Wajch gone om daut to endre. Un soo wiet aus et Ekjhardt aunbelangd wudd see am een heeflicha Dankscheen Breef schekje, un wan see uk feeld soos wan see am saje sull wooväl see von am hilt, wudd see oba sikj trigj hoole met perseenliche Utdrucks. See jinkj trigj em Hus met niee Väanämunge un Selbstvetruen. See jinkj no äare Stow un muak een Studierunks Plon.

## 8. Kapitel

Wäarent de näakjste poa Wäakj wia Trutje drock metem studiere. Han un wada kaume äare Feelinje trigj un dan saut see doa deep en Jedanke. Daut Opprua enne Nobaschoft wia noch sea aum dreie. Dee waut met Heilmaun

involved in Heilman's movement had decided to leave the mother church and form a separate congregation. There was much quarreling and disagreement. Where a brother or sister in a family had decided to join the new group or where one in a family had decided to stay with the old group there was sibling bitterness. Members of the new group tended to be self-righteous and ready to condemn the members of their former congregation as unchristian. This created much defensiveness in the parent group, which, in turn, caused angry confrontations, especially among the youth.

One of the innovations in the new group was that the men were to grow beards once they were members. This became an excuse for a confrontation.

Since Justina had made no effort to renew their friendship, Trutje had to find other friends who were still loyal to the old group. She, together with her new friend Anna, had taken to strolling around the countryside. This Sunday afternoon they met three neighbour boys who were from their own church group.

Their involvement with the boys was casual and noncommittal. Because sports activities, such as playing ball, were frowned on as being worldly, especially on a Sunday afternoon, there was not much else to do but to walk about the countryside discussing housework and farming. For young girls to walk with boys was also frowned on, so the young people usually met in an out-of-the-way place where their elders

siene Bewäajunk vebunge wiere haude sikj entschlote de Mutta Kjoakj to velote un äare ieejne Kjoakj auntofange. Doa wia een deel Jestried un Oneenichkjeit. Wua eene Sesta ooda een Brooda un eene Famielje bie de aundre Grupp wull biegone ooda wua eena enne Famielje wull bie de oole Grupp bliewe wia doa foaken vâl Bettanis. Jlieda von de niee Grupp wiere ieremol een bät Selbstjerajcht un reed toom de aundre to vedaume un saje daut see Onkristlich wiere. Dit muak de ieeschte Grupp feele daut see sikj wäare muste. Dit gauf maunchmol een dollet Jejacht, besondasch manke junge Mensche.

Een Dinkj waut de niee Grupp nie enfiied wia daut, soo schwind aus een Maun bie äare Jemeent bie jinkj, must hee een Boat droage. Dit wort jebrukt aus Uträd toom Striede.

Wiel Justine nich wieda vesocht haud frintlich to senne, haud Trutje sikj must niee Frind mank de oole Grupp finje. See jink met äa nieen Frint Aunna ieremol toop enne Omjäajent rom. Aun disen besondaschen Sindach troffe see dree Junges dee uk von äare Kjoakjegrupp wiere.

Äa Vewekjlunk met de Junges wia mau äwaflechlich. Soon Aungone aus Baulspäle wort aus weltlichet Tietvedrief aunjeseene, besondasch wan et aum Sindach Nomeddach passieed. Doa wia sest rajcht nuscht to doone aus enne Omjäajent rom to zauble un äwa de Husoabeit un de Foarmarie to nobre. Daut wia uk vebode daut de junge Mejales met de Junges sikj vekjiere sulle. Aulsoo

would not see them. This afternoon they were also discussing the church split.

“They think we’re all big sinners because we do not grow beards when we join church,” said George.

“Where do they get that rule from anyway?” said Anna, “I do not think it says anywhere in the Bible that men are supposed to wear beards.”

“Well there is a verse in the Old Testament somewhere that says, “thou shalt not trim the corners of thy beard,” but if you start using one rule from all those other rules God gave the Israelites you might as well do them all. Such things as eating no pork and keeping the Sabbath would have to be kept as well,” said Trutje.

“But what bothers me most of all is the way my father is treated by them. He is a godly man, and yet, when we go to visit my mother’s family who are with Heilman’s group, they do not eat with him at the same table because they say they are shunning him. Are they ever self-righteous,” said George.

George was getting louder and redder as he spoke. It was unfortunate that three young fellows belonging to the Heilman group came strolling down the road at that moment. George, in his excited state, picked up a rock and skipped it in their direction. It did not hit anyone but caused one of the boys to jump sideways to avoid the missile. They stopped and the two groups stared at each other. On

bejäajende dee sikj doa wua de Elre äant nich seene wudde. Aun disen Nomeddach wort doa uk von de Kjoajkespoolinj jerät.

“Jane denkje daut wie aula groote Sinda sent wäajen wie ons nich lote däm Boat wausse wan wie bie de Jemeent gone,” säd Jieet.

“Emmahan, wua kjriee dee daut Jesaz hää?” säd Aunna, “Ekj jleew nich daut et irjentwua enne Schreft sajcht daut Mana selle Bäata droage.”

“Na, irjentwua em Oole Tastament es een Varsch waut doa sajcht, du saust nich dien Boat beschniede. Oba wan du eene Rääjel von aule de Rääjle helst waut Gott de Jude mol gauf, dan motst du jrod soo goot dee aula nofolje. Soont aus nich Schwienfleisch äte un däm Sabat heilich hoole wudd eena uk nogone motte,” säd Trutje.

“Oba waut mie aum mieschten baudat es woo see mien Voda behaundle doone. Hee es en jeistliche Maun, oba wan wie no miene Mame äa Frintschoft spaziere foare, dee waut doa en Heilmaun siene Grupp sent, dan kaun hee nich aum selwjen Desch äte wäajen see saje daut hee vebaunt es,” säd Jieet.

Jieet wort luda un rooda aus hee sikj utspruak. Daut wia schod daut dan krakjt dree Junges von de Heilmaun Grupp velenjst däm Wajch kaume. Jieet, en siene Oppräajunk, naum een Steen vom Wajch un schmeet däm no de Junges opptoo. Daut troff kjeenem oba een Jung must tosied sprinje daut dee am nich trafe wudd. De hilde stell. Von beid Siede kjikjte de Gruppe sikj

both sides, the young fellows had not fully formulated all their convictions regarding discipleship. It was not beyond them to yield to the temptation of defending their own honour. Now one of them picked up a rock and threw it. It hit George on his leg.

He exploded with the words, "You self-righteous hypocrites, where are your beards? I guess you are too green to grow them yet!"

This angered the other three and one of them retorted with the words, "How come you're not in Steinbach getting drunk or stealing money? That is about all you're good for!"

In a flash, George had his hands on the lapels of the speaker's jacket. He was ready to throw him to the ground when Trutje and Anna ran forward and pushed in between the two.

"Let it be! Stop it! You mustn't fight!" cried Trutje.

The opponents stood and glared at each other for a while and then slowly backed off. Both sides were embarrassed by their loss of control in front of the girls. Each turned and they walked in opposite directions. The girls left the boys and headed for Trutje's place. When they arrived on the yard, they noticed a team and buggy standing by the barn. Two younger children came running to meet the girls.

"Come quickly, there is a boy named

Stia aun. Aun beid Siede wiere dise Benjels sikj noch goanich kloa woo een volstendja Kjrist sikj oppfiere sull. Daut wia an uk nich tootovetruue daut see nich too äaren Vesieekjunk enjåwe wudde om äare Iea to beschutze. Nu naum eena een Steen un schmeet däm. Daut troff Jieet aum Been.

Hee breld an aun, "Jie selfstjerajchte Heichla, wua sent june Bäata? Ekj jleew jie sent noch too jreen toom dee wausse to lote!"

Dit muak de aundre dree sea doll, un de Beauntwuade met de Wieeda, "Woo kjemt et daut jie nich en Steinbach sent un junt doa besupe doone un Jelt stäle doone, dauts aules waut jie goot fa sent?"

Soos een Blitz haud Jieet däm Rädna biem Wanikjs Kolla to hoole. Hee wia reed am oppe leed to schmiete aus Trutje un Aunna sikj schwind tweschen äant stalde.

"Lot senne! Hieet nu opp doa met! Jie motte nich jachte!" schrieech Trutje.

De Jääjna stunde un kijkjte sikj een Stootje Stia aun un dan trocke see sikj langsam trigj. Beid Siede schämde sikj een bät daut see sikj soo gone jelote haude. Jieda Sied dreid om un jinkj dän aundren Wajch. De Mejales veleete de Junges un jinje auf no Trutje äare Städ. Aus see oppem Hoff nopp kaume bemoakjte see daut doa een Pieetsfoatich biem Staul stunt. Twee jinjre Kjinja kaume aunjefloage om de Määkjes to trafe.

"Komt schwind, Heinrich sien Oarm es

Henry here. His arm is all twisted up!  
Hurry, he's in great pain!"

gaunz vedreit! Spoot junt, hee haft  
groote Weedoag!"

Trutje hurried to the house and to her room where the eight-year-old was already reclining on the bench. He was in obvious pain, writhing and crying out. Trutje walked over to him and gently felt along the arm and saw immediately that he had a shoulder dislocation. She put some strong smelling, greasy ointment on the arm and shoulder. This acted as a mild anaesthetic. Now she moved the arm very carefully and spoke softly to the child.

Trutje jinkj uzhent nom Hus no äare Stow, wua de Achtjoascha aul oppe Benkj ligje deed. Hee haud jeedenfauls groote Weedoag, wiels hee dreid sikj han un hää un schrieech sea. Trutje jinkj no am un feeld am natjes däm Oarm. See sach fuaz daut am de Schulla utjehoakt wia. See naum eene schmääje, stoakjrikjende Saulw un reef siene Schulla un Oarm doamet. Dit deed daut een bät beteibe. Nu bewääjd see däm Oarm sea behutsom un räd leise to daut Kjint.

"This will hurt for just an instant and then it will feel better again. What happened to you?"

"Dit woat bloos fa een Stootje wee doone un dan woat daut wada goot feele, waut passieed met die?"

While the boy tearfully tried to explain everything, she executed a quick, smooth movement and the arm was back in the shoulder socket. The boy hardly had time to cry out.

Aus de Jung daut derche Trone proowd to erkjläare, deed see schwind met ne jleie Bewääjunk däm Oarm trigj em Schullajelenkj nenn sate. De Jung haud meist nich mol Tiet opptoschree.

"Does that feel better now, Henry? You be careful that you do not overuse that arm for a while, OK."

"Feelt sikj daut nu nich bäta, Heinrich? Pauss nu uk fa en Stootje opp daut du däm Oarm nich too sea brucke deist, jo?"

The father was very relieved and offered Trutje twenty-five cents in payment. Trutje felt a thrill as she accepted the money. This symbolized the official beginning of the career about which she had dreamed for so long. She put the quarter into the big hope chest that her father had made for her when she was fourteen. She would not use it but keep it as a memoir.

De Voda feeld sikj nu väl leichta doa äwa un boot Trutje fiefontwintich Zent aus Tolinj. Dit gauf Trutje een goodet Jefeel aus see daut Jelt naum wiel dit wia de Bemoakjunk daut see nu met äare Oabeit, äwa woont see soo lang jedreemt haud, nu schlieslich aunftage deed. Däm fiefontwintich Zent läd see en äare groote Kjist nenn waut äa Voda äa jemoakt haud aus see vietiesen Joa oolt wia. See wudd däm nich vebrucke



oba aus een Aunjedenkj hoole.

Sunday was not the usual time to do business but when someone was hurt and there was no doctor, it had to be done. This was not really business either but was more like a humanitarian deed. If someone wanted to donate something to the cause, that was good.

Sindach wia jeeenlich nich de Tiet wan Maun Jeschaft driewe deed oba wan doa wää velatst wia un doa kjeen Dokta rom wia, must daut jedone woare. Dit wia ieejentlich uk nich Jeschaft driewe oba mea soos Goots doone. Wan wää dan doa too waut jäwe wull, wia daut soo goot.

In the next week, the people began coming. A new world was opening up for Trutje. She was still very inexperienced in interacting with people although she did have a knack for understanding them.

En de näakjste Wääkj funge de Mensche aun to kome. Trutje beläwd nu eene gaunz niee Welt. See haud mau sea weinich Erfoarunk met Mensche behandle, oba doch haud see ne Gow daut see Mensche vestunt.

Her next visitor forced her to draw on all her personal resourcefulness to cope. He was a bachelor named "Old Jack." This fellow lived in a little one-room shack on 'C.P.R.' land. He was a recluse and very eccentric. He smelled badly because he wore the same set of clothes until they dropped off his body.

Daut naum aul äa Väarot sikj met däm näakjsten Gaust to weete. Hee wia een eenletsja Maun met Nome 'Old Jack' un wond en eene kjliene Schend opp C.P.R. Launt. Hee wia uk een Eensiedla un uk een bät een Utbunt. Hee stunk sea wiel hee de selwje Kjeleeda druach bat dee vom Lief folle.

One of the neighbors had found him with a broken leg. He had stepped off his door stoop and caught his leg between the boulders lying there. The resulting fall had broken his brittle shinbone and pinned his leg in an awkward position. By the time the neighbour arrived he had been lying there for hours. The leg was swollen to twice its normal size and turning blue. With the help of another neighbour they moved the protesting old man to a wagon and took him to the closest place they could think of where help would be available.

Eent von de Nobasch haud am meten jebroaknet Been jefunge. Hee wia von siene Dääre Stoop rauf jestaup un haud sien Been tweschen atliche groote Steena jekjraaje waut doa ligje deede. Aus hee dol foll, haud hee sien Schänebeen jebroake. Sien Been wia doa vedreit faust jewast. Hee haud doa aul fa Stundelank jeläaje ea de Noba am doa schlieslich funk. Daut Been wia nu tweemol soo dikj aunjeschwolle un aul zimlich bleiw. Met noch een Noba toop haude see däm jäajenspanstja Oola em Woage jelacht un no de dichtbieste Städ jenome wua see veleicht wudde Halp finje.

When Trutje received him into her room, she could hardly think for the smell. Finally grabbing a scissor, she was going to cut away the pant leg. The injured man screamed and pulled away. Trutje, thinking he was afraid that she would cut into him, explained that she was only going to cut away his pant leg. He still objected violently. She finally realized he had a phobia about removing his clothes. Finally, she instructed the two neighbours to hold him. He still struggled, but she managed to strip bare his broken leg. She had no anesthetic so a bottle of 'Schnapps' was kept in the medicine cabinet. The liquor also served as a sterilizer. So once the whiskey had taken effect Trutje began to work on the shinbone. When she touched the leg, he jerked back and yelled. She talked quietly as she felt around the break.

Then she signaled to the neighbours quietly to hold on. Suddenly she pulled very hard and pushed down on the bone at the same time. "Old Jack" screamed and struggled but the men managed to keep him from moving his leg. The worst was over. The bone was set and Trutje began splinting the leg.

"You will have to take him to Steinbach. I think the leg is infected and he is physically weak. A few days in the infirmary will be necessary to help him

Aus Trutje am doa dan nenn kjrieech, kunn see meist nich denkje wiel daut soo stunk. Schlieslich naum see ne Schea un wull am de Belkselemp wajchschniede. De velatsta Maun schrieech un trock von äa fuat. Trutje docht hee haud Angst daut see am schniede wudd, un muak am dietlich daut see bloos de Bekkselemp wajch schniede wull. Hee wia doch noch emma sea jäajenaun. Ar wia daut mete Tiet kloa daut am sea schnett wia daut see am de Kjeleda fuat näme wudde. Schlieslich fruach see de Nobasch auf see am faust hoole wudde. Hee sträwd noch sea oba see kunn siene Bekkselemp entlich wajchstreepe. See haud kjeen Beteibunksmeddel oba see haud ne Buddle Schnaups em Medizien Schaup. Dis Schnaups wia uk goot om de Wund reintomoake. Aus de Schnaups eenmol aunjreep, funk Trutje aum Schänebeen aun to oabeide. Aus see daut Been aunfoot tekjt hee trigj un schrieech opp. See räd gaunz stell to am un feeld dan daut Been.

Dan tieekjend see daut de Nobasch nu faust hoole sulle. Haustich reet see aum Been un drekjt uk rauf aum Knoake. 'Old Jake' schrieech lud un sträwd wada sea, oba de Mana kunne am fausthoole soo daut hee nich sien Been riere kunn. Daut schlemste wia nu äwa. See haud däm Knoake jesat un nu deed see Splinte naunmoake un daut goot berolle.

"Jie woare am motte no Steinbach näme. Ekj jleew daut Been es enzint un hee es een bät schwak. Daut es needich daut hee een poa Doag em Krankenhaus

recover. Move him carefully.”

blift, om daut hee Heel woare kaun. Paust opp wan jie am aunriere.”

“Thank you for helping. It is good to have someone in the district who can help in an emergency. Here is a dollar from me. I do not know if ‘Old Jack’ will remember to pay later,” said the neighbour. “Oh, I do not think I want anything for this. You helped too.”

“Dankscheen fa de Halp. Daut es goot eenem hia to habe dee doa em Nootfaul halpe kaun. Hia es een Dola von mie. Ekj wunda auf ‘Old Jack’ nohää behoole woat daut hee die betole mott,” säd de Noba. “Na, ekj well sest nuscht fa dit habe, jie habe uk jeholpe.”

“You take it, since you’re just starting your work. You need all the support you can get.”

“Nemm daut mau, wiel du jrod met diene Oabeit aunjefunge hast. Die fält aule Unjastettunk waut du kjrieë kaust.”

They moved ‘Old Jack’ back into the wagon and headed for town.

See läde ‘Old Jack’ trigj em Woage nenn un fuare auf no Staut.

Trutje’s second week of treating patients brought a very sobering experience. A young boy who had been kicked in the chest by a horse was brought in. He was unconscious and barely breathing.

Trutje äare tweede Wääkj aune Oabeit brocht ar eene sea ieeboaliche Erfoarunk. Een Piet haud een junga Benjel aune Brost jeschloage. Hee wia besennungsloos un kunn meist nich odme.

Trutje nervously examined him and then said, “I can’t do anything for him. You will have to take him to Steinbach as fast as possible.”

Trutje, narwees aus see am unjasocht, säd, “Ekj kaun am nich halpe, brinj am soo schwind aus mäajlich no Steinbach.”

While she was speaking, she noticed that his breathing had stopped altogether. She placed her mouth to his mouth and blew some air into him. She repeated this several times but to no avail. Turning to the parents, she said tearfully, “I am afraid he’s passed away.”

Aus see noch räde deed, wort see en daut hee äwahaupt nich mea odme deed. One to denkje, deed see schwind äa Mul opp sien Mul un blosd een bät Loft nen. See deed daut een poa Mol oba daut holp nuscht. Met Trone enne Uage dreid see sikj no de Elre un säd, “Ekj jleew hee es wajch.”

The mother ran to her son and, crying, threw her arms around his body. Trutje placed a hand gently on the mother’s

De Mutta rand no äa Sän un schmeët äare Oarms rom am. Trutje läd äare Haunt leise opp dää äare Schulla. De

shoulder. The mother, who had lost several children as infants, soon composed herself and said quietly, "He is with Jesus now."

For a few days after this incident, Trutje felt depressed, and kept thinking to herself, "If only I had known what to do, maybe if I had done such and such, or maybe if I had not been here they would have taken the boy straight to Steinbach and he could have been saved. But it would have taken at least an hour to get him to Steinbach with galloping horses. If I had had more medical knowledge maybe I could have ..." She found it hard to concentrate on her work or on her studies.

Now her thoughts went back to Eckhardt. Suddenly she felt a strong urge to write and let him know how much she really missed him. On impulse, she wrote a very personal and affectionate letter. Big Peter was going into town that afternoon and so she decided to go, too. She would mail her letter secretly. In her letter, she had also hinted that she would save up her money until a trip to Germany would be affordable. She could just see the look of surprise that would be on his face when he opened the letter. He would write back immediately, she was sure of it.

Dreaming of doing this moved her to spend some time in the H. W. Reimer store looking at bolts of cloth. She chose a nice print design and decided to get three yards of it. Her mother could sew

Mutta, dee doa aul een poa aundre Kjinja en dän äare Kjintheit veluare haud, berujd sikj boolt un säd leise, "Hee es nu bie Jesus."

Fa een poa Doag nohäa feeld Trutje bedrejt, un docht eegol to sikj selfst, "Wan ekj bloos jewist haud waut to doone. Veleicht wan ekj soont un soont jedone haud, ooda veleicht wan ekj nich Tus jewast wia, haude see däm Jung fuaz no Steinbach jenome un dan haude see däm veleicht rade kunt. Oba daut wudd weenstens ne Stund jedieet habe däm bat Steinbach to brinje, wan uk met Pieed dee doa huppasch rande. Wan ekj mea von Doktre kjand wudd ekj veleicht waut hab kunt. See funk daut nu schwoa en äare Oabeit ooda äa Studiere sikj to vetiefe.

Nu funk see wada äwa Ekjhardt aun to denkje. Plazlich haud see een stoakjen Drief am to schriewe un am to saje daut see fa am eensom wia. One väl doa äwa to denkje schreef see am een sea perseenlicha un woama Breef. Groota Peeta wull Nomeddach bate Staut foare un dan wudd see met am metfoare. Dän Breef wudd see jeheimlich aufjäwe. Em Breef haud see uk een bät auntovestone jejäft daut see nu Jelt toop spoad om no Dietschlaunt to kome. See muak sikj dietlich woo sien Jesecht Erstaununk wudd wiese wan hee däm Breef opmoake wudd. Hee wudd fuaz trigj schriewe, daut wist see jeneiw.

Aus see doa äwa dreemd, dreef et äa nom Heinrich Reimasch Stua wua see sikj aulahaunt Zeich bekjikjt. See wäld sikj een scheenet Kortun ut, un entschloot sikj fief Meeta doavon to

her a nice dress out of it. When she got back to the wagon where Big Peter was already waiting for her, she felt a twinge of guilt because of her own daring and extravagance. She already felt sorry that she had mailed the letter. Her feelings vacillated between guilt and exhilaration, misgivings and purposefulness.

A trip to Germany would be quite lengthy and complicated. First of all, a slow car along the trail to Winnipeg; then from there to Montreal by railroad; next a two-week trip by ship across the ocean. Could she do it? It would take at least a year to earn enough money for the trip. That is, if her parents would allow it. In a year, she would be old enough to become independent of her parents. Right now, she was giving Big Peter a large part of her earnings. Maybe she had need two years to get enough money together.

## Chapter 9

Word about Trutje's chiropractic abilities was spreading. The people were coming from far and wide. Folks from non-Mennonite backgrounds found their way to Big Peter's place in search of Trutje's healing hands. They came from

kjeepe. Äare Mame kunn äa een schmocket Kjelet moake met daut. Aus see trigj nom Woage kaum luad Groota Peeta doa aul fa äa. See feeld sikj aul een bät schuldich daut see sikj soo väl jewoagt un uk sooväl veblost haud. Äa wia daut uk meist leet daut see däm Breef jeschekjt haud. Äare Feelinje fluage han un hää, von schuldich feele, no groote Freid, von nich neiw weete, no Jewessheit.

Eene Reis no Dietschlaunt wudd lang näme un wudd uk vehenkjnissvoll senne. Ieeschtens, met eene langsame Koa velenjd däm Wajch no Winnipeg, dan von doa no Montreal metem Zuch, un dan twee Wääkj metem Schepp äwa dän See. Kunn see daut werkjlich doone? Daut wudd weenichstens een gaunzet Joa diere jenuach Jelt to vedeene fa de gaunze Reis. Daut es wan äare Elre ar daut erlaube wudde. En een Joa wudd see oolt jenuach senne toom Mindich woare. Nu jrod must see een grootet Poat von äa Vedeerst aun Groota Peeta aufjäwe. Veleicht wudd see twee Joa brucke bat see jenuach Jelt toop haud.

## 9. Kapitel

Daut haud sikj aulawääje romjerät daut Trutje een gooda Trajchtmoaka wia. De Lied kaume von wiet un breet no äa. Von veschiedne Rechtunge un Hinjagrunde funge dee äa Wajch no Groota Peeta sien Plauz han om Trutje

as far away as Winnipeg and the Scratching River area.

ääre heelende Henj to feele. Dee kaume von soo wiet auf aus Winnipeg un Scratching River.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The Klassen place was getting too crowded with all the strangers passing through the house. At the supper table, Big Peter brought up the problem of an overcrowded house.

Daut Peeta Klosses Plauz wort meist äwa voll nu daut doa soo vâl Framde derchem Hus trolde. Aum Owentkost Desch brocht Groota Peeta daut Probleem äwadäl.

“Trutje, I wonder if you should consider getting your own place, since it is getting rather crowded and busy in our house. We can lend you money for the down payment on your own house.”

“Trutje, ekj wunda auf du nich veleicht diene ieejne Städ sust besorje, wiel daut hia bie onst een bät bedrenkjt un drock woat. Wie kjenne die daut Jelt borje om eene Auntolinj to moake fa een Hus fa die.”

Trutje did a quick mental double take. Making payments on a property would mean forgetting about a trip to Germany for at least as much as another five years. By then Eckhardt would have forgotten about her ... and she had held secret hopes ... well, maybe he will come to America again soon ... all this went through her mind in a split second.

Trutje bedocht sikj daut schwind. De Tolinje moake aun een Ieejendom wudd meene daut see von Dietschlaunt fa weenichstens fief Joa wudd vejäte motte. No fief Joa wudd Eckhardt äa nich mea behoole. Un see haud soone jeheeme Hopninj jehaut. Na, hopentlich woat hee boolt no Amerika kome. Dise Jedanke fluage soos en Blitz derch äa Sen.

“Yes, I guess it had to come sooner or later. I agree I will have to make the move, father. Can you take me into Kleefeld village tomorrow morning so we can look for a place?”

“Jo, ekj jleew ekj woa waut doone motte, Voda. Wurscht du mie Morje no Kjleefelt näme daut ekj fa ne Städ kjenne wudd?”

“The old Koop place is standing empty since Mrs. Koop died,” said Katherina, “the house is still quite good since it was built only twelve years ago.”

“De oole Koope Städ steit ladich seitdäm Taunte Koopsche jestorwe es,” säd Tien. “Daut Hus es noch en goode Ordninj wiel daut mau twalw Joa trigj jebut wort.”

“Yes, that is a nice place. There are fruit

“Jo, dauts een gooda Plauz. Doa sent

trees in the garden and there is a nice bam where you could keep your injured animals,” responded Big Peter.

Trutje’s excitement was increasing as she thought of moving into her own place. She felt some trepidation about staying there all alone. She had always had a strong sense of being able to take care of herself, so she did not spend much time worrying about it now. She began fantasizing about what all she had do once she was on her own. She would make a garden and have a couple of sheep and goats, a flock of bantam chickens, and some rabbits, of course. She could also keep some peafowl. There was a little pond back of the bam as well, so she could keep some ducks and geese.

The next morning they went to Kleefeld and found the son of the family who was executor for the Koop estate. The price was reasonable. It was only five hundred dollars for five acres and the buildings. Big Peter paid fifty dollars down and arrangements were made to make yearly payments for the next five years. The interest was figured into this amount. A verbal agreement was all that was needed to settle the deal. The property was hers.

In a week, she was living in her own house. She had very little furniture. There was her hope chest, bed, table and wooden sleeping bench. She had also brought several cast-off old wooden chairs that Big Peter had quickly repaired. He also volunteered to make a

Offtbeem em Goade un doa es uk een feina Staul wua du diene velatste Tiere enspoare kust,” auntwuad Groota Peeta.

Trutje wort bosich iewaja aus see doa aun docht daut see en äare ieejne Städ wudd nenn trakje kjenne. See wäad sikj een bät doafäa doa gaunz auleen to bliewe. Oba doch haud see sikj emma auleen Rot jewist un doaderch deed see nu nich lang doa äwa duare. See stald sikj nu vää waut see aula doone wudd wan see eenmol auleen wond. See wudd een Goade moake un een poa Schop un Kose feede, un uk ne Floak Kjliene Heena habe, un uk atliche Hose. See kunn uk een poa Poadel Heena hoole; doa wia uk en Wotaloch hinjrem Staul wua see Ente un Jans kunn habe.

De näakjsta Morje jinkj et auf no Kjleefelt wua dan de Sän vonne Koope Famielje wia. Hee wia de Vewaulta fa daut Vemieeje. De Pries wia veninflich. Daut wia bloos Fiefhundat Dola fa fief Aka, met Jebieda toop. Groota Peeta must ne feftich dolaje Auntolinj moake un dan wort beschlote aule Joa fa de näakjste fief Joa ne Tolinj to moake. De Entras wia doa met nenn jeräakjent. Eene wuatliche Bestemmunk wia aules waut daut brukt om däm Haundel foadich to moake. De Städ wia nu äare.

Benna eene Wäakj wond Trutje en äa ieejnet Hus. See haud mau sea weinich Meeble. Doa wia äare Kjlist, Bad, Desch un de heltane Schlop Benkj. See haud uk een Poa oole, vebrukte Steela met jebrocht de Groota Peeta schwind haud trajcht jemoakt. Hee boot sikj uk aun



couple of longer benches for the waiting room. Most of the rooms in the house looked rather stark ... one table and one chair in the kitchen ... no furniture in two of the bedrooms ... the sleeping bench and chair in the treatment room with a little table that held the medical supplies ... her single bed and hope chest in the other bedroom.

Now that Trutje lived alone she missed the warmth and activity of her parents' home. When the last patient walked out of her door in the late afternoon, a feeling of loneliness and despondency descended on her. She would hurry out and busy herself with the animals and the garden. On went the grubby, old, outdoor clothes and she entered the non-threatening, uncomplicated world of her animal friends. When she was busy splinting and dressing the limbs of injured birds and animals, she was completely absorbed and contented. When she fed her pet animals, she spent time playing with them. The rabbits loved her tickling fingers. The goats and sheep would come running to nudge and nuzzle her. The geese, ducks and bantams all headed in her direction when they saw her throwing grain kernels on the ground.

Another evening would find her busy in the garden, sowing, weeding or pruning until the sun disappeared behind the horizon. Then, reluctantly, she would head back into the stark, empty house. At first, she made an attempt to get back to her chiropractic books but, after working with bones and tendons all day, this was too much of the same. Besides, hands-on experience was far more

een Poa lange Benkje to moake fa de Gauststow. De mieeschte Stowe em Hus sacht sea noaktich; een Desch un een Stool enne Kjääkj, kjeene Meeble en twee von de Schlopstowe, eene Schlopbenkj un Stool enne Jeschaftstow met een kjliena Desch fa daut Medizien Zeich, un äa eenletzjet Bad un Kjist en de aundre Schlopstow.

Nu daut see auleen wond, fäld äa daut aun de Woamheit un daut Jewimmel en äare Elre äa Hus. Lot Nomeddach aus ieescht de latste Kund to de Däa rut jinkj kaum äa ne Eensomkjeit aun daut see een bät bedrekjt wort. Schwind jinkj see rut un muak sikj drock met de Tiere em Goade. See trock sikj dan de ieedje, oole butaschte Kjeleeda aun un jinkj en de nich jefädliche, onvewekjelde Welt von äare Tiere Frind nen. Wan see sikj drock muak met äare velatste Väajel un Tiere un dän äare Wunde vebinje deed, un Splinte aun äare Jlieda naun muak, wia see gaunz vetieft un tofräd. Wan see äare Lieblinjstiere foodad dan späld see uk met dän. De Hose jleichte daut wan see dän kjitteld. De Kose un Schop rande no ar opptoo om äa to nuzhle. De Jans, Ente un Kjliene Heena kaume aunjefloage wan see Jeträäjd aunfunk to streie.

Een aundra Owent wudd see dan em Goade oabeide. Met enseie, Krut weede un utaste muak see sikj dan drock bat Sonn Unjagank. Dan, onjieren jinkj see trigj en daut kole, ladje Hus. Verieescht vesocht see noch trigj no äare Trajchtmoaka Bieekja to gone, oba daut see met aul de Knoakes un Säne dän leewen dachäwa schaufe deed, wia daut bloos too väl von daut selwje. Soo

useful to her than the books.

After she had done all these things, she would tidy up the house. Then came the part of the day she hated most ... alone in a big empty house. She was getting to be of the age where she was already being excluded from the cliques of the young people ... especially since she was considered a successful career woman. At age twenty-two most girls in the community were already married and raising a family. This fact tended to depress Trutje a bit since she already was considered 'out of it.' She was still hoping for a warm, encouraging return letter from Eckhardt. Mail traveled very slowly from Europe so she could not really predict when she should be receiving it. What if he had already cast her off as a hopeless case before he received the last letter? What if he had met another girl and got married? It would serve her right because she had pulled back so much at first.

These thoughts kept bothering her when she had too much time to think in the evenings. As a young chiropractor, she took all patients. This sometimes meant long and harried days when all the chores and cleanup had to be done afterwards, what with being alone at nights. She could not always sleep well due to edgy nerves and overwork. This worked in her to create a run-down condition.

bie soo, werkjlich met de Henj daut to doone holp mea aus ute Bieekja to liere.

Nodäm daut see aul dise Dinja jedone haud riemd see dan em Hus opp. Dan kaum daut Poat vonnem Dach waut see aum schlahjchten jleicht, en een grootet ladjet Hus auleen senne. See wia aul von daut Ella wua see nich mea bie de junge Mensche nenn jenome wort, besondasch daut see nu zimlich jlekjlich en uk aumtfäich wia. Bie tweeuntwintwich Joa oolt wiere meist aule Mäakjes enne Omjäajent aul befriet un haude uk aul eene Famielje. Dise Werkjlichkheit muak Trutje een bät bedrekjt wiels see wort soo aunjeseene aus soone waut nu aul 'aules vebie jegone wia.' See haud noch emma de Hopninj daut Eckhardt äa noch wudd een woama, toosprääkjenda Breef schriewe. De Post kaum mau sea langsam ut Europa, aulsoo kunn see nich rode woo lang daut näme wudd bat see waut jeschekjt kjrieen wudd. Waut wan hee äa aul aufjeschräwe haud ea hee äa latsten Breef kjrieen? Waut wan hee opplatst aul ne aundre Mejal jetroffe haud un aul befriet wia? Daut wudd äa krakjt trafe wiel see toieescht soo trigj jetrocke haud.

Dise Jedanke kaume emma wada trigj wan see Oppenowent nich jenuach todoone haud. Aus een junga Trajchtmoaka naum see aule Kunde aun. Maunchmol meend daut lange un schwieeje Doag wan aul de Oabeit met besorje un opprieme noch nohäa jedone woare must, un dan uk noch auleen toonacht senne. See kunn maunchmol nich goot schlope wäajen oppjeräajde Narfe un äwaoabeide. Mete Tiet feeld

see aul doljerant.

Late one afternoon when most of the patients had been treated, there were only two people left sitting in the waiting room. One was a neighbour lady with the usual back problems. The other was a male stranger whom Trutje had never seen before. He was a neat dresser and thus looked out of place among the other people there. He did not speak to the others and did not seem to understand the Low German lingo being spoken all around him. Trutje was in a bit of a corner. She did not want to be left alone with this man, but the neighbour lady had arrived before this stranger and was in a hurry to get back home. Trutje invited her into the treatment room and asked whether she had be willing to wait around while she gave the man his treatment. Mrs. Wiens said she had be willing to wait ten minutes.

Trutje directed the man into the treatment room and asked him what his ailment was.

"I, I do not really know," he spoke hesitantly, "I, I guess I've got a sore neck, yes, that is it, I've got a sore neck."

"Then please take off your jacket and We will see what we can do." Trutje ran her hands around his neck and upper shoulders and asked, "Where does it hurt?"

He pointed to one side of his neck and at the same time his hand came in contact

Lot een Nomeddach no däm daut see de mieeschte von äare Jast jekjnibbelt haud, wiere doa mau twee Mensche enne Gauststow sette jebläwe. Eent wia de nobasch Fru met äare jeweentliche Rigjweedoag. Daut aundre wia een framda Maun waut Trutje nie ea jeseene haud. Hee wia gaunz fein aunjetrocke un paust jrod doawäjajen nich sea mank de aundre mank. Hee säd to kjeenem waut un kunn schienboa daut Plautdietsche waut runt om wort jerät nich vestone. Trutje wia een bät enne Akj. See wull nich auleen bliewe met disen Maun, oba de Nobasch Fru wia doa aul tiedja aus de Framda un wia uk enne Bos trigj nohus to gone. Trutje kroagd dää enne Behaundlunk Stow nenn un fruach ar auf see nich wudd wellich senne toom bliewe bat see däm Maun besorcht haud. Taunte Wiensche säd see wia wellent fa tien Minnute to wachte.

Trutje wees däm Maun enne Behaundlunk Stow nenn un fruach am waut am wia.

"Ekj, ekj weet sest nich rajcht," säd hee met twiewel. "Ekj, meen ekj woa woll een schlemmet Jenekj habe, jo, dauts wautet es, een schlemmet Jenekj."

"Dan bitte nemm diene Jak auf un dan woa wie mol seene waut wie doone kjenne." See fua met äare Henj äwa sien Jenekj un Schulre un fruach, "Wua deitet wee?"

Hee wees no eene Sied von sien Jenekj un doabie schieed siene Haunt Trutje

with Trutje's hand. He closed his hand on hers and held it.

"You have such nice, soft healing hands."

Trutje pulled away her hand and with hands on each side of his head, she turned it sideways with almost a jerk. He smiled at her and placed his hands over both of hers. Trutje pulled away her hands and backed away from him.

"That is all, I am done," she said in a cold, businesslike voice.

"That sure did not take very long, my neck is still sore. Are you sure you fixed it?"

"Yes, it will heal in a day or two." She only wanted him to leave. By now, she did not care whether she had helped him or not.

"Well, why do not I take off my shirt and you can give me a back massage as well?"

"No! Office hours are over. I have to close up. That will be twenty-five cents, please!"

"Do you live here all by yourself, Miss Klassen?"

Thinking quickly she said, "No, I live here with Beantje, Stientje, Auntje and Liesje." She had quickly remembered some of the names of her pet animals just so he had think she was not here all alone at night.

"Well, are you sure you are telling the truth? I thought I saw only one bed in

ääre Haunt aun. Hee muak siene Haunt äwa äare too un hilt dee faust.

"Du hast soone feine, wieekje, heelende Henj."

Trutje trock äare Haunt fuat, un met beid Henj aun jiedat Sied von sien Kopp dreid see daut haustich siedlinjs. Hee frinteld äa aun un läd siene Henj wada äwa äare Henj. Trutje trock äare Henj fuat un jinkj äwaroasch von am wajch.

"Dauts aules, ekj sie nu foadich," säd see en eene kolde, jeschäfts Stemm.

"Daut dieed nich sea lang, mien Jenekj es noch emma schlemm. Best die secha daut es nu aula buta? "

"Jo, daut woat en een Dach ooda twee jeheelt senne." See wull nu bloos habe daut hee velote wudd. Nu wia äa daut aul eendoont auf see am jeholpe haud ooda nich.

"Na, wuarom trakj ekj mie nich daut Hamd auf un dan kaust du mie noch aum Rigje kjnible?"

"Nä! De Jeschaftsstunde sent nu äwa. Ekj mott toomoake. Daut moakt fiefuntwintich Zent, bitte.

"

"Wonst du hia gaunz auleen, Freilein Klosse?"

See besond sikj schwind en säd, "Nä, ekj won hia met Beenkje, Steenkje, Aunkje un Lieskje." See haud rausch de Nomes von äare Lieblinkstiere behoole soo daut hee nich denkje wudd daut see hia de Nacht auleen wia.

"Na, best die secha daut du de Woarheit rätst? Ekj docht ekj sach bloos

the house as I walked through."

"Well ... ah ... the others sleep in the shed." She was not really lying to him, she thought to herself as she hovered at the doorway, hoping he had take the hint and move a little faster.

He finally gave the quarter and slipped on his jacket. He reached for her hand but she withdrew it and walked into the waiting room. Mrs. Wiens was still there but already on her feet waiting to go. Trutje addressed her with small talk about her family and ignored the man. He was still in the room looking at the furniture and walls.

"Well, I will be back again sometime if this treatment helps, good-bye ladies." He bowed to them and slowly sauntered toward the door. He looked over everything in each room as he walked through.

"I don' trust that man," said Trutje to Mrs. Wiens.

"Yes, he does look like a sneaky character. I hope he goes back to where he came from."

"O.K., well, he's gone now, I won't keep you any longer, thanks so much for waiting."

"That is all right, come over to our house for the night if you feel afraid. I live at the other end of the village."

"Oh, I will be alright, I am just over-tired right now."

Mrs. Wiens left and Trutje was alone. While choring the animals, she half

een Bad aus ekj derchem Hus jinkj."

"Na, dee aundre schlope enne Schend." See deed am je doch nich vää lieeje, docht see to sikj selfst aus see enne Dää luad, un wenscht daut hee enseene un sikj een bät dolla spoode wudd.

Schlieslich gauf hee ar de fiefontwintich Zent un trock siene Jak aun. Hee rieekjt fa äare Haunt oba see trock dee trigj un jinkj enne Gauststow nen. Taunte Wiensche wia doa noch emma oba aul oppe Feet un reed toom gone. Trutje muak Jeräd met ar un deed soos wan de Maun doa nich mea wia. Hee wia noch emma enne Stow un bekjikt sikj de Meeble un de Waunte.

"Na, ekj woa wada trigj kome wan dit halpe woat, audee, Taantes." Hee bekjt sikj to an un jinkj langsom no de Dää. Hee bekjikt sikj aules sea aus hee derche Stowe jinkj.

"Ekj tru däm Mensch nuscht," säd Trutje to Taunte Wiensche. "Jo, däm sittet no een Daugeniks. Ekj hab Hopninj dee jeit trigj wua dee hää kaum."

"Na jo, ekj meen, hee es nu wajch, ekj woa die nich mea vesieme. Välmol Dankscheen daut du wachte deedst."

"Dauts soo goot, komm no Onst fa de Nacht wan die Angst es. Ekj won opp jan Enj Darp."

"Na, ekj woa mie aul weete. Ekj sie nu bloos äwameed."

Taunte Wiensche veleet un dan wia Trutje auleen. Aus see daut Vee besorjd

expected to see a man appearing on the driveway or in the pasture behind the barn. She kept glancing behind her. Hurriedly throwing food to them and skipping the examination of her sick animal wards, she headed for the house and locked the doors behind her. She drew all the blinds so nobody could observe her from the outside as she prepared supper and cleaned up.

Trutje retired early. The extra stress of this day had tired her more than usual. Checking windows and doors once more, she went to bed. For an hour and a half, she heard every little noise made by the wind or by birds on the roof. Once she got up to peer out from behind the blinds because she thought she had heard footsteps. By now, it was almost dark. Not seeing anything out of the ordinary, she crawled back into bed.

The next thing she knew, she was sitting bolt upright in bed. The squeaking of a door had roused her to sharp wakefulness. Which door was it? They all squeaked. It had sounded like the door at the top of the basement stairs. Then she clearly heard careful footsteps coming toward the bedroom section of the house.

In panic, Trutje stepped hurriedly into her shoes and threw on her dress over her nightclothes. She had made sure at bedtime that the lock on her bedroom window opened easily. She had the window up and went through it like lightning even though it meant she had lose her balance and fall to the ground. Her room was on the ground floor so it

deed see beduare daut doa meteenmol een Maun oppe Oppfoat ooda hinjrem Staul vääkome wudd. See kjikjt sikj väl om. Schwind schmeet see Fooda no dän un deed nichmol de Kranke noseene. Schwind jinkj see trigj nom Hus un schloot de Dääre hinja sikj too. See trock de Lode dol soo daut kjeena von Bute wudd seene kjenne aus see sikj Owentkost muak un uk oppriemd.

Trutje jinkj tiedich schlope. Daut wia Vondoag een besondasch schwuara Dach jewast. See sach de Fenstre un Dääre noch eenmol no daut dee aula toojeschlote wiere. Fa ne Stund un ne haulf hieed see jiedat kjlienet Jereisch vom Wint ooda vonne Väajel oppem Dak. Eenmol stunt see opp un kjikjt von hinja de Lode wääjen see docht see haud Footstaupe jehieet. Nu wia et aul meist Diesta. Aus see nuscht besondret sach, jinkj see trigj to Bad.

Daut näakjste waut see enwort, saut see steil oppem Bad. Eene knoarende Dää haud äa schoap waka jemoakt. Woone Dää wia daut? Daut haud sikj soo jehieet aus wan daut de Kjala Dää wia. Gaunz entchiede hieed see väasechtje Footstaupe aus dee no daut Poat vom Hus kaume wua de Schlopstowe wiere.

Met Schrakj staupst see schwind en äare Schoo nenn un trock äa Kjleet äwa äare Nachtkjleeda. See haud secha jemoakt daut et Schlott aun äa Schlopstow Fensta leicht op gone wudd. See schoof daut Fensta nohecht un wia soos een Blitz doa derch, wan daut uk meend daut see hanfaule wudd. Äare Stow wia oppe ieeschte Flua, aulsoo haud see

was not a hard fall. She got up and began running across the garden. It was semi-dark since there was a half-moon shining. She could see objects faintly. Trutje was not sure where she was heading but as long as it was away from the house.

She stumbled several times and then ran right into the barbed wire fence at the end of the garden. Tearing her dress and getting a four-inch scratch on her thigh, she dropped to the ground and crawled under the bottom wire. The nightgown was showing below the hem of her dress and was now soiled. Trutje could not run very fast because of the confining hem. She looked back toward the house to see if she was being followed. In the meantime, she ran into a sleeping cow and fell onto its back. The startled cow, roused from its nap, got up and took off, leaving Trutje more flustered and upset than ever.

Finally, after moving frantically and blindly through a meadow filled with boggy, bumpy spots and cow droppings, she reached the village road. Slowing down enough to get her wits together, she decided to accept Mrs. Wien's offer and headed in that direction. But she had not gone far when she noticed a horse and rider coming off her own driveway and heading in her direction. Hastily she headed back into the meadow and lay down. She watched as the rider came nearer and then stopped right opposite her. Could he see her lying there? Just when she thought of getting up and running, the rider nudged the horse and it resumed its

nich wiet to faule. See stunt opp un rand derchem Goade. Daut wia soo meist Diesta wäajen doa ne Haulfmon scheen. See kunn soo afens een bät seene. Trutje wist nich secha wua daut han jinkj, soo lang aus daut vom Hus wajch jinkj.

See stolpad een poa mol un dan rand see jlikj em Tun nenn waut oppem Enj Goade wia. See vereet äa Kjleet un haud sikj eene veazolje Ran aum Schinkje jekrautst. See schmeet sikj no de Ieed un kroop unjrem Tun derch. Daut Nachtkjleet wia unjrem Kjleet toseene un wia gaunz schwiensch. Trutje kunn nich jnietsch rane wiels daut Raunt vom Kjleet em Stich wia. See kijkt sikj om nom Hus toom seene auf ar wäa hinjaraun kome deed. Doaräwa rand see jlikj aun eene Koo naun un voll opp äa Rigje nopp. De verschrockne Koo roojd sikj haustich opp un fluach auf. Trutje wia dolla vebleft un vedrisslich aus jeemols.

Entlich, no däm daut see blintlinjs derch een Weidhock wia waut met sumpje, knubbelje Städa un uk Koomest besudelt wia, kaum see schlieslich nom Darps Wajch. Hia jinkj see dan sooväl langsoma daut see sikj weens een bät besenne kunn. See besonn sikj see wudd Taunte Wiensche äa Aunjebott woanäme un jinkj en de Rechtunk opptoo. See wia nich wiet jegone ea see enwort daut doa en Piett met Ritta von äare Oppfoat rauf kaum. See rand schwind trigj em Weidhock nenn un läd sikj dol. See paust opp aus de Ritta jäajenäwa von ar stell hilt. Kunn hee äa doa seene? Jrod aus see reed wia toom oppstone un rane stad



pace.

She presented quite a picture when she appeared at the Wiens' door. Her clothes were soiled and torn. There were dirt and blood smudges on her face where she had touched with her hands and she was breathing heavily. It took a while before the door was answered and Mrs. Wiens appeared carrying a kerosene lamp. She opened the door hesitantly but when she recognized Trutje, she threw the door wide open and cried, "What happened to you? Oh, I hope that man did not come back. What happened? Come in, come in!"

Trutje stepped into the house and took the proffered chair. She blurted out the whole story while Mrs. Wiens prepared a cup of tea.

"Well, you just settle down and sleep here for the night. I will get you a basin of hot water so you can clean up."

An hour with Mrs. Wiens had calmed Trutje down enough so she was ready to retire. But her mind was still busy worrying about having to go back to her house the next day.

## Chapter 10

The morning sun put a different light on the events of the night before, although Trutje was still tired and felt bruises and scrapes on her body. She was ready to go back to her house by herself to check whether someone really had been in the

de Ritta sien Pieet aun un fua wieda.

Ar sacht sea jral ut aus see bie de Wiensche aune Dää kaum. Äare Kjeleeda wiere besudelt un veräte. Doa wia Drakj un Bloot Plake aun äa Jesecht wua see met äare Henj aunjeschieet haud, un see jescht sea. Daut dieed eene Tietlank bat Taunte Wiensche aune Dää wia met ne Brenneelj Laump. See siemd een bät aus see de Dää langsam op muak. Aus see Trutje aunerkjand muak see schwind de Dää op un schrieach, "Wauts die passieet? Oh, hopentlich kaum de Mensch nich trigj. Waut es jeworde? Komm nen, komm nen."

Trutje staup em Hus nenn un naum däm Stool waut ar hanjestalt wort. See kaum met aules rut aus Taunte Wiensche een Kuffel Tee reed muak.

"Na, moak die hia tusich un bliew hia to Nacht. Ekj brinj die ne Komm heetet Wota daut du die wausche kaust."

Eene Stund met Taunte Wiensche haud Trutje jenuach beruicht daut see nu aul schlope kjenne wudd. Oba see docht noch emma doa äwa daut see dän näakjsten Dach wudd motte trigj no äa Hus gone.

## 10. Kapitel

De näakjsta Morje muak de Sonneschien aules een bät frintelja lote aus däm väajen Owent. Trutje wia noch emma Meed, un feeld de schlemme Städa aun äa Kjarpa. See wia aul reed trigj no äa Hus to gone om to seene auf

house. Mrs. Wiens suggested that she accompany her back to the empty house. Trutje acquiesced since she was still a bit on edge. As they entered the yard, they noticed by the hoof marks in the grass where the horse had been tied to a tree. The front door of the house had been left open. They searched the house from top to bottom. Nothing had been taken and nobody was there. This seemed to indicate what the motive for the intrusion probably had been. It scared Trutje even more because obviously he must have been after her.

Trutje decided to take the day off and visit her folks in the country. She took great pleasure in going home and letting her hair down a bit. It would give her a chance to rest up and get her courage back. She needed to talk to her parents. There had to be an alternative to what was happening in her life at the moment. Her work was enjoyable, but living alone like this was just not the right thing. She would have a breakdown if things did not change soon. After eating the delicious cabbage borscht that Katherina had cooked, she related her recent experiences to her parents.

“Little Peter’s family is large and he finds it hard to feed everyone. They live in a two-room house. There just is not enough room for everyone. Maybe you could ask your niece Anne to come and stay with you.”

doa werkjlich eena jewast wia. Taunte Wiensche bad sikj aun met ar met to gone no äa ladjet Hus. Trutje säd too, wiel see noch emma een bät narwees wia. Aus see trigj no äa Hus kaume, sage see daut doa Pieetsheefta Tieekjens em Grauss wia wua daut Pieet aum Boom aunjebunge jewast wia. De Väädää aum Hus stunt op. See sochte daut Hus von Unje bat Bowe derch. Nuscht wia fuat un kjeena wia doa. Dit wees woarschienlich waut de Uasoak wia daut de Framda sikj nenjedrenjt haud. Dit schrakjt Trutje noch mea, wiel hee wia jeedenfauls ar hinjaraun.

Trutje entschloot sikj daut see Vondoag aufnäme wudd un äare Elre butrem Darp besieekje. Äa muak daut groote Vejnieceje mol nohus to foare un doa een bät sikj de Eendoont to äwa jäwe, un sikj een bät vehole. Daut wudd däa Jeläajenheit jäwe een bät ut to reiwe un äare Moot trigj to kjrieje. Daut wia needich daut see met de Elre mol aules derch räde deed. Doa must waut bätret senne aus woo see nu daut Läwe erfoare deed. Äare Oabeit jinkj äa goot oba gaunz auleen wone wia nich daut rajchte Dinkj. See wudd toopbräakje wan et soo wieda jinkj. No däm daut see de scheene Komstborscht ut jejäte haud woone Tien jekoakt haud, vetald see woo et ar kjirzlich jegone haud.

“Kjliena Peeta haft eene groote Famielje un hee finjt daut sea schwoa aulem to foodre. Dee wone en een Hus met mau twee Stowe. Doa es bloos nich Rum fa aulem. Veleicht kunst du diene Nicht Aunna froage auf see nich met die wone kome wull.”

“That is a great idea, mother. She isn’t married either and would probably jump at the idea of getting out of her parents’ house.”

“She sometimes gets laid off from her job as kitchen maid so she has no place to go between jobs but home. I am sure she had be glad to stay with you,” said Big Peter.

“Father, are you going to Steinbach soon?” asked Trutje.

“Yes, I am going tomorrow. I will stop by at Little Peter’s place and see where Anne is staying now. If I can find her I will bring her along, or are you coming with me?”

“Oh, maybe I will. But you will have to let me have one of your horses to ride back to my place tonight. I have to chore my animals.”

“Yes, do that. But come back here for the night. You do not want to stay alone one more night,” said Katherina.

The rest of the day, she helped to hoe the garden and do the laundry. It was so comforting to work at these everyday tasks in company with someone else. By evening, she felt quite cheerful and hummed her favourite songs while ironing. The heavy ironing pieces were heated on the stove and then picked up with a handle that fitted into them. Although the room was very warm, she did not seem to notice and soon she had finished all the wash.

After supper, she put a bridle on “Old Sandy” and rode out into the lane. By

“Dauts ne goode Iedee, Mame, see es uk eentletzich en ekj jleew see wudd gaunz met doabie senne daut see ut de Elre äa Hus rut trakje kunn.

“See haft nich emma Oabeit aus Kjääaksche aulsoo haft see Kjeene aundre Städ aus Tus toom bliewe. See wudd sikj freie bie die to bliewe,” säd Groota Peeta.

“Voda, foascht du boolt no Steinbach?” fruach Trutje.

“Jo, ekj woa Morje foare. Ekj woa bie Kjliena Peeta aunhoole un utfinje wua Aunna nu es. Wan ekj ar finje kaun woa ekj ar met brinje, ooda kjemst du uk met?”

“Na, ekj jleew veleicht ekj woa. Oba du woascht mie eent von de Pieed lote daut ekj nohus riede kaun om miene Tiere to foodre.”

“Jo, doo daut. Oba komm trigj hää too Nacht. Du west nich noch eene Nacht auleen bliewe,” säd Tien.

Daut äwaje vom Dach holp see däm Goade hake un uk met de Wausch. Daut wia soo Jemietlich mol soone jeweenliche Oabeit to doone met een aundren toop. Soo täajen Owent feeld see sikj aul gaunz mootich un somd äare Lieblinkjsleeda biem Kjleeda prase. De schwoare Iesasch saute oppem Owe un dan worde dee met ne Jräp oppjehowe. Wan et uk sea woam enne Stow wia, wort see daut schienboa goanich en, un haud boolt de gaunze Wausch jeprast.

No Owentkost läd see ‘Old Sandy’ dän Toom opp un reet auf velenjst de

now, she had almost forgotten her friend Justina. As she rode by the Bartels, she remembered that Justina had married and was living half a mile down the road from her folks' place. As she rode by, she was hoping Justina would be out in the yard. Maybe she would wave.

All hope of the old wound healing vanished when she rode by. Justina was out there with two youngsters tagging along behind her. When she saw Trutje, she turned to face in the other direction so she would not have to acknowledge her. Trutje rode on by and attended to the choring after she arrived at her own place.

The animals were so glad to see her. It was a beautiful evening with a bright sun shining in an azure blue sky. There was a subtle gold glint due to the humid air of a late afternoon in summer. You could feel the miracle of living and growing things. The ducklings were grazing among the plants in the low, muddy area by the pond. The tomato plants in the garden were setting blossoms. The goats were running and frolicking around the yard. Now that she had hope for the coming days, it felt good to be alive again. She finished her chores and started back. In the village, she met a couple of her chums who, like her, were still unattached. They waved to her and signaled for her to dismount. Trutje was glad. In her busyness, she had not taken time to socialize. Her whole being was crying out to be with somebody her own age. They all walked down the village road together, busily

Oppfoat. Daut wia aul soo lang jewast, see haud aul meist von äa Frint Justine vejäte. Aus see bie Boatels vebie reet behilt see daut Justine aul befriet wia un wond bloos ne haulwe Miel von de Elre äare Städ. Aus see doa vebie kaum wenscht see daut Justine doa Bute oppem Hoff senne wudd. Veleicht wudd see dan weifle.

Aule Hopninj daut de oole Wund wudd jeheelt senne veschwunk aus see doa vebie fua. Justine wia doa Bute met twee Jungasch dee äa hinjaraun zaubelde. Aus see Trutje sach dreid see sikj dän aundren Wajch daut see ar nich wudd brucke aunerkjane. Trutje reet bloos vebie un funk dan aun daut Vee to besorje aus see no äare Städ kaum.

De Tiere freide sikj däa wada to seene. Daut wia een trauma Owent. De jäle Sonn scheen soo dach en een kloabliewa Himmel. De feichte medsomma Loft em loten Nomeddach gauf soon wundaboa goldna Schien. Eena kunn jrodsoo daut Wunda von läwendje, waussende Kjinja feele. De Entjes grosde manke Plaunte doa enne Lächt dich biem Wotaloch. De Tomaten em Goade haude aul Aunsatasch. De Kose sprunge un daunzte oppem Hoff rom. Nu daut see fa de komende Doag Hopninj haud, feeld daut goot läwendich to senne. Soo schwind aus see met äa besorje foadich wia wankt see trigj. Em Darp bejäajend see een poa von äare Frind waut, soos see, uk nich befriet wiere. De weifelde un weese aun daut see aufsette sull. Trutje wia froo. En äare Drockickkjeit haud see nich Tiet jenome toom met aundre to vekjere. Äa gaunzet

filling each other in on the latest happenings.

“Had you heard we’re getting telephone service here?” said Susan, “They are putting the switchboard into our house and I am supposed to be operator.” This would only be a part-time job. She would be helping with the housework and answering the phone whenever it rang. She would do the connections to the Steinbach exchange.

“You should come to the catechism classes with us, Trutje, we three are planning on joining the church,” said Hannah.

“Yes, I’ve been thinking about that,” said Trutje. “Now might be a good time, I need to get more involved in church. When are the classes held?”

“David Reimer, the elder from the Blumenort church, comes out here every two weeks to conduct the classes. We meet at the church next Sunday evening. Why do not you come too?”

“I think I will, although I will be getting my niece to come and stay with me, but maybe we can arrange things somehow.”

“You’re getting your niece to stay with you?” asked Hannah, “That is nice. I am sure you will really like that. Can we come to see you at your new place?”

“Oh sure, I will expect you there in a

Doasenne velangd toom met wäm toopkome dee äa Ella wia. See jinje aula toop velenjd de Darpsgaus un tuschte Jeschichte von äare jrodsvegonene Erfoarunk.

“Haud jie daut jehieet daut wie boolt woare Tellefoon kjrieje?” säd Suss, “dee woare daut Schaulbrat en ons Hus nenn sate un ekj saul daut rane.” Dit wudd nich äare gaunze Tiet oppnäme. See wudd uk met de Husoabeit halpe un dan bieaun dän Foon auntwuade wan daut kjlinjad. See wudd däm Aunroop dan met daut Steinbachsche Jeschaft toopstekje.

“Du sust met ons toop no de Katekjismus Klausse kome, Trutje, wie dree welle bie de Jemeent gone,” säd Hannah.

“Jo, ekj hab doa aun jedocht,” säd Trutje, “Nu mucht eene goode Tiet senne doafäa. Daut fält daut ekj mie mea met de Kjoakj vewekjle doo. Wanea woare de Klausse jehoole?”

“Doft Reima, de Eltesta von de Bloomenuatsche Kjoakj kjemt aule twee Wäakj hää om dise Klausse to hoole. Wie kome näakjste Sindach Owent toop, wuarom kjemst nich uk?”

“Ekj jleew ekj woa, wan miene Nicht uk met mie kjemt wone, oba veleicht kjenne wie daut aula enrechte.”

“Diene Nicht woat bie die bliewe kome?” fruach Hannah, “Dauts fein. Daut woascht du secha vël rääkjne. Kjenn wie die bie diene niee Städ besieekje kome?”

“Na, gaunz secha, en eene Wäakj von

week from tonight. Come for the whole evening. By that time my niece should have settled in, so this will be a chance for you to meet her as well."

Trutje felt a lot better when she finally left her friends much later. She sneaked into her parents' house and found her bed. Morning came quickly. At the breakfast table, Trutje told her parents about her decision to join their church. Her mom smiled approvingly and put her hand on her shoulder.

"I am glad for you," she said simply. With breakfast over, big Peter backed his newly acquired Model T Ford out of the granary and pulled up to the kitchen door. The car was used only for longer trips. Local transportation was still supplied by horses. Trutje was out and into the car in a few minutes, and they were off to town. Trutje felt some trepidation about the coming change in her life. How would she like sharing a home with someone who was not really family? Would they clash about things, or would they see eye to eye? Would her niece be willing to share her life with her? Would she be willing to share in the chores around the place?

"It is a nice day Trutje; I guess you're thinking about the coming days. I think Anne and you will get along well. She is very quiet and a hard worker. By the way, I am glad that you are planning to join the church. We know that you are sincere in your commitment to God and want to do His will. We are fully

Vondoag zeowes woa ekj opp Junt rääkjne. Komt fa däm gaunzen Owent. Bat dan woat miene Nicht sikj aul tusich jemoakt habe un dan kjenne jie Junt met dää uk bekaunt moake."

Trutje feeld sikj een groot Deel bäta aus see väl lota äare Frind veleet. See schlikjt sikj en äare Elre äa Hus nenn un funk äa Bad. Zemorjes kaum sea schwind. Aum Freestikj Desch vetalt see to äare Elre daut see sikj entschlote haud bie de Jemeent to gone. Äare Mame kjikjt frintlich un läd äare Haunt opp äare Schulla.

"Ekj frei mie fa die," säd see gaunz eenfach. Met Freestikj äwa, fua Voda äwaroasch ut däm Spikja rut met sien nie jekofta Model T Ford un kaum bie de Kjääkje Dää biejefoare. De Koa wort bloos fa lange Reise jebrukt. Enne Omjääjent wort noch emma met Pieed jefoare. En een poa Minnute wia Trutje bute un enne Koa. Dan jinkj et auf no Staut. Trutje feeld een bät Forcht äwa de komende Veendanise en äa Läwe. Woo wudd see daut jleiche äa Heim met een aundra met to deele waut nich mol volstendich Famielje wia? Wudde see sikj äwa Sache oneenich woare, ooda wudde see toopstemme? Wudd see wellich senne met de Oabeit em Hus met to halpe?

"Daut es een scheena Dach Trutje. Ekj kaun daut seene daut du äwa de nääkjste Doag denkje deist. Ekj jleew Aunna un du woare goot toop foadich woare. See es zimlich stell un een gooda Oabeida. Soo bie soo, mie freit et daut du bie de Kjoakj west bie gone. Ekj weet daut du tru best en dien Hanjäwe

supportive.”

“I am glad you stand with me in my decision. I will be attending the catechism classes on Sunday night.”

“Elder Reimer is good with the young people. I think you’ll enjoy the classes.”

The road was quite ratty from a recent rainfall. They had to slow down when they came to the creek. The bridge approaches were muddy and the bridge itself was sticking up above the road surface. To get on the bridge the car needed some speed. The car literally jumped onto the bridge, almost unseating the passengers. Big Peter barely kept control of the car as it descended to the other side. Dodging mud holes by crossing over the grass-covered shoulders, driving along fencerows here and there, they made it to Steinbach by 10 o’clock in the morning.

Big Peter spent some time shopping at the H. W. Reimer store while Trutje did some shopping of her own. She needed more dishes and chairs. She also needed more groceries now that there would be two at the table.

At noon, they drove to Little Peter’s place where they were expected for lunch. It was difficult to find a place to sit in the overcrowded house. They were relieved when they had finished the simple meal of fried potatoes and bread

Gott jaaenawa un west uk sien Welle doone. Wie unjastette die gaunz doarenn.”

“Mie jefelt daut daut jie hinja mie stone met mien Entschluss. Ekj woa de Katekismus Klausse biemoake aum Sindach Owent.”

“Eltesta Reima vesteit sikj fein met de junge Mensche omtogone. Ekj jleew die woat et en de Klausse scheen gone.”

De Wajch wia sea jlepsich vom latsten Raaen. See muste gaunz langsam foare aus see dicht aune Ritsch kaume. Dicht bie de Brigj wia et sea blottich un de Brigje Kaunt stuak utem Wajch rut. Toom oppe Brigj nopp kome must de Koa een schwunk kjrieje. De Koa hupst jrodsoo nohecht aus see oppe Brigj nopp fua daut de Metfoara meist rauf fluage. Groota Peeta velua meist Kontroll aus de Koa vonne Brigj rauf fua. Opp Staede fuare see oppe Was om de Modd Lajcha utem Stich to foare. Aundat mol fuare see velenjst dam Tun oba see muake daut bat Steinbach bie Klock Tien zemorjes.

Groota Peeta jinkj biem Heinrich Reimasch Stua enkjeepe un Trutje jinkj uk un koft waut. Aa falde mea Schiewe un Steela. Aa fald uk mea Atwoa, nu, daut doa twee aum Desch senne wudde.

Opp Meddach fuare see no Kjliena Peeta sien Plauz wua see toom ate han jekroacht wiere. Daut wia schwoa ne Stad to finje wua sikj eena kunn hansate en daut awavollet Hus. See wiere froo aus de eenfache Moltiet von jebrodne



spread with pork fat. Anne, who was the oldest in the family, served them. She was a quiet girl but she had a cheerful disposition. Her face showed that she was happy for this chance to move in with Trutje.

After lunch, Anne gathered her meagre belongings and said good-bye to her family. The return journey was made and Anne was installed in her new home. Trutje invited Big Peter for the afternoon "Faspa" (coffee break) so that it would not be just the two of them alone. Anne would be more at ease this way.

After coffee, Big Peter went on his way and Trutje introduced Anne to her farmyard menagerie. They walked through the garden and among the fruit trees. It was a beautiful summer afternoon. They could hear the humming of hundreds of bees. Although the blossoms of the fruit trees were finished, there was sap to be gleaned from the nooks and crannies of the tree limbs.

The two women found a peace in communing without uttering many words. They stopped here and there to pull out some weed or pick off a dried leaf.

They discussed how they would order their lives. Anne would prepare many of the meals while Trutje would be treating patients. They would chore the animals and take care of the garden together whenever possible. If Anne found work as a housemaid, she would still try to return for night so that Trutje would not

leedschocke un Schwienfat opp Broot ieescht äwa wia. Aunna, de elste enne Famielje, bedeed äant. See wia ne stelle Persoon oba doch frintlich. Äa Jesecht wees daut see sikj freid bie Trutje nenn to trakje.

Nomeddach ropt Aunna äare weinje Sache toop un säd äare Famielje Audee. See muake de Trigjreis un Aunna wort met äa nieet Heim bekaunt jemoakt. Trutje fruach Groota Peeta auf hee to Faspa bliewe wudd soo daut see nich bloos äare twee doa senne wudde. Aunna wudd sikj dan veleicht nich soo bleed feele.

No Faspa veleet Groota Peeta un Trutje muak Aunna bekaunt met äare veschiednalei Tiere. See jinje derchem Goade mank de Fruchtbeem. Daut wia een wundascheena Somma Nomeddach. See kunne hundade Biee hiere aus dee doa rom somde. De Blieechsels von de Fruchtbeem haude aul utjeblicht oba doa wia han un wada noch een bät Sauft aun de Beemasta.

One daut see väl säde, funge de twee Frulied doa Fräd aus see doa toop jemeenschoft haude. Hia un doa hilde see aun un reete doa Onkrut ut, ooda plocke doa een doodjet Blaut auf.

See beräde sikj woo see aules en äa Läwe nu enrechte wudde. Aunna wudd een deel von de Moltiede moake un Trutje wudd de Kunde dan behaundle. See wudde toop de Tiere em Goade besorje wanemma daut soo paust. Em Faul Aunna aus Kjääksche Oabeit finje kunn wudd see too Nacht trigj kome

have to be alone.

That evening while Anne did crocheting, Trutje went back to her chiropractic books. As she looked through the pages of the books, her mind jumped back to her thoughts of Eckhardt. Why was not he writing?

His letter should have arrived weeks ago. He has forgotten about me. I sure made a fool of myself in that letter. I should never have written it."

She should have been happy and contented that night since she would not have to be alone anymore.

"Why do these thoughts have to come and bother me again? Why do I let this make me unhappy?" She finally fell asleep with these thoughts churning in her mind.

## Chapter 11

The next few months were busy and yet very fulfilling. Having Anne with her in the same house was the catalyst needed to fill Trutje's life with more meaning. Getting together with fellow baptismal candidates also helped give her a more optimistic perspective on life. In the back of her mind was the question of Eckhardt. Should she confide in the elder who was leading the catechism classes?

soo daut Trutje nich wudd brucke auleen senne.

Oppen Owent wiel Aunna hääkjele deed, kijkt Trutje wade en äare Bieekja nen. Aus see dee derch blädad sprunge äare Jedanke trigj no Eckhardt. Wuarom schreef hee nich? Sien Breef haud aul sult een poa Wäakj trigj jekome senne.

Hee haft mie vejäte. Ekj hab jewess een Domkopp von mie selfst jemoakt. Ekj haud däm Breef nich schriewe sult. "

See haud dän Owent sult schaftich un tofräd senne wiel see nich mea auleen bliewe brukt.

"Wuarom motte dise Jedanke wada trigj kome un mie stiere? Wuarom lot ekj mie von dee wada veläaje moake?" Schlieslich schleep see dan en aus de Jedanke noch emma en äa Kopp dreide.

## 11. Kapitel

De nääkjste poa Moonat wiere sea drock oba uk sea tofrädstalent. Daut Aunna met ar em Hus holp, holp daut Trutje äa Läwe mea Meeninj haud. Daut see met de aundre Taufmetjlida toop kaum, holp uk daut see mea Mootich wort. Hinje en äare Jedanke wia noch emma de Froag äwa Eckhardt. Sull see veleicht däm Eltesta waut de Katekismus Klausse hilt toovettrue jäwe?

No, she already knew what his answer would be. He would say that she should forget about him and wait for a good local boy to come along. He might even say that she should postpone joining church until she had resolved this problem. No, she would not tell him since it would just complicate things. Deep in her soul, she knew that she should deal with this thing and settle it once for all. It was affecting her performance too much. Was she willing to give up all thoughts of marriage?

She knew she did not want to marry a local farm boy and just be a housewife. Her work with her animals and people was very important to her. Over the next few weeks, she felt her feelings slowly gravitating toward acceptance of life as a single person. Public opinion and tradition were still pulling her in the other direction. Then there was this strong attraction to Eckhardt. Trutje's practical nature came to the fore again, and she told herself that a marriage to Eckhardt would not have worked anyway. They were from backgrounds that were just too different. Although the pain of loss was still strong and the hurt of being forgotten by Eckhardt was an aching spot in her heart, she finally came to the point where she decided to put all thoughts of a married future out of her mind.

The Sunday morning of the baptism came. There had been much heart searching and rededication over the past months and the candidates arrived at the service very sombre and serious. To

Nä, see wist aul waut siene Auntwuat senne wudd. Hee wudd saje daut see von am vejäte sull un fa een Jung vonne Omjääjant wachte. Hee wudd veleicht äwahaupt saje daut see sull vejäte von bie de Jemeent gone bat see dit Probleem jeleest haud. Nä, see wudd am nich saje wiel daut aules bloos mea vewekjelt moake wudd. Deep en sikj wist see daut see schlieslich wudd looslote motte. Daut deed äa gaunzet Doasenne too sea stiere. Wia see wellent gaunz von Befriee vejäte?

Trutje wia sikj gaunz entschlote daut see nich bloos een Foarmajunk vonne Omjääjant wull friee un dan bloos ne Husfru senne. Äare Oabeit met äare Tiere un Mensche wia äa sea wichtich. Äwa de näakjste poa Wääkj wort see en daut äare Feelinje daut langsamkjes aunnaume daut see Läwestiet eentletzich senne wudd. De auljemeena Senn un Mood deede äa noch emma dän aundren Wajch riete. Un dan wia doa de auntrakjenda Ekjhardt. Trutje äare praktische Natua kaum nu wada vää un dan säd see to sikj selfst daut met Ekjhardt befriet senne wudd emmahan nich jeschaufft habe. See wiere von Hinjagrunde dee too veschiede wiere. Wan see uk zimlich must Weedoag liede doaderch daut Eckhardt ar vejäte haud, wia see schlieslich soo wiet daut see sikj entschlote haud aule Jedanke von befriee utem Kopp to steete.

De Sindach Morje fa daut Tauffast wia jekome. Enne latste poa Moonat wia doa väl Selfst unjasieekje un nieet Gott äwajäwe. Aus de Jlieda vonne Taufgrupp no de Aundacht hankaume

them this was a grave step. The girls were clothed in black dresses and kerchiefs. The boys wore black pants with suspenders over white shirts that were open at the throat. No ties or colorful trim for this solemn occasion.

The bishop, who was at the top of the church hierarchy, was on hand to perform the baptism. After some songs and several sermons, the bishop took a little pitcher of water from the pulpit and walked over to where the baptismal candidates were kneeling. They were lined up in a row before the front bench. He placed his hand on the head of the first candidate and uttered the prescribed vow that the candidate had to confirm. He ended with the words, "So I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit." A small amount of water was then sprinkled on the head. After all had received baptism, the bishop extended the right hand of fellowship to each one and repeated the words, "Arise brother, (or sister), and be welcome in the congregation of the Lord."

For Trutje this was a profound and meaningful experience. She had never felt God's presence as she did this morning. She felt the church as a strong and loving body standing behind her and affirming her. After the service, there were many handshakes from the deacons and embraces from the women. They whispered kind words in her ear, which made the tears come to her eyes. Now she was glad that she had settled the Eckhardt issue within herself. She

sachet dän sea ieeboa un iernstlich. Fa dän wia dit ne sea wichtje Sach. De Mäakjes brukte lange, schwoaate Kjleeda un schwoaate Dieekja. De Junges haude schwoaate Bekjse un witte Hamde aun waut biem Hauls nich toojekjneept wiere. Kjeen Haulsbaunt ooda bunte Aunhenjsels fa dis wichtja Väafaul!

De Eltesta, waut däm hechsten Aumt enne Jemeent haud, wia doa tojääjen om de Tauf to doone. No atliche Leeda un een poa Prädichte naum de Eltesta een Kauntje Wota vonne Kaunsel un jinkj no wua de Junge Mensche sikj han kjneee deede. De kjneede enne Rieej ver de väaschte Benkj. Hee läd siene Haunt opp däm ieeschten Deelnäma un säd de väajeschräwne Wieeda woone daut Taufliet dan must beantwuate. Hee beendicht daut dan met de Wieeda, "Ich taufe dich im Namen des Vaters, des Soones und des Heiligen Geistes." Een kjlienet bätje Wota wort dan oppem Kopp jegote. No däm daut see aula jetauft wiere, gauf de Eltesta dän de rajchte Haunt aus Jemeenschofts Tieekjen un säd, "Stehe auf Bruder, (oder Schwester) und sei Willkommen in die Gemeinde des Herrn."

Fa Trutje wia dit eene sea deepe un bediedunksvolle Erfoarunk. Nie verhää haud see sikj soo no to Gott jefeelt. See späad de Kjoakj aus een krauftvolla un leeftolja Doasenne dee äa biestunt un äa bestädje deed. No de Aundacht wiere doa väl Hauntdrucke von de Diakone un ar wort uk väl Omjefot von de Frulied. De fuschelde leeftolje Wieeda en äa Ua. De Trone kaume von selfst ut äare Uage. See freid sikj daut see de Froag äwa Eckhardt jeleest haud. See

could now get on with her life. Feeling clean and whole, she was ready to tackle life head-on. She hugged Anne after the service. Although Anne was a person of few words, she smiled at Trutje and gave her a return hug.

Anna and Trutje were invited to her parents' place for the noon meal and the afternoon. John, David, Anna, Lena and their families had come, too. This was a family reunion of sorts. Only little Peter's family had not come. It was too far for a one-day visit from Steinbach with all of the little ones on a slow, bumpy wagon.

There were many mouths to feed that day. The table was set three times before everyone had eaten. Katherina had cooked a large pot of 'Plume Moos' (Plum soup) and lots of potatoes. While feeding her nieces and nephews, Trutje took time to kibitz with them. They all adored their maiden aunt because she was a bit of a tease. She entered into play with them readily when given opportunity and she usually had a peppermint candy for them when they received chiropractic treatments from her. It had become a custom for the families to take a day off every so often to visit 'Taunte' (aunt) Trutje where they were all summarily sent through Trutje's sensitive, healing hands.

She would find sore limbs, joints and muscles to massage and set. The visit was always something that the children looked forward to. There were swings to swing on, animals to play with, and strangers to stare at. The highlight of the

kunn met äa Läwe nu wieda foare. See feeld sikj nu soo rein un heel daut see nu reed wia daut Läwe wada driest äwatonäme. See dreckjt Aunna no de Aundacht. Wan Aunna uk een bleeda Mensch wia frinteld see Trutje aun un dreckjt äa trigj.

De Elre haude Aunna un Trutje to Meddachmoltiet un fa dän Nomeddach han jekroacht. Jihaun, Doft, Aunna, Leena un äare Famieljes wiere uk jekome. Bloos Kjliena Peeta un siene Famielje wiere nich jekome. Daut wia too eene lange Reis von Steinbach met aul de Kjlienasch opp een langsomma, stuckaja Woage.

Doa wiere däm Dach een deel Miela to foodre. Däm Desch wort dree mol oppjesat ea jieda eena jejäte haud. Tien haud een groota Grope voll Plumemoos un een groot deel Leedschocke jekoakt. Aus Trutje äare Nichte un Neffes Äte gauf, naum see Tiet met dän Schnette to riete. De jleichte äare onbefriede Taunte wiel see opp krääjle hilt. See späld wellich met an un haud uk emma Dreppekende fa an wan see äant kjnible deed. Daut wia Mood jeworde daut de Famieljes han un wada mol een Dach auf naume om Taunte Trutje to besieekje wua see dan aula von Trutje äare emfintelje, heelende Henj jeknibbelt worde.

See funk dan schlemme Jläda, Jelenkja, un Musklen toom riewe un sate. Disen Besuach wort väl jerääkjent von de Kjinja. Doa wiere Schokle toom bowe schockle, Tiere toom met späle, un framde Lied toom beglotse. Daut baste

visit was the treatment and the candy afterward.

This afternoon at Big Peters, the children had gone to play "hide-and-seek" in the hayloft. The dishes had finally all been done and the women had gone to sit in the "Groote Stow" (big room). The men had left the house earlier to look at the crops. After that, they found chairs on the veranda where they were hulling sunflower seeds and discussing the threat of war breaking out in Europe.

Trutje and Anne stayed for "Faspa" and then got a ride back to their place from oldest brother John.

It had been a satisfying, fulfilling day. So much spiritual encouragement from church family, and then a quiet, reassuring interaction with the family had made this day one that she remembered and treasured in days to come. Many times when things were difficult, she drew strength from the simple vows she had made to God in the baptism ceremony. She and Anne began having daily quiet times before bedtime. They took turns reading devotional pieces from a German daily calendar bought in Steinbach. This calendar had 365 pages in it, one for every day of the year. When one day's reading was done, they would tear out the page and discard it.

Tonight they retired early because it had been a very full and tiring day.

wia daut Kjnible un nohää de Kende.

Disen Nomeddach bie Groota Peeta deede de Kjinja enne Schien 'Vestääkja' späle. Daut Oppwauschtich wia schlieslich foadich un de Frulied haude sikj enne Groote Stow doljesat. De Maunslid haude aul ea daut Hus velote un wiere Kroppe bekjikje gone. Nohää funge see Steela enne Väaleew wua see dan Knaksot knakte un sikj streede äwa de Määjlichkheit daut Kjrigh en Europa utbrääkje kunn.

Trutje un Aunna bleewe to Faspa un dan fieed Brooda Jihaun äant nohus.

Daut wia een tofrätstalenda, vollfellenda Dach jewast. De Kjoakje Famielje haude äa sooväl Moot toojesproake, un dan soon stella, berujenda Veheltnis met de Famielje, disen Dach wudd see lang behoole un schaze enne komende Doag. Välmol wan doa schwoare Tiede kaume naum see Krauft von de eefache Gottvesprääkje waut see oppem Tauffast jemoakt haud. See un Aunna funge aun met eene Aundachtstiet verem schlopegone. See wakjsele auf aus see aundajchtje Stekja läse utem dachdääjchlichen Dietschen Kalenda waut see en Steinbach jekoft haude. Dis Kalenda haud dreehundatun-fiewunzastich Siede, eene Sied fa jieda Dach em Joa. Wan see daut Stekj fa een Dach jeläst haude, dan wort daut rut jeräte un aufjelajt.

Vondoag zeowes jinje see tiedich schlope wiel daut soon volla Dach

Tomorrow, being Monday, would mean a return to routine activities.

jewast wia daut see meed wiere. Morje, wiel daut Mondach senne wudd, wudde see wada trigj en äare jeweenelje Bejäwenheite senne.

## Chapter 12

It took several weeks for news of the outbreak of war in Europe to reach the Mennonite community at Kleefeld. They heard, through the school inspector, about the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria.

By now, the government had set up public schools among the Mennonites and assigned government inspectors to check on teachers and teaching methods. These inspectors visited the schools two or three times a year. They were usually of Anglo Saxon origin and quite patriotic. Trying to inculcate political and patriotic awareness in pupils and teachers alike, they would discourage the use of any other language but English on school premises. From the minute an inspector would walk into a classroom until he left again there was an odd silence from the children.

For them he seemed to be a symbol of that evil, threatening world outside the community. To further confirm this feeling in the children, the official had a large moustache and would smoke a foul-smelling pipe. When he had pulled down the wall map of Europe, and began to point at places on the map with

## 12. Kapitel

Daut naum een poa Wääkj ea de Mennonitische Nobaschoft en Heiboode daut enworde daut de Kjrlich en Europa aunjefunge haud. See hieede von däm School Inspakjta daut eena däm Archduke Franz Ferdinand von Oostrikj dootjeschote haud.

De Rejierunk haud mankem Mennonite Volkj nu aul effentliche Schoole oppjestalt un Inspakjtasch aunjewäse, dee no de Lierasch un äare Lia Oate noseene deede. Dise Inspakjtasch besochte de Schoole twee ooda drie mol daut Joa. Dee wiere jeweenlich Enjlenda un sea tru to de Rejierunk. See wiere soo strenj doamet daut see däm polietischen un patriotischen Senn de Kjinja un Lierasch biebrinje wulle, daut see aulem aufsäde oppem Schoolhoff Enjlisch to räde. Soo schwind aus de Inspakjta enne Klauss nenn kaum un soo lang aus hee doa wia saute de Kjinja Muskje stell.

Hee wia een Sennbilt von de beese, dreiwende Welt von buta äare Nobaschoft. Sien groota Schnurboat un de stenkjaje Piep waut hee schmieekjt, help aula doatoo. Aus hee dan de Launtkoat aune Waunt rauf trock un funk aun Städa oppe Launtkoat auntojäwe de doa framde Nomes



strange sounding names, and began talking about guns and armies, their timidity would increase to the point where they would not even attempt to answer any of the questions directed at them. The inspector must have left the school, holding the opinion that here was a bunch of morons or zombies.

After school, there would be no shortage of words, as they would describe to their parents all that the inspector had said and done. The older boys felt that he had hinted at them when he would state that some people were too cowardly to go and fight. He had emphasized how the evil aggressor, Germany, needed to be opposed by all those loyal to the English crown, and that those who refused were really traitors.

The parents did not have many answers for their children but secretly wondered whether they should have sold out to the government when they allowed the schools to go public.

Trutje heard about the war a few weeks later. Her first thoughts were about Eckhardt. Would he join the German army? Since he was still single and within the prescribed age, he could very easily become involved. She felt some concern because she still cared for him and believed him spiritually unprepared for death. As she absorbed herself in her work of treating bruised bodies and dislocated limbs, thoughts of Eckhardt again receded into the background. She did so well with her practice that she had enough money left over to put into a savings box. She kept the box hidden

haude un dan räd von Flinte un Häare, worde de Kjinja emma bleeda soo daut see nich mol vesochte siene Froage to beauntwuade. De Inspakjta woat aulemol de School velote habe met de Meeninj daut et aula Domkchap wiere.

No School haude see väl to vetale aus see äare Elre aules säde waut de Inspakjta jesajcht un jedone haud. De elre Junges feelde daut hee no äant jekjikjt haud aus hee säd daut atliche Mensche too strempich wiere toom nom Kjrich gone. Hee haud daut betoont daut aule dee, dee doa tru to de Enjlische Kroon wiere sulle däm beesa Fient Dietschlaunt wadastone, un daut dee waut daut nich deede Veroda wiere.

De Elre haude nich väl Auntwuate fa äare Kjinja oba dochte sikj opp stelles auf see de Rejierunk haude lote sulle de Schoole to äwanäme.

Een poa Wäakj lota hieed Trutje von däm Kjrich. Äare ieeschte Jedanke wiere äwa Eckhardt. Wudd hee bie de Dietsche Armee biegone? Wiel hee noch eentletzich un uk dän rajchten Ella wia, kunn hee leicht doamet vewekjelt senne. See wia doa äwa bekjemmat wiel see am noch emma schaze deed un see jleewd daut hee nich reed toom stoawe wia. Aus see sikj drock muak met de schlemme Kjarpa un de utjesade Jläda, worde de Jedanke äwa Eckhardt weinja un weinja. See deed soo goot met äare Oabeit daut see waut en äare Jeltdoos wajch laje kunn. Boolt wudd see

under the cloth items in her cedar chest. Soon there would be enough there to buy a car. The vehicle was badly needed because Anne did day work in various households and often needed a ride to and from home. Trutje would have to learn how to drive. Well, that bridge would be crossed when the time came. In the meantime, they continued to make do with their faithful horse Charlie and the buggy.

Trutje enjoyed being a part of the ‘Singstund’ (choir practice) every week where she could get away from the pressures of meeting and working with people all day. She had a strong sense of mission and felt that just earning money for her own future was not very fulfilling. Although she realized that helping people medically was aiding mankind in a small way, it was not enough. When she heard that one of Anne’s brothers was crippled at seven years of age, and that the parents could not look after him properly, she decided to take him into her home as well. Here she would be able to give him daily treatment and give him the room that he needed to move around in.

When she told her parents of her intentions, they were not as enthusiastic as she thought they would be.

“What will people think if you take in a male child?” said Katherina.

“But he is only seven years old. Why would people say something like that?” said Trutje.

“Well, you know how people are,” said

Jenuach habe toom eene Koa kjeepe. Ne Koa fäld an sea wiel Aunna opp veschiedne Städe Kjääksche wia un must ieremol han un trigj jefieet woare. Trutje wudd sikj motte foare liere. Na, de Brigj wudd see äwa foare wan daut ieescht Tiet wia, nu wudde see noch met daut true Piet Charlie un däm Bogge foadich woare.

Trutje jinkj daut scheen no de Sinjstund gone. Dit gauf äa Jeläajenheit von däm Druck dee doa kaum doaderch daut see aul de Mensche trafe must un dan dän gaunzen Dach met dän oabeide. See haud een stoakja Senn von Veautwuatlichkjeit un feeld daut bloos Jelt to vedeene fa sikj selfst nich sea volfellent wia. See wist daut wan see Mensche met äare Weedoag halpe deed dan unjastet see dee uk, oba daut wia nich jenuach. Aus see hieed daut eent von Aunna äare Breeda von säwen Joa aul vekjräpelt wia, un daut de Elre am nich goot Halp kunne jäwe, enscheet see sikj daut see am uk nenn näme wudd. Bie ar wudd see am jieda Dach kjenne knjible un am uk mea Lebensraum jäwe toom romrekje.

Aus see äare Elre äa Väanäme bekaunt muak wiere dee nich soo bejeistat aus see docht dee senne wudde.

“Waut woare de Lied denkje wan du een Jung nenn nemst?” säd Tien.

“Oba hee es je mau säwen Joa oolt, wuarom wudde de Mensche äwa soont waut to saje habe?” sad Trutje.

“Na, du weetst je woo Mensche sent,”

Big Peter, "I personally do not see anything wrong with it."

Trutje decided to go ahead with it anyway and Big Peter offered to pick the boy up on the next trip into Steinbach.

A few days later, John came to live with Trutje and Anne. He was a shy boy and said very little as they showed him his room. From the expression on his face, you could tell that he was thrilled with his new surroundings. He had no crutches to help him get around so he had to hold onto whatever furniture was available as he made his way around the house. Trutje massaged his weak limbs daily and gave him electrical massage. His condition improved a lot during the next few weeks but Trutje realized she would have to get crutches for him and also get special shoes made for his feet.

The community was talking. At the last "Broodaschoft" (brotherhood meeting) several brothers had raised the question of the legitimacy of a single woman taking a male person into her home. Was not this opening the door to possible sin? Where would this action lead to eventually? It just was not right for a single woman to set up a household on her own. She should find herself a husband! What about all of the male patients she was treating? Would not that be a big temptation for her to fall into sin?

It took a lot of manoeuvring on the part of some of the more reasonable members

sad Groota Peeta. "Ekj selfst see doanuscht met Onrajcht."

Trutje besonn sikj, daut see doawäajen doch doamet veropp gone wudd. Groota Peeta boot sikj aun däm Jung oppem näakjste Besuach no Steinbach met to brinje.

Een poa Doag lota kaum Jihaun aun om sikj bie Trutje un Aunna sien Tus to moake. Hee wia een bleeda Jung un säd mau weinich aus see am siene Stow weese. Sien Jesecht wees daut am siene niee Omjävunk sea jefoll. Hee haud kjeene Kjrekje daut hee jescheit sikj wieda rekje kunn. Aulsoo must hee sikj aune Meeble faust hoole aus hee derchem Hus jinkj. Trutje reew siene Jelenkja dachdäachlich un deed am uk met de **elektrische** Maschien leiste. Enne näakjste poa Wäakj bätad hee sea oba Trutje wort äwazeicht see wudd am motte Kjrekje besorje un uk besondere Schoo fa siene Feet.

Doa wia Jeräd äwa Trutje enne Nobaschoft. Oppe latste Broodaschoft haude een poa Breeda sikj utjesproake auf daut rajcht wia daut eene eenletzje Fru een Maunsmensch em Hus nenn näme wudd. Wudd dit nich mete Tiet no Sind veleide? Daut wia uk nich rajcht daut ne eenletzje Fru äa ieejnet Hushault oppstale wudd. See sull sikj een Maun finje! Un uk aul de Mana waut see leiste deed? Wudd daut äa nich en Sind veleide?

Daut naum väl beräde von dee waut doa mea staunthauft wiere daut et nich

of the brotherhood to keep from having a motion introduced that would propose disciplinary action against Trutje. This could mean a mild ban where she would be relieved of any church positions she might hold.

Big Peter was incensed by the short-sightedness of those who pushed for this. Here was a young person willing to get involved in helping the unfortunate ones in the community and some leaders were ready to excommunicate her. Being a close relative, he really did not want to say a lot, but he finally could not hold back any longer.

“This reminds me of the time where Christ healed on the Sabbath and the Pharisees criticized him. He answered by telling them that if their ox fell into a well on a Sunday they would retrieve it the same day. I think some of us are a lot like those Pharisees.”

This comment did not sit well with those at whom this was aimed but it shut them up long enough for some of the more sensible ones to get their foot in the door.

“I think we should get on to more important business,” said the chairman of the meeting, when he had a chance to get his word in.

Although most of the church members did not want to make an issue of something that was obviously a good thing, there were enough busybodies around to make this into a community gossip piece.

beschloote wort daut see Trutje väanäme wudde. Dit kunn meene daut see ar vebaune wudde un daut see enne Kjoakj dan äwahaupt nich deene kjenne wudd.

Groota Peeta oajad sikj een bät daut atliche soo kortsechtich wiere. Hia wia een junga Mensch waut doa wellent wia de Onjlekjliche enne Omjääjent to halpe un dan wiere doa soone waut doa reed wiere ar to baune. Soo dicht bie em Frintschoft aus hee wia, kunn hee bloos nich mea stell bliewe.

“Dit erinnat mie von dan aus Kjristus aum Sabat Mensche heel muak un dan de Farisäa am veachte deede. Hee säd an daut see däm Oss aum Sindach wudde utem Borm rut hole wan dee doa nenn jefolle wia. Ekj jleew atliche von ons sent soos de Farisäa.”

Disen Utsproak saut nich to goot bie dee dän daut troff, oba see haude een Stootje nuscht to saje. Dit gauf de aundre Tiet äa Foot enne Däa to stääkje.

“Ekj denkj mie wie sulle no aundre mea wichtje Sache gone,” säd de Väasettenda von de Vesaumlunk, aus hee eenmol een Wuat tweschen kjrie kunn.

Wan uk de mieeschte von de Kjoakje Jlieda uk nuscht von dise Sach moake wulle, wiere doa jenuach Pludasakj rom daut dit enne Nobaschoft romjerät wort.

Soon the rumours had it that Trutje was entertaining male visitors in her bedroom.

“What kind of an influence would she be on John and Anne?” they were asking. When Trutje got out into the village, she did not understand why she was getting such a cold reception from some of the older women.

The whispers behind her back and the avoidance was getting to her. She finally asked Big Peter what was going on. He was quite reluctant to tell her because he knew it would hurt her badly. He also knew that she was totally innocent of all the things attributed to her by these whisperers. But, in order that she could deal with this deep-freeze treatment he decided to tell her.

Trutje was shocked when she heard what was going on. She had not suspected that people would be so untrusting. For several days, she was very angry and upset. It worked on her so much that she could not concentrate on her work or enjoy it.

By now, Anne knew Trutje quite well and had noticed that something was wrong. She had heard the gossip on the street and suspected that this was what was bothering her. John had felt the preoccupation of Trutje and wondered whether he was to blame. Maybe he was too much of a burden on her. Maybe he should offer to move back home to take

Boolt wort jesajcht daut Trutje Maunslied en äare Schlopstow Vejnieceje gauf.

“Waut von Endruck woat see opp Jihaun un Aunna habe?” wort jefroacht. Aus Trutje em Darp nenn kaum wundad see sikj wuarom atliche von de oole Frues äa soo kolt aunkjikjte.

Daut Jefuschel waut see hinja sikj hieed un daut see ar utem Stich jinje funk äa aun to stiere. Schlieslich fruach see Groota Peeta waut doa vää jinkj. Hee wull ar daut ieejentlich nich saje wäajen hee wist daut et ar sea Wee doone wudd. Hee wist daut uk, daut see gaunz onschuldich wia, von daut waut de Pludasakj äwa äa säde. Oba daut see met dise Ieskolde Behaundlunk bäta vehaundle wudd kjenne, entscheid hee sikj daut hee ar aules saje motte wudd.

Trutje veschrock sikj aus see utfunk waut doa vää jinkj. See haud bloos nich jedocht daut Lied soon onvetrue habe wudde. Fa een poa Doag wia see sea fuchtich un uk sea oppjeräacht. Daut ploagd äa soo sea daut see nich mol jescheit aun äare Oabeit denkje kunn ooda doamet Vejnieceje finje kunn.

Aunna kjand Trutje nu aul soo goot daut see enwort daut doa waut loos wia. See haud uk daut Jepluda oppe Gaus jehieet un docht daut et woll senne wudd waut äa schod. Jihaun haud daut uk jefeelt daut Trutje waut wia. Hee wundad auf hee doa Schult aun haud. Veleicht wia sien doasenne too schwoa fa ar. Veleicht sull hee ar

the load off her. John finally went to Anne secretly and spoke to her about this.

“No, it is not you, John, it is the gossip that is going around about her taking you into the house. They think she should not have a male in the house. But, she’s a strong woman, she’ll get over it in a few ...”

Trutje came into the room at that moment and saw them conversing in hushed tones. She came over and put one arm around Anne and another around John.

“Why, so serious, you two? Anne, why do not you take John to the corner store with you and get some sugar and flour. You can get him a few jawbreakers as well.”

John brightened up and began feeling better about himself. He felt partly responsible for bringing this trouble on Trutje.

Trutje was able to put on a cheerful face and to pretend that all was well for the sake of her maternal role. Deep inside, she had not worked things through. She knew she had to get away by herself to think about this. After sending the last patient away and after having supper with John and Anne, she headed off across the hay field toward the gravel pit gouged out of the gravel ridge not far from her place. She loved to go walking in this area because it took her away from people and into the world of

aunbeede daut hee trigj nohus trakje wudd soo daut hee nich soone Laust fa äa wudd senne. Doavon räd hee nu to Aunna.

“Nä, daut best nich du, Jihaun, dauts de Pludarie waut doa rom jeit doaderch daut see die nenn jenome haft. See denkje doa sull kjeen Maunsmensch em Hus senne. Oba sees ne staunthaufte Fru, see woat daut aul en ne korte Tiet äwakome.”

Trutje kaum jrodentoo enne Stow nenn un sach daut see doa fuschelde. See jinkj no an un läd een Oarm rom Aunna un een Oarm rom Jihaun.

“Wuarom soo iernstlich, jie twee? Aunna, wuarom nemst Jihaun nich mol met nom Stua un hol mol Zocka un Mäl. Kaust am uk een poa Kende kjeepe.”

Jihaun dacht daut Jesecht opp un feeld fuaz bäta äwa sikj selfst. Hee feeld sikj schuldich daut Trutje dis Trubbel haud.

Trutje kunn bie aul däm een frinteljet Jesecht wiese. See deed daut wiel see feeld äare Flicht aus Mutta. Deep ennalich haud see daut noch nich derch jeoarbeit. See wist see wudd motte wua auleen senne toom dit derch denkje. Aus see däm latsten Gaust wajch jeschekjt haud un no däm daut see met Aunna en Jihaun Owentkost jejäte haud, jinkj see auf äwa de Heistap no de Graunkul waut see utem Grauntrigje rut jegroft haude. Dis Rigje rand derch de Jäajent nich wiet von

nature.

Near the bushes by the ridge, she surprised a mother grouse with young. A warning call from the hen sent all the chicks scurrying for cover. The mother did the usual broken-wing act to distract her. Trutje smiled and walked by without trying to find the chicks and said gently, "Do not be afraid, I won't harm your babies." She reached the edge of the pit and sat down on a rock. The sun was warm and it was very still. The only sounds were the chirping of birds and the humming of insects. She looked down at the lagoon at the bottom of the pit where mallards and blue-winged teal were feeding in the bulrushes. As she sat there soaking up the peaceful stillness, her anger slowly drained away.

The injustices that good people could inflict on others was sad. In her twenty-five years of life, she had already learned that just because people talked religious did not mean that they were Christian. True Christianity could only be assessed by observing how people treat others. Real love was not suspicious and distrustful, nor did it restrict itself to the very narrow views of the shallow-thinking few in every group. She would not let this incident discourage or intimidate her. She would go back there and pretend that nothing had happened and she would certainly not stop

äare Städ. Ar jinkj daut scheen hia rom to gone wíel daut ar von Mensche wajch brocht un enne Natua nenn brocht.

Dicht bie de Bescha aum Rigje äwarauscht see ne Rauphan met äare Junge. De Han roopt uzhent to de Kjikjel un dee vestuake sikj dan schwind. De Mutta deed sikj dan uk soos wan see ne jebroakne Flicht haud om Trutje wajch to leide. Trutje frinteld un jinkj doa vebie one daut see de Kjikjel vesocht to finje un säd gaunz leise, "Sie nich angst, ekj woa diene Kjliene nuscht doone. See kaum bat de Kaunt vonne Kul un sad sikj doa opp een Steen dol. De Sonn wia woam un aules wia sea stell. Daut eensja Jelud waut see hieed wia daut Jeschiepa von de Väajel un daut Jesomm von daut Onjezeffa. See kijktj rauf opp daut Wotaloch doa Unje wua een poa Sorte Ente manke Diedakjiele foodre deede. Aus see doa saut un de frädliche Stellheit en naum, jinkj äa Oajanis langsam wajch.

De Onjerajchtichkjeit waut sest jeweenlich goode Mensche aundre kunne aundoone wia truarich. En äare fiefontwintich Joaella haud see aul utjefunge daut wan Lied uk sea relijees råde deede daut meend nich daut see dan uk een Kjrist wiere. Eena kunn mau dan utfinje waut een woarhauftja Kjrist wia wan eena sach woo see aundre Mensche behandle deede. Ajchte Leew wia nich mestrusch. See hilt sikj nich met de sea beschrenkjede Utsechte von de flake Meeninj von een poa Mensche dee en jieda Grupp to finje sent. See wudd sikj wäajen disen



helping the needy, whether male or female.

Toofaul nich lote Mootloos moake un wudd sikj uk nich von jane lote enschuchtre. See wudd trigj gone un soo doone aus wan doa nuscht loos wia. See wudd bestemt uk nich opphiere de Bederfnise to halpe auf daut Maunsmensch ooda Frumensch wia.

It was getting dark. She felt at peace about her decision and rose to return home.

Daut funk aun Diesta to woare. Trutje feeld gaunz tofräd met äa Entschluss un stunt opp om nohus to gone.

### Chapter 13

### 13. Kapitel

The varied and colourful characters that daily found their way to Trutje's practice made her life interesting and meaningful. One weakness that she had (maybe this was a strength) was she liked to hear what happened to people in their everyday lives. Some would have called this gossip, but for Trutje this was a way of entering into, and sharing the experiences of all who came to her door.

De veschiedne un bunte Karakta waut jieda Dach sikj bie Trutje nen funge muak äa Läwe intressaunt un voll Meeninj. Eene Schwakheit waut see haud (veleicht wia dit soogoa ne Krauft) wia daut see waut en de Mensche äa Läwe vää jinkj to hiere jleicht. Atliche wudde daut Pludarie nane, oba fa Trutje wia dit en Wajch wua see metläwe kunn met de Erfoarunge waut dee haude, dee no äare Dää kaume.

She had honed the skill of getting people to open up to her about their personal lives. A well-timed hint or a veiled question spoken in a soft, solicitous voice would usually get the conversation going. She knew more about the internal workings of the families in the community than the church ministers or deacons. Because of this, she could occasionally assume the role of marriage counsellor or

See haud sikj daut jeeft daut see vestunt woo see de Lied aunräde must daut dee ar en äa perseenliche Läwe nenleete. Een Wuat, goot aufjepaust, ooda met eene gaunz saunfte, onschuldje Froag kunn see sikj dan enschmeichle daut see daut Jenoba towääj brinje kunn. See wist mea aus de Prädjasch ooda Diakone, waut doa manke Famieljes enne Nobaschoft vää jinkj. Doawäajen kunn see maunchmol

psychologist. With only a simple word of advice or admonition, she steered many a disgruntled individual in the right direction.

There were times when she did not know whether she should laugh or cry. Like the time when a lady patient in a long dirty dress came to her for leg treatment. She pulled up her skirt and there was the dirtiest leg Trutje had ever seen.

"I will wager a dollar that you won't find a dirtier foot in the whole world!" Trutje exclaimed.

"Just a minute," the patient exclaimed, as she pulled up her skirt to show the other leg. It was a lot dirtier. She had made somewhat of an attempt to wash the injured leg before coming to see Trutje. Without further word, Trutje left the room and returned with a dollar bill. She handed it to the woman and without blinking an eye, fingered and adjusted the sprained ankle. Before she went on to the next patient, she washed her hands thoroughly.

One couple brought in a three-year-old child. He had trouble with poorly formed feet. His walk was flawed and painful. The doctors had given up trying to help him. Trutje looked at the feet carefully and told them that with four or five treatments the child would probably be able to walk much better. She worked on the tendons, muscles and joints, stroking, massaging and rubbing them with strong-smelling ointment. The little

een befriedet Poa met äare Oneenichkjeite halpe. Met een poa eenfache Wieeda kunn see ieremol een Vedrisselja rajcht lenkje.

Doa wiere Tiede wua see nich wist auf see lache ooda hiele sull. Soos eenmol aus doa een Frumensch met een sea jrieset Kjleet nenn kaum om äa Been trajcht to moake. See hoof äa Kjleet nohecht un doa wia een Been waut doa schwienscha wia aus waut Trutje jeemols ea jeseene haud.

"Ekj wad die een Dola daut doa noanich enne gaunze Welt een Been to finje es waut doa soo jriess es," bemoakjt Trutje.

"Hool aun," säd de Fru, aus see äa Kjleet nohecht trock un äa aundret Been wees. Daut wia väl schwienscha. See haud vesocht äa schlemmet Been een bät auftowausche ea see no Trutje jekome wia. One mea to saje jinkj Trutje no de aundre Stowen un kaum trigj met een Dola. See gauf de Fru daut un one daut Uag to plinkje befeeld see un strikjt daut schlemme Been. Ea see nom näakjsten jinkj deed see sikj jehierich de Henj wausche.

Een poa Lied brochte een dreejoaschet Kjint nen. Daut haud vekjräpelde Feet. Hee kunn mau nootlich gone. De Doktasch haude am aul oppjejäft. Trutje naum sikj Tiet de Feet goot to bekjikke. See säd daut, met vea ooda fief Behaundlung, wudd hee aul väl bäta gone kjenne. See strikjt de Säne, Musklen un Jelenkja un reef doa Saulw nopp waut een stoakjet Jeroch haud. De kjliena Jung jefoll de Behaundlung un

boy liked the treatment and smiled when they said they would come again. True to her word, after the fifth treatment his feet were almost normal. It was a happy boy who now ran around Trutje's yard chasing after the rabbits. The grateful couple gave Trutje more than the usual fee for her services and left with happy tears in their eyes.

There were those who came and complained that the previous treatment had not helped. These she gave another treatment and refused any payment for services. There were the stingy, non-payers, since all fees were on a voluntary basis. These she would usually forgive unless they were well-to-do people who could easily afford to pay. If they had the nerve to come a second time, she would remember and pretend that she was too busy to get to them. This usually smartened them up and they would be careful to pay from then on.

In this way, her days were filled with activity and meaning. She had almost forgotten that there was ever a time when she wanted to be simply a housewife and mother. The war in Europe was into its fourth year and she still had not heard from Eckhardt. Her preoccupation with caring for John and Anne in her personal life had filled the space that had been left empty when Eckhardt returned to Europe.

Autumn had arrived and there was excitement in the house because John was going to attend the village school. Arrangements had to be made to get him to and from school. Because of his crippled condition, he could not walk

frinteld aus see säde daut see wada kome wudde. Soos see jesajcht haud, no de fefte Behaundlunk wiere siene Feet meist normal. Daut wia een schaftja kjliena Benjel waut doa nu en Trutje äa Hoff de Hose hinjaraun rand. De dankboare Elre gauwe Trutje mea aus waut see jeeenlich foddad un veleete met frooe Trone.

Doa wiere uk soone waut doa trigj kaume un meende daut de väaje Behaundlunk nuscht jeholpe haud. Dise deed see noch eenmol kjnible un naum nich betolt doafäa. Doa wiere uk de kjniepaje waut nich betole wulle wiel de Pries nich verhää berät wia, un see jäwe kunne waut see wulle. Fa dise deed see daut jeeenlich emsonst oba nich wan see wist daut de goot auf wiere. Wan dee dan toom tweede mol kaume deed see soos wan see too Drock haud. Dit wia jenuach daut see dan daut näakjste Mol betole dede.

En disen Wajch wiere äare Doag dan beschaffticht un voll Bediedinj. See haud meist vejäte daut see jeemols ne Husfru ooda Mutta senne wull. De Weltkjrich en Europa wia nu aul em vieedet Joa un see haud noch nuscht von Ekjhardt jehieet. See wia soo met Jihaun un Aunna vetieft wast en äa perseenlichet Läwe daut et de ladje Städ jefelt haud waut en äa jewast wia seitdäm daut Ekjhardt trigj no Europa jegone wia.

De Hoafst wia aunjekome un doa wia groote Oppräajunk em Hus wiel Jihaun nu boolt no de Darps School gone wudd. Eene Enrechtunk wudd motte jemoakt woare om Jihaun no School to fiere un uk trigj to hole. Wäajen hee soo

the distance, so she bought him a pony to ride. It was easy to get on and off. She also got him a second pair of crutches that he could leave at school and use there.

Trutje accompanied him to school on his first day. Due to his handicap, he was quite shy and timid. Her supporting presence did a lot to ease him in this new and frightening situation. The other children were generally quite accepting of John and helped him get around. He soon felt quite at home although he never mixed in with the children's play. John was one of the better students, which made Trutje as proud as any parent could be.

By now, there was enough money in the kitty to make a down payment for a new car. The big day came when Anne, John and Trutje got a ride to Steinbach with Big Peter. They picked out a new Model T Ford at the Friesen firm and Trutje was given lessons in driving.

John and Anne sat in the back seat while Trutje and Big Peter sat up front. The car was idling and Trutje released the clutch. The car made several jumps forward and came to a lurching stop.

"You have to run the motor faster to get going," said Big Peter. John and Anne were back in their places after careening off the seat. Now Trutje pressed the

vekräpelt wia kunn hee nich soo wiet gone un doamet koft Trutje am een Poonkje toom riede. Hee kunn leicht opp dit kjliene Pieet nopp krupe un uk aufsette. See koft am uk noch een poa Kjrekje waut hee bie de School lote kunn un doa brucke.

Dän ieeschten Dach jinkj Trutje met am met no School. Wäajen hee kjräplich wia muak am daut een bät bleed un schuchta. Daut see doabie wia holp am een grootet Deel en dise niee un enjstliche Loag. De aundre Kjinja naume am sest zimlich fein opp un holpe am soogoa metem gone. Hee feeld sikj boolt gaunz tusich oba hee mischt nich mete Kjinja biem späle. Jihaun wia eent von de bätre Scheela un daut muak Trutje soo stolt aus irjent aundre Elre senne wudde.

Nu haud see schlieslich jenuach Jelt tosied jelajcht daut see aun eene niee Koa aul eene Auntolinj moake kunn. De groota Dach wia nu jekome daut Aunna, Jihaun un Trutje met Groota Peeta toop no Steinbach fuare. See wälde sikj een niea Model T Ford bie daut Friees Jeschaft un dan jinkj daut fuaz loos met Trutje äare Foa Lia.

Jihaun un Aunna saute oppe hinaschte Sett un Trutje un Groota Peeta saute Väare. De Koa rand un Trutje deed de Kopljin rut lote. De Koa hupst een poa mol wieda un dan hilt see haustich stell.

"Du motst dän Moota jnietscha rane moake toom loos foare," säd Groota Peeta. Jihaun un Aunna haude sikj wada trigj hanjesat nodäm daut see

accelerator down harder and released the clutch. They shot forward and raced down the street. A block away a wagon team was moving across the intersection.

“Stop, stop! Step on the brake quickly,” cried Big Peter.

Trutje did as told and the car came to a screeching halt, skidding sideways and raising much dust. By now, John and Anne were begging to be let out of the car but before they could get out it was moving again. This time it jumped forward and stalled because Trutje had inadvertently let out the clutch without disengaging the gears. Trutje was ready to abandon all attempts to learn to drive but Big Peter quietly encouraged her to try once more. Reluctantly she started the vehicle and carefully let out the clutch. This time all went smoothly and they proceeded along Main Street at fifteen miles per hour. She had some difficulty negotiating the turns around the block but they finally made it back to the dealership. All arrangements were made and Big Peter agreed to drive behind her to make sure she would reach home safely.

Purchasing the car opened up a new world for Trutje and her chosen family. Sometimes on a sunny Sunday afternoon, they packed a picnic lunch and drove along the gravel ridge to the banks of Joubert Creek where they found lush green pastures and large shade trees. Once Trutje felt more secure

vonne Sett jefloage wiere. Nu drekt Trutje dolla oppem Gaussläpel un leet de Kopljin rut. See schoote verwoaz un pralde lenjd de Gaus. Nich wiet ver äant deed jrod een Pieetsfoatich äwre Gaus foare.

“Stell, hool stell! Staup schwind oppe Brams!” schrieech Groota Peeta.

Trutje deed soos ar wort jesajcht un daut kjriescht aula aus de Koa dan biem schwääkje un steewe aum stone kaum. Aunna un Jihaun prachade nu aul daut see vonne Koa rauf wulle, oba de Koa dee wia aul wada aum foare. Dit mol hupst de Koa eenmol bloos un stunt stell wiel Trutje one denkje de Kopljin wada rut jelote haud one de Koa utem Jedriew to näme. Trutje wull nu aul gaunz oppjäwe metem foare oba Groota Peeta spruak äa gaunz leise Moot too daut see noch eenmol vesieekje sull. Onjieren kjrieech see de Koa aum rane un leet dan de Kopljin langsomkjes rut. Dit mol schauft et aula un see fuare dan feftien Miel de Stund velenjd de Hauptgaus. Äa foll daut noch een bät schwoa rom de Akje to foare oba see kaume schlieslich wada trigj batem Koarehaundla. Aules wort dan berät un Groota Peeta säd hee wudd hinjaraun foare daut see uk sechalich nohus kome wudd.

Ne niee Welt openboad sikj to Trutje un äare hanjenomne Famielje nu daut see ne Koa jekoft haud. Maunchmol aun een scheena Sindach Nomeddach deede see sikj Piknick Äte reed moake un fuare auf velenjd däm Grauntrigje no de Joubert Ritsch opptoo, wua see dan feine jreene Weid un groote Schaute

about her driving, they even ventured on long trips to Winnipeg or Rosenort on the Scratching River.

Beem funge. Aus Trutje sikj eenmol dolla secha feeld met äa Jefoa, fuare see uk noch mol fa lange Reise no Winnipeg ooda no Roosenuat dicht aun däm 'Scratching River'.

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It was on one of these trips to Winnipeg that she learned the sad news. Since driving into Winnipeg took several hours over bumpy roads, and because finishing all the business for the day also took much time, it was the custom to stay over. John had stayed at home with Trutje's parents. He liked going there for weekends.

Daut wia opp eene von dise Reise no Winnipeg daut see de schljachte Norecht hieed. Wiel daut een poa Stund naum un äwa stuckaje Wäaje jinkj, un wiel daut enkjeepe uk vël Tiet naum, wia daut Mood äwanacht to bliewe. Jihaun wia Tus bie äare Elre jebläwe. Am jinkj daut goot doa aum Wäakjenj to bliewe.

There was a Mennonite hostel in Northend Winnipeg where rural visitors to the city could stay for a nominal fee. This is where Trutje and Anne headed for at the end of a very busy day of shopping. (It was the custom for anyone going to Winnipeg to bring back goods ordered by some of the people in the neighbourhood).

Doa wia een Mennonitischet Gausthus em nuadne Enj vonne Staut wua soona von buta de Staut sikj fa weinich Jelt tusich moake kunn. No een volla Sinnowent von enkjeepe jinkj et dan schlieslich met Trutje un Aunna auf no daut Gausthus. To de Tiet wia daut Mood daut wan irjent wäa no Staut fua must dee aulahaunt met brinje fa atliche Lied enne Omjäajent.

The hostel afforded a chance for rural folks to rub shoulders with Mennonites from near and far. On this weekend, two Mennonite families from Europe had arrived. They were telling about some of their experiences in the war. One of the fathers was describing his life in the German army. He had been wounded in the battle of Ypres and ultimately discharged. When Trutje and Anne entered the communal dining room, he was just describing the instance when he had been wounded.

Daut Gausthus gauf Jeläajenheit soone waut doa von buta de Staut kaume aundre Mennonite von Wiet un Breet to trafe. Dis Wäakjenj wiere doa twee Famieljes von Europa jekome. See vetalde von äare Erfoarunge em Kjrigh. Eent von de Vodasch vetald waut hee enne Dietsche Armees haud beläft. En däm Schlacht bie Ypres wort hee vewunt. Dan wort hee vonne Armees loosjelote. Aus Trutje un Aunna enne Ätstow nenn kaume vetald hee jrod woo daut passieet wia aus hee vewunt wort.

“I and my comrades were in a tight situation. The other side was pushing hard. We were retreating from trench to trench. We could not keep up with the retreat of the main army and were surrounded on three sides by the enemy troops. In order to get back to the safety of our own lines we had to cross an open field. This meant we would have to run as fast as we could in a zigzag fashion so that the allied guns would not zero in on us. Three of us, Eckhardt, Dieter and I decided to make a run for it. We heard the whistle of the incoming shell and fell down prone. I felt shell fragments hitting my body but experienced no pain.

“After a minute, I looked up and saw that both comrades had suffered a direct hit. I checked my own injuries and found that one of my arms was almost severed and was bleeding badly. The pain was setting in. Luckily, my legs were not injured so I decided to try to reach the German lines after nightfall. Would I make it with shock setting in and all that loss of blood? Trying to make a tourniquet with only one arm and my teeth, I finally was able to cut off most of the blood flow.

“That was the longest day of my life, my dear comrades lying dead beside me and me not knowing when a tank would run over me. I remembered at that point, how Eckhardt, when he found out I was of Mennonite origin, had told me about

“Ekj un miene Komrode wiere von däm Fient sea unja Druck. Wie deede ons von een Growe batem näakjsten trigjtrakje. Wie kunne nich met de Haupt Armee met bliewe un von dree Kaunte stunt de Fient em Stich. Om trigj no onse ieejne Armee to kome must wie äwa opne Stap gone. Dit wudd meene daut wie sea jnietsch rane motte wudde un uk han wanke soo daut de Flinte vom Fient ons nich trafe sulle. Dree von ons, Eckhardt, Dieter un ekj entscheide ons daut wie daut doone wudde. Wie hieede daut Jepiep von de Kugel aus dee aun kaum un schmeete ons plaut oppe leed. Ekj feeld een poa kjliene Bieta von de Kugel aus dee mien Kjarpa troffe oba ekj haud kjeene Weedoag.

“No eene Minnut kijkt ekj mie rom un sach daut beid von miene Komrode schwierich velatst wiere. Ekj kijkt no miene ieejne Wund un sach daut mien Oarm meist aufjeschnäde wia un sea bleede deed. Daut funk aun sea Wee to doone. Jlekjlich daut miene Been nuscht jeworde wia. Aulsoo, no Diesta vesocht ekj no de Dietsche Armee trigj to kome. Wudd ekj daut moake nu daut ekj en ‘Schock’ wia un uk väl Bloot veliere deed? Met bloos een Oarm un miene Täne proowd ekj mie dan een Aufbinjsel to moake. Met de Tiet kunn ekj meist aul daut Bloot aufkjniepe.

“Daut wia de lenjsta Dach waut ekj jeemols beläft hab, aus miene Komrode besied mie Doot lage, un ekj uk nich wist wanea een groota Tank äwa mie rasle wudd. Ekj behilt dan jrod woo Eckhardt, aus hee utjefunge haud, daut

his visit to the Mennonite communities of North America. He had been deeply impressed by the honesty and sincerity of the simple Mennonite pioneers. He had asked how it happened that I, a Mennonite, was in the German army when Mennonites were against this kind of thing. I had to explain that I had not joined the church at that time and did not hold to the same convictions. He seemed to think that I should have listened to the church.”

While he was telling his story, there were interruptions and questions by the listeners. When he was done, the other immigrants had other stories to tell. Trutje sat there stunned. Surely, the comrade he described could be no one but her Eckhardt. As the truth sank in, the tears began rolling down her cheeks. She left the room, and went to her bunk in the women’s section and hid her face in her pillow. Anne was helping with the dishes in the kitchen so she was not aware of Trutje’s grief.

As Trutje thought about Eckhardt she could still see Eckhardt’s eyes. They had been eyes that showed a hunger for Truth and Goodness. Had he found what he was looking for between the time he left her and his death? Maybe God had led him to the Truth on time ... maybe he was a non-professing believer ... but she would never know ... Oh, the agony of not knowing ... she should have made more of an effort to explain the Truth to him ... yet he had been so

ekj von Mennonite Häakunft wia, mie vetald daut hee de Mennonitische Jemeenschofte en Nuadamerika besocht haud. Hee wia sea beendrukt jewast met äare Opprechtichkkeit un met daut einfache Läwe waut de Mennonitische Aunsiedla haude. Hee haud uk jefroacht woo daut kaum, daut ekj, een Mennonit, enne dietsche Armee wia wan daut jääjen de Mennonite äa Gloowe wia. Ekj must am saje daut ekj dan nich bie de Jemeent wia un daut ekj nich soo aus de Kjoakj jleewd. Hee meend dan to de Tiet daut ekj haud mau sult no de Kjoakj horche.”

Aus hee siene Jeschicht vetald wiere doa Mankräde un uk Froage von de Toohiera. Aus hee foadich wia haude de aundre Enwaundra uk Jeschichte to vetale. Trutje saut doa gaunz veduzt. De Komrod wua dee von räd kunn irjent een aundra aus Eckhardt jewast senne. Aus de Woarheit ar dietlich wort, funge de Trone aun to rane. See veleet de Stow un jinkj no äa Loaga en daut Frues Aufdeel wua see äa Jesecht em Kjesse läd. Aunna deed enne Kjääkj metem Oppwausche halpe. See wort nuscht von Trutje äa truare en.

Aus Trutje äwa Eckhardt docht kunn see noch krakjt siene Uage dietlich seene. Daut wiere Uage jewast waut doa een Hunga fa Woarheit un Goodet haude. Haud hee daut jefunge fa waut hee socht tweschen de Tiet daut hee Kanada velote haud un ver sien Doot? Veleicht haud Gott am en Tiet de Woarheit jewäse. Veleicht wia hee een stella Jleewenda. Oba see wudd niemols weete. Ach, de Weedoag von nich weete. See haud dolla sult proowe



sure of himself and she had been so naive and unlearned ... he died alone ... without a loving companion to comfort him ... she wept some more ... the pain would go with her for many a day ... how alone man is when he has to make the final journey ... how utterly alone ... except for God's presence ... if one is aware of it... and there are so many people who are unaware ... so many ... and he did not even mention me when he said he had been to Canada.

am de Woarheit dietlich to moake. Doch hee wia sikj soo secha jewast un see wia soo onschuldich un soo onbelieet jewast. Hee must auleen stoawe, one een leefolja Komrod doa am troost to jäwe. See hield noch mea. De Weedoag wudde noch fa lange Doag bie äa bliewe. Een Mensch es soo auleen wan hee de latste Reis moake mott, soo sea auleen, buta wan Gott doobie es. Wan eena daut weet, un doa sent soo väl dee doa nuscht von weete, soo väl! Un hee säd uk nuscht von mie aus hee säd daut hee en Kanada jewast wia!

## Chapter 14

Fall was Trutje's favourite time of year; the beautiful cobalt and aquamarine colours of the fast moving clouds as they were being chased by restless winds; the clear air through which the sun's rays shone with undiluted gold; the ripening hazel nuts on the orange and red bushes; the chokecherries waiting to be picked by birds, bears and humans; the occasional paper-thin layer of ice on the ponds in the early morning. These things awoke in Trutje strong impulses; an impulse to gather, to harvest, to lay in store; an impulse to build, to grow, to create; an impulse to explore, to spread out, to move.

And so it was that together with Anne and John she set out on a trip to the Scratching River settlement near Morris

## 14. Kapitel

De Hoafst wia fa Trutje de gaunz baste Tiet em Joa: de straume Tintbleiwe, soo jnietsch trakjende Wolkje, waut doa vom onrujen Wint jepieekjt worde; de kloare Loft aus de Sonn doa soos ajchta Golt derchschiend, de riepene Hauselnät aun de rootjäle Bescha, de roode Kjoasche waut doa luade, daut de Väajel, Boare ooda Mensche dee aufplekje wudde, de Papiadenne Schicht Ies oppem Wotaloch tiedich Zemorjes. Dise Dinja roojd Trutje aun daut see nu drinjent to eifste wia, toom Winta toop to droage. See feeld dän Drief toom bue, toom wausse, toom waut erschaufe; de Drief toom Dinja erforsche, toom vebreede, toom wieda rekje.

Un soo wia daut dan daut see met Aunna en Jihaun toop no Roosenuat bie Morris nu foare wull, wua see dan fa

where they were going to visit relatives for several days. A paper carton of clothes was packed and a basket of food readied for eating on the way. Trutje was always a bit apprehensive about making a trip like this because of all the things that could go wrong, such as a flat tire or a thunderstorm. However, being a naturally brave woman she never worried for long.

een poa Doag Frintshoft besieekje wudde. Ne Papiadoos met Kjeleeda wort enjepakt un een Korf met Äte wort reed jemoakt toom oppem Wajch doa han äte. Trutje wia emma een bät bekjemmat soone Reis to moake wiel doa soo vâl Dinja wiere waut doa onrajcht gone kunne; soont aus ne plaute Reif ooda een Jewitta Schwoakj. Oba, daut see von Natua eene browe Persoon wia, holp daut see nich lang doa äwa duare deed.

They started off and made good time. By lunchtime, they were at the Red River where they had planned to have their picnic lunch. Pulling up at a meadow near the river, they got out the food. They found a spot under a big maple tree and spread out a blanket. Quietly they took in the pleasing river sounds of water flowing over shallows and heard the beat of wings as some wild ducks rose from the surface of the stream.

See fuare loos un kaume uk jnietsch wieda. Bie Meddachstiet wiere see aul batem Red River wua see Meddach äte wulle. See hilde bie eene Weid stell un holde äa Äte vâa. Doa funge see eene Städ unja een groota Zockaboom un deede äare Dakj doa utsprede. See feelde sikj soo ruich aus see de Toon von dam Fluss hieede aus de derch de flake Städte rand. See hieede daut uk aus een poa wille Ente vonnem Wota Oppfluage.



Picnic in the woods

Picknick oppe Weid

Partway into their meal, John noticed a dilapidated tent pitched on the edge of the meadow. The reason they noticed it was that they heard a muffled crying coming from that direction. After a

See haude mau jrod aunjefunge to äte aus Jihaun enwort daut doa aum aundret Enj vonne Weid een vekoddadet Zelt stunt. See wiere daut enjeworde wiel see en de Rechtunk een

while, Trutje's curiosity got the better of her. She got up and walked cautiously over to the dirty little structure. There was garbage strewn around the area showing evidence of a dog having been around the place.

Reaching the tent, she carefully raised the flap. She saw a baby lying in a little basket. Dirty blankets partially covered the crying tyke. Glancing around first, Trutje gingerly crawled through the tent door and over to the baby. She felt under it and noticed it was wet. Finding some clean rags carefully folded in a corner she took one and replaced the wet one with this one. The baby stopped crying, so, obviously, it was not hungry. The parents must have been there recently to feed it. Trutje quickly withdrew from the tent and went back to John and Anne.

"There is a little baby in there. I changed its diaper and now it is gone back to sleep. Let us pack up and get going."

They headed down to the riverbank where the ferry was waiting for them. It was a floor made of planks lying on airtight barrels. It was propelled across the river by means of a simple one-cylinder gasoline engine that in turn drove a flywheel pulling on a steel cable stretched across the river. Trutje hated driving down to the ferry because you never knew when the brakes would get hot and fail. It had never happened to her but she had heard of others who had

stellet Jehiel hieede. No eene Tietlank wort Trutje äa Nieschia too väl fa ar. See stunt opp un jinkj auf no de jriese Kot. Daut sach soos wan doa een Hunt rom jewast wia wiel doa aulawäaje Aufgank vestreit wia.

See wia sea väasechtich aus see de Klaup rom Zelt op muak. See sach doa een kjlienet Bäbe en een Korf ligje. Schwiansche Dakje lieeje poatwiess äwa daut hielende Kjint. See kijkt sikj schwind rom un dan kroop see langsomkjes derche Zelt Däa nom Kjint opptoo. See feeld unja daut Bäbe un bemoakt daut et naut wia. Aus see doa atliche reine toopjelajde Kodre enne Akj funk, naum see eent un tuscht dee met de naute Winjel. Daut Kjint hieed opp to hiele, aulsoo kunnet nich hungrich senne. De Elre motte doa gaunz kjirzlich jewast senne om daut to foodre. Trutje muak sikj doa schwind utem Zelt rut un jinkj bosich trigj no Jihaun un Aunna.

"Doa es en kjlienet Bäbe em Zelt. Ekj muak daut drieach un nu schlapt daut wada. Well wie opp pake un bloos foare."

See jinje rauf nom Eewa wua de Prom fa an luad. Daut wia ne Flua von Bole jemoakt un daut lach opp Loftdichte Dromme. En eenzilindascha Kjätel dreew een Schwunkraut waut aun een stolna Strank daut gaunze Jeschnees äwa däm Fluss trakje deed. Trutje jinkj daut nich goot doa rauf nom Prom foare wiel eena wist niemols wanea de Bramse heet woare un toojäwe wudde. Daut wia äa niemols passieet oba see haud von aundre jehieet waut doa

narrowly escaped drowning when their vehicle plunged over the other end of the ferry. She bravely headed down and came to a stop on the platform without incident. The ferry operator was a cheerful French-Canadian fellow who, once he found out that she was the one who was well known for her chiropractic skills, asked her if she would not check out his sore neck, right there while crossing the river. She had him sit down on a stool he used when idle. Getting out her greasy ointment and clean cloth, she massaged his neck and gave him the traditional sideways twists. They reached the other bank and got ready to disembark. In return for his treatment, the ferryman waived the usual crossing charge.

Once they were well up the bank and on their way again, Trutje's mind returned to thoughts of the child ... the child seemed so limp when she picked it up ... it did not seem malnourished ...in fact it was almost chubby ... but there was weakness there ... if she could only try her hand at helping this child ... she had have to stop there again on the way back ... maybe the parents would be there and she could talk to them. The rest of the ride to Scratching River was very quiet with a preoccupied Trutje and a fascinated John. He did not get away from home much, so this was a treat for him.

They arrived at Trutje's cousin's place by noon and sat down to lunch. The

meist vesoope aus de Koa vom aundre Enj Prom rauf fua. See fua doa gaunz brow rauf un kaum uk one Trubbel aum stone. De Promoabeida wia een frintelja Fraunsoos, dee, aus hee eenmol utjefunge haud daut see dee wia waut doa goot trajchtmoake vestunt, ar fruach auf see am nich nu jrod biem äwafoare sien schlemmet Jenekj no-seene wudd. See muak am opp sien Stool dolsate wua hee jeweenlich saut wan hee nuscht to doone haud. See naum äare schmääje Saulw un een reinet Kodda un deed am dan sien Jenekj riewe un uk däm siedlinjs han un trigj rukse. See kaume bat aum Eewa no de aundre Sied un muake reed toom rauf foare. Em Tusch doavää daut Trutje däm Promoabeida jekjnibbelt haud naum hee nuscht fa de Äwafaat.

Aus see eenmol opp däm Eewa nopp jefoare wiere un wada oppem Wajch wiere jinje Trutje äare Jedanke trigj no daut Kjint. Daut Kjint feeld soo schlaup aus see daut opphoof. Daut sach nich soos wan daut unjanäat wia. Daut wia äwahaupt meist druglich. Oba doa wia ne Schwakheit doa. Wan see bloos ne Jeläajenheit haud daut Kjint to halpe. See wudd oppem Trigjwajch doa wada aunhoole. Veleicht wudde de Elre dan doa senne daut see met an råde kjenne wudd. De äwaje Tiet no Scratching River wia sea stell aus Trutje gaunz enne Jedanke wia, un Jihaun gaunz vetieft mete Omjäajent wia. Hee haud nich vël Jeläajenheit von Tus wajch to senne. Aulsoo wia dit fa am waut besondret.

Opp Meddach kaume see bie Trutje äa Vada aun wua see dan fuaz biem Äte

cottage cheese Verenekje with sour cream gravy and wild cherry moos (soup) was delicious. They had not been together for months so there was much to talk about.

John's second cousin, Henry, two years older than John, invited him to come and swim in their dugout. Although it was late summer, the hot day had warmed up the water enough to make swimming possible. They had a great time splashing each other as Henry taught John how to swim. John discovered that when he was in the water his crippled feet did not bother him. He caught on quickly and soon beat his cousin in a race across the dugout. They were in the water for an hour and were starting to get chilly.

"I am swimming across once more and then quitting," said John.

"Okay, go ahead, I am quitting, but I will wait for you here," said his cousin.

John started across. He began feeling pain in his legs. Suddenly the pain became unbearable and he stopped swimming. By now, he was struggling to stay above water. His muffled calls for help reached Henry. He quickly dove in and headed toward John. Now he could not see him any more but he struck out for where John had disappeared. Now he saw his head just above the surface and then he was gone again. Henry paddled harder and reached the spot where he had last seen him. Groping around he finally contacted something. Grabbing at it his hands closed around

Desch biesaute. De Glomswrenikje met Suaretschmaunfat un de Willekjoasche Moos schmakjt sea scheen. Doa wia vël to beräde wiel see sikj aul fa Moonate nich jeseene haude.

Jihaun sien Vada Heinrich wia twee Joa ella aus Jihaun. Hee fruach Jihaun auf hee nich met am em Wotaloch schwame gone wull. Wan et uk lot em Somma wia, haud de Sonn daut Wota sea jenuach oppjeweamt daut see schwame kunne. See haude ne goode Tiet aus see sikj unjaenaunda bespretze deede. Heinrich holp Jihaun daut hee schwame lieed. Jihaun haud utjefunge daut siene kjräpelje Feet am nich ploage deede biem schwame. Hee lieed schwind un schloof sien Fada ut aus see enne Wad äwrem Wotaloch schwame deede. See wiere ne gaunze Stund em Wota un worde nu een bät kjeel.

"Ekj woa noch eenmol äwa schwame un dan hia ekj opp," säd Jihaun.

"Na jo, doo daut. Ekj hia opp, oba ekj woa hia fa die wachte," säd sien Fada.

Jihaun funk aun äwa to schwame. Siene Been funge am aun wee to doone. Met eenmol haud hee soone Weedoag daut hee to een Stellstaunt kaum. Nu must hee aul sea sträwe daut hee bowa Wota bleef. Heinrich hieed sien schwaket roope fa Halp. Hee sprunk schwind em Wota nenn un schwomm en Jihaun siene Rechtunk. Nu kunn hee am nich mea seene oba hee muak sikj no de Städ han wua Jihaun unjajegone wia. Nu sach hee sien Kopp väastääkje un dan wia hee wada wajch. Heinrich hold aun un kaum no de Städ wua hee am daut latste mol jeseene haud. Aus hee em

John's arm and he pulled at him. Together they popped to the surface.

Wota rom feeld schieed hee waut aun. Hee kjrieech Jihaun sien Oarm tohoole un trock am no sikj. Toop schoote see no Hecht.

John was struggling, but Henry being older and bigger, was able to hold John above water with one arm. With the other arm, he paddled toward the side of the dugout. They reached the shore very played out and gasping for breath. John was retching and looking very pale. After several minutes, they both sat up. Both began shaking from cold and shock. When they arrived in the house pale and sick looking, the women questioned them and quickly wrapped them in blankets to warm them up.

Jihaun toobd sea, oba wiel Heinrich ella un jrata wia, kunn hee Jihaun met een Oarm bowa Wota hoole. Met däm aundren Oarm stroakeld hee nom Eewa. See wiere beid gaunz utjespält un odemde sea schwoa. Jihaun bruak sikj un hee sachet sea blaus. No een poa Minnute roojde see sikj un saute doa oppem Eewa. See scheddade beid vonne Kold un uk von de Oppräajunk. Aus see gaunz blaus un krank em Hus nenn kaume fruage de Frulied waut jeworde wia. See rolde an schwind en Dakje en toom äant oppwoame.

'Thank the Lord, you're okay, John,' exclaimed Trutje, 'how are you feeling?'

"Dankt Gott, junt es nuscht jeworde, Jihaun," belkjt Trutje, "Woo feelst du die?"

John did not say anything but gave a slight nod indicating that he was all right. It was a very subdued party that boarded the car and started back home.

Jihaun säd nuscht oba nekjkopt een bät aus een Tieekjen daut aules goot wia. Daut wia ne sea stelle Jesalschoft waut doa trigj enne Koa jinkj un nohus fua.

Trutje did not forget about the baby. They stopped at the tent in the meadow. Trutje walked across the pasture but stopped short when a great big brute of a dog came bounding toward her. She picked up a stick and brandished it. The dog stopped short and began growling. Slowly he advanced toward Trutje. Just when he was about to attack, a man looked out of the tent flap and called the dog off.

Trutje vegaut nich von daut Bäbe. See hilde bie daut Zelt em Weidhock aun. Trutje jinkj äwa de Weid oba hilt haustich stell aus een grootet Beest von een Hunt aunjefloage kaum. See naum een Stock un weifeld daut. De Hunt hilt schwind aun un gnord. Langsomkjes kaum hee dichta no Trutje. Jrod aus hee ar aunflieeje wull, kjikjt een Maun derch de Zelt Klaup rut un roopt däm Hunt trigj.

The couple seemed to be subsisting on handouts, raiding people's gardens by

Daut sach soos wan daut Poa vom Jereede läwde. Enne Nacht stoole see

night, or finding occasional wild game. They both looked like they were not very bright, so had been people who had been sidelined by society as non-productive and dispensable. When Trutje walked up to the tent, they pretended non-interest in her. When Trutje opened the tent flap and kneeled to greet them pleasantly, they responded with low-key "Hellos." When she expressed interest in the baby, they perked up and smiled a little. The woman picked up the baby and showed her to Trutje.

'Would you like to hold her?' she asked of Trutje.

"I sure would," said Trutje, as she reached out and took the baby.

"Has the baby been sick?" Trutje then asked.

'Well ... it was a couple of weeks ago when we first noticed the limpness,' said the man. From his expression, you could tell that it worried him.

"Have you had her to a doctor?"

"No, we have no money, we can't take her. We can't even take proper care of the baby."

'We noticed the baby crying when we stopped here at noon. I noticed that there was something wrong with the child ... so I have been thinking. What would you say if I took the baby to my place and looked after it for you? I am a chiropractor and would give it special medical attention. I think with a lot of massaging and touching I could do things for the child. "

von Lied äare Goades ooda see naume han un wada Jacht Tiere. Dän sachet beid nich sea kluak, un uk aus soone waut vonne jratre Jesalschoft rut jestat wiere wiel see nich von sikj selfst waut moake kunne. Aus Trutje nom Zelt opptoo kaum deede dee soos wan äant ar nuscht kjemmad. Aus Trutje de Zelt Klaup op muak un dol kjneed toom äant bejreese, säde see en gaunz stellet "Goodendach." Aus see bewees daut ar daut Bäbe intressieed kjikjte see dolla opp un frintelde een Bätje. De Fru naum daut Kjint un wees Trutje däm.

"Wurscht daut welle een Bät hoole?" fruach see Trutje. "Secha, ekj well däm hoole," aus see hanlangd un daut Bäbe naum.

"Es daut Bäbe krank jewast?" fruach Trutje dan.

"Na, daut es aul een poa Wääkj trigj daut wie enworde daut see soo schlaup wia," säd de Maun. Daut kunn eena am aunseene daut am daut baudad.

"Hab jie ar aul bie een Dokta jehaut?"

"Na, wie habe kjeen Jelt, wie kjenne ar nich näme. Wie kjenne daut Bäbe nich mol jescheit feede."

"Aus wie hia opp Meddach aunhilde hieed wie daut Kjint hiele. Ekj wort en doa wia waut onrajcht met daut Kjint un doa äwa hab ekj mie bedocht. Woo wudd jie junt feele wan ekj daut Kjint met nohus naum un daut doa fläaje wudd. Ekj sie een Trajchtmoaka un wudd daut doktre. Ekj jleew met knible un enriewe kunn ekj väl fa dit Kjint doone."

The couple looked at each other. Tears formed in the mother's eyes. Finally, she turned to Trutje and spoke. "I love my baby and I would hate to give it up ... but ... (between tears) ... we can't take care of it properly ... so I think for its own sake we should ... you look like one who would love and take care of the child ... what do you think, Jake?"

Jake was quiet for five minutes. Finally, he said in a quiet voice, "I guess we will have to give her up, we can't look after her properly."

Slowly, the mother gathered the few little clothes and trinkets together that they had collected from garbage piles and discard bins. She kept a little pair of booties that were too small on the baby. This was the only memory she had have of her baby. They walked to the car with Trutje. Hugging and kissing the tot one last time they turned back to their lowly abode with a look of such sadness that Trutje was almost ready to return the baby to them.

But it was done now and the child would certainly benefit by coming to her place. Trutje cuddled the little girl and placed her in the dirty little basket in the back seat beside John. The tot seemed to sense that something different was happening and whimpered when she noticed the strange people and strange surroundings. Once the movement and

See kijekte sikj een Stootje aun. De Mame kaume Trone enne Uage. Schlieslich dreid see sikj no Trutje un spruak sikj ut.

"Ekj sie mien Bäbe sea goot un mie jefelt daut schljacht ar opptojäwe," säd see tweschen Trone. "Oba wie kjenne daut bloos nich rajcht ernäare. Aulsoo om daut Kjints haulwe woa wie daut motte lote. Die sittet no soone waut daut Kjint Leew bewiese wudd, un uk goot ernäare. Waut denkjst du, Jakob?"

Jakob wia fa fief Minnute gaunz stell. Entlich säd hee sea stell, "Na jo, wie woare äa woll motte oppjäwe. Wie kjenne äa bloos nich rajcht fläaje."

Langsomkj es socht de Mame de kjliene Kjleeda un de poa aundre Sache waut see sikj toopjesocht haude von waut Mensche em Aufgank jeschmäte haude. Bie sikj hilt see een poa kjliene Strempkjes waut fa daut Bäbe aul too kjlien wiere. Dit wia daut eensje Aunjedenkj waut see von äa Kjint hoole wudd. See jinje met Trutje toop no de Koa. Doa drekjte see un kuste daut Bäbe toom latstet mol un dan dreide see sikj fuat un jinje auf no äa Zelt. Dän sachet soo truarich daut Trutje meist reed wia daut Kjint trigj no äant to jäwe.

Oba daut wia nu soo jeworde un daut Kjint wudd sechalich jeholpe woare wan daut no äant kaum. Trutje naum daut kjliene Mäakskje enne Oarms un läd daut en daut schwienschet kjlienet Korf oppe hinjaschte Sett besied Jihaun. Daut Kjint wort daut schienboa en daut doa waut aundat väajinkj, un funk aun to kajinkjre aus see aul de framde



humming of the car commenced, she went to sleep. Trutje had gotten her name from the parents before leaving. In the next week, Trutje got an opinion from the doctor, who claimed that the child was afflicted with rickets due to a lack of a proper diet.

John, Anne and Trutje spent much time with Esther in the next few months. She gave the child food that was rich in protein and vitamins. Cod liver oil was administered through the porridge. Carrots were cooked all mashed up, together with squash and beans. Trutje spent much time stroking the child's limbs and just holding Esther. By now, the child was a year old and still just lying down. They did notice that she was starting to reach out for things and her smiles were coming more often. One day she had actually rolled over on her stomach and was attempting to crawl.

With all the caring, Esther was receiving and with all the special foods she received, they could definitely notice a brightening up of her features and a toning up of her muscles. She began asking for attention by motioning with her hands that she wanted to be picked up. The day came when she actually crawled across the floor toward a toy she wanted to play with.

Trutje felt a special thrill when she observed these things and knew that all the money in the world could not make her feel as fulfilled and rewarded as this.

Mensche enne framde Omjääjent rom sikj sach. Aus daut bromme un daut schokle vonne Koa eenmol aunfunk schleep see boolt en. Trutje haud daut Kjint äa Nome von äare Elre jekjrääje ea see velote haud. Enne näakjste Wääkj kjrieech Trutje ne Meeninj vom Dokta dee doa jleewd daut daut Kjint de Enjlische Krankheit haud wiel dee äa nich rajcht jefoodat haude.

Jihaun, Aunna un Trutje deede enne näakjste poa Moonat met Esther väl Tiet veschwende. See gauf daut Bäbe Äte waut doa voll Noarungsstoff wia. Fesch Eelj wort enne Howajrett nenn jedone. Jalmääre worde fien vekjwatscht met Kjarps un Schauble. Trutje naum väl Tiet met daut Kjint. See strikjt de Jläda un druach Esther uk väl rom. Daut Kjint wia aul een Joa oolt, un deed sikj noch nich opprechte. See worde en, daut see no Dinja lange deed un see frinteld uk meamol. Een Dach haud see sikj soogoa oppem Buck jedreit un vesocht een bät to krupe.

Met aul däm Fläaje un aul daut besondret Äte waut see kjrieech, kunne see seene daut äa Jesecht aul oppmoajksoma wort un daut äare Musklen stoakja wiere. See bemoakjt nu aul väl mea Dinja rom sikj un funk aun met äare Henj to weifle soo daut wää ar näme wudd. Doa kaum de Dach daut see werkjlich velenjd de Flua kroop om waut Spältich to kjrie toom met späle.

Trutje kjrieech een goodet Jefeel aus see dit beobachte deed un wist uk daut aul daut Jelt enne Welt äa nich soo volfelt un beloont feele moake kunn aus dit.

Now the fact that she had never found a husband and had babies of her own came into perspective for her. She remembered the words of Scripture: "Sing, oh barren, thou that didst not bear, break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou that didst not travail with child: for more are the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the Lord."

Isaiah 54:1

Galatians 4:27

Nu kaum äa daut em Senn wäajen daut see nich een Maun jefunge haud un daut see nich äare ieejne Kjinja haud. See behilt de Wieeda vonne Schreft: "Sinj, du Onfruchtboare, dee du nich droage deedst. Fang aun to sinje, un frei die, du dee nich droagent best, dan de Eensome haft mea Kjinja aus dee waut een Maun haft, sajcht de Har."

## About the book

This novel deals with a period of time during the early twentieth century when parts of eastern Manitoba were still being settled. The Mennonite settlers who came to the Kleefeld area near Steinbach were a devout and uncomplicated folk. They possessed an innocence that is missing among many of today's culturally assimilated Mennonites. Although these pioneers were not perfect, they held to Biblical ideals that were positive and good.

Under these circumstances, a young girl grows up to become a chiropractor and a single parent to a number of foster children, adopting several in the process. We share in her personal struggles and triumphs as she deals with life from day to day.

## Äwa dit Buak

Dit Buak behaandelt sikj äwa de Tiet tiedich em twintichsten Joahundat aus atlichem Launt en siedeljet Manitoba noch nich besiedelt wia. De mennonitische Aunsiedlasch dee doa no de Kjeleefeltsche Jääjent kaume wiere fromme un eenfache Lied. Dee haude ne truahotje Onschult waut nich mea väl to seene es mank vondoagsche Mennoniete dee de jratre Jesalschoft metmoake. Wan dise Bonbrääkja uk nich gauns volkome wiere, hilde see de Biblische Prinziepie dee doa toom goode wiere.

Unja dise Omstende, deit eene junge Mejal oppwause. See lieet ut aus Trajchtmoaka. Dan, aus ne Eenletsje, nemt see miere Kjinja nen, un deit uk een Poa von dän aunnäme. Wie beläwe met dää atliche von äare perseenliche Sträwe un Äwakome aus see Dach fa Dach derchem Läwe jeit.

## About the Author

Jack Klassen was born in Sperling, Man. At the age of four, his parents moved back to the family farm near Steinbach, man. Later, they moved into town, where he worked for the local paper during his teenage years. After marriage and teacher training, he taught for 3 years, teaching one year in the Chilcotin region of B. C. He returned to printing after that, spending 17 years at a large printing firm in Altona, Man.

## Äwa däm Schriewa

Jihaun Klosse wia en Sperling, Man. jebuare. Bie vea Joa oolt trocke siene Elre trigj no de Famielje Heimstäd bie Steinbach, Man. Lota, trocke see enne Staut nen, wua hee aus junga Maun fa de Stautszeitunk oabeid. Nom befriee un siene Liera Utbildunk, deed hee fa dree Joa School hoole, wuavon hee een Joa en de Chilcotin Jääjent von B. C. unjarechte deed. Hee jinkj nodäm trigj enne Drekjarie, un schauft fa 17. Joa enne groote Drekjarie bie Altoona, Man.

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