

MHC Quarterly

Mennonite Heritage Center

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Joel Alderfer, Collections Manager, (left) explains the design and quilting process to Steve Diehl, Executive Director. The exhibit, *Quilting Through the Generations*, is on display from June 17 to October 18, 2018.

Photo by Sarah Heffner

MENNONITE HERITAGE CENTER

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Museum & Library Hours

Tuesday - Friday
10 am to 5 pm
Saturday, 10 am to 2 pm

Our mission is to educate, inspire and witness to the church and community by collecting, preserving and sharing the Anabaptist/Mennonite story.

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Photo credit: Harry Anselmo

2018 Whack & Roll Tournament Champions:

Open Division First Place of \$5,000 sponsored by Bergey's Inc. – Spruce Lake Retreat Team – “Whack A Mole” – Owen Longacre and Angela Bishop

Novice Division First Place of \$1,000 — Plumstead Christian School Team – “Plumstead Panthers” – Pat Fitzpatrick and Curt Stoudt

Survivor Croquet First Place of \$1,000 — Butter Valley Community Church – “Butter Ballers”

From the Board of Trustees

For the past three years, Sarah Heffner, Executive Director, and Steve Diehl, Director of Advancement, have headed up a team of staff and volunteers to carry out the mission of the center to “educate, inspire, and witness to the church and community by collecting, preserving, and sharing the Anabaptist/Mennonite story.” Acting on the recommendation of both Sarah and Steve, the Board of Directors at its May meeting voted unanimously to name Diehl as Executive Director and Heffner as Program Director.

Sarah has served effectively as Executive Director for 16 years, during which time the center has added to its holdings and provided a place to inform the present and the future by engaging with the past. She has built a robust slate of programs, workshops, events, and bus trips. Of particular note are the hands-on traditional arts and food workshops. In addition to overseeing all programming, she will recruit and manage volunteers and write grants.

Sarah has experience and interests in horticulture, sustainable agriculture and the creative arts. She holds a Bachelor of Fine Arts from Bluffton University and studied horticulture at Temple University. Prior to her employment at the Heritage Center, she worked for Rodale Institute, Kutztown, in the horticulture department.

Steve joined the staff three years ago as the center’s Director of Advancement. A native son, he has returned to his roots. A graduate of Souderton Area High School, Steve earned a B.A. in Education and an M.A. in Theology from Wheaton College (IL.) He honed his teaching, leadership, and fundraising skills in a variety of settings. Steve has helped strengthen the financial base of the center and has built an expanding network of support in many creative ways. He is uniquely qualified in experience and vision to move into a new role as Executive Director as the organization begins living into its recently adopted Strategic Plan.



Photo credits: Harry Anselmo

Letter from Steve

The Heritage Center is, at heart, a community. It is a community that provides a unique lens on the human experience. It is the experience of a particular people in a particular place and time. However, I am convinced we can be a place of belonging for all people, not just, as I am fond of saying “our usual suspects.”

The stories may be particular, but the message we have is universal. As I have gone out into the community, I have met so many people that either know, or just have a general sense, that our work is important. Even if they’ve not taken part in a Heritage Center event lately, somehow just knowing we are here is a comfort. How many other communities have such a well-appointed place with full of carefully stewarded treasures? And location, location, location--twelve beautiful acres on Route 113!

In a recent series of planning meetings, a diverse group of local leaders counseled us to:

- Clarify our message and make it louder and more pervasive
- Go out where people are
- Embrace the whole community
- Perfect the visitor experience

Now we are seeking to define our audiences. What do they look like in terms of age, race, gender, creed, socioeconomic class, online behavior, recreational interests, academic interests, and philanthropic behavior? What new audiences are we best equipped to serve, and in what ways can we serve them? What organizations provide the richest opportunities for collaboration and synergy? Our new vision statement says, “We are a vibrant center of learning *rooted* in the Anabaptist/Mennonite faith.” What message and experiences can we bring to the “whole community?” We may be surprised by what *they* bring to *us*.

Many thanks to Sarah for her excellent work and initiative in this transition. I also want to thank the board for their vision, leadership, wisdom, and support.

As we embark on this journey with a fresh strategic plan in hand, we welcome your ideas, introductions, and help.

Steve Diehl
Executive Director

Treasures

By Eva Beidler

It is such a little pile of things compared to all the stuff I remembered from home, a barn full of farm equipment, a house stocked with canned goods, pots and pans, furniture and fun things we got from second-hand stores like knickknacks, games, bikes and skates. Where did it all go? Things from the past seemed starkly absent as if there was little evidence left of the life we once had as a family.

But we are in the present. Dad's deceased, gone for about 10 years, and Mom moved to a nursing home. Now it is our job to clean out Mom's apartment.

I know where things went. Mom and Dad had downsized several times but more important, they never were the kind to stockpile treasure. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven...for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. 6:19-21) It was a lesson we learned well. Mom and Dad's focus had been on ministry and service. We had witnessed their sacrifices through the years and they were always generous. Things worth keeping got passed on, one piece at a time, to us children or actually anybody who needed them. All you had to do was to say you wanted something and they were likely to hand it over to you.

"If you want it, go ahead and take it." Mom would say.

"Are you sure?" I didn't want her resenting she gave me something before she was ready. "Yes, of course". Then they'd help us load it in the car.

Now, standing in her apartment with her no longer there, I couldn't get over it. It was more realization than question--life comes down to this--just a collection of mostly functional things, like a sofa, lazy boy chair, lamps, a bedroom set or two, a newer piano (not the one we had at home), a hutch (not antique), bed linens, pots, pans and dishes. No gold jewelry or crystal goblets or fancy dinnerware or big-time treasures. Maybe a few antiques and quilts. We always had quilts. Mennonites are rich with quilts. Along with quilts, there was a stack of crocheted afghans and blankets made from the wool of our sheep. Those we were going to divide among us children.

We knew pretty well what was there. We had a list and we were going to specify our first, second, and third choices ahead of time and take turns choosing things for ourselves and for our children. We decided to find homes for Mom's stuff within the family. We were going to make it fair, keep choosing until everything was gone.

It wasn't going to be a treasure hunt, at least not the kind of treasures you might expect, but first we had to empty drawers and closets and sort through everything. It felt strange poking

around. It felt like an invasion of privacy, especially with neither of them around. What we were doing seemed yet another step towards a sort of diminishment of Mom and Dad's influence. They weren't in charge anymore. We would have possession of their very last things and we could talk about them as we touched their stuff. If you didn't get too emotional or think too deeply about what was happening, you might be inquisitive. Would we uncover secrets, things we didn't know?

We started by putting aside things to be discarded, like old shoes, frayed and dirty clothes, things that didn't work. We even went through underwear--a bit unsettling. After throwing some things out, we ended up with an odd assortment which we laid out on tables so people could see what was there, sort of like an auctioneer sets things out for public view.

Some of what we put out might be called "personal effects". It's a term used for items left behind after someone dies, very personal things like what a person wore or carried on their person or kept close to the very end. Some personal effects are practically useless because of being made to fit or to be used only by the deceased.

We had things like that, like driver's licenses and ID's. How do you throw out a license with a picture of Dad with a wacky grin from back in 1973? Or what do you do with passports from a trip around the world with photos and stamps for departures from other countries? It had been a nearly unimaginable trip which they had financed by cutting lumber out of their woods. They visited three children who lived abroad. For two people who stayed on the same farm their entire lives, who seldom even took a vacation trip, who spent vacations running two weeks of Summer Bible school at church instead, it was quite the adventure. Who was going to want the passports?

We found some framed graduation pictures of Mom, one from eighth grade and the other from high school--funny, I don't remember seeing them at home. Were they stuck away maybe because graduations were a sore subject with Dad feeling inferior because he never graduated beyond eighth grade? We also found diplomas for Mom. What do you do with those?

There were other things, not quite as personal, like a tin of old marbles which I had my eye on. How did they accumulate that many marbles? Did we play with them? And an old mahogany chime clock which didn't work, hadn't worked for as long as I remember even when it was on top of the old china closet. Mom held onto that as it may have been one of their wedding presents. And there was an old gold coin which everyone thought was not up for grabs because it should go to the only grandson who carried the Beidler name. And a set of three B&G plates which my sister and I had given Mom for mother's day. I wanted them. And there was a ring--of all things to find in Mom's things? What was the story behind that?

We pored over things, sorted and organized and laid it out.

We did make choices and nobody fought over anything that I know of and as I have already implied, we did uncover a mystery or two like the ring, but for me, several things carried more weight than others. I think they deserve a stories of their own.

Treasure One--A Bonnet

I always knew from the start that I was going to look for one of Mom's bonnets to keep, maybe also a hat from Dad. It was a third choice on my list, high compared to some other things. I was thinking I just needed one.

We found the bonnets in a pink hat box, unusual for its round shape and tightly fitted round lid and its thin black cord for a handle. It seemed a bit ironic that they were stored in something designed for fancy women's hats. It was a whole stack, one nested inside the other.



Stanley and Ethel Beidler with two children

Photo credit: Eva Beidler

If you don't know about bonnets, they are different than coverings. They're worn on top of coverings, intended more as a protection in bad weather for a covering, more than protection for the woman herself. Bonnets in fact needed protection themselves, strange things that they were. We didn't wear them often but when we did it was for formal settings like funerals. They were more for show than anything else, not attractive, not fun. Frankly, they were awful. I had to wear one as a kid. I detested it.

I couldn't believe how many bonnets we found, most likely all the bonnets we girls wore through the years. I guess none of us took ours when we left. We dug them out with great fanfare. Pretty soon we were rolling with laughter. If you still believed in such things, you would have been offended. Some of us tried one on, all the while asking, "Can you believe it? We actually wore these?"

Somebody asked me directly, did I want my bonnet? I think I had kept some distance, didn't want to touch it, didn't want to have anything to do with it. I felt no fondness, not even for it as a keepsake.

"Absolutely not. Throw it out," I yelled into the next room to whoever was holding up my bonnet. I think it went into the black garbage bag. Even though I didn't want mine, I wanted one of Mom's--maybe it was less threatening. I found one in pretty good shape. It always struck me how plain yet strangely fancy it was. How else could you explain such a thing? To me, it was another piece of evidence from my earlier life. And it was the epitome of "personal effect", made precisely for one woman.

When I got home, I put Mom's bonnet and Dad's hat on exhibit, hanging them together by the bonnet strap at the top corner of my bay window. I thought they looked neat up there even though I knew it was inappropriate. One day a friend of mine came for lunch. She was Catholic. She knew little about Mennonites. She was curious about Mennonite customs, said she wanted a closer look, so I took Mom's bonnet down so she could hold it. She examined it admiringly and before I knew it, she was trying it on. Took me by surprise; and then she started primping and preening. It was too hilarious. I laughed despite myself.

Later I told Mom that a friend of mine wanted to try on her bonnet. I didn't think it through, how she would hear it, but I knew enough not to mention the hilarity.

She was offended. "Well, I certainly don't appreciate that. She was making fun of me." I didn't admit that she was. All I could do was to try to explain that she simply asked to look at it and then she tried it on. I said I was sorry. I understand why she took offense. To a Mennonite woman, a bonnet is more than a piece of clothing. It's personal, almost sacred. I knew. I had worn one myself.

Not long afterwards, I took Mom's bonnet and Dad's hat down from that perch and put them back in the pink hat box. That is where they will stay at least until I can figure out what to do with this kind of treasure.

Treasure Two—A Tape

Another story has to do with a strange shallow box, only about one inch deep and about nine inches square with a reinforced flip top lid. Scribbled on top, on a piece of masking tape, was something about Thanksgiving service at Franconia Mennonite Church. That's all.

What's this? I asked. We couldn't be sure but the box seemed to contain one of Dad's sermons on an old 8-track tape. I got excited even though that may sound strange. Up to that point, we had no record of any of Daddy's sermons. He preached thousands of sermons—there was no way to know how many for sure. He spent a lifetime preaching, 40 years in fact, almost every Sunday, always without being paid.

I have come to believe he was a "victim" of the system at the time. It was a Mennonite custom to ordain preachers by lot. I have strong feelings that it was an abusive system. The "lot" was a form of sacred lottery. When a congregation needed a preacher, several men from

the congregation would be nominated to “go through a lot.” The way it worked was, at the ordination service, each nominee had to choose a Bible from a group of identical Bibles positioned on the edge of the pulpit. There was a Bible for each person in the lot. If you happened to get the special Bible with a slip of paper with a certain verse written on it, then you were “called”. There was little you could do but accept the calling. How could anyone go against God’s will? The result was you were then a preacher for life. It was as if the church conscripted a man and his family for their own use without offering any preparation or training or pay. You were expected to start preaching right away. In the case of my Dad, you agreed to accept the call with only eight grades of education. You just did the best you could.

Dad was not only undereducated; he, I believe, may have had an undiagnosed learning disability too. All his life, he struggled with both spelling and writing. I know he wasn’t dumb--he was smart. I am thinking he may have been dyslexic. That is probably why he never wrote down his sermons. Some suggest it was more an issue of time--having to earn a separate



Stanley Beidler (in gray coat) with other conservative Franconia Conference ministers, circa 1970.

living, run a family farm and raise a family of eight. If you aren’t paid for sermon preparation time and you get up at 3:00 am on a Sunday morning to prepare a sermon for the morning service, you don’t write up your sermon. But it was clear to us as family that Daddy always struggled whenever he had to write anything. He was sensitive about it, often had to ask Mom to help spell words even when he wrote a letter.

There was something else. Even though he never wrote his sermons, he was prodigious about keeping track of his preaching by saving his outlines. We have a big cardboard box full of

outlines, all organized according to type of sermon and labelled with titles, but they are “bare bones”, so sketchy you can’t tell much of the content of the sermon by looking at them. Maybe he saved them because it was just too hard to write it all down and I am quite sure he used the same outline more than once. What I do know is that he could preach a long time, sometimes up to an hour, just from a bare outline on a single scrap of paper.

He was amazing, my Dad. He was amazing as a man as well as a preacher, only 24 when he was ordained. A year later he went through another lot, this time for bishop, as if he needed more to do. Not only did he have a home church where he was expected to serve but as bishop he had as many as six additional churches to supervise. In those extra churches, he was responsible for serving bi-annual communion, baptizing and handling ministerial problems. And he needed to attend bishop board meetings and speak at conferences, while at the same time needing to make a living. For Dad it was working at a chicken processing plant, pulling guts out of chickens for days and weeks on end. When he was ordained, he had a young wife and two children under the age of four but our family would grow to number ten. He just kept working--to feed our family and raise us kids, and preach, and be a bishop.

It was too much. We know something of how he felt about his ordination based on a church history he tried to write but never did pull together. (I ended up editing it and finishing it for him after he died.) Dad said, “It looked like a mountain unable to be crossed.” Later when he was ordained bishop, he writes, “I remember driving home with our two small children, trying to know how to react to this new assignment, one which was added to what I already had. The only source of comfort I had was that the Lord never asks of one more than He will give grace to perform”.

I guess God gave grace to perform. It was some performance. For 40 years.

Now, I want to listen once again to one of his sermons, one of his performances. As a preacher’s kid, you forget how your father preached even though you sat through many of his sermons. I know I changed in how I felt about him preaching. I began to see his faults and I began to disagree with him. But I remember how he claimed the pulpit, how he projected himself. I also remember how “Dutchy” he was; how he couldn’t separate his v’s and his w’s as was common with most Pennsylvania Germans. I know he quoted lots of scripture but tended to cherry-pick references to support a conservative viewpoint. I know he was one of the few in the Conference who held a hard line against liberalism, said he was “standing his ground.” He would say, “If we lose our identity, what do we have?” He said he had made commitments when he was ordained and he intended to keep them.

He pounded the pulpit about plain dress and nonconformity but really, what did he say? It is so vague in my mind. Somebody recently asked me, was my Dad a good preacher? I wanted to say yes, but it seemed too complicated to answer or even explain. According to today’s standards, maybe he was a terrible preacher. It is hard to know. We perceive things differently from then and now.

But now we had this tape and it didn’t seem to matter whether I agreed with him or whether I was going to be ashamed. Just like the things which disappeared and were absent in Mom’s

apartment, I was glad to get my hands on just one tape.

I needed somebody to convert the 8-track into cassettes if we were going to listen to it and if I was going to make copies for Mom and each of my siblings. I found a person who could do it, a friend of my sister's husband, who used to record church services using one of those suitcase- sized reel to reel tape recorders.

He made cassettes for me, so the next time I visited Mom, I took one along. It felt like a big thing to hear Dad's voice again. I told Mom we were going to listen together. Was there any other place in the nursing home where we could go other than her bedroom? We were shown to a nurses lounge/training room down at the end of the hall. Mom sat at the end of one sofa and I on another with a low end table between us. I set up my recorder on the table and hit play. We listened quietly in that strange room with a resuscitation dummy lying on a bed in one corner and medical equipment and wheel chairs in the other. You had to forget where you were, but once Dad got started--we heard his voice and intonation--it was as if he came back from the dead.

We didn't talk, just kept our eyes down and listened. When Dad was done, a bunch of other brethren each took turns giving testimony to the message as was customary in the larger Mennonite churches. We listened to what they had to say too. Finally, it was over and I clicked the recorder off. I turned to Mom, wanting to talk about it, not knowing where to start.

I tried asking, "So Mom, what did you think?"



Ethel and Stanley Beidler
Photo credit: Eva Beidler

It didn't take her long. "I don't know how he did it. *I just don't know how he did it,*" she said it again slowly, shaking her head. She seemed in awe of her own husband even though she had suffered so much with him being ordained, not having him home and having to fill in for him with responsibilities at home over the years. She had stood beside him all the way. Watching her, I became aware how much she didn't understand how he did it. What he had overcome. As for herself, she found it hard even to get up and speak in public but she had watched him get up in front of crowds and preach. To her, he was a really good preacher.

She paused, didn't seem to have much more to say, then she added, "And, those other men, they didn't much of anything to say. Maybe they should have stayed seated." In that moment, I loved my Mom. She told it like it was. I agreed with her. If you want to talk about "performance", nothing quite compared to Dad preaching.

It's been 20 years since Mom died and I am getting ready to listen to this tape once again, especially since I have found two more recordings which I can study. Maybe I'll try to write another story about what exactly my Dad did say. I know it won't be easy.

Treasure Three—A Shawl

I was worried how accountable we would need to be to Mom when we divided up her things. She could have been present but she chose not to be. Did we need to report back to her? Maybe she'd regret her decision to stay out of the process? Just in case, we made a list and kept track of what each sibling chose. Edith got a cedar chest, Luke got the 50th Anniversary quilt, Faith got the tea cart, Hope a bedroom set, Gloria another cedar chest, I got the piano, Rose got the oil painting of the Haycock homestead and Jewel got a desk secretary. Those were first choices but there were second and third choices and more after that. When I went to see Mom, I took the list along. I was prepared to tell her whatever she wanted to know.

She seemed satisfied. At least she wasn't upset about anything, how we did it. Then suddenly she asked, "Do you know what happened to my bishop's wife's shawl?"

"Your bishop's wife shawl? What's that?" I asked.

I had never heard of it before. Where had she kept it and why was she just now bringing it up? Mom told me that when Dad was ordained bishop, the older bishop's wives tried to tell her what she was supposed to wear. I had heard about these women, knew some of their names. Mom had not been happy with them. She was young, they were older and they thought it was their job to assist her in her new role. I remember her talking about some things, like needing to change the color of her covering strings and add an apron on her cape dresses but now another requirement, a shawl?

"They tried to tell me I was supposed to stop wearing a coat. They tried to say I needed to wear a shawl instead." Clearly she resented being bossed around but it was apparent that she didn't do as she was told. I never thought to ask how she got away with it.

I don't remember a lot of what Mom said about the shawl itself but the mystery still stays with me. I think she said it was black. I also had the impression it was more like a blanket than fitted because I remember telling her about this unusual black afghan which I chose from her collection when we were dividing things. It was wool and it definitely didn't look used. I had never seen it before. It had a tighter, more delicate weave (or knit), different than any afghan I had ever seen. It also had a wide distinctive border. And all black? Why would anybody make an afghan all black except for some conservative function?

It could be that afghan was Mom's shawl although that seems hard to believe. She would have needed to wrap it around her and if it was, it's little wonder that she refused to wear such a thing. I promised to bring it next time I came to visit. I wanted to have it ruled out if necessary.

Unfortunately Mom died before that could happen so I am left with the mystery. I think about it many times, actually every night as I pull that black afghan up over myself as I sit and watch TV. I thought about putting it away just in case it might be Mom's bishop's wife's shawl but I figured I might never know so why not use it.

It's been about 20 years since Mom brought up the subject of her shawl. The other day I

decided to try to look for some authority on Mennonite women's shawls, and I knew of a woman named Mary Jane Hershey who had written an article in the 1950's about women's attire in the Franconia Conference, published in *Pennsylvania Folk Life* magazine. I even found a copy of that particular issue and bought it on the internet.

I was able to contact Mary Jane, now in her eighties. I told her about Mom's shawl. Did she know anything about such a thing? She said she didn't but she knew that more conservative women did wear shawls instead of coats. She asked me, when you fold it up, can you make it go into a triangle? Does it have any holes along the edge which might have been used as a place to insert a pin? Apparently they did use shawls pinned together in the front.

I tried folding it. It did go into a triangle. And there were holes but I couldn't be sure we didn't put them there with all our hard use over the years. I doubt they were there by design. Several times since I talked with Mary Jane, I have found myself rechecking the holes as I sat covered up on the sofa, especially one hole on the edge. It did seem reinforced and it hadn't become unraveled or gotten any bigger. Maybe that was an intentional hole.

It's too easy to imagine things when you want to solve a mystery. I think I'll go back to the Mennonite Heritage Center in Harleysville, and check out the ladies shawls in their collection. It may be worth comparing the knit and texture of the wool in this afghan to other shawls of that day and time. Maybe it was supposed to be, me covering up with afghan. I do like the idea of having it close since Mom was never the hugging type. It's warm and it makes me feel good. It's another piece of evidence I yearn for from my past.

Lost or found, a bishop's wife's shawl is a treasure.

Eva Beidler grew up near Quakertown, PA as the daughter of bishop Stanley and Ethel Beidler. She is an art therapist with a graduate degree from George Washington University. She has shown and sold her artwork extensively. Eva is married to John Swarr and they have two grown children. They are longtime residents of the Washington DC metro area.

Eva is an avid genealogist and will give a presentation at the Mennonite Heritage Center on Sunday, September 9, 2018 at 2 pm titled "Researching Family Homesteads", in which she will discuss how she was inspired to research family history and what she learned in visiting home places of the Beidler, Landis and Bower families in Bucks and Montgomery counties.



Hanna Rittenhouse Clemens, wife of Preacher J.C. Clemens, in a typical conservative black shawl, circa 1970.

Workshops

Paper Marbling

Learn the colorful art of paper marbling on Saturday, July 21, 2018. Led by Ramon Townsend of Colonial Bindery, Exton, Pa, participants will learn this traditional paper art. Marbling is the art of floating and designing watercolors on a base fluid then permanently transferring the design to paper. Participants will be instructed in preparing the paper to accept the paint; mixing the colors for marbling; creating the base fluid; floating the colors on the base, then designing them; and transferring the design to paper. The students will take home their finished papers. Students will also have the opportunity to marble a fabric scarf during the workshop.



Preregistration is necessary as the workshop size is limited. The Paper Marbling Workshop fee is \$60 (\$55 member) plus a \$10 materials fee. The instructor will provide all the materials. Check the Mennonite Heritage Center website: www.mhep.org for registration information, or call 215-256-3020. No refunds are given unless a workshop is canceled for insufficient enrollment.

Redware Pottery

Enjoy a special Redware Pottery Workshop led by potter Denise Wilz scheduled for August 16 and 17, 2018 from 10 am to 4 pm both days. During the two-day work workshop, participants will learn the complete process for making redware plates, beginning with rolling the clay and molding the plates to decorating the plates with both slip and sgraffito techniques. The final step will be firing the plates in the kiln. Also included in the workshop will be a special tour of the MHC fraktur collection by staff. Loading and unloading the kiln will be done at on August 28 and 29 (the kiln firing dates have some flexibility, depending on the availability of the students).



The class will be led by redware potter Denise Wilz, a professional potter who researches and draws her inspiration from traditional Pennsylvania German potters. She will teach participants both slip and sgraffito techniques. Slipware is trailing lines of liquid clay across the plate to decorate while sgraffito is drawing a design into a damp clay coating on the plate. Workshop participants will make two 9 ½ inch slipware plates and one 10 ½ inch sgraffito plate during the workshop.

Participation is limited to six people with a workshop fee of \$200 (\$180 member) plus a \$60 materials fee. Pre-registration is required. To register, go to: mhep.org or 215-256-3020.

Fall Workshops

September 15, Grain Painting Workshop led by Jim King. Registration required.

September 29, Basket Weaving Workshop led by Karen Wychock. Registration required.

Exhibits and Programs

***Heroes of Peace and Justice* on display April 26 - July 28, 2018**

An exhibit of professionally designed panels with stories of persons who worked for justice and peace, both from the Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition and the international community of justice advocates. The exhibit is supplemented by a display of items from the Mennonite Heritage Center collection relating to Mennonite experience in World War I, as well as a video entitled *Symbols of Peace*, produced by the Heritage Center for an earlier exhibit.

***Quilting through the Generations* on display June 17- October 18, 2018**

Fine-art quilts and wall hangings by Bud Slemmer, of Lederach, PA, along with several quilts by his two grandmothers. Bud's work features colorful fabrics from southeast Asia.



***Pennsylvania German Architecture* on display August 4 - November 2, 2018**

A collection of photos on loan from the Schwenkfelder Library & Heritage Center, with others supplemented from the MHC collection.

Rothermel Homestead, Berks County
Photo credit: Schwenkfelder Library

Program: *Researching Family Homesteads* by Eva Beidler

September 9, 2018 2:00 pm – 3:00 pm Eva Beidler is a genealogist who enjoys putting her “boots on the ground”, heading out on local highways and byways to locate farms and homesteads where her ancestors lived. In this program, she will discuss how she was inspired to research family history and what she learned in visiting home places of the Beidler, Landis and Bower families in Bucks and Montgomery counties. Admission by donation.



MHC Quarterly
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Used Book Sale

Great books at low prices! This year we have an excellent selection of genealogy and local German titles, along with our usual great assortment of other categories.

2018 Book Sale Hours:

Thursday, July 19, 10:00 am-7:00 pm

Friday, July 20, 10:00 am-7:00 pm (half-price)

Saturday, July 21, 10:00 am-2:00 pm (bag sale)

Tuesday, July 24, 10:00 am-5:00 pm (bag sale)

Wednesday, July 25, 10:00 am-5:00 pm (bag sale)

Thursday, July 26, 10:00 am-5:00 pm (bag sale)