

**The Scam You Have Been Running is Finished, Roland:
How Things Corrupted You, How You Corrupted Things.**

My nephew in Regina has Roland as a jovial neighbour in Lakeridge, a lovely area of the city. R's house reeks of cigarette smoke. My handy farmer brother-in-law made this contraption as a present for Roland and his wife.

I also have met Paul Hofer. Arm River has always been a renegade colony. Twenty-five years ago I helped adjust a large hail insurance claim on the colony. It was a radical thing for Hutterites to buy such insurance, not trusting in the Lord's providence. The Boss told us to come out Sunday morning; I suspect he wanted to skip church. Probably many others wanted to; their young people had been at the Craven Jamboree the night before. (This safety-valve was to encourage retention of Hutterian youth otherwise tempted to leave for the outside world.)

The Boss drove two of us across demolished fields, stopping only to peer out the window and mutter "Sum bitch", otherwise jabbering on the CB in sing-song Hutterian German. We gave them \$300 000, the paperwork wrapped up by noon. There was time before lunch for the Preacher to snap his fingers directing a young fellow to bring in a case of beer.

Arm River bought their hail insurance from another company the next year, much to the chagrin of my boss who had taken a bath on the claim, not having hedged his exposure, and of the insurance agent who had sealed the deal with a case of whisky out of his trunk.

I have used "Land of Promise" to illustrate different views of "Land" in a "class" highlighting issues in Reconciliation. Roland et al. sadly epitomize things gone wrong. TJB



Wind spins the blades which in turn mechanically make the wings "flap" up and down. I would have to put the video on Youtube—or pay for an associated service—for GoDaddy to let me upload it to this website. TJB