



OMHGS NEWSLETTER

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OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

A CALL TO COURAGEOUS LIVING by Helen Grace Lescheid

Transcription of OMHGS Spring Meeting held March 17, 2002

Jerry Barkman: Good afternoon, everyone. I wish all of you could stand up here in the front and look back towards you and see all the empty spaces. I am going to take the prerogative, and ask everyone to move forward. These are the ten thousand dollar seats in the front here and if you sit in the in the last six rows, you'll have to donate \$500 to the society. (pause) Thank you very much.

Unfortunately, one of the problems with modern society is that accidents occur. Apparently there has been a major oil or chemical spill of some type near Market Street, Salem, so I-5 has been closed for some time now and it looks like those who are coming from the Zion area will be late or not make it at all so there would be more people here, I'm sure, from the Zion-Canby area but didn't make it. When I came south I noticed the traffic backed up nearly to Jefferson so it's bad.

I want to welcome each one of you to our Spring meeting of the Oregon Mennonite Historical and Genealogical Society. We have an exciting program this afternoon that we are going to tell you about. I'll introduce our speaker after our meditation this afternoon. For our meditation, I'm going, to ask Ray Kauffman to come. Ray is a member of this church and he is on the Board of Directors of our society and he is going to give us a meditation and then we are going to turn the meeting over to our speaker. Ray.

Ray: Yes, I'm a member of the Albany church and on behalf of the Albany congregation we want to welcome all of you here. I am sorry our pastor cannot be here to do this. He has also a conflict. There are a lot of activities going on this afternoon. Since we are a historical society, I want to take just a few minutes to tell you just a little bit about the history of our church, very briefly. We're really the new Albany Mennonite Church. I see some people who no longer live here who used to attend here as members of what we call now the old AMC. Not that this building is new. The church is people. Going on two years, I guess it is now, the Bethany Mennonite Church and the Albany Church united and formed a new congregation. The Bethany Church goes back to the 1950s and their most recent location was to the south of us just a mile or two along the interstate. I guess together we still own that property. The AMC, the old Albany Mennonite Church, dates back to 1899. We celebrated a centennial in 1999. The congregation met for many years at 12th Street in Albany which is in West Albany. This building was built in the 1950s. Currently, the new congregation is undergoing a decision making process deciding if these facilities satisfy us for our needs for the future or if we need to relocate. If we stay here, there will be major renovations and some new construction within the next decade or so. So we offer you our meeting place and facilities and to refreshments downstairs following the meeting.

I think I remember possibly the last meeting of the Oregon Mennonite Historical Society here in this building; at least 1 attended one I guess at least ten years ago. I'm not sure when it was; if Margaret Shetler were

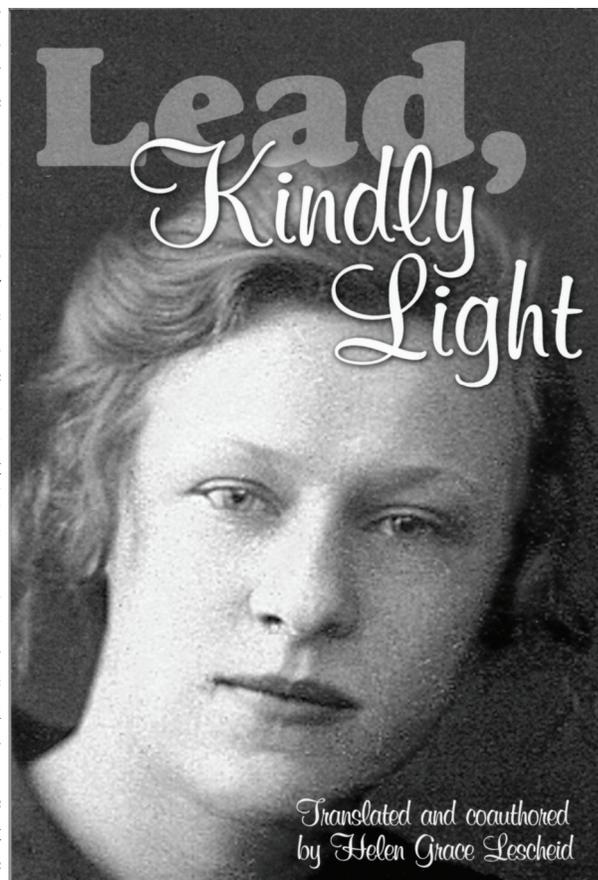
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OMHGS FALL MEETING - 2002

With the newsletter you will find a copy of the program for our fall meeting which will be about the MCC-PAX program that was active from 1951 to 1978. Instead of a Sunday afternoon meeting, this time we are taking two afternoons and evenings, September 28 and 29, to describe the program, hear stories from participants and have time set aside for dialogue with and for the youth of our churches concerning our peace witness and how the current world situation affects them. All ages are welcome to the meeting on Sunday evening which will be geared especially for young people, high school age and up. Encourage your grandchildren and other youth to attend. The meetings will be held at Zion Mennonite Church, east of Hubbard, Oregon. All meetings are open to the public and free of charge, including the program following dinner on Saturday evening. The Saturday evening dinner is by donation and reservations are required. Check the program for details.

For more information or if you have questions, call Margaret Shetler at (503) 873-6406.

here, she could tell us. At that time I remember Amos Conrad, a good friend of many of us here, who is now deceased, a member of this congregation he was, gave the history of the Orié Conrad family (that was his father) and also of Orié's experiences as a conscientious objector during World War I. For a very brief meditation, I have chosen a couple of scriptures, several from the Old Testament and then from the New. From Psalm 78, a verse that I think could be a motto or the mission statement of the various Mennonite historical societies around the country, including our own here in Oregon. The writer of the Psalm said, "What we have heard and known we will teach to the next generation." Our speaker today who is an author and has other professional experience was born in the Ukraine and basically will tell us the story of her mother. Her book of biography is entitled, "Lead Kindly Light." Her mother, Neta Loewen, or Agnes Loewen. I think biography is theology. We learn a lot of the meaning of the Christian faith by looking at lives of those who have gone on before and I was so moved when I read this book, and others of you have told me, too, who have read the book. By the way, it is on sale, it will be available after the meeting in the foyer. It's just a moving powerful story of faith and courage and all the difficulties of people who are at least related to our heritage. I'm Swiss Mennonite and many of you are but there are Russian Mennonite stock people in our midst today also, and we are a part of that same Anabaptist tradition and heritage. So it very much encourages our faith to hear stories like Helen Grace (Lena) Lescheid will tell us today.

Another verse from Micah 6:5, "Remember your journey that you may know the righteous acts of the Lord." I think the author used that somewhere in this book, if I remember correctly. And, from Psalm 43: "Send forth your light and your truth; let them guide me." I want to refer briefly also to the winter issue of the BC, (Helena is from British Columbia), Historical Society newsletter which reviews two recent books by Mennonite authors; at least they have Mennonite background. One of them is *The Ruslander*, by Sandra Berdsol. I think her mother came from Mennonite background. The other is from the well-known Canadian novelist, Rudy Wiebe, the recent book, *Sweeter Than All The World*. In it he tells the story of Adam Wiebe, and Adam discovers that religious faith and commitment to family are the anchors that have given people strength and life throughout the generations. And it's not too late to make changes to redeem his own. Many stories about Mennonite history have glossed

over the difficult, disquieting parts, bearing a triumphal tone. Weibe explains in the review of his book in McLean's magazine why this is so and I think my wife's experience with her family (her parents also came from the Ukraine) bears this out. When people have suffered great personal trauma, they often don't want to talk about it for years and years afterward. What do you do with the horrible things that happened to you? One of the last things you want to do is to inflict them upon your children. And yet as time passes, the same children who didn't want to hear these stories when they were young people, when they are older, when they are our age, they want to hear them. And we need to hear them whether we are old or young. When I thought of the suffering of Lena and her family who fled from Ukraine to Western Europe, I thought of the passage in I Peter where Paul is writing about suffering for faith, and in a sense that's what many Russian Mennonites did, they suffered persecution and terror that you'll hear about because of their faith. "Dear friend, do not be surprised at the painful trial you are suffering, as though something strange has happened to you, but rejoice that you participate in the suffering of Christ so that you may be overjoyed when his glory is revealed. If you are insulted because of the name of Christ, you are blessed, for the Spirit of God and of glory rests on you. If you suffer, it should not be as a murderer or a thief or any kind of criminal, or even as a meddler; however, if you suffer as a Christian, do not be ashamed, but praise God that you bear His name. For it is time for judgment to begin with the family of God. If it begins with us, what will become of those who do not obey the gospel of God? And if it's hard for a righteous person to be saved, what will become of the ungodly and the sinner? So then, those who suffer according to God's will should commit themselves to their Faithful Creator and to continue to do good."

Finally, I want to refer to two photos very briefly in Lena's book here that impressed me. The one is simply of her mother and father in about 1935 and below that is the Neurendorf Mennonite Church in the Chortitza colony in the Ukraine. She says in her book that the last service ever held in that church was the wedding of her parents. Soon after, the Soviets came in, closed it down, boarded up the windows and made a granary of the church. We saw when we were in Russia, churches that were used during the communist era for agricultural purposes. Think of your church building, your sanctuary as we like to call them, the place we are in right

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now. It is just a place where we can worship; we can meet God other places, but in a sense it is a holy place. How would you feel if the government authorities came in, closed the church and just used it for a warehouse? Some of the churches were used for stables for horses. We have much to be grateful for in a free country. Let us pray. "Our Father in heaven, we thank You that we can meet in Your name this day, this day set aside to rest, to worship and to learn. We thank You for those in the early church that were faithful, those who suffered, those who wrote, and we thank You for the sixteenth century Anabaptist forefathers of ours who again suffered and wrote and taught and passed down the faith that has come to us even to this day from the Scriptures, that we can believe in Christ as our Saviour and worship God as our Father. We pray now that You will be with us today as we listen to this story and may we be grateful and serve Thee with thanksgiving for the freedom, for the many opportunities that we do have. In Jesus' name we pray, Amen."

Jerry: Thank you Ray

About 1775 Empress Catherine the Great, in Russia, invited the German Mennonites, Dutch Mennonites, who were living in Prussia in what is now Poland to move to what is now the Ukraine and a large number of Mennonites took up the offer of land and some financial subsidy and moved their families from Prussia to South Russia. During the 19th century from 1800 to 1900 the Mennonites prospered in South Russia. They learned to farm the land. The Chortitza and the Molotschna colonies gave birth to other colonies and new groups and even on into the Crimea where I trace my background. My grandfather was born in 1870 in the Crimea. In 1874 a large number of those Mennonites immigrated from South Russia to the United States and Canada. And that's where my grandfather, as a four-year-old boy, came from South Russia. Many of them settled in Canada, south of Winnipeg. The Gnadenu Church settled in Hillsboro, Kansas, where my great-grandfather was a member. Those of us who are descendants of those Russian Mennonites tend to think that's the end of the story. But it really isn't because a significant number of Mennonites stayed in South Russia after 1874 and learned to adapt to a changing situation. In 1917 the situation changed dramatically and almost permanently for the Mennonites. With the beginning of the Russian Revolution, from 1917 to 1930 there was absolute chaos in South Russia. That story has yet to be told in its entirety. I don't think we have much of an idea of what happened to the Mennonites during that period of time. And yet that isn't the end of the story either because there were still Mennonites residing in South Russia and when the German army occupied the Ukraine and was forced to retreat, almost all the Mennonites who were left in South Russia retreated with the German army. They knew they were suspected of being fifthcolumnists, that is they were sympathizers to the German army and so most of them left. I remember my first experience with a person who lived there. It was my German teacher at Tabor College whose name was Katie Warkentine. She was a young woman who had learned Russian and English in the university and when the German army left, she and her family left and went into western Europe and ended up in Paraguay. There she met a young MCC PAXman by the name of John Warkentine and married him and then came to Kansas. That's quite a

story. So, Katie Warkentine told us a little bit, but very little, of her experience as a young lady in Russia during the Second World War. Again, I would suggest that that story has yet to be told and most of us don't know a great deal about that period of time. The overwhelming impression that I have is one of great suffering. It was difficult in 1917 to 1925, 1930; it was difficult during the Second World War. God is great and He is good to us and He has given great strength to those who have gone through those experiences. Our speaker today was born in the Ukraine, 1935, if I can say that, Helen. She was seven years old when the events of the book took place that her mother has written about. I am really pleased to introduce Helen. Helen Grace Lescheid – I was going to say Linscheid, but that's not quite right. So, welcome, and it's all yours. After her presentation, we are going to have a time of questions. I have a microphone here, so please raise your hand if you have a question and I will bring you the microphone. It's all yours. Take as much time as you want.

A CALL TO COURAGEOUS LIVING

Helen Grace: Thank you very much. It's a joy to be here today and to see so many of you out. I thought that on a Sunday afternoon people like to have a nap. You people all came out. I really am thrilled about that. Then when I saw the snow this morning, I thought, Oh, my goodness, maybe nobody will come. And here you are. I understand that snow is not the usual thing you get mid-March, is it? Maybe we brought it along, who knows. But anyway, I'm very, very thankful that you are here and we're going to have a wonderful time.

I have called my talk "A Call to Courageous Living" I think that call comes to all of us. Wherever we are born, we are called to courageous living. Sometimes debilitating illness comes into our lives or maybe a job loss or suddenly we turn a corner and things are chaotic and the call to courageous living comes to us at that time.

What is courage? Courage is not the absence of fear; courage is holding on a minute longer. That's what George Patton said. Patton was a general in the American army. Courage is hanging on a minute longer and for the Christian it is courage hanging onto God who is an ever-present help in trouble. This book is about courage.

"The war is over! The Americans are coming!" People shouted the news to each other. Children whispered the news to each other, wondering what Americans were. You know, it's amazing the stories that go around. I remember how my heart pounded when I heard "The Americans are coming!"

A woman was standing at an open window in the classroom of a school that had been made into a refugee camp. Her name was Neta and she was a refugee from Russia. As she was looking out the window she saw white flags fluttering in the breeze. She heard the band playing. She saw people dancing in the streets. It seemed like everybody was celebrating. This wonderful news that the war is over. Six years of fighting are finally finished. And then, something caught her eye. Across the street a group of refugees were breaking into a grocery store. A smile formed on Neta's face. She thought, "I don't blame them. For months we refugees have gone hungry while the Austrians have plenty to eat. Let them know what it feels

like to be plundered.” And then, an idea came to her, “Why don’t you go and help yourself? Yes, why not? My children could use some good food for a change.” She left her place by the window and started walking briskly toward the door. Suddenly, a voice arrested her. “Your Heavenly Father knows that you need these things.” She thought, “Am I going to resort to stealing now? Or am I going to trust God to meet my needs?” She dropped down on her bed of straw, and covered her face with her hands, and she said, “God, help me.”

A few months later she received a notice in the mail. She opened the letter and read, “Now that the war is over, we have arranged transport for you to go back to Russia. Be ready in two days.” Fear bolted through her and she began to shake uncontrollably. “Go back to Russia? I can’t do that. That would be the same as committing suicide. They will not send me home. They will take my children away and put them in a Soviet orphanage and they will send me to Siberia to a labor camp.” She thought, “What am I going to do? Who will believe me? But for me to go back to Russia is the same as suicide.” Anyway, on the appointed day she woke up her children early. She picked up the baby and she said to the other three children, “Follow me” and walked out of the classroom; it was still a little bit dark, and they walked into a forest. Right near the refugee camp was this little forest. There she put the baby down and she said to the children, “We’re going to have a picnic.” So all day the children played with moss and twigs and pine cones, oblivious to the big trucks that were roaring past on the main streets.

Neta listened until she couldn’t hear any more trucks and then for good measure she waited until it was dark. Then she said to the children, “Now we can go home again.” So they went back to the school and snuck into the classroom. It was empty now. All the refugees had left with the big trucks. She spread some gray army blankets on the straw and told the children to lie down and go to sleep. Then she laid down beside the baby and tried to go to sleep. She tossed and she turned and she tossed and she turned. She thought, “What are they going to do with me? What are they going to do with me? Who will believe me? But I can’t go back to Russia.” By morning her earlier panic had turned into a steel resolve. “They can shoot me, but I’m not going back.”

So in the morning she said to her children, “You play here; I have some business to do.” So while the children played in the corner of the classroom, she walked into the village and marched into the mayor’s office.

He looked up from a pile of papers, and he said, “Are you still here? I thought you had left yesterday.”

And she said “I am not going back to Russia.” And then she started to sob. She said, “They will not send me home; they will send me to Siberia and they will take my children and put them in an orphanage. I can’t go back.”

Her sobbing attracted the attention of an American officer working next door. He came into the mayor’s office to see what all the commotion was about. So the mayor translated what Neta was saying. The two men had a conference, and then they said, “Neta, if what you are saying to us is the truth, if you are telling us the truth, you do not have to go back. You may stay. We will protect you.” So then they found her a small room. The room had iron bars on the window and a very heavy

iron door that was so hard to open. It had been the storage room of the grocery store that the refugees looted. Now had Neta taken part in the looting, the mayor would not have been friendly toward her. Because of Neta’s courage, my sister Agnes and I are here today. [To Agnes]: Would you like to stand? Neta is our mother.

[Holding picture]. This is my mother when she was 20 years old. She is 89 now; she is going to be 90 in June and we are going to surprise her with a party. She is living in Abbotsford, British Columbia, just ten minutes away from where I live so we see each other often. She is in very good health. She lives in her own home and likes to look after a huge yard where she has many, many flowers. She keeps her yard looking like a park and she loves to entertain. She has lots and lots of people coming in and she cooks a meal like you wouldn’t believe. You know, two kinds of meat and all kinds of vegetables and maybe two kinds of dessert and then she asks me quietly, “Is it enough?” She loves to entertain.

Anyway, when I approached her about writing a book, writing up her life story, she said, “No. Why would you write about me? I’ve done nothing great. I don’t want you to write about me. No way.” It took quite a few years before she gave her permission and then only because she said, “We’ll just make a few copies, just for the grandchildren. So, “*Lead Kindly Light*,” is the result. I did write it and then I did get permission to make a few more copies, though. So now we have a book.

The reason I chose, “*Lead Kindly Light*,” is because all throughout her life story you see how God is leading her and how God is there – concrete help just when we needed it most. Do you know the song, , “*Lead Kindly Light*,” ? How many of you know the song?

Lead kindly light, amid th’encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene, - One step enough for me.

And isn’t that the way God leads us very often, just one step at a time? But He is so close, that should we stumble, He’s right there to pick us up, see? And that’s the beauty of walking with God.

My mother was born in the Ukraine in Nieder Chortitza, right on the shore of the Dnieper, the western shore of the Dnieper in the Chortitza settlement. She was born to Gerhard and Aganeta Dyck. Her earliest memories are of soldiers surging through their village and taking whatever they fancied. Sometimes they were soldiers, they called them White, the White Army of the Czar’s army. Other times they were Red or the Bolshevick Army, the communist army. When the communists finally won that revolution, before they had the government in place, there were bandits that would ransack their homes under the leadership of Machnov. They would just come in and take whatever they wanted. They were often very, very dirty and they had lice in their hair. They would come in and demand to be fed and demand to sleep there. They carried typhoid. The lice carried typhoid and afterward there was a

horrendous outbreak of typhoid and very, very many people died. In fact, they would dig mass graves because they just couldn't keep up with the graves. Miraculously Neta's family survived all that.

Then, Stalin, wanting to put communism in place, Instituted a two-year famine. So, for two years famine. It was basically leveled at the peasants. So, for two years there was no food for the peasants. My mother says how they would scrounge around for something edible. They would pick the blossoms off the trees and her brothers would go into the field and drown field mice and bring them home. She said that was the most delicious soup when they had field mice soup. Again, my mother got so ill – she was 17 at the time – and because of this starvation, her legs swelled up very, very much and she couldn't get out of bed anymore. One day a group of young people circled her bed and sang hymns and she thought, "They think I'm going to die; that's why they are doing this. But, I want to live; I don't want to die." And miraculously she survived all of that and went on to marry my father, Isaak Loewen from Neuendorf which was just a few kilometers away inland.

There were four children born to that union. I'm the oldest. My name is Helena but I call myself Helen now. Agnes is the second oldest, then Fred and Katie. In 1943, as I think Mr. Barkman already mentioned, the German army rode into the Ukraine without firing a shot. They called it blitzkrieg. Actually, I think they had duped Stalin. They had signed a paper that they wouldn't attack and they attacked anyway. But they came in and they occupied our village for approximately two years. During that time – you see the communists had taken away all machinery and everything; there were no jobs to be had so my father went to work for the German army as an interpreter and a chauffeur. At first he was able to come home on weekends. But after awhile he was sent to the Russian front and we didn't see him for many months. Then in 1943 (??), as you know, the Germans were soundly defeated at the battle of Stalingrad and were now retreating. As the German army was retreating the fighting came closer and closer to our village. Many, many times we had to dash for the cellar and hide in the cellar and wait for the bombing to stop. One time my mother was out on the yard and these bullets were flying past her. So it was very, very dangerous. It was just a daily occurrence that there was a strike. So the evacuation order came: everybody leave with the retreating German army. My mother thought, "How can I leave. Isaak won't know where I am. I can't leave until he comes home." But after a little while she realized that she couldn't stay either. It was just too dangerous to stay. So she got some gunny sacks and she started packing something. She packed some clothes, some bedding and some dishes and she took a bag of dried beans and blankets. Then she looked around to see what else and she saw a sewing machine, this little sewing machine that you crank. She took that little sewing machine, and if you lift the gear shift up there's a case underneath and she put my father's letters in there and some important papers and photographs. She decided that would come with her. Then she looked around to see what else. There was my dad's old fur coat. That could come in handy so she grabbed that. Then the Jeep came to take us all to the train station. Because the rail had been bombed up ahead, the train sat there for about two days and in the meantime, there were

air strikes. My mother wondered if we would ever get out of there alive. It didn't look very promising. But, finally the train did start up and we were moving. I should say that we were not in passenger cars, they were freight cars; they just packed us in there like sardines and then shut the door from the outside. In one corner they had hung up a blanket and put a pail behind it and that was the bathroom for everybody.

Now, I was seven, Agnes was five, my brother was three and my youngest sister was eight months. Can you imagine traveling like that for nine days? Nine days later we arrived in Prussia where we were put into a refugee camp. The refugee camp was just lots and lots of barracks. We shared a room with another family, a Harder family. Now, there's mother with her four children, Mrs. Harder had at least three children. Mr. Harder had TB so he was in the sanitarium. It was just the two women with their seven children in this one little room. My mother, as soon as she got there, wrote a letter to my father, telling him where we were. Very soon after that she got a letter from my father. He said, "I am so thankful to find out where you are. Write me back. I am worried about you. Did you have enough food to eat? Were you able to take something along." He said, "As soon as you write me back, the Germans have promised to give me a leave," a furlough. So she immediately wrote back and sent the letter off. This was just about a month before Christmas and she thought maybe he will be home for Christmas. My father had said in his letter, "I have presents for all the children" so she thought "Maybe he'll be home for Christmas and we'll have a real Christmas together." Two weeks before Christmas we were sitting in a mess hall, a large dining room, having our meal when the intercom came on, "Frau Loewen, would you come to the office; Frau Loewen, come to the office please." My mother stood up and she looked around to see if anybody else was going. No, nobody else was standing up. What could this mean? She went into the office. There was a German officer there. He asked her to sit down. He closed the door. He picked up a long envelope and he said, "I'm sorry, I have to give you bad news. Your husband is missing in action." My mother thought, "How can that be? I just heard from him. He was coming home; he was coming home for Christmas." She latched onto one word; missing. Then he's not dead, he's just missing. And he can still come home. Yes, he will still come home; He's just missing.

But as the weeks went by and Christmas came and went, she realized that her husband was not coming home. She went into a deep depression. She couldn't see herself carry on with four little kids. She couldn't eat; she couldn't sleep; she was hardly aware of us children. Mrs. Harder dressed us and took us to the mess hall to eat. My mother was in a deep depression and Mrs. Harder would sit with her hour after hour and they would weep together. She would say, "Your husband is missing; my husband is dying of TB." So the two women would sit there and pray together and weep together. Finally, Mrs. Harder said, "Neta, why don't you come with me to Bible study?" They had a little Bible study for the refugees so my mother went with her. As she read the Bible and as she fellowshiped with these Christians, she said it was Easter Sunday when she was sitting there in that little chapel and she listened to the song, "Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes, He arose, He arose," She said, "As I listened to

those songs, I began to think maybe I, too, can rise again. If Christ is alive and he is in me, then I have what it takes to rise," and she found courage to face her life again – the courage to face one day again.

Some people have said to me, "I wish I had your mother's courage; I wish I had your mother's faith." Well, my mother would tell you, she's the first to tell you, it doesn't depend on us. God comes to weak human beings. Our weakness is made strong when our weakness is entwined with his strength. It's Christ in us that gives us courage. We can't whip it up; we can't churn it out. It's Christ in us that gives us the courage. She said, "I can't explain to you what happened to me during that time but Jesus became so real to me and it was like a burden lifted off me and I felt I could go on again."

Shortly after that, the front was always moving closer, it was coming so close to Prussia again, (Kulm, Prussia is where we were), that the fighting was so hard again that we had to flee once more. This time we fled to Poland. Before we left Russia the German army promised, they said, "We'll give you back your land, your houses, whatever you leave behind, don't worry, we'll give it back to you. Now, in Poland, they were trying to make good this promise. So, what did they do? They evicted the Polish people and put the refugees in there. Can you imagine what that did? We were not very popular. I remember going to school and having rocks thrown at us. My mother felt so bad. We lived in this little house and the people that owned this little house were evicted and now had to live in the barn. I don't know what they had there, but anyway, my mother made a friend of this woman. She would apologize to her and the woman would say, "That's okay, I know you're not staying long. Just look after it." My mother and this woman would do chores together and they became very good friends.

This little house was on an estate and the estate owners were German, too, I think. As the front came closer again, then there was fighting again. Maybe I should tell you about the Christmas we had in Poland.

It was Christmas 1944. The roads were just jammed with trucks taking the soldiers east. The trains were all jammed with the army and there were air strikes. And there were partisans hiding in the forest. Nobody, especially not women, went out at night because it was just too dangerous. But it was Christmas eve. Two women in a neighboring village had made a party for refugee children and my mother was determined to take us. So, she told us to bundle up, dress warm and then we stepped out – this is Christmas Eve now, in the evening. We stepped onto the frozen yard and it was very dark; because of all the danger all the windows were heavily draped so no light could seep out. My mother decided we would walk across the fields because the roads were so plugged. So we walked across the field to the neighboring village. It was maybe seven, ten kilometers away. I remember walking through this field with the stars overhead. Of course, we children didn't have any fear; we didn't know the danger. We just knew we were going to a party. When we got to this neighboring village, we knocked on the door. The door opened and I remember lights. There was a Christmas tree there with candles all lit up. It was the most beautiful sight I have seen. There were women and children sitting on the floor. We found our place on the floor,

too. Then we sang Christmas songs, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." How many of you know German here? We sang, then we recited poems. We had a wonderful program. The war was raging maybe 50 km away but we were having a wonderful celebration. And then, Santa Claus came, a Weihnachtsmann and he brought a present for each of us. I can show you my present – it's not the original one but I had another lady make me an identical present – the most beautiful ball I had ever seen. Later on I learned that it had been made of scrunched up rags and then yarn, maybe from old sweaters that you unravel. I got this ball, and I think you got one, too, Agnes. Maybe we got a couple of candles. And that was our Christmas. I'll never forget that Christmas. That was a wonderful time.

Shortly after that the order came to evacuate. Leave. But, there was no transport provided. All the trucks were needed for the army. All the trains were jammed up with army personnel. We were to get away the best we could. This is the middle of January, very cold. In Poland it gets very cold, lots of snow and lots of wind and blizzards. Farmers would hitch up their hay wagons and get away. But what were we going to do? We had nothing. Some people had a little child's wagon that they would put the baby on there and try to get away on foot. My mother knew that if we left on foot, we wouldn't get very far. She was so worried. What was going to happen to us? How were we going to get away, and if we didn't get away, what would happen to us? She fell asleep, this was at night, and she dreamt that she was fleeing, she had to get away, she had to get away in a hurry. She is struggling up this hill, carrying the baby, and she is urging the other kids to "Hurry up, hurry up. We have to get up there." She's trying to make it up the hill. It's so dark and she is so frightened. When she is up on the hill, she looks down and she sees wagons, just a trek of wagons in every direction and there is a wagon that comes close to where she is. She runs up to the wagon and says, "Please take us along. Please." But nobody paid any attention. She kept on, "Please, please, don't leave us here; take us along." People just looked past her like they couldn't hear her, they couldn't see her. Then she heard a voice, "Look up, look up, Neta." She looked up, the black sky parted and a shaft of light came down. It covered her and her children. The voice said, "You are all standing in my light. I will never leave you nor forsake you. Don't be afraid." When she woke up she had this wonderful peace that no matter what happens, God was with her; we were standing in His light. He would never leave us nor forsake us. That's "*Lead, Kindly Light*."

I think it was very soon after that the estate owner, the woman, Mrs. Kern came running across the yard and she said, "Neta, do you want to leave?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we'll take you along in our wagon." So, they took us along on their hay wagon. The hay wagon was just a hay wagon. It wasn't covered. They had two horses that they put on. So we went with them. I remember the snow blowing in our faces because there was nothing, nothing covering. My mother covered us with my father's old fur coat. She said if we hadn't had that coat we would have frozen to death as many children did. She had a little bit of bread but that was frozen, too, so she would have to hold it under the fur coat for a while

so that it was pliable enough and she could break off a piece and give it to us.

What I remember is how embarrassed I was, when you have to go to the bathroom, where are you going to go? We had to go day and night because the front was right behind us. It was too dangerous to stop. I remember being so embarrassed. I needed to go to the bathroom and didn't know what to do about it. My mother said, "Well, lean over the side of the wagon." Can you imagine a young kid, I was eight by then. Anyway, we managed to get away. Every little while, I don't remember how far apart, there would be a Red Cross Jeep with hot coffee and some milk. They would give the adults hot coffee and the children some milk and maybe another loaf of bread. That's how we traveled for about two months. You can imagine, the horses got very, very tired, very, very exhausted so once it was safe to stop, we stopped in some village. The women would try to find lodging for us for the night so Mother would go from house to house and knock on the door and say, "Could we sleep here for the night?" Almost always they'd slam the door in her face and say, "We're full. No room."

One time she was standing like this, leaning on the wagon and thinking, "I just hate asking and being turned down all the time. Then she felt a tugging on her hand. She looked down and there was a little child there, a little girl. She said, "Madam, do you have a place to sleep for the night?" My mom said, "No." She said, "My mommy said you are to come home with me." She took us home and sure enough, her mother had a wonderful supper that she had prepared. She had fixed up her bed with the wonderful down quilt and she insisted that we sleep in her bed while she and her children slept on the sofa, or wherever, I'm not sure. When my mother said, "Oh no, no, no, we don't want to do that. We can sleep on the floor."

She said, "It won't be long and I'll be in your shoes and I hope somebody will be kind to me then."

After a few months of this, then Mr. Kern and Mrs. Kern, the people who owned the hay wagon and horses, said "Neta, we can't take you along anymore. This is as far as we can take you. Our horses are exhausted; they are going to break, and then we'll be stranded on the road." So my mother thanked him very much for taking us that far. We were in a square in a village and they put us there, our sacks, our gunny sacks. It was about mid-morning. We sat on these gunny sacks. What do we do now? My mother thought, "Well, I will find us a place to sleep for the night." So she went off and started knocking on doors again while the four of us sat there and waited for her and waited and waited and waited. It got to be dark. Finally, Mom came back and she had not found a place to sleep. Nobody had room. She was so discouraged. She sat on the ground. It was frozen; it was March, like now. Actually, she flopped on the ground. She thought, "I can't do this any more; I can't do this anymore. I give up. I can't do it anymore." She's lying on the ground. The next thing she felt a shaking, a vigorous shaking and a man's voice said, "What's the matter with you, woman? Can't you hear your children crying?"

She said, "Yes, I can. I've nothing to offer them. Nobody wants to keep us,"

And he said, "We'll see about that. You come with me." He was a soldier, a German soldier. My mother got up and took the baby and he held Fred's and - I'm not sure who - two hands, and we followed him. At a nearby house, he knocked on the door and told the woman, "Give this woman and her children a place to sleep and some good food."

She said, "I don't have any room. My house is full."

He says, "Find room or you'll be sorry." So she opened the door and let us in, and sure enough, she didn't have room. Her whole house was full but she managed to find a little bit of space on the kitchen floor and that's where we slept that night.

The next morning the soldier came back. He had found a little wagon and he had our sacks on there and he said to my mother, "Come with me and I'll find you another place." So he took us to a holding camp which was a few kilometers away. He walked with us out to this camp. He said, "You can't stay here. It's just a holding camp, but at least you can stay two days. Maybe after that something will open up." So again, you see, that wherever we went, whenever my mother was at wit's end or didn't know what to do, God sent concrete help. Sometimes, through a little girl, sometimes through a soldier. It was always like that. When we had no food, somebody would give us something, maybe potatoes or whatever it was.

We finally managed to get to Austria. I told you about being in northern Austria in this little village in a school which had been made into a refugee camp. That's where we were when the Americans came and the war ended. Then, because of this American officer, we were allowed to stay in Austria where we stayed for three years. Because of all the running we had done, because of all the fleeing, we were absolutely separated from all our people. My mother didn't know of one other person from her village. She didn't know if any of her relatives had survived. She didn't know of anybody from Khortitza settlement that had survived, that had made it out of all that commotion and all that fleeing. So whenever she heard that there was another group of refugees coming in to that part of Austria, she would walk there or take a bus and scout out the camp. Was there anybody there who knew anything, and she always came back disappointed. Nobody knew anything. She thought, "Maybe I'm the only one who survived." There was nobody that she could ever find.

One day she was walking - she had a little garden plot the Austrians had given her. She was walking to this little garden plot and a young man dressed very nicely, with an attaché stopped her and said in broken German, "Hello, I'm looking for Frau Loewen. Would you know where she lives? My mom thought, "Who is this? What does he want?"

She says, "Actually, I'm Frau Loewen."

He said, "My name is Arthur Voth." By the way, he is related to Jean Friesen. I think he is a cousin. He said, "My name is Arthur Voth and I work for America MCC. My job is to find displaced persons and see if I can put them together again with their families." He said, "Are you missing anybody?"

She said, "Yes, I'm missing everybody!"

She invited him into our little room and of course, Mom being Mom, she immediately got him a glass of milk to drink, all we had. He opened his book. He had a book and he opened it, like a loose-leaf binder. First of all, he said, "Your name; give

me names and I'll see if I have them in my book." Well, so she did. He had my grandma, my mother's mother, Aganetha Dyck. She was also in Austria but is southern Austria. He had found her. He knew where she was. My mother's sister, my father's mother, my father's sister and Mrs. Harder. He had found her as well. But not Mr. Harder. Mr. Harder had died on the trek. You can imagine. My mother was just overjoyed to know that these people had survived and that they weren't even that far away. Then, too, he gave us a voucher, I think it was. We could get these MCC parcels, these wonderful parcels. From then on we would get these parcels with cocoa and maybe canned meat. We thought they were wonderful. They would supplement our meager diet. Our diet was mostly – sometimes our supper was boiled potatoes, cut in half, a little bit of salt on each half and that was our supper. Sometimes we had a piece of bread and a glass of milk.

Shall I tell them about the story when you found the eggs? One day my mother came home. She did whatever job she could find: cleaning out barns, digging graves, stoking hay, washing clothes on a scrub board – whatever, just so she would find enough food for her children. She would be paid maybe in a liter of milk or a loaf of bread, a few potatoes or whatever. This one time she come home and here in the plate on the table are four eggs. Eggs! What a luxury. "Who gave us these eggs?" And Agnes said, "I found them" and she was grinning because she was so pleased to have a surprise for her mother.

And my mother said, "You found them? Where?"

"Under the hedge there."

"You found a nest?" She was so pleased, you know. And my mother said, "Do the chickens belong to us? Then the eggs they lay don't belong to us either, do they? Come, let's take the eggs back to the rightful owner. So Agnes and Mom took the eggs back. They took the eggs to the manager of the rooming house where we stayed. We couldn't understand why we couldn't have those eggs. There went our eggs, our scrambled eggs. But, you know, after this Mr. Voth found us and put us in touch with our people, then MCC very strongly suggested we move to Germany to an MCC camp so they could start immigration processes moving. The lady that owned the grocery store, also owned the rooming house. At the beginning they had been so distant and unfriendly: they really didn't like refugees. Then when we were going to leave, she said to my mother, "Why are you leaving? You don't need to life. We like you. You will have a good live in Austria. You have many friends here." My mother sort of smiled. She said, "I know about those eggs. Ludwig (who was the manager), he told me that in all Austria there is not a more honorable, honest woman that Neta Loewen," You never know how your actions follow you.

Anyway, we were able to immigrate to Canada in 1949. We went to Manitoba first of all. There was no work there and my mother wanted to pay back the travel debt. Then we went to British Columbia where we could work in the fields. All of us could work in the vegetable fields and earn fifty cents an hour and we thought that was wonderful. My mother paid back the travel debt in less than two years.

When I look back, it's just amazing. We have so many friends, so many relatives, and we look back with amazement

at what God has done, how He has led, step by step. That is the encouragement I want to leave you. I know that you have your challenges. You are not in a war right now, but all of us have challenges and we are all called to courageous living and we all have the same God who's an ever-present help in trouble and He is faithful; we can depend on Him.

If you have any questions?

Jerry Barkman. I have one question. The camp you were in in Austria, you were the only Mennonites in the camp. Were there other individuals that went back to Russia by trucks the day your mother hid you, and were they Germans or were they other settlers?

Lena: They were actually not from Russia. They were from East Germany so they went back to their homes, I hope. Actually, there were a lot of orphans there. There was a married couple—were there teachers with them as well? They were a group of children, that had fled, the whole school en masse, and now they were going back and hopefully finding their parents.

Jerry: Did you ever hear about your father?

Lena: No. Actually, the only thing we ever heard was of this surprise tank attack; nobody got away—in Russia.

Question: Could you identify people by speaking Low German to them to see if they were Mennonites?

Lena: We speak Low German and High German.

Jerry: That's how you identified other Mennonites?

Lena: I guess so, also by name. There's Dyck and Pankratz and Riemer, Sawatsky and those other Russian Mennonite.

Thank you very much.

MORE STORIES AND SOURCES

THE RUSSIANS' SECRET; by Peter Hoover with Serguei V. Petrov; printed by Benchmark Press, Shippensburg, PA. Christianity in Russia from A. D. 680 to the present. How did Christianity not only survive but flourish, through Yosif Stalin, the Bolsheviks, Rasputin, and Pobedonostsev, Tsar Nikolai I, Peter the Great, and Ivan the Terrible? How can we survive when we are faced with persecution? That is the Russians' secret.

THE CALIFORNIA MENNONITE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

<http://www.fresno/affiliattion/cmhs>

The Grandma CD-ROM Project

California Mennonite Historical Society ; 4824 E. Butler; Fresno, CA. 93727-5097

UP FROM THE RUBBLE; by Peter and Elfrieda Dyck; Herald Press, Scottsdale, PA.; The story of two Russian born Canadians, MCC, and thousands of refugees during WWII. How did the Bible get in the bread? Why was Johan told "All the Mennonites are dead. Hitler had killed some, and Stalin had destroyed the rest"? Who kept saying, "Gott kann!""? What caused North American Mennonites and Amish to 'adopt' the Russian refugees' exodus with money and volunteers and their prayers?

NONE BUT SAINTS; by James Urry; printed in Canada, Hype-riion Press Limited, The Transformation of Mennonite Life in Russia 1789-1889. Find out what tree the government decreed be planted by every household. Who were the 'Wuest Brethren'? What type of 'Alternative Service' was served? A book of great detail and in-depth study of daily life, church government, and national politics of that

(Continued on page 16)



Oregon Events in Relation to the Troyers' Arrival

When the Troyers arrived in Oregon:
 Hubbard is incorporated only 2 years
 Trains were coming to Hubbard approx. 22 years
 Oregon became a state less than 25 years earlier
 The first transcontinental railroad was less than 25 years old.
 Mennonites were in Oregon a little less than 30 years
 Woodburn homes had no indoor plumbing or electric lights.
 Electric lights came to Hubbard homes in 1904
 Indoor plumbing came to Hubbard homes about 1905
 Woodburn had no high school.
 Sylvester Pennoyer was governor of Oregon
 Jesse Settlemyer was mayor of Woodburn

Engine 1785 (at left), while quite old is still about 9 years younger than could have pulled the Troyers' train. Engine 1785 can be seen at Cleveland and Front Streets, Woodburn, Oregon

TRIP DIARY OF DELILAH TROYER

I think two paragraphs from *God at Work in Our Midst* are a fitting preface to the following diary. Amos P. Troyer was born December 12, 1856, in Wayne County, Ohio, the son of Peter and Elizabeth (King) Troyer. The family was living in Cass County, Missouri, by 1868. On January 1, 1878, he married Delilah Yoder, daughter of Abraham and Fannie (Kurtz) Yoder. She was born in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, March 20, 1857, and lived in Michigan a few years before the family moved to Missouri in 1866.

In 1892 Amos Troyer was having difficulty recovering from a siege of typhoid fever. The family doctor, Dr. Edward Schoor, suggested a milder climate, perhaps Oregon, might help him. Thus it was that Delilah Troyer boarded the train in Kansas City on May 1, 1892, for Oregon. She arrived in Sacramento, California, late in the evening of May 5, changed trains, and got to Woodburn, Oregon, at 9:00 a.m. May 7.

A transcription of the diary kept by Delilah Troyer on her trip to Oregon. The spelling is Delilah's. Bracketed material is added for clarity.

Kansas May the 1st, 1892 [Friday]

Stops:

- Haliday
- Lawrence
- Topeka – 35 minutes to two (20 minutes for dinner)
- Burlingame
- Osage City
- Emporia
- Strong City
- Florence
- Peabody
- Newton – stop for supper 10 min till 7 o'clock in the evening
- Halstead
- Burrton
- Hutchinson

May 2nd [Saturday]

- First station in the morning – Hartland [Kansas] 6 o'clock
- Syracuse
- Coolidge
- Hallene [Holly, Colorado]
- Lamar
- Cadora
- Hillton
- Las Animas
- LaJunta, 20 min for breakfast – 20 minutes before 10

Timpas
Tyrone
Earl
Hoehne
Trinidad
Starkville
Morley – elevation 7,600
Raton, New Mexico
Dillon
Dorsey
Maxwell
Springer
Colmor
Wagon Mound
Waters [Watrous]
Las Vegas, 8 o'clock at night
First station after daylight – Mazed [May 3rd, Sunday]
Correo
Rio Purceo [?](dobies)
Laguna [Indian]
Mo. Catze [McCartys] (dobies)
Grant
Blue Water
Chavies – lava beds
Coolidge (20 minutes for breakfast, 22 minutes before 10 in the morning)
Wingate (red rock)
Mt. Pavar [?] church
Gallup (coal mines)
Defiance

Arizona

Navajo Springs
HolbrookWinslow (20 minutes for dinner & supper, 4 o'clock in the afternoon)
Dennison
Canyon Diablo
Walnut Mt.
Snowpeak
Flagstaff
William
First station Monday morning May the 4th in Yucca [Arizona]

California, May 4th

Needles (20 minutes for breakfast – the great red rock bridge)
Frank
Danby
Bagdad
Ludlow
Daggett
Barstow
Dramer
Rogers
Mojave (20 min. after 6 o'clock -- for supper)

California May the 5 [Tuesday]

First station in the morning was Fresno (a perfect paradise)
grain stations
wheat out in heads
alfalfa hay made
Besdesta [I think this should be Modesto]
Ripon
Lathrop, 7 o'clock in the morning for breakfast
Stockton

Lido [Lodi}
Acampas [Acampo]
Galt
Elk Grove
Sacramento (half past 10 o'clock, layover till 12:40 tonight)
Started away from Sacramento 1:15 in the morning

Wednesday, May 6

Chico
Vina
Tehama
Concordia
Cottonwood
Anderson
Redding (30 minutes for dinner) [breakfast?]
Delta
Sims
Dunsmuir
Sisson (20 min. for dinner)
Mt. Shasta
Edgewood
Montague
Ager
Hornbrook
Siskiyou

Oregon

Ashland 15 minutes in the evening (30 minutes for supper)

[May 7]

Roseburg at 3:27 in the morning
Drain – first station Thursday morning May 6th [should be 7th]
Big trees begin (fruit trees in bloom)
Peven [Eugene?]
Junction City (Mrs. Grifet [?] stopped)
Harrisburg
Albany (20 minutes for breakfast, 15 min. after 8)
Jefferson
Turner
Salem (Easburns got off)
Woodburn 9 o'clock in the morning

May 8 – Washed and ironed and done a heap of gasing

9 – done our Saturday work and went visiting in the afternoon
10 – Sunday staid at home to afternoon, then went around the Dutch settlement.
11 – Washed in the forenoon; visit at Dans in afternoon.
12 – Planted potatoes and celery – rained a little
13 – Made some garden
14 – Cut about ten bushel of potatoes to plant
15 – Sewed carpet together. Went to Georges in the afternoon. [George a & Paulina Hostetler]
16 – Home all day. Hoed some in the garden.
17 – Visited at Georges.
18 – Washed and ironed
19 – Ironed, made shirts. Went to Georges on errand
20 – Hunted cow. Went on errand to Lee [or Levis].
21 – Cut potatoes and worked in the garden (father went south)
22 – Went fishing
23 – Stayed home and done Saturday work. Planted potatoes.
24 – Was at home. Had company in afternoon.
25 – Helped wash and helped work in the garden.
26 – Ironed and went to Needy in the afternoon.
27 – Was about sick and it was rainy.

- 28 – Went to Georges
- 29 – Visited at Georges and went to Dans in the evening.
- 30 – Visited at Dans; went to sawmill in the afternoon; thundered in the evening
- 31 – Went out riding. Levi came home from south.

- June
- 1. Washed and churned
 - 2. Ironed and made a bonnet
 - 3. Visited at L. D. Kings [Levi & Mary King]
 - 4. Visited at preacher J. Kauffmans [Jonas Kauffman]
 - 5. Went to L. D. Kings and
 - 6. stayed till Saturday afternoon
 - 7. Went to Presbyterian church and visited at Jonathan Yoders
 - 8. Washed and visited at J. Kropfs. [John & Charity Kropf]
 - 9. Ironed and made dress and bonnet in the afternoon.
 - 10. Rained all day
 - 11. Went to Dans and Georges
 - 12. Worked at Georges
 - 13. Worked at Georges
 - 14. Sunday went to church and visited at John Lieses ([Laises] and went to church in the evening.
 - 15. (Rained) Washed and ironed and baked cookies
 - 16. Went to Ganses for strawberries
 - 17. More rain. Ironed in forenoon.
 - 18. Went fishing
 - 19. Kept house under a bridge and gathered stone [?]
 - 20. Came home from fishing
 - 21. Went to church and had company
 - 22. Washed
 - 23. Went for cherries
 - 24. Canned and dried cherries, churned and ironed and had company
 - 25. Finished drying cherries and went to Georges
 - 26. Done general housework
 - 27. Done baking Saturday work
 - 28. Went to old Amish meeting and went to I. S. Millers in the afternoon [Isaac S. Miller]
 - 29. Went to J. Kauffmans and to all the timber folks
 - 30. Went to Woodburn

- July
- 1. Went to Soda Spring
 - 2. Went to Aurora for cherries
 - 3. Dried cherries
 - 4. Visited at John K. and Georges [John Kropf]
 - 5. Went to church; visited at Kempes in the afternoon.
 - 6. Got ready to go home
 - 7. Started 8:45 a.m. from Portland
 - 8. First station in the morning was Umatilla
 - Pendleton (sage brush, hills and pine trees)
 - Kamela (fir timber and bottom farmland)
 - LaGrande – prairie and marshland between the hills
 - Union
 - Haines
 - Baker City
 - Pleasant Valley
 - Weatherby
 - Huntington, 4 o'clock a.m., 20 minutes for a lunch
 - Weiser [Idaho}
 - Payette
 - Nampa, last station in the evening
 - 9th. Pocatello, Idaho, first station in the morning – sage brush and hills and snow sheds
 - Montpelier
 - Border – last station in Idaho

Montana

Cocoaville

Fossil (snow sheds). Went thru a long tunnel

Granger (3:10 o'clock in the afternoon)

9. Green River [Wyoming] at 4 a.m. (20 minute stop)

Rock Springs – coal mines

Point of Rocks

Changed cars at Cheyenne, 2:30 in the night. Laid over 3 hours.

Boarded train for Denver 5:30

Reached Denver 10:30, two hours late. Will not leave until 8 A.M.

Following is the diary kept of their move to Oregon later the same year

October 4, 1892

Started for Harrisonville 2 o'clock at night. Boarded the train for Kansas City about 7 o'clock; reached K.C. about 9 o'clock, left K.C. after 10. Arrived at Salina, Kansas 5:15 p.m.

October 5, First station in the morning was Deertail [Colorado].

Reached Denver 7:33 a.m. Started out 8:15.

Reached Cheyenne 12. Stopped for dinner. Started out 2:08 p.m.

Arrived at Laramie 4:30 p.m. Stopped for supper 20 minutes.

October 6. Stopped at Evanston for breakfast 7:30 a.m.

Reached Ogden [Utah] 10:30 a.m. Left Ogden 11:30 a.m.

Reached Pocatello [Idaho] 4:48; left 5:15 p.m.

October 7. First station in the morning Baker City [Oregon]

Reached LaGrande 8:10 a.m. Stopped 20 minutes for breakfast.

Reached Pendleton 11:40 a.m. Stopped 15 minutes for dinner.

Seen Celilo Indians and beautiful falls at Briggs. [Biggs]

Reached Dallas [The Dalles] 5 P.M. Left 5:30 p.m.

Reached Portland 9 p.m. Staid all night at Washington Hotel.

Started for Hubbard next morning about 9 o'clock; reached the latter place in the forenoon and were met by Bros. L. M. and L. Were conveyed to L. M.s. Reached his place about 2 p.m. 8th of Oct.

Moved to the old Mishler house Tuesday afternoon Oct. 11, 1892.

Moved on the Acon [?] farm Oct. 27th

Bought a piece of land Jan. 20th, 1893.

Moved Feb. 14th 1893 on our farm in Marion County, Or.

Following are some notes made after the Troyer family settled in Oregon.

Made garden the 15th and 16 of December 1892.

17th and 18th, hard frost.

Between 18th and 20, mercury way down to 25°. Had a big snow storm.

25th warm and rainy and rained very heavy at night.

26th mercury in the morning 52°, at noon 54, snow about all gone.

Cold weather from January the 15 until

January 31st, 1893 – mercury down to 20°. in the morning, raised to 30° during the day.

February 1st. Mercury down to 30°, snowing and blowing like a Mo. Blizzard. Mercury in the evening 32°. Snow 6 inches deep.

February 2nd. Mercury in the morning down to 30° and still snowing. Mercury in the Evening 39°

February 3. Mercury 30° in the morning. Raining 10 p.m. Mercury 40. Rained all day. Snow nearly all gone.

February 4th. Mercury in the morning 32. Sun shining brightly. 2 o'clock p.m. mercury 45; raining.

February 5. Mercury 30 in the morning, the ground covered with snow. Sun shining and and snowing all day.

February 6th. Mercury in morning 35°. Thawed all day; mercury in evening 45.

February 7th. Mercury 32 in the morning, 45 in the evening.

8th Mercury 30° in the morning; covered with snow. Sun shone all morning. Began raining 2 o'clock p.m. Mercury 43.

13. A bright day. Mercury 46° and frogs croaking in the evening.

14. 40°, foggy in the morning. Mercury 52 in the evening.

15. 46°, cloudy and sprinkled a little. In the evening 52°.

16. Mercury in the morning 48°, noon 56° and evening 52°. Sun shone bright all day.

Last day of August mercury up to 96° from 3 to 5 o'clock.

In 1893 Delilah sold eggs on occasion. Prices in January ranged from 16 cents to 37 cents a dozen. In May the price was either 16 or 20 cents; July, 18 to 22; August, 18; September, 20; and in December up to 35 cents.

In October of 1894 she sold some butter, some at 30 cents and some at 35 cents a pound.

They paid \$30 for a cow, \$3.00 for two pigs, a dollar for a rooster, \$1.25 for 5 bushels of pears one time and 70¢ another time for 2 bushel of pears. Other items on the same expense account include:

| | |
|-----------------|------|
| Blueberries.... | .65 |
| Prunes..... | .75 |
| Sugar..... | 1.00 |
| Yarn..... | .10 |
| Pan..... | .35 |
| Lard..... | .130 |
| Wallpaper..... | 1.45 |

Delilah (Yoder) Troyer did not have formal medical training but she had a knowledge of herbs and medicines and knew how to use them to benefit others and promote healing. Included in the little notebook she used to record her trips to Oregon are some notes about beneficial plants and herbs and also a couple of recipes. These are copied as follows.

Horseradish is used as a tonic for the digestion and to promote the secretion of the urine.

Oak a decoction of the inner bark is used as a gargle in sore throat and as an injection in cases of whites and good for diarrhea and night sweats.

Black cohosh is used in rheumatism and promotes menstruation.

Saffron is used as a gargle in sore throat and as a remedy for fever.

Nettles. The juice is used in cases of bleeding lungs, nose, bowels and urinary organs. A decoction can be made of the leaves or seed.

Linseed oil taken inward and applied to affected parts is good to cure eczema.

Also, to **remove ink stains**, soak the spots in sweet milk until the milk gets sour.

Recipes

SOAP

6 lbs. sal soda

3 lbs. lime

6 lbs. grease

Boil sal soda and lime in 6 gallons water until dissolved and let settle and use the clear brine.

SALVE

1 pound butter

3 handfull of ? (looks like p-h-shie)

3 handfull burdock root

3 handfull the inner bark of elder, should be of the first years growth

Fry the herbs in the butter until a light brown

WINE OF DANDELION

Take one gallon of blossoms put in a vessel. Pour one gallon of boiling water over all and let stand 3 days. Then add the rind of one lemon and rind of 3 oranges and boil 15 minutes. Pour in a vessel containing 4 pounds of sugar. Into this slice the oranges and lemon. When lukewarm put in 2 tablespoonsful of good yeast. Let stand one week; strain and bottle.

TOMATO CATSUP

1 gallon tomatoes, boiled and strained

2 tablespoonful salt

2 tablespoonful black pepper

2 tablespoonful each cloves, cinnamon, allspice

1 pod red pepper

1 pint of good vinegar

GINGERBREAD OR CAKE

1 gallon molasses

2 quarts sour milk

1 pound butterfat

6 oz. soda

4 oz. alum

Put the half of the milk and the soda together and let it soak till next morning. Put the other half of the milk and the other ingredients into a kettle and let come to a boil. Then put out into something and stir thick with flour. Next morning add soda and 3 tablespoonsful of ginger. Add enough [flour?] to handle well.

REUNION

The adult children of Amos P. and Delilah Troyer married and raised their families in Oregon. Most of them remained members of the Zion Mennonite Church. Daughter Alice married Edward Z. Yoder, born in West Liberty, Ohio, on December 12, 1909. Ed served as a minister at Zion for many years. In July their descendants gathered for a family reunion and below is a report of the reunion, written by Martha Yoder, a daughter-in-law of Ed and Alice.

EDWARD S. YODER & ALICE P. TROYER

Family reunion – July 18-21, 2002

What an exciting four days of reacquainting and remembering as the children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, etc., of Edward and Alice met and spent four intensive days of visiting and playing. They came from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Texas, Colorado, Alaska, Canada, Montana, Washington and Oregon.

Three of the seven children survive; namely, Charity, Marge and Kate. The seven children and their offspring (hereafter called tribes) were identified by the color of the T-shirts they wore.

Tribe 1: Pauline (PAUL and Flossie); Paul deceased. The five of their six children present were Perry, Janet, Jared, Jon and Mary

Tribe 2: Wolfer (CHARITY Wolfer, Laib); Wolfer and Laib both deceased. Five Wolfer children present: Ed, Merle, Jane, Jimmie and Joan.

Tribe 3: Laoni (LOIS and Charles Kreider), both deceased. Two children: Jan and Jerry.

Tribe 4: Edwardian (EDWARD Z., Jr. and Hattie); Edward Z., Jr., deceased. Four children: Sandy Joe, Judy, Pat and Joan.

Tribe 5: Sanfordian (SANFORD and Martha); Sanford deceased. Four chil-

dren: Eric, Chris, Jon Marc and Lois.

Tribe 6: Larson (MARJORIE and Dick); Dick deceased. Five children: Dickie, Kathie, Walter Allen, Doug and David.

Tribe 7: Miller (KATE and Warren). Three children: Edward Z., Edwin and Pam.

One hundred sixty plus were served at the banquet Saturday evening at the Zion church.

Our first get together July 18 was at El Rancho Monte Christo on Sauvies Island (Portland), home of Sanford's son Christian. Activities beginning at 1 p.m. included boating, water skiing, log rolling, etc., on the mighty Columbia River.

Then at 6 p.m. we had the big feed (whole hog roast with accompanying salads, bread and trimmings, Marionberries and ice cream). This was followed by a short program, welcoming address and special music. To culminate the day was a massive fireworks display sponsored by Jim Wolfer.

Day 2: A trip to the beach to hike and visit favorite spots, then a wiener roast at Lincoln City.

Day 3: Zion Mennonite Church. Charity's quilts were on display and there was a Gold Cookbook signing. Kate and Joan put on a family history slide show. There was a gathering in the old barn adjacent to the church, former home of Ed and Alice and their children, where many of the grandchildren played.

There was a pie contest and the banquet: barbecued salmon, mashed potatoes, peas, salad and pie.

Day 4: A worship service at Rock Creek historical church on Sconce Road included Sunday school by Kate, special music and singing, sermon by Jon Marc, sharing time, and closing with the hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." A picnic lunch followed on the lawn beside the church.

Till we meet again.

IN MEMORIAM

GRACE ESTHER ZOOK BARNICK

Grace Barnick died September 24, 2001, in Salem Hospital, Salem, Oregon. Grace was born December 12, 1935, at Orrstown, Pennsylvania, the daughter of Harvey Jacob and Velva Elizabeth (Oberholser) Zook. Grace and Ronald E. Barnick of Salem, Oregon were married June 28, 1975, at Air Hill Brethren in Christ Church, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Grace is survived by her husband, Ronald, and brothers, Harvey J. Zook, Jr., Avery W. Zook, and Wayne R. Zook, and nephews, nieces, and cousins.

Grace was interred at Air Hill Brethren in Christ Church Cemetery. Memorial Services were September 29, 2001, at Air Hill Church, where she was a member, and November 3, 2001, at Labish Center Community Evangelical Church, Salem, Oregon.

Grace had been a member of OMHGS. Grace and Ronald participated in the "State Fair Witness" of the Mennonite Central Committee at the Oregon State Fair, and subsequently, with the Oregon MCC Fall Festivals at Rickreall and Albany. Grace was treasurer for several Oregon MCC fall festivals and was congregational representative to MCC from her church. Grace was the Advocate for Mennonite Mutual Aid (MMA) for her congregation.

Grace was an active member of the former Pacific Highway Community Church (nee Labish Brethren in Christ Church), near Salem, until the congregation was closed March 31, 2000. Grace served as treasurer, deacon, Sunday School Secretary, and delegate to annual regional conference of the Brethren in Christ denomination.

Grace and Ronald have been interested in preserving history of the congregation which they attended since August 1978. They have facilitated the donation of items from the former Pacific Highway (Labish) congregation to the OMHGS Archives at Western Mennonite School, Salem.

(Continued from page 8) MORE STORIES AND SOURCES

time.

BROTHERS IN DEED TO BROTHERS IN NEED; compiled and edited by Clarence Hiebert; Faith & Life Press, Newton, KS.; A Scrapbook About Mennonite Immigrants from Russia 1870-1885. A wonderful collection of articles, letters, ship lists, and pictures. Many of them from THE HERALD OF TRUTH, the first religious periodical published by the (Old) Mennonites. 'The Herald of Truth' is significant for the 1870-1885 'immigration story' because it carries the most complete information of any one English periodical about relocation of Mennonites from Russia to North America.