

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 6--Another one of my friends has died. Does that mean my friends are getting less? I suppose so, for certain people fill a certain place in one's life that cannot be replaced by anyone else.

Jess Zook lived near McVeytown, Pa. and about 80 miles from us, but our friendship goes far back into history. He was the oldest son of S.W. Zook, which used to be a very prominent name when I was a boy, and we did not go to the same church. Steve Zook was the son of Ole White Hall Mose. He had two sisters, Sadie, the wife of Jacob S. Peachey, the father of David Peachey, who writes from Honduras; and Ada, another sister, was married to little Joe Byler, better known as Dot.

Jesse Zook was the maternal grandson of old Deacon Jacob Peachey, who really should have been called Abraham, for he is the father of a multitude; indeed if all his descendants would leave Belleville, the town would possibly lose 500 people. Just about all of the Holdeman church members are descendants of Jake Peachey.

Jess has a very large group of siblings. He had cancer, but the immediate cause of death was possibly pneumonia. He was not a man who complained easily, and though he had discomfort, he kept it to himself. When it was discovered that he had cancer internally, it was too far gone. He was in New Jersey to a

clinic at the time of his death. He had been taking treatments, but they were very hard on him. At the last he developed pneumonia and turned blue, which means he suffered from lack of oxygen; they rushed him to the hospital where he soon died.

His funeral was held today, Feb. 6 at the Valley View Amish Church building. This is formerly the Zook Church, for John Zook and Sam Peachey were the originators of it; depending how you look at it. Better known today as a Beachey group--that is, the old school Beachey. They are just now changing from German to English. Jesse was not a member at this church, for he lived across the mountain and was a member of the Mattawana Mennonite Church, and I may say, a prominent member, not just a bench warmer.

His funeral was held at Belleville because that is where most of his relatives live. It was also the church he was born and raised in, although at that time they still had no building nor automobiles.

Dan King, a minister at Valley View, preached. He was a good and trusted friend of Jesse, for love know no denominational boundaries. Jesse was buried in the Locust Grove cemetery. John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Feb. 14--I was up to Newport, N. Y. which is about 40 miles east of Utica, and about 80 miles west of Albany. You get off the Thruway at Herkimer, and proceed north on Rt. 28, to the town of Millvale; there 28 makes a left turn, but you go straight on 29 about half mile, and turn left on Reservoir Rd. and up over a steep hill.

I went up to visit my brother Crist who is very ill. He is of the old stock that does not run

to the hospital very easy. He is at home living with his son-in-law, Jacob, the son of Joe N. Peachey. Doctor says it's his heart, and he is just about worn out. He is 62. He was raised by our uncle, Ezra, since he was 7 years old. Ezra did not have any other sons. He also raised Benny Peachey, and partly Ezra Swarey.

A few years ago a new Amish settlement began in this place of New York state, and they now have about 12 families there, and about 80 people in their church service. Crist sold his farm at Belleville and bought two up there; and it is well to have some elderly in a young growing assembly. Samuel T. Peachey is about the same age, and a preacher, he moved up there and has a small sheep farm.

These Amish do not allow bulk milk tanks, and there is no market for canned milk, so they put up a building, with a large bulk tank, and hire a man to haul their milk to this milk house, and there the bulk tank truck picks up their milk. They have a can washer here too. Through some misunderstanding the son who took their milk threatened to stop, and gave 30 days to find another market. Young David Wengard, equal to the task, bought cheese-making equipment, and set it up to take care of the milk, but in the meantime they found another market. So Dave had a cheese house but no milk, again he was equal to the task; he buys surplus milk where he can find it, and makes cheese.

John Renno

DANVILLE, PA.

Apr. 30--I attended the funeral of my brother Crist, April 26 at Newport, New York. Crist did not live at our home ever since I remember, for my Uncle Ezra had no son, and he raised him from a child. But he was my brother, for we both had the same father and mother. We lived neighbors and I saw him grow up into young manhood; he took over Uncle Ezra's farm then.

In 1957 we moved out of the valley, for there is no room for expansion there. You are hemmed in by mountains all around. I thought folks who have cars ought to leave, and let the horse and buggy folks have the valley.

Several years ago, Crist sold his farm, to a nephew, when a new colony was developing in upstate New York, near Merkimer, about 50 miles west of Albany. And this was good, for there are mostly young families there who had to leave the valley if they wanted to farm. Crist lived with his son-in-law, Jacob Peachey, son of Joe N. Peachey. He bought two farms there, one for his son, and one for his son-in-law, and he worked as long as he could for there was not a lazy bone in him. He knew nothing but work.

The funeral was held at his home, near Newport, New York and they just started a new cemetery in Dave Wengard's field, and buried him there.

It has been a long time since I heard any preaching in German, and I understood every word of it, for I often read in that language myself. My nephew, Abe Renno, the son of my brother Dave from Juniata Co. preached, and then the home preacher there, Omar Peachey, the son of Abie Z. Peachey, the grandson of Ben Peachey. Both are very young men and they did well in bringing out the words of Holy writ. Crist was married to Leah, the granddaughter of old Deacon Jake Peachey.

J. Renno

DANVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

June 12--We were to visit my aunt, Jemima Renno, the widow of David Renno, my father's brother. She is very old, having been bedfast for over a year. Is taken care of by her daughter Sylvia, at the home of Mahlon Peachey. She is not rational all the time. Having looked in her guest book, the last name there recorded was that of David Peachey, from Honduras, who writes for the Budget. He was married to Jemima's daughter Miriam, who died and lies buried in Honduras. I would have liked to see David, but I was a few days late. His mother, Sadie, was buried in the Valley the week before and David had the honor to bring her lifeless remains, from Kentucky where she spent her widowed days, to Belleville, the land of her nativity, where she was buried. Her funeral sermon having been preached by Levi Stoltzfus from Lancaster County for she still retained her church membership there.

We stopped to visit at my brother Joshua's place, and he was home but we did not see him, for we spoke to John Kanagy, the son-in-law who said it is useless for us to see him, for his mind is so far gone that he does not know anyone, anymore. He seems to be in health, but the blood does not get to the proper part of his brain, where memory is stored.

We stopped to see an old friend, Joe Yoder, the son of Jonas Yoder, who had the honor of sitting on the porch, unable to do anything, except mentally wishing his offspring success in getting away their hay crop.

We finished the day with supper at my brother-in-law the Daniel Swarey's home.

John Renno