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OREGON MENNONITE HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

HOW STORIES SHAPE OUR PRESENT AND OUR FUTURE

by John D. Roth

Not long ago one of my middle-school aged daughters—generally a happy and even-keeled child—came home from school clearly out of sorts. Almost immediately, she got into a major squabble with first one sibling, then another. Then followed a loud and unedifying dispute with her parents; and soon, it seemed, the whole world seemed to be rapidly unraveling around her. Eventually, after a rather fierce conversation, we called a truce and things quieted down. But the tension was still present. Later that evening, I knocked on her door to see if we could make amends. I found her sitting on the floor deep in thought, hunched over a set of family albums, looking at pictures of herself from long ago. Though she didn't actually say it, I think I know what she was thinking: Who *was* I back then? Who am I now? Where do I fit in this family? What am I to do with these memories? Is all this something to cherish or is it something to break free from? Where is all this heading for me?

I had intended to revive the themes of our dispute. But without really being aware of it, my eye caught on a picture of a particularly memorable moment: a family camping trip when it rained for 4 straight days; the soggy misery ... and then the kindness of strangers who invited us in. And suddenly we began remembering that story together, reliving the details. An hour or two later, we hugged each other, said goodnight, and went to bed—our argument long forgotten.

It would be nice to end there and say that the moral of this little incident is that telling stories, remembering together our shared past, resolves all our conflicts and enables us to move into the future united by a common storehouse of memories. But that would only be partially true. Looking at the family album together did serve to defuse the tensions and shift our focus to familiar accounts of challenges that we met and conquered together. The more troubling questions that I think my daughter really asking when I happened to walk into the room are not yet fully resolved. Like each one of us, she encounters the stories of

her family in two rather different ways. On the one hand, the stories of the family album provide a source of comfort and grounding: when the world feels chaotic and unhinged, we turn to the narratives from the past we remember again who we are. But at the very same time, there are occasions when we hear those stories and wonder what they could possibly have to do with us. Are they really my stories? What about all those stories I feel deep within me that have not yet told? Will they have a place in this album? Will they fit in the 4x6 slot that we have for the other pictures?

I think what I saw unfold the other evening with my daughter is true for us collectively as well. When we tell our stories—when we gather around the family album books of our congregations, our church conferences, our denominations—we should do so recognizing that our stories are not really about the past. The great Southern novelist William Faulkner once wrote [in his play, *Requiem for a Nun*], “The past is never dead. It’s not even the past.” Telling stories might call our attention to the past, but the reason we tell them has more to do with what we are thinking about the present and what we are hoping about the future.

In these brief reflections, I would like to offer a few thoughts about two inter-related aspects of storytelling, in the hopes that my musings might help to clarify why it is that we do what we do and how we might do it better.

First a few thoughts on why we tell stories (the importance of stories for the present) ... and then how we tell stories (with a view to the importance of stories for shaping our future)

Why do we tell stories?

1. We tell stories because they help us to make sense of the world. Stories give structure and coherence to reality that otherwise presents itself to us as chaotic and unordered. We tell stories because we must!

Now there are, of course, a lot of different stories out there competing for our attention – each claiming to explain some important part of reality: stories of the pleasures of consumption; stories that are anchored in the patriotic motifs of “America as a country uniquely blessed by God”; or stories

FALL MEETING

Sunday, September 25, 2005, 2:30 p.m.
New Hope Mennonite Church
Lebanon, Oregon

Moderator Perry Schrock
Welcome and Devotional Meditation Duane Roth
The Camping Program of the Portland Mennonite Mission

Margaret Shetler
Camping at White Branch Audience Sharing
Drift Creek Camp Larry & Mary Jane Eby
Offering, Announcements, Business Willard Kennel
This meeting is open to anyone who is interested, nonmembers
and members of OMHGS alike.

Welcome to one and all

that reinforce elitist motifs of class, race, education or status. All of these offer a certain “narrative” about the nature of reality; they invite us into the storyline of their account of how the world works.

As Christians, we have chosen to participate in a different sort of a story. We come to understand reality—and our own truest identity—as we see the sweep of God’s actions in history: calling us, with the Children of Israel, to move from bondage to liberation and to put our trust in God rather than in chariots of iron; inviting us, as Jesus invited the disciples beside the sea of Galilee, to drop our nets and to follow him; challenging us, along with the early church, to remain faithful in the midst of a pagan culture; and beckoning us to we live each day in anticipation of the wedding banquet of the Lamb when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, when the crooked shall be made straight, when every tear shall be wiped away, and we shall behold the glory of the Lord.

We tell stories because they help to make sense of reality: stories orient us in a framework of meaning and purpose and destiny. How do your stories echo the grand motifs and plot lines of the biblical account? How are your stories anchoring you in the midst of a troubling, confusing world?

2. Stories are the fabric of community—they orient us in relationship to each other around a shared set of memories and meanings. In telling stories, the community reaffirms its collective identity. My wife’s aunt Nora was a true matriarch within her Amish family and the local community—an energetic woman of 80+ years who could recall with

absolute precision the birthdates of her 150 grandchildren. Whenever we visited Nora, we would gather under kerosene lamps in her slightly over-heated home to listen to her stories. Several of her adult children would generally appear, along with a dozen or so grandchildren tucked in around the corners, and she would begin to tell her stories.

Nora was a great storyteller—her life spanned decades, she had a wonderful memory, and she loved people. It occurred to me once when I was listening to her tell a story I had heard at least 4 or 5 times before, that the point of the story is not “the story” itself. We were not being “entertained” in the modern sense of expecting to hear something new. After all, everyone in the room already knew the outcome of virtually every story she told. The point was not novelty, but its opposite: we gathered for around Nora’s stories to be reminded again that we somehow belong to this circle. And in the retelling of those familiar tales, we recognized that in some way we were part of the same story.

Which, of course, is the ancient theme of the bible as well. Over and over again, the Children of Israel are reminded to remember their past, to recall “the mighty works of God, who with outstretched arm and mighty hand brought them out of Egypt”; and to tell these stories to their children and to their children’s children. The community comes to know who it is by telling the familiar stories of the past. Communities are formed and sustained through the rituals of remembrance: whether that’s the memory of God at work in scripture; the memory of Christ’s body broken for us in communion; the stories recounted from the *Martyrs Mirror*; or something as mundane as the family vacation where it rained 4 days straight

3. Finally, we tell stories because they serve to unite our heads and our hearts. Human beings (and sometimes congregations) are frequently tempted to compartmentalize our lives. Parts of our lives are rooted in the clear, logical, rational principles of reason. Tidy, carefully formulated statements of belief and clear boundaries of church membership fill a deep need that we have to “manage” our faith in terms that we can understand and control. Yet deep within, we also have a profound need to encounter God in the mysterious movement of the spirit—a mystical, spiritual reality that we know to be true even though we cannot always reduce the experience to words.

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Good stories bridge this divide. Good stories enable us to bring our heads into conversation with our hearts. Take, for example, the biblical proposition: “love your neighbor.” When Jesus told his listeners to “love their neighbor,” they almost immediately wanted more details about the specific nature of this rule: who qualifies as my neighbor? what’s your definition of “neighbor”?

It’s interesting that Jesus responded, not with a legal definition, but with a story—a story about compassion and generosity that took his listeners by surprise. And in the story of the Good Samaritan, we end up with an understanding of what it means to “love our neighbor” is that is much deeper, more complicated, more powerful than a legalistic definition. In a similar way, when Stephen is asked to give an account for his faith in Acts 7, he did so, not with a list of doctrines, but by telling stories from the Old Testament. Stories open a doorway to the essence of our faith in a way that refuses to allow our heads to be separated from our hearts.

Conclusion

One of the fascinating themes in the Old Testament are the many references to God “remembering” things: God remembered Noah, God remembered the covenant with Abraham, God remembered the Hebrews in slavery and later those in Babylonian exile, and so on. But why would the writers of scripture call so much attention to this theme? Surely they did not think that God, like humans, might be forgetful! No, the point instead is to highlight a different understanding of “remembering”—a biblical understanding—that we too often miss. As the biblical scholar Walter Brueggeman has suggested, the opposite of remembering in the Bible is not necessarily forgetting. Rather, the opposite of remembering is dis-membering. Our human tendency is to dis-member—to pull apart, to divide, to destroy. “Re-membering,” in contrast, takes those broken fragments of our lives and our world and puts them together again. That is why the Bible so often shows us a God who remembers, a God who desires to make things whole, to restore things, to remember things, and to re-membering us who are so often divided. (and dis-membering). This is why we remember. Because in remembering our past, we re-member who we are.

You historians and storytellers are charged with a holy responsibility. The stories you tell define the present and they shape the future. May those stories anchor you amidst the chaos and confusion of our culture. May they strengthen the warm ties of community. May they help you to bridge the gap that sometimes separates our intellect from our emotions. And may they draw you nearer to God who deeply desires to “re-member” His people.

THE END

WHAT BROUGHT THE TROYER FAMILY TO OREGON?

The quick and easy answer to this question would be: for the restoration of Amos P. (A.P.) Troyer's health. But was that the only reason or was that need the fulfillment of a deep-seated longing? Let's check the record.

Amos Troyer and Delilah Yoder were married on January 1, 1878, in Cass County, Missouri, where both had lived and attended the Sycamore Grove Amish Mennonite Church for at least the previous ten years.

Delilah was born in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania in 1857, the daughter of Abraham and Fannie (Kurtz) Yoder. The family moved from Pennsylvania to Three Rivers in southern Michigan about 1863 (perhaps earlier) and remained there until after the Civil War when in 1866 they moved to Cass County, Missouri. They had a family of six sons and five daughters of which Delilah was one of the older ones.

Amos was the son of Peter and Elizabeth (King) Troyer. Peter was born in Holmes County, Ohio, in 1826, soon after his parents had moved from Pennsylvania. His wife, Elizabeth King, was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1831. Peter and Elizabeth were married January 1, 1855, likely in Ohio. Their son, Amos P., was born December 12, 1856, in Wayne County, Ohio. The Troyer family also spent a period of time in southern Michigan before they too found their way to Cass County Missouri, in 1867.

Both the Troyer and Yoder families were longstanding members of the Amish Mennonite Church, having been so already before their immigration from Europe in the 1700s. The period following the Civil War in America was one of rapid industrialization, restlessness and movement westward. Nor were the Amish Mennonites immune to these feelings. And within the church there was also much restlessness. The latter third of the nineteenth century saw this unrest result in a schism in the body that brought about two groups: the more conservative part becoming what we today know as the Old Order Amish, or just plain Amish, while the change-minded group retained the Amish Mennonite name. Doctrinally there was little or no difference; the latter group was more amenable to well-considered change than the former.

Traditionally, also, Amish Mennonites were people of the land and farming was their livelihood and way of life. As the eastern part of our country became more settled, affordable land became less available and the urge to move west surfaced again and again. Likely that is one reason we see both the Yoders and Troyers gradually moving west: from Pennsylvania to Ohio, to Michigan, to Missouri in their cases. Other families took slightly different routes, but a sizable number of them ended up in Cass County, Missouri.

In the spring of 1868, bishop Jacob Kenagy organized a congregation in Cas County with at least 24 charter members, including

			<p>2 Amos P. TROYER</p> <p>b. December 12, 1856 p.b. Wayne County, Ohio m. January 1, 1878 d. October 23, 1935 p.d. Hubbard, Oregon</p>	<p>4 Peter TROYER</p> <p>b. April 28, 1826 p.b. Holmes County, Ohio m. January 1, 1855 d. January 17, 1909 p.d. Woodburn, Oregon</p>	<p>8 Jacob TROYER</p> <p>b. August 4, 1799 m. November 23, 1876 d. November 23, 1876</p>	<p>16 Michael TROYER (father of #8, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
Elizabeth (Lizzie)			<p>5 Elizabeth KING</p> <p>b. December 3, 1831 p.b. Lancaster Co. PA d. March 22, 1919 p.d. Hubbard, Oregon</p>	<p>10 Jacob KING</p> <p>b. September 30, 1805 m. February 27, 1864 d. February 27, 1864</p>	<p>21 Elizabeth YODER (mother of #10, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	<p>22 Isaac LAPP (father of #11, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
Sara Catherine (Kate)			<p>6 Abraham Yoder</p> <p>b. July 15, 1830 p.b. Mifflin County PA m. January 20, 1853 d. January 5, 1904 p.d. Hubbard, Oregon</p>	<p>11 Elizabeth LAPP</p> <p>b. October 20, 1811 d. January 28, 1864</p>	<p>23 Barbara STOLTZFUS (mother of #11, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	<p>24 John YODER (father of #12, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
Nora Ann			<p>3 Delilah YODER</p> <p>b. March 20, 1857 p.b. Lawrence County PA d. July 26, 1936 p.d. Hubbard, Oregon</p>	<p>12 Christian YODER</p> <p>b. August 1784 m. May 3, 1850 d. May 3, 1850</p>	<p>25 Barbara RICKENBACH (mother of #12, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	<p>26 Christian HERTZLER (father of #13, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
Grace			<p>7 Fannie KURTZ</p> <p>b. July 26, 1831 p.b. Mifflin County PA d. June 15, 1913 p.d. Hubbard, Oregon</p>	<p>13 Esther HERTZLER</p> <p>b. February 18, 1788 d. May 8, 1861</p>	<p>27 Elizabeth YODER (mother of #13, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	<p>28 Stephen KURTZ (father of #14, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
			<p>31 Sarah KAUFFMAN</p> <p>b. October 3, 1805 d. June 25, 1890</p>	<p>14 David KURTZ</p> <p>b. 1800 m. July 19, 1872 d. July 19, 1872</p>	<p>29 Veronica HERTZLER (mother of #14, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	<p>30 Daniel KAUFFMAN (father of #15, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>
Jesse Stephen			<p>15 Sarah KAUFFMAN</p> <p>b. October 3, 1805 d. June 25, 1890</p>	<p>15 Sarah KAUFFMAN</p> <p>b. October 3, 1805 d. June 25, 1890</p>	<p>31 Sarah YODER (mother of #15, cont. on chart # <input type="text"/>)</p>	
Mary Ella						
Emma (Em)						
Ernest						
Daniel						



Left to Right

- Row 4: Esther Sharp, Willis Kenagy, Katie Jones, Paul Yoder, Ruth Sharp, Harold Owings, Etta Kropf, Ordo Troyer, Celestia Lais, Marvin Headings.
 Row 3: Roy Troyer - Teacher, Shirley Yoder, Ivan Headings, Mary Lais, Roy Christner, Florence Owings, Artie Owings, Mae Strubhar, Etta Christner, Howard Jones, Floyd Kropf, Harold Hostetler, Lena Lais.
 Row 2: June? Blosser, Dorothy Lais, Lilly Lais, Lorena Kropf, Juanita Kenagy, Berdina Christner, Wilma Kropf, John Lais, Clysta Headings, Vesta Troyer, Mike Kropf, Velma Headings, Lois Yoder, Fred Strubhar.
 Row 1: Clifford Strubhar, Roscoe Christner, _____, Jock Blosser, Leland Kropf, Fred Christner, David Jones, Eddie Yoder, Roy Strubhar, Levi Strubhar, Tim Strubhar, Emery Jones, Ellis Kropf.

both Abraham and Fannie Yoder and Peter and Elizabeth Troyer. People continued to move in, some moved out, and in the mid-1870s a group of about 50 folk who considered themselves more liberal and progressive in their ways and thinking withdrew and went their own way. At first the congregation met in homes, then schoolhouses and finally in a building. The congregation was first called the Clearfork congregation but became the Sycamore Grove Amish Mennonite congregation after a new building was erected in 1883 amidst a large grove of sycamore trees. By the early 1890s the congregation numbered around 350 with families having come from at least 20 different locations - thus a mix of practices and ideas of how to do church with its resultant tendencies toward disagreement at times.

It was in this congregation and environment that Amos P. and Delilah Yoder Troyer began their marriage and family in 1878 in Cass County, Missouri. In time children were born into the home: daughters Elizabeth (Lizzie), December 23, 1879; Sara Catherine (Kate), January 5, 1882; and Nora Ann, May 30, 1883. Sometime following the birth of Nora the family left Cass County and moved to Mancelona in the northern part of Lower Michigan where a fourth daughter, Grace, was born December 23, 1884. Evidently Amos worked in the timber and living conditions were quite primitive. Why did they move and how long did they stay? Regardless of the answers, by the time their fifth child, another daughter, Ida, was born on April 13, 1886, they were back in Cass County where they remained for a few more years and welcomed both their six daughter, Alice, on July 9, 1888, and finally, a son, Jesse Stephen, on August 12, 1890.

Presumably life was going along smoothly for the family when in late 1890 or early 1891 Amos came down with typhoid fever which during those days was an insidious scourge to mankind. Seemingly no one knows the source of the illness for Amos. Although the disease is highly contagious, no one else in the family became ill. That speaks well for the vigilance and care of Delilah for both Amos and also the rest of the family. Typhoid is often fatal, partly because the victim seems to be better, then may overdo and suffer a relapse which often leads to death. Whatever the situation, Amos was having difficulty recovering from the disease and finally their doctor, Dr. Edward Schoor, recommended, perhaps insisted, that he must move to a milder climate, perhaps Oregon, if he wished to recover. Amos was still very weak and unable to do so, but with this advice from their trusted doctor, Delilah decided to go west to check out the Oregon country. During the previous number of years, various families from Cass County had moved to the Willamette Valley, including two of Delilah's brothers, Israel with his wife, Josephine Kropf, already in 1889 with her brother Daniel and family, and Delilah's brother Levi, a single man, in 1891.

Thus it was that Delilah boarded a train in Kansas City on May 1, 1892, bound for Oregon via the southern route to Sacramento, Cali-

fornia, and north to Woodburn. (A copy of the diary Delilah kept of this trip was published in the August 2002 issue of this newsletter.) Her comments were short and terse but we can piece together a lot of information by reading between the lines. Likely she stayed with Israel and Josephine since Levi was still single. She kept herself busy visiting and helping out with gardening, housework and canning. Among the people she visited was Jonathan Yoder in the present Yoder community. They and their extended family in the Yoder community were originally from Illinois but most of them had come to Oregon after 20 years of mere existence in Missouri a few counties east of Cass County. In Oregon they had finally been able to make a livelihood and prosper. No doubt they were known to people in Cass County and thus to Delilah as well.

Delilah spent two months thus occupied in Oregon, then returned home, leaving the morning of July 7, from Portland, and taking a more northern route through Idaho, Wyoming and going east from Denver.

Once home, the work really began. We don't know when the decision to move to Oregon was made, but the remainder of the summer and early fall was spent preparing for the move. Preparation would have included harvesting the year's crops and putting food aside, selling the farm, and the final loading of the immigrant car with livestock, furniture, etc., that they took with them. There were the farewells to friends and family, including both sets of their parents. Amos traveled in the immigrant car and Delilah and the girls by coach on the same train. More than likely, two-year-old Jesse was in both places.

The family left home at 2 a.m. on October 4, 1892, for Harrisonville, Missouri, where they took a train for Kansas City and left Kansas City late morning and reached Portland at 9 p.m. on October 7. After spending the night in a hotel in Portland, they left Portland for Hubbard the next morning where they were met by "Bros. L. M. and L. Were conveyed to L.M.'s. Reached his place about 2 p.m. 8th of Oct." (From Delilah's diary.) A few days later they moved to the old Mishler house and in another couple of weeks to a rented farm where they stayed until February 14, 1893, when they moved onto the farm they had purchased in Marion County in January. It was several years later that they moved to the farm near the present Zion Church where they spent their remaining years.

The family was hardly settled into their own home before daughter Mary Ella was born on February 24, 1893. She lived only 13 months and her remains lie in the Zion Church cemetery. The final daughter of the family, Emma (Em), was born January 7, 1895. Two sons completed the family: Ernest, born April 15, 1898, and Daniel, born August 10, 1901.

As mentioned earlier, several Sycamore Grove families from Cass County had earlier emigrated to Oregon and most of these were living in the Woodburn-Hubbard area. As of 1892 when



AMOS P. TROYER

(above left)

“Amos never relinquished the conviction taught by the Amish Church that taking photographs was a violation of the second commandment so he would not consent to having his picture taken. This is a surprise photo taken without his previous knowledge or permission”

Delilah (Yoder) Troyer

(above right)

(left to right, lower) Ernest, Daniel; (seated) Nora Hostetler, Lizzie Hostetler, Kate Lais; (standing) Grace Berkey, Emma Kenagy, Jess Troyer, Alice Yoder, and Ida Fisher. (the Amos Troyer Family)



Amos and Delilah arrived, there was no organized group but they met together for fellowship and Sunday school and sometimes mingled with members of the Amish community, as we easily discern from Delilah's diary. Without a doubt Amos and Delilah gladly and regularly joined their fellow Amish Mennonites in their worship services. It wasn't much over a year until steps taken to organize a congregation resulted in what has become the present Zion Mennonite Church, located east of Hubbard, Oregon, adjacent to the late home of A.P. and Delilah Troyer.

Amos and Delilah were among the charter members of the new congregation, first known as the Fir Grove Amish Mennonite Church, and later as Zion Amish Mennonite Church until the Amish Mennonite/Mennonite merger in 1922, when it became Zion Mennonite Church. Not only were Amos and Delilah charter members, Amos was ordained as the first deacon for the new congregation during the organizational meetings, an office he held briefly before he was chosen by lot and ordained bishop on December 15, 1895. He served as bishop of the congregation until his death on October 23, 1935; however, he, having lost his wife the previous year and feeling his time left might not be long, wanted things in the church to be in order, welcomed the ordination of Clarence Kropf as bishop for the congregation on July 1, 1935.

Delilah made her contributions to the congregation and community in her own way. Although she had no formal training, she definitely seems to have had a gift of healing and ministering to the sick. Before she left Missouri, Dr. Schoor gave her a medical kit with instructions how to use its contents as well as instructions for the care of Amos during his continued convalescence and return to health. Her skills were also recognized by local doctors after she was in Oregon. One example. When her triplet granddaughters were born prematurely in January 1910, the attending physician turned their care over to Delilah, saying she could care for them as well as he. All three survived although because of a pulmonary problem, little Ruby succumbed when a few weeks old. The other two, however, lived into their 91st years.

Amos and Delilah left their parents in Cass County, Missouri, when they moved to Oregon, but not for long. Both sets of parents also made the move to Oregon in 1895. It seems all four of Amos' sisters were out here too, but sister Fanny Zook did not like it and she and her family returned to Missouri where she soon passed away from consumption. Two of his sisters remained in the Hubbard area. All but one of Delilah's siblings lived out their lives in Oregon.

Amos' father, Peter Troyer, made a very significant contribution to the congregation. The group soon outgrew their first small meetinghouse over on the present Highway 211. There was a need for a cemetery but it was determined that area was too wet for one so when the decision was made to build, the building committee chose the acre and a half site offered to them by Peter Troyer and it

is on that land that the present Zion Mennonite Church and Cemetery are located.

The seven Troyer sisters and Jesse found their spouses in the Zion congregation. Daughter Nora's first marriage was short-lived because of a tragic accident and her second husband was not from the congregation.

So, what brought the Troyers to Oregon in the first place? Was Amos' slow and difficult recovery from typhoid fever the only reason or was it the culminating reason to fulfill a perhaps long-simmering dream? The latter is a very good possibility, considering that "Oregon fever" seemed to exist in the Sycamore Grove congregation, Delilah had brothers already out here, and there was possibly a bit of wanderlust in the blood of both families! Regardless, the fact that they did come was a blessing to the family, the local Zion congregation, the district conferences of which he was an active member and the church as a whole. The Troyer name as such is no longer present in the Zion congregation, but members of the family bearing other names are still a very vital part of God's kingdom that worships and serve Him at Zion.

Prepared by Margaret Shetler, current historian for the Zion Mennonite Church and archivist for the Oregon Mennonite Historical and Genealogical Society, with assistance and input from Kathryn Yoder Miller, daughter of Alice Troyer Yoder and granddaughter of Amos P. and Delilah Troyer. Sources used for information include the following.

1. "The Arrival of the Troyers in the Valley: the Twelfth Annual Sanford K. Yoder "Count Ironside" Memorial Essay," by Christian Good Yoder, read at the September 19, 2004 semiannual meeting of OMHGS at the Zion Church.
2. God at Work In Our Midst: A history of the Zion Mennonite Church 1893-1993, compiled by Margaret Shetler; c1993; Olde Springfield Shoppe, Elverson PA.
3. Keeping the Faith 1866-1991: A history of the Mennonite Church in Cass Co. Missouri, 1991, compiled by Iona Schrock and others for the 125 anniversary celebration for the congregation; published privately.
4. "The Diary of Delilah Troyer," published in the OMHGS Newsletter, Vol. 15, No. 2, August 2002, pp. 9-15.
5. Obituaries from various issues of the Herald of Truth and Gospel Herald and local newspapers.
6. Zion Mennonite Church cemetery records.