

Hochstetler—Hostetler—Hochstedler
Family Newsletter

Jacob Hochstetler Family Association

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***Building a Chair for Jesus and Other Stories from
Our Genealogy of Faith, By Gerald J. Mast***

Part 3

Enos Stutzman: Bugles, Not Bayonets. A few weeks before the 2018 JHFA gathering, James Hershberger called me to ask whether I was going to tell any World War I conscientious objector stories in my talk. I hadn't been planning to, but that very evening as I was reading a bedtime story to my son Jorian from the book *Peace Be With You*, I noticed that this book included the story of a World War I conscientious objector named Enos Stutzman.¹ After a bit of research I discovered that Enos is the great-great-grandson of White Jonas and his wife Marie Gerber.² Enos was born in Indiana, but he ended up operating the feed mill in Hartville, Ohio for seventeen years and then became a school custodian in Colorado.³

A defining experience for Enos happened in August of 1918 while he was working in the fields of his family's

farm in Indiana and a draft notice arrived in the mail—summoning him to Camp Furston in Dodge City, Kansas. During World War I, there were no alternative service options available for conscientious objectors and so non-resistant draftees had to improvise their response to the demands made on their conscience.

Enos Stutzman's testimony is included among the three hundred some interviews with Mennonites about their experiences during World War I that were gathered by the Schowalter Oral History Project at Bethel College in Kansas. In his recorded testimony, Enos recalls his faith that God was going to deliver him from the quandary he was in. He prayed to God: "Lord, you see...how I want to get out of this. I do not want to kill. Please show me a way."⁴ After Enos was issued a rifle, he says that he felt awful. He made a declaration that "I'll never run that

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Profile of a Hospitable Home— Sam and Luella Hostetler

By Joyce Yoder Holmes

If you didn't know better, you might have thought him a gnarly old curmudgeon—a burly, balding bear of a man, he was passionate, gruff in manner but tender in heart. Sam's standard attire? Home-sewn flannel or wool shirts and denim overalls – "dashboards" he called them.

Sam Hostetler was a man of the earth, a mason by trade—a skilled craftsman of brick and stone. He gardened by the wisdom of the Farmer's Almanac and the signs of the seasons. He was a man of the field and stream.

Venison was a staple on his table. And, since some 70 percent of the earth is covered by water, he firmly believed God intended man to spend three-quarters of his time fishing. His rich belly-laugh readily accented his keen humor and wit. He smoked a pipe.

A large garden covering a full acre nourished his husky brood of five strapping sons and a handsome daughter as well as a fair share of the neighborhood. Gifts from and for the garden were annual rituals.

Each spring Sam ordered cases

of Texas sweet onions for his gardening neighbors. Come April, the rumble and snort of Sam's old rattle-trap Chevy truck heralded their much anticipated delivery. Each fall a braid of fine garlic cloves could be garnered from his shed. In between, his garden and orchard were ready resources of produce, fruits, herbs and flowers to family and friends alike.

Every year hundreds of quarts of fruits and vegetables were canned and shelved for winter feasting by his industrious wife, Luella, and him.

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And talk about feasting...Oh my goodness! The fine dining that household produced and served! Not fancy but nourishing and delicious. "Good eatin'" was the order of *every* day! Everything was fresh and home-processed from scratch: every sort of vegetable and fruit, salsa, applesauce, jams, fruit butters, bass, rockfish, tuna, home-cured and home-smoked meats and fish, home-made breads, pies, cookies, and cakes. It was all amazing in quantity and quality! Large gatherings were common and included fish feeds, clam bakes, potlucks and even an annual crawdad fest!

Sam and Luella's house was rarely locked. Drop-ins were encouraged and welcomed. We were expected to let

ourselves in the back door, whereupon we were invited to sit a spell or join in the work at hand. Always they had time to listen. Our cares and concerns were theirs. Laughter, and a big bear hug fortified the soul. Rare was the occasion when we left empty-handed, without some treat from the

kitchen or the garden. We always left richer than we came.

Ever a non-conformist, Sam had little tolerance for religiosity and churchianity. But he loved his Lord Jesus Christ, was a student of the Word, and hosted a Monday night Bible study in his home for decades. His door was open to all comers—a refuge for family, friends, neighbors, misfits, ragamuffins, seekers, and way-faring strangers. The Living Bible made God's Word approachable to seasoned saint and ignorant new-bee alike. Theology and life were grappled with in a pragmatic way: "You got a rock in front of you; you gonna step on it or stumble over it?" "It's one of God's principles: for something to



Luella (nee Hansen) and Sam Hostetler. Sam died in 2013. Luella now lives in Hope Village, Canby, Oregon.

live, something else has to die." If someone fell asleep, he counted it a compliment, assured that his guest was comfortable. Each Bible study ended in a standing circle of hand-held prayer, that big man's man lifting our sorrows and thanksgiving reverently and sincerely, often with tears, to his Heavenly Father. And when it was done, "All God's kids said, 'Amen!'"

Sam was a delightful, rich source of practical wisdom and humor. How do you cut up a deer or a side of pork? "So it fits in the pan!" How do you cure a ham? "Two parts salt, one part brown sugar, pepper to gray." How do you get tomatoes to ripen? "Stop watering the first of August." And

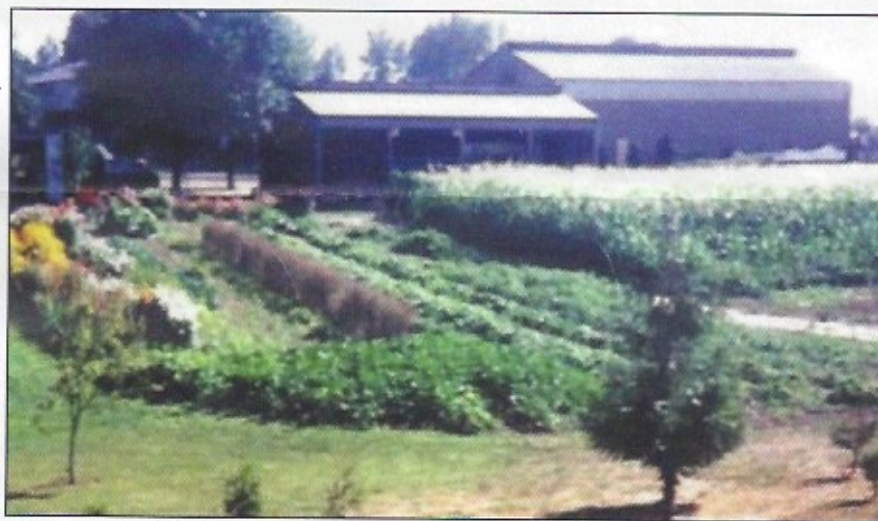
oh, to hear again the clever turn of phrase, the word play, and the classic telling of "Rindercella and her mugly other!"

Sam and Luella provided their guests a safe harbor, an atmosphere of love and laughter, warm fellowship over good food, and a source of physical and emotional comfort,

practical wisdom and spiritual encouragement.

An old curmudgeon? No. A paradigm of Christian rural hospitality. ¶

Joyce Yoder Holmes, descendant of Fannie Kurtz Yoder 6848-HHH [sic] edition 1952. Sam Hostetler descended from Sam Hostetler, Sr, son of Daniel D. Hostetler, DJH 6153, or of Family No. 2086, in Descendants of David J. and Magdalena Hochstetler, 3rd edition. This article was submitted by son Royce Hostetler, Forest Grove, Oregon.



The Hostetler's acre-garden, near Hubbard, Oregon, nourished both family and friends with a bountiful harvest of fruits and vegetables.