

Table of Contents

A word from our pastor - Greg Guarnett -----	1
Church photos through the years -----	3
Senior Pastor photos through the years -----	6
Program from the 1942 Church Dedication Service -----	9
Memories from missionaries, former pastors, others -----	12
Church History by Sarah Schmidt -----	40
One Hundred Years - <i>words to song composed by Caroline Ens</i> ---	58

Langham Evangelical Bible Church

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Our God ... Our Guide

“For this is God, Our God forever and ever; He will be our guide, even to death.”

Psalm 48:14



“Now to our God and Father be glory forever and ever. Amen!”

Philippians 4:20

A Word From Our Pastor

What a privilege to be serving here as Langham Evangelical Bible Church celebrates 100 years of faithful and fruitful ministry. During the past four years my heart continues to be moved as I hear and read many stories highlighting our church's history. God's power, protection, provision and providence is intertwined throughout these stories of faith. Throughout this booklet people will be sharing a number of stories of God's working in our midst. Our history is really His Story of God's love, power and mercy at work in the lives of His people.



There is a keen sense of awe in knowing that so many lives have been touched, ministered to and transformed through the ministry of LEBC. I am humbled as I continue to gain a greater awareness, knowledge and appreciation for those who served here before me. Every pastor, lay pastor and Christian worker has significantly contributed to the spiritual life, growth and maturity of God's people. Our Sunday School teachers ensured that God's Word was being ministered to the young and old alike. Our people in various ways and through various means made Christ known to their neighbours, co-workers, family and friends. Hymns and songs of praise not only resonated within our church buildings but wherever and whenever our people had opportunity to minister. God's people with God's empowerment took on God's Mission for God's Glory. Only eternity will bear witness to the height, depth and breadth of LEBC's spiritual influence in reaching our world for Christ.

Since our 75th Anniversary we have seen many changes in the life of our church. A number of our dear senior saints have been received into glory while other saints have moved away. After much prayer, planning and fund-raising God enabled the purchase of new property for construction to begin in 1991 on a new and larger church facility. A new and expanding neighbourhood development now surrounds our property. We experienced a number of pastoral changes with each pastoral family adding a unique spiritual richness and dynamic to our congregation. We adopted a new church constitution and leadership structure based on biblical eldership. We are presently seeking God's direction in calling a full-time associate pastor specializing in youth, college and career and worship. Our Children's Ministry includes both AWANA and Pioneer Clubs. We praise God for the sounds of babies and young children during our morning services. God is truly so good!

I would like to quote Pastor Frank Eidse from LEBC's 75th Anniversary Book:

***Prospect:** And so we face the prospect of the years ahead. And we face the years to come with heads held high, unafraid, and with confidence that the Lord will continue to be "Our God" and "Our Guide." May we be found faithful as we continue to fulfill the purpose of the Church."*

Now in 2011 as we are about to enter a new era we find ourselves still facing the same prospect. Our theme continues to be "Our God...Our Guide". Our methodology has changed over the years but our Biblical mission, message and mandate remains the same! The Gospel is still being proclaimed and precious souls continue to respond. Christians are obediently following the Lord in believer's baptism. Our people are living out their faith in their homes, church, communities and workplaces. God's people are responding in putting on the mantle of ministry. Christ is indeed continuing to build Langham Evangelical Bible Church to the glory of God our Father. To Him be all praise and glory forever and ever. Amen!

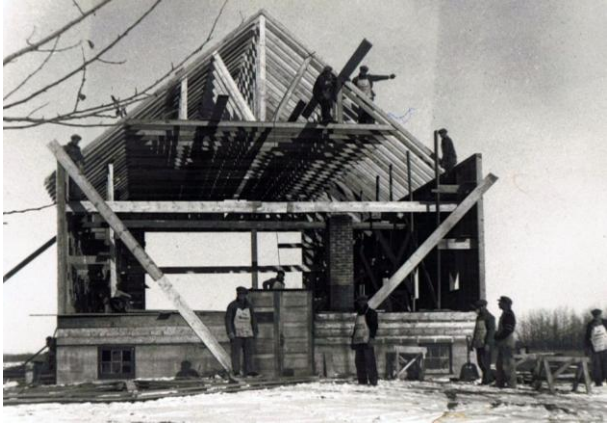
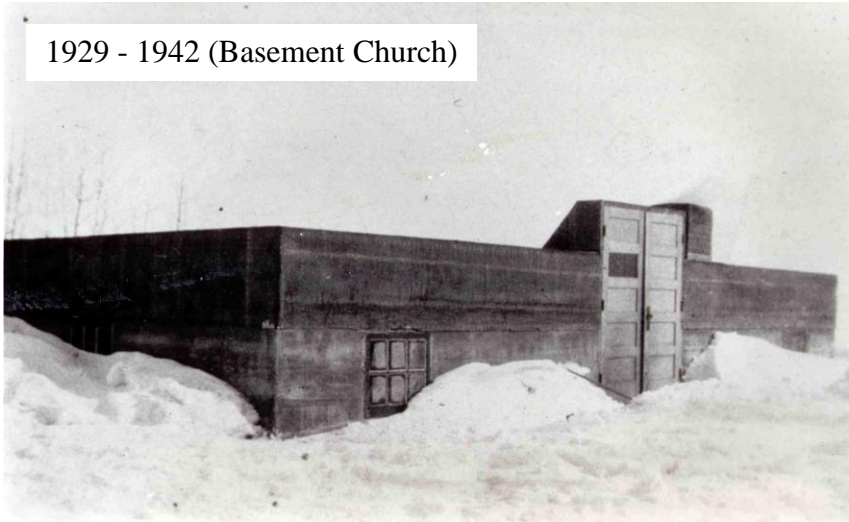
Pastor Greg Guarnett

Church Buildings 1911 - 2011

1911 - 1929 (destroyed by fire)

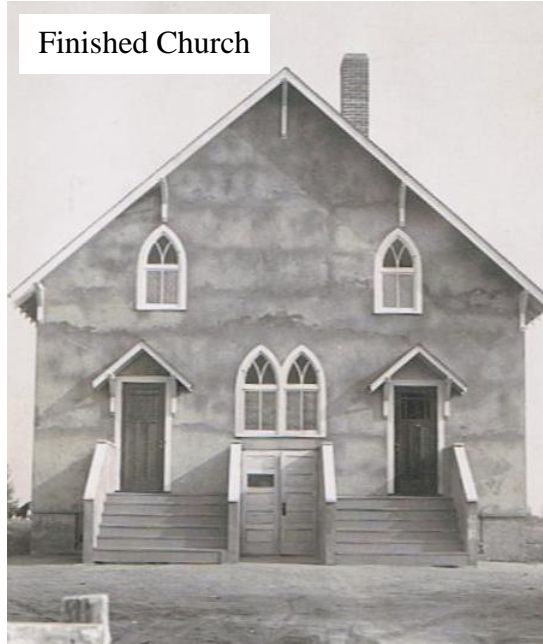


1929 - 1942 (Basement Church)



Upper Structure Begun

Finished Church



Dedication Day - August 23, 1942



Church moved into the town of Langham - July 1956



Renovations took place in 1960

The last morning service took place here on August 25, 1991. Evening services were held for the next 3 months to accommodate St. Marks Parish who purchased the building.



1991 - Present

First service was held in the unfinished sanctuary on December 1, 1991.

Dedication Service was held June 13, 1993

Service included music from the Choir, Children's Choir and Mass Choir led by Cindy Peters

Rev. Bob Vogt brought a word of encouragement

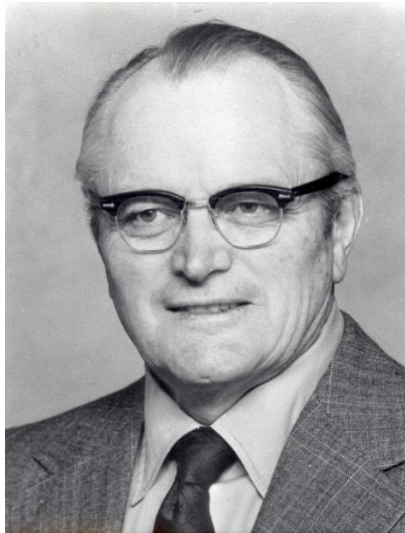
Rev. Melvin Epp brought the challenge: "Keep the Vision"

"Great is the Lord and Most Worthy of Praise"

Senior Pastors 1911 - 2011



Jacob R. Doerksen
1911 - 1940



Edward H. Epp
1943



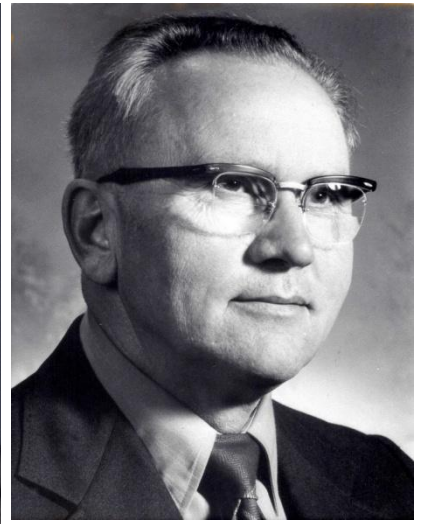
Abram P. Toews
1944 - 1948



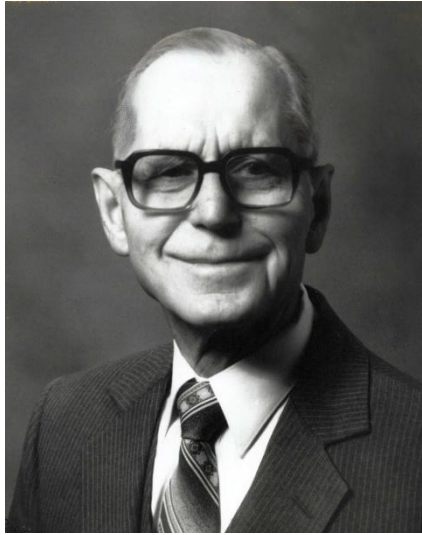
John B. Guenter
1948 - 1949



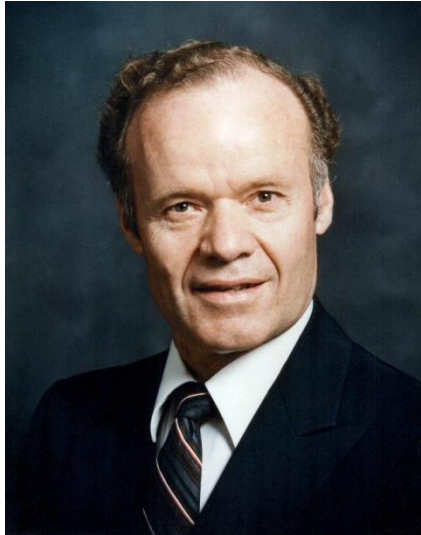
William J. Peters
1951 - 1953



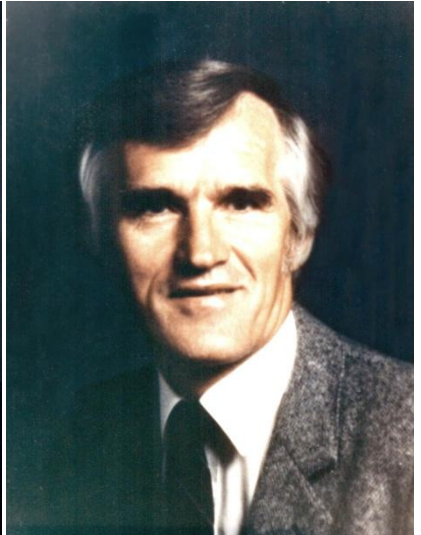
Jacob N. Hiebert
1954 - 1959



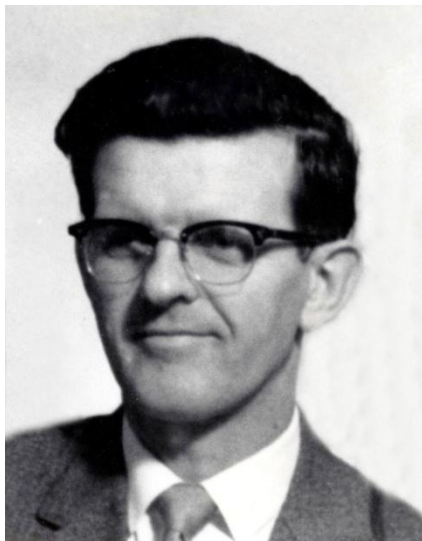
Cornelius A. Wall
1959 - 1966



Royal D. Schmidt
1966 - 1968



Randall Heinrichs
1968 - 1972



Edward Stoesz
1972 (interim)



Loyal Schmidt
1972 - 1977



Frank F. Eidse
1978 - 1989



Darrell F. Derksen
1989 - 1994



Dan Koop
1995 - 1997



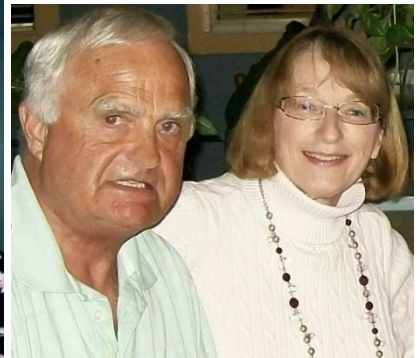
Ben Heppner
1998 - 2000 (interim)



Brian Thiessen
2000 - 2002



Robert Russell
2002 - 2003 (interim)



Dale R. Carson
2003 - 2006



Greg A. Guarnett
2007 - Present

Dedication of the “Süd Bruderthal Bethaus”

10:00 am - 12:00 noon

August 23, 1942

(a lovely but cool morning)

- Loud speaking system set up for listeners in basement and outdoors.
- Leader Abe Friesen spoke briefly to the people assembled outdoors, basing his thought on Psalm 100. God had given both the will for the undertaking and the ability for the completion of the building project.
- Deacon Dietrich Warkentin followed with prayer
- Opening of doors: Abe Friesen - men’s side; Dietrich Warkentin - ladies side
- Entering procedure: 1) ministers 2) choir 3) audience, while singing “Bringt sie herein”
(Bring Them In)

Indoor Service

1. Opening: Rev. Henry P. Schultz (Dalmeny EMB pastor)

Song: Herr, Dein Wort die edle Gabe (Lord, Your Word, the Precious Gift)

Remarks: Psalm 93:5 “O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thought are very deep”
All must be dedicated to the Lord. The hearts in which Jesus has found a lodging must be built up as living stones.

2. Choir: Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen, O Gott Zebaoth Psalm 84:1

(How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings, O God Sabaoth)

3. Recitation: Stella Peters

4. Trio: O, the Presence Of the Saviour (Malinda & Martha Friesen & Sarah Doerksen)

5. Rev. Jacob Nickel (Langham Zoar Church pastor)

Song: Wir pilgern nach Zion (We’re Marching to Zion)

Remarks: Genesis 28:16 & 17 “And Jacob awoke out of his sleep and said, “Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid and said, “How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

God’s house is a holy place and the best place to meet with the Lord. God’s house will be only as holy as the people therein are holy.

6. Choir: Ich bin froh denn der Herr sprach zu mir (I Am Glad For the Lord Spoke To Me)

7. Recitation: Sarah Willems

8. Octet: Ich habe nichts zu schenken als nur mein Herz allein

(I Have Nothing to Give Except My Heart Alone)

9. Rev. H.P. Fast (Tabor Bible School teacher)

Remarks: 1 Kings 8:12-30; 41-43.

God’s house must be:

- a house of prayer - a missions station - a lighthouse - a house of fellowship

Prayer of dedication

10. Congregational hymn - Holy God, We Praise Thy Name

Offering for the building project (\$132.35)

Afternoon Meeting (1942 Church Dedication)

- 1. Congregational hymn** - Welche Scharen (What a Gathering)
- 2. Choir:** Preis dem Herrn, Jehovah (Praise the Lord, Jehovah)
- 3. H.A. Dueck** - building report (church treasurer)
 - first church burned down - August 9, 1929
 - dedication of basement church - November 11, 1929
 - cost of building basement church: \$1500
 - cost of building church upper structure: \$2850
 - Debt: \$400
- 4. Recitation** - Cornie Peters "A New Home"
- 5. Rev. G.G. Buhler** (Tabor Bible School teacher) - spoke in English
 - Song: Wie lieblich ist's hienieden
(What a Blessedness When Brethren Unite With One Accord)
 - Remarks: Extra 6:15-22 Christians are a peculiar people - prayerful, peaceful, and witnessing people. The most important question is how to spend the days on earth profitably for the Lord.
- 6. Choir:** Jesus Is Coming To Earth Again
- 7. Recitation:** Abram Dueck
- 8. Octet:** My Life I Have Given To Thee, O Lord
- 9. Rev. Jacob Quiring** (Mennonite Brethren pastor)
 - Song: Auf, denn die nacht wird kommen (Work For the Night Is Coming)
 - Remarks: Ephesians 4:11-16 God speaks in picture language. Our body represents the church. The church body is not yet complete. It must be built up through shepherding and teaching, through sitting at the feet of the Great Teacher. The more time we spend with the Lord, the more we will be like Him. Someday we shall be like Him, for we shall see him as He is.
- 10. Quartet:** Stilles Flehen (Quiet Fervent Prayer)
- 11. Closing:** Rev. J. H. Peters
 - Revelation 21:3 "And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. God Himself will be with them, and be their God."
- 12. Choir:** Preist den Herrn (Praise the Lord)

Evening Meeting (1942 Church Dedication)

1. **Congregational singing:** Take Time To Be Holy, Speak Oft With Thy Lord
2. **Brother Dietrich Warkentin:** Hebrews 4:16 “Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace that we may obtain and find grace to help in time of need.
3. **Choir:** Mach mich reiner (Purify Me)
4. **Rev. Abe Voth**
Song: Holy God, We Praise Thy Name
Remarks: Hebrews 1:1,2 “In days of old, God spoke through prophets; now He speaks to us through His Son.
5. **Octet:** Rock of Ages
6. **Testimonies** - led by D. H. Warkentin
7. **Choir:** Wir wollen Gott uns weihen (We Want to Dedicate Ourselves to God)

Wie lieblich ist's hienieden (What a Blessedness When Brethren Unite With One Accord)
(repeat last lines in each verse)

What blessedness, when brethren unite with one accord,
Their hearts and voices blending with joy before the Lord.

Thy blessing, Lord descendeth as precious morning dew,
And falls on faithful brethren with fragrance daily new.

Some day through gates of glory the saints will enter in
With raiment white and glowing and cleansed from every sin

And all who are redeemed will stand before the throne
Christ's body thus united in Jesus Christ alone

Herr, Dein Wort die edle Gabe (Lord, Your Word, the Precious Gift)

Word of Life, divine and holy; Gift of God, so true and pure
May my soul believe Thee wholly; Dearest treasure evermore
If Thy word no more shall guide me; Faith and hope will fade away
Though the world forget, deride me; Word of God, Thou art my stay

Hallelujah, Word so precious; Rock on which my faith can stand
Sure and steadfast are Thy precepts; Lead me to the promised land
Strengthened by Thy grace, O Saviour; May I serve Thee day by day
At Thy feet in meditation; May I humbly learn Thy way

Anderson, Phil & Evelyn

Born and raised on a farm near Langham, my (Evelyn) earliest recollections were going to the country church in the winter in a horse drawn sleigh. As I grew older I can remember when the Sunday school lessons taught in German changed to the English language. At the age of 14, I made a fresh commitment to Christ. That summer I was baptized in the North Saskatchewan River along with a half a dozen others.

You allowed and encouraged young people to assist in the Sunday School. I happened to be a helper for Mrs. Nettie Rempel. Then I got to play the piano for services as well as the choir. In high school years pastors and the youth group, even though small, helped to keep me on track. Summers were an opportunity to be at camps and eventually counsel there. It was at Redberry Lake Camp that God called me to missions. Not a surprise as the church had Missions conferences each year and regular missionary presentations throughout the year. Dorothy Peters and Rueben and Millie Friesen, the Schmidts and others had gone from our congregation. When Henry and Sarah came back from a war torn Congo, again the call “to go” was impressed on my heart.

Millar College of the Bible was a place I was anxious to attend. When I brought Phil back for a visit, (a student who couldn't understand Low German), to my surprise my Dad, as well as you all accepted him as an “Andres” tho' he is an Anderson! (47 years ago that was quite significant)!! Unfortunately he still can't catch most of the finer expressions that only Low German can illuminate.

You have faithfully and graciously stood with us and supported us in prayer and finances ever since we went to Mali in 1965. This was true of church members as well as different departments of the church. Each time we came back on what used to be a “furlough”, you integrated us back into the church and we taught and assisted in some pretty neat classes. Thank you so much for your member care throughout the years. In sickness... and we went through several crises... you were there to help us. Even though we moved to Edmonton for a time, you always connected with us and gave us a spot to report when we came back home.

One of the African highlights of course was the work team that came to Mali to help with a church construction project. They did a lot more than build a building. It was an encouragement to all of us on the field and to you here in Langham. I know this was a God event for each one who came. We ourselves can testify over these four plus decades that they could not have accomplished the task without you at home holding the ropes.

We and our children have fond memories of friendships, teachers and pastors who made lasting impressions on all of our lives. God bless you as you continue be salt and light in Langham, and as you move on to the next milestone. And may God guide us as we continue to love people here and around the world and live like Jesus in order to share God's grace to all.

Phil and Ev Anderson Spring, TX

Buhler, Alvin & Verna

We only attended LEBC for a little more than five years (1987 to 1996) and were privileged to have been members of the congregation for about as many years. Frank Eidse and Darrell Derksen were pastors there during our time at LEBC. My family and I returned in the summer of 1996 so that I could complete my Pastoral Internship there under Pastor Dan Koop. Although our time there was short, it was a significant time of change for the church as it moved from its location on Main Street to the new building on 5th Avenue. Many people were involved in the construction process and it was great to see God make this building possible and to see the people work together on the project.

My own memories include being part of the Christian Education Committee and, for part of the time, being the Chair of the Committee. Christian Ed meetings were never dull or laborious, instead they were filled with laughter and enthusiasm and we conducted our duties and faced challenges with an up-beat determination that made the Committee a joy to be part of. Verna and I both spent some time teaching Sunday School and Verna worked in the Awana Club.

I'd like to share two specific memories that I have of being on the Christian Ed Committee. First of all, when I started as the Chair of the Committee, Pastor Darrell told me that I now had the responsibility to lead and give direction to the Committee and he said, "You also have the *authority* to lead and give direction to the Committee." That simple lesson of bestowing both responsibility and authority have stuck with me in all the years since and I have tried to practice the same as a pastor. Secondly, I remember planning and carrying out a Youth Retreat that took place at the church. What makes it memorable to me is that it was a blessing to see a group of dedicated people working together, each doing their part, to plan and carry out the event ... that spirit was typical of my experience at LEBC.

I had the privilege of being part of organizing several Concerts of Timeless Music. I am NOT a musical person but it was a privilege to work with others to organize the concert and work with people who were/are talented and gifted in music. The aim of the concert was to praise and worship the Lord with music that has stood the test of time. I also appreciated so much all those who on a regular basis shared their instrumental and vocal talents in weekly services.

I/We thank God for a church that continues to stand on and that teaches the Word of God and that uses the Word of God as its standard for faith and practice. It is a privilege to have been a very small part of LEBC's ministry together with a great group of saints that make up the church.

We were/are blessed by rich friendships in LEBC from people who prayed for us and who supported and encouraged us with kind and meaningful words and deeds. You were a big part of sending us off to Bible School, and supporting us while we were there, to prepare for vocational ministry. I am currently the Senior Pastor of the Christian Fellowship Church of Rhineland (near

Swift Current), a sister church to LEBC. My call to serve as a pastor became clear and literally unavoidable (I would have avoided the call if I could have!) during my/our time at LEBC. Thank you, LEBC, for investing in our lives and for allowing us the opportunity to serve the Lord alongside you.

Finally, I remember the Late Mr. Abe Peters on numerous occasions sharing, during church services, how Sunday School had, in his words, “Blessed my socks off!” That phrase still echoes in my mind and I can use those same words to describe my time at LEBC ... you blessed my socks off ... thanks (Heb. 6:10).

As you continue on from this significant milestone proclaiming the Good News of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, my family and I wish you God’s wisdom and power and guidance and rich blessing. Paul’s prayer for the Thessalonian church is also our prayer for you (2 Thessalonians 2:16-17), “May our Lord Jesus Christ Himself and God our Father, Who loved us and by His grace gave us eternal encouragement and good hope, encourage your hearts and strengthen you in every good deed and word.”

Alvin (& Verna) Buhler

Carson, Dale & Carolyn

To our Dear Family in Christ,

Philippians 1:3-7a says this, *”I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy, for your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now; Being very confident of this very thing, that He which has begun a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ.”* Just as it is right for me to think this of you all, because I have you in my heart!

This has been one of the most difficult challenges, (writing these memories for there is so much I could write.

I remember it was a spiritual battle for me to send my resume west of the Ontario border because it was so far from home. However, God pushed me to that point so that in May of 2003 I finally sent a resume to the Evangelical Bible Church. To my surprise within a few days I received a reply and within two months after a trip to candidate and a 100% vote, we were preparing to move to the cold, flat Saskatchewan.

I must say it was one of the best decisions I have ever made with God’s leading! The next three years were a delight to my soul forever etched in my mind! What a blessed ministry! We had seen numerous people saved within and without the confines of the local church and the honour of baptizing 27 believers in those 3 years.

It was with great reluctance but what we thought were health issues and headed back east. But God knew in His sovereignty what lay ahead in my dear wife's parents lives. Her Dad stepped out into eternity within eight months of our return and now an ongoing serious illness of her Mom.

Carolyn and I both look upon our stay in Langham as the best 3 years of our ministry and I remember often with emotion my love of our dear congregation! You are daily in my mind and heart as I remember you in prayer and am often reminded of Langham by a TV program.

We regret not being able to be at your 100th anniversary but in God's will we will try and make the journey out in October when we can meet and renew our wonderful friendships!

In His Service, Dale Carson

I, Carolyn as well hold you close in my heart and as Dale said our time with you dear people was the best and most enjoyable ministry for us. We grew to love you all very quickly.

Special times for me were: discipling some of the ladies and teens, individually, so many special moments of seeing God work in our lives and answering prayers. I grew close to each of them.

I enjoyed working with the Awana children and seeing them learning to hide God's word in their hearts and having fun together with game time.

I remember Heather Wall looking for a Sunday School teacher for the Junior High class, an age group that I had never worked with and really felt I couldn't do that but after much prayer God gave me the courage to say yes! And, oh, I enjoyed that class so very much!! Then I enjoyed working with the Word of Life with the Junior High's & the teens. A blessing!

I also found the Willing Hands Ladies group such a blessing as they prayed, gave and worked. A valuable ministry with precious ladies.

So many more things I could say but it would go on too long.

Precious Memories, how they linger!!! We thank the Lord for the privilege of serving the Lord with you all and continue to pray for you!

We would love to be there for the 100th anniversary celebration but we hope to see you all in October if God wills it. We will be delighted to renew our friendships! God bless each of you !

Blessings,

Carolyn Carson

Derksen, Darrell & Priscilla

What a privilege to have ministered as part of your church. We came to Langham as ‘kids’ having just graduated from Bible College. You walked with us over the next years granting us opportunity to grow and eventually accepting our leadership as the Senior Pastor couple. We often think back to our years together as the time when we grew up in ministry. May God continue to bless you for your grace towards us in those early years.

We shared ourselves and the church’s resources with the community around us. Early on Darrell was taken for a tour of the Awana bus route. Introductions happened at each yard and that fall he was officially sent out as the new bus driver. Each Wednesday children were brought into town to participate in Awana. This one memory is indicative of our time in Langham. A church that was ready to serve the community with expressions of the gospel.

It was a great privilege to minister to the youth. There were Bible studies and events filled with activity. But one lasting memory is the time shared with those who led alongside us. To see those who graduated from High School eventually become leaders of the youth program.

Our summary thoughts of Langham always include two words: church and community. We saw ourselves as serving both. We enjoyed the church family and its distinctives as we enjoyed great times with the people in the community as a whole. I, Darrell, believe that I developed this perspective on ministry from the leaders of the church. It was part of your DNA and I adopted it as part of mine.

As you celebrate 100 years we congratulate you on being part of the “Hope for our Nation”. We thank you for being long term encouragers of us and our family. We regret not being able to share this weekend with you. May God be Praised as you enjoy the celebration.

Pastor Darrell & Priscilla

Eidse, Frank & Betty

The Lord called me (Frank) to leave my farm in southern Manitoba and go into fulltime ministry in 1969. I had been ordained as an associate pastor in Morris Mennonite Church in 1967. The call came from the Lost River Church to be their pastor in 1969. I was their pastor until the end of January 1978. It was then that I responded to the call to be pastor of the Langham Bible Church.

I was pastor of this church until the end of August 1989. I praise God for the privilege of having great support from the church council; all faithful members of this church's ministry. Ephesians 3:7-8 "I became a servant of this gospel by the gift of God's grace given me through the working of his power. The grace was given to me: to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." At one time we had four Henrys in the church council : Henry Schmidt, Henry Derksen, Henry Wall, and Henry Thiessen. Henry Derksen was a good moderator of the church for many years.

I enjoyed preaching the Word of God and also the young couple's Sunday School class. I had as many as a dozen couples on the list. The Awana program was a very important part of the church program. Harold Reimer did a great job as Commander. The church made a good decision in the purchasing of a bus. This gave us a great opportunity to reach many children to the southern area of Langham. Our seniors met at the church to check at least 150 MailBox Club lessons ever two weeks for a number of years.

Music is always a very important part of the church worship services. We had a great choir led by Sarah Schmidt. Paul Ikert was a good song leader and also sang solos. We had a good ladies trio: Sarah Schmidt, Mary Thiessen and Norma Pankratz. I could always count on Mary Thiessen and Margaret Ens in our ministry at the Langham Seniors Home.

The church made an important decision in the Fall of 1984 to call the Darrell Derksens to the position as assistant pastor. I enjoyed working together with Darrell in the ministry. Darrell's work with the youth, College & Career and many other areas of ministry went very well and it took a big load off of my shoulders. The Sask Extension meetings and the involvement in the commissions of the FEBC Fellowship was an important part of the church's ministries.

A new experience for me was when we went to the Saskatchewan River for baptism. We walked into the river and baptized by pouring water on the candidate. After two or so years we got a baptismal tank in the church, and after that it was baptism by immersion.

Jesus said, "My house should be a house of prayer." We always had regular Wednesday evening prayer meetings. Over the years I had many that came to my church office to share their concerns and to pray together. We had the privilege to pray and support our missionaries from

this church. Rueben Friesens and Phil Andersons serving in Mali, Africa; and Dorothy Peters in Japan.

In those days it was part of my ministry to make house visitations. I believe that to visit people in their home is the best way to learn about the families of the church and get to pray for their needs. My wife Betty and I decided to put up a calendar where people could mark the day of the week they could visit us and have pie and coffee together. We had a good response. Later we put up another calendar where they could mark when we could visit them for soup, and soup only.

In September 1989 we responded to the call to be pastor of the Fairview Bible Church in Swift Current. I retired from the pastorate in October 1999 after 10 years in that church. We have now lived Saskatoon over 11 years in the West Portal Manor. I still enjoy preaching in senior homes and am in charge of the seniors ministry of West Portal M.B. Church.

So many that I served together with in this church have gone to heaven and I am looking forward to meeting them again in that wonderful place that Jesus is preparing for us.

My prayer for the church is, "That my God will meet all your needs according to His glorious riches in Christ Jesus." Philipians 4 :19

Elliott, Don & Elsie

After being in Russia for 13 years working with a group to establish a church in the northern city of Petrozavodsk which now has over 100 members, we are back in Cuba as of October 2009 where we spent 40 years before going to Russia; working in an Orphanage which had about 70 children when we closed it; and then a teacher training school for 15 years to prepare young ladies as Sunday School teachers and ten years here at the Seminary.

Our present ministry in Cuba is varied since we are living at the New Pine's Seminary / Bible school campus where help is always needed. In June, 14 students graduated and are now full time pastors. More churches are founded than the Seminary can prepare pastors for. We also spend some time helping on a small farm of the son of one of the former orphans, Yunior and wife Massiel, who is a full time lawyer for the New Pine's work. Some time ago they began a cell group in a neighbor's house which multiplied into two groups. More recently this has grown into a house church held every Sunday afternoon in the garage on the farm. Yunior and Massiel were given this responsibility from their central church. The purpose is to reach the neighbors with over 30 attending at present. At times Don is asked to give the message. Since April we have the responsibility of being chaplains at the home of the aged a kilometer from the Seminary. We visit the home every Wednesday at 4:00 p.m. There are six residents at present but the workers need to be encouraged, for their responsibility with those six could be very taxing. It is good to know that they all sleep well at night. We sing some hymns and choruses and a word from the Bible to encourage them in the Lord. They share prayer requests, we pray and usually that takes an hour. Transportation is often a problem and we trust that we will soon have our own vehicle so as to be able to visit them oftener and help with medical needs.

We are asked to speak in other churches and will do more of this when we have the vehicle. More funds are still needed for this purchase.

I, Elsie Elliott, must say that the Langham Evangelical Bible church meant much to me. I began to go to church before I could talk or walk. I accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour when I was 14 years old, and I looked forward to my baptism, but no mention of this was made yet ... so I prayed and shortly after that I, with a number of others were baptized in the North Saskatchewan River near Borden. I knelt down in the river in my white gown and Pastor Doerksen took water from the river with both hands and opening his hands over my head I was baptized.

Don & Elsie Elliott

Friesen, Alfred & Eldean

The Vision, Birth, and Growth of Mid Prairie Scripture Mission

Early in 1936 in a second year Sunday School Administration class at Tabor Bible School in Dalmeny, I was given a vision of crowds of children beckoning me to come to their schools. For 9 years I kept it a secret until I came to the place where I needed to decide the future of my life. My options were to buy a farm for which I had the necessary \$1200.00 or respond to the vision I believed was clearly from God.

Our pastor Rev. A.P. Toews quoted the words of Jesus to Peter in a message from John's Gospel chapter 21 verse 15, "Feed My lambs". For me it was the clear confirmation I needed! I shared my vision and decision with Pastor Toews. Over the next year Pastor Toews organized a board of directors from within the Dalmeny and Langham EMB churches and served as its president, meeting for the first time on September 15, 1946. My wife Eldean and I received a letter assuring us that we were to do the work God had called us to. The letter included a cheque for \$50.00 with the assurance that it would be our monthly support and in addition they would add \$.05 per mile travelled in ministry.

Pastor Toews and I created a Bible memory course of 200 verses divided into 8 sections. For every 25 verses a child recited, a prize was to be awarded. The prize for having completed all 200 was either a week at Bible Camp, a leather bound Bible or a Bible story book. Over the next years this was expanded to four sets of 200 verses introduced a year at a time.

Pastor Toews instructed me how to proceed but told me he would not be accompanying me. I was to approach the teacher and get permission to introduce the Bible Memory Course and give a Bible based message in 30 minutes, and of course hand out prizes to those who qualified. There would be a monthly visit.

On October 8, 1946 I ventured out. Before the month was out I had the permission of 29 schools! Praise the Lord! Almost all of these schools were rural. By the 1960's this number grew to 66 with an enrolment of approximately 1500 children, plus their teachers. Since my visits were only once a month most teachers gave me permission to come "Any time of the day".

In consideration of the power of the visual my messages were portrayed on a 'flannel-graph' board or with 'flash-cards'. To invite children to make a public decision for salvation was inappropriate in that setting so we prayed that the Holy Spirit would continue to bless the Word and do a work of salvation in repentant hearts in His timing. And the Holy Spirit did that, some during the school year, some during Daily Vacation Bible School, and some in Bible Camps. May God reward all those who joined us in prayer and those who also led these dear ones to Christ.

Daily Vacation Bible Schools (DVBS)

In 1947 Rev. Toews introduced me to the areas in which he had organized D.V.B.S.'s all the way to the Howard Sauder farm east of Carrot River. However, when the Toew's family moved to Dallas, Oregon in 1948 we were left to take over that phase of the ministry of what is now known as Mid-Prairie Scripture Mission.

God continued to supply open doors, faithful workers, and homes for them to stay during the weeks or the week they were in the community, and the children came—many responding to the Saviour's offer of salvation. It was a spiritual harvest time and the angels in heaven were rejoicing! Thank you to all who so faithfully laboured together with us. Many taught, many prayed, and many provided in various ways. And God blessed. The closing programs were opportunities to give the good news to parents “... the gospel... is the power of God for salvation to everyone who believes...” (Romans 1:16 ESV).

Bible Camps

The Scripture Mission Board of Directors took the responsibility for the location, time and staffing of Bible Camps. My part was to invite the children and arrange for transportation to and from camp, and to be on staff as a teacher.

My wife Eldean, and I regarded the years of 1946 - 1973 to be the most blessed years of our lives. It provides a great deal of joy to see that the work once begun so primitively is flourishing and that you are faithful in supporting and carrying on the work. May God bless and richly reward you!

Friesen, Rueben & Betty

OUR MALI STORY

A brief introduction may be helpful. We began our Mali journey separately.

I, Rueben, upon confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, became a member of the Langham EBC in 1945. After retirement, I transferred to Evangelical Free Church Carberry, MB. (Betty's home church), after our move to Saskatoon (2005) to Lawson Heights Alliance Church. .

I sensed the call of God to Missions during my first year at Tabor Bible Institute in Dalmeny, SK. The Lord guided me through graduation, mission orientation and acceptance by the Gospel Missionary Union for Fr. Sudan (now Republic of Mali) West Africa. In 1952 I went to Switzerland for required French study. There, Matilda (Millie) Elias and I were engaged. We were married in Mali, February 24, 1954.

Our main ministry was church planting, much of it being itinerant. This involved teaching people to read, literature distribution in markets, medical work and some construction. In December 1961 when Millie was diagnosed with breast cancer, we left for Alberta, Canada. She passed away April 1964 leaving me with three children – Dorothy 8, Karon 7, Paul 5.

I, Betty (Elizabeth Wiebe) had my Bible training in Steinbach, MB. I received my calling to missions through Dr. Don P. Shidler's ministry (GMU). After French language study, I arrived in Mali in 1955. Beginning with Bambara language study, I was involved in medical work, Girl's School, women's and children's ministries for two terms. Home assignment 1964.

The Lord worked in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. On December 30, 1964 we were married in Carberry MB, Canada. After an extended furlough of adjusting to a new family life, and raising additional support, we returned to Mali August 1965. Family-wise, the hardest thing we did was to leave our three children in Guinea, West Africa to attend Mamou MK School. Later God gave us Dwight. Eventually, all 4 children graduated from International Christian Academy in Ivory Coast. Malians loved them, they were an asset to our ministry.

From 1965 - 1991 (when we retired) our location varied a lot. For some time it was deemed best that when missionaries returned from Home Assignment they continue their ministry where they had left off. To facilitate that, we filled in "wherever." Four years in succession we moved annually. This gave us little stability but gave us the blessed privilege of getting an overall acquaintance and appreciation for the whole church, while Christ was building it.

We enjoyed working as a "husband & wife team". We taught many dry seasons at the Mana Bible School (Bambara language), managed the Book Store, did itinerary work (supervising

correspondence Bible studies) distributing literature, managing CLE (literature production center), hosting the guest-house and supervising the translation and printing of some Bible story books and other study materials. We also served as dorm-parents at ICA for 2 years. Thus we felt like “Jack of all trades but master of none”.

On April 30, 2011 the EEPM (the national Church) celebrated its 50th anniversary. Under its leadership there are two Bible Training Schools (Bambara), IBR & Theological Seminary (French), a literature production center, 42 FM radio stations, 5 missionary couples serving in different ethnic groups, 150 pastors ministering in 300+ congregations. PRAISE GOD FOR WHAT HE IS DOING.

Thanks to God for giving us 30+ years of that amazing era to share in their growing-pains and joys – from a primitive state to our retirement in 1991. GOD BLESS YOU FOR YOUR FAITHFUL PRAYER AND FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

Recognizing their lack of experience, the church now requests missionary assistance to explore and develop specific ventures towards future growth. Prayer and support remains essential.

Rueben & Betty Friesen

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Heinrichs, Randall & Dorothy

After graduating from Biola College in the spring of 1968, while not sure if I should continue studies at Talbot Seminary, we received a phone call from Bill Friesen asking whether we'd consider pastoring the Langham EMB Church. We candidated in June, received a call in July, and began pastoring in October, 1968. While Langham was not our first pastorate, it was our first full-time pastorate & our first well-established church. For the first time I had the joy of serving side by side with men who were mature and well experienced in church leadership. Langham provided a good learning situation for both Dorothy & me.

One of the bonuses that came along with pastoring in a rural setting was the opportunity to help some farmers during harvest time. Although I didn't get to drive a combine, I enjoyed hauling grain from the combine to the granary. With my Bible & study books by my side, I was able to do my sermon preparation while waiting for the next load.

While preaching the Word was always my first priority, I have little doubt that visitation came in second. One of the highlights of our ministry was for Dorothy & me to visit all the church families together, and for me to do outreach visitation in the community. This opened up many doors for sharing the gospel. Prior to coming to Langham we'd had very little experience in ministering to seniors but in Langham, where we had a significant number of seniors in our church, we quickly learned to relate to them, and to appreciate their wisdom & Godly example. Visiting in their homes as well as in hospitals & nursing homes was truly an enriching experience, an experience that has been a great help to us throughout the years of our ministry.

If I were to decide what was the most significant aspect of our ministry in Langham, I'd probably say it was launching the Awana program. In 1970 the Langham EMB Church became the first church in Canada to be registered with the Awana Youth Association. We were so grateful that the church at that time had the vision to adopt the Awana program as a means of reaching boys & girls and their families for Jesus Christ, and that you have continued this ministry right through to the present time.

Finally, it was while pastoring the Langham Church and being chairman of the Saskatchewan Extension Committee that it was decided, after surveying several communities, to begin a church planting work in Humboldt. As a result of this decision, in the spring of 1972, we moved from Langham to Humboldt to face the biggest challenge of our lives - starting a church in the Roman Catholic community of Humboldt, having no nucleus whatsoever. By the time we left Humboldt a little more than 6 years later, we had a church building and about 50 people in attendance on a Sunday morning. Some were Christians that moved in, some were locals that had come to faith in Jesus, and some were still unsaved. God was at work building His church, and He gave us the privilege of partnering with Him. To God be the glory !

With many fond memories, Randy & Dorothy Heinrichs

Houghton, Charmaine (Peters)

100 years of ministry is truly a milestone worthy of celebration. It would be impossible to calculate the number of lives changed as a result of this church ministry over the years. God alone deserves the glory for the spiritual influence you all have had on countless lives. For me personally, I am blessed to be the 3rd generation of a family who has worshipped within the walls of Langham Evangelical Bible Church at some point over the last century.

My earliest recollection of the physical building was entering through the two separate entrances. Dad would enter through one door and Mom and my sister and I through another door. Magically we all arrived in the same room, or so it seemed as a young child. Washrooms were located in the basement, a scary place to go alone if you were little. That basement, however, was also the location of the church library. It was that tiny little corner of books that first opened my eyes to the value of Christian literature. Countless concerts and programs were held on the stage with a wire curtain strung straight across from wall to wall to offer the performers the utmost privacy. A sound barrier it was not, however. While this realization was lost to most of us young kids, just having that curtain blocking you from the spectators felt empowering.

I'm not sure as children we ever truly understand the impact childhood experiences will have on us as adults. I feel blessed to look back on my time in this church with a thankful heart for it is within the walls of this church I first heard the story of Jesus taught through Sunday School, church services and Awana club. It was at this church that my love of gospel music began and opportunities to serve in music were given, something I continue to do in my own church now as an adult. And it is still at this church that I continue to feel a sense of "family". Now that Dad and Mom have both passed away, I am grateful that family connection has continued to stay strong. What a joy it was to hear Betty Schierling's voice on the phone telling me of the upcoming celebration and, were it not for our daughter's wedding during that same time, we most surely would be joining in the weekend activities.

Our thoughts and prayers will be with you on this special weekend. We pray it'll be a time of thankful remembrance for years gone by. As God has proven faithful in the past, may He continue to bless this church ministry as you serve the community and meet the needs of those who walk through your doors each week. God bless you all.

Koop, Dan & Norma

My passion throughout life has been to grow and to progress in my Christian walk and to see fellow Christians do the same. As a result my mission has been to teach Christians how to grow in the Lord, to learn through the Word of God, and to increase their relationship with Jesus through prayer. This in turn will translate in being a witness to unsaved and make the Christian life appealing to them.

Some of my highlights were to disciple baptismal candidates, seeing them step into the waters of baptism, representing the death and resurrection of the Christ. Throughout the pre-baptismal classes I got very close to these candidates and kept up communications with some of these people even after we left Langham. What a joy to see their hunger for the Word of God and to note their growth in the Christian faith.

Another highlight was the teaching ministry of the Word of God. I enjoyed going through various books of the Bible chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph or verse by verse and drawing out lessons for deeper Christian walk. Teaching the books of Joshua, Ruth, and some Pauline Epistles were highlights, I still have every sermon preached in LEBC on record. Working with Pastor Brian Thiessen and the Youth was very refreshing. We worked together like a great team and have had many visits since those days.

Another highlight was the outreach into the community through hospital visitation. The results will only be known once we get to heaven but some blessings were realized here on earth. Several days a week I would like to go down town for coffee and meet a variety of people from the community. One of these people was George who was there every day. One day I heard George was in the hospital, and although not from LEBC still I went to visit him. I asked if I could pray for him and so I did. I found out that George had cancer and his future did not look too hopeful.

Every week I would visit George and he seemed to enjoy my visits and so we started a short Bible study. I went through the book of John highlighting certain verses of each chapter. George had attended very little church after his wife died, he claimed to be a Christian and now through these Bible studies I saw that he was growing in his relationship with the Lord. One day on one of my visits, George said, “you are the only one who comes to visit me, after my friends heard I had cancer, they left me.” I replied, “if I can be of any help to people who are suffering, I want to be there for them.” A few weeks later, George was getting weaker, chemo and radiation seems to do these things to the body. George asked me, “would you do my funeral for me?” Of course I said “yes.”

A few weeks later George passed away, and now I was facing a question, “what will I say?” I had no doubt that George was in heaven, but what was the basis for my conviction and how

could I say something that would make George's funeral a challenge to the community? As I prayed the Lord said, "why don't you briefly explain the Bible studies you had with George and show the community they can also know how they can get to heaven." And that's what I did. I started preaching with telling the audience about the Bible studies I had had with George.

John 1:12, "But as many as receive Jesus, to them God gave the power to become the sons of God." John 5:5 Jesus said, "I tell you the truth no one can enter the kingdom of God unless he is born of the water and the Spirit." Along with John 3:16 and then on to John 5:24 "I tell you the truth, whoever hears my word and believes him who sent me has eternal life." Then I addressed the congregation and said to them, "Just as George received Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, as George wanted "LIVING WATER," the water that would give him eternal life, just as George believed and accepted the Word of God, you, dear friend, can do the same and know for sure you are on your way to heaven.

The following morning one of the community people who was usually at the restaurant for coffee made the remark, "Well if you didn't know how to get to heaven after hearing Koop yesterday, you know now."

We have enjoyed contact with a number of friends over the years since Norma and I left and have frequently stopped in for coffee, suppers or short chats.

Peters, Dorothy

Praise God for the Langham Evangelical Bible Church – my home church! It's impossible to adequately express my gratitude for all it has meant to me and the vital role it has played throughout my life.

As I grew up, missionaries came to our church and we had them into our home. Before accepting Jesus as my Saviour it was frightening to have them come, lest they even confront me about being saved.

Thankfully the church had evangelists come for a series of meetings and at the age of fourteen I accepted Jesus as my Saviour but didn't have the assurance that I was saved until two years later. Then on August 16, 1942 together with several other young people I took the step and became a member of the Süd Bruderthal church at Langham.

After one year of High School the Lord led me to attend the Tabor Bible School in Dalmeny. Mr. Edward Epp, one of the instructors who had been born and raised in China often shared about his experiences there. That created an interest in my heart for China so one day in my heart I prayed, "If you can use me, send me." It even prompted me to make a scrapbook about China.

To become a missionary necessitated additional training so I enrolled at Grace Bible Institute in Omaha, Nebraska. While there the doors to China closed but having applied to the Far Eastern Gospel Crusade (FEGC) now SEND International I was encouraged to go to Japan. However, to be better prepared, further experience was required so I was assigned to help at the Rosthern Bible School for a year.

Lacking the credentials needed as instructor, dorm supervisor, student gratis co-ordinator plus chapel once a week, the school hired me, but the assignment would have been impossible apart from the mercy of God and the encouragement and support of the church. Following that, I joined others for Candidate School and internship in Minnesota and returned home for final preparations to leave for Japan. Again the church rallied to the needs for prayer and financial support even though I never mentioned my needs.

Over the period of more than four decades, literally dozens of families and individuals (from children to seniors) were faithful to the commitment they made to God and His word in Japan. What a day it will be when Christ returns and together we will worship and praise Him for all that He has done !

Peters, Harold & Kerry

Memories of Life and Godliness at Langham Evangelical Bible Church

As a child I remember when Ross Wheeler was driven over by a car but he survived just fine. I remember when Leonard Warkentin was kicked by a horse and he did just fine. I also remember what I think was my first Sunday School teacher – Corny Thiessen and for me every word that came from his mouth was like coming from God. I remember the baptisms at the river, Borden bridge was a big trip in those days. I remember the revival services where it seemed we went to church every night for a week or two with Henry Unrau and later Vernon Derksen preaching their hearts out, with many people making commitments to come to Christ or to come back to Him.

I remember the prayer meetings with a serious Bible study followed by prayer and usually we knelt down to pray. Young People's meetings and choir gave us all a chance to participate and even lead. While I was teaching at Maymont I usually came home to my parents place for the weekends. I remember when Jake Peters and Bill Friesen came to see me there one Friday night. They wanted to see me in private so they invited me out to their car. After short greetings they said that they had come from an Elders prayer meeting in which they had prayed for many of the young people. Then they said something like this, "Harold we were praying for you and we don't know what the Lord has for you but we want to assure you that if you sense the Lord calling you to minister somewhere in pastoral or missionary service, we as Elders agree with that call." (Approximate paraphrase) That was a great encouragement for a young man looking to the Lord for the future. I have used that illustration in Africa, Europe, Russia and here in North America, as a positive example of how church leadership should be encouraging their young people and I thank this church for their leadership and help in guiding my life.

The Lord has been very good to Kerry and me and you as a church have had a major role in the ministries that He has given us. We pray that the Lord will bless you there in Langham and area and that he will continue to use the Langham Evangelical Bible Church to raise up committed believers that have an effective witness in the Langham area and around the world. Some of those witnesses will be farmers, others professionals in the secular world and others preaching and teaching the Word of God around the world. Thank you and may the Lord continue to bless you there!

Peters, Bill & Adila by Lois (Peters) Reimer

July 11, 2011

When I visited my mother, Adila (Warkentin) Peters (Bill), this afternoon I mentioned the Langham church's plans to celebrate its 100 year anniversary. She laughed when I commented that's not a lot older than she is (96 next October) or even I, getting "up there." She recalled how some brides in her day chose to wear gowns in pastel colours; hers was a soft peach. Her friends and she wore these gowns (shortened a bit?) to one another's weddings. Somewhere there is a black and white picture of five or six at such an occasion.

My mother remembered it was in the Langham church that Bill was ordained to pastoral ministry. It became the solid, nurturing body for people like my father, Bill Peters. Over the years people have held "full time" workers in high regard – I maintain the "laity" should be given greater honour, as the often underrated but essential component to spiritual growth.

Thank you Langham church for being the "fertile soil" for healthy development until we ALL see Jesus.

Lois (Peters) Reimer
Winnipeg

Peters, Wes & Barb

I (Wes) was born in Saskatoon, September 7, 1940. Wm J and Adila Peters are my parents. I have memories going back to when I was 3 years old. My dad and Uncle Gus rented a bunch of land and were very busy farming when I was growing up. My dad was away with a thrashing crew and only heard that I was born when he came to church the following Sunday. During the winter the Langham "Brudertaler" came to church in covered sleighs. They had little wood stoves in them in order for the family to keep warm. Of course there was a horse barn at church so that the horses could keep warm during the service. Sometimes we stayed at church and had lunch together. The treat for me was ring sausage and "tweback".

Our pastor was Rev. A P Toews. He and his family lived in town. It seemed to me that my parents were close friends of the Toews. One day we got the news that the Dallas EMB church in Oregon had called the Toews to become their pastor. That left us with none. I was just a boy (who can tell me when this happened?) Then the church decided to ask several of the young men to make up a pastoral team. They took turns preaching. Of course it was still in German at the time. The team included, Corny Peters, Bill Friesen, Bill Peters, who was my dad and probably some other men whom I have forgotten. Sometime during this time we moved to Dalmeny (1946?) so that dad could get in a year of Bible school.

The following year I began school in Langham. Miss Epp was our teacher. She taught 4 grades. My sister Lois was in that class as well. In the process of being one of the shepherds, my dad realized he needed to get back to school. As a teenager he had flunked 6th grade 3 times, and was old enough to quit school all together. By now we were a family with 4 children. We moved to Rosthern where dad enrolled in Rosthern Junior College, where he completed grade 10. Back to the farm again for a few years, then returning to Rosthern for grade 11. By then my father had figured out, we were paying school taxes. Why not go to public school to finish off his high school? So we moved to Dalmeny for a year and all went to school together. My dad was in grade 12, Lois in grade 9; I was in grade 7 and Blondina in grade 3, all in Dalmeny public school, even all in the same building! Mom cooked for the Bible School. I assume that paid for our rent. Why am I giving you all these details? Because during these years my father was pastor in the Langham church as well as being involved in some conference activity. He was preaching, farming and going to school at the same time. In 1955 dad got a call from the church in Stuartburn Manitoba. In the meantime he had convinced the Langham church to switch from German worship services to English.

My spiritual roots go back to Langham EMB as well. The church still had two separate entrances, one for the women and one for the men. Martha Friesen taught my Sunday school class. It took place in the men's entry-way. She became a missionary to Haiti. Then Mrs. Ike Thiessen taught us. (See picture below) Several in that picture, including Harold Peters and Rudy Wiens went into full-time Christian ministry or missions. Eventually my sister Lois and I went to Grace Bible School in Omaha, where Dorothy Peters and Uncle Reuben Warkentin had also gone to college. Here I met Barb Hibma. She became my sweetheart. We married and left for Germany in 1965; and that is where we serve to this day.

Thanks, Langham church, for being such a wonderful place where I could belong for my growing-up years.

Wes Peters



Rowland, Gordon & Valerie (Friesen)

I (Val) grew up attending the Langham Evangelical Mennonite Brethren Church. Some of my childhood memories include:

- I remember when the old church building had two entry doors – the left one was for the men and the right one was for the women. The baby room (nursery) was to the left of the women's coat room and the basement stairs were to the left of the men's coat room.
- Sunday School classes were separated by curtains which could be opened up during potluck meals, etc.
- Sunday School picnics at the Forestry Farm with many different races involving all age groups and then Dixie Ice Cream cups afterward and/or watermelon & roll cookies.
- Sunday School Christmas Programs – practice would be on Sunday afternoons for 3-4 Sundays before the program. Those involved would bring a bag lunch (picnic lunch) and practice would start at 1:00 pm. I remember these as being fun times.
- Youth Group tobogganing on the river hills – those were long hills to climb back up. Sometimes there would be someone with a snowmobile to take us back up the hill. After tobogganing we would roast marshmallows and have hot chocolate.
- As a teenager I began playing piano for church services – beginning with special numbers during the offering and then playing for the hymns. I also helped with the pre-school Sunday School class.

While attending Nipawin Bible Institute I met Gordon Rowland and we were married in 1978. That same year Gordon became a member of the church. During that winter, Gordon also was involved in leading the AWANA Shipmate program for the Senior High Youth.

In 1979 we joined Village Missions to begin serving as missionary pastors in the rural areas of Canada. We have remained in this ministry for the past 32 years. During that time we have served in 5 churches in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Our current assignment is in Clive, Alberta, a village of about 600 people, where we have been for the past 10 years.

One of the things we have appreciated so much over all these years in ministry is the support of the Langham Bible Church. For over 30 years we have been supported financially by the church. We have also appreciated knowing that many individuals as well as groups, such as the Willing Hands, have prayed regularly for us and our ministry.

We certainly have fond memories of, and a great deal of appreciation for, the Langham Evangelical Bible Church. We pray that the Lord will continue to use this church to reach people in this community and around the world until He returns.

Gordon & Val (Friesen) Rowland

Russell, Robert (Bob)

My Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ;

I appreciate being given this opportunity to greet you as you celebrate one hundred years of God's faithfulness to you as a church. I am conscious that the role I played was very minute.

In the summer of the year 2002 I was invited to come and be Interim Pastor of the church. I came sensing the Lord's leading, and feeling challenged by the particular needs that existed in the church at that time. I did not know how long the Lord would have me stay, it turned out to be ten months. When I left there was a new pastor on the horizon and I felt that my role was accomplished.

As I reflect on my time at Langham Evangelical Bible Church I can identify with the Apostle Paul, writing to the church at Philippi, he said, "I thank my God in all my remembrance of you". Philippians 1:3,7 ESV. As I visited in so many of your homes I was warmly received, a friendship was established that continues to this day.

I thank God for Allan Friesen, who is now home with the Lord. In my early days at the church I spent a lot of time with him. He was such a blessing as I tried to get to know people as quickly as possible. He introduced me to so many people, sometimes coming on pastoral visits with me. The secretarial work of Marilyn Friesen was invaluable during my time at the church, like every good secretary, she was a wealth of information.

My memories of those ten months are of many Elder's meetings, God gave the church men who served Him faithfully during those difficult days, their work was rewarded as they gave leadership to the church.

My emphasis in ministry has always been on expository teaching/preaching of the Word of God. It was a great encouragement to me to see the way the Word was received, I know that eternity alone will reveal all that the Word accomplished.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the role that my wife played in the ministry. Her support and prayers were such an encouragement. It was a role that was not visible to many. During the period of ministry at Langham her health was failing, although we had no idea at that time that the symptoms would lead to her going home to be with the Lord. As I think of the time spent at Langham Evangelical Bible Church it brings back memories of her, and I am thankful to our Lord.

I join with you, as a church, in giving praise to the Lord for 100 years of His faithfulness, may these be days of giving Him all the glory.

Sincerely in Christ, Robert A. Russell

Schmidt, Loyal & Donna

My earliest memory of Langham was going to bed exhausted the first night we were there. Besides all of the packing up in Omaha, Nebraska, we had driven 1100 + miles to Langham. Loyal drove the U-Haul truck and I drove the car. The next morning several people asked us if we were scared during the severe thunderstorm. Neither of us knew it had stormed !

The first February we were there we got up and the thermometer said it was 50 below 0 Fahrenheit. There were cars and pickups going just like usual. In Omaha everything stopped when it was 10 below F. Loyal went to the church and there was quite a group of ladies quilting. About every hour the ladies would go out and start the vehicles and run them for a little bit so they would start when they wanted to go home.

We had a large garden plot and one winter Loyal flooded it and made a skating rink so our boys could learn to skate as all of the Langham children were good skaters. Many of the neighbourhood children came to skate also. They all had a good time and it helped our boys learn to skate.

The ladies were going to teach me to quilt. So I worked with them and we had good fellowship. We had a potluck lunch and I forgot to take my pot home so I went back to the church to get it and found the ladies taking my stitches out and redoing them. We all had a good laugh and my feelings were not hurt at all as I could see my stitches were much too long !

We both enjoyed the opportunity to serve the Lord in Langham, in pastoral ministry, Sunday school and Awana. One of Les' friends later accepted Christ but the seed was planted in his heart in Awana at Langham many years earlier. Loyal enjoyed working with the men of the church when they added the larger foyer. Doug Rempel was especially helpful. He would work with Loyal from early morning until after dark.

One of the saddest experiences was losing Lyle Schierling one winter. His mom was in the hospital with a very serious case of pneumonia. Loyal got the call that Lyle had passed away so he took Lyle's Grandpa, Pete Peters and several men to go out to meet with the family. It happened during a blizzard so they had to shovel many times to get through. When they came back the wind had blown all of the tracks shut again and they had to shovel each one out. The one happy note was that Lyle had accepted Christ at an Awana campout just the summer before. We know we will meet him again!

Schmidt, Royal & Joyce

A Home Assignment in the Langham EMB 1966 to 1968

We came home from Kenya after our first 4 years on the mission field for what they then called “furlough”. This has now been changed to “Home Assignment”, and this first one began in June, 1965 and lasted right until the end of 1968. It was an assignment filled with a roller coaster of new adventures, experiences, emotions, and changes in almost every area of our life. After the warm welcome back home and joyful reunions with family, friends, and churches, Royal, at the end of July, was on his way to the Mountain Lake, Minnesota (EMB) Conference as a delegate of the Salem, (EMB) Church, Waldheim. While there, he received word that his mother was in critical condition from a serious fall and by the time he reached home, she had already passed away. It was a difficult time for the whole family and the decision was made that we make our home with Royal’s dad in Saskatoon over the following months. It was also during those months that we began adoption procedures, and the Lord answered our prayers in March of 1966 with a special baby boy, whom we named Lee. His arrival necessitated a move to a family suite in Sutherland after which we did some travelling to visit some of our supporting churches and individuals.

In the Fall of 1966, Royal enrolled in the U of S to get his education degree required for our next term in Kenya. It was a full schedule for him and became even more demanding when he was asked to become the interim pastor at the Langham (EMB) Church, however after praying and deliberating the pros and cons, he accepted the position. The year was filled with many delightful but also challenging new experiences for us both in the role of parenting, with often interrupted schedules for Royal, longer days of study at the U of S. and more additional hours of preparation for the Sunday services, Wed. p.m. prayer meetings, youth meetings, etc. To help with the long drive from Saskatoon, we first moved into the empty Langham Teacherage, not far from the church, and several months later into the newly built parsonage which was the one and only time we ever lived in a brand new home. It was also an added blessing for us when our adopted baby girl, Jolene, arrived just shortly before Christmas 1967. Joyce managed to weather the many responsibilities of being mother and homemaker, as well as speaking engagements in various churches and functions to which she was invited to share her mission experiences. With all the changes and challenges, it was with great thanksgiving that Royal successfully completed his two years of study and received his well-earned BA/BEEd degrees at the Spring 1968 commencement.

As we look back on those months of our Home Assignment, how we praise the Lord for the wonderfully rich and rewarding experiences He gave us in the Langham EMB Church and community. We developed so many close and loving friendships, we learned so many important and valuable lessons through sharing in the joys and sorrows, pain and heartaches, struggles and victories, and as we witnessed the amazing power of God’s love and faithfulness at work in our own hearts as well as in the hearts and lives of young and old alike. There are so many

memories that we still cherish— memories of the church meetings and fellowship gatherings, of the baptisms, the quilting days, the many invitations to homes for those wonderful meals, the love and affection shown to our 2 children by the young people and our outings with them, especially the one to Lake Chitek where our little guy, Lee did a perfect wake-up call for Joyce with his hard ball that gave her a beautiful black eye – explain that to the young people who were being taught about Christian love and unity!!! We also thanked God for His protection when just a few yards from arriving at the campground, the bus came to a sudden stop with a broken tie-rod. With all the many blessings we experienced in Langham, we can only say “Praise God from whom all blessings flow!” We thank God for every remembrance of you, for your prayers, your partnership in the gospel and your ongoing love.

MAY GOD CONTINUE TO BLESS YOU ALL ABUNDANTLY!!

Schmidt, Royal & Joyce

A GLIMPSE OF MISSIONARY LIFE WITH AFRICA INLAND MISSION 1961-1997

We both received our call to missions in our respective churches and while attending Pambrun Bible School in Saskatchewan. Soon after leaving Bible School, we made application to AIM and were accepted. In 1961 we left for Kenya and were assigned to a school in Kangundo where for one year we prepared young men to teach Grades 1 to 4. The next year we were transferred to another tribe to teach the first class of Grade 9 High School students under the auspices of the Githumu, Africa Inland Church, where a new class was added each of the following 3 years making up Grades 9 to 12.

During those years as headmaster, Royal was in charge of selecting new students and teachers, administrator of the boarding facilities, the water and light plants, purchasing food & equipment for all the students, involved in building projects of classrooms, dormitories, etc. and financial management. Along with education meetings, preaching at student worship services, and often assisting the mission nurse by taking seriously injured or ill patients to the nearest hospital 40 kms away, he usually had an extremely busy schedule. In these schools we were both involved in camp ministry, market meetings, Sunday School teaching, with Joyce helping set up libraries, entertaining students, staff and visitors, teaching English, Bible and training a girl’s double trio who sang for President Kenyatta and often over “Voice of Kenya” radio, with their recordings. All teaching was in English, the official language of Kenya, so our study of Swahili was very limited. Since Religious Education was an accredited subject in all the schools, we could freely teach the gospel along with secular subjects

In 1965, during our first furlough, our home assignment was extended to facilitate the adoption of our two children, Lee and Jolene. During 1966-68 Royal also completed his BA/BEd degrees at the U of S. and added to his hours of study by becoming interim pastor of the Langham EMB

Church but they were special years resulting in wonderful friendships, and rich and rewarding experiences.

In 1968 we returned to Kenya, and back to Githumu High School which, by the time we left again, became a co-educational school and added 1st and 2nd year university classes with over 300 students in all. In those 2 years the Lord answered our prayer for someone to take over as headmaster, by bringing us a well-trained Christian Kenyan who had just received his degree from Biola College, USA. We then transferred to Kapsabet Bible School in another different tribe, where for the next 2 years Royal was immersed in total Bible teaching, and taking students on evangelistic preaching and training missions while Joyce taught English, worked in the library, taught a Girls' Cadette group, and also Gr. 1 to son, Lee.

In 1972 during that furlough year, Royal was asked to become assistant to the Mission Director in the Nairobi AIM office which involved handling all the massive details re: incoming and outgoing missionaries, keeping in touch with all the AIM fields, sending councils, special services, etc. by way of telephone (usually bad connections) correspondence (no computers) and travel (muddy, dusty or bumpy). There were also numerous meetings, flights to meet, daily radio contact with missionaries in remote places and food supplies to buy, pack up and send by mission planes, and many other responsibilities. Joyce helped with buying and packing supplies, orienting new missionaries to life in Kenya, getting the children ready for their bus to Rosslyn Academy, their school outside of Nairobi, teaching children's Bible Clubs and several ethics classes at a Catholic School, and hosting many visitors and newcomers. There were however, also joyful times of fellowship with missionaries and Kenyan friends in prayer meetings, at annual conferences, game safaris, and the anticipated yearly holidays in Mombasa where swimming in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean was a great delight. All the incredible sights, smells and sounds of flowers, fruits, trees, animals, and the diversity of the tribal peoples, many of whom over the years came to faith in Jesus Christ, are now memories indelibly etched on our minds. We also have the joy of knowing that many of the young people we taught are today in places of influence in government, churches, and work places where we pray they are living and serving God.

In 1977 we left Kenya for the AIM office in Toronto, ON where Royal was asked to become assistant to the AIM director. After much prayer we decided that it would be easier for our children to adapt to the schools here in Canada at a young age rather than make the difficult separation from MK bonds formed in Rift Valley Academy, the mission High School in Kenya. The many details of a mission office again demanded much time and energy as Royal worked in administration and Joyce as secretary in the Personnel Department, but it was also a very rewarding experience as over those next 20 years we saw many young people commit their lives to serve the Lord in various AIM fields.

With Psalm 115:1 we say: "Not unto us, O Lord, not to us, but to your name give glory because of your lovingkindness, because of your truth".

Schmidt, Henry & Sarah (Doerksen)

The Langham Evangelical Bible Church has been a part of my life since the day of my birth. My dad, Rev. Jacob R. Doerksen, was involved with the organization of the church and served as its pastor from 1911 to 1940. Our entire family was frequently engaged in our church activities, for which I thank the Lord.

I remember all the church buildings to some extent. The original building left an indelible impression on my mind when, from outdoors, I, a preschool child, caught a glimpse of the lovely streamers and bell decorations for our Christmas Eve Sunday School program. Then, four years later, I couldn't believe my eyes as I stood and looked down at the smouldering ashes, the only remains of our beloved church building that had gone up in flames. However, it's not the building that makes the church, for many were the blessings we experienced while worshipping in the humble basement church. But, oh, what a celebration there was in 1942 when an upper structure was finally added to that basement dwelling.

I believe that I've had the privilege of meeting every pastor who has served in this church. Invariable I connect a pastor with a certain incident of his time here. Eg. Rev. J.N. Hiebert – church moved into town; Rev. Loyal Schmidt – church remodelled; Rev. Randy Heinrichs – AWANA introduced to our church. My husband Henry, organized the first AWANA club in Canada. I remember the youth band of the 1970s playing alto horn, trumpets, flutes, saxophones and trombones with piano accompaniment in our services. All these church memories are dear to my heart. But I have other memories from elsewhere equally as dear.

Henry and I met while attending Northwestern Schools in Minneapolis. Henry felt called to serve the Lord in China where so many of his kinfolk had been working for years, but communism closed the door for mission work in that country.

Then came the call from UFM, now CrossWorld. They needed qualified school teachers as well as architects and construction workers. Three days after our wedding found us enroute to Philadelphia for candidate school, then via cargo boat to Belgium for French and colonial studies. Finally Sabena aircraft flew us to Stanleyville, Belgian Congo, Africa. We were stationed at Ekoko, a clearing in the middle of the dense tropical forest, three degrees north of the equator. We loved it there.

Henry directed and taught at the Ekoko Boys School. He and his work crew erected a new large cement block school because termites had chewed up the old one. I was fulltime teacher at the Monitors School, a teacher training school for boys ranging in age from 16 – 32 years. They loved to sing in beautiful 4-part harmony. Special meetings in nearby areas were frequently our weekend activities.

Sudden evacuation halted our work in Congo and brought us back to Saskatchewan. God's plans supersede ours, so all we can do is trust Him and follow. His way is best.

Wiebe, Ben & Martha (Friesen)

Isn't it great to be able to "Remember" from years past God's wondrous works among us. Seeing the four structures on the pamphlet helped me put into focus His workings through the years.

I vaguely remember the first building but the second is where most of God's working in my life was centered. There were the Sunday School teachers, the choir, special music groups and later in the new building I also taught the little ones. Young Peoples was very important in those years. Since we were not too far from the Bible School in Dalmeny, we frequently had missionaries share with us and that sparked a desire to follow the Lord through Bible School and on to Haiti.

Mission assignment followed three years of Bible School and two years at Prairie Bible School. Haiti offered so many opportunities to serve. My gifts were utilized in being secretary to the field leader, initiating the Missionary Children's School, teaching in the Girls' Bible School, directing our house girls' choir and later overseeing the Mission's Guest House.

Ben and I met in Haiti and were married while on furlough. Now Mission Headquarters in Pennsylvania had need of us, so we served there fourteen years. Later God allowed us to birth an Evangelical Free Church where we then lived, in eastern Pennsylvania. That body of believers has grown to well over 350 and God still adds on.

During our retirement years we have lived in Florida and volunteered in various capacities.

Our children:

- Janice - is a nurse and is married to a pastor
- Lorraine - is a teacher; her husband is a book editor
- Cheryl - is a financial consultant; her husband is a banker
- Michelle - is a stay-at-home mom; married to a computer "know-how"

All the way He has led us, kept us, and is preparing us for His soon return.

"What a day that will be, when my Jesus I shall see
When I look upon His face, He who saved me by His grace
When He takes me by the hand and leads me to the Promised Land
What a day, glorious day that will be!"

Langham Evangelical Bible Church History

Prior to 1911 - 1978

By Sarah Schmidt

As recorded over the course of 8 Sundays: May 15, 29; June 5, 12, 19; July 3, 10, 17, 2011

I'm sure that by now all of us are aware of the celebrations planned for July 22, 23 & 24. For 100 years the Lord has directed this church through highs and lows, and people from here have been serving the Lord at home and abroad. The question comes to some of us: Who were the people who started this church? What kind of people were they? Where did they come from?

Well, to put it simply is to say that the folks who started what is now called the Langham Evangelical Bible Church were Mennonites who hailed from countries in Europe. Now, the word "Mennonite" is not very descriptive of the people involved here because there are so many different kinds of Mennonites. They vary as to the clothing they wear, their style of living, their methods of worship, etc. Obviously, the Mennonites who came to the Langham/Dalmeny area were specially chosen by God to be here. The word "Mennonite" didn't always exist. It was coined to denote the people who were following the teachings of Menno Simons, a very convincing teacher of the Bible.

As already mentioned, our people resided in Europe years ago. My ancestors, as well as my husband's, lived in Holland. Others lived in more central countries like Germany or Poland. They were hard workers, very capable, and sought to live a peaceful, helpful life. However, because of their staunch beliefs in right and wrong, they suffered severe persecution, be it from governments, churches, or neighbours. It happened occasionally in bygone days that the king or ruler of the country would seek to impose his own religion on all the people, and the Mennonites wouldn't obey. They would continue to have their services in their own churches, or in their own homes. You can imagine what would happen to them then. There were times when there was persecution from churches that practised infant baptism. The Mennonites believed that there is no salvation in baptism. It's just an outward manifestation of an inner transformation, which is totally impossible for a baby to experience. And then there were wars when young men were recruited to join the army. The Mennonite lads had been taught "Thou shalt not kill", and if they went to war, they would be killing people. This they felt they could not do.

At that time there was a country called Prussia. It no longer exists, but at that time it was in the process of expanding its territory from the Baltic Sea farther inland. Consequently there was a shortage of labour in Prussia because so many of the Prussian men, young and old, were away engaged in warfare. Mennonites got a call to come help out with farm work as well as assist in businesses. That worked well for some time but as we all know, young boys don't stay young. The time came when these Mennonite young adults wanted to start up a business of their own or buy some land to start their own farming only to find out that this was totally impossible.

They COULD continue to work FOR someone, but not ever be the owner because they were not native Prussians. Then came announcements from Catherine the Great of Russia. She needed help for development of farms and businesses in the Ukraine and areas of southern Russia. She promised total freedom to all immigrants willing to work.

Well, these Mennonites were more than glad to leave Prussia and head for southern Russia. But how to make that long trip presented a problem. Some folks had been able to save a few “kopeks”, so were able to buy a team of horses and a wagon; others could afford only one horse and a buggy or cart; and there were those who walked the entire distance pushing a wheelbarrow.

Once they arrived in the Ukraine and were free to do what they please, they immediately worked, and I mean WORKED! They built homes for themselves and their neighbours, schools for the children, high schools, colleges and churches. They worked the soil, grew good crops, built mills to grind the grain, enjoyed putting in and harvesting good gardens and planted orchards with a vast variety of fruit trees. Some of them got to be very well-to-do, built bigger homes and hired help to do the work both indoors and outdoors. Life was good. They were happy and content.

But did they remain there? Obviously not or else this church would not be here. Why did they leave?



Last Sunday I left you wondering why our people didn't remain in Russia when they were doing so well over there. I didn't even tell you what all they had accomplished. Well, besides building new larger homes and farming more acres of land, they built roads to facilitate travel and transportation of goods. They built large factories producing farm equipment. Granted, not rubber-tired tractors with air-conditioned cabs and CD players, or combines, but they made two and three-share plows, drills (seeders), and harrows. They got involved with smaller industries producing cheese, sausage, soap, shoes, clocks, and furniture. They even established print shops.

However, the millions of poor Russian people who lived in hovels instead of homes were not doing so well. They practised thieving for food and supplies. Children were taught from a young age to raid gardens, help themselves to tasty produce, carry more away, and very often simply destroy the garden. Young and old walked barefoot, even when the weather was cold, because they hadn't the money with which to buy footwear. They often wore tattered clothes because they didn't have enough ambition to mend them. The well-to-do Russians called these poor people “serfs” and treated them as such too. A few of them were fortunate to be hired for some work, but the pay was a mere pittance. Needless to say, these poor Russian serfs were well

aware of how life could be. They saw how their bosses and other people were living, and they didn't understand why they should be deprived of similar comfort and joy.

Well, trouble was brewing. In fact, the pot was starting to boil. And then Catherine the Great died and her son, Paul became Czar Paul of Russia. He was well aware of the discontent of the poor people and so promised to help that class of people. But he was all talk and no action, so after five years, they murdered him. Several more czars served in quick succession and several more attempts at murder were tried. Then, in 1881, Czar Alexander II was killed by a bomb exploding in St. Petersburg. This threw the entire country into a state of revolution. All freedoms were rescinded. The future was unpredictable. That's when our people in Russia felt it was time to leave.

But where should they go? You can't just park yourself in another country without permission. Well, news was drifting across from America telling of acres and acres of almost free land over there in a land of liberty and peace. So several men were sent out to spy out the land and report back to the folks in Russia. Their report was concise. Just four words: "Leave all - and come!" Well, that was easier said than done. Leaving everything they had gotten by working so hard, and then going to a totally new and unknown destination was difficult to do. And once again they'd have to travel clear across Europe, this time from south to north, not by wagon, cart, or wheelbarrow, but in a slow, bumpy train. And that would be followed by the adventure of a lifetime - crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Just the thought of it was scary. The men wondered whether they'd be able to sell their farm, machinery, or business to someone. They would need money to travel. The women wondered about having enough food for the family for this lengthy journey. And how would they be able to keep their children in clean clothes, especially babies? (No Pampers back then) and what if someone got sick and there was no medical help?

Some folks were really afraid of the uncertain future and so sold what they could, gave away what they couldn't sell, packed up and left. A group of 125 people, plus the Fast family, my relatives, did just that. However, my grandpa, Johann Fast, stayed when his parents and siblings left.

Johann Fast owned and operated a grinding feed and flour mill and felt he had lots of Russian friends and nothing to fear. Well-to-do Russian farmers carted their grain to him and he enjoyed friendly visits while waiting for the mill to do the work. Often the men would bring along socks or clothes to be mended and Johann's wife would do the mending. She was an efficient seamstress and would sew shirts, jackets, and even full length coats for them, all by hand with needle and thread. Yes, these Fast's stayed when the others left. But 12 years later he knew that it was high time for him to take his wife and children to safety.

Now for a minute or so, I want to shift the scene to the twentieth century. My mother died in 1974, and I saved a few of her things to preserve as memories, her most treasured article

being her Bible. She loved to read her Bible, especially the psalms. One day when I was sort of flipping through the pages of her Bible, I noticed that she had written something at the top of Psalm 107. This is what she had written: “This is the psalm my father read to his family the morning we left Russia to go to America.” Well, she had never told me that, so I read the entire psalm. It is a psalm of thanksgiving to the Lord for His great works of deliverance. It certainly was a very fitting psalm of encouragement for their dangerous venture. Then I wondered: Did he read the entire psalm? It has 43 verses. My mother was just 4 years old at the time. Can a four-year-old child sit quietly through such a lengthy reading? Well, when every knock at the door filled them with dread, and the child had been told repeatedly to sit still and listen because they didn’t know what might happen at any minute, she would have learned to listen to father. They knew of so many times when soldiers or rebels had appeared uninvited, taken the father out of the house and led him away to a concentration camp or prison, or shot him right in front of the eyes of the family. In such circumstances children quickly learn to obey.

Now back to that group of 125 people on their way out of the country by slow train on to the port of Antwerp, Belgium, where they boarded the boat called the “Nederland” (Netherlands). I don’t know how long the train ride had taken, but I do know that the Atlantic crossing took 17 days. Weather played a role as to the enjoyment aboard the boat. Calm, sunshiny days gave opportunity for parents and children to enjoy the deck and watch the seagulls and flying fish. Storms meant tying down cradles and cribs to prevent seeing flying babies. Two funerals took place while sailing - an elderly lady and an newborn baby. Who do you think read scripture and prayed? The captain of the boat! How times have changed!

Oh, how thankful that boatload of people was when they reached the New York harbour! But mixed with their joy of having completed a safe trip, there was the sadness of farewell. A month ago they said goodbye to friends who stayed in Russia, and now it was another adieu to friends who had sailed with them to America. They were not all going to the same State. How it was decided to which states they would go, I have no idea. What I do know is from our own church records, which is: the Pankratz and Friesen families went to Nebraska, the Schmidts went to South Dakota, my dad’s family, that is the Doerksens, headed for Kansas and my mother’s family, plus the Willems, the Warkentins, and the Schultzes all settled down in Minnesota. Yes, they all settled down fully intending to stay in this new land of opportunity, freedom, and peace. Did they stay there? Obviously not. Why not?



Last Sunday I mentioned that my Grandfather Fast had read the 107th Psalm to his family before leaving Russia and going to America. The psalm begins, “O give thanks to the Lord, for He is good.” In verses 6 & 7 we read: “Then they cried out to the Lord in their trouble and He led them forth by the right way.” To me it is amazing how the Lord led those Mennonites who resided in various European countries until He finally brought them right to a place on the north side of the correction line road several miles southeast of Langham, and led them to organize a

church there to His honour. How did He do that? Well, step by step over a long period of time. When they were persecuted by kings, churches and neighbours, He led them to Prussia where they were given peaceful employment. When their young men wanted to own farms or businesses of their own, and were told that they could never be realized, they cried to the Lord, and He opened the way for them to go to Russia. When the peasant revolution broke out in Russia, and there was danger, violence and bloodshed, these people again cried out to the Lord and He opened the way for them to go to America.

And now they were living happily in “America the Beautiful” but once again a problem presented itself and they again cried out to the Lord and He helped them. Well, what was the problem? As always happens, children who 10 or 15 years ago were quite content to live with their parents on their farm, were now young adults and wanted to have farms of their own. The trouble in America in the late 1800s was that there was no more land to be given away, at least not close to the area where their parents were residing. If there was any available land, it was too expensive for them to buy. Again they cried out to the Lord, and He heard them. Large, full page ads appeared in newspapers: “Free Land Available In Canada!” Those colourful, bright, seemingly flashing notices caught their eyes and once again they were on the move. They sold their farms and possessions, packed up some of their belongings, and boarded the train for the Northwest Territories of Canada.

The Peter Schultz family was one of the first families to move into the Dalmeny area. They sold their farm in Minnesota then filled four railway cars with their belongings. It might interest you to know what they put into those boxcars. Well, they loaded 10 horses, 8 cows, a couple of buggies, wagons, some farm equipment, plus some new machinery purchased after the sale of their farm. Being that they were transporting animals that required care, some men travelled in the freight cars together with the animals. The women, children, and the rest of the men travelled in pioneer passenger cars. Some of the passengers left the train in Warman, some in Osler, others in Waldheim and some went all the way to Rosthern.

Mr. Schultz had been ordained as a minister in Mountain Lake, Minnesota, so he immediately began conducting worship services in homes. Then Mr. Frank Fleming constructed a new shed on his homestead and offered it as a place for these new immigrants to worship together.

In the summer of 1904 a church building was erected on the site of the present Dalmeny Bible Church cemetery, and Rev. Peter Schultz was installed as Elder of the congregation with three preachers as helpers – Wilhelm Thiessen, Henry P. Schultz, and Jacob R. Doerksen (my dad). Then two years later, there was a wedding in that newly-built church. The bridal couple was Jacob R. Doerksen and Helena Fast, and everybody was invited without any formal invitations. As a matter of fact, if there was a wedding in a church, everybody attended. They just did. The relatives and friends supplied the lunch and the young adult girls did the serving. All of this was just naturally taken for granted. A year or two later, at another wedding, they

served “shinki flesh & plumi mose”. Maybe we should serve some of that at our church centennial celebration. Then you would all know what it is and what it tastes like. It’s good!

This church built in the Dalmeny region was certainly appreciated and enjoyed by the folks living in that area, but others who lived south of Langham were not quite so well impressed with that location. It was located about 8 ½ miles northeast of Langham. My parents lived 4 ½ miles southwest of town, so that made it a 13 mile ride one way for them. There were other people who lived farther south than my parents so that would make it 15 to 18 miles one way. It was the time of the horse and buggy days, so that meant getting an early start just to get to church on time, and all the chores had to be done before leaving. In winter, that trip was well nigh impossible. The parents would heat stones in the stove, wrap them in cloths and use them as foot warmers. The mothers and children would sit on long benches in the bobsleigh and cover themselves with woollen quilts in an effort to keep warm. But the driver had to hold onto the reins, and even with thick leather and well-lined mitts, his hands often got unbearably cold. Moreover, the horses couldn’t be speeded up because the air was too cold for them to breathe when running. So on really cold winter days, many Langham area people missed out on their church services, and they weren’t too pleased about that.

Finally in the winter of 1910, they got permission to carry on with Sunday school and some special services in Mierau School, a country school about 5 miles southwest of Langham. To many of you, Mierau School doesn’t mean anything, but I remember it as the country school where I got my elementary school education and there are a few others here who also remember it well. Pete Ens does, for one, because some of his children attended there. I believe Eldon & Caroline still have that old school building parked somewhere on their premises. Right? In my day, it was painted a pale green, but I believe it was later changed to white.

In the spring of 1911, Mr. George Schultz was brought here from Chicago, Illinois for some special evangelistic meetings. Attendance at the school was excellent, and people could hear what he said whether they were seated inside the schoolhouse or somewhere else out in the yard. He didn’t need a microphone. I’ve been told that when he spoke in a church in town and the windows were open on a summer’s evening, people could hear and understand what he said a block down the street. Well, the Lord blessed his ministry in Mierau School and quite a few people accepted the Lord as their personal Saviour. These new Christians wanted to attend church but had no desire to make that long trip to the Dalmeny area one. They suggested building a church of our own south of Langham. The idea was discussed, prayed about and approved. As a result, a new church was organized in 1911 with Rev. Jacob R. Doerksen as pastor, Mr. George Wheeler as assistant, and Mr. Heinrich Warkentin as deacon. The following summer, the church building was completed and dedicated to the Lord on September 22, 1912. It was named “Süd Bruderthal Bethaus” (South Brethren Valley Prayer House). The Dalmeny church was the north one. A barn was built, trees planted all around the yard, and people were happy to worship there. And worship there they did. From 10 am to noon there was hearty congregational singing in 4-part harmony, prayer time when people participated in voluntary oral

prayer, several choir numbers, all acapella, and a sermon. Then there was an hour's lunch break when the parents and children all sat together, each family on a separate bench in church to enjoy the tasty lunch carefully packed in a basket. Then in the afternoon was Sunday school time. When classes were finished, the children went to sit in the two front rows and each child in turn stood to recite one scripture verse. It could be the one memorized in class that day, but some memorized a new verse during the week at home and were proud to say a verse that no one else had already recited.

So for 17 years the people were happy to worship in that church in the Langham area. Then they experienced a very tragic occurrence.



Inviting evangelists for a series of meetings in late summer or early fall had become a common custom in our church. In July of 1929, the visiting speaker was Aaron Schmidt, a member of the Schmidt family who were all missionaries in China. Meetings had begun on Sunday, July 29 and were scheduled to continue through Friday, August 3. Attendance was excellent each night, and the Spirit was working in the hearts of people old and young.

Later, on Thursday night, when most people were fast asleep in bed, one gentleman apparently had trouble sleeping, so he went outside to catch a breath of cool, fresh air, and enjoy the bright harvest moon. Suddenly he noticed what seemed to be bright flames flaring up into the sky. What could possibly be burning this time of night, he wondered. The fire seemed to be in the area of the Bruderthaler church. That needed checking into, so he got the telephone lines buzzing. People were quickly roused from sleep and on their way to see what was happening. Yes, the church building was definitely in full blaze. There was no well of water on the church yard, so there was nothing for the men to do but stand helplessly nearby and watch their beloved building crumble.

But no fire could dampen the zeal of those church people. The evening service was not cancelled. Friday's evangelistic meeting was held in the open air beside the smouldering ashes. People came from miles around to see the sight and stayed to hear the powerful message. God used this unfortunate incident for His own glory.

What had caused the fire? It couldn't have been a lightning strike for there was not a cloud in the sky. Nor could it have been caused by faulty wiring because this was in the days before rural electrification. It boiled down to a one word explanation: Arson. The fire had been deliberately set and God had permitted it to burn.

It goes without saying that our people were very sorry to lose their church building, but they were not discouraged. Crops looked pretty good that year, so they planned to construct a basement immediately after harvest, enclose it completely to make it winter weatherproof and then continue with the upper structure next summer.

In the meantime, where could they gather for worship? Well, neighbouring churches immediately offered their help by inviting our congregation to join them in their church. The first invitation came from Emmanuel Church, the country church led by Ron Kleinsasser at the present time. Back in 1929, it was sometimes called “the Stahl Church” because the two brothers, Andrew and Paul, were brothers serving there. The church wasn’t large, but they sought to accommodate as many as possible and even shared their thanksgiving service and meal with our people.

Losing a church building did not curtail plans for a baptismal service in September of that year. The problem was where to meet in order to hear the testimonies of the nine baptismal candidates. Solution? The pastor’s farm home. The congregation pretty well filled the dining and living rooms of that dwelling so that there wasn’t even sufficient space for all the candidates. To solve the problem, the boys were asked to wait outside while the girls gave their testimonies, and then they would switch places. Well, while the fellows were outdoors, John Friesen (Darcy’s uncle) suggested they go into the nearby tree-surrounded garden to pray. He mentioned that Jesus had often gone into a garden to pray and they should do likewise. They did, and my brother who was one of those baptismal candidates told me years later how meaningful that experience had been to all of them.

The baptismal service was held at the river north of Langham. The Lord blessed them with a warm, sunshiny day and the choir and congregational singing in 4-part harmony resounded beautifully through the poplar, willow and Saskatoon berry tree groves. Our church did not practice baptism by immersion at that time. Pouring was the procedure used. The candidate would kneel in the water, and the pastor would ask: “Do you believe with all your heart that Jesus Christ is God’s Son and your saviour?” After the candidate answered “Yes”, the pastor would scoop up water with his hands, and as he was pouring it on the head of the candidate, he would say, “Upon the confession of your faith that Jesus Christ is God’s Son and your personal saviour, I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.” (All was said in the German language, of course.) I was baptized by my father by the pouring method. My husband Henry was immersed. Well, someday we’ll meet again in heaven regardless of our different forms of baptism.

Plans that people make don’t always materialize. I mentioned earlier that a basement was to be constructed and fully enclosed before winter, and the upper structure completed the following summer. Well, those plans didn’t come to fruition until 13 years later. The stock market crashed in 1929 and our country was plunged into the Great Depression of the 1930s. That meant that there was no money for building a church. Farmers would put in their crops with hopes for a good return, but for more than a decade, those expectations were never realized. Sometimes it was a summer of drought and dust storms, other years it was clouds of grasshoppers that ate the grain; one summer it was army worms who took complete gardens in a matter of hours.

So our people met for worship services in that basement structure year after year after year. The church was known far and wide as “the Basement Church”. It was never locked and travellers would occasionally use it for free night lodging.

Church activities were carried on in that basement church just like in any other regular church building. For the Christmas Eve Sunday school program, it was decorated with streamers and bells. Many weddings took place in that lowly realm. The first wedding was that of Bill Wheeler and Elisabeth Tiessen. The two cute flower girls were Pauline Wheeler and Stella Peters (Robert Rempel’s mom, eventually). There was neither organ nor piano in that basement church so the young people decided to have a fundraiser night to get money for the purchase of an organ. Participants were not only from our church. Many were my brother’s guitar students from elsewhere. Instruments involved were: guitars: Hawaiian and Spanish, 2 violins, some banjos and mandolins and one cello. Even the congregational singing was enhanced by the accompaniment of these instruments. Was the depression days fundraiser a success? Well, we got a pump organ into our basement church; and Mary Thiessen played it for years.

A piano, we didn’t get until we were in a proper church building. But that’s next Sunday’s story.



This morning I’d like to begin by showing you an interesting picture. At least I’ve always thought of it as being interesting and rather unique. The short, white-bearded elderly gentleman is Mr. Heinrich Warkentin, the first deacon of the Dalmeny area church where our people attended until 1911. He is proudly posing beside his tall RCMP grandson, Reuben Wheeler, who grew up attending our Sunday school and church here at Langham.

By the way, another grandson of that former deacon plans to attend our church Centennial celebrations in July. According to present plans, this grandson, Leonard Warkentin, will be leading the congregational singing at the Sunday afternoon service. So, even if Leonard is a stranger to some of you, you will at least be familiar with his ancestry.

Last Sunday I left you enjoying a successful musical fundraiser evening which brought a delightful pump organ into our basement church. As happens in all churches, there were both highs and lows during those basement church days, but God was there supplying and guiding from year to year.

On September 22, 1939, there was a big celebration, not in the church, but rather at the pastor’s farm home. People came to celebrate their pastor’s 60th birthday. There was lots of food, many, many well-wishes and happy, delightful singing. As I mentioned, that happy occasion took place on September 22. Exactly 3 months and 12 days later, this South Church pastor was taken from his earthly home and transferred to his heavenly abode. So from 1911 to 1940, Rev. Jacob R. Doerksen, my dad, had served the Lord faithfully in the Langham area - the

last eleven years in the basement church. No doubt the Lord greeted him with the words: “Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of the Lord.” So the church was left without a pastor, and an oft repeated phrase spoken by the members of the church at that time was, “Now we are as sheep without a shepherd.” But the Lord remained with them and guided.

For some time, Sunday morning worship messages were delivered by volunteer lay people. The messages were well prepared but short, often only 15 minutes long. However, everybody appreciated seeing these young men put their shoulders to the wheel and carry on the work of the Lord. One winter, Gerhard Wiens, Esther Pankratz’ husband, was asked to speak each Sunday. His messages were always well prepared and very meaningful and he was even paid for doing that; but he refused to pocket that \$2.00 payment. He put it directly back into the offering plate.

As we know, the 1930s were the “depression” years. The 1940s were the “changing” years. There were changes in the world, changes in the weather, and changes in church. World War II had started and people wondered what would happen. Before long, there was rationing – rationing of sugar, jam, and other food supplies and rationing of gasoline. In the 1930s people couldn’t afford to buy gas for their cars; in the early 1940s they weren’t allowed to buy it, at least only in very limited quantities. When conscription was enforced, young men who chose not to join the army opted for doing alternate service e.g. planting trees, building roads, building bridges or whatever they were told to do. That certainly affected the attendance at our church here.

But the weather was changing too. There were no more dust storms because it rained. Yes, it RAINED! And the crops grew. Hope was revived and the plans of years ago to build an upper structure on that basement finally materialized. The blueprint was drawn and okayed, supplies bought and delivered, and volunteers worked from dawn to dark, sawing, hammering, climbing, joking, laughing, visiting, and praising God for enabling them to construct a new house of worship. How much money did they need to build that church? Well, to build the basement had cost \$1500.00. To build the upper structure was slightly more: \$2850.00. The seating capacity was 250.

By the middle of August, everything was completed and cleaned up. The picture of the facade, that is the front of the church, shows clearly how the doors leading into the basement church were preserved so that the basement was accessible from ground level, just as previously. Of course, there were also stairs from inside the building leading into the basement.

August 23, 1942, was Dedication Sunday. The people assembled in front of the building and waited for the doors to open. There was no pastor, so Abe Friesen, the temporary church leader, standing on the men’s side entry greeted the people with the words of Psalm 100. This was followed by a prayer of thanksgiving by deacon Dietrich Warkentin, son of the retired Heinrich Warkentin. Then the doors were opened. First to enter were the six or seven visiting

ministers, then the choir, followed by the audience, everybody singing the hymn, “Bring Them In”. This morning everybody walked UP the steps into the church instead of DOWN as they had been doing for so many years.

The choir, under the direction of Peter Andres, greeted the audience with the German song, “Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen, O Gott Zebaoth”. That is a verse found in Psalm 84: “How lovely is your tabernacle, O Lord of Hosts.” This new church must have seemed like a beautiful tabernacle, after spending so many years in the nether area with feet on a cold cement floor. And the people celebrated. I mean, they REALLY CELEBRATED! that August 23. They had three services that day – a regular morning praise service, another one in the afternoon, and after taking care of chores at home, came back for a third meeting in the evening.

Well, the church building project had been realized. The next item on their agenda was to find a pastor. Did they? Yes, they did. And a new era in a new church was begun.



Two weeks ago I mentioned that the basement church days were over, a bright upper structure had been erected, and all that was still needed was a pastor for this new church.

As some of you know, there used to be a Bible School in our neighbouring town of Dalmeny. Of course, wherever there’s a school, there must be teachers. One well-liked teacher at that Dalmeny Tabor Bible School was Edward Epp. When Mr. Epp was asked if he would be willing to come serve as pastor of our church, he said he’d be glad to do so, but would be able to come only for Sunday services.

Our people knew about the Epp family. Edward Epp’s parents had been missionaries in China and most, or perhaps all of their children were born there. Margaret Epp, Ed’s sister, was a writer. In our church library we have several of her books for both children and adults. In her autobiography titled “Walk In My Woods” she relates many of their family’s experiences in China. I planned on presenting that book to you this morning but, unfortunately, some unknown reader must still be walking in the woods with that book.

Edward Epp embellished his teaching at the Bible School with episodes of life and mission work in China, and thereby aroused the interest of at least one of his students with a desire to serve the Lord in China. Our people, young and old, enjoyed Mr. Epp’s ministry that year, but he had consented to do so only until a fulltime pastor could take over.

That fulltime pastor, Rev. A.P. Toews, arrived in 1944 with his wife and three sons – Lloyd, Rodney and Glen. The letters A.P. stand for Abraham Peter. Nobody ever called him Abraham but he used that for important signatures like when autographing the book he had written “The Problem of Mennonite Ethics.” To folks here, he was simply Abe Toews or A.P. By the way,

the only person who has ever signed that book out is Brenden Friesen, and I've never had the courage to ask him if he read it. It's a pretty heavy tome.

It was in the Toews era that a piano arrived in our church. Their son Rodney could play the piano so Rev. Toews took his son and several other young people out to the John Schierling home. The Schierlings had recently bought a farm from George Flemings who had left their piano in the house. Well, the Schierlings didn't want that piano, but we did. And that is the piano that was used here in our sanctuary until it was replaced by our new grand piano.

Rev. Toews longed to reach out with the Gospel of Christ to people in the community, so he organized Saturday night street meetings. Back then Langham Main Street was packed with cars because there were business places in operation. There were several grocery stores, a hardware store, a barber shop, pool hall, a confectionary and dance floor, and everything was open for business on Saturday night. Mr. Pete Peters, Betty's Schierling's dad, was into manipulating PA systems, so he rigged that up on his truck and drove along Main Street playing music and announcing the special meeting of music and singing that was about to take place at the corner of Main and 3rd. Of course, Rev. Toews always delivered a short, well-prepared message. These open air meetings, initiated by Rev. Toews, continued for years after the Toews family was gone.

Another thing that Rev. Toews tried to reach the people of the surrounding community was services in rural schools on Sunday afternoons, and sometimes evenings as well. Malinda and Martha Friesen and I were the ladies trio of our church at that time so he would take us along for the singing part and Helen Warkentin often came along to tell a story to children. Always, Rev. Toews had a fitting message prepared. The two schools we frequented were Eagle Point, west along the correction line road, and Edenberg School, north of town. Edenberg School district was Quiring territory in those days.

It was during that time that the Young People's Fellowship was formed. A young adult, Paul Barkman, came out from Nebraska to meet with our youth and introduce the program. Bill Friesen assumed the leadership position and continued serving as leader for years. The age range for eligible membership at that time was 16 – 25 years. Whether that age designation continued, I have no idea.

Then a Christian newspaper, "The Fellowship News" was published in Langham. Editor: Rev. A.P. Toews; Secretary Treasurer: Alfred Friesen; Publicity: Henry Thiessen (not the one in our church); Editorial deadline the 10th of the month. Subscription rates - 75¢ per year. The newspaper contained news of different events that had taken place or were about to take place in various churches of our community. That "Fellowship News" paper continued to be published for at least a decade or more.

Scripture Mission was founded in 1946. Alfred Friesen, while attending the Dalmeny Bible School back in 1935, had a vision of working with children, but he didn't tell anyone about

this vision experience. When Rev. Toews and Bill Peters and two men from the Dalmeny church voiced their idea of reaching boys and girls with the Word of God by telling them Bible stories and having them memorize scripture, Alfred told them of his vision of years ago. He now felt that this ministry was his calling. Alfred and his wife, Eldeen were the perfect couple for this work. Eldeen would prepare flannelgraph backgrounds and figures and Alfred would take this material along, sing choruses with the children and tell them stories using the flannelgraph method. The aim was to have the children memorize 200 Bible verses a year. It was a 3-year course so by the end of the third year the children would have learned and recited 600 Bible verses, references and all. On two occasions, students memorized all 600 verses in one year.

Well, that was the beginning of Scripture Mission. And out of it grew camp life. In 1947, the first camp was held in Dalmeny on the grounds of the Tabor Bible School. There was no lake or swimming pool but they weren't at all bored. They played both indoor and outdoor games and had a lot of fun. That first year at the Dalmeny camp, there were 66 campers. Of those 66 campers, 20 boys and girls accepted Christ as their personal Saviour that week. Wouldn't it be wonderful to see that ratio of harvest for the Lord continue at Camp Kadesh? Well, God's promise is that His Word will not return to Him void. It's so important that we remain faithful in doing our part.



I'm wondering if any of you have heard of a club called BYD. The letters BYD stand for the words "Be Ye Doers". This BYD club, initiated by John Friesen (Darcy's uncle) and Arthur Pankratz (Aaron's cousin) was sort of an experiment based on the parable found in Luke chapter 16, the parable of the nobleman who was going away for awhile and giving each of his servants an equal amount of money with instructions to see how they could invest it to make a profit. Well, these two leaders, John and Art, gave each of the children in our church 25¢. At that time 25¢ was a sizeable sum and the children were told to get their brains working to come up with ideas as to how they could use that money to make a good profit. The proceeds would all go to missions at the end of the year. Young boys and girls, when involved in a challenging project, put their heart and soul into the work and strive to be the best. What was the procedure to be?

Betty Schierling gave me permission to use her as an example. Betty, Peters at that time, bought a brooder hen from her mother for 25¢. The hen sat on the eggs to keep them warm until they hatched and cute little baby chicks emerged. Then it was Betty's responsibility to give those chicks all the nurture and protection they needed until they were full grown chickens and ready to be sold. Other children bought a baby pig or a calf from their dad, took care of it for a year and then sold it. Some children bought a small plot of their mother's garden, seeded it, and sold the produce when it was ready for harvest. It was their responsibility to keep their small garden free from weeds and watered if necessary. This club idea was also used by grownup children who planted and harvested potatoes and gave the proceeds to missions. This BYD

project was definitely the application of the verse found in James 1:22, “Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only.” BYD is a club for all of us, isn’t it?

As we all know, winter weather in Saskatchewan differs from year to year. From what I’ve been told, the winter of 1955-56 was a snowy one, in fact, a very, very snowy one. Rev. Hiebert, our pastor at the time, lived with his family here in town; the church building was in the country. Well, of course, roads got blocked and modern day road clearing equipment was non-existent back then. Apparently Rev. Hiebert walked to the church several times when shovelling by hand to clear the road just didn’t do the trick. Sunday worship services at church were cancelled occasionally. No doubt it comes as no surprise to any of us that Pastor Hiebert recommended moving the church building to town. The church board supported him 100%. It took awhile for the snow to melt and for roads to be dry, but in July of 1956, that country church became a town church, parked at the east end of Main Street.

A usual practice in our church here is for Sunday’s MC to ask us to consult our bulletins as he draws our attention to important contents and then asks us to be sure to read the rest at home. Well, when Rev. C.A. Wall, who came here in 1959, discovered that printed information was unheard of in this church, he decided to introduce bulletins. In December of 1959, he sat down, typed the contents, and made copies of the first church bulletin to be handed out on December 3. Well, it was the pastor’s idea to have printed bulletins each Sunday, so he was left to do the work. For many years it remained to be the pastor’s responsibility to type and make copies of that small Sunday newspaper. From time to time people would take pity on him and offer at least to work the copy machine which was only too often a difficult, messy, and broken down piece of machinery. When Pastor Loyal Schmidt was here, he seemed to be the only person able to get that copying contraption to function. How thankful we should be for the pleasant, proficient, professional secretary we have in our church now, as well as for the modern equipment she knows how to use.

In 1960 the ladies of our church decided to try something new called “Secret Prayer Sisters”. Yes, the Bible tells us that we are to pray for each other, but the word “secret” leant a sort of different aspect to it. How did it work? Well, the names of all the participating ladies were put in a “hat” so to speak, and then each lady in turn drew a name out of the hat. Then for one year she would pray for her secret prayer sister every day, send her a card for birthday, Christmas, Easter, or give her small token gifts, disguising her signature. Then at the end of the year, there would be a revealing day. The first Secret Prayer Sisters revealing day took place in April of 1961.

Our church’s 1965 project was to build a new parsonage. The existing parsonage at the time was a building moved in years ago from the Dietrich Warkentin farm, and it was old and poorly insulated. Our people decided that no pastor should be subjected to living in such a relatively antique and cold place, hence the 1965 new parsonage project. The men did the construction work, the ladies the cleaning, painting and varnishing, and when all was completed,

Sunday's bulletin announced an open house afternoon for all to come and see the finished product.

The first residents in that new parsonage were Royal and Joyce Schmidt. They were a missionary couple, home on furlough from Kenya, Africa. Our church was in need of a pastor at that time and when asked, Royal accepted that position for the two years he needed to complete his studies at the University of Saskatchewan. In order to be closer to the church, they left their Saskatoon abode and moved into the Langham School teacherage. How delighted they were when the new parsonage was offered to them.

Royal was not only a Sunday morning preacher. He and Joyce were also involved with youth and even went camping with them. As an extra, Royal took over Aaron Pankratz' school bus job when Aaron was too busy on the farm. And Royal also was my assistant on a field trip with my grade 3 class. He was so helpful and kind; the children all loved him.

When the Schmidts left to go back to Kenya, the Heinrichs family moved into the parsonage. Randy Heinrichs had heard about AWANA clubs in the States and felt it should be introduced in Canada. He mentioned it to our congregation, and then one Sunday evening he gave an eye opening presentation with both pictures and information which outlined clearly what the goal of the club was. AWANA – **A**pproved **W**orkers **A**re **N**ot **A**shamed. This title and logo was based on 2 Timothy 2:15 “Study to show thyself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed: rightly dividing the Word of truth.” Parents were favourably impressed, so Rev Heinrichs filled out the necessary forms for membership.

Then it was Henry Schmidt, my husband, who took on the task of organizing the first AWANA club in Canada. He soon found leaders willing to work with the different groups of boys and girls and met with these workers to explain the procedure and provide equipment. That first year, the club meetings were held at the parsonage. Every part of that building was used. Opening exercises and games were held in the basement. Tribe sessions occupied every room, even the stairway. Finally all the children and leaders gathered in the living room and dining room. Whatever seating accommodation was available was swiftly occupied, and the rest of the clubbers sat on the floor. They sang heartily while Henry led the singing and our son, Loren played the piano, and then listened as Mr. Schmidt told a Bible story.

Why did the club meetings take place in the parsonage? Why not in a school where there would be large rooms and a gym to be used for games? I'll explain that next Sunday.



Last Sunday I ended the church history story by drawing your attention to the fact that the Langham Evangelical Bible Church was the first church in Canada to be involved with the AWANA Club program. The first club meeting, held in the parsonage, took place on October 7, 1970, with 20 boys and girls attending. There was a decided increase in attendance the second

week, and kept on increasing from there on. But why were the club meetings held in the parsonage? Why not in one of the schools?

To put it simply: The W. Brown School was not available and there was no Elementary School. It had been destroyed by fire earlier that year. Some of you know the story of our school burning, but I'll retell it for the sake of those who don't know what happened.

One cold February morning in 1970, my Grade 3 students were deeply involved in memorizing and reciting poetry, preparing for an upcoming speech night, when suddenly the fire alarm bell sounded. Well, we had practised a number of fire drills in fall, so the children knew exactly what to do. They thought it was just another drill and that meant no time for putting on shoes or grabbing parkas. It meant walk as fast as you can but don't run; don't bump into anyone to cause that person to fall. In other words, be careful but get out as fast as you can. However, I knew it wasn't a practice run. It was for real. Never would we compel children to stand in stocking feet and short sleeve shirts in the cold snow of winter. It wasn't until the children were lined up outdoors and saw the dark smoke billowing out from the roof where we had been so comfortable just a few minutes before that they began to cry. Their brand new parkas and boots were going up in flames. Fortunately, the skating rink caretaker had just arrived and unlocked the rink, so we guided the children into that building. Before long, people arrived bringing shoes, boots, jackets, and parkas. They bundled up the children and took them home. No lives were lost in the fire and we were so thankful.

Now that's the story in a nutshell, but I'd like to tell you how God's direction and protection enter into this story. That elementary school had four main floor classrooms, one for each of the grades from one to four, and a special education classroom in the basement. My grade three classroom was the northwest room and directly beneath it in the basement was a paper supply room. It so happened that Mrs. Splett, the special education basement room teacher suddenly discovered that she was in need of paper, so she headed to the paper supply room to get some. She was horrified to see flames shooting out from that supply room. For a moment she stopped dead in her tracks, then she rushed up the stairs to tell the principal, Mr. Zadorozny, that the school was on fire. He immediately pressed the fire alarm button.

The town fire brigade came quickly, but realized it was impossible to save the building so they broke the windows of several rooms and got a few of the children's belongings out. However, my room windows portrayed a horrible sight. All the desks were already down in the fire below.

It was by the wiles of Satan that the fire was started, but it was by the love and grace of God that no lives were lost. Even today I marvel at God's way of intervention. How come Lee Splett needed paper at that particular time? Well, if she hadn't discovered the raging fire at that time, all of my students would have suddenly landed in the fire below. Just to mention a few of our own people who would have been affected, permit me to say that if that teacher had not

needed paper, Marv Wall would have no cousin Alma, Darlene Daum would have no Aunt Leona, Ron Quiring would have only one sister because Glenda would be gone, John and Marrian Fehr would be missing their only daughter Colleen, and I wouldn't be here to tell the story. I'm convinced that it was by God's direction at a critical moment that no lives were lost. Truly, God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

Of course, Langham needed an elementary school, so construction workers were busy from dawn to dark for almost a year. They built the new school on the original site, but used a totally new plan adding additional rooms like a gym and library and others. So the original red brick school built in 1921 was destroyed by fire in February of 1970 and the new school was ready for use in December of that same year – 1970.

Then AWANA Club meetings were moved from the parsonage to Langham Elementary School. There we had the use of several classrooms where bible sessions were held, and there was a gym. The clubbers diligently memorized Bible verses, completed their books, and were delighted to receive awards for their work. The picture shows children who, in 1976, earned awards for their work. In the front row are the clubbers who earned the Timothy Award. The girl in the centre, Colleen Fehr, was awarded the Meritorious Award.

When Randy Heinrichs was asked to start a new church in Humboldt, Loyal and Donna Schmidt and their three sons came from Omaha, Nebraska to fill the vacancy here. Loyal Schmidt was not only a pastor and former missionary; he was also an experienced architect and carpenter. He soon realized the need for remodelling our church building and volunteered to be master of the project. There were volunteer assistants from time to time, but none so faithful as apprentice, Doug Rempel (Robert's brother) who worked beside Loyal no matter how early or late the hour. Ladies like Donna Schmidt and Nettie Rempel and others provided goodies for coffee breaks. When the work was completed, both the inside and the outside appearance had changed. Now the pastor even had an office of his own, there was a library, a larger foyer, and many other improvements – too many to mention. I trust that we all extended our thanks and appreciation to Pastor Loyal at that time because he certainly worked hours and hours overtime.

One other important change that took place during Loyal Schmidt's years of service here was a discussion of a possible name change for our church organization. Locally, it was called the EMB (Evangelical Mennonite Brethren) but officially it was still incorporated in Regina as "Bruderthal Church of Saskatchewan". After much discussion and prayer, a new name was chosen and voted on. Then, on October 27, 1977, the trustees of our church – Leroy Peters, Henry Thiessen and John Fehr, submitted the request for the church name change. Six months later, an official letter from Regina arrived to state that, as of April 25, 1978, our church would be known by the name "Langham Evangelical Bible Church".

It was in 1978 that the Eidses came to Langham from Lost River, MB and settled in to serve here. They remained here longer than any of our former pastors, with the exception of my

dad, the very first pastor back in 1911. There certainly are many things that relate to Frank and Betty's time of service here, but I've run out of time today, and being that next Sunday is our Centennial Celebration, my church history presentations are ended.

I trust that my presentations have displayed God's love and leading through the years. Our logo remains "Our God – Our Guide". God has promised to guide us and His promises never fail. It behooves us to remain faithful to Him and follow where He leads. As our church choir used to sing: "The church united marches on".

Hope to see you all here this coming weekend! Let's praise the Lord together with relatives, friends and welcome strangers!



In the years to follow (1978 – 2011), the church carried on, continuing to build on the foundations laid by faithful members in years prior. AWANA Club expanded to offer the Sparks program (Kindergarten – Grade 2) and Cubbies (ages 3-4). These clubs continue to this day. The club programming for grades 3-6 was recently changed to Pioneer Clubs.

Due to time and space limitations we have been unable to mention each pastor by name in this write-up, but we praise God for the role each one played in the spiritual growth of the church.

Our involvement as one of seven member churches in Mid Prairie Scripture Mission (Camp Kadesh) continues. We are also one of three owning churches of Spruce Manor Special Care Home which opened its doors in Dalmeny on June 8, 1986.

The Church 75th Anniversary was celebrated in July 1986.

While Pastor Darrell Derksen was senior pastor we embarked on a building project with Allan Peters serving as designer and general contractor. Groundbreaking took place April 1991. After much fundraising, prayer and work, the new church building now located at 47 Fifth Avenue was completed. The Dedication Service took place June 13, 1993. At that time, the south wing of the church was framed but unfinished. This area was completed in time to host the FEBC Workshop in February 2000.

In 2002 the church raised money to build a church in Mali, West Africa. In February 2003 "The Mali Team" travelled to Mali to help build a church and encourage our missionaries Phil & Ev Anderson. The team consisted of: Marie Albus, Alvin & Audrey Barth, John Daum, Ryan Ens, Paul Ikert, Vic and Gertie Klassen, Curtis Penner, and Joanne Reschny.

Missions continues to be a driving force in our congregation and we look forward to where God will lead in the future.

To God Be the Glory!

One Hundred Years

By Caroline Ens

Mennonites came to live here
Many, many years ago
They were promised the freedom
To worship their God
They built a place to hear God's Word
A place where they could sing and pray.
Then they called it the Süd Bruderthal Bethaus

This church has been together for all of one hundred years

There've been many generations that have walked through these doors.

There have been many ups and downs but there's one thing we keep learning

To keep our eyes fixed on God our Father

They have supported missionaries; helped build a Christian camp for kids
Canada's first Awana program started here.
There've been three different buildings and a name change was made
It's now called the Langham Evangelical Bible Church

One hundred years has quickly passed us by
We celebrate with you all now
We'll remember all that's happened with laughter and with tears
With much prayer and discernment we will strive to carry on
We'll keep worshipping and praising our God