

DANVILLE, PA.

Jan. 11--The weather here follows a pattern. It is around zero for several days, then moderates a little and snows an inch or so, then gets bitterly cold again.

What do you do when the water does not come? On New Years Day our eldest son called and said the water would not come. I told him to call the man who installed the pump. He had tried but could get no answer.

His well is almost 200 feet deep and the pump is down in the water, and the weather was very cold, so you could hardly blame the pump man for paying no attention to his phone. Well, before the day was over there was a new pump in the well and \$500 less in the bank account.

I was much impressed with Warren Fussner's article in the Budget from Chester Hill, O. Das hat mich aw-gehemelt, nostalgia. You see Warren comes from the "English" folks and he liked the Amish way of life, and he lives that way. Water does not run uphill for him, it has to walk on two legs, for he said he draws it up with a bucket. For us we turn on a spigot, and the water runs even up on the second floor.

We also have four rooms and a bath, while he has 4 rooms and a path. How well do I remember the old out house. It certainly could not be called a bathroom, for when you lifted up that lid, with the cold wind coming up at you with that odorifouous premonition, you did not feel like taking a bath. In the winter time it was cold, and in the summer time, the bumblebee liked it too.

Things are different now, at our house, we have central heat, in basement is an oil burner, that starts burning as soon as the sensor calls for heat, we don't have to do anything, except write out checks for the oil. And if the furnace doesn't run we can do very little, this is one of the penalties of modern living.

What I want to say is, that regardless of whether we have

a bath, or a path; this is not an end in itself. Peace and tranquility of mind, security for time and for eternity, is our object.

Therefore the bath, or the path, is not the determining factor in our social security, or spiritual security. Warren

Fussner does prove to us that we do not have to leave modern America to live a quiet simple life; apparently he does that right in the midst of his neighbors who are fussing, and fretting and fuming when the water does not come. Warren's water never comes. He has to fetch it.

As a whole were folks more blessed back then when things were less modern? Has the modern life brought us happiness? No not at all, for either modern or, or ancient living standards, can provide that which man seeks for; in fact the Bible says, the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much, but the abundance of the rich will not suffer them to sleep.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Jan. 18--"Sterben iss der Schopfer's schluss, der-youngie kann, der altie muss." Which interpreted in English means "Dying is the Creator's key; the young can, the old must."

Yes, we have been to another funeral. One of the many children of the deacon Jake Peachey has taken her flight to that other realm.

Her name was Mary; the widow of Stephen W. Zook, who died back in 1963. Steve was the son of White Hall Mose Zook. He and his wife raised a large family, and they are all respectable citizens.

Steve's went along with the John Zook group back when the great division was, back in 1918, over the meidung issue; which back then was by far the largest group, but because they did not have that protection around them, they lost so many of their offspring, so that today the meidung group has a larger group. (The word meidung is well known to most, but to the rest) let me explain: It is the German word for Boycott such as is taught in the scripture in 1 Corinthians 5:11, and many other places, that if a man by his life proves that he no longer believes what he once did in relation to the purity of the gospel, and the control it has over his life, and conduct, he shall be expelled from the assembly, and the normal social communication shall be denied him. This has caused much misunderstanding, for few can agree on just how to interpret this scripture.

Now back to the funeral of Mary Zook. She was a notable woman with qualities that few can match. I spoke to her oldest son; Jess, and he said he never saw his mother to be angry. Certainly she reprovved and punished her children for violations; but she did it with their good in mind, and not her own vindictiveness.

She had her funeral services planned. Her church hitherto always used the German language in their services; but they are now slowly changing

and she wanted her funeral service to be done with the English Language. Which was well, for people attend that cannot understand any German, and furthermore her many grandchildren, and great-grandchildren (although most of them can speak Penna. Dutch) high German language is hard for them to understand for it is never used except in church.

She was 85 years old. Dan King, her pastor preached the funeral sermon.

She also chose the scripture topic for the sermon, which was that chapter of John 14 where he speaks of the many mansions which he is going to prepare for those of his own.

They did not sing at the funeral itself, but at the grave, they did; for they buried her the old way. The congregation looked on as eight of her grandchildren shoveled dirt down on grandmother's coffin; while the rest stood there singing until she was covered over with dirt.

Then there was a meal prepared for those who cared to stay; at the church basement, and a very good social time followed, for at such occasions many that have not seen each other for years come together.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Jan. 25--This winter was much colder here than normal; in fact it was colder in Orlando, Fla. than in Alaska, at times. But we had very little snow. We are hoping for more water to fall on our land, for springs that were unknown to fail are failing.

Near Cincinnati, Ohio, on Jan. 13, the crankshaft of my truck broke, for no apparent reason except for metal fatigue.

My nephew Ezra Renno, has been in the Pinecraft, Fla. area for several years. He has been in and out of the state hospital, at Arcadia, Fla. He has been after me to come and visit him this winter.

This break in my machine, then caused me to go. For I came home on the bus, and the price to come home is almost \$70.00 one way. But I could buy a 7-day ticket and go anywhere for \$157.00.

I came home, went to Aunt Mary's funeral, and the next day started for Florida, at noon. Was on board the bus for 30 hours or less.

I arrived at Arcadia, at 10 a.m. but the hospital is about 6 miles from town, and there is no taxi service there, so I hitchhiked. Well, not really, for there was no hitching, it was all hiking. Nobody stopped.

The day before I was very hungry for oranges, and I saw very many but you can't stop a bus and get them. The trees were really loaded. And as Arcadia is in the orange growing section, there are very many trucks hauling them to the juice plant. A few fell off the truck, and they are for the hitch-hikers. I had my fill of oranges.

How was Ezra? He is just about normal, and is responsible for his actions, but has not yet learned to live with himself. The reason he is in the state hospital again, is, as he says, is because his roommate gave him beer to drink. He is constantly under heavy depressant drugs, so that he is fit to live among men. But he said the beer which his roommate gave him upset him, and

as he was driving along in a car with one of those who care for him Ezra wanted to stop but the driver refused to stop; and as usual, if he can't have his way, Ezra got angry, and began to hit his friend. He then stopped by called the police, who took him to the hospital at Bradenton. By this time Ezra was real angry, and did what he could to make everyone near him aware that he is displeased. He was fit to be tied, and that is what they did. They shackled him around his legs to the bed, and locked him in a private room. From there they took him to the mental institution at Arcadia.

I sat with him for 2 hours, and tried to reason with him, and he is was rational, and reasonable; but did not agree with my philosophy that he is wrong to blame anyone but himself for his condition. He does not consider himself guilty at all, but claims if others would treat him right and let him have his way at all times, things would be different.

The drugs are having an effect on him, for he has trouble speaking plainly. He is heavy smoker, and this works against him, and he knows it but does not want to quit, and won't.

His worse condition is the spiritual, for he has been baptised three times; every time someone comes around with a better method of baptism he buys it. And someone got him to confess that he sins, and ask to be saved, and he did all they told him to and now says he is on his way to heaven, and regardless of how he lives, and how many scriptural proofs he has to the contrary, he says he will be alright. Until a man admits he is sick and needs help, it is next to impossible to help. They that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick. If you are sick and don't admit it, then it's bad.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Feb. 8—My travels this week took me to the hills of Kentucky. The Kentucky blue grass country, where the thorobred horses are.

In the area near Harrodsburg, I was impressed with the miles of stone fence that was there. It was slave labor that did the work, I am told. In looking at the fields, you do not notice any stones on top, but they must have been there, or else hauled them in to build the fence. It is laid up with flat stones, about 18 inches wide, and 3 feet high, with the top stones laid upon edge, to give it a rough forboding top, to keep the cattle from going over. The walls are in excellent condition, looking as though they were just recently laid. It looks like flag stones, all flat, and not very large. In those fields are very many cattle, and also fields with horses.

I have had correspondance with Fred Zeurcher, of Windsor, Ky. and wanted to meet the man. They are both natives of Lancaster Co., Pa. and were asked at one time to take their Mennonite neighbor to Penn Valley. This is the Team Mennonites. And their way of life so enthused them that they decided they would like to live like this too.

They made application, and finally obtained the right to church membership. But there was one major barrier, the language, they could not understand the Pa. Dutch. In the process of time they moved to Ky. and joined in with the group there where Jake Oberholtzer now lives.

There are a few things to be ironed out yet, for Fred thinks if it is wrong to have a phone, then it is also wrong to use one. But in this age it is next to impossible never to use a phone, or to ride a car. But he thinks if it is wrong for one man then it must be wrong for all.

He said a great burden rolled off of him when he got rid of his car. Due to misunderstandings, he finally got a car again, but he is again

speaking of getting rid of it, and just go all the way back to the very simple life. It will be very difficult to pay for a farm, with just a few cows and pigs and chickens. You could probably make a living, but if you have to buy the land at today prices, it is about impossible to live so primitively. We will see.

Fred lives on top of a plateau, and many of them live down in the valley, and there was no road from the top to the bottom, so they made a road, and we went down that road. This is some experience, to go down along the side of a mountain, and look almost straight down over, and no guard rails; it's really more of a horse and buggy road.

We found Fred over at the Deacon's place, Levi Newswanger, getting a wagon ready. The old boxings wore out, and it was hard to grease, so he put other axles under it, and intends to put ball bearings in it. I told him it won't work, but we'll see.

They live very simply. His wife even does some of the wood splitting. No running water, not even a pump, but from a drilled well. They use a narrow bucket that fits down in, with a valve in the bottom. When it hits the water, it opens up, and the water runs in. When they pull it up with the windlass, it closes. All the water must be obtained this way, and no modern bathroom, just a path. The clothes must be washed on a wash board. They live in a small house, heated with wood; it was very primitive, and seemed like we were back in the good old days.

We were there over supper time, and it was getting dark; but no light was flipped on, not even a bright gas light, just a simple kerosene lamp that burns about a quart in a week. I enjoyed it greatly, eating supper, in the semi-darkness, and discussing the great issues of the day. His wife claims such a dim light has it advantages; it does hide a lot of dirt.

But one thing that they were very modern in was the food, nothing primitive about this. I doubt if Reagan had such a meal. She called it chicken soup, just simple chicken soup, but that was an understatement, for it was not a soup, and the chicken had not just flown over top, but

landed right in the pot. Besides chicken meat, there was corn, and other goodies even hard boiled egg slices. I never had such a meal of chicken soup.

Freds moved back about 60 years, from the modern way to the primitive way of life, and he says it gives him much pleasure. Sure its hard, and you have to scratch, but if you are happy and contented, what more can you ask for. The Dutch adage is, "Oney Batter hat man nix," "Without any bother you have nothing;" and this is about the place where Fred is, there are very few things to go wrong, mechanically, for they do not exist.

But he has the basic necessities of life, a roof over his head, a table to eat from, and a bed to lay on; do you need anything more?

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 15--A new thing that is plagueing our society is hog lung. You know what black lung is? Those who have spent years in the coal mines breathe the black coal dust; and the lungs cannot work it off effectively, and the dust slowly settled, and stays in the lungs.

The lungs are made up of millions of tiny air sacs, which put the oxygen we breathe into the blood cells; without which we can live only a few minutes. And if many of these air sacs get plugged with black coal dust, from years of accumulation, the breathing becomes difficult. Cigarette smoking also has such an effect, and those who do arc welding, and inhale much smoke also get contaminated lungs and will have trouble getting enough oxygen into their blood stream. Miners asthma its called. But we are all different and some can get away with it and it never troubles them.

And hog lung works the same way, those who work with the modern hog farms are susceptible to it. It used to be that the hog pen was a dirty place; but not anymore, for the modern way to raise hogs is in confinement, their whole life. From the moment they are born, to the time they are slaughtered, they never see the light of day, for their whole environment is controlled.

To enter these hog barns, you must shed the clothes you wear, and take a shower from head to foot, and put other clothes on, that are uncontaminated. Then you are ready to enter the hog pen. You come out by taking another shower. My friend Amos Hoover has such a set

up in Snyder Co. operated by his sons. He is a hog farmer near Denver, Pa. and has his hogs running out, but his sons are trained different and do theirs the modern way.

Now when you raise hogs the old way, there is not much danger of getting your lungs contaminated with hog dust, but those using total confinement, are those who get this fine dust put off by the hogs, into their lungs, and it's called hog lung.

No matter how modern you get, and how handy you have things, nature is still the same way it was when Adam left the Garden. The humans are the same and I suppose the pigs are too. They put off a very fine dust from their hide. It's a part of their nature, but if you get it into your lungs and have not the capacity, nor the chemical balance to rid yourself of it, this dust will block up those air sacs and will eventually take your breath away. John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Feb. 23--The weather here has been much warmer than normal. The normal high is 38, but it has been in the high 50's. We like it that way; the frost is about all out and we are getting good rainfall, which can now soak through and replenish our low water table.

We went visiting last Sunday and attended the services at McVeytown, Pa. called the Gospel Light Fellowship. They had a strange preacher; his name was Jonas Bontrager.

This Gospel Light Fellowship comes from Lancaster Co. from the Melita Fellowship, which seceded from the Old Order Amish about 20 years ago. It is today a fairly large group and growing fast. At McVeytown, they are having an official church division. Not as is so often the case, where misunderstanding and accusations develop, but the building is full, and rather than build bigger and make a super church, they are taking a lesson from the bees. When the hive gets too full, they make another Queen, and a group leaves the hive and go abroad where they seek for lodging and begin a new work.

These folk are sending their pastor, Abner Kauffman and a deacon and several more families out to Bedford Co., near the town of Bedford, and there they are planning to begin a new work, called the Christian Light Fellowship.

John R. Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Mar. 1--The farm store at Jersytown, Pa. owned by Harold Hurst and David Martin, which has been in operation for 5 years as a partnership, is presently undergoing a change. Expense cutting is the pass word for today's economy, and it has become necessary even in this community. With two owners they must share equally, but with only one owner, a hired employee can be had more efficiently.

It was a mutual agreement. David is preparing to become a salesman for a certain kind of electric welder with which you can weld about any kind of metal, without being a professional welder. And this should go over well with farmers who are also in the process of cutting budgets, they can now do their own repair work, which is constantly called for in farming.

David Martin is the son of Edwin Martin, of Denver, Pa. a preacher in the Eastern, Pa. Mennonite Church. Harold Hurst is the son of John Hurst of this area, who is in the building product business. Both came into this area when a new Mennonite settlement was getting established in the area.

Rudy Hostetler, of Washingtonville, Pa. area has sold his farm to Mennonite man, Zimmerman, by name, for the Martindale church, and Rudy has made public sale of his chattels, and is moving to Kinsman, Ohio. I understand, his new location is yet in the state of Pa., but right on the Ohio Line, so he will live in two states. He has purchased a farm there. There is a new Order Amish church there.

Rudy is the son of the late J. L. Hostetler, who comes from the Bib Valley, of the most plain sect, called the Nebraska People. From there

they moved to Enon Valley, Lawrence Co., Pa. and from there they moved east to Selinsgrove, where Noah became a preacher. Noah is the son of J. L. This was under the jurisdiction of the church in Selinsgrove which began back in '47.

Rudy's wife Franey, who occasionally writes to the Budget, is the daughter of Steve Hostetler, who also comes from the Milroy area, of the plain sect. This girl, then unmarried, worked for us for a time and also for Kore Peachey's, and we became attached to her, so we were at the disposal sale yesterday. It is also a bit sad, for me, for I don't like to see the changes being made; I somehow wish things could remain as they are, but that is not possible, you have to go along with the change, but that does not keep you from wishing.

Some folks were there from Oakland, who used to live in the Selinsgrove area, the son of Clarence Yoder of Somerset Co. He said he did not like to leave this area, and he fain would have remained, but his better half did not share his fancies.

Also Dan Peachey's, who is my wife's brother, along with Kore Peachey's cousins, came to the sale and were over at our house for supper.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Mar. 9--We stopped in Franklin Co., Ill. to visit Amos Brubaker. He is the son of John Brubaker, from York Co., Pa. and was here at Danville, during the draft doing his V.S. He lived here for quite a few years. When the time was that the Eastern Mennonites bought land in Ill. he took Horace Greely's advice and the young man went west. He has been there for five years, and seems very well to do, and content.

The farm buying is over, and if there were farms for

sale the price would now be astronomical. Those who bought when they did can now consider themselves very wealthy in holdings. It is very easy to farm there. They do not need to plow with the mouldboard; just go over it with the disk several times and it's ready to plant.

Things are done in a big way. They handle 10 acres to our one here in the east. We have only small garden plots. They have fields, with big tractors, and 20-foot disks. Amos says it takes about 1 hour to cover ten acres. Thus in two hours he has 10 acres ready to plant. But a thousand acres is about normal farm size there. The farms are not that large, only about 360 acres, or half a section, but the thing is to rent land; and that price is going up too. You can expect to pay around 90 dollars per acre just for the privilege of farming an acre. Thus if you rent a thousand acres you pay \$90,000.

It was very wet when we were there and with the flat land the water has no place to go. It just stands, or lays.

There are two eastern Pa. churches there, one at Ewing, and one at Orchardville, about 35 miles apart. They have separate services on Sunday mornings, and the mid-week meetings they go together. This was Wednesday, and we went to prayer meeting. We were late, and John Sensenig was having the devotional exercise. John is deacon at White Oak but owns a farm out there and his son who is also a pastor, just recently ordained, lives on it.

It was quite a surprise for them to see me walk into their service so unexpectedly, and it was reported that Oliver Hess almost fell off the bench.

Oliver had a poultry operation here in Lancaster Co. and had 3 sons he wanted to keep busy, so they went west, and began farming in a big way.

For me I am content to stay here in the east, and do things in a small way. John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Mar. 23--Chester Bitterman, a young man from Lancaster, Pa. was unknown to most of us, until recently when his name made national headlines. He was with the Wycliff Bible Translators in Columbia, South America, when he has kidnapped and held as a hostage, and his captors threatened to kill him if they, the Bible Translators, do not stop what they are doing in the country.

These translators are in many countries, and their main work is to take the spoken language of the tribes, and put them in writing and teach the people to read. There are so many different dialects and for many they are just spoken. They cannot be written for there is no alphabet, and even if there were the people cannot read nor write. The various governments under which the translators work welcome them into their countries, because they want their people to be able to communicate better through reading and writing.

The Wycliff Translators main objective is not just to teach folks to read, but to translate the Word of God, and thus teach them the Gospel.

But there are many revolutionaries in many of these Latin American countries who say they are for the poor people, and they claim to take things from the rich and give it to them; and since the nature of man is always looking to get something for nothing the people listen. These revolutionaries do not want the Bible Translators in their countries, for they do not want their people to get an education, for you cannot control a people who are educated. Only and ignorant and superstitious people can be lured by vain promises of success in the future.

Therefore they took Chester Bitterman and held him as an hostage, hoping by that to get rid of the work of the

Translators, but these translators cannot be scared. They claim to have a Divine mission, and will not be sidetracked. If one of their own gets caught and held, they do not negotiate; anyone who goes to work for them knows before hand that it is a dangerous job, and may cost their life, but those who feel a Divine compulsion can't be bought, for their life is not more dear to them than the reward of a life with a purpose; for such a life is always that which is spent for the benefit of others.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

March 22--If you have some free time and want to get paid, plus get a little spending money, you might go out into the wide world and try to locate a trailer loaded with about 50 thousand dollars worth of aluminum ingots, although it probably is empty by now. Ingots are those things that look like it has been poured into a kettle, then taken out, it is pure aluminum, ready to heat, and to make into whatever you want.

George Transfer and Rigging Company, is the one that I have my truck tractor leased to. They have an office out near Rockford, Ind. near Owensboro, Ky. and some driver loaded the trailer at Alcan Aluminum, and parked it at this site along the highway. Someone probably that knew some inside information, had it all planned, and came by with a tractor, and hooked up to that trailer, and made off with it.

They offer a \$50,000.00 reward for anyone who gives clues that will lead to the recovery of that valuable aluminum, and the trailer. They have had trailers stolen before, and the chances of finding any of the stolen goods are almost nil.

It is springtime again, and that means lambs will be born, if you have sheep. We have 8 acres of pasture, on which the sheep feed, it is on the side of a hill towards the road, and a beautiful sight for folks to drive by and look at all the sheep, somewhat like a zoo. There are those who drive out from Danville, just to look at them; especially grandparents with their grandchildren.

My wife loves animal husbandry, and makes a very good shepherdess. She has much better success with the sheep than I did; all but two have had twins so far. We have 20 lambs at present, and only 14 ewes in all. John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

March 29--1981 . . . And it came to pass; it can only happen once in our lifetime; it can happen to others, but yesterday it happened to us. Our only daughter was married.

We rejoiced at her birth, for we had sons but no daughters, until she was born; and born in our own bedroom. We watched her grow, from babyhood to childhood, and to youth, to adulthood; she said she was never going to get married; she just can't stand these dirty men around the house, they don't come to eat on time; and you know all the rest of the acts that men perform, that are not to the fancies of women. She held out to her vows for a while, but as we knew would happen, if the right man comes along, she would change.

It brings nostalgia; and you inwardly resent the change that takes place; and of the time when your children were all at home you cherish, but when they begin to leave, it is not long until they are all gone; and they won't be back, in the same sense that they were before. This reminds us of the song of Moses; Das machet Dine zorn, das vir so fergehen, un dine grim das vir so platzlich dahin missen; which means this causes you wrath, that we are so fragile, and your anger that we so suddenly pass away.

She works at the Poly-clinic hospital at Harrisburg, an L.P.N. She was married to David Lepley, from Snyder Co. He also works at Harrisburg, for a large drug firm, as a computer programmer. She is 24 and he is 23. They met at the Middletown area Bible church, where they both attend. The wedding was held here, at the old Rush Presbyterian church, built in 1856, and where the Danville Mennonite church

met until they built their new one. Their pastor Joseph Pagano, officiated; he is of Italian extraction, his grandfather coming over here when he was 7 years old, near Johnstown, N.Y. coming from Sicily. He was raised a Roman Catholic, where he remained until the age of 25 then, he claims to have been saved.

The reception was held at Riverside, at the St. Peters Methodist church where about 110 invited guests gathered. Tom Grassels and Harold Hursts were the cooks.

The spiritual part was the best; the preacher, had a very well documented homily, stressing the Divine importance of marriage.

The social aspect was good too, for we all have that need, and at weddings we all lay our denominational preferences down, and become a part of the human family; reminding us that denominations are man made, and there will be none in the next life.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

April 12--We were to a school supper recently. The reason we were notified is because my good wife made some pies for their bake sale.

This is a parochial school, not sponsored by any one denomination, but some concerned folks decided it is time to have their own education for their children, since the public schools were not producing the desired results. They found a man who claims his life calling is in the field of Biblical oriented education; he operates the school. It is the new type school where children are not in grades as such, but each goes as fast as they are able; for instance one exceptionally bright girl is only seven, and about the fifth grade level.

This school provided a dinner, for which you had to pay and afterward the children gave a program, to show what they had learned. There are about 30 in attendance, from all ages. What impressed me was the junior class repeating the 3rd chapter of Daniel, by memory.

I came home through Allensville, Pa. I used to enjoy stopping at Mill Creek, where the Millers had a Diner, and oft' meet friends there. But the Millers have now sold out, and it's not quite like it used to be. At Allensville, there is now the Village Restaurant, owned by Mennonites.

Ross Metzler was for a long time a Mennonite preacher at Mattawanna, Pa., and his descendants now operate this restaurant. His son is married to "Melligan" Yone's daughter Ruth; she operates the restaurant during the day, and her husband works across the lot at the planing mill and comes over and helps after his work. Also Marvin Peachey,

the son of White Hall Jess, lives on the home farm, and operates a dairy. He is married to Ross Metzler's daughter, and she also works at this restaurant. These are both middle aged couples whose children are well on to maturity. I had to introduce myself, and did not know them either but it did not take long until we found many things of common interest. And it really does not take long at all to get acquainted with a descendant of Melligan. Just try Sam for instance, who believes in minding his own business, and is not slack to remind you to do the same.

Ruth's brother Lee is now Vice-President of Eastern Mennonite College. No, they do not dress like Mennonites used to, but they have the same Mennonite hospitality; on the inside they are unchanged.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

April 19--We were to our sons place over the weekend, at Telford, Pa. This is the Mrs. Joe Renno that writes to the Budget. The area is very congested, with very many new houses springing up over the last decade; it is the very old mixed with the new, for the Germans settled in the area, and built those stone houses and barns.

For dessert we had potted plants! In each pot there was a green plant, and where the plant stood it just looked like rich soil, in which the plants thrive in. We were informed to start eating our dessert. Upon closer examination the plants were plastic, and the soil in which they stuck was just black chocolate cookies, ground up, and underneath that was ice-cream.

They live in the same house with the Russel Moyers, and he has now reached the age of threescore, and ten-plus, and his philosophy is that willful waste makes woeful want, hence he is reluctant to put away anything that may possibly have some use in the future.

Russels were married during the Herbert Hoover administration, and the great financial crash of the 30's. You see they were brought up in poverty, and they cannot learn to live with the present wasteful age. They will not leave much of this world's goods for their heirs to quarrel over; but they will leave a good Mennonite heritage. Russel has seen many religious battles, and is quite polemic in the defense of the Mennonite faith.

We also saw an unusual Greenhouse establishment. The owner, is a young man in his early 20's, not married, and begun with a small plastic tent, now has two large tents, with thousands of plants. I have never seen a greenhouse that was so clean and neat looking. The floor was lined with gravel walkways. Even a large banana tree stood in the middle, with giant leaves

to the roof. He showed us a picture of it bearing a bunch of bananas. After bearing the plant dies, and new plants spring up from the stump.

This young man is the grandson of the Russel Moyers, the son of Roland Behman. He is engaged to be married soon, and the way things look from here, they have a promising future, for not just anyone has the capability to make plants grow after this fashion.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

May 5--My recent itinerary included the annual seminar of the Lancaster Conference Historical Society.

There are many who are members of this society because they think its a worthy cause, but only a small percent of the members attend the meetings. About 60 people were at this one.

Myron Deitz addressed the whole meeting in the morning then there were usually three classes held at the same time, and you took what you wanted. I listened to Myron discuss the history of the Old Order River Brethren; so called to distinguish them from the Brethren in Christ. These divided when the issue of church buildings, and later the Automobile came along. The Brethren in Christ also officially accepted the doctrine of entire sanctification, but the others did not. The River Brethren also believed the doctrine for which Martin Boehm was excommunicated from the Mennonite church earlier, although he was never a part of them; he began the United Brethren. The doctrine was the knowledge of salvation in the present tense. The Mennonite did not accept this until about 100 years later.

It is interesting to note the change that took place. The doctrine which is taken for granted today in the Mennonite church is the same for which folks were excommunicated yesterday.

I also listened to a lecture given by Earl, the custodian at the Hans Herr house. The Mennonites that came here to begin a new life here in North America, did not have much going for them. They took a piece of land that had the biggest trees on it, some of them 6 to 8 feet across the stump; and began first to build a shelter, then to clear the land to raise crops. They did not plan to make any

money, they just wanted to survive. They had no money, each family was a self-sustained unit; they raised flax and hemp to get fibers to make clothing. Axes and saws were very valuable tools. One man inherited a third-part of a cross-cut saw. Then at times after they thought they had things going the Indians would come and take what they had and if they survived that they could start all over again. We live very much like Kings did in those days, compared to the hardships they endured; but do you know what? They were a contented people; it's the simple folk that enjoy life, the abundance of the rich will not suffer them to sleep. They were victims of circumstances, and so are we.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

May 17--I picked up a load of sign posts at Marion, O. bound for Port Washington, N.Y. Coming in toward Akron, O. a loud noise was heard in one of the rear axles. Upon checking I found that grease was coming out and the rear end was hot. Fortunately I was near an exit and an empty lot and parked the load there and asked for the nearest Mack Garage. They said 5 miles down the road. Providentially they had a gear box to put in, one they had just rebuilt the day before.

I called my friend Ernest Weaver at Hartville, who happened to have the day off. He came to the garage and took me to his home. It just so happened that my nephew Ezra Renno was in the area and Ernest first got him and brought him along. He is staying at Levi Millers for a while. Ezra is tolerable until he decides to go without his medicine which keeps him too tired to start any unusual activities. It would not be nice to feel old and worn out constantly, but if he does not feel this way, he

gets strange ideas; so much so that he imagines he is the Lord and wants everyone to obey his every whim, and if they don't he can get violent.

I wanted to see this great restaurant which Howard Miller has opened at the Flea Market. It has a staging area, or marshalling yard, for usually around meal time the place gets so full that folks have to stand in line, and the line gets long; at times it can take an hour before you can get to a table. No, this is not boring to stand in line, for you are busy watching the people.

The food is delicious at this restaurant and it must be for the crowds it draws and as a special attraction it has Amish waitresses. In fact, the whole Hartville area was Amish at the turn of the century. They came in from Lawrence Co., Pa.

We visited with Urie Kanagy too. He is 11 months older than I; we were raised in the same Amish denomination. Urie has fer peers; for he takes his Christianity very serious; it's a part of his everyday life, his heart is just full of it.

The time was too short, but my truck was ready to go by 5. They also took a personal check for \$2500.00 which is unusual from a perfect stranger, but I suppose they thought a man is known by the company he keeps. John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

May 26--Ess kann for nacht leicht anders werden, als ess am freeien morgiens var, den viel ich lab auf deser erden lebt ich in steter todt's gefar.

On May 19, 1981 it had gone very good, I unloaded a load of roofing at Sidney Center, N.Y. and hurried back to Towanda to get a load for Union, N.J. I stopped at the terminal at Lounsberry, NY and got the man to tighten my fan belts. They squealed. The cab of my truck is about 7 feet square, sets over the engine, and is lifted by a hydraulic jack. I was letting this down in place, but was intent upon watching how it came down because it was hitting the air pipe at times. So intent was I that I paid no attention to the position of my head. It was under the cab just a little, and over the top of a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch iron rod. Very slowly the cab came down, I had my hand on the control, but too late the cab touched my head, and I drew it down, but the rod was under my chin; I wanted to stop the cab, but pulled the lever the wrong way; and it came down on my back with the rod under my neck.

I could not call for help, I could not even get a wisp of air, nobody saw it happen. There were men in the garage, but they were back of my truck; I thought to myself, O Lord, is this it! The answer would have been yes, but it was not to be. The blood was shut off from my head and I lost consciousness; the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor beside my truck, and a man said you will be alright, the ambulance is coming.

I thought I do not need an ambulance! But on second thought I was so very weak, I could scarcely raise a finger;

neither could I utter one word, my voice box was crushed. They asked me who I was and from where. I could answer them nothing, except shake my head. The dispatcher was there and told them.

They took me to the Wilson Hospital at Johnson, City, N.Y. There they tested, and X-rayed and found no bones broken, nor any damage to my neck; but my esophagus and wind pipe were both ruptured; I was put to bed and given no food or water for about 5 days, but they put a tube thru my nose to my stomach, and there I got nourishment. Never did I miss my food and drink so much.

I was at the hospital a week, and am now at home, but will be out of service for a few weeks, as I did not realize how weak you can get in a matter of minutes, but if you rair and blood is suddenly shut off from your head; it takes a long time to get your strength back.

So instead of an obituary to read you can read of the experience. I've discovered I have many friends, and the folks at the hospital were very kind and considerate, more than professionals, but real human beings who showed they care for you. John Renno.

DANVILLE, PA.

June 1--The weather is on the dry side. To the southwest of us in the Big Valley, good rainfall is reported.

The same day I came home from the hospital, our youngest son began to develop a pain in his side. The next day he had trouble walking straight. As we have faith in Chiropractic, this is where he went first, and that Dr. said this is appendicitis, you must go to the hospital. They operated at once but it had not ruptured yet; and he was back home again in 3 days, now we are both unable to do any work. He is 19.

I have discovered I have many friends and well-wishers through this experience. Some of the more astute claimed this is a loud warning from God for me to mend my ways. They offer their choice of denomination, as a means to do so.

I was keenly reminded of the man Job, who suffered a much more serious calamity, even as much as having to bury his ten children, as well as suffer the loss of thousands, perhaps millions of dollars worth of personal property. His friends came to pay him a visit, and they wisely concluded that Job had it coming, for nobody ever suffered such a calamity being innocent. They strongly admonished him to get right with God, and he would again experience the blessings of material success, as well as physical.

But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of any man, yea I judge not my own self, for I know nothing by myself yet am I not hereby justified, but he that judgeth me is the Lord. 1 Cor. 4:3.

I do not have the answers as to why certain things take place. Am reminded of my roommate at the hospital; a man 6 years younger than I, with a serious bone cancer, not expected to live long, he wondered why some folks can live a promiscuous life and they have good health, and are strong, while he always tried to be fair and provide for his family in decency, yet this has befallen him. John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

June 20--The Bible says Jerusalem shall be a burdensome stone; and it surely is. The U. N. security council unanimously condemned that action of Israel in bombing a nuclear plant in Iraq. But how they could do it so quickly, and hit their target precisely, is a modern day miracle. Iraq is 600 miles away, and for them to know the exact spot, and to drop a bomb and not miss reminds you of those Benjaminites who could sling a stone at a hair and not miss.

Another miracle is that the Jews have never lost their identity; No matter where they go, or how hard some try to exterminate them, they still maintain their identity. It is embarrassing for those who say God does not regard the Jews above any other nationality. It still reads that the Deliverer shall come out of Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob. The public schools are in serious difficulty, there are not enough students anymore, and many teachers will have to seek employment elsewhere, and they thought their job was secure. Abortion and birth control have eliminated many children, who other wise would now go to school. Sin is a reproach to any people.

The Hartleton Mennonite church has had an ordination recently; and put Elam Metzler in the ministry. He is not a young man anymore. He moved up from down country years ago, and was with the Milmont group until the Hartleton group began. They are a branch from the Danville Mennonite church; Aaron Shank has been bishop over the district but has recently put Alvin Snyder in to assist him, and eventually take over the reins of government. John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

June 28--The annual meeting of the Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society was held recently at the Stumptown Mennonite Meeting house, in observance of the 200th anniversary of this meeting place.

This is situated in the area between Leola and Ronks, and in the heart of the Amish settlement.

The area possibly gets its name from the many stumps that were left after the clearing of the land. However there were settlers there by the name of Stumps, but none of them were land holders. In the early 1700-s there were squatters in the area, folks who just lived there without purchasing the land, but it's a far cry from that now as the land brings \$7000 an acre.

The Stumptown church gets its beginning from the Mellingers church, which began 50 years earlier. It was considered too far to go over there, thus for 30 years some of that group just met in homes; until such a time as finances, and numbers

permitted the erection of a church.

They must have had good leadership, for they only had one major rift reported, that is when the Herrites left the church, but there was not enough animosity to prevent them from using the same building for years on alternate Sundays. Today there are no Reformed Mennonites in there.

The coming of the automobiles made no difficulty, for those who could afford them used them. There was no moral issue made of it. The leadership there was also in favor of Sunday Schools when they came into use, even before conference allowed them.

The last time I was at Millwood meeting, and they took us around on school buses, but this time we had a big bus, with air conditioning, and a loud speaker. There were four buses, loaded with people from the meeting; but we were not the only ones touring the area, for the roads were very busy with other busses, and autos. I can sympathize with the Amish who live there; it would be like living in a zoo; but the children never tire to watch the busses, and wave at the passengers.

The Stumptown church also has a 200 page book which they sell which has a very interesting history in it of the events, for anyone who is historically inclined.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

July 11--In the last issue of the Budget The Editor expressed a real valid concern about those who would be missionaries, as a vocation, and travel at the expense of those whose sympathy they are able to arouse. Knowing the nature of man, and his ability to masquerade we need to be sure. There is always more straw than wheat.

I also like to travel at someone else's expense, and I do, I haul freight.

I attended another annual historical meeting, this time of the Juniata Co. dist. of the Menn. church on July 11.

This particular meeting concerned the Pfautz Valley area, which at one time many settled, but later they all moved out, many for financial reasons, this was too far away from markets. About 50 people moved back to Lanc. Co. in 10 years time, making it uninteresting to stay. Some also moved farther west.

Noah Zimmerman made an appeal for folks letters that may have been written, and stored away. You can find the true nature of a man much better in a letter than a book, for letters are written to

individuals, not to the public, and after the writers have long gone, those letters become real valuable for the information they contain.

Now there is a place to keep records for future generations, at the archives, and if anyone has any information whatsoever, regardless of how insignificant it may seem; if it can be documented, let it be known to The Juniata Historical Society, Star Route, Richfield, Pa. 17086.

The Lutherans settled in the area before the Menns., and others also; and they soon sponsored church services for the whole community for in those days the folks were few, poor mail service, and man being a social creature, these meetings met a real need, regardless of the denominational preference.

Because Mennonites were slow to learn to meet those needs, they lost very many of their youth. They went where their needs were met.

John Renno

December 9

DANVILLE, PA.

We took a day off from our regular duties, and visited the old, the sick, the infirm. Our first stop was my aunt Jemima, the widow of David Renno, the younger brother of my father. She had a stroke recently and at this time is very low, although still rational. She cannot stand much company, for she was very weak, but does enjoy attention from relatives. She is at home and well cared for by her daughter Sylvia. She is 86.

Our next step was with my aunt Annie, a half sister of my mother, the daughter of Old J. Y. Peachey. She is the widow of Henry Zook. She is 84. She abides at the Valley View Haven, a rest home built by the Mennonite churches of the Valley, a very large complex of private homes, and an institutional type rest home. Annie is well contented. She has a small room to herself, and was sewing. She also mentioned that D. K. Hostetler was down the hall from here. So we stopped to see him. I have known him since I was a small boy for he had a sawmill on our property at one time.

We next stopped at the old White Hall School house, which was bought, and remodeled by Jess Peachey. He is no relation of mine, but I knew him well and he is a God-fearing man. He is afflicted with cancer of the bones, which destroys the blood corpuscles that carry oxygen, thus he had to have oxygen at all times from a tank. He is in his 70's. He was tired, for it was the day after Thanksgiving, and that day he went out to the table and had dinner with his family; possibly for the last time.

The last visit was at Joe A. Yoders, better known as Jonas Yoder's Joe. He is also in his 70's, but not bedfast. He has had a pacemaker, and electrical gadget, to make his heart beat more regular. He was out picking apples, and reached too far. The ladder turned over and he fell to the ground, fracturing a vertebra in his lower back. He did not want to go to the hospital, and tried to fix himself up, not knowing the extent of his injury, but the break stopped his bowel passage, and he bloated up until the next morning he knew he had to do

something. At the hospital they shut off all food and water, to alleviate the bloated situation, and fixed him up with a brace to hold his back rigid until the fracture heals. He was at the hospital for a week. He is at home now, and seems to be well on the way to recovery.

The next day, we stopped in to see my oldest brother Joshua. He is bishop of the Amish church there but his official work seems to be finished. He was out in the cold cutting up an old apple tree. He did not see me although I stood in front of him. He took no notice, until I spoke, and this scared him so that he almost jumped off the ground. I asked if he recognizes me. He said "Yes you are my brother". We spoke of the old apple trees that grandfather David Renno planted, and he had dug up

some ground and replaced the water pipes. He spoke of this. I then spoke to his wife and she could hardly believe that he spoke to me so rationally, for she said he cannot remember anything. If he goes to the next house for something, he forgets what he came for, and his speech is not always rational. His mind does not function normally, but he can take an axe and cut wood. It seemed strange that he should recognize me, and speak of the work that has been done. Perhaps because he was so scared when I came it shook him back to the present. Who knows?

John Renno