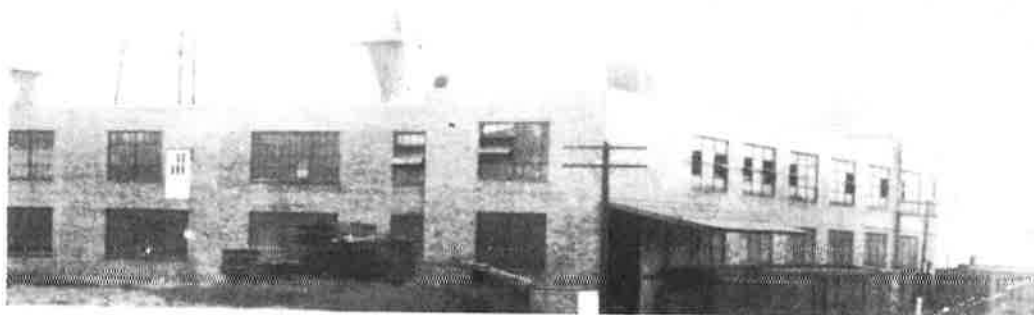




Scott Beachy with his Grampa Beachy. Taken June 25, 1988, at the First Beachy Reunion held at Franklin, Ky. Pop was 88 years and Scott was 21 years when the picture was taken.



Proud Grandpa Vern and Pop in the background.



**ABOVE:** F. E. Schumacher Window Screen Factory, Hartville, Ohio. Pop worked here for fifty years prior to his retirement, near the age of seventy years. Pop started to work here upon returning from the Amish settlement located at Bay Minette, Alabama in 1919. Pop's years of employment there stand as the employee with the longest number of years on their payroll. Several of the sons, also, worked there at various times when they were teenagers, and starting to earn their living.

# NELSON and CLAIRE BEACHY



**ABOVE-BACK ROW:** Kathy and Brad Beachy, Cindy and Paul Mattish, Curt and Vickie Beachy. **Front row:** Nathan and Kristine Beachy, James Mattish, Gregory and Lesley Beachy.



**ABOVE:** Nelson and Claire, Brad, Cindy and Curt. Christmas 1964. **RIGHT:** Scott Everett born on Sept. 3, 1965.



Christmas 1964 at Nelson and Claire Beachy family's home in San Jose, California, as enjoyed by Ray and Emma Beachy family from Ohio.

The children from each family were in a sense strangers to the other family for this was our first meeting, and all eagerly awaited our arrival. Brad, Cindy and Curt, the California kids and Marilyn, Ken and Barbara, the Ohio kids got acquainted real fast and were strangers but for a moment. Nels and Claire were great hosts, and sightseeing tour guides, as they gave us tours to San Francisco, The Redwood Groves, "17 Mile Drive" at Pebble Beach and trips to the Pacific Ocean beach and picnics. It was winter time and the kids were told to only walk on the beach and not get wet, but those huge Pacific waves had a way of catching up with them and everyone got soaked! We were using our Pick-up-Camper for transportation so Emma got towels and wrapped them in. For Christmas dinner Nels roasted a turkey on his Bar-B-Que, where he was an expert chef.

After Christmas he took me on a tour of the plant where he worked, Food Machinery Corporation where they built canners for commercial cannerys like Campbell Soups, etc. Nels took after Dad in that he was a machinist and expert enough in his field that later FMC would send him back east to supervise rebuilding canners at a Campbell Soup plant. It was during these trips that he was able to stop in Ohio for a day or two to visit.

He was, also, sent to South America and to Japan to supervise installation of new canner lines built by FMC.

Nels was confident in his work but I remember him like that from life at home. He worked for Jake Graber, and one summer his job was to work in the produce market in Chicago, which was in a tough area. He said he was not afraid and said what he would do if anyone would try to rob him. Well, one Friday evening he found out what he would do. He had just got his pay and was in his hotel bathroom shaving, getting ready to come home for the week-end when he saw in the mirror a masked face behind him with a gun in his back. He did exactly what the man told him to do; lay on the floor, tied and gagged him, took his money and left. Nels finally got free and came home very subdued.



**ABOVE - L TO R:** On floor, Barbara, Nels, Cindy, Curt. Seated, Claire. Christmas 1964. Nel's and Claire's home in San Jose, California.

Our plans, while in California, were to go to Pasadena for the New Years Rose Parade when we left San Jose. Nels thought it would be nice if they could go along and then come back to San Jose by bus. So we started out on the 450 mile trip to Pasadena. Six lively children and four adults in a camper made for a family of five. We started early and when we stopped for breakfast, Brad said that he wanted some of them FLOPOVERS that Aunt Emma makes. (Flapjacks that she made on an earlier outing.) Poor Brad was teased about that "Flopper" for some time. We had an interesting but good time. Experienced one flat tire on the L.A. Freeway; Disney World and a lost camera; Knotts Berry Farm and the Rose Parade. It came time to take Nels and family to the bus depot and we were planning to go on to Mexico.

On the way to the bus station I was stopped by the Police for making an improper turn and threatened to be put in jail, but was let go if I promised to leave California immediately.

When we arrived at the bus station all the bus seats were sold out because of the many holiday travelers. He finally was able to book passage on the mail train leaving at 3:00 A.M. and getting into San Jose late the next afternoon. All in all we had an enjoyable time but one that we reminisced about many

58. times.



**ABOVE - L TO R:** At table, Nels, Brad, Claire, Marilyn, and Emma standing. On the bunk bed, Curt, Barbara and Cindy. December 1964.



FLORA CLAIRE (LAUGHLIN)  
BEACHY



Is this Clark Gable? NO!  
It's Nelson Howard Beachy  
during his CPS service days  
in Livermore, California.

**RIGHT - L TO R:** Nelson Beachy with his  
sisters-in-law. **Back Row** - Martha Beachy,  
Emma Beachy, Erma Beachy, Reba Beachy,  
Carol Beachy, Ginny Beachy; **Front Row**  
Dorothy Beachy, Nelson, Martha Beachy.

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**ABOVE - L TO R:** Nelson with his four sisters. Marti  
Miller, Mary Sommers, Nelson, Nancy Trover and Amanda  
Otto.



L TO R: Nels with Cindy and Curt in Ohio.



Nelson Beachy in Ohio during 1940 or 1941.



ABOVE: Nelson at Civilian Public Service Camp No. 4, during World War II, where he served out his conscientious objector term.



ABOVE: Nelson on Leon Moore farm - summertime.



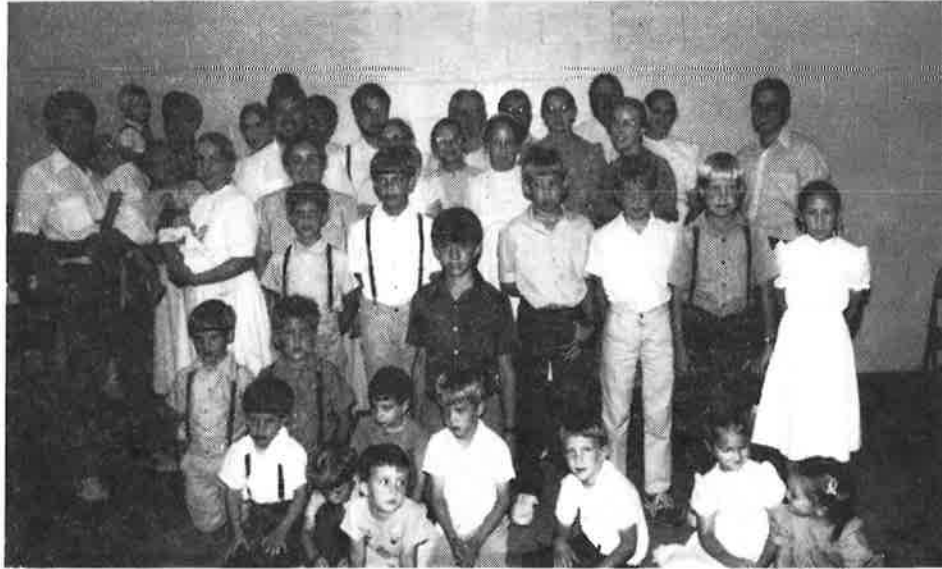
ABOVE: Nelson on Leon Moore farm in wintertime. Man look at those classic cars.

Nelson H. Beachy of San Jose, California, was called on a job by F.M.C. in Columbus, Ohio, for two weeks. He spent the weekend of January 11 and 12 visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Noah E. Beachy, and brothers and sisters, and many friends. He visited again with his parents on January 17 and 18 and returned to his home on Sunday, January 19, his parents 47th wedding anniversary.

Nelson was home on his birthday, January 17, for the first time in 24 years. They had an enjoyable dinner get-together Sunday, January 12, at the Mennonite Church kitchen with 58 people attending.

# ELI and MARTHA BEACHY

*Eli Beachy*



**ELI AND MARTHA BEACHY FAMILY:** Martha standing in front of Eli in middle of back two rows. Children and grandchildren are gathered around.



**L TO R:** Foreground - Male Sextet - Noah, Mark, James, Philip, Titus and David Beachy. Sons of Eli and Martha Beachy singing at the Beachy Reunion. June 25, 1988, Franklin, Kentucky.

If my information is correct; Dad and Mom were both born at Middlefield, Ohio. (My birth certificate gives this information, but Dad says he was born in Holmes County, Ohio; in the same house that Grandpa was born in, so, I don't know which is correct).

On August 6, 1906, Eli N. Beachy and several others went to Baldwin County, Alabama. Their purpose was to investigate a large tract of cutover pine land. He purchased one hundred fourteen acres, about three miles east of the courthouse at Bay Minette, the county seat of Baldwin County.

They lived there until June 19, 1919, They then moved to Hartville, Ohio, where Grandpa bought a farm three or four miles northeast of town. Dad soon started working at the F. E. Schumacher Co., as there was not enough work for everyone on the farm. During the time that the Beachy's lives in Alabama there were other families moving also; from Geauga County to Stark County.

Among those moving to Stark County from Geauga County, was the Joni E. Miller family. Dad became acquainted with one of the Miller girls, Lydian. On January 19, 1922, they were married.

Grandpa Beachy had two small apartments on the west side of the main house, separated by a large covered porch. We lived there until Grandpa and Jonas Helmuth built the new house located on Swamp Road. Several of the oldest children were born during the years we lived at Grandpa's. All that it took to keep Nelson, who was the firstborn, from wandering away was to stretch a string about knee high around the lawn, and he would not go over that.

One evening, after dark, a hoot Owl was sitting out in the Cherry tree just hooting away. Dad took little Nelson and a flashlight, and went out to see this Owl. When they came back into the house Nelson was crying. Mom asked him what was wrong, he said, "Daddy blitzed, honey feucht." "Daddy flashed, honey a afraid."

One of the things that I greatly appreciated about Dad and Mom was that they were concerned about providing for their family, both physically and

spiritually. This was manifested by building a large house with all the conveniences except electricity. In this new house we had more room than we needed for the family, so for a while Mom took in two boarders: Dan B. Beachy and Monroe Miller. Arvin and Flora Wade, also, lived upstairs in the new house, for awhile. On the 4th. of July one of them came home with firecrackers and started shooting them off. This just about scared us boys out of our wits.

One day Uncle Levi's came to visit and for some reason John laid on the running board of their car and went to sleep. Not aware of this, Levi got into the car and started to drive home. About a half mile down the road some workers on the Muck saw John lying there, waved Levi down, and told him about this sleeping boy. So Levi returned John to his home and warned him to find a safer place to take his nap!

During the time that we lived in the new house, Grandpa Beachy set up a sawmill. It was about five hundred feet west of the house and he did a lot of sawing. Power was furnished by a Case steam engine. One day while sawing logs several of the little Beachy boys, (Noah's and Levi's) were playing amongst the logs. One of them picked up the axe and began playing with it. Levi took it away, but while they were rolling a log onto the carriage, the axe was again picked up by the same boy, who started carelessly chopping with it. Uncle Levi's boy, Mahlon, was sitting on a log, with his hand right where the axe came down! That quick he was minus the tip of two fingers. It could have been worse, it might have come down on his hand!

When we lived on Grandpa's farm, he had a threshing machine. Dad bought half interest in this outfit, and they went from farm to farm threshing grain for the owner of the farm. Late one evening while moving south, just north of John Gopp's place, they had to turn out for an oncoming vehicle. Turning out a little too far the threshing machine tipped over onto its side. Fortunately there was a steep uphill bank so the machine didn't fall over flat, only about half way. One other time they were moving east toward New Baltimore and had to cross a bridge. Not fully trusting the bridge, they pulled up to it, put

engine in forward motion and jumped off. So if the bridge collapsed no one would be on the rig. But, the bridge held up and they moved safely across.

When the steam engine was no longer used it was parked under a huge Maple tree. About 1949 it was sold for junk. Also parked under the Maple tree was the water wagon that supplied water for the steam engine. There was also a horse drawn dump wagon that was used to haul dirt and gravel. Grandpa used the wagon as he helped to build roads. He, also, helped build the overhead bridge on Rt # 43, at the Mose Gingerich farm. Then there was a large wooden roller under the Maple tree, three or four feet high and ten or twelve feet wide. We spent much time playing under the large Maple tree on these old antiques when we moved to the Beachy farm in January 1936.

When plans were in process to build the new house; Dad was employed at Schumachers. Dad said something to Frank Schumacher about buying building material from Sears. Frank told Dad if he does that he will lose his job. So Dad bought material from Schumacher Lumber Company, who also financed it. Then, along came the depression. By this time Frank Schumacher had died and Carl was in charge of the financing. He demanded payment of the \$900.00 that was still due, which Dad could not pay. So, all that was left to do was sell the place. LaVern Henson bought the farm for \_\_\_\_\_.

The next problem was to find another house to live in. A place was found and the move was made, about three miles west of Hartville, in a long lane past Rudy Byler's farm, into an old house. It was about like moving out of a mansion into a shack! My part of the moving project was to help load ( or drive ) the family cow to our new (old) home. That winter it was cold and snowy and it was a long walk out to Rt 619 to catch the school bus.

When sled-riding we had the buggy sitting over our runway. Then going under the buggy I raised my head up too soon and cut a big gash on the top of my

head when I hit a bolt. Dad soon found a better place for us to live. I believe we lived there for one year before we moved to Harvey Bishop's farm. There were several acres of muck on this farm. So, the vegetable wash house was on the ground floor and our living quarters were on the second floor. While we lived here Grandpa Miller's and Uncle Bill moved into the west part of the wash house. Uncle Bill had a big bull dog that got into a fight with a huge ground hog. The dog had almost more than he could handle, but he finally whipped him.

While we lived there Dad worked for Charlie Hildebrand on the muck. One evening, after work, we took the one-horse wagon and went over to Charlie's wash house to load up some scraps to haul home to feed the hogs and cattle. It was almost dark when a car came down the road at a high rate of speed and didn't see the wagon until he was too close. He managed to miss the wagon, but landed in the muck! He was raving mad. Arvin and Flora Wade had come to our place that evening and when they heard all of this commotion, Arvin went out to see what it was all about. I don't know what would have happened if Arvin had not come, because that fellow was about ready to beat up on Dad. When Arvin stepped in between Dad and the man, the other fellow calmed down. Arvin would have whipped him if the man would have done something to Dad.

Grandma Beachy died on December 25, 1934. Grandpa remarried on November 28, 1935, to Lydia Kinsinger from Somerset County, Pennsylvania. They then moved to Somerset County. This left the Beachy farm vacant. So in January 1936 we moved to Grandpa's farm. (I can't quite get everything straightened out; because I remember helping Grandpa and Uncle Levi on the muck and in the wash house. So I am not sure whether that was in the summer of 1936 or when.)

Grandpa Miller's and Uncle Bill also moved with us to the Beachy farm, and I remember Uncle Bill also helped on the muck. Grandpa Miller did the farming and Dad worked at Schumachers.



I believe this is the time that Dad bought that frisky bay team of horses--Fred and Mollie. Grandpa Miller's moved to Holmes County, and Uncle Bert and Aunt Anna Miller moved into that house. Later Joe and Edna Hershberger also

At first we walked to the Swamp Road to catch the school bus, but Marlboro was full, so they sent us to New Baltimore. We then walked about a mile to the crossroad at "Shorty" Eldridge's to get on the bus. We went to New Baltimore school for three and one half years. By that time I was through the eighth grade. Our class was the last one to graduate from the eighth grade. Going past Nickie Gardener's farm: if he was working close to the road, he would holler out: "The donkey's are going home from the donkey school."

We then moved to the Mike Shaeffer farm, but, we didn't live on that farm very long. I believe it was here that Dad bought Nelson and me a .410 gauge shot gun. I shot my first rabbit with this gun. I was lying flat on my stomach, under a little building down by the muck.

In 1939 Leon Moore had a farm sale and quit farming, so Dad rented his farm. Dad, also, bought his team of large grey horses. So we moved again. I went to Hartville High School in 1939 and 1940. When I became sixteen Dad took me to the County Superintendent and got a working permit for me. This ended my formal schooling, but the school of life continues on, all through our life.

We started farming in earnest on the Moore farm. Dad continued to work at Schumachers and we boys did the farming. Included in the farm was a hucklebery patch. Many people came to pick the huckleberry's.

Then came World War II, and the draft. Nelson was soon drafted and went to Grottoes, Virginia on February 5, 1945. I started working for Lloyd Betz on March 1, 1943. He had a dairy farm north of Hartville and got me a farm deferment, so I was exempt from the draft. John was also drafted and went to Medaryville, Indiana. I have no record of when we moved to the John Hochstetler farm; probably 1943. I don't know much of what went on there because I was

working at the Betz farm during that time. This is where Vernon was run over by the mowing machine. Then on July 31, 1944, the barn burned down. Joe knows about that. Soon after that Dad bought the Leon Moore farm. So, on March 20, 1945, the move was made.

On April 21, 1945, Mahlon, "Shorty", Anna Mae, Mary Wittmer and I went to visit the Grottoes camp where Nelson, Ray Wittmer and numerous others from Hartville were. Nelson then signed up for hospital work. As a result he was transferred to Livermore Veterans Hospital out at Livermore, California. It was there that he met Flora Claire Laughlin, a nurse working at the same hospital, and whom he later married.

I left home on March 13, 1947, for a cattle boat trip to China. Enroute to Newport News, Virginia, I went to Salisbury, Maryland, where I visited with John and Mahlon at the camp they were assigned to. I left Newport News on March 28th., headed for the Panama Canal and then on to China. Because of boiler trouble aboard the ship we were in dry dock at San Pedro, California from April 16-27. If the timing would have been a little better I could have been at Nelson and Claire's wedding as they were married just one week after I sailed for China. When I returned from China we docked in Berkley, so I went to San Jose and spent five days with Nels and Claire before proceeding on home to Ohio. I took the bus from San Jose to Chicago. From there I took a side trip to Crown Point, Indiana, to visit Arvin and Flora Wade. Then it was back to Chicago and my first airplane ride; from Chicago to Cleveland and on to Akron.

My second trip on a cattle boat began on November 29, 1945, and the boat trip was to Danzig, Poland. I returned home from that trip on the fifth day of February, 1946.

There are numerous stories that could be written, but I have already filled my sheets of paper. But...here is one I will give yet. During the time that Al Kurtz was coming to see Amanda, there was a certain Sunday night that the weather was bad. It was snowing and blowing. Along about midnight I

was awakened and asked if I would pull Al's car out with the horses. So...out to the barn I went, harnessed the horses and got Al going on his way home.

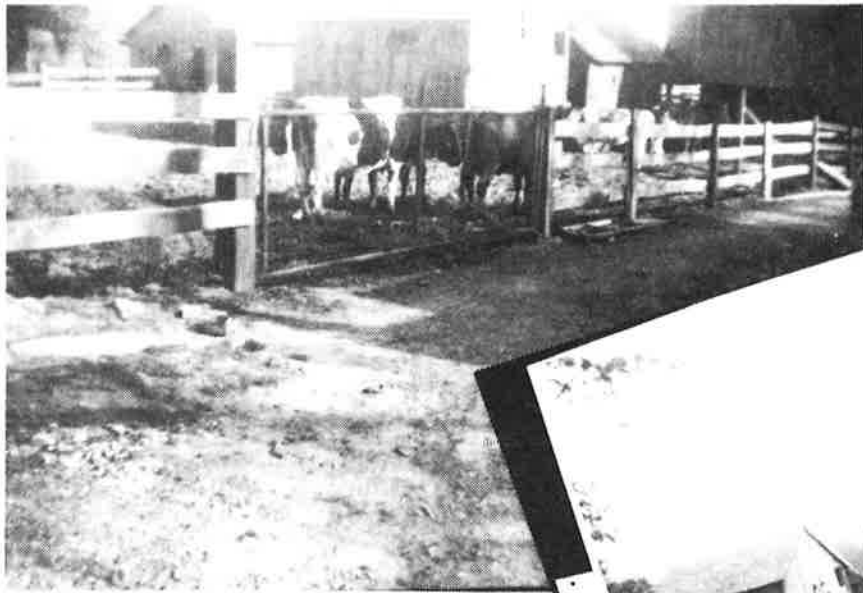
-Eli Walter Beachy



Eli W. Beachy



**L TO R:** Noah E. Beachy, Eli W. Beachy, Raymond N. Beachy, Ray F. Sommers (back to camera) Taken at John Beachy's house following Noah's 90th. Birthday Party on September 3, 1989.



Barnyard of Leon Moore farm.  
Hartville, Ohio



65.

Joe Beachy working on Leon Moore Farm  
August 1955 - Hartville, Ohio.

# AMANDA (BEACHY) and ABRAHAM OTTO



L TO R: Wayne, Abe, Ruth, Amanda, and Ruth Otto.



ABOVE: Amanda (Beachy) Otto about 18 years of age with a team of horses on Leon Moore farm.



L TO R: Amanda (Beachy) Otto and Martha (Yoder) Beachy.

I don't remember much about my childhood before the age of five. I do know that around that age I washed dishes by standing on a bench so I could reach the sink. Being one of the older ones in the family (born third), I learned early to help with the housework and to take care of babies.

Not having ready made "toys" we learned to make our own. We played "Zippy" and "Andy Over" a lot. We made "Old Maid" cards to play with by cutting out the numbers from large calendars.

I never had a real doll, but made dolls by rolling up dish cloths and pretending they were dolls. Of course, with a baby in the house most of the time, I usually played with the real ones.

When I became old enough to go to school it was necessary to walk about a mile to catch the bus. I liked school and loved to read. But, being the oldest daughter I always had to stay at home on washday and help Mom do the laundry. It seemed like there was no end to ironing clothes.

I remember being out of school one time for two weeks taking care of a new baby and some of the other small children who were sick with a childhood disease. When I was ready to go back to school I missed the bus and was so upset that I cried.

I enjoyed school, but after the eighth grade Mom and Dad got me a permit to stay out of school, because I was needed at home. Of course there were things learned at home that I would not have learned in school. We made all of our clothes, so I learned early to sew and with so many active boys there was always pants and socks to patch.

I was ten years old before the next girl came into the family so some of the boys had to help in the kitchen, especially with the dishes. Ray was one who helped doing dishes a lot. When Bert was born I went to Mom's bed and cried, "Not another boy!" Here was brother number seven and still no sister!

We baked our own bread. Dad would cover his head with a towel and work the bread dough before he went to work at Schmucher Lumber Co. After I was old enough I took over the bread kneading from my Dad.

On the Moore farm we did the laundry in the wash house, which was a smaller building off to the left of the main house. The water had to be carried in from the cistern pump. We then heated it in a big boiler on a wood stove; then we put it in a ringer washer which was powered by a gasoline engine. In the winter time when we couldn't dry clothes outside, we had wash lines strung all through our kitchen and the wash house.

I grew up in the Amish church. Church services were held in peoples houses, with church services held every other Sunday and Sunday School held on in between Sunday's.

Sunday School consisted of learning the german alphabet and how to read in german. A lot of singing in german, also, was done in Sunday School. We had a two seated buggy that we went to church in.

Our parents were always faithful in going to church and keeping all of the ordinances, and we were expected to do the same. I joined the church and was baptized when I was sixteen. Honesty and fairness was taught and practiced by our parents.

We had a huckeberry swamp on the Moore farm and many people came to pick. They either picked in shares or paid by the quart. When Mom measured the berries the measures were always overflowing. Mom opened her home to everyone and was a friend to all. Even Frank Burns "a railroad bum", would find refuge at our home at times. Mom would give him food and he would sleep in our wash house or in the barn.

Christmas at home was an exciting time. We knew when we got up on Christmas morning that there would be an orange, and some candy at our plate. We, also, may have a new pair of socks or stockings.

In the summer there was always a lot of canning to be done. We had a big garden and how I disliked picking peas and beans until your back ached.

Canning was done in two quart jars. We canned pickles, red beets, peaches, pears, applesauce, peas, beans, tomato juice and sometimes made sauerkraut, which was put into large crocks. As a child butchering time was exciting. We would make and stuff sausage and cook lard.

We would, also, get to eat "cracklin's". The hams were cured and buried in the grain in the barn grainery. Thrashing time on the farm meant a day of cooking for the threshers; sometimes two meals a day. Usually some ladies from church would come to help with the cooking.

We would, also, have to take our turn having church at our house. That meant cleaning the house; moving furniture to make room for church benches. After church a light lunch was served, consisting of bread, butter, apple butter, pickles, red beets and coffee. Sometimes bean soup was served which was navy beans cooked, with milk added and thickened with chunks of bread. It was really quite tasty. Tables were made by putting two benches side by side and putting table cloths on them.

On my twenty first birthday Mom made me a friendship quilt and Dad gave me a pitcher and six glasses, which I still have. As young folks we would have a Sunday night singing, which was usually held at the home where church was that day. In the Fall sometimes these were corn husking, where young folks would go and husk the corn on the shocks. Afterwards we would have refreshments and then square dance on the barn floor which had been swept clean.

I didn't date a lot until I met Abe. The first date I had with him was a blind date. He was in IW service at Staunton, Virginia, at the time and had come to Ohio to visit his sister and family who lived here. We started writing together and after the war was over and he had his term of service completed he came to Hartville to live. In the meantime his parents had moved to Ohio from Indiana. In October of 1947 we were married in the Amish church. Abe had a car at the time, but sold it and came back to the Amish church to marry me. I was never really happy in the Amish church, but was taught that it was wrong to leave and I did not want to disobey my parents. Abe was very dissatisfied in the church so we soon left the Amish church and joined the Beachy Amish Church, where we were members for a number of years. At that time we were working on a farm for Jay Kurtz and were there for seven years. During

this time there was a radio in the barn which Abe listened to. One program he listened to was "Back to The Bible", which really spoke to his heart. Through that program he gave up smoking and longed for a closer walk with the Lord. We started attending Hartville Mennonite Church and felt this is where we could worship, be fed and grow in the Lord. At this time we had three children and Floyd was born after we left the farm. We grew in our spiritual pilgrimage and taught our children as best we knew.

As I look back I can see we made a lot of mistakes along the way, but we have a great God who cares, understands and is willing to forgive. During our seven years on the farm Abe worked for \$100.00 per month plus eggs, milk, one hog and some chickens to eat. During this time Abe started working nights at Monarch Rubber Co. When we left the farm we bought our first home on Brumbaugh Street for a little over \$6,000. Abe worked then at Monarch Rubber Co., as press foreman, which position he held until his death on May 1, 1970.

After his death I felt like my little world had fallen apart, but through prayer and loving support from family and friends I found out that life can go on. I know the prayers of Mom and Dad, and also, mine would be that one day we will all be together again in Heaven.

-Amanda (Beachy) Otto





**LEFT PHOTO: L TO R:**  
Ruth Otto, Mary Ann  
and Wayne Otto.



**ABOVE - L TO R:** Foreground, Ruth, Floyd and Linda Otto  
enjoy a family get together their favorite way - eating!



Everyone say "Cheese". Photography session at the first  
Noah/Lyidian Beachy Reunion - June 25, 1988. How many  
can you identify?



**ABOVE:** Amanda (Beachy) Otto



**ABOVE:** Amanda (Beachy) Otto as she looks in 1990.



**ABOVE:** Abe and Amanda Otto in their early years.



**ABOVE: L TO R:** Amanda (Beachy) Otto and Martha (Yoder) Beachy, admiring those modern cars.



**ABOVE:** Abe Otto a few years later. He entered heaven's gates following a car accident on May 1, 1970.

# **JOHN and DOROTHY BEACHY**



**L TO R: Back row:** John Beachy, Dorothy Beachy holding Toby Gingerich, Joyce Ferguson holding Raquel, Shirley Horvath, Jim Horvath, Julie Horvath, Karen Gingerich holding Tiffany. **Front Row:** Mary Lou Pastore holding Anna Marie, and Matthew Pastore. **Absent:** Jimmy Horvath, Derill Ferguson Dan Pastore, and Dale Gingerich.



Norman Dale Beachy - 1 year of age.



I must take my Mom's word for the date that she said I was born. Because no one else could be more exact than her to announce the date. It's on the records as August 18, 1927, the hour I don't know. Also, I am not sure which location it was that I first saw daylight. If my memory and counting is correct we moved seven different times in my eighteen years of living in the home with Mom and Dad.

My first memories of things that happened were at the new house on Swamp Road. One Sunday when we were in church it stormed and rained a lot. It was like a little flood. When we came home there was water all over the place. We looked behind the barn and there were chickens and peeps floating on the water. That's all I can remember of that experience.

Then, on another Sunday afternoon, we were sitting outside and someone spotted a big animal back in the woods. They said it was black and looked like a bear. So we ran into the house and Dad went to the barn; got some harness straps and brought them in and locked the doors of the house. We then sat around and kept looking out the windows waiting for this monster to show up around the house, but he disappeared and never came around.

One other incident that comes to my memory was Uncle Levi Beachy came during the week and took Mom and I to the doctor. When we returned home, Uncle Levi pulled into the driveway, turned around and stopped. He was now headed toward the road again. Mom got out and so did I. Mom went to the house, and I laid down on the wide running board of the car and fell asleep on the passenger side. Uncle Levi walked off to do something, I don't know what, then returned to the car and took off down Swamp Road. As he drove past the guys working on the muck farms, the guys began screaming and waving their arms motioning for him to stop. When he did he found me lying on the running board. He picked me up and put me onto the back seat of the car faster than you can say SEAT! I can't remember what happened when he took me home.

Now my thoughts go to Grandpa Beachy's farm. I well remember Grampa Millers living there too, they lived in the "Dawdy Haus" part. I remember we would go over there and mess around and sorta fight a little and he would run us out and tell us to go home.

Dad had a buggy horse at that time whose name was "Topps". She was medium spirited. While still living there, some horse jockey came around and had a very nice Bay team of horses, "Fred" and "Molly", highly spirited. During the summer at evening the three horses were taken across the road through a field, then to the pasture to graze for overnight. One morning Dad went to get "Topps" to take him to work. I didn't see him come back the first time, but I saw him go the second time. As he was walking through the field toward the pasture I could see he was carrying a gun. Needless to say "Topps" didn't come back with him as her one rear leg was severely broken, after being kicked by one of the other horses. How he go to work that day, I'm not sure.

I have fond memories of the Grandpa Beachy farm. I always thought it was such a big house and a rich looking place. We farmed the upland and muck both.

Grandpa had a big old steam engine, sitting under a big maple tree. It was worn out from years of hard work and hot fires in the furnace. The hot water in the boiler and hot steam through the pipes went to drive the pistons. A Grand Machine in it's day, but I think it was finally sold for junk.

I'm not sure where we moved to from there. But, there were three moves in just a short time. One of them was to Swamp Road, above the wash house, and I don't know how long we lived there. But it was in the upper 1930's and the Gypsie's were very active in the area. They would go into the homes and steal food. One day there came one woman and two men (Gypsie's), and Mom saw them come up the drive and she said, "Oh, No. Here they come." They came up the stairway (we lived on the second floor and the stairs were on the outside of the house), and came right into the house. They told Mom,

"We want some groceries"; we didn't give them any, so they just went through the cupboards and just took what they wanted and left. That time I saw Mom cry because somebody stole her things. It was sad but they didn't hurt us.

Some of us boys worked on the muck farm for Mr. Bishop. I remember topping onions with a big shears that was good for the job, and also good for blisters.

Then my next thoughts would be on the Leon Moore farm. When we moved there I thought we were really in BIG! It was a large farm and close to Hartville. Well, Dad bought some cows and another team of horses and put us right to work! During the years up to now and there after for a number of years the Beachy family increased quite rapidly and the need called for a "Maud" (hired girl). So somehow the connection was made and Martha Yoder was hired to fill the job. Then about the second year of her stay, Dad farmed me out to her father - Fred Yoder - for one summer. So I worked there one complete summer, doing chores, working the horses in the fields, and doing everything connected to farming. Then for two summers I worked for Charlie Moore, doing the same things.

At was at this time that we moved farther east of Hartville to the Crist Troyer farm. Now I was about sixteen and I thought, "Boy, I am going to have my own horse and buggy and go running around like the other young folks." Well, it was slower coming than I thought. I worked for Kenny Zellers on the "Pig and Potato" farm for one year and then I went with Dad to the screen door factory for a while; farmed our farm one year. Then here at this place Grandpa Miller's moved up from Holmes County, into the "Dawdy Haus".

Other things happened there also. One was that we were quarantined for measles and us older one didn't like that because we couldn't go away. Finally Eli bought his own horse and buggy; then I got his buggy and old faithful "Rex". Boy, I was in my glory. I attended the King church (cause that is where the nice girls were), and it was there that I was baptized and joined

the church.

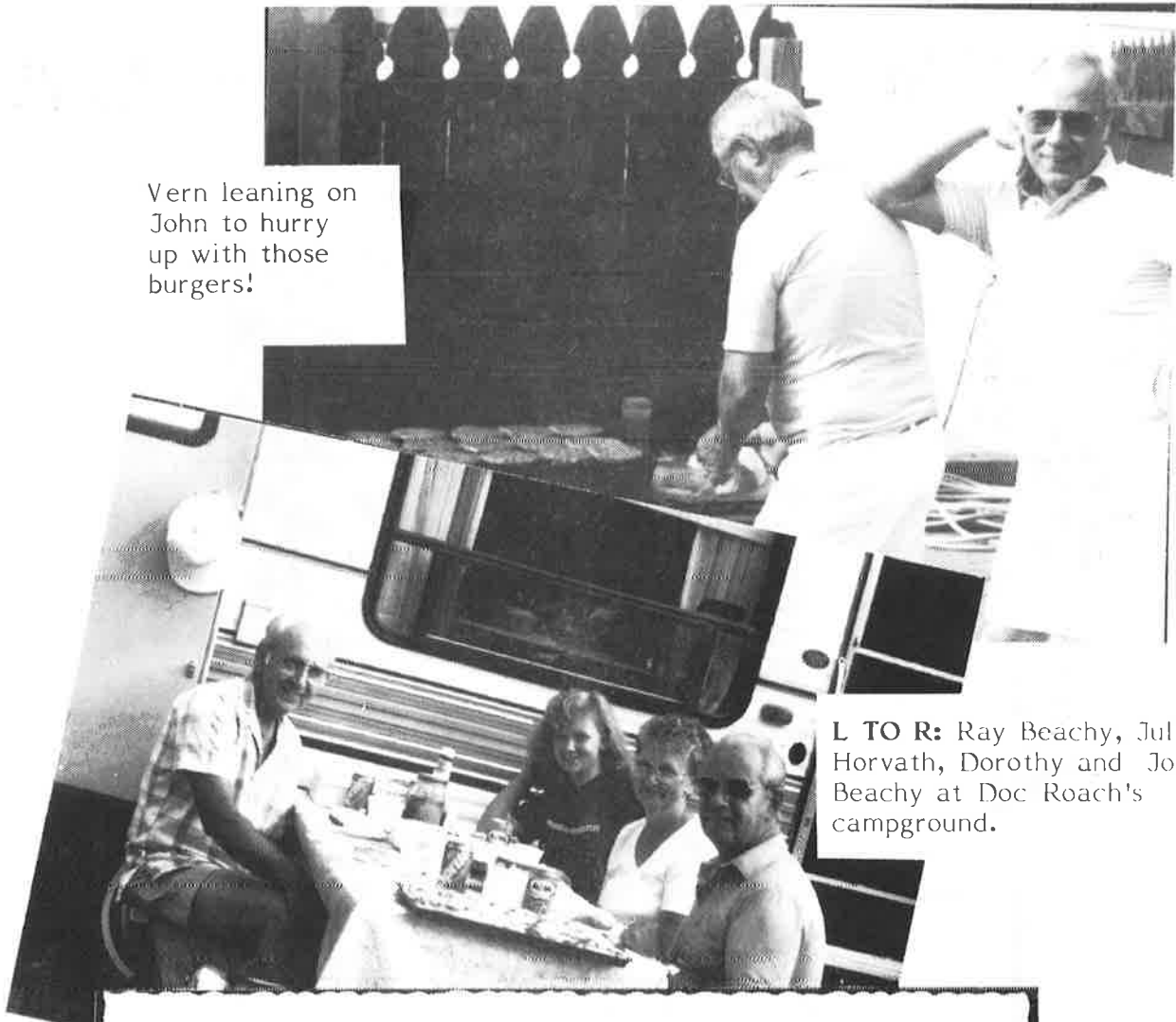
At this time Dad has purchased the Leon Moore farm and we have moved back. I remember moving and getting settled down again. It was just like coming home. Of course, now we have gotten a little older. On August 18, 1945, I became eighteen years old and I had to go and register for the Army. But of course I went, applied for, and received my conscientious objector papers. They were signed by Lester Wyse and then I was sent to Civilian Public Service (C.P.S.) Camp. There were five of us that left Hartville and went to Camp on the same day, and we were sent to the same place to serve.

Now back up a year or two. I mentioned the nice girls in the "King Church". Well, there was one special one that was small in stature and nice in nature. My eyes just focused on her. Her name was Dorothy Troyer. We made our acquaintence and accompanied each other a number of times. Then we decided we would go "steady", since that was the thing to do. Then the time came and I had to go to camp. After eighteen months I was released, on May 15, 1947. Following my return home we joined hands and hearts in Holy Matrimony. Dorothy and I have been blessed with five healthy children: Norman, Shirley, Karen, Mary Lou, and Joyce. Now grandchildren grace our lives and we are happy to see them growing and maturing.

-John William Beachy



Vern leaning on John to hurry up with those burgers!



**L TO R:** Ray Beachy, Julie Horvath, Dorothy and John Beachy at Doc Roach's campground.



Linda Otto - age 18 months wants Norman Beachy 3 years to play ball with her.

# RAYMOND and EMMA BEACHY



DEAR GRANDMA,  
Maria Linder

Now that you are living with Lord  
Jesus up in Heaven,  
I'm writing you a letter.  
Although it makes us very sad.  
It also makes us very glad to know  
that you are feeling better.  
I know that all the stories told about  
silver mansions, streets of gold.  
Are coming true in Heaven above  
and I just want to tell you  
That we all miss you and that you  
are being loved.

\*Maria was a fifth grader when  
she penned this.





**L TO R:** Back row, Norman Linder, Scott Beachy, Ken Beachy, Noah Beachy, Mark Boggs. Second row, Marilyn Linder, Darla and Ray Beachy, Sarah Boggs, Rebecca Beachy, Barbara Boggs holding Adam Boggs. Front row, Maria Linder, Jennifer Linder, Eric Linder. Absent, Markie Boggs.



**ABOVE: L TO R:** Noah E. (Pop) Beachy, Norman, Eric, Marilyn Linder, Kenneth Beachy. Foreground, Rebecca Beachy and Jennifer Linder.



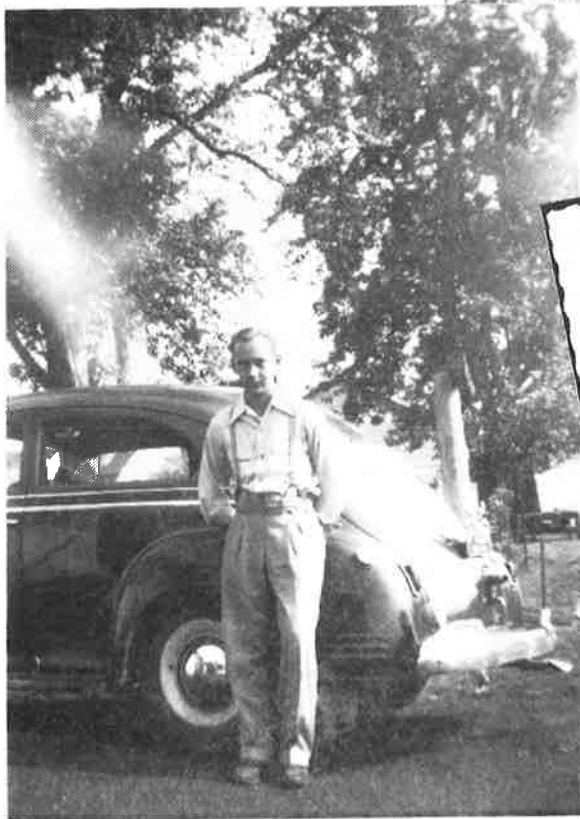
**L TO R:** Scott Beachy, Barbara Boggs, Raymond, Marilyn Linder and Ken Beachy. Taken July 1989. **76.**



**ABOVE-L TO R:** Barbara and Marilyn Beachy helping to collect sap in the woods to make maple syrup. Mar. 1961.



**BELOW:** Ray Beachy with team of horses on Leon Moore farm. Taken during 1940's.

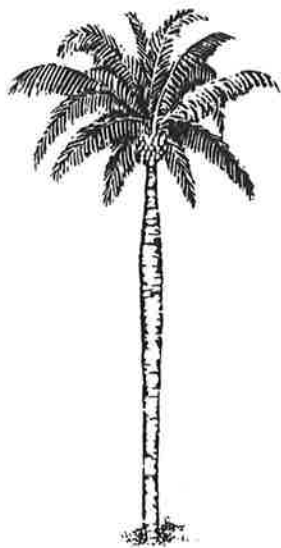


**ABOVE:** Ray Beachy all dressed up ready for an outing in his car.



**ABOVE-L TO R:** Ray and Nels Beachy. Ken Beachy with back to camera.

# **RAYMOND and DARLA BEACHY**



**WEDDING DAY - AUG. 29, 1987**  
Raymond and Darla Beachy  
Matron of Honor - Jean Yancey  
Best Man - Kenneth Beachy



**L TO R:** Owen and Edna Slabaugh (Phoenix, Arizona),  
Kathryn Slabaugh, Darla and Ray Beachy. Nov. 1989.

Raymond Noah Beachy, born December 16, 1928. I am the fourth son, fifth child of a family of fourteen children; ten boys and four girls. Children born to Noah E. and Lydian (Miller) Beachy, who were married on January 19, 1922. All single births, and all grew to adulthood, married and produced offspring. Years span from oldest, born January 17, 1923 to youngest, born December 9, 1944, is nearly twenty two years. All of them are productive, contributing members of society.

My earliest memories as part of that family go back to the new house on Swamp Road, Hartville, Ohio; that Dad built. It is a two story house built like many at that time with a steep roof and third floor attic, with a covered porch across the front. I think electric wiring was put in at the time it was built but was not used while we lived there.

For an Amish family of that time it was rather modern, with indoor plumbing and bathroom. There were several rooms for an apartment upstairs, which were rented to different people at different times. One couple I remember was Arvin and Flora Wade. They became life long friends with Mom (who had many friends), and she would visit them in her later years in Indiana. Of course, the Wades had a car which was something for us little boys to be curious about and we would check it out when they weren't around. One afternoon, the Wades came home and had just gone upstairs when their car mysteriously started rolling backwards toward the street! He came running real fast and got it stopped. I'm not sure what we did that caused it to start moving, but, I know it was one of those days when I had to sit on a little wooden bench in the kitchen, where Mom made me sit the rest of the afternoon until Dad came home. It was a bench that Dad had made and I have never forgotten it. I guess because it was a place I had to sit when I misbehaved and Mom could keep an eye on me.

Years later, after our first child was born, I made a little wooden bench which I think is very similar to that one of my childhood. I made it for a footstool for Emma, which had many

uses. It even went along in the camper cab on all of our trips, as a footrest. I don't remember whether my children had to sit on it for not behaving, but to this day it is still in use in one of our bathrooms. We stack magazines on it, the grandchildren use it to stand on, and at times it makes me think back to when I was 3-4-5 years old.

Those were days before "Super Markets" and we had a traveling grocery bus, or truck, that would regularly come by and Mom would buy things she needed from the grocery truck. It was always exciting when it came.

One of the breakfast foods we had was a ground wheat which Dad would grind in a small hammer mill that was powered by a gas engine. He, also, ground corn which Mom made into cornmeal mush and fried mush. The ground wheat was cooked for a cereal which we called "wheatlet".

My grandfather, Eli N. Beachy's farm was only a little more than a mile from our house, which is now Tope Road. I remember my grandfather well. We referred to him as "Danny Dawdi". Because we had two grandfathers, the other one, Grampa Miller was called "William Dawdi". I guess the reasoning was Grandpa Beachy's youngest son was Dan and Grandpa Miller's youngest son was William. This is the same way we clarified which grandmother we referred to--"Danny Mommi" or "William Mommi".

I remember "Danny Mommi" as a little taller than "die Mam" but, I can't quite remember her facial features. I do remember going to their house on a regular basis and "die Danny Mommi" always had the best cookies ready to give to each of her "kinskinna" (grandchildren).

I remember Grampa Beachy as a kind man and concerned for his grandchildren; that they be taught the scriptures and brought up in his faith. In church he was always one of the fouda singa, (one of the men who would lead in the singing of hymns. The lead singer would start the first word of each line and then the congregation would join in.)

Grampa, also, had a sawmill and a threshing machine which were both run by a tractor steam engine. At one time the sawmill was set up just west of our house.

I think Dad was part owner with Grampa on the threshing rig. One after-



noon, when they were moving the threshing rig up the hill on Gopp Road, for some reason they got too close to the edge of the road and the wheels of the threshing machine got off the road and the machine rolled on its side. I don't know how it was set back up because it was no place for little boys to be.

I remember those times as happy days when we would visit cousins, and Uncle Levi and Aunt Lizzie would come to our house with their Studebaker Touring car with side curtains and running boards. Uncle Levi did take us for a ride, which was a grand experience.

During that time "Pop"; that's what we called our parents, "Pop and Mom". I don't think I called my father "Dad" until I had children of my own and they called me "Dad". Then I started to refer to my father as "Dad" instead of "Pop".

Well, Pop got some kind of mail order painting course called "FIRESIDE". I don't know if it was for a hobby or what. I do know he spent some evenings painting pictures and all his equipment was kept in his big desk, and we were not, under any circumstances to open that desk.

There were times when Dad was working at his desk that he would show us some of the things he had in the small drawers inside of the drop front. There were Indian head pennies, Buffalo nickels, and other things, that I thought were interesting.

Our spiritual training started early. We always had prayer before our meals and also a "thanks prayer" after the meal. We were not allowed to leave the table until everyone was finished and a prayer was said.

Before bedtime we all gathered in the living room and Pop would read and then we would all kneel, and Dad would read a prayer from a German prayer book. With so many little children, Mom had a "Maut" (maid) live in when a new baby came. One that I remember, her last name was Schmucker, I don't remember her first name. Well, I guess she wasn't used to a prayer before bedtime and the first evening she was there, when we all kneeled, she just sat there and us little guys thought that was pretty funny.

That was an evening event all of my growing up years. In later years, when some of us were older and started to go upstairs, Dad would always say,

"...we want to 'schtille haeva' (quiet time) before you go to bed."

Those happy days at the new house were not to last. Depression years came and Dad was laid off from his regular job at the F.E. Schumacher Company. They, also, had furnished the lumber to build the new house and held the mortgage, so without a job and not enough income to make the payments, the house was sold.

There was a man, Vern Hansen, that came to the house several times to look; and one evening he came, gave Dad some money and soon after we moved west of Hartville into a small old house at the Rudy Byler farm. The year was 193\_. The house was at the end of a long muddy lane, and there would be no grocery bus coming back here.

This must have been a traumatic time for Pop and Mom, for I would occasionally see Mom cry. At first it was an exciting adventure for me; exploring the old house and barn. But things were different. There was a "backhouse" instead of bathroom. When winter came the snow blew through the cracks onto our bed. On the real cold mornings before the stove fires got going there was ice in the water bucket. I could then, in a small way, understand why Mom was sad at times.

In our exploring of the barn and "schnuppering" around we found a shotgun shell. Not really knowing the danger involved, I said to my brothers, "lets try to make it go off". So, we found a hammer and proceeded to hit it; but, now I know that was one of the many times the Lord had His protecting angels watching over us boys because it did not "go off" and we soon discarded that and went on to something else. We lived at that place over winter and the following spring, or early summer, Dad rented living quarters above the "wash house" of a muck farm located on Swamp Road near Harvey Bishop. The place is now part of Miller & Sons Produce.

Grampa and Granma Miller, along with Uncle Bill, moved into part of the "wash house" on the ground floor about the same time. We were only there a short time when Mom discovered some unwanted little critters in our beds and lo and behold the place was infested with bed bugs. Mom was a clean housekeeper, and to find little

critters in her house was a disgrace, so we left early one morning to spend the day at Danny Dawdi's, while the house was fumigated and things got back to normal.

On the west side of the house was a wooded area with Oak and Maple trees and some tree stumps where trees had been cut; a nice place to play. It was on one of those stumps that one day I was chopping sticks of wood into small pieces with a butcher knife, which I was not supposed to have. As I chopped the stick shorter and shorter my index finger came in line with the knife blade as it came down and "whap" it sliced through my finger on an angle just at the base of my fingernail, and all that held it on was a little piece of skin on the other side. I ran to the house and Mom knew what to do. She cleaned the cut; put Black Diamond Linament on it and carefully put the end of the finger in place and bandaged the first two fingers together. It soon healed back on without any problem. It probably was a blessing in one way because they were the same two fingers that I still used in my mouth as a pacifier, and no way could I suck on fingers bandaged with Black Diamond Linament on them. That was a sure cure.

Mom had to be ready, at any time, for any emergency. Another time, some years later, the day after we moved to the Leon Moore farm, we were taking turns riding a coaster wagon down the hill driveway, and on my turn, I turned too sharp and upset on the way down, sliding across some broken glass, cutting my right arm from my wrist halfway up to my elbow. It was another time for Mom to come to the rescue with her skill of doing just the right thing to make things get better.

While we lived at the Bishop place, Pop worked for Charley Hildebrand on the muck. I don't know if he was foreman or what. But, I remember he occasionally drove the field truck (muck truck), home for lunch. One evening after supper Pop hitched the horse to the wagon to go to the vegetable wash house, where he worked, to bring home vegetable scraps to feed to our pigs. Some of us boys were allowed to go along. Nelson was sitting on the seat with Pop and had the reins, driving the horse. I remember sitting on the

back end of the wagon when suddenly a car approached from the rear at a fast speed. I guess he did not see the wagon soon enough, because when he swerved to pass he went off the road into the muck. I did not see it happen, only heard the noise as the car went off the road. I heard Nelson say, "Dat, nem du die lina." (Dad, you take the lines.) The man was not hurt because he came up to the wagon really mad, and was going to beat up on Dad. There were some scared little boys not knowing what was going to happen but our friends, the Wades, had come to visit that evening and Mr. Wade came to the rescue and calmed the guy down.

While living there I remember some first time things that happened in my life. My first experience with death was on Christmas Day, 1934. "Die Danny Mommi" was sick and in the hospital and I think it was in the evening that someone came and told us that "Mommi" had died. Mom was sitting on the davenport and she leaned her head on the back of the davenport and cried. I had never seen Mom cry like that and to me it was sad and scary. I couldn't quite realize that we would not be going to "Mommi's" house to visit her anymore.

We had neighbors, the Mohlers, who were of the Dunkard Brethern faith and another first was to watch them have a baptismal service one Sunday in a stream that was on their property. I wasn't able to fully understand why they would go down in that water and let the older man dunk them under the water, not just once, but three times. It did have an impact on my young life to see someone want to be baptized like that to become a member of the church.

I heard my parents and grandparents talk about some people that they called "Gypsies" and from what I heard they were not very nice people to come in contact with. But, sure enough, one day I had my first look at some real life "Gypsies". They came into our drive and right up the steps and told Mom, they know everything that she has in the house and named different things demanding that she give them whatever they wanted. Mom was too scared to resist because talk was around that if the "Gypsies" didn't get what they asked for they would take children.

We were scared to death they would take one of us kids, so we hid and Mom let them take out of the kitchen whatever food they wanted and soon they left.

Another first was my first day of school (1935) at Hartville. I could speak Pennsylvania Dutch much better than english. I was rather shy in that new setting and when the teacher asked me what my parents names were I couldn't tell her. The teacher's name was Miss Muster, (Mary Lou Muster) and I thought she was really a pretty lady. On the morning of the second day I thought I had a different teacher but I soon realized she was the same teacher but wearing a different dress. I wasn't used to seeing a change in dresses from one day to the next. I soon made friends and enjoyed going to school.

It was during my first year in school that we moved to Danny Daudi's farm. He had now remarried and moved to Sommerset, Penn., so the farm was vacant. Now we had a lot of room in the old farm house and a lot of place to play.

The steam engine, threshing machine and the big water tank on wheels, which was used to haul water for the steam engine were no longer being used so they were parked under a huge tree west of the house and barn. We spent many hours playing on and around this equipment, pretending we were the operators; driving the engine and pulling the cord on the steam whistle hoping it would blow, but it never did.

The water tank had a hand pump with a long wooden handle to move in a back and forth motion pretending to pump water into the engine boiler. We would, also, crawl into the water tank to explore its rusty, dark inside. It was a good place to hide but hard on the eardrums if someone knew you were there and would bang on the outside.

I learned to ride bicycle by accident when I was sitting on the bike next to the house where there was an offset in the yard and I could touch the ground with one foot. Someone gave me a shove and the bike started down the drive with me on it. I couldn't reach the pedals so I just hung on and was able to keep it upright until we coasted to a stop, where I promptly fell over. I had the feel for biking and it wasn't long until I was able to ride under my own power.

At the rear of Danny Dawdi's house was a large porch covered with a sloping roof from the second story of the main house and continuing on over two apartments beyond the porch. I guess we lived in the one apartment before moving to the new house on Swamp Road but I don't remember that. (Aunt Lizzie told me when I visited with her on 6-19-90 that they had lived in the other apartment at that time, also.) At the open end of the porch was a dug well but covered over with the wooden porch floor. There was a hand pump and also a gas engine that would connect with the pump.

Under the apartments there was a walk out basement which also served as Grampa Beachy's shop. Some of his tools were still there and among them was a hand crank grinder with open gears. It was fun to turn the crank and see how fast you could make the grinding wheel turn. I was turning the crank and somehow brother John got a finger caught in the gears and really got mashed. "Die Mam", had another doctor job!

"William Dawdi's" moved into the one apartment and he did the upland farming. Pop had bought a team of horses and the "horse jockey" brought them to the farm for William Dawdi to try out. I thought they were really big horses compared to old "Tops" which was our buggy horse.

There was, also, muck land on the farm and it was there that I first learned to pull weeds in the celery and onion row.

I think it was when we moved there that Pop had started working for Dennis Steffy as a carpenter. He helped build the big "Saddle Horse Barn" at Congress Lake for Roy Moore, newspaper man. After the barn was finished Pop was called back to work at F.E. Schumachers.

It was several miles from the farm to the Schumacher shop and most of the time Dad would take old Tops and the buggy. He would stable her somewhere during the day and then hitch up and come home evenings. Part of the time he worked nights, so it was late at night when he would come home. He said that often he would go to sleep on the way home and old Tops would go home. When she stopped at the barn door Dad would wake up and go into the house.

Uncle Bert Miller and Aunt Anna, (Mom's sister) moved into the other apartment for a while. I liked to go to their place and listen to their old Victrola. Some of the songs I remember were, "Old Zip Coon" and the "Preacher and the Bear" among some others. Uncle Bert had a small dog that we used to play with and one evening Mom sent me to the pump to fetch a pail of water. The dog came running and I guess I kicked at him and something really bad happened. The dog started howling real loud and was limping. Uncle Bert came out on the porch real mad and said, "You broke the dog's leg." He picked up the heavy crank from the gas engine, grabbed the dog and hit him in the head and killed him. I was so scared and cried. I don't know if Mom got her water or not. (Probably not!) I do know that Uncle Bert took the dead dog, carried it across the road and buried it in the woods. Days later I would hear a dog bark in the woods at night and I was told that it was the ghost of the dog that was dead. I didn't like to go to bed for a while.

The move to the farm put us in Marlboro school district where we first went to Marlboro school, but due to overcrowding there, we were transferred to the two room-eight grade school at New Baltimore. We had to walk one mile across the fields to where we got on the school bus.

The school bus we had then had different seating arrangement than the buses of later years. There were bench seats on the outside while in the middle was a lower bench seat which also was from front to back where the smaller children sat. You had to be a bigger kid before you were allowed to sit on the side seats.

This daily walk to and from the bus was an ordeal at times in all kinds of weather; sunshine, rain, cold and snow. There were times when we would walk the road instead of through the fields and Mrs. Price would pick us up in her Model T Ford, if the weather was too bad. Of course with her three children there wasn't room for all of us; six of us were going to school at that time.

The front entry to the school was a rather large area where we hung our coats and also had shelves where we

put our lunches. Each student also had a water cup on the shelf, (mostly the metal collapsing type) because our drinking fountain was a hand powered pump in the yard in front of the school building. The rest rooms were two outbuildings; one for the girls and one for the boys.

In the entry was the rope that was used to ring the bell that signaled the time to start classes, recess and lunch time. Students from seventh and eighth grades were assigned times to ring the bell.

We had recess time in the forenoon, lunch time, then another recess in the afternoon. We had time to play ball or have other activities, but, when the bell rang we knew it was time to line up and go inside.

One day during the noon hour, after the bell rang, the students in the upper class; room fifth through eighth couldn't get back into their room because the doors were locked. Some of the eighth grade boys, my brother Nels among them decided to play a trick on the teacher and locked everybody out. I'm not sure how long "the lock-out" lasted but finally the school principal from the high school came and then the boys unlocked the doors. When it was over with the boys knew better than to try that trick again.

Those were days when I really enjoyed school. It was the same routine, the same kids, and all different kinds of games; ball games, round town, choosing sides, cross out, and "Andy Over" the school house. Then there was learning so many new things.

When King Edward of England abdicated the throne to marry Wallis Simpson, the divorcee from America, and his brother King George was crowned, our teacher brought her radio to school and we listened to the overseas broadcast which was a current event; history in the making, that I have never forgotten.

Another memorable happening was my first trip where we went away for several days. Grampa Beachy had married again and was living in Sommerset, Pennsylvania. Uncle Dan Beachy took us in his Model A Ford to visit them. I remember the Ford was full and it was a long way to go. When we got into the Pennsylvania mountains, it was really a thrill to be on those crooked roads and steep hills. Uncle Dan said we would have to stop at a place halfway

up this one mountain that was called the "Watering Trough" where he would have to stop and give the car a drink. Twenty five years later I drove that same highway, U.S. Rt.# 30, and that "Watering Trough" was still there!

I think it was during my third grade year that we moved from Grampa Beachy's farm to the Mike Shaeffer farm on Duquette Road where we were still in Marlboro School district, but we had to go to Marlboro school again. The first several days there were no extra desks and I had to share a desk with a friend, Jake Miller. I soon learned to know, and became friends with some of the kids, but it was not like the smaller school where everyone knew each other by name.

The day we moved into the big house at the Shaeffer place, a man from the electric company came and wanted to go in the basement to read the meter. Nelson was at the basement door when the man went down the steps and he told the guy, "Hey Buddy, the 'lectric is shut up."

Uncle Levi's lived on the next road just north of us, and it was close enough that we often were together. Many evenings were spent playing, "Kick the Can" and other games.

There was a creek that went through the farm and that's where I first hung a fish line in the water. We cut Willow branches for poles and Mom tied string to them and bent some pins for fish hooks and a cork for a bobber, and we dug for worms and went fishing. We spent our spare time that summer along the creek bank.

Years later when I had children of my own they did the same along a different creek but caught the same kind of fish; Red Horse, catfish and suckers.

Across the road Ira and Frank Agna had a farm where they raised vegetables; green beans, yellow beans, peas, kidney beans, peppers, etc. They needed people to help pick and they paid a few cents per basket. I wanted to help too, and Pop finally let me go with the older kids but I soon decided for a fourth grader to be in the hot sun picking beans was not something that I wanted to do after all.

Noah Stutzman's place was on Rt.619 just south of us and the day they had auction we were there looking around.

Among everything else, there was a refreshment stand where they sold sandwiches and "candy". During the course of the day I thought, "Boy I wish I could buy some candy." But, not having any money I couldn't. Finally after walking past the stand several times, and when I thought no one was looking, I slipped a Tootsie Roll into my pocket and soon headed for home eating my Tootsie Roll and feeling more guilty all the time for I knew I had done something wrong. I don't know how, but news of what I had done got home to Mom and when I got there she had me sit down and she told me what a terrible thing I had done. One of the "Ten Commandments" said THOU SHALT NOT STEAL and I had stolen something that belonged to someone else and that "da Goot Mann" was not pleased and I needed to go back and tell those people at the stand what I had done, ask to be forgiven, and pay for that Tootsie Roll. That was a long walk, and the sky was getting dark and it started to thunder and lightning and I just knew that storm was happening because of what I had done and God was displeased. It was a lesson learned early and I am thankful for a Mother who taught her children right from wrong.

I'm not sure did Mr. Shaeffer sell the farm or rented to someone else, but, we had to move out of the big house into the apartment above the garage for a while. The quarters were quite small for our family. There were six of us that slept in one bedroom. Pop made bunk beds out of two double beds. Nelson and Eli slept on the top bunk, the next three boys on the bottom bed and Amanda had a single bed in the same room.

Pop was looking for another place for us to live and we moved to the Leon Moore farm just east of Hartville, where we would be for the next four years. Pop and Mom wanted a place where we could learn to work, and we all had our different chores to do. Because I had older brothers who could do the work in the barn and in the fields, my lot fell in to do chores in the house; filling the water reservoir on the kitchen stove, filling the wood box with firewood for the kitchen and living room stove, carrying out the ashes. Yoni and Vern helped with these chores too. One task that I had to do on a regular basis was

help my sister Amanda do the dishes which I resigned myself to, but often tried to get out of by saying I had to go to the outhouse about the time the dishes were ready to dry. It didn't do any good because when I got back the dishes were piled high waiting for me to dry them. There was a phrase that was used for that kind of excuse but I don't want to put it in print. There were, also, good times after supper when Mom would help us to sing while we did the dishes and Pop would be in the living room singing songs from his "German Lieda Book". After the chores were done we would play games; Old Maid or another game that used the numbers cut from an old Calendar. Sometimes, Mom would get out the Bible Lotto and we would see who could answer the most Bible questions, or "I Spy", or even play Ping Pong on the kitchen table which Pop had enlarged by putting a sheet of plywood on top.

Another evening event that often happened was making Home made ice cream. I think Pop liked ice cream more than oneone else. Mom always had the fixin's on hand and we would take turns turning the crank on the big White Mountain freezer and then enjoy it; often with Uncles, Aunts and cousins or just our own family. If there was any left it was left in the freezer overnight and the next morning before going to the barn we would usually finish it off.

Outside games and play were home-made things like taking an old buggy wheel and putting a round stick into the hub, extending out from the wheel so you could grab on with both hands and run with the wheel. It didn't do anything except use up excess boy energy. Or, we would take the round steel band from the hub of an old farm wagon wheel and with a wood lath with a cross piece nailed at the lower end we would roll that steel hoop, often in a follow the leader fashion. We would see who could go the farthest without having the hoop fall over. Or, we would sit up in the Mulberry tree with a homemade slingshot and try to shoot one of many canary's that came to feed on the berries. They were pretty safe because we never connected.

Moving to this place put us in the Hartville school district so we changed schools again. The first several years were okay, but seventh and eighth grade

my grades started slipping. This was partly because as I became older there were more days that I stayed home to help with the farm work and missed too many lessons which I was not able to make up.

At school we became friends with the kids from the "King" Church and they were planning a weiner roast one evening at Kathryn and Dorothy King's place and invited John and I to come. We asked Pop and Mom if we could go and they thought we were too young to go to a weiner roast even though Adults were going to be there. I guess rebellion was part of us because John and I decided that somehow we were going to the weiner roast. I bought a pack of weiners on the way home from school, and hid them in the buggy. Later that evening after chores were done, supper over and we were outside, John and I hitched Rex to the buggy which we had put behind the barn and went out the back lane and went to the weiner roast. We had a good time playing games, but, on the way home guilt again took over and we worried about what would happen when we got home. We tried to sneak into the house without waking anyone but Mom heard us and said, they want to talk to us in the morning. It did not take much to convince us that what we had done was wrong, in disobeying, and we knew we would not try that again.

Another incident was the runaway team of horses. We made regular trips to Economy Feed & Elevator with corn and oats to have ground for cow and pig feed. This particular day Jay and I took the grain to the feed mill and after we unloaded and while we waited for our turn for our feed to be ground, I tied the team of horses behind Tessemers store where there was a hitching post. The one horse, Fred, was a little nervous and Pop had told us to always tie him with a neck rope. That day I tied them both with just a strap fastened to their bits. While we waited in the office, nibbling on peanuts from the (\$.01) penny machine, I heard a train whistle and knowing Fred was afraid of trains I took off running to get to the team. But, before I got there Fred jerked his head, the strap broke and they took off with no driver. They went up the alley between Tessemers store and the gas station, out onto the main street

and headed for home. The problem was they had to cross the railroad track and by then the train was already there going southbound.

The horses were at full gallop, headed for the train and just before they came to the crossing, swerved to the right but collided with the train which knocked both horses onto a pile in front of the Railroad Depot door.

The wagon was carried on down the track, tearing off one wheel and damaging the rest. Fred was the lead horse (left side) and collided directly with the train throwing him on top of Molly. Fred was killed immediately but Molly was still alive, but being choked by the bridle strap. I took my pocket knife and cut the strap and she was able to struggle free and get on her feet, trembling like a leaf. I don't know if she or I were trembling the most! Pop was at work at Schumacher's and someone went and got him. I was really thankful that he was close by because by the time he came there was a crowd of people there. Among them was the village constable who was berating me for being careless and saying what he would have done if there had been an accident with the horses hitting a car, or someone being hurt.

I guess our guardian angels saw to it there were no cars or people on the street at that particular moment. The train had stopped and the conductor came to see if anybody was hurt. Pop came and took over, called Ben Moore to come and pick up the dead horse and helped Jay and I to gather what was left of the wagon. We hitched the one horse that was left and drug the three wheeled wagon home. The Elevator company delivered our feed to the farm later.

I am really thankful for a father who was understanding, even though disappointed in such a situation and not an ill-tempered person as I observed the village constable to be.

As I grew older my responsibilities changed, and some were added. During the summer I helped work on the muck part time for Henry Raber. Most of my job was pulling weeds in the celery and onion fields. I can remember thinking that the .12 1/2 cents an hour was really good pay.

Nelson was now old enough that Pop got him a job with Schumachers. Nels first had to work on the farm that Schumachers operated; growing onions. In the fall after all the acres of onions had been topped by hand and put in bags, he was promoted to work in the F. E. Schumacher shop.

World War II came along and there were more changes. Nels had been baptised in the Maple Grove Conservative church and it wasn't long after that he was drafted into Civilian Public Service camp. Eli was working away from home on a dairy farm. Dad had an opportunity to rent a bigger farm so we moved to the John Hochstetler farm, five miles east of Hartville. Here there were more fields to work, more cows to milk and during the busier times Dad would take time off from the shop to help with the farm work. John worked on the adjoining farm for K.W. Zellers and I would see him driving tractors in the fields causing me to be envious because I had to use the horses.

Several years earlier Grampa Miller's had moved to Holmes County, but now he was not able to do much work anymore, so he decided to move into the small house beside our farm house. Uncle Valley was going to move them with the truck, but someone needed to go along and come back with Grampa in his horse and buggy. I was selected and the evening before moving day I rode my bike to Uncle Valley's in Greentown and stayed overnight. Early the next morning we put my bike on the truck and went to Berlin, Ohio, to load Grampa and Granma's furniture. By midafternoon the truck was loaded and Gramma went with Uncle Valley in the truck. I helped Grampa hitch his blind, black, former race horse to the buggy and we started for Stark County. His plans were to stop at "Meal Monies" where we would spend the night. The next morning we again started out and by early evening we had made the fifty mile-plus trip via Massillon to our home east of Hartville. Grampa's many stories and hearty laugh made the trip seem like a short time.

The second year at the Hochstetler farm Pop hired me out to Henry Raber for the summer and I worked on the muck vegetable farm. I would ride my bike to work on Monday morning and stayed at Raber's until Saturday afternoon.

Then I would ride my bike back home. My pay was \$40.00 per month including room and board. It was a new experience to be away from brothers and sisters a week at a time. I worked there until after Thanksgiving when the last of the trench celery had been brought in and processed. It was one of those cold days that Pop had stopped by for a few minutes and came into the wash house leaving the horse and buggy just outside the door unattended. The horse decided not to stay and took off down the road with no one in the buggy. Oh No! Another runaway! I hopped on my bike and started after the runaway, but it seemed the harder I pedaled the faster the horse ran. He headed west on Rt. 619, toward Hartville. But, someone got it stopped before he got to the Village. By that time I was out of breath and suffering from the next thing to frostbite on my lungs. My chest hurt so bad I had to take the rest of the afternoon off.

I had finished eighth grade that spring and when school started in the fall, the Marlboro principal wanted to know why I was not in school because I was only fourteen and to get a working permit you had to be sixteen. Pop said I was not at home and living in another school district, so, that was the end of my formal education. But learning continues and education continues even if not in a classroom setting. The many different things I learned at work on the farm and on the jobs have been beneficial all through my life.

Thirty one years later, in 1974, I received my High School Equivalence Diploma, the same year my third child graduated from High School.

I will add my version of the barn fire. It was late Saturday afternoon and we were cutting oats. Dad was running the binder and I was helping to put the sheaves into shocks. We were busy working when all of a sudden we saw smoke on the side of the straw stack which was on the east side of the barn. In just seconds, it seemed, the flames were seen going up the side of the straw stack. I knew someone had to call the fire department, so I took off running across the fields toward Elmer Hershbergers where I knew there was a telephone. We did not have a telephone but from reading the Hartville

News each week and one thing I had memorized was the heading on the front page-IN CASE OF FIRE DIAL 328-and that is what was foremost in my mind as I ran. When I reached their house I didn't even knock, just barged right in, went to the phone and dialed 328 and sure enough someone answered right away and I told them where the fire was. Mrs. Hershberger (Elmer Fannie) didn't know what to think but when I told her about the fire she understood. Of the different calls that went in to the fire department I don't know which one was first.

By the time I got home the barn was engulfed in flames. Oh yes, those were my rabbits and rabbit pens along the side of the barn. I had several Giant Chinchilla which I had bought from Nevin Miller and there were only two of thirty two alive, and they had scorched fur!

The next several days friends came and helped build stalls in the tool shed to provide a place to feed and milk the cows.

In December of 1944 Mom was taken to the hospital in Canton and later we were told we had a new baby sister. The morning that Pop said he was going to bring Mom and the baby (Martha Alice) home, it had been snowing and blowing during the night and our driveway was drifted all the way to the highway. He said they would be coming in an ambulance and us boys would have to shovel the snow out of the drive so the ambulance could get into the house. Boy Marti, you don't know how hard we worked that morning so you could make your grand entrance but I know it was worth it all.

The following spring - 1945 we again moved. Pop had bought the Leon Moore farm where we had lived before and it was like going back home. I had many memories of the four years we had lived there, among them plowing the steep hillside with a riding plow and all of a sudden hitting a big rock which upset the plow and threw me off. Then that big monster came rolling toward me, but fortunately it stopped before it got to where I had been thrown. Oh yes, the "Huckleberry Swamp" and picking berries. I did not like to eat huckleberries so Mom for sure wanted me out there picking because my pail would fill faster than the others because



they would eat their fill and what was left went into their pail.

We had church every second Sunday and on the in-between Sunday we would go to the west district where they had Sunday School. We learned the German ABC's and would read the scriptures in German. Eli Stutzman was our teacher and if we would learn the verses he had assigned we always got a colorful little card with a Bible verse on it. During the winter when there was no Sunday School, we would gather in the living room, after breakfast and chores were done and Pop would help us learn to read the scriptures in German.

I was now sixteen and with younger brothers to work the farm, Pop got me a full time job at Schumacher's where he worked. I think my starting pay was eighty cents per hour. Dad was a real machinist. He could set up and operate any of the woodworking machines in the factory. He had to sharpen the cutters on the different machines and other men have said the cutters he sharpened always made the smoother cut.

He had an understanding of many different things. If the knotter on the binder didn't tie right, he could fix it. He understood steam heaters and hot water systems. He installed a steam heating system in the house, not using any electric or any type of pump. He could do woodworking and when I was on the other end of a crosscut saw with him, sawing trees for firewood, I thought "I hope someday I can handle a saw like he does, but I never did." Later years when I cut my wood I used a chain saw.

It is in speculation that I say this, but, I think that if Dad had grown up in a different time and culture he probably would have been an engineer, and I guess in a sense he was. He just did not have a diploma that said so.

I started going to the Sunday evening "Singings", where the young folks met, generally at the home where church had been that day. We did not go to the South District often but one Sunday evening "The Singing" was at a South District home and I saw a girl that I had never seen before. I knew I had to meet her because she was real special. I found out her name was Emma Shrock and several weeks later I had my first date with her. We dated off and on

for about eighteen months and then started "going steady". We attended the Beachy Amish Church where we later both went to instruction class and were baptized into the church in 1948 along with ten other friends; Melvin Hostetler, Howard Miller, Martha Otto, Mark Overholt, Alvin Slabaugh, Emma Slabaugh, Irene Slabaugh, Edna Shrock and Roman Wagler. I was twenty years old and Emma was nineteen then.

We were married on June 11, 1950, and in the years to come we were blessed with four children; Marilyn Ann, Kenneth Ray, Barbara Jo Ann, and Raymond Scott. The three oldest presented us with nine grandchildren to enjoy and be proud of. As of this writing we are still waiting on Scott and Jodi to add to that number.

Emma did not get to see the youngest grandchild because in July of 1986, she was diagnosed as having cancer and five months later on Dec. 6, 1986, the Lord called her home. She loved her children and grandchildren dearly and expressed several times during those trying, and difficult months, "I don't want to die, my grandchildren need me."

At Bayshore Mennonite Church, where we were members, and in the same Sunday School class there was another person, Darla Yancey, whose husband, Lester Yancey, had died from a stroke several months earlier. It was just natural that after a while we would talk about what had happened and how we were coping with the loss of our loved ones. From these talks grew mutual respect and then love, and then we were married on August 29, 1987.

Darla has five children; Kathie, Jean, David, Daniel and Susan. Eleven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren complete her family.

Darla met Pop when he came to our wedding and further learned to know him while he lived in Florida during the winter months each year. She never met Mom but is learning a lot about our Mom and Pop from reading your stories. She is spending many hours and days in working at putting these stories into print so that we, and our children and their generations that follow, can know how we fourteen were blessed to have a Mom and Dad that cared for us physically and spiritually like

Noah E. and Lydian (Miller) Beachy did.

In October 1990, after Dad's funeral I went to visit my sixth grade teacher, Mr. Marion Werstler, who lives on the north edge of Hartville on the same farm where I occasionally did work for him when we lived on the Moore farm. He was ninety three years young and still remembered me. I had no picture of me from my school years and I thought he might have a class picture from the year 1941 when I was in his class. Sure enough his daughter, Jane found the picture among all his other years of class pictures and allowed me to take it along and have a copy made.

During our conversation Mr. Werstler made some comments that I want to pass on. He said he was always glad to have Amish students in his classroom. They were good students, eager to learn, willing to do what was asked of them concerning their assignments and were not a discipline problem. Which he thought reflected the attitude of the home where they lived.

- Raymond Noah Beachy



**ABOVE - L TO R:** Top row, Barbara Jo Ann, Kenneth Ray, Marilyn Ann, Bottom row, Raymond Scott, Emma Laura and Raymond Noah Beachy.



**ABOVE - L TO R:** Emma (Shrock) Beachy and Dorothy (Troyer) Beachy in their late teens or early twenties. Taken about 1948 or 49.

If our greatest need had been information,  
God would have sent us an educator.  
If our greatest need had been technology,  
God would have sent us a scientist.  
If our greatest need had been money,  
God would have sent us an economist.  
If our greatest need had been pleasure,  
God would have sent us an entertainer.  
But our greatest need was forgiveness,  
So, God sent us a Saviour.

-Unknown Author

(This was sent by Lori (Miller) Witmer)

# JONATHAN and MARTHA BEACHY



L TO R: Don Yoder holding Jonathan, Gayle (Beachy) Yoder, Martha (Shrock) Beachy, Donald Yoder, Jonathan (Jay) Beachy, Laura Yoder, Sandy Beachy.

*To Ray  
May God hold you  
and Darle in the Palm  
of His hand always - Jay's Mother*



L TO R: Laura Yoder, Donald Yoder, Jonathan Yoder.



L TO R: Jonathan, Martha and Sandy Beachy.

The one memory that I have for which I am most thankful for is to have had christian parents. As I look around us at the beginning of the 1990's I see so much indifference in parents as far as the Gospel is concerned that I feel sorry for the children of this decade. Unless we as christians do our part in telling the story of the Good News many may be lost.

My first childhood memories are of living at the place where I was born. That was on Swamp Road, in the house Dad built, and later lost, during the depression. I remember the time that I got my first little dump truck to play with. I used to keep it in my dresser drawer, but one day I was playing in the driveway and I left it there to go and get a drink. Either the coal truck or the feed truck came and backed over it. I was just heartbroken.

I can remember six different places where we lived during the time I was growing up. (1) Grandpa Beachy's farm, where I was born; (2) Mike Shaffer place: first in the second floor of the garage, then later into the big house. (3) Jerry Miller's wash house; (4) Leon Moore's farm; (5) Christ Troyer farm, then back to (6) Leon Moore's farm which Dad bought then. These places probably are not in order.

When we lived on Grandpa Beachy's farm, I remember many happy hours playing on his steam engine out under the Oak tree. The last time I went by there that tree was still there. I found it tempting to turn in and go down there to the tree, but, I didn't yield.

Memories of Grandpa Beachy are dim, but I remember him as being a little on the short side and a jolly sort of man. The only memory I have of Grandma Beachy is of seeing her lay on a board after her death.

Another event that took place at the Beachy farm was that we got our first coaster wagon. One morning after breakfast, Vern and I both wanted it and as we ran to get it I hit my toe on the wooden steps of the porch, getting a splinter in my toe. It was

so bad they had to take me to the doctor to get it removed. Needless to say, Vern got the wagon.

While we lived at the Beachy farm Joe E. Louis was the heavyweight boxer champion and I remember going with Dad to the neighbors to listen to the fights on the radio. So Dad must have been a little interested in sports.

When we lived in Jerry Miller's wash house I remember Dad driving the muck truck home for lunch, as he worked for a muck farmer during that time. When we lived at the Shaffer place, I remember the grocery bus that used to come around. It was a buss that had shelves all around and the shelves were loaded with groceries. I especially remember the candy suckers that we would get at times. One time it came and I went out with Mother, and there was an oil heater right inside the door and I put my hand on it. I got blisters on all four fingers. That was one time I got a sucker!

I have memories of many happy times in my growing up years. One, was making home made ice cream when the Jess Wade family came to visit. I remember the reunions that we used to have. There were, also, some trying times for Mom and Dad; like broken legs from falling through the hay hole, and from turning over a buggy. I can still hear Mom say, "Ich mane also mole es con gounet sie." Translated she said, "Sometimes I think it just can't be."

There were some traumatic things that happened in our growing up years, and as I reflect back I can plainly see the protecting hand of God at work. We went to Uncle Levi's for dinner one Sunday, and Dad unhitched old "Molly" from the buggy and put her in the barn. When we were ready to go home he went to get her and she turned around and kicked with both feet. She hit Dad in the stomach; he rolled back and fell down and just lay there. As a young lad I thought he was dead and I went screaming for Mom. But "Molly" just knocked the breath out of him. He had a black and blue tummy for a while.

When we lived on the Troyer farm, I was pulling weeds in the garden and Vern was mowing hay just below me. All of a sudden I heard him come screaming and crying. I looked up to see him come running. His pants legs were torn, his legs were bleeding and his one toe was flopping up and down, it was just hanging by the skin. The cutter bar had plugged up and he told the horses to stop, and he jumped in front of the cutter bar of the mower but, the horses didn't stop and the cutter bar went over the top of him cutting his legs and toe. Walter Young was there to whitewash the barn and he took Vern and Dad to the doctor in his "whitewashing" truck. I had to go and finish the mowing. Needless to say, I was quite careful.

While we lived on the Troyer farm I became better acquainted with my Grandpaw and Grandmaw Miller as they lived there with us in the small house.

Ray and I had another experience that could have turned out much worse than it did. We lived on the Moore farm. It was after Dad had bought it. Ray and I hitched up "Queen" and "Dewey" to the box wagon and went to the feed mill. There were several ahead of us at the mill, so we tied the horses up behind "Tessmer's" store to wait our turn. This was still during the time that the railroad used steam engines on the trains and one of them would go through town two or three times a day. Sure enough--one came through while we were waiting. We were up at the mill eating peanuts from the penny machine. We looked down at the team just as they broke loose. They went between "Tessmer's" store and the gas station, turned right and headed for home. But, of course, the train was in the way. The horses ran into the side of the train and ended up between the train and the train station. "Queen" was killed; she was the one that started the whole thing. The amazing part is that they did not hit any cars. So, we had to go up to Schumachers and tell Dad!

Going back to christian parents I remember never going to bed without the family gathering in the living room for an evening prayer. We used to try and slip upstairs a few times but Dad would always catch us. I can truthfully say I have never seen my Dad angry at anytime. I have seen him really disgusted sometimes at the way we behaved, but never angry. A trait which I cannot claim. The things that I have experienced in my formative years, what I have learned and been taught have been a big influence in my adult life today.

I first became interested in my wife one Sunday afternoon as I was riding around in the buggy, I passed Mary Jane Miller's place. She and Martha were sitting out in the yard and I thought to myself, "I am going to ask her for a date." So, about a week or two later I had a date with her. On our first date I kinda had that "funny feeling" you know. But, I don't think she was too impressed with me. We dated on and off for a while, and I finally had her convinced that she liked me. We went together for about three years before we were married on April 12, 1951. I worked at the Economy Feed Elevator when we were married, making fifty dollars per week. My take home pay every two weeks was eighty five dollars. I think our grocery bill was about six to eight dollars per week. From there I worked at Schumachers for a while. Then I went into construction and have been doing that ever since.

I was baptized at the age of sixteen, but I really did not make a real commitment to the Lord until I was thirty years old. My desire at that time, and still remains so, is to be more like Jesus and to grow and be drawn deeper into His Word so that when my time comes to depart this world I can meet Him as a friend and not as a stranger. I know I have grown in my spiritual life, but I also know, that I have a long way to go. But, I will trust in the Lord and not lean on my own understanding.

From our marriage came two great daughters, and we are very proud of

## Down memory lane

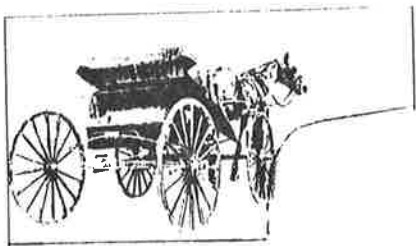
both of them. Gayle, the oldest, is busy working and being a wife and mother. With the help of Don Yoder, her husband, they are raising three wonderful grandchildren. Sandy, second born, has just graduated from college with an Associate Degree in Nursing so she is well able to take care of Momma and me when we can't get around anymore.

Let us use the talents that God has given us. The woods would be very silent if no birds sang there except those that sang the best.

-Jonathan "Jay" Beachy



**L TO R:** Foreground, Joe Beachy, Dan Beachy, Jay Beachy, Ray Sommers and Bert Beachy (backs to camera), Jim Horvath. Ladies in Background: Martha Beachy, Karen Gingerich, Mary Lou Pastore, Nancy Troyer, Pam Blough (back to camera).



**L TO R:** Abraham (Abe) Otto, Martha (Shrock) Beachy, Raymond Beachy.

*I once heard a circle of senior citizens reminiscing about how their mothers allowed them to go barefoot on the first day of May. An interesting phenomenon is that many oldsters forget what happened last week but remember clearly incidents occurring 50 years ago.*

*One lady, now in her 90s, told me one day of her family's six-mile trips to church in a double buggy when she was a child. "My father was a schoolteacher," she said, "and we sang all the way to church. Then, at the dinner table, we sang again. That is why I know so many hymns."*

*Today we have helps in our trip down memory lane. Family slides and movies, as well as tapes, preserve memories for future generations. A treasured gift to me in recent months was a musical tape put together by the family of an aunt, including singing, instrumental music, and poetry recitation.*

*Then we must not forget the art of storytelling. A toddler in our family, after hearing favorite bear stories from camping expeditions, exclaimed, "Daddy, your throat is full of stories!" As we take our little ones down memory lane, we pass on lasting values and enrich their spiritual heritage.*

—Helen Good Brennehan



# ***VERNON and ERMA BEACHY***



**WEDDING DAY - APRIL 20, 1957**

Vernon David and Erma (Shrock) Beachy

**L TO R - ATTENDANT COUPLES:** Henry (Junior) and Dorothy Shrock, Vernon and Erma Beachy, Raymond and Emma Beachy, Noah and Dorothy Shrock.

I have fond memories of growing up in our Beachy family. I remember reunions at Grandma and Grandpa's house--especially when we went sled riding behind their house, and it was always fun to send things sliding down Grandma's clothesline. As I reflect on my heritage, I am so thankful for Godly grandparents, parents, aunts, uncles, etc. I realize that my family has, and has had, such a big influence on who I am. I appreciate the fact that I came from such a big family. I have the benefit of so many relatives and it's sort of odd to think that while I have fifty plus cousins on just Dad's side, my children won't have nearly as many.

I know if Dad were here he would have stories to share about his family, but, since he isn't--I'll share some of my memories about him.

One of the qualities I admire most about my Dad was the fact that he stood behind Brad and I no matter what. When we were in a jam--be it disappointments with school or a ballgame--we knew he was on our side. Our Dad and Mom did their best to provide us with all they thought we needed. After Dwayne and I were married Dad accepted Dwayne like a son which meant a lot to Dwayne, since he grew up without his Dad.

Dad thoroughly enjoyed his grandchildren. He always had time to tumble on the floor with them, or read them a story. One of the last memories they have of Dad is the "pillow fight". Dad and Mom were babysitting the grandkids and Dad ended up having a pillow fight with them. Dad's pillow burst and feathers went everywhere! The kids got a big laugh from that and still talk about it.

Brad and I had our grandparents while we were growing up and I guess that I always assumed that our kids would have Mom and Dad for them. We miss Dad so much; his laughter, support, wisdom, generosity, sense of humor and helping hands.

One thing I'm learning, through the loss of Dad, is that life is short and while we're here we need to appreciate what we have and never take for granted the relationships God blesses us with. I hope we can pass on to our children the Godly values and qualities passed down to us and I'm glad I can be with my earthly family when we meet our heavenly father.

-Pam (Beachy) Blough

## SOMEDAY DAD

Someday Dad, we will be together forever.  
That will not be long enough.

Someday Dad, we will wrestle and tussle again,  
Will you still let me win?

Someday Dad, we will laugh, and work  
and play together again.  
I can hardly wait.

Someday Dad, we will all sit and talk  
to Jesus and then we'll understand.  
Praise God!

Someday Dad, we can both sit with our  
grandchildren.  
I hope mine love me like your's love  
you.

Someday Dad, we will hug again.  
I hope I don't squeeze too tight.

Someday Dad, my work too will be done,  
and I can go home and rest with my  
Father, and with you Dad.

Someday Dad.  
Someday

-Brad Beachy







**L TO R:** Back row Pam (Beachy) Blough, Dwayne Blough holding Samuel, Brad Beachy holding Daniel, Beverly Beachy, Front row Faith Blough, Erma Beachy, Vern Beachy, Megan Beachy. Photo taken June 25, 1988.



**Above:** Vern playing with his little truck in yard on Leon Moore farm.

Photo at right. Vern, Erma, Pam and Brad Beachy.



**L TO R:** Front, Eli Beachy and Vern Beachy, Standing in the rear Sue Ann Beachy. Photo taken 1982.



**ABOVE:** Erma (Shrock) Beachy holding four month old Marilyn Beachy, daughter of her sister, Emma and Ray Beachy.

**BELOW:** Erma Beachy holding Megan Beachy, and Vern Beachy holding Faith Blough. Photo taken April 20, 1987, their 30th. Wedding Anniversary Party.



**PHOTO BELOW:** Ray Beachy, Vern Beachy holds Ken Beachy. Ray, Emma and Erma stopped here on their way home from Florida to visit Vern. History was made! Erma met Vern then later came wedding bells.



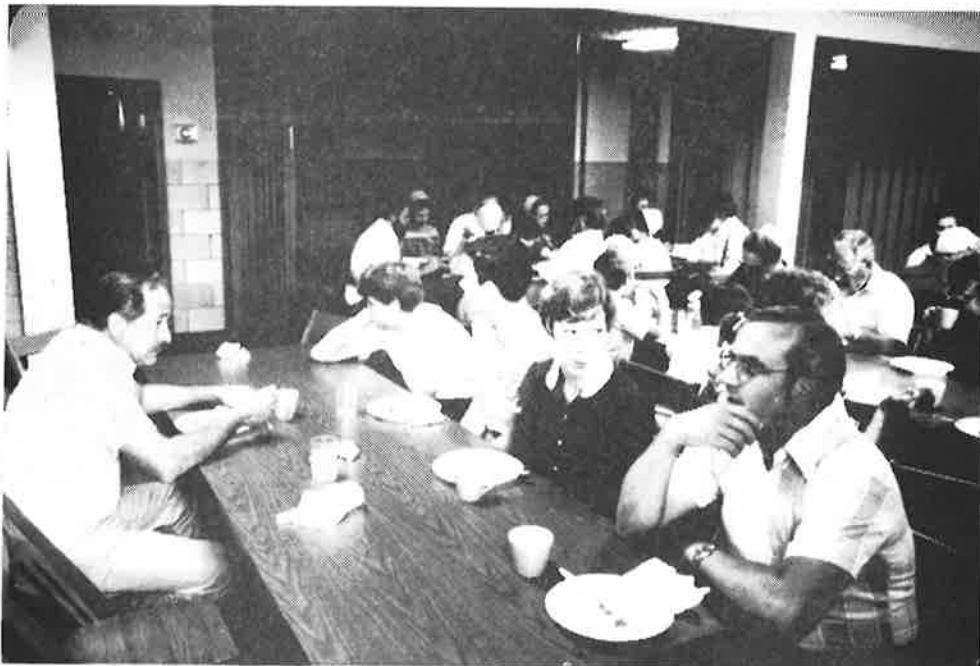
**PHOTO AT RIGHT:** Pam Blough, Daniel and Megan Beachy watch as Vern and Erma open gifts at 30th. Wedding Anniversary Party.

# ALBERT and REBA BEACHY

*Albert Beachy*  
*Reba Beachy*



L TO R: Gregory, Bert, Reba and Timothy Beachy  
November 1989



L TO R: Foreground, Danny Beachy, Timothy, Gregory, Reba  
and Bert Beachy. Other Beachy family members in background.  
July 1982

These are some of my memories of growing up at home, on the farm. I always looked forward to the spring of the year when Mom would let us go barefoot. We would go out around the barn, or the pasture, and step in the "cow piles" and let it ooze between my toes. 😊 Then at night I would try to sneak to bed without washing my feet.

😊 When harvest time came it was always fun to go out into the wheat or oats field and catch rabbits. Vern, and I were out in the field with Dad when somebody set the barn on fire. 😞

Picking huckleberries was one of the worst chores I think there was. I would rather clean out the cow stable than pick huckleberries. (Did you like to eat them or was that as bad as picking them? ED. note.)

I remember Mom would send me up to stay with Grandpa Miller when Grandpa was sick, in case he needed a Doctor. When he did I would get up and run to the neighbors to call the Doctor. I remember staying with Grandma and Grandpa Miller quite often, but, I can't recall when Grampa died. 😞

We had a horse named "Molly" that I would ride a lot. I was getting her to jump over logs and small ditches, and stuff like that. Then, one day, I tried to get her to jump over a fence! Well--now here is the rest of the story. I thought we had it made until she changed her mind going from a gallop to a dead stop. Needless to say, I went sailing over her head landing on the fence. Ouch! I have a little scar as a reminder.

That same horse "Molly" was the family buggy horse. One Saturday night she got into the corn crib and ate a bunch of cow feed and Dad didn't know it. So, Sunday, she took us to church over by Greentown. After church on our way home "Molly" couldn't go anymore. Had to unhitch her and go home and get another horse to pull the buggy home. The next day she died. 😞

I remember when brother Nels got his '41 Ford convertible and on Saturday he would clean it up and have the radio on listening to hillbilly music. Those were the first times I ever heard hillbilly music. (Wow, that was something else!) I think it was Jay, who one time stayed

home from school and got to go with Nels to Pittsburgh on the truck. So I thought I would try it by playing sick and staying home, but, it didn't work for me. 😊

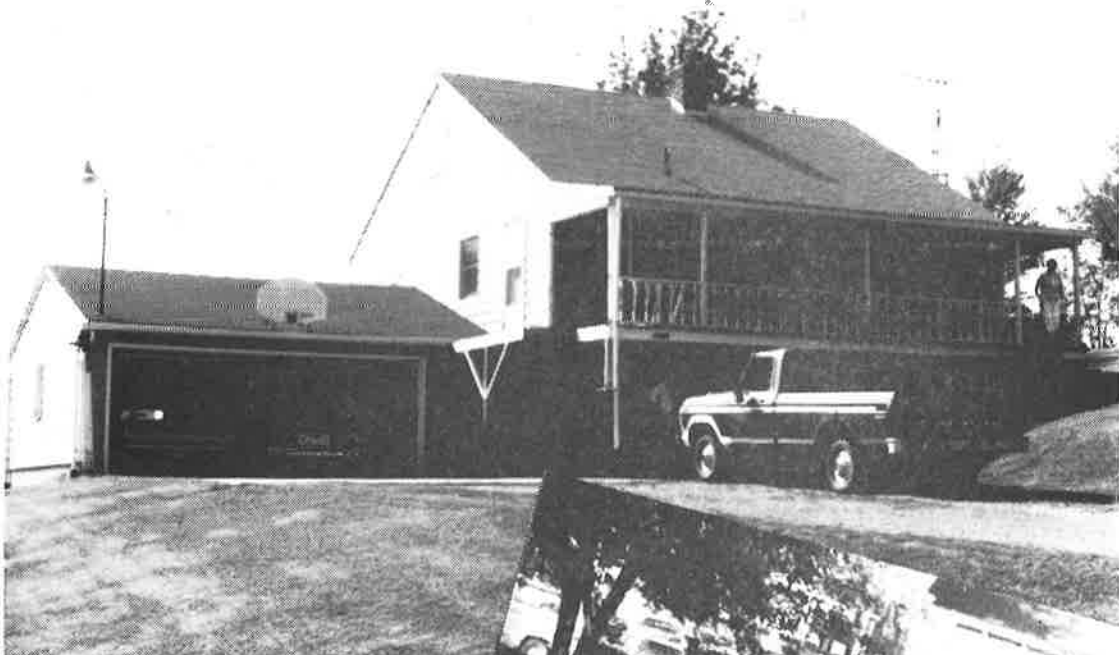
I remember when Jay wrecked Ray's '41 Plymouth; when Marti "backed up" the side of Vern's Caddy with John's tractor; when Al broke his leg; when we turned the buggy over and Danny flew out, breaking his leg; when I was with Bob Troyer and Mel Anderson to a "Drive-In" movie, where we were not supposed to be and then--on the way home we rolled the car over causing me to break my arm. I certainly caused my parents a lot of heartaches and cost them a lot of money.

I could write more about the sins of my youth but I won't. I sure am thankful that I had the chance to ask Mom and Dad for forgiveness before they passed on. I pray that I didn't offend anybody in my memories of "At Home On The Farm". May The Lord Bless You All.

-Bert Beachy



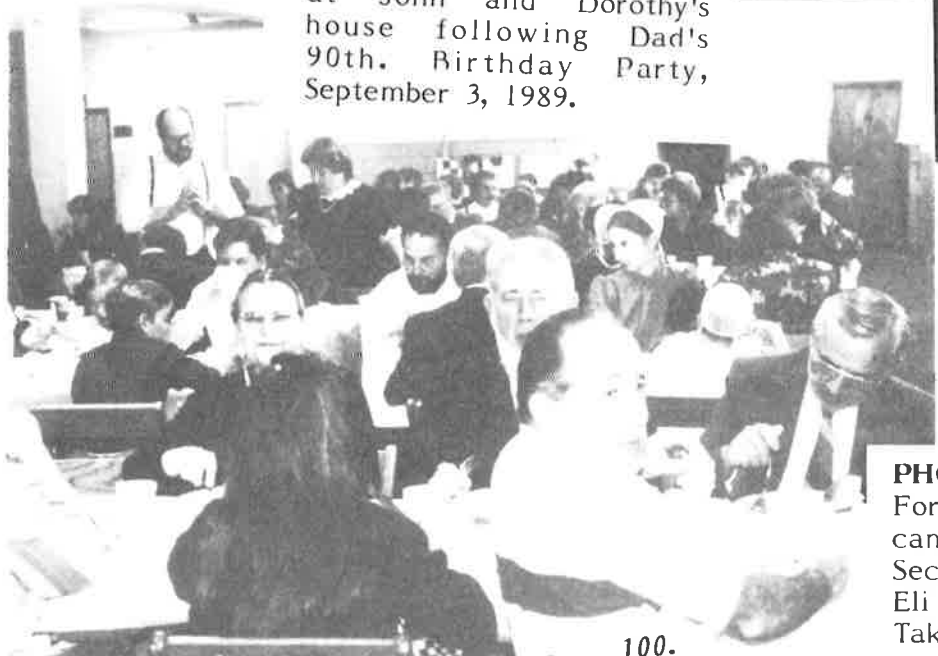
**ABOVE:** Amish buggy's parked in front of the barn in Arthur, Illinois. Celebration honoring Fannie (Herschberger) Beachy's 103rd. birthday in March 1990. She was born Feb. 27, 1887 and is the widow of Bishop Samuel N. Beachy, uncle of Noah E. Beachy. He moved to Illinois early in his life and is buried in the Amish cemetery at Arthur.



**ABOVE PHOTO:** House where Mom and Dad used to live. Now the home of Bert and Reba Beachy. Reba descending stairs on right. Bert added the garage to the house.



**RIGHT PHOTO: L TO R:** Bert, Danny, Carol, Dorothy, Reba, and Amanda enjoying "corn roast" at John and Dorothy's house following Dad's 90th. Birthday Party, September 3, 1989.



**PHOTO - LEFT: L TO R:** Foreground, Denise (back to camera) Danny Beachy. Second row, Martha and Eli Beachy, Bert Beachy. Taken in October 1990.

# **WILLIS and NANCY (BEACHY) TROYER**



L to R Back Row: Twyla Coblentz holding Joshua Coblentz, Willis and Nancy Troyer, Ron Troyer holding Jason, Janet Troyer. Front Row: Michael Coblentz, Krystal Troyer holding Rebecca Troyer. Not pictured: Kevin Troyer and Marvin Coblentz.

One of the first things I remember of my childhood was my wonderful Mother telling me about Heaven. I'm sure I was pre-school and can picture myself sitting on the edge of a table. Mom was busy doing something, maybe washing dishes. That was before kitchen sink days. She told me of a beautiful place called "Heaven", and I said, "Oh, I want to go there, and now fifty years later I still say, "Oh, I want to go there." I thank Jesus from my heart for shedding His blood for me, to make it possible.

When we lived on the Christ Troyer farm, Grandpa and Grandma Miller lived in a small house right next to ours . On the second floor was a large water storage tank. Water pipes from the well were connected to this larger tank, so that when the windmill was set in motion by the blowing of the wind, it would pump water into the tank. I was always frightened of that ominous looking dark tank. Needless to say I never ventured upstairs by myself.

At times when I would go to Grandma's house, she would like it when I combed her hair. She especially liked the fine toothed comb, that we called a "shtrail".

When Uncle Bill would come to see his parents he would bring his guitar along and sing. One song I remember was :

Mama don't allow the guitar played in here.

Mama don't allow the guitar played in here.

I don't care what Mama don't allow, I'll play my guitar anyhow.  
Mama don't allow the guitar played in here.

I think he sang it to tease Grandma. Uncle Mose and his wife Ellen used to come too. Ellen would always rub on Mose's legs, and I thought she was being silly.

It was Grandma who alerted Mom to the fire. She had walked to the end of the porch and could see the straw stack from there; she said the fire could

have been covered with a bushel basket. She yelled and Mom heard her. I was in the chicken house and heard all of the commotion and when I came out I saw the fire. I was told to come in the yard and stay there with the little ones: or maybe it was just the baby. Amanda rushed off to the neighbors to call the fire dept. Mom rushed to the barn to get her hams and bacons that were curing in the grainery. Ham was on the menu for supper, and meal preparations were in progress; so she thought of her meat right off. She did manage to get all the meat ripped down from where it hung. She then carried it outside and dumped it on the ground; went back inside to try and save the church bench wagon. It was parked in the barn, but it was too heavy for her to move by herself. It burned up along with a horse and some pigs and a bunch of rabbits. Noah Gingerich lived nearby and he, also, called the fire department, and rushed over and turned the rabbits loose. The pens were built on the outside of the barn, and Noah just opened the doors and threw the rabbits out, but a lot of them ran right back to the barn and were burned. A few though survived, being scorched a bit. I especially remember a large gray Chinchilla hopping around, that had been saved. What a frightening experience! For a long time afterward when I'd go to bed at night and close my eyes, all I could see was fire.

We attended Marlboro school and my best friends were, Melva Bender, Martha Hall, and Nola Mae Van Camp. I was noticing nice looking boys then already, (1st. and 2nd. grade) because I remember May Hershberger and I both had a crush on Jim Van Camp, Nola's brother.

Second and third grades were in one room. I was second grade and Mrs. Bear was our teacher.

One day in music class Verla Weisel sang a solo: "Mammy's Little Babies Love Shortenin' Bread". We all loved it and wanted her to sing it again, but she was too shy.

That spring we moved back to the Leon Moore farm, and then we attended Hartville School. There my second grade teacher was Mrs. Malone. She taught us a little poem that we always said in the morning, along with the pledge of allegiance.

Two little hands now let us show  
Two little hands bring down just so  
Right hand, right things must do  
Left hand must help it too  
Now fold them while we pray  
And think of what we say  
Abide with me, Dear Lord, this day  
Keep me from every evil way.

Dan, being younger, had a hard time adjusting to a new school. At noon and recess times he'd look for me on the playground and cry.

Was this the time when the teacher didn't pronounce Jonathan Beachy correctly? Jonöthan Beacháy.

The third grade teacher, Miss Cora Keller, kept everyone in line with her stern ways. I had to sit in the hall one day because I was talking while she was out of the room. We often had spelldowns; the pupils were divided equally and lined up on each side of the room. Larry Bagnolia and I, were very competitive, we usually ended up the winners. Years later both of my daughters were champion spellers in their school! I wonder if Larry's were too?

I loved to jump rope in these early grades. I'd often jump and jump all recess long. "Riding the Giants" was another favorite at recess time.

I hated fifth grade with a passion. I don't know if it was the "man teacher" or what. Our first subject was Arithmetic, then we'd have "lavatory period", and during this time as each row took turns to go to the rest room, the rest of us were supposed to study for Geography. Every morning I would bury my face in my book and cry. I don't know how long this went on, but I guess I finally got over that.

In seventh and eighth my best friend was Carolyn West. I would borrow shorts and shirts from her for gym class. I thought I was big stuff. One summer I was allowed to go to her house for a weekend! She put my hair up in curlers and when my hair dried, we went to Meyers Lake. I was so afraid of seeing someone I knew, and sure enough I saw Sol's Bill, but I don't think he saw me. After we were back home at Carolyn's, someone knocked on the door and asked if I was there. I was so scared! I had no idea who it was. It was Etta Troyer, my neighbor, just came to chat.

I know that God had his hand on my life, because there were times I did dumb things and was protected. Like the time Dorothy Miller stayed overnight when Mom and Dad were gone. We went walking and some guy came along and asked if we knew where Isaly's was. Dorothy told him and he took off, but very soon came back and said he couldn't find it. (Hartville was so big you know.) Well -- before I knew what was happening, Dorothy said, "We'll show you where it is." We got into his car and headed for Isaly's, but -- he never stopped there; he kept right on going! We stopped for gas, but I had no idea where we were. Dorothy said, "We're in Greentown". I thought we were a long way from home! I was really frightened, but didn't let on as though I was. We drove around awhile, then we went back to our house. I was thankful to be back home, and went into the house and straight to bed. Dorothy stayed out in the car for awhile. She didn't even know the guy!

Many a Sunday afternoon we played ball with the Miller children. We'd be having a lot of fun, then Mel would fight with his sisters and the game ended, and so did the fun.

On other Sunday afternoons we'd sneak to Jake and Mary Miller's and watch T.V. We always had that miserable long lane to walk, to catch the bus. One day I was late and ran out of the house without one of my books. We had to have that assignment in that day. What a sinking feeling to discover I'd forgotten my book. Anyway, when we got to school I spotted our friend's bicycle parked at school and I got this brainy idea. I didn't have time to look him up, Billy Coblentz was the guy, so I just took his bike and headed home to get my book and assignment. When the bell rang for school to start, Bill noticed his bike was missing and told the principal, Mr. Berry. Boy, was I in trouble when I got back to school! Mr. Berry came to our room and in front of the whole class said what I had done. He then warned the whole class not for anyone to do that again. Once we were on school grounds we had to stay there unless we had permission to leave. I wished I could have crawled into a hole! But I learned my lesson.

Wash day was an all day job. Clothes were sorted early, and Mom wanted to make sure that the gasoline engine started, on the washer, before Dad left for work. Sometimes it could be cantankerous. I don't remember ever having a stationary clothes line. We stretched clothes line rope, between buildings mostly, maybe between a few trees. The lines were always full. In the evening when all the wash was off the lines we'd take them down again and store them until the next time. In the winter time only larger things were hung outside, to "freeze dry". Clothes froze right along with your fingers. The kitchen became a jungle with clothes lines strung through it. It was good that we had a large kitchen. It was wash day on the day the horses ran into the train. I was at home with a sore throat and remember the excitement.

With all the boys there were lots of shirts and pants. Mom bought some metal pant stretchers that we always put in the pants before hanging them up. They dried much nicer and took very little ironing; if any. Not much ironing was done on wash day. Clothes that were starched; and some that were not, were sprinkled and rolled up; then placed in a plastic lined bushel basket (our clothes baskets) till the next day when the ironing was done. Katie Troyer, our neighbor at the end of the lane; ironed the boys shirts for years. We'd carry the basket to her along with hangers and she would tell us when she thought she would be finished; then we'd go and pick them up. Again, all freshly ironed. She did a nice job. I learned to iron at a young age, and at one of my first house cleaning jobs the lady remarked how well I could iron.

I remember when Grandpa Beachy died, and the many people who came to our house where his body lay. I can remember especially when Uncle Levi's came. I was a nosey ten years old and tagged along when they went into the bedroom to view the body. Mom and Dad's bedroom was emptied and the casket put in there. Aunt Lizzie wanted Mahlon to touch Grandpa's hand and



he wouldn't do it. Then at the funeral the minister told the Bible story of the crucifixion; where Jesus was on his way to Golgotha and along the way the women were crying and he turned to them and said; "Weep not for me but for you and your children." When he gave this account it was the first time I saw Dad cry. He just shook. I was scared. Then when I had grown children of my own I understood why Dad cried.

I remember when Grandpa Miller died too, and how sick he was beforehand, but I do not recall his viewing or funeral.

When we moved off the Crist Troyer farm; Grandpa's moved also. They lived in a little house just east of us. One summer cousin Marilyn came and stayed at Grandpa's to help out, and when she had some spare time, she would come to play with me. We'd go up in the barn and climb the ladder onto the grainery and jump down in the hay. That was a lot of fun. Uncle Valley's came to visit occasionally and Marlene and Donny loved to play outside and in the barn. One of our games was, "Kick the Can". Another one was "Zippy", but maybe someone else can explain this game better than I. I just remember it was a lot of fun.

We attended the East District Church, and Uncle Ben Troyer's the West District (Church). I always looked forward to going to church at Ben's. Their lane was longer yet than ours and it was always rough. The buggy would heave from side to side. Aunt Amanda's pickles were different than Mom's, but they were just as tasty, and she not only mixed Karo syrup in the peanut butter but also marshmallow fluff. Mmm yummy! I can close my eyes and picture driving up to the buildings and Dad stopping at the house for us ladies to get off the buggy. Then he went on to the barns to unhitch the horses.

Ladies and young girls stood around at the house, and the men and young boys stood around at the barn, waiting for church to start. Ben always had dogs too. There was a dog house by the barn and some by the side of the back porch. There was a porch all along the front of the house with an open

basement underneath. (I'd love to go on that big porch again). Sometimes in the afternoon we'd take a walk in their woods behind the barn.

Speaking of woods. On the Leon Moore farm we had a path through George Eshelman's woods, (which joined our property) to our neighbors: Eli and Maggie Miller and Enos Susie's. Many a visitation took place because of that short cut. I loved to take that walk and gather flowers along the way. May Apples and Trilium in the spring and bittersweet in the fall. When Abe and Amanda were first married, they lived at Enos Susie's in an apartment above the wash house. I remember one Saturday morning Mom sent one of the "little boys" to summon Amanda, when Vern had a seizure in the kitchen. It was just before hunting season started and he was messing around with some shells so Mom thought maybe he swallowed one. He fell to the floor and passed out. He was, also, turning blue. Mom dragged him onto the back porch and put cold compresses on his face. I don't remember how long he was out, but I do remember he was laying on the couch when the Doctor came. "Doc" said it could have been an epileptic seizure, and he could continue getting them, or he may never get another one. He slept the rest of the day, and to my knowledge he never had another one. PTL!

Mom did not stay very calm when one of her children was hurt; she always got quite emotional. When Alvin was a wee lad, he broke his leg. He and Joe were running around the feed room in the barn and Al just fell and broke his leg. Junior Machamer came to take him to the hospital and he asked for a table board to lay Al on, then Junior wrapped a blanket tightly around Al's little body so he wouldn't roll around on the way to the hospital. That worked just fine, so a few years later when Dan's leg was broken Mom knew just what to do, but she still cried.

Bath Time: Mom bought a folding bath tub made of heavy latex. This worked so much better than sponge baths. But, today's Mother would think it was a big hassle. Water had to be heated, and at the end of the bath;

emptied, dried, folded and stored till the next week. In the winter time we'd put this tub in front of the kitchen stove and put chairs around it with blankets strung across the backs of the chairs for privacy. I think it was used mostly for the little children in the winter time, for I remember taking a "foot tub" of water upstairs to my room to take my bath. One day after I had finished and was headed down the stairs, I missed a step and fell all the way down, water and all! I had my second bath that day.

In the summertime a portion of the back porch was curtained off for the folding tub and a portable "john". Also, in the summertime when we'd run in our bare feet we'd wash our feet every night in the "foot tub". Actual bath time was only on Saturdays. I may be wrong on the foot washing, but I think whoever washed first, got the water ready and whoever washed last, put things away.

Then one blessed day we got a nice little bathroom. It was put in the storage room off Mom and Dad's bedroom. It was small but adequate.

A frequent "visitor" to our house was a World War I veteran turned tramp, Frank Burns. Mom always welcomed him and gave him a good hot meal and chided him for his drinking. He'd sleep in the barn overnight and usually in the morning he was gone. One winter though, he stayed most of the winter and lived in the wash house. He kept a fire going in the little stove and it's a wonder he didn't burn the place down, cause when he got his pension check he, also, got his whiskey. Poor Frankie. One afternoon when he came, Mom was gone and Mary, Marti and I sang to him while he sat and cried and asked for more singing. Whenever Willis came to see me, he'd say "Here comes the log wagon". Willis' car had a noisy muffler and a continental on the back.

Many times we'd get unexpected company and Mom could always whip up a nice meal for them even without all the modern conveniences. That comes with practice and also being blessed with a "knack" for things. The boys said they could always tell when I was

responsible to cook, cause we'd always have potato soup. I still don't like to cook guys.

One of the family favorites that I did learn to make is the homemade noodle soup. All my family now enjoys it too. One thing that I thought I didn't like was the "Dampf Knepp", that Mom made, but I wish I knew how to make them. I think I would like them now.

The last meal that Mom cooked for us was "Rivel Soup". Willis and I were in Florida for Mom and Dad's sixtieth wedding anniversary; went to church on Sunday: Mom didn't go because she didn't feel well enough. When we got home she wanted to make the soup. Joe and Carol also came and brought hot dogs to add to our meal. Was so good.

Mom always had a big garden so the summer times were busy times, keeping weeds pulled and washing tubs full of cucumbers. Of course, they had to be picked first and then canned. It took a lot of extra pickles and red beets to serve when we had church at our house. Usually, ladies and young girls would come and help clean house and get things ready for church. In a recent conversation with Esther Coblentz King, she told me that she used to like to come to our house to help, because Mom was always easy to work for, and work with.

Then there was the huckleberry patch. When Mom went picking she would put Dad's clothes on, and us girls would put the boys clothes on, (we didn't have slacks, or jeans). Most of the time we'd grumble about having to go to the huckleberry swamp, but it was fun to try to find the biggest berries. When it was lunch time someone would ring the dinner bell to summon us to the house.

Sometimes, people would come and pick and when they checked out, Mom would measure their berries and she always gave good measure. The berries were heaped on the boxes. She always treated people like she would want to be treated.

Being on a farm and having lots of children running in and out of the house, meant we had flies in the house

and sometimes they were so plentiful that we'd have a fly chase. Everyone would grab a towel in each hand and go to the farthest corner of the room and start waving your arms and head toward the door. One of the children held the door open and the biggest portion of the flies were eliminated for a while at least.

In the evening when Dad said, "Lets get ready for bed," it meant we'd all gather in the living room and Dad would read a portion of scripture, then we'd all kneel in prayer and he would pray from a prayer book. I know there were times when we weren't very reverent, we would get giggling spells. I don't remember ever getting spanked for that, but I do remember the last spanking I got. I was about fourteen and I didn't get up in the morning when I was supposed to. Dad came up the stairs and of course I jumped when I heard him come, but it was too late, he came into my room and laid his hand across my bottom. Oh, he had big hands. They covered a lot of territory! I got down stairs pretty fast after that. Dad always had a hard time getting everybody up. We were sleepy heads!

Whenever church was held at our house, we would also host the Sunday evening singing. The Amish "young folks", usually sixteen year olds and older, (the unmarried youth,) got together every Sunday evening and sang gospel songs and hymns. It was at this social gathering that dating also happened. If someone wanted to take you home after the singing, he would sometimes ask you before-hand. Or it was quite proper to be asked after the singing. Some boys were shy about this; but there was always someone willing to be the go-between. While I attended the singings, Monroe Coblentz was as active go-between. He was very good at getting couples together. When I was fifteen, I attended my first singing at the Noah Coblentz residence. Someone, I don't know who, informed me that Willis Sommers wanted to take me home, would I accept? I thought that it would be rude to say, "No", but he was quite a bit older than I. Nevertheless he took me home and we had a nice time. He

was a very good conversationalist, so the evening passed quickly. He was the only boy I ever dated that drove a horse and buggy. I soon began dating Clyde Wagler, who attended the Conservative A.M. Church, and we "went steady" for about two years. He was a bit older than I, also. When he moved back to Michigan, I thought my heart would break. But before this happened I began attending the Beachy A.M. Church, and when the instruction clases began I attended them. I was baptized along with Henry Hostetler, Jr., and (Sol's) Bill Miller. I became involved with the Beachy youth and their activities. We had youth night every other week, and once a month when the ladies had sewing circle, we also had evening sewing when we knotted comforters. The ladies got the things ready and we had to put them in the frame, and knot them. Willis and I were put on the committee to put the comforters in the frame. Sometimes one of my brothers were available to give me a ride, but if I had no way to get there, then Willis was supposed to pick me up. I guess that was the start of me really noticing him in a special way. I'd tell my friend, Mary Graber Overholt, that he was the best looking boy in the whole youth group. But I really didn't set my sights on him, it just happened.

After breaking up with Clyde, I dated a few other guys, but there were times that Willis and I would sorta be thrown together. One spring nine of our youth attended Youth Fellowship Meetings in Napanee, Indiana. Willis and Bill Miller were the two drivers and I happened to ride in Willis' car, along with Betty Miller Wagler, Mary Sommers and I think Wayne Byler. Most of us stayed at John Yoder's, and their daughter Ida fell in love with Willis. She ended up coming along home with us. Somewhere in western Ohio, Bills car broke down and all ten of us came home the rest of the way in Willis' car; along with our luggage! Imagine that! Ida didn't stay in Ohio very long.

Finally Willis asked me out, and we hit it off pretty good at the start. But then Clyde came back from Michigan

and things were off again, on again, between the two. They were both wonderful guys and to be trusted. It was so hard to decide which one I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. My heart said one thing, my head another. Finally it came to a showdown: they both came to my house one evening! I didn't know either was coming, and they didn't know the other was coming. Willis got there first and I was in the car talking to him when Clyde pulled in. Well, he was pretty upset when I told him that I was dating Willis again. He asked me if I was planning to date him for awhile, then dump him too. I assured him that I wasn't planning to do that. I realized that I had been "stringing along" both of them and made my decision right then and there. I'm glad Willis was the first one to arrive that evening. Who knows what might have happened otherwise.

A word to the younger generation: Pray for God's direction in choosing your life mate. He will never let you down. Another thing: It's not as important to marry the one you love, as it is to love the one you marry. Love is a choice: you choose to love even when at times you don't feel like it. Love isn't always a feeling, but it is always a choice.

I said before that I felt God had His hand on my life, but it took me a long time to realize it. When I was in the instruction class for baptism I didn't understand fully what it meant to be a Christian. I did understand honesty, purity, and obeying the rules of the church. At the time of baptism, though when I confessed that I believe in my heart that Jesus is the Son of God, I received the gift of salvation. There were times when Satan tried to tell me that I wasn't saved, and there were times I almost believed him. I find that God's word is the only way to defeat Satans attacks. God's word is truth and it will stand forever.

In our world today, the lines between right and wrong have become blurred. Things no longer fit into neat categories of black and white. Often we must pick our way through murky gray zones. At work, at school, at social events, we are faced with decisions that challenge

our wisdom and demand our insight. We need help to travel safely over the obscure paths of life.

God has made this help available. The eternal principles of His Word do not change with the changing morals and values of society. The truths in Scripture provide a reliable map to guide us through the moral fog and grayness in our world.

(Last two paragraphs from REJOICE)

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally." .... **James 1:5**

-Nancy (Beachy) Troyer



**L to R:** Rebecca and Jason Troyer making their first "Snow Man" of the season in the Fall of 1987.



**J O E  
&  
C A R O L  
B E A C H Y**

**L to R:** Standing Theresa Beachy, Keith Troyer, Cherie Troyer holding Rebecca, Connie and Rick Beachy. Seated Carol and Joe Beachy holding Philip Troyer.



**WEDDING DAY** (Photo above)  
November 22, 1958  
Joe and Carol Beachy



**Left Photo: L to R:**  
Willis Troyer,  
Vern Beachy  
Ray Sommers  
Joe Beachy

The earliest thing I remember from my growing up was when I was playing with matches and burned the barn down, and everything in it. There are so many things that happened as we were growing up, it is a wonder that some of us boys weren't crippled for life!

I remember the time Ralph Reibilt, Danny and I, were out hunting. We had been out all afternoon and hadn't seen a thing to shoot. As we were coming up the lane to the house there were some chickens and a rooster on top of the hill. Well, Dan said, "I haven't shot anything all day", so he shot the rooster! Needless to say Mom wasn't too happy about that.

Then, there was another time we came in from hunting, and Danny, or "Pee-Wee" as we called him, was unloading a 12 gauge pump gun on the back porch and accidentally shot off the end of the couch.

I, also, remember the summer we were making hay. We were just "little guys", and Dad let us ride on top of the hay wagon. As Dad turned up the barn hill the wagon overturned with all of us ending up beneath the hay.

There are so many things I could write about, but I am not very good at putting things down on paper. (You're doing great, Joe. Ed.) Like the sled riding trail we had back in the woods. We didn't have a toboggan, so we would use a piece of tin roofing. Those were some grand times!

One of my earliest memories of my childhood was when Mom took me to Michigan to have my eyes straightend. The thing I remember most is the train ride. But, I do remember when we came out into the sun for the first time after the operation, I couldn't see anything.

I guess coming from a large family we didn't get to go very many places. But, I will never forget the summer Mom and Dad took a bunch of us to the Cleveland Zoo. It was great!

I remember one summer; I guess I was about eight or nine. Rob Troyer came to the house to see Bert They went out to the field to do something and told Danny and I to leave the bicycles sit. Well, they had no more than turned

their backs and we jumped on the bicycles and started out the lane. Suddenly, I took a flop. The next thing I knew Mom was cleaning me up in the tub.

When we were young it was our job to feed the cows and horses. One evening Al and I got into a scuffle in the feed room. He did something and started to run. I chased him and tripped him. He fell and broke his leg.

Then, there was the Sunday we had church at Uncle Ben Troyer's. Danny and I had to come home early to do the milking. We were going to go back after the chores were done, so, when we got to the field on the west side of the lane we decided we would take a short cut. When we got to the edge of the field there was a little swale to go through. Danny slowed up but when the front wheels of the buggy rolled into the swale it hit the horse in the rear; the horse took off and he couldn't stop her. When she got to the lane the horse made a sharp right turn up the hill. Needless to say, the buggy flipped over; Danny jumped but I didn't have time and I got my hand all cut up in the windshield.

I guess the most memorable time that I had with Mom and Dad was the year Carol and I took them to California to see Brother Nels. We stopped at a lot of National Parks on the way out and back. I never will forget when we were at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Dad and I were rolling rocks down into the Canyon, having a great time until we saw the sign that said, CAUTION: do not roll rocks. Fishermen below. I hope we didn't hit anybody. We took Mom and Dad to a Rodeo in Salinas. I think it was a first for them. They seemed to enjoy it.

On the way home we stopped at the Black Hills in North Dakota. The townspeople were having a Bi-centennial celebration that year. When I checked into our motel they asked if Mom and Dad were actors coming in for all of the festivities. We got quite a kick out of that. I told Mom and Dad I guess we would have to treat them as royalty. They just laughed.

-Joseph Beachy

# DANIEL and VIRGINIA BEACHY



*Dan Beachy*

L TO R: Denise with her parents, Danny and Ginny Beachy. Taken 1982. Laura is absent.



L TO R: Al Beachy, Dan Beachy, Joe Beachy and an unknown friend.



L TO R: Danny with the dog, Joe and Al on the bicycle.



**ABOVE:** Back row, Danny, Denise, and Ginny Beachy. Front, Laura Beachy.



**ABOVE:** Al and Danny Beachy.



**LEFT PHOTO: L TO R:** Joe and Danny Beachy in Single Buggy on Leon Moore farm.

Jan. 25th.

Dear Mom and all the rest;

Greetings from France. We arrived here last night at Cherbourg about 7:00; then we took a train to Paris where we are now, at Robert Wittmer's, a small Mennonite Church mission.

I had a nice trip. So far the sailing was fairly smooth. The first day wasn't too bad, but Sunday and Monday it got a little rougher, and I got light headed once in a while. But, then the rest of the time I felt pretty good. The waves only got about twenty feet high and it was enough to rock you to sleep. We met a fellow from Canada; close to where Bob is from. He is an engineer-officer, so he took us all through the ship. The ship has twelve boilers. I can't explain what all it's got anymore. I am a very bad writer as you can see, but maybe I will improve; I hope so.

When we left New York, I was on deck and forgot to take my camera. I wanted to take a picture of the Statue of Liberty, then when I went down to get it I got caught in a fire drill so I had to put on a life jacket and go to the boat stations so I didn't get to see the Statue of Liberty after all. I will have to wait and get a look at it when I come back.

There wasn't too much we could do on the ship, but sit around. We went swimming once and just looked around most of the time. We got our meals served at 9:00, 1:30, 7:45 in the dining room. Boy, you get to learn to eat about anything, What cooking they had! Some was good and some was--well we had to eat.

I don't know how long we'll be in France so you can send my mail to Algeria. I don't know if you got the address or not so I will write it down. This is awful writing, I know you'll just have to excuse it for now. I have to go and get my trunk and wood box at the station so I'll close for now.

Love, Dan

Dan Beachy  
52 Vie Richard Maguet  
El-Biar (Alger)  
Algeria



## LETTER # 2

Dear Mom & all;

Greetings and best wishes in Jesus name. It is Monday evening, just got done eating supper, so I'll try and answer your letter. I don't get much writing done. I guess I wasn't cut out to write letters. This is the third time I started this letter. I just about had a page written then I started on something and got all mixed up. So I'll try it again.

How is everybody, hope fine. As for me I have a little trouble; for the last couple of days I couldn't hardly sit. I think it is a sisste (cyst), the same thing Bert had. It's not too bad today, but a little sore. I didn't say anything to anybody. I was hoping it would leave. Ask Bert if it is anything serious. If it don't leave soon I might go see a doc. There are two sore spots on my tailbone.

The weather got a little colder over the week-end. It has been around freezing temperature since Saturday. Otherwise, it's been not too bad. It hasn't rained for a week or so.

How is Vally now? Maybe that rest home will do him some good, now that he will get some real meals. Is Lester, Emma any better? It's goo bad how a person gets sick like that all of a sudden. Tell her I wish her well.

You wondered if it costs a dollar to send a letter. No, it doesn't. I'll try and tell the money differants. There are about five francs to a dollar. They go by francs. To them francs are like dollars to us. It takes one hundred sountiens to make a franc, like a hundred cents to make a dollar. There is more to it but it would take too long to explain it. So add the amount on the stamps and divide by five, that will give you the amount. For example: if the stamps add 0.95, you divide  $\frac{0.95}{5} = .19$  Cente or if it goes over one franc like this  $\frac{1.25}{5} = .25$  Cente. Hope it makes sense. It

usually runs around twenty cents. I don't know what this one will cost as they go by weight. I can't weigh it till morning because they are in bed already.

Well, as for going to Algeria, we still don't know when we'll get there. Mr. Witmer was going to make arrangements Saturday for us. We were to leave the first of March. Then he found out that all visas to Algeria were cancelled.

Now we have to get new ones or something. Mr. Witmer left for the holy land trip Saturday. This trip to the holy land is every two years. It is for the PAX fellows. He went as overseer and minister.

Well, to come back on the Algeria problem. John Yoder, who takes care of things over here was to go to Algeria today, and see how things are. Then when he comes back we were to leave; that was to be on the first. Now, he has to get his Visa renewed too. He called to see how soon he could go, and they didn't know yet. So he went home. He will be back next Monday to let us know what's next. Till then we don't know what's what. I'm not going to write and say when we'll leave anymore, ever time I do something turns up. So the next time I write I might or might not be in Algeria. God only knows. This is what I was trying to explain when I got mixed up.

How is Bert and his truck getting along? Does it still break down about everytime he go's out.

I seen in the paper that Mr. Glenn got his ride around the earth. Boy they had his pictures all over there papers.

Boy I thought I loafed a lot when I was at home. That's about all I have done since I been here. We still go to school in the morning, but we get home about 11:30 and then we eat at 12:00 noon, then sit around till about 2:00 p.m. He gives us little jobs to do in the afternoon, but not much. Then we have to make are own super in the basement. I don't know wheather I'll have enough energy to work or not when I get to Algeria. I think I've gained about seven pounds since I've been herc. Well I'm getting sleepy so I'll sign off for now.

How is Mary getting along with her new job? Is Marty still working for that doc? Is Al working yet. Got to hit the sac.

A bientot

Au revoir

See you later

Good bye

Sincerely,

Dan

### LETTER # 3

Sun 15

Dear Mom and All;

Greetings in Jesus Name. How does this find everybody at home, I hope fine. As for me, well I'm still here in Paris waiting to see where I will go. Bob Stetters who are the missionaries in Alger will be going home for the summer so there is nothing lined up for us in Algeria. He will be back by September. He said I should go somewhere else till then. Then we got in contact with John Yoder and he is going to see if M.C.C. can use me in Algeria till September. They are working with Cimade. Cimade are the protestant churches combined project in helping the refugee's. If they can't use me then I will have to stay in Europe till September. I should find out this week. I sure hope I do. Bob Stetters will stay here at the mission and help till September as far as we know.

Well we aren't going to school anymore. They are having Easter vacation, so I guess I won't go back anymore, cause I hope to be gone in a week. Of course I was hoping that for two months already. Ha! But I guess there was a reason for me not to go.

By the way where is Mary having her wedding, are you having the reception there at home or somewhere else? Well, in a week from now the members at home will be smaller, down to about three and getting smaller all the time.

Lucky for Bert he didn't break a bone cause if he would have he couldn't be one of the best men or something like that. Are they going to fix the truck or get another one? He should have a better one anyhow. Tell Al I said to get busy and help there at home, and not do like I did and sleep most of his life away. I see now that I spent too much time in bed, not caring what tomorrow brings.

We spent most of the afternoon driving around Paris. Seen some things that we didn't see before. They are having Bible school here over the Easter Vacation. It will last till Saturday. There are about fifty five children from about ages six to sixteen.

Boy, the weather sure is miserable; it rained all day and most of the day yesterday. It's still cold. Last year this time they had nice warm weather so

they say. I'm going to try and drop Valey a card, if I get to it tonight.

Well the page is full so I'll sign off for now. May God Bless all of you.

Dan

### LETTER # 4

Thur. 10

Dear Mom & all;

First I greet you all in the Masters Name. Hope this finds everybody in good shape. I can't complain.

Well here I am at last, I arrived at Alger yesterday afternoon at 2:10. I came by jet, how about that. They give me my permit last Friday and it was good just till the ninth, so if I wanted to go it was now or who knows when. The airport is about 10 to 15 miles from Alger, on the way in I saw some of the buildings, cars, and trucks that have been blown up. The weather is nice and warm, it's about like Florida. I kind of had a different picture in my mind of Alger then it really is. Its quite hilly like small mountains. The buildings are built right up the side of the hills. Looks kinda nice though, even if the place is in a mess.

Well it looks like I'll be helping here in Alger for a couple of days, till Saturday, I guess. Then I'll be going with two other fellows to mission Rollon. It's the oldest mission here in Alger. The next couple of days I'll be helping distribute some wheat that was sent here from the states. There's about three thousand bushels. There'll be just two of us so we probably won't get it all distributed.

You can send my mail to

52 Rue Richard Maguet  
El-Biar Alger

I don't know how often the mail goes so if you don't hear from me for awhile sometimes don't worry, I'll be moved around some to, so I might not get my mail on time, all the time. Well it's getting close to breakfast time, so I'll close for now.

Dan

LETTER # 5

(ED. Note - This is the last page of a letter that has no other pages. The rest of the letter must be lost.)

...and clothing. Robert Schumaker said he happen to see a bundle with Joseph Beachy from Ohio he wondered if maybe it was my brother, he didn't remember the name of the town. So you can tell Joe that it got into needy hands.

Boy sometimes I really get in the dumps. I came over to help people and I sure don't feel like I helped any body. Especially when I see the people live the way they do, and most of them talk like there's just no future for them. Not enough work to even support a wife.

One fellow about my age said he isn't married because he doesn't have money to get a wife. They have to pay an allotment of about \$80 to \$100, that's not easy to get here. The average worker get 2-3 dollars a day and man thats not much. Clothing and everything else is about as much here as it is at home. I can't see how they do it myself.

Mom tell the family I'm sorry I don't write them when they write me. I still owe Joe's a letter and I don't know who all.

ل و ل ٧

Love Dan

(Thats my name written in Arabic)



MOM - Lydian (Miller) Beachy emerging from the doorway of building on Leon Moore farm, Hartville, Ohio. February 1961.

LETTER # 6

Sun. 30

Dear Mom, Dad and all,

Greetings from me in the Masters Name. Well its been two weeks again since I wrote. Bad ole me. Sorry. The reason I didn't write last Sunday is because I took some furniture to Alger last week end for the Methodist mission. Left Saturday morning and got back Monday evening.

Man is the weather ever hot the last while. We changed our working hours. We start at 4:30 in the morning, then at 6:30 we knock off for an hour to eat; then at 7:30 we start again and work till 10:30; take off till 1:30. Then from 1:30 to 5:30 it's just too hot too work over the noon hours. Today it was just like a furnace, the air was real hot.

You wondered about my letters taking so long to get there. I don't know, but I usually get your letters about four days after you send them.

How is your trip coming along are you still planning on going to Nelson's? Sure hope you make it. When you see Joe's tell them I think of them even though I haven't answered their letter. Boy, I ought to be shot no more writing than I do. How is Bert?

Mom, do you ever see the Martins? I sure do think of them often. How is Eli doing? I often think how nice it would be to be at home helping Dad and you, and going to help Eli out and everybody else. I sure hope I can keep this feeling forever. Cause as I look back I see I never helped hardly anybody. This is something I sure want to do when I get home.

So they surprised you the night of your birthday. I am glad to hear that, because other times you always knew something is up.

Well Mom, it's a full short letter but I can't think of too much more to write so I'll close for now. The Lord watch and care over you till we meet again.

ل و ل ٧

Your Son, Dan

## LETTER # 7

Aug 13

Dear Mom, Dad & all,

Greetings from Alger in the Masters Name. Well the last few weeks just flew by. After not writing for awhile I'll try and drop a few lines. I just got back from our trip through Europe. I hope you get the post cards that I sent. Boy, is Europe ever different than here. It's more like home. We got through Italy, Austria, part of Germany, then all across Switzerland to Geneva; then from Geneva back to Marsielle, then boat to Alger. I'll be here till Saturday as far as I know, then back to the farm and the building project. The nicest place that I have seen yet is through Austria. Man that country is just beautiful, they even speak our Dutch. I was sure surprised our Pennsylvania-Dutch is the language they speak. Lots of the words are pronounced different but its easy to pick up. I sure felt at home anyhow.

I sure am anxious to get back to the farm and read my letters. It seems like more than two weeks that I had a letter but I guess it isn't. Wonder if Nelson got back in time and how your trip back home was.

Man the weather sure is hot here in Algeria. It rained here in Alger today and now it's so salty. All you can do is sweat.

Maybe I had better tell you more about our trip, how we traveled and etc. I should have done this to start with I guess. As you know there were four of us. We rented a small car in Marsielle, a 4L Renault, then we drove along the French Riviera to Geneva, Italy, then down into Italy a ways to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Then from there up to Venice. From Venice up to Salzburg, Austria, to the PAX Unit there. From Salzburg we went to Geneva, Switzerland. From Geneva to Marsielle, France and back to Alger. We slept in sleeping bags at nights and lived on bread, cheese and coffee; and it still cost us \$100 a piece. The car was \$5.00 per day and .035 per mile for gas but I think it was worth it all. Sure hope you have had a nice time, too. Will write again when I get to the farm. God Bless you all.

Dan

## LETTER # 8

Sun. 13/63

Dear Mom, Dad & Marty,

Sunday evening; will try and write a few lines before I hit the sack. Well how does this find everybody at home? Hope fine. Things down here are fine. Lot of the guys and others were to Swiss. to the M.C.C. conference. They just got back last night. There are three new fellows and one woman which will be working in Material Aid. There are twenty three of us M.C.C. workers here in Algeria now. Quite a family.

The weather here sure turned cool all of a sudden, sure hate to see summer leave. It sure gets hot here but I think I like the heat better than the cold. Man that tent we're living in gets like an ice box at night, and like a stove in the daytime. But we get along O.K. I like it better out here in the mountain better than at the farm. It's too much like a big mansion compared to what the people live like or what there're used to. The houses are slowly coming along. We've got a lot of the sand and gravel hauled for the floors and for the start of making our blocks. We've got five floors need to be poured by tomorrow night.

I spent one day making the inside forms for the block machine, then when I went to try it out it didn't work, boy that teed me off! I made them square, and that wouldn't let the blocks slide out. So, I spent the next day redoing them. I made them more like a cone. These forms that I'm talking about were for the holes in the blocks. It works like a charm now. This was for the 8 inch blocks. Now tomorrow I have to get the forms made for the 6 inch blocks. I'm doing this at the farm. We have a welder, cutting torch and all kinds of stuff. Sure is nice.

The school is to start Tuesday here at the farm. This is Mechanic and Metal shops. There are about 200 fellows who want to come but we only have room for 35. Sure is a shame we don't have more room. We will also be giving them one meal a day. Well I think I'll close for now. The Lord Bless and keep you safe.

Dan.

**LETTER # 9**

Dear Marty;

Sorry I didn't get to answering you letter sooner. I just am "loppich" I guess.

So you are thinking about getting married. Man when I read that in your letter I just about keeled over. I sure wasn't expecting that. I am happy for you, but it just didn't ring a bell right away, after all I thought, "She is the youngest." It just didn't sound right. I guess I'm just getting old.

I hope you wait until I get home. I sure would like to get to one more wedding in the family. I sure wished I could have gotten to the last three!

How is Al's getting along, and Bert's and Ray's. Oh, I just wish I was more of a writer. Oh, I just wish I wanted to write them but just didn't get my butt around to it.

Well, I can't think very good tonight so I'll close for now. Give my greetings to the rest.

Remember to always look to the Lord for strength to live the life He wants us to live. God Bless you as you plan your future.

Brother

Dan



**L TO R:** Amanda Mae, Martha Alice and Mary Elizabeth Beachy. "Amanda where can we go for a ride? Around the barnyard? Is that all?" Amanda who took the picture?



Martha Alice Beachy enjoys being on the Single Buggy. "Look Mom, I'm standing."



# ***ALVIN and MARTHA BEACHY***



**WEDDING DAY - NOVEMBER 2, 1962**  
Martha Weaver and Alvin Wayne Beachy

Sometimes I wonder how sad it would have been not to have had the experiences of growing up with so many brothers and sisters; then again, maybe that wasn't so good after all. Truthfully, I am very thankful for all my family, and most thankful for a christian Mother and Father.

Allow me, if I may, to say a few words about Mom and Pop. I will be speaking in the past tense of my childhood; not necessarily the past tense of both Mom and Dad. Dad is still with us and at the present time is ninety years of age. (Pop's earthly sojourn came to a close on October 18, 1990. ED.)

I have seen Mom and Dad broken hearted because of things that Alvin had said or done. Mom used to take times as this to say how she felt and to explain her beliefs and her reasoning. Dad usually would not say much, but, in a very Christ-like way, never got mad, never raised his voice, just said I shouldn't do it again and went back to his work. Dad didn't always "just" say I shouldn't do it again, I did get the bottom side warmed at times with a switch or a harness strap.

All of you have seen "make believe" movies or read a "make believe" book. You see, sometimes I feel almost, as though I was raised in a "make believe" world. I didn't know that christian parents argued; I had never seen Mom and Dad argue. "That's make believe." I didn't know that christians did anything wrong, I cannot recall ever seeing Mom or Dad do anything wrong. "That's make believe." No fighting among parents, no yelling, no getting even by not talking to one another. These are things I never experienced in my parents as a child.

I did not know Jesus in my first eleven years of marriage, and yes there were many shouting matches and getting even by not talking. I "knew" that if and when I became a christian, the fights and arguments would stop because Mom and Dad never argued. I was almost thirty three years old when I asked Jesus into my life, a person should not wait that long.

You know what? I still got mad at my wife. I still yelled at her. I still did some of the things I used to do. I became confused. I was hurt. I didn't

understand what was happening! I was a christian now, why wasn't my marriage like Mom and Dad's? I doubted my salvation! After a few sessions with our pastor about what I was experiencing, I began to see that; yes, christian parents do have problems. Christian husbands do become angry and upset. Life is not a bowl of cherries just because you asked Jesus into your life. Pastor Ross explained to me that Mom and Dad's marriage is a good example of how Jesus wants us to live, but, unfortunately, very few christians attain such a Christ like standard.

Getting up in the morning was very often a difficult task for me, probably the most difficult thing I did all day! Sometimes I think mornings were the best part of Dad's day. Yes, I'm almost sure they were, cause, invariably before I got out of bed and down the stairs Pop had already been up for a while, done some work, read the Bible and now would be sitting in his chair singing.

Can you imagine your Dad sitting in the living room at 6:00 in the morning singing? I know what my children would say if you asked them! Who was he singing to? I believe he was singing to no one else but his Lord and Saviour. I, also, believe that singing was spiritually uplifting for Dad and a way of drawing nearer to God. Family worship time was very important to Mom and Dad. These took place each evening before going to bed and, also, every morning, usually before breakfast. Sometimes Dad would be late for work cause he would wait to have family worship until all the children were downstairs, and sometimes those boys took a long time getting up, and down the stairs.

Mom loved her children dearly. She cried many times as she would tell of her love and concern for me. Not just me, but all her children. I think her greatest desire was to someday be able to see all her children in heaven. You have heard and read stories of great women down through history. You have seen the feats and accomplishments of "Wonder Woman". Long before "Wonder Woman" became a TV star - there was Mom - "Wonder Woman" couldn't hold a candle to her. Can you imagine fixing

breakfast for such a large family? Where everyone sat down to eat at the same time! And the food was still hot! Oh yes, then she fixed food for lunch and after that came supper. Preparing so much food would almost be a full time job and all that without a microwave! Or electric! Scheduling meals was only a portion of Mom's day. A family that size takes a lot of clothes, and clothes need washing. The washing needs to be hung out on the clothes line. No, she didn't put the clothes in the dryer! No electric, remember?

Then there was the gardening, and the canning, and the house cleaning. Mom was always willing, and many times the first, to go help a family in a crises. As a child, I remember a time when, after receiving the news of the death of a church member, Mom immediately left what she was doing to go to the aid of this family. Yes that was Mom, always time for someone else.

When I was approximately three years old I remember a brother (the one just older than me), coming out of the house with some matches in his hand. I asked him, "What are you doing with those." He said, "Come along and I'll show you." I remember we would light loose straw at the base of a large straw stack next to the barn, then beat out the fire with leather harness straps. I-I-I yi yi yi! The net thing I remember was someone carrying me from the lawn to the porch because I was stepping in hot sparks that were falling in the lawn from a fire in the barn.

I remember when Mom came home from the hospital with baby sister Martha. Wow! I couldn't understand! Go to the hospital and get a baby! How about that!

Another vivid childhood experience I recall happened, when I was four years old. Playing in the barn can be a lot of fun, unfortunately, accidents can also happen there. This time I was running to get away from a brother of mine (the one just older than me). He was giving chase cause he had been pushed from behind. Need you ask by whom? I needed to get to the safety of the house. But, before I could get out of the barn, I was tripped, and to my surprise

unable to get up and continue the flight. Why? Because I had a broken leg!

Horseback riding became one of my favorite pastimes. I would love to ride a horse to the pasture in the evening and bring the cows to the barn for milking. We couldn't afford saddles so all our riding was bareback.

Wintertime was for sledriding and, wow, we had some terrific trails for sledding. My favorite trail had two curves in it. About three fourths of the way down the trail, by the second curve, was a good sized tree stump. There were times when sled and passenger would fail to negotiate the curve properly, and meet head on with old Mr. Stump.

You know, sleds have holes in the steering handle for the purpose of tying a rope to the sled and thereby pulling the sled up the hill instead of carrying it. Well, we used to take switches and cut them to fit snugly into those holes. Why? These were our radio antennas and man we were hot stuff with these. I even think they made the sleds go faster.

Poor Eli Martha, she got to experience the little Beachy boys firsthand. After Eli and Martha got married they lived in a trailer close to Mom and Dad. Very close, matter of fact, only about 180 feet away. It's nice to be close to Mom and Dad, but did they take into consideration these little boys? Whenever Eli and Martha came home, she was usually the first one to the trailer. Unfortunately for Martha, this also meant she was the first to see a dead garter snake that had been placed on their door step by "somebody".

Sometimes it was a little strange realizing I had such older brothers, especially Nelson. I don't remember much of Nelson living at home, and my first recollection of seeing Nelson is when he came home the first time with his wife Claire. Fortunately as I grew older, I experienced many good times with Nels, Claire, and their family.

I hope sharing these stories has been of some help to the insight of growing up in the Noah Beachy family.

May God continue to bless each member of this family and may we someday all be able to greet one another in heaven, and be together for all eternity!





**BROTHERS** and friends. Vernon David and Wayne Alvin Beachy on Leon Moore farm, Hartville, Ohio.



**TOUCHDOWN COMING UP!**  
Alvin Wayne Beachy



**TEEN AGE TIME**  
Alvin Wayne Beachy



**SCHOOL DAYS**  
Alvin Wayne Beachy



**L TO R: Standing,** Brian Beachy, Cindy Beachy, Rhonda (Beachy) Williams, Elaine Beachy holding Amanda Jo, and Gordon Beachy. **Seated:** Al and Martha Beachy.



Al Beachy driving buggy in King Church yard, Hartville, Ohio, at time of his mother's funeral in 1982.



Mmm good! Bar-B-Que chicken anyone? Lookin' good! Al and Martha hosting a Sunday dinner at their home in Phoenix, Arizona, for Ray and Darla Beachy in June 1989.



L TO R: Justin Rion Beachy held by Grandma Martha Beachy, Ashley Erin Williams held by her Mother Rhonda (Beachy) Williams.

# **MARY (BEACHY) and RAY SOMMERS**



**WEDDING DAY** of Mary Elizabeth and Ray F. Sommers  
April 22, 1962



**CHILDHOOD DAYS**

Mary Elizabeth (Beachy) Sommers



L TO R: Standing, Larry Kurtz holding Shannon, Vickie Kurtz, Steve Sommers, Diane Sommers, Debra Sommers. Seated Mary and Ray Sommers.



**SISTERS AND FRIENDS**

Marti (Beachy) Miller and Mary Elizabeth (Beachy) Sommers.



**SCHOOL DAYS**

Mary Elizabeth Beachy

It was on a warm, muggy, summer night, August 14, 1942; when I arrived into this world as the thirteenth child of Noah and Lydian Beachy. The number thirteen to superstitious people is thought to be an unlucky number. But to me, I thought I was pretty lucky to have twelve older brothers and sisters. As I grew up and found out about brothers, I realized ten of them could be pretty rough. When I was between two and three years of age, one of them was giving me a wagon ride and coming down the hill too fast caused it to tip over and throw me out. Speed demons at an early age they were! But the next morning when I got up it was obvious that little accident had hurt me, for I couldn't hardly hold my head. Mom was pretty worried thinking they had damaged me for life. But, with some chiropractic care I was back to my ornery self in no time. When I was two years old Mom presented us with another baby sister, who soon became my playmate and close friend.

The memories of my early childhood and teen years are a mixture of hard work but, also, lots of fun. The toys were pretty scarce and we made up our own games. Games that didn't even have names we'd sit around the table after supper and play games on paper. One of those can be bought today at the toy store under the title of BATTLESHIP.

Marty and I use to love to play being Mommie's. When we got tired of playing with our dolls we'd go out to the barn and find ourselves a kitten and dress them in our doll clothes. Pretty silly weren't we! I think our new sister-in-law, Claire thought so.

We were pretty young when brother Nelson brought his wife home from California for a visit. Now us two little Amish girls thought this was a pretty fancy lady, but, we took a liking to her. Especially the way she fussed over our long hair and introduced Mom into using "Suave" on it. It made the hair so much easier to comb and smelled so good, too! But at that young age Marty and I were also kinda ornery. We knew Claire didn't like flies, but, living on a farm there is always lots of flies. So, for meanness

we'd leave the porch door open inviting all of the flies in! Claire soon caught on to our little tricks and reprimanded us for it.

I don't remember how old I was when we finally had the luxury of a modern day bathroom. A toilet that flushed; a tub with running water! Oh, how exciting! No more night trips to the outhouse. Mom would always have to go with us cause we were scared to go out alone in the dark.

I remember bath time before the new bathroom. Mom or Dad would hang a curtain around the kitchen stove, then a foldable canvas tub was placed behind the curtain to which we would carry buckets of water from the kitchen sink. I don't know how many took turns taking a bath in that water, but, I know I always wanted to be first! After one bath Mom would wash Marty's and my hair. After it dried it was combed and braided for church the next day.

The week days at home on the farm became sort of a ritual. Mondays were always washday, with loads of laundry. Wash lines were strung from the wash house to the milk house and back to the farm house itself. Even on the coldest days laundry was hung out to dry. Never to this day have I figured out how wash dried when it froze! How Mom would have loved a Maytag dryer! Tuesday of course we would do the ironing. Friday and Saturday were always cleaning house and baking days. Marty and I did the cleaning while Mom did the baking. Somehow Mom gorgot to take the time to teach me how to bake. That probably explains why I'm better at cleaning houses for other people than I am at baking pies and cakes for them! In between all the laundry, cleaning and baking there was lots of gardening to do.

Corn, beans, peas, tomatoes, and strawberries had to be planted and harvested. In between planting and harvesting, weeds had to be pulled; and let me tell you there were lots of those. I would try to put a little fun into the weeding. So, when I came across a fishworm I would throw it at Marty just to hear her scream. Oh, how she hated those slimy things. Needless to say I couldn't

continue that too long for she would leave the garden and I'd have to do the weeding myself. I wonder Marty, do you bait your own hook when you go fishing?

But in the fall when all the things in the garden were harvested; the shelves in our basement were stacked with rows and rows of canned food that we would enjoy during the cold winter months.

I loved the summers on the farm. Hay would be mown and when baled I sometimes would be allowed to drive the team of horses while Dad and the boys would load the bales onto the wagon. Threshing day was always fun. Several men would come to help and Mom would always cook a big feast for them to eat. But, guess who had to do the dishes? We used to love to play in the barn after haying season was over, for we would stack the bales up and make tunnels. It was so much fun to crawl through the tunnels. Sometimes it was kinda scary too. The boys fixed them so that sometimes you came to a dead end and had to back up and go in another direction. It was dark and spooky in there so you frantically hurried to get to the other end. Mom never had to ask what we'd been doing. For the hay in our hair and clothes told on us!

Another thing I remember vividly was butchering day. Especially when we butchered pigs. One minute you heard the pigs squeal and the next thing you knew the it was hanging by its feet. I remember very well helping Mom stuff those sausages. But, it was years later that I realized the sausage was being stuffed into INTESTINES! YUK! Maybe that is why I like sausage patties better. At the end of the day we ate something called "cracklings", that were cooked in fat over an open fire.

I, also, remember how we used to pick huckleberries in the summer. There was a huckleberry swamp out behind the barn and each year Marty and I would put on a pair of the boys pants and boots to trudge out back and pick huckleberries. Mom would always join us in a pair of Dad's pants. We were quite a comical sight to behold. But, we had fun. Especially when we found a good bush loaded with berries and we could pick them by the

handful. We would trudge back to the house. If you were lucky you would get back to the house with dry feet and no mosquito bites. Sometimes if you weren't careful you would step into unseen wet, muddy holes and if you happened to forget the "OFF", you trudged home squishing and scratching all the way. Then with our help Mom would use a screen to filter the trash from the berries and we would put them in quart containers. Then we would sell them to our "Huckleberry customers".

School days were exciting. I loved school and hated to miss but due to a lot of sore throat's, I did miss some and at the end of my first grade I had to have a tonsilectomy. I believe in the second grade, except for one day, I would have had perfect attendance.

We lived back on a long lane. It seemed even longer when you walked it every morning to catch the bus. If the bus was missed you had to walk the mile or more to school. I hated being late so I tried very hard not to let that happen too often.

Reading was one of my favorite subjects. If Mom couldn't find me when there was work to be done it was usually because I was somewhere with my nose in a good book. Instead of getting right to doing the dishes after supper was over, I'd head for the couch with a book. Dad would never yell, but he soon let me know that doing the dishes came before finishing a good book. That is the way my Dad was. He never screamed or yelled at us. He did let us know what was expected of us and if we didn't obey we paid the consequences. He treated us all the same. One was never better than the other. I respect him very highly for that.

As a young child and young teen-ager one thing I always looked forward to were the family reunions. Especially the one in Pennsylvania. We always had so much fun and sometimes we would even stay overnight. That was a big treat for us because we really didn't go to many places.

My enjoying the reunions is probably why even after I got married and had my own children I was usually the one

to still take Mom and Dad to the reunions each summer. It seemed that after I joined the work force I quit going and I don't think I've been to one since Mom died.

Another highlight was visiting cousins, and we had lots of them. I can remember driving to Uncle Noah's house to visit their family. I thought it took so long to get there and it was probably only a two hour drive. They lived in town and while the Mom's and Dad's visited; us kids would run to the local general store and buy candy and just have a good time. Going to church at Uncle Ben's would always mean a good day too. For I knew after church we would have the rest of the day to play. Marty and I made sure we held all the babies that were there and when we tired of that we went and played in the barn or took walks back in the woods with cousins Amanda, Levi and Chris.

More fun times was when we went to Holmes County to visit Aunt Lovina's family. They were such an ornery bunch of cousins we had fun whether we were eating supper or out in the field playing ball. I have such good memories of those years past; it's sad that now years later would we meet somewhere on the street we probably wouldn't recognize some of these cousins.

Mom and Dad always took us children to church. Dad would hitch up the horse to the buggy and we would be on our way. In the winter those rides were pretty cold even though the buggy was closed up as tight as could be. In the summer we enjoyed the rides as Marty and I would sit in the back and smile and wave to everyone in the cars that passed us.

We only had services every other Sunday; but on the Sunday that we didn't have church Dad would gather us all around in the living room and we would read a chapter or two out of the Bible. We had to learn to read in German. I didn't understand what I was reading so I really didn't learn very much until we got New Testaments that were written in both German and English. That way I could follow along in English and understand better what I was reading. The German language was a must in our

home and sometimes after just coming home from school speaking in English all day we would sometimes forget to talk "Dutch". It didn't take Pop long to remind us to do so. I'm only sorry today that I didn't teach it to my children.

Later on, as I got older, we started having Sunday School on the Sunday we didn't have church. I had been going to German spelling and reading classes at the Amish school on Wednesday mornings so I became a pretty good scholar in reading the German language. On Sunday School Sunday Mom would sometimes invite company for dinner or we would be invited to someone else's house. I always enjoyed that except for all the dishes that had to be washed afterwards. Never heard of a dishwasher except "me"! But, doing dishes could be fun times too. I remember well how Nancy, Marty and I would sing till every dish was dried and put away. We got to where we could harmonize pretty well. At a pretty young age we were asked to sing at the Hartville Mennonite monthly "Hymn Sing". Boy, what a thrill that was! I must have had a thousand butterflies in my tummy! In the years to come we would sing at a number of different churches in the area.

Often, as youngsters do, we play games when we should be doing something else. One particular Sunday morning Al and I were playing "Gottcha Last", when we should have been getting ready for church. Al touched me last and then ran out to the outhouse and locked the door. Determined to get him back I knocked on the door which also had a glass window. Banging on the glass too hard, my hand went right through the window pane, cutting me pretty deep in several places. Mom bandaged me up the best she could and got me ready and we left for church. My hand ached with pain all day long. I think that was the longest church service I ever had to sit through. The scars from that experience were added to the ones from when one of the boys threw a pitch fork into my foot along with the ones on my leg from a barb wire fence! With all those brothers around there was never a dull moment!

When I was thirteen or fourteen



years old I started attending the Beachy Mennonite Church with my brother Eli and his family; where he was pastor. At first Mom and Dad would allow me to go Wednesday and Sunday evening only. Then at age fifteen, I attended church there regularly and at age sixteen I was baptized by Bishop Sam Otto, and became a member of the church. Most of the young men I dated attended church there, also.

Inheriting my love for babies from my Mother; my first job away from home was of course working for a family that was expecting a new baby. Homesickness overpowered even the job of taking care of a new baby. I didn't like being away from home weeks at a time, so I never took a job like that again. I then got a job at the Hartville Auction. I worked upstairs in the egg room making out bills for the people that bought eggs, chickens or junk from the "junkline". After awhile I got promoted and moved up to cashier. The sale was held only on Mondays and Howard Miller would come out to the farm and pick me up and bring me to work. It was sometime during these years of my life that Dad sold the farm and we moved to a smaller house on Market Avenue. Boy I thought we had really moved up in the world. This was quite a fancy house compared to the one on the farm. Little did I know many, many years down the road how I would miss that farm and wish I could raise my family there.

The new house we moved to was just up the road from the Hartville Auction. Attached to the Auction Barn was a grocery store and a gas station. I now lived within walking distance so I got a job working in the grocery store. Not like the big supermarkets of today, but for its day we sure sold a lot of groceries. I mean we girls did it all! Not only were we cashiers, we stocked shelves, cut meat, bagged and carried out groceries. After the grocery store closed and went into a drygoods store I got a job at Dye's IGA store in Hartville.

It was sometime during these years that I started dating a young man that was Mennonite. He was here from New York, living with his Aunt while

doing his I-W service in Cleveland. Through my association with him I started attending services at the Hartville Mennonite Church. Wednesday evenings I would go to Youth Bible Studies and prayer meeting at church. It was at these meetings that I had my first experience to pray in public. When it came time for prayer the teacher would ask anyone that felt led, to lead out in prayer. Sometimes, he would just ask everyone in a certain row to pray. I was always a little nervous when he would do that, for I had never prayed in public before. When my Dad prayed at home; as we always did at bedtime and in the morning following breakfast, he would always read prayers from his prayer book. Well, one time I happened to be sitting in the row that he asked to lead in prayer. My heart was beating so loud I was sure everyone in the room could hear it. I didn't want anyone to know that I had never prayed in public before so I took my turn and did the best I could. I must have done okay for no one seemed to notice how nervous I was. I enjoyed these meetings and soon decided this is where I wanted to attend church services and change my membership to. At the age of nineteen, my fiance and I became members of the Hartville Mennonite Church.

On April 22, 1962; four months prior to my twentieth birthday I was married to Ray Sommers. At that time I was working as cashier at Haidet's IGA in Louisville, Ohio. This was a twenty five minute drive every morning and evening. After a while it got pretty tiresome and I decided I wanted to quit work and start a family.

Our first child, Victoria Lynn was born on November 5, 1963. I always loved babies; just as some of my sister-in-laws. When Marti and I were little and the nieces and nephews started arriving in the family, we couldn't keep our hands off of them. Boy, how we used to fight to hold those babies. Now I finally had my own. Oh, what a difference! She was there day and night; but she was such a good baby I didn't really mind losing a little sleep. But, I missed working, so I went back to work at Haidets and the Grandma's would babysit for me.

Eighteen months later we presented Vicki with a new little brother, Steven Ray. Now with two little ones going back to work was out of the question. Also living in a one bedroom apartment was kind of crowded so we moved to a house in town. It was a nice house and we had done some fixing up. I even got my first washer and dryer; no more running to the laundromat. The only drawback to the house was that it was too close to the road. It practically sat on the side street. Well, one day I was washing the car and just for one minute I took my eyes off the two children. All of a sudden a neighbor man from back down the street came running by; headed for the main road at the front of my house. He came back carrying my little Steve. In just a matter of a moment he had wondered off and headed straight for Rt. 43. The neighbor man had seen him go toddling down the street, and got to Steve just before he got out on the highway. I couldn't thank him enough for saving my son from a possible fatality. We soon decided to look for somewhere else to live. Instead, we built a duplex on Camila Avenue, and moved in, with Ray's brother Mel and his family living on the other side.

I felt I needed to get back to some kind of work so I got a job at the Hartville flea market working for "Mainline Produce", one day a week. After working for them several years I changed jobs and joined "Schlabach Meats" selling "Trail Bologna" and cheese. In all I worked at the flea market for ten years.

When Vicki started to kindergarten and Steve was four God gave us, not just one baby; he gave us two. We had twin girls Diane Renae and Debra Kay. Boy, now I could really play babies. All of a sudden it wasn't so much fun anymore; especially when they both cried at one time. I was sure glad to have Steve around for he was my runner: "Run get me this", and "run get me that". He even helped give them the bottle, but at four he couldn't master the "burp"! So Mom always took care of that. But they were good babies and oh so much fun.

When the children were all in school

I felt I needed to go back to work. I had enrolled Steve at Lake Center Christian School and we needed more money for tuition. So I got a job at Hartville Kitchen Restaurant working as a waitress. As time went on all of the children attended Lake Center for some of their elementary schooling. From there they all went on to attend Central Christian High School in Kidron, Ohio, from where they all graduated.

In their childhood I had daily devotions with them and taught them bedtime prayers. They have all accepted Jesus Christ as their saviour and are living victorious lives. Vicki is married to Larry Kurtz and they have presented us with our first grandchild; Shannon Ashley. (Ed. Note: They have now added a son, Caleb Ryan to the family circle.) Shannon is such a joy. I don't know how we ever did without her. Thank God for grandchildren. I wish her Great Grandma Beachy could have seen her.

Steve is presently in his second year in Kenya, East Africa. He teaches carpentry to the African boys and, also, speaks and preaches at schools and churches. God has done a wondrous work in that young man's life and I thank him daily.

Diane and Debbie, the twins, are both working at Hartville Kitchen as waitresses although Diane is also in her second year of Nursing. It remains to be seen if she continues as she has other plans in her life. She is engaged to Wendell Sommers, and they are planning their wedding for June 16, 1991.

I am reminded of a verse in Proverbs 2:26. "Train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." I hope and pray we have instilled in our children a faith in Jesus Christ and a desire to walk worthy of His Calling.





Debra Kay Sommers



Diane Renae Sommers



Al and Mary Beachy



Mary Beachy with a friend

# MARTHA (BEACHY) and ELI MILLER

*Love you Martha,  
Marti Miller*



**L TO R:** Standing Loni, Luke, Nathan, Lisa Miller, and Lori (Miller) and Barry Wittmer  
Seated Eli and Martha (Beachy) Miller with Jolene Miller standing between them



**L TO R:** Lisa Miller (back to camera), Marty Miller,  
Seated: Barry and Lori Wittmer, Noah E. Beachy



**SEATED:** Marty with unknown person standing

One thing I like to reflect back on are the long winter evenings when we would sit around and play the Bible Lotto game and eat popcorn. It taught us a lot about the Bible in a fun sort of way. Then, we would always have Bible reading and prayer before we went to bed for the evening. We would, also, do a lot of singing. Whenever Mary and I would do dishes we would sing. Later, Mary, Nancy and I sang in a trio for awhile in different hymn sings. I always enjoyed that. I guess we inherited that gift from Dad because he would always sit in his chair morning and evening and sing from the bottom of his heart.

Some of the special events I can think of that I used to look forward to are the times when we would go to family reunions. Of course, Christmas was always a special time when everyone would come home and we opened our gifts, and ate all kinds of goodies.

Saturday night was always special, because one of the boys would go to town and buy us some ice cream before they went out for the evening--what a treat!

I can think of the first time Mom took me to Canton to the dentist. We had to go up a flight of stairs and do you think for one minute that I would go up. Finally, there was a siren and Mom said, "You better get up there or I'm going to have them come after you." Well, that was enough said, because I certainly didn't want a policeman after me; so I ran up the stairs. Of course, it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Poor Mom, I must have given her the most grey hair! With the dentist and then running out of the chiropractors office because of being afraid of getting crushed between the table that I had to lie down on.

Then not wanting to go to school. Mom said that whenever I'd come down stairs in the morning crying she knew that it was almost impossible to get me to go to school. One morning she even walked out the lane with me to try and put me on the bus. She wanted the bus driver to help her get me on, but he said, "...you get her on and I'll take her." They weren't allowed to force

us onto the bus. Anyway, I didn't go to school that day. Going back home that morning, about halfway down the lane Mom broke a switch off an apple tree--needless to say the next day I went to school! She, also, gave me money for an ice cream bar the next day which helped!

I remember the first time that Nelson brought Claire to Ohio. Claire hated the flies, so Mary and I would purposely leave the back porch door open so more flies would come into the house. Claire would get so mad at us! I'm not sure if we got into trouble or not, but we thought it was pretty funny.

We used to tease Eli Martha a lot when they lived in their trailer. One time especially we got in trouble; when she was gone we killed a garter snake and put it on her door step so she would be scared when she got home. Well--we got a little talking to that time.

Amanda might remember this one, when we had a swing in front of the milk house. Al was swinging on it and I was running back and forth in front of it. One time I didn't run fast enough and Al hit me. I flew into the milk house and hit my lip on a milk bucket, splitting it open. Mom and Amanda had to get Mr. Zeigler to take me to the Doctor's office and he poured merthiolate into the cut. It took both of them to hold me down on the table so the Doctor could sew it up!

One more thing I'd like to mention was the time that I backed the tractor into Vern's cadillac! I don't think anybody was as shocked as I was. I don't remember whether it was Al or Dan, who had put me up to driving the thing, but they forgot to tell me where the brakes were! Needless to say, Vern wasn't too happy with me!

I'm sure all of us could go on and on recounting our experiences, but suffice it to say, that in spite of all the things that happened, we sure had some good times. Best of all we had super parents to see us through our good and bad times. I so appreciate the gentleness and patience of Dad. I can never remember him ever raising his voice, or saying an angry word. But, whenever he took one of

the boys to the wood shed, we knew something was up, and we all shaped up at that point.

My hat was off to Mom many times for being home all of the time, with so many children, for so many years. Trying to keep peace during our squabbles. Binding up the cuts and wounds, and on top of it all, keeping her head together. Which, I know from some of my own experiences, that she couldn't have done it without drawing her strength from the Lord.

-Martha (Beachy) Miller



**FIRST COUSINS:** Lori (Miller) Wittmer visits with her first cousins, Titus Beachy (behind Lori) and R. Scott Beachy at the first "Noah-Lyidian Beachy Reunion" on June 25, 1988, at the Eli Beachy farm in Franklin, Kentucky. Titus lives in Kentucky, Lori in British Columbia, Canada and Scott in Virginia so they don't visit often.



**SCHOOL DAYS**  
Martha Alice Beachy



**L TO R:** Nancy Troyer, Mary Sommers and Marty Miller. Singing a song to their Mother at the first Beachy Reunion held June 25, 1988 on home farm of Eli and Martha Beachy, Franklin, Kentucky.



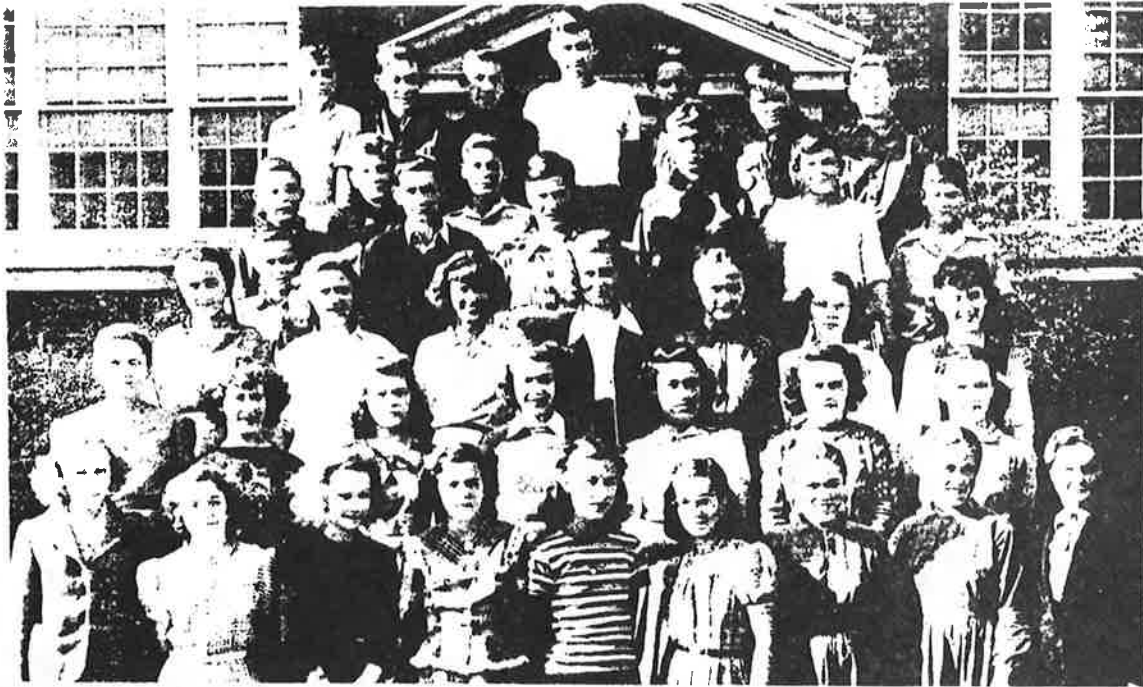
**LEFT:** Top row, 4th. from right is John William Beachy in the seventh grade at Lake Township High School in 1940.



**RIGHT:** Middle row, third from left is Amanda Mae Beachy in the eighth grade at Lake Township High School in 1940.



**ABOVE:** Hartville School - Grade 6. Teacher Marion Wertsler. Photo taken May 15, 1941. Raymond Noah Beachy is standing right behind Mr. Wertsler in top right hand corner. How many of these students of older days can you identify?



**EIGHTH GRADE**

(TOP)

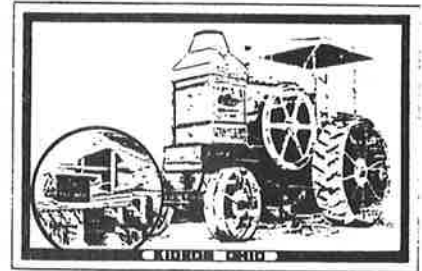
**First Row:** Doris Wagner, Mary Beebe, Beulah McBryer, Wanda Roush, Mary Miller, Virginia Hershberger, Fannie Miller, Annie Miller, Magdeline Overholt.

**Second Row:** Ruth Sommers, Joan Essig, Fern Pontus, Rita Wason, Janice Shoemaker, Betty Moor, Marjorie Waaler.

**Third Row:** Anna Troyer, Joan Graber, Gwendlyn Harris, Mary Lou Walker, Edith Peachy, Lydia May Miller, Jeanette York.

**Fourth Row:** Keith Pontus, Tom Koontz, David Hamilton, Penneith Laughlin, Eddie Limbuch, Jack Clark, Henry Taylor, Virgil Domer, Billy Kinsley.

**Fifth Row:** Jack Strickich, Paul Himmelnicht, Larry Palmer, Richard Ebie, Vernon Beachy, Lawrence Oswald, Calvin Miller.



**ABOVE:** The only Amish restaurant in Pinecraft during the '50's and '60's. Operated by Ed and Esther Yoder of Ohio. Has been remodeled into a small office building, and is next to the Pinecraft Post Office on Bahia Vista Street. **L TO R:** Second from left is Mary (Yoder) Miller, third from left is Edna (Yoder) Otto, fourth from left is Mary Ann Shrock holding granddaughter, Marilyn (Beachy) Linder on her lap.





JOHN WILLIAM BEACHY



ALBERT LEE BEACHY



DANIEL DALE BEACHY



NELSON HOWARD BEACHY  
First Grade  
Guinea Island School



JOSEPH ALLEN BEACHY



**PHOTO AT LEFT: FIRST COUSINS "Beachy Kids".** Children of Levi and Lizzie Ann Beachy and Noah and Lydian Beachy.  
**L TO R-TOP ROW:** Eli Walter; **BACK ROW:** Mahlon Albert, John William, Anna Mae Yoder, Nancy Kathryn Otto, **FRONT ROW:** Orin Daniel, Raymond Noah, Amanda Mae Otto.

# TALENTS



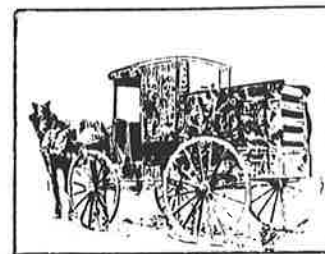
ABOVE-L to R top row: Lorraine Sheeler, Director and Ray Beachy with the "Peace Players" Drama group in Sarasota, Fall 1988. Drama portrayed was "The Prodigal Son", Ray played part of the father.



ABOVE-L TO R: Ray Beachy as "Dr. Luke" in the Easter Sunrise service in Sarasota, April 1989.



RIGHT: Linder Twins playing for their Uncle Scott and Aunt Jodi's wedding in July 1989. Maria plays the violin and Jennifer plays the piano.



**ABOVE-L TO R:** Eli Miller and Eli Beachy at the "Craft Auction" at the Reunion. Left foreground is Rick Beachy watching as they seek bids on his "country calendar" which he made for the auction.

### Pleasure Hunt

Who says there's nothing here to do  
 And life for them gets boring...  
 You'll never find me idle or  
 in bed just merely snoring.

There's books to read and weeds to pull  
 Flowers that need smelling...  
 And roads to walk and streams to wade  
 And stories that need telling.

There's friends to cheer, when life gets drear  
 And gardens that need hoeing...  
 Or take the boat down to the creek  
 To fish or go a-rowing.

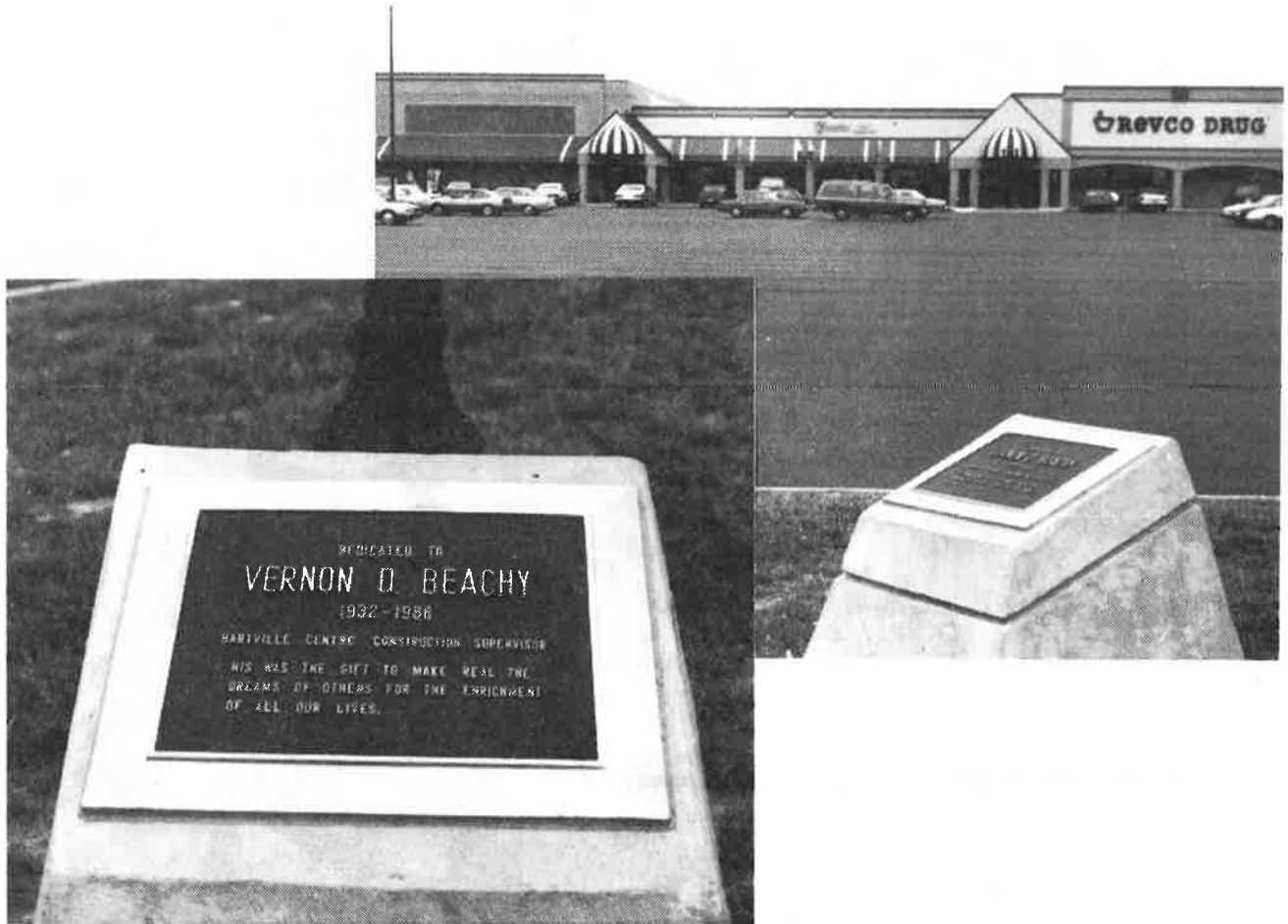
The song birds need a listening ear  
 God's creatures need attention...  
 Roll up your sleeves and go to work  
 That will rid you of your tension.

Lavonne Childers Minigh



**ABOVE:** Jim Horvath shows off his wood carving that he made for the auction. This is real talent. Martha Beachy wouldn't give up bidding so the cow accompanied her and Al to Phoenix! Nice job, Jim.

**CRAFT AUCTION.** All of those who desired to brought a craft item to be auctioned off to help defray the expenses of the week-end thus making it possible for as many to participate as possible. It is hoped that this can be continued at each reunion. Funds above expenses were given to Missions. Some of the craft items can be seen in these photos. This was so much fun and enjoyed by all.



**ABOVE:** Plaque placed near the Gazebo in the HARTVILLE CENTER shopping center. Vern was construction supervisor of this project, which had just opened at the time of his death. The plaque reads, "HIS WAS THE GIFT TO MAKE REAL THE DREAMS OF OTHERS FOR THE ENRICHMENT OF ALL OUR LIVES."



**ABOVE:** Nelson with the radio he used in the forest fire fighting he did during his CPS service days in California during World War II. Later he was transferred to the hospital in Livermore, Calif. where he also served.



**LEFT:** Ray's 1941 Plymouth in the surf of Longboat Key, Florida during the late 1940's. Quite a change from that same beach as it exists today, mostly private property and unaccessible to anyone but the owners.

**Lower Left - L TO R:** Standing Amanda (Beachy) Otto, Anna Mae (Beachy) Yoder, ??? girl, Martha (Yoder) Beachy, Nancy Kathryn (Beachy) Otto. Kneeling, Mahlon Beachy, Henry A. Yoder, and Nelson H. Beachy.



**ABOVE - L TO R:** Abe Otto, Ray Beachy and Junior Otto. Who owns that "snazzy" car?



**ABOVE:** Buggy with battery powered lights.

Where there is charity and wisdom  
 there is neither fear nor ignorance.  
 Where there is patience and humility,  
 there is neither anger nor vexation.  
 Where there is poverty with joy,  
 there is neither greed nor avarice,  
 Where there is peace and meditation,  
 there is neither anxiety nor doubt.  
 Where the fear of the Lord stands guard,  
 there the enemy finds no entry.  
 Where there is mercy and moderation,  
 there is neither indulgence nor harshness.  
*Francis of Assisi (1182-1226)*



**Above:** Hartville Mennonite Church Council. Third from left, Ray Beachy. John, Jay, and Vern have all served in various church positions, too, as council member, Elder, S.S. Superintendant, and teachers.



**ABOVE:** Rev. Richard and Elizabeth Ross. They served as pastoral couple of Hartville Mennonite Church for a number of years. They have just celebrated their 50th. wedding anniversary.

### **Giving thanks**

*When in the evening of a busy day  
I pause to count my blessings, great and small,  
and come before the throne to kneel and pray,  
and speak my gratitude for each and all;  
when I have named them over, one by one,  
I think that now my giving thanks is done.*

*But every time I rise from grateful prayer  
I find another blessing on my way,  
and seeing that my Lord has set it there,  
my heart o'erflows. Again I turn to pray.  
By this I know so long as I am living  
I never shall be finished with thanksgiving.*

*—Lorie Gooding*

## THE CRAZIEST LANGUAGE

We'll begin with a box and the plural  
is boxes;  
But the plural of ox should be oxen  
not oxes.  
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are  
called geese,  
Yet the plural of moose should never  
be meese.  
You may find a lone mouse or a nest  
full of mice;  
Yet the plural of house is houses, not  
hice.  
If the plural of man is always called  
men  
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be  
called pen?  
If I spoke of my foot and show you  
my feet,  
And I give you a boot, would a pair  
be called beet?  
If one is a tooth and a whole set are  
teeth  
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be  
called beeth?  
Then one may be that, and three would  
be those,  
Yet hat in the plural would never be  
hose.  
And the plural of cat is cats, not  
cose.  
We speak of a brother and also of  
brethren,  
But though we say mother, we never  
say methren.  
Then the masculine pronouns are he,  
his and him,  
But imagine the feminine, she, shis  
and shim.  
So English I fancy you will agree,  
Is the craziest language you ever did  
see.

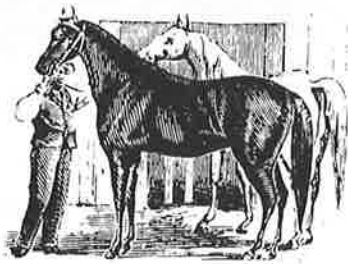


**ABOVE - L TO R:** Twin Cousins - Maria Linder, Debra Sommers, Diane Sommers and Jennifer Linder. Each one of them are musically gifted.

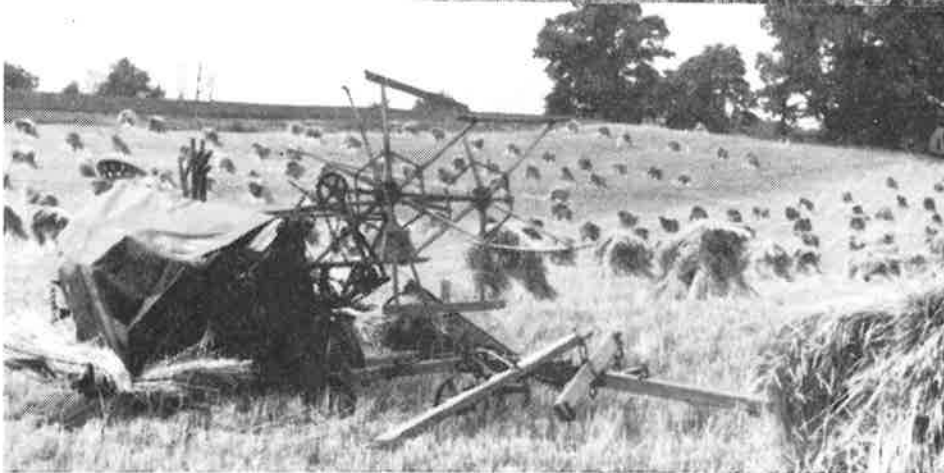








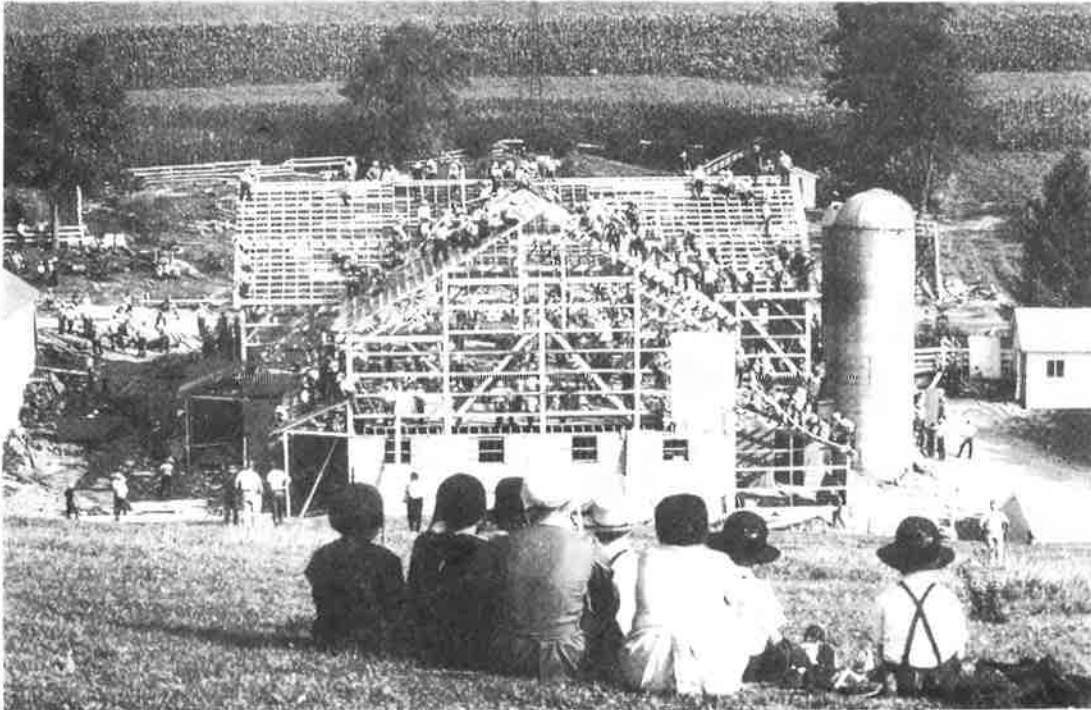
These photos were taken at Arthur, Illinois, in March 1990. These two young Amishmen were plowing with eight horse teams preparing the soil for spring planting. Several of the Beachy brothers and sisters were there to share in the celebration of Fannie H. Beachy's 103rd. Birthday Party given in her honor. She is the widow of Samuel N. Beachy, uncle of Noah E. Beachy.



Photos taken in Holmes County in 1989 illustrating how the grain is set in shocks to dry prior to threshing the grain from the hull. This work is done by hand and illustrates what life on the farm for the Beachy family was like. There has been little change during the past fifty years.



The photos on these pages were taken by permission in Holmes County in 1989. They show some of the lifestyle of farming in the Amish community today, as well as, during the time the Noah Beachy family was farming in Stark County during their growing-up years.



**ABOVE:** Amish children observing a "Barn Raising". Coming together to meet the need of a brother is a common practice in all the Amish communities. It has been a part of their life for generations, and traditionally is practiced today. This is a loving way to share in the lives of one another thus bonding them together in brotherhood.



Amish families coming for church to a farmhouse near Charm, Ohio.

### SAMUEL N. BEACHY

Third child, second son of Noah P. Beachy and brother of Eli N. Beachy. Sam went to Illinois as a young man and lived out his life there. He was ordained Minister in 1906 and Bishop in 1920, following in his father's footsteps in the ministry. He died in 1958 and is buried in the Amish Cemetery on the edge of town. At this writing his five children are all living and four are above 80 years of age. One son Noah S. Beachy was ordained Minister on Nov. 7, 1936. A daughter, Esther, is married to an ordained Deacon.



**ABOVE:** Freeman and Bertha Beachy's Woodworking business in Arthur, Ill. Freeman is a grandson of Samuel N. Beachy; who is an uncle of Noah E. Beachy of Hartville, Ohio.

**RIGHT:** Henry and Mary (Beachy) Hershberger, Arthur, Illinois. Mary is a daughter of Samuel N. Beachy.



**LEFT:** Horse's and buggies tied to the hitching post on Saturday morning at Beachy's Produce in Arthur, Illinois. The store is well supplied with a bakery, groceries (many homemade by the Amish). We purchased "Tiny Tears" popcorn and it was delicious!



