

Unser Zeit

Excerpts from the *History, Life and Faith of the Amish and Related Groups* by Leroy Beachy.

Two Alke

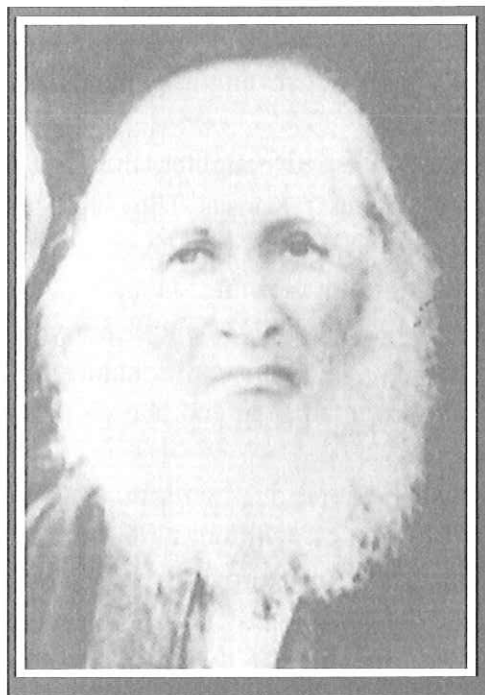
Moses Beachy who was born in October, 1790 and Elizabeth Miller who was a year and a half older were the first white couple known to have married in what is now Holmes County. All of their children were born on their pioneer farm a mile south of Walnut Creek rather than in PA and MD as is stated in MHPB. The seventh and eighth of their eleven children, David and Peter, were born on the same day in 1823.

These two sons, both of which were later ordained as ministers in the Amish church, were identical twins. David was first a deacon and later bishop of the congregation which withdrew from the Old Order group around 1860, which is now known as the Walnut Creek Mennonite Church. Peter was ordained and continued to serve in the Old Order congregation in the Sugarcreek area.

Three separate accounts have been preserved which indicate their degree of likeness which included tone of voice and mannerisms as well as physical appearance.

One story tells of how an unnamed couple from Peter's congregation, being a bit unsatisfied, slipped over to the Walnut Creek church one Sunday to see how that congregation would suit them. How surprised they were to see Peter and hear him preach in the Walnut Creek church that Sunday! Only after the service was over did they discover that it was not Peter, but his twin brother David.

In the second account, Peter and his wife went to visit at Davids on a certain Ascension Day. David's hired man had spent the forenoon repairing fences. When he came in for the noon meal he found both David and Peter on the porch swing. When he wanted to shake hands with the visitor, he was unable to determine which was Peter or David.



David Beachy

The third account claims that when the two families were together on a visit, the wives needed to check the shirts which they had laid out for their husbands in the morning in order to tell which was which.

In spite of the fact that the brothers had both retained a similar identity that made the outwardly indistinguishable, the way each chose to bring up their children led the oncoming generations distantly apart. Noah A. Beachy of the Sugarcreek area and Roman S. Beachy of Crossville, Tennessee, are third generation descendants of Peter Beachy. Paul Beechy of Beechy's Garage near Winesburg and the late "Whitey" Beechy of the Eureka Machine Shop in Sugarcreek are descendants of his twin brother, David Beachy.

Peter and Susan Beachy and several children lie in Cemetery O-34, on the Noah A. Troyer farm in Clark Township. David and Judith Beachy lie in the Walnut Creek Mennonite Cemetery, but four children that died young were buried on their farm in Berlin Township, now the Levi A. Raber farm, in Cemetery K-26 (see Cemetery Directory).

Wilma Miller: April 25, 1954–January 6, 1973 Kathryn Miller: October 11, 1955–January 8, 1973

I hardly know how to begin to put in words on paper how everything went before and after. The anxiety, fear, anguish, helplessness, and total shock.

We had a married daughter, the Leanader Jay Keims, living in Kansas. They were at our house for the Christmas holidays and left for home on Saturday morning, January 6, 1973. That evening Wilma, 18, and Kathryn, 17, were invited to their cousin Marianna's for the night. They wanted to attend church the next day.

They left home at dusk with our horse and buggy. We went on with our chores and were just done when a car drove in the lane. Two boys got out and asked if the girls were at home. "No, they're not," we said. Then they said there had been an accident and the girls were involved. Little did we realize that one was gone and we would have to give up the other dear daughter, too.

The boys took us to the scene. Both girls were lying on the ground covered with blankets and unconscious. Wilma had already died and Kathryn was taken to a Fort Wayne Hospital. A driver took Nathaniel and me to the hospital.

In a couple days, we thought we could ask Kathryn how this all came about, but it was not to be. Kathryn was in the intensive care unit with a breathing machine on her. The other children at home did the chores with lots of help from kind neighbors. All of them were anxiously waiting for our return.

Kathryn made no change on Sunday. The doctor said if she survived she would only be like a vegetable. Please, no. We love her so! Nathaniel told them to take off the machine. She soon passed away.

In a daze we tried to think what should be done next. Our sons Lloyd and Aaron were in I-W service in Massillon, Ohio, and by this time were at the hospital. We all went home together.

There was Wilma in our bedroom already. There were many questions in our mind. God only knows why. The girls had driven out in front of a station wagon. We will never know if they didn't see the car or if they thought they could cross before it got close.

Word was sent to Kansas to our daughter and her family. By the time they reached home, word was there. Their neighbors helped them prepare to return to Indiana right away by train. They came to our home at 10:30 the night before the funeral.

There was only one viewing for Kathryn. The funeral was January 9, 1973, at Orla Troyers. We had a double funeral, and that morning it was six below zero. Two caskets, two dear daughters gone at one time, were put in one grave.

Kathryn had just quit her job and Wilma worked at Emma Starcraft sewing. After her last evening of work she had stood beside the door where the workers all passed through to go home and had said good bye to them all. This was unusual for her to do so.

They could both sing very well and had everyone singing at home. But, after that the singing quit.

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh", "Thy will be done". I still feel the shock of it. Solomon says, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born and a time to die." Ecclesiastes 3:1, 2.

—Mrs. Nathaniel E. Miller; Topeka, Indiana

Nathaniel E. Miller: November 14, 1917–June 27, 1985

Nathaniel died on the morning of our youngest son's wedding day. During his last five weeks he had a hard cold and we could not get him better. He was up and around all the time and helped some with the chores until the last morning. He said he would not help milk to save his strength for the wedding day.

I made our usual breakfast and after breakfast I did the dishes while he again rested. As I was finishing the dishes, he came walking out of the living room looking very pale. I asked him if he didn't feel good. He shook his head and walked to the summer kitchen. I gave him a chair to sit on and called Lloyd, our son, who was outside choring. Lloyd lives here and does the farming.

We wanted to take him to the hospital but he did not want to go, so I said I would stay home from the wedding with him. He got rapidly worse and did not seem to be aware of anything else. Lloyd called the EMS and tried to revive him by mouth to mouth resuscitation. Nothing we could do helped. How helpless a person feels being by someone like this. By now it was time to go to the wedding. Neighbors came again and kindly showed their sympathy and helped in every way they could.

Word was taken to the wedding home. It was hard on the part of the family that was there. At

mid-afternoon, LeRoy and his new wife came home to shed tears with me. The newlyweds did not open their gifts on their wedding day. After the funeral, we all went to the bride's home and they opened their gifts.

So it is. I am still struggling on in this world, waiting on my day to go be with the Lord. Living on hope. Life on this earth is so uncertain. On Nathaniel and my wedding day we were told there would be a parting day. We were privileged more years together than some are, but oh, I wasn't ready to give him up. I never realized how it would be, but the Lord has been so very good to me.

I still have three daughters living with me. They take good care of me, as do the other children. We have a large family and the grandchildren all take time to visit me. I thank the Lord for them all.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Revelation 14:13

We feel our loss is his gain.

—Mrs. Nathaniel E. Miller; Topeka, Indiana

Mom has now since passed away to be with her loved ones.

—submitted by a daughter

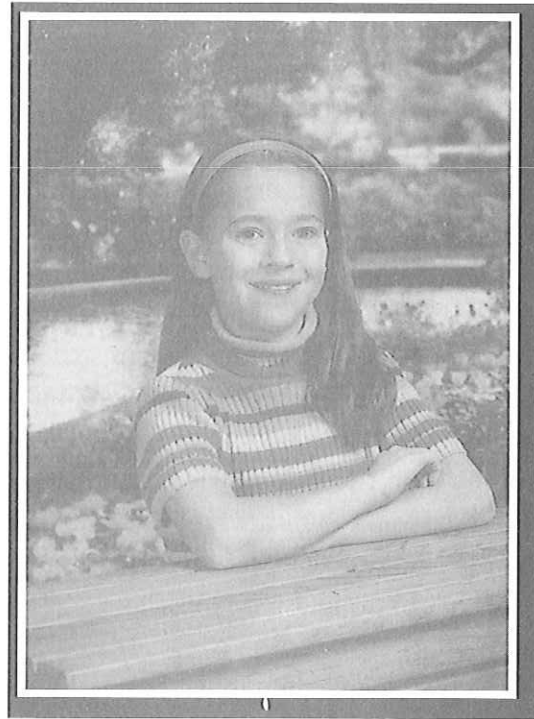
Diary of a Miracle—The Hannah Beachy Story

Tuesday, September 14 – It started out as a normal day. I do a paper route every Tuesday and normally finish at 1:00 PM. Today was different, when I got home Connie said, “We need to go to the hospital now!” It was almost 2:15 PM by the time we settled into the delivery room and we only had to wait until 3:00 PM, when Hannah made her entrance into this world. Ten toes and ten fingers, what a miracle! Thank you, Lord, for our healthy baby girl!

Thursday, September 16 – Hannah left the hospital today, and we are all so happy to have her home with us. Amanda remarked, as she was holding Hannah, that it seemed like a dream to have a sister, because she has wanted one for so long. Hannah seems to sleep all the time and is not interested in eating. The hospital says that is normal and not to worry, we should just enjoy it while it lasts.

Friday, September 17 – Hannah still is not eating much, but we are told it is still normal, do not worry. That is easier said than done! Around 9:30 PM, Connie went to talk to our neighbor, Chole Armendariz, to get some help in feeding Hannah. I tried to calm Hannah, while Connie was gone, so I turned out the lights. When Connie came back with Chole, they immediately saw that Hannah had changed color and Chole called 911.

In the emergency room, we were told that Hannah had a very serious infection and that they were not sure what was causing it. Dr. Ayo arrived and immediately she was rushed to ICU, where we found out she had a heart problem and was not receiving oxygen to her body. As a result her acid level was high and Dr. Ayo told us she would die if it did not change in the next hour. We began to cry and



pray at the same time! She was finally stabilized at 2:30 AM and we went home to try to sleep.

Saturday, September 18 – We spent most of the day at the hospital, just wanting to be in Hannah’s presence.

The diagnosis was confirmed, Hannah had a major heart defect. She has a single ventricle (pumping chamber) heart, reversal of the main arteries and a small aorta. By itself, each of these is serious, but her combination is almost always fatal. Her condition was compounded by the fact that her body was being starved for oxygen and that affected other organs in her body. Seizures were coming also, every hour if not more frequently. She will need heart surgery, but might not be a candidate because of her other problems.

We realize that God is in control, but humanly speaking, it looks hopeless. I am thankful that God is not limited by human standards!

Gary and Ruth Troyer arrived today, to help with the church and also with Amanda and Caleb.

Sunday, September 19 – Another day at the hospital! I'm beginning to feel like an employee I'm there so much!

This evening, Dr. Loren Helmuth came in to see Hannah and to give us some counsel. While he was talking, I was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of peace. It was so strong, it seemed to take my breath away. When Loren left, I went to a waiting room and began to sing and to praise God. After a time of worship, I went back to see how Connie was, when she asked me, "What's wrong with you? Why are you so happy and laughing?" It was impossible to explain, except to say that I felt a peace from the Lord, and even though I wasn't sure what it meant, I knew that the Lord was going to do something great in Hannah's life. I hope and pray it means her healing, but I know she will be healed here or in heaven.

Monday, September 20 – I had an interesting conversation with one of the doctors today. He told me that Hannah is being kept alive against God's will and nature. I asked if he knew I am a minister, and then told him, what I felt the Lord was saying to me. I told him if it is God's will for her to die, the best doctor in the world could not help her, but if it is God's will for her to live, the worst doctor in the world cannot hurt her! His only comment was that he hopes he is not the worst!

Tuesday, September 21 – Today brought the call from Fransene Miller who told me the Lord had spoken to her about Hannah. She feels that God is going to heal Hannah, but that I, as the spiritual leader of our house, need to take authority over Satan, in Jesus' name, and rebuke him. She also told me to examine our house, to see if we have anything that would give him a foothold in our house. That

was definitely a confirmation of what the Lord told me. I am more relaxed each day, and have even been sleeping good at night. PTL!

Wednesday, September 22 – I went to Juarez with Gary Troyer to make plans in the church for our absence. It was so nice to be there after a one week absence. If things continue as they are, we could be going to Philadelphia for surgery. It looks like the Lord has also supplied a man, from the church in Albuquerque, to take our place, praise His holy name!

Hannah is doing so much better, we could even touch her today! It might not sound like much, but we wept as I touched her for the first time in almost a week!

Friday, September 24 – We were rejected by the hospital in Philadelphia for financial reasons. I guess they do not know my Father owns the cattle on a thousand hills! We felt like Hannah now will have to go to the second best hospital, but the Lord reminded us that there is no such thing as second best with Him! Later in the day, the doctor told us that San Antonio had accepted Hannah for surgery. He also said that he personally would recommend against surgery, because of the high risk and that the doctor in San Antonio felt the same. The Lord has brought her this far, how can we stop now? Off to San Antonio it is!

Saturday, September 25 – Helen Headings, Connie's mom, arrived today to take care of Amanda and Caleb while we are gone.

Sunday, September 26 – Connie and Hannah went on the air transport, while I went on Southwest. We all got settled in the hotel and in the hospital. The doctor said it looks like surgery will be on Wednesday at the earliest.

We spent some time with Henry and Esther Helmuth in the evening. It was nice to get away from the hospital for a break!

Monday, September 27 – Dr. Calhoon evaluated Hannah today and said her condition was much better than he expected and, as a result, he plans to operate tomorrow! I am anxious, but now am more confident than ever that God is going to do a miracle in Hannah's life.

Tuesday, September 28 – We were told to expect a surgery of at least four hours and maybe longer. Henry and Esther met us at the hospital at 7:00 AM and were with us the entire time. We received updates during the surgery and were surprised to see Dr. Calhoon enter the waiting room after only three plus hours. My first thought was, it went so good that they did not need as much time. Connie thought, it was so bad that they could not finish. He told us that he could not have been happier with how it went! PTL!

We went upstairs to wait her arrival, and she looked so good to us as she passed us in the hall. She was full of tubes, wires and monitors, but she was alive. We were told that the next 2-3 days are very critical, but that she has cleared the biggest hurdle.

Thursday, September 30 – Henry took me to play golf so I could relax. It is obvious that we should not quit our jobs to go on the golf tour, but we did have fun.

At the hospital people are talking about the miracle baby because of her rapid progress.

Friday, October 1 – Connie left today to be with Amanda and Caleb and I am staying to be with Hannah. It will be lonely without Connie, but I will try to keep busy. Connie was hoping that Hannah would be off some of the machines before she left, but she was still on everything Friday night when I returned to the hotel.

Saturday, October 2 – There was a big surprise waiting for me in the hospital this morning. When I entered the room, I thought they

had moved Hannah somewhere else, because this baby had no ventilator, no chest tube, no tube in the mouth, only two IV lines, and she looked so peaceful. Just as I was about to ask, "Where is Hannah?", it hit me, that was Hannah! PTL! In one night they were able to remove so much that she looked normal to me. She is only receiving two medications as well as formula, that is put directly into her large intestine. They say she will be ready to take a bottle soon!

Sunday, October 3 – I went with Henrys to Fuente de Vida and enjoyed a beautiful time of corporate worship with them.

In the afternoon I was able to give Hannah a bottle, what a thrill!

Tuesday, October 5 – Dr. Calhoon asked me if I would like to go home tomorrow. Would I? He wants to discharge Hannah for two days to see how she will react, and then check her again on Friday, so he can discharge her to El Paso doctors.

Wednesday, October 6 – Hannah and I left the hospital for Henry's house at 4:00 PM. Hannah was fine, her father, though, was a nervous wreck! Everything went so smoothly at Henry's that I even managed about forty-five minutes of sleep.

Originally we were told that Hannah would have a minimum of three weeks recovery following surgery, but to expect four to six weeks. She was discharged eight days after surgery! All praise to the Lord of Lord's!

Friday, October 7 – Hannah has permission to travel! Everything was okay in her check-up, so we caught the afternoon flight home to El Paso. The flight was quite an adventure as well!

Never before had I experienced such an emotional reunion as I did today at the airport! When Jesus spoke of streams of living water, He was not referring to tears, but tears flowed

like streams today. To come to this day was such a miracle and we realize it was all the Lord's doing. Lord, show us the special purpose you have for Hannah and give us wisdom to raise her for your honor and glory.

P. S. I write this almost one month after returning home with Hannah. She is progressing nicely, gaining weight and spunk. I tell Connie that it's the Headings in her, but more than likely it's the Beachy coming out. We realize that there is a long road ahead, the doctors say there are two more surgeries in the future, a lifetime of taking medicine and of course she will never be an NFL quarterback, or so says Dr. Ayo. We realize that the Lord can finish her healing, if it is His will. Right now we are enjoying Hannah, the miracle baby that God has entrusted to us!

We would like to thank the many doctors and nurses in El Paso and in San Antonio, Texas, who worked so hard in helping little Hannah. May God bless you richly.

We would also like to thank the many people who prayed for Hannah and who also prayed for us during this difficult time. We realize that the Lord has sustained us through your prayers and that you were partners with us in behalf of Hannah. We will never be able to thank all of you individually, but we want to wish you God's richest blessings in Christ Jesus. Hopefully you can all have a chance to meet Hannah someday and rejoice with us.

—Rick Beachy

Editorial Note: Rick and Connie (Headings) Beachy were church planters in Mexico under the Rosedale Mission Board at the time of Hannah's birth on September 14, 1993. They served in that capacity for about ten years. They had two children, Amanda and Caleb, when Hannah was born. They have since added one more child, Joshua Allen, to their family. Today they continue in the ministry by planting and pastoring a new Mennonite church in Sarasota, Florida.

Rick and Connie want to share this update on Hannah so family and friends are knowledgeable of how well she has progressed and what a beautiful girl she is at eleven years of age.

"Sometime this summer of 2004, she will be having surgery to repair a leaking valve. The doctors will actually close the valve off, because that chamber is a double inlet (two valves), and the remaining valve can do the work it needs to do without the leaky valve. This will be her fourth surgery, but her first since she was two years of age. So, we are sure it will be more traumatic for both her and her parents.

Update: Hannah had her heart surgery in June of 2004 in St. Petersburg, FL. Right now Hannah is doing good, but her pacemaker didn't attach like it needed to, so it is using up the battery too fast. As of right now, it looks like she will be needing another surgery next summer to give her another new pacemaker, and to attach the wires to the heart better. The bad thing is that it means another open heart surgery, her fifth! But we know that she is God's child and He will take care of her better than we can!

—Rick & Connie Beachy
October 1, 2004

In Memory of my Loving and Faithful Husband— Dan Pastore

by Mary Lou (Beachy) Pastore

I made it through the first year without you.....

But don't ask me what I did or where I went.
I don't remember. It all seems to be a blur.

I made it through the first year without you.....

I remember all the things I learned from you
like how to be strong, independent and how
to think for myself. So why do I feel so weak,
lost and empty? You were my strength.

I made it through the first year without you.....

Through all our years together, you showed
me how to live life to the fullest. We went so
many places together and accomplished so
many things. So why do I feel as though I am
just stumbling along with no direction?

I made it through the first year without you.....

I know you used to worry about me being
alone. But don't worry. Everyone tells me that
the heartache, pain, emptiness, loneliness, an-
ger, bitterness and suffering is normal. Why
anyone would pick the word normal for wid-
owhood is beyond me. So I guess I'm nor-
mal?

I made it through the first year without you.....

We spent over half of our lives together. For
better or worse, we've seen it all. We were who
we were, together. Our love grew stronger ev-
ery day. We were one of the fortunate ones.
We grew closer together in our love and dedi-
cation to each other. I know how deeply you
loved me and cared for me and I know I will
never again have anyone who will love me as
totally as you. Some people will never experi-
ence that in a lifetime. And as I look around

me at all the people who have grown apart in
their marriages, I feel sad that they couldn't
find what we had. Why do you suppose they
think being single is so great? Thank you for
loving me.

I made it through the first year without you.....

We crammed a lifetime of experience in the
twenty-three years we had together. I learned
so much from you and am learning still. You
were the reason for my being. You gave me di-
rection. And most importantly, purpose in my
own life. Like how to ease the pain when my
arms are aching to hold you. Like how to deal
with the loneliness when I want to go to dinner
somewhere but end up at a fast food drive-up
because I don't have the courage to go any-
where else. Like how to handle weekends
home alone. I really miss our date night. Like
how to avoid all your favorite foods at the gro-
cery store because it reminds me of you. Like
learning to have to settle with cuddling your
slippers at night when I want to reach out and
hold your hand and talk like we used to. Like
dealing with the awareness of your absence
every morning when I only have to make half
of the bed.

I wonder if I will ever be able to learn all
these things. And so I pray for strength to get
me through

.....Another year without you.

Forever in my heart,
Mary Lou (Louie)

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2002. Printed here by permission

Life in a Wheelchair at the Age of Fifty-One Years

The morning of March 30, 1985, was a cold and rather wet day, and being on a Saturday, on a farm there is always work to be done.

I left the house after breakfast with intentions to haul some manure. I hitched a team to a spreader and had already taken a load away from the chicken house. Next, I went into the cow barn (straw shed between two feed bunks) where we often cleaned this area on Saturday. A five-foot steel feeder with legs was set up on end and by my using a fork with stringy manure, I happened to get too close to the feeder and tipped it over toward the team. In seeing what was about to happen, I made a dash for the lines, which I missed. The lines somehow became involved with and in the feeder legs when the horses took off and gave my body whiplash. I landed on my back on the other side of the feed bunk, having no feelings from a little above my arm pits to the tip of my toes. I could move my arms some, but they weren't steady.

I could hear the EMS when they left Topeka, Indiana. When they arrived they removed my heavy boots and cut my coat off in pieces. Upon examination they found that my feeling level was up in and around my arm pits.

I was taken by ambulance to the hospital at LaGrange, Indiana, and then transferred me from there to another hospital in Fort Wayne.

I was treated at that hospital from March 30 until July 12, 1985.

My injury was at the C-level (cervical) with the sixth and seventh vertebra broken. I was taken to the operating room where surgery was performed. Some bone was taken from my hip bone and the broken vertebra were fused together. Following this I was fitted with a "halo" brace and vest to hold my head and neck straight and erect. About two weeks later I was put in a wheelchair. It took lots of therapy and slowly some strength started coming back, mostly in my arms. Now I have no finger grip or movements, but I have good wrist movements, which I want to appreciate more, for I have met a few who have hardly any wrist movements.

My writing is done with the aid of a pencil holder and also the use of both hands. I still like to be outside in the fresh air, that is if the temperature is right, as I have no way to sweat and a humid and warm ninety degrees is not to my liking.

I feel very thankful that God has blessed us with so many things yet—a healthy mind, eyes to see, and ears to hear. I, also, have the ability to push my wheelchair. We have been blessed with many visitors and have made and met many new friends. May God bless you all.

—Orva O. Hostetler; January 4, 2000

