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The Struggles of Susanna and Henry G. Brunk

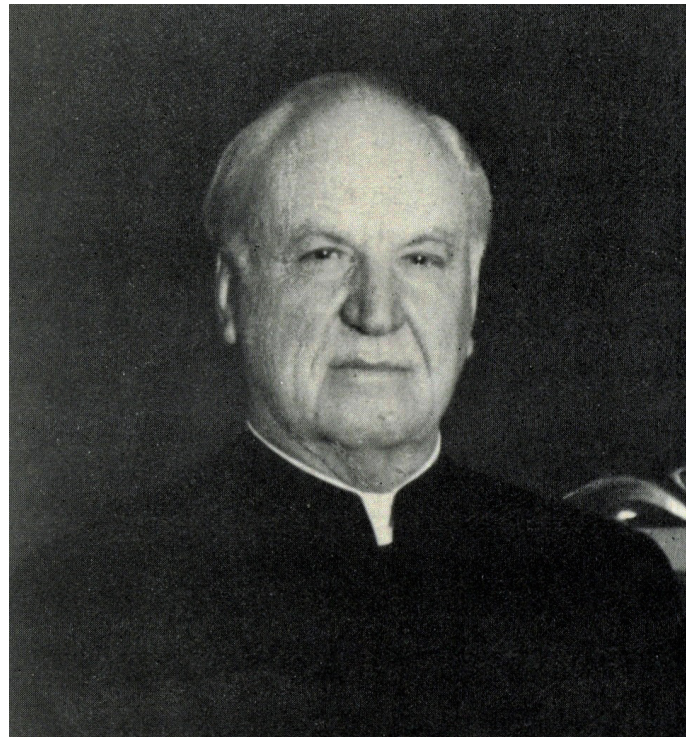
The opening hymn during the 500th anniversary evening of remembrance swept me away in awe and wonder and filled me with God's transcendent presence. Our first congregational song was "In Thy Holy Place," with lyrics by Samuel F. Coffman and a tune written by John D. Brunk, both of whom grew up in Virginia.

In my life of faith, numinous experiences occasionally fill me with God's Holy Spirit in ways that give a glimpse into the portals of heaven. When approximately 500 singers joined the invocation at the outset of the service, I found myself unable to sing on the first verse. After a year of planning and help from an excellent committee, the event finally began. Looking around, I could tell attendees came from most Mennonite groups in the Shenandoah Valley. A low bass voice a bench behind beckoned me to join in the singing.

"In Thy Holy Place" was one of those extraordinary moments in my life when I entered into the Divine's overwhelming, mysterious, and glorious presence.

Elwood Yoder, editor

Zion Hill Mennonite Church (above) celebrates their centennial in Sept. 2025, with details in the next issue of *Historian*. Photo by Elwood Yoder, 2024



George R. Brunk I (1871-1938)

Photo from Menno Simons Historical Library

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- *THE STRUGGLES OF SUSANNA AND HENRY G. BRUNK*, BY GEORGE R. BRUNK I, AND ANNOTATED BY KARL RHODES
- *PHOTOS OF THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY EVENT, JANUARY 21, 2025*, BY ELWOOD YODER

Life Notes

The struggles of Susanna and Henry G. Brunk

By George R. Brunk I

Introduced and annotated with footnotes by Karl Rhodes

The author of this manuscript is George R. Brunk I, a prominent evangelist and influential leader among Mennonites from the time of his ordination in 1893 until his death in 1938. George's great-grandson, Daryl Brunk, found this typed manuscript while helping his father, Historian Gerald R. Brunk, sort through his papers. Daryl sent these "Life Notes" to me because they reveal new information about George's father, Henry G. Brunk, who is an important character in my book, Peggy's War. While retyping this manuscript, I (Karl) made no attempt to correct spelling, grammar, or punctuation. Parenthetical content is not mine, and it does not appear to be from George R. Brunk I. It seems likely that George R. Brunk II added this information when the original handwritten manuscript was transcribed.

My paternal grandfather's name was George.¹ His son Henry G. was my father. He was left an orphan and was adopted by the father of Deacon Elias Brunk who lives near the Weavers Church but later was placed in charge of Preacher Christley Brunk until he was of age.² Father was of a cheerful jovial nature, ready wit, sound judgment and industry.

In 1900 when I as a single man (minister and bishop) visited the Valley in answer to a call to hold evangelistic meetings, "old Uncle Christley" took me about in his buggy a great deal and told me much of my parents and their early years. He was very deaf but seemed to enjoy being with me visiting and holding meetings. He seemed to be highly gratified at the success of my meetings and would tell people over and over, "I partly raised his father."

After preaching to large crowds that were deeply stirred and unusual numbers confessed under great emotion, driving away he would shake his head and say, "George, the rest of us might as well quit trying now!" While he was old and gray and deaf his great noble heart rejoiced under the success of others without one visible symptom of jealousy or opposition.

Martin Brunk related a little incident to me which he remembers of my father while he was under his father's care before taken by uncle Christley. He and father were rather small boys and

1. Genealogical connections and life spans throughout the footnotes come primarily from Brunk (1987) and from the databases of Brent Rodes and other researchers on the Swiss Anabaptist Genealogical Association (SAGA) website. George Brunk (1803–1840) died when Henry G. Brunk (1836–1873) was only four years old. Henry G.'s mother was Hannah (Freed) Brunk. Genealogists have published conflicting dates for her lifespan, but by all accounts, she was still living when Henry G. was "left an orphan" and "adopted" by the John and Anna (Weaver) Brunk family. After the death of George, Hannah married James M. Estep Sr. and had three more children. The census of 1850 shows the blended Brunk-Estep family living in Rockingham County, but Henry G. does not appear in that household. This may help explain why George R. Brunk I does not mention Hannah in his "Life Notes."

2. The father of Elias Brunk (1856–1940) and the first guardian of Henry G. was John Brunk (1819–1896), an older cousin. John eventually became the sexton of Weavers Mennonite Church and moved into the Weaver-Brunk home near the church, but he lived three miles west of Broadway when Henry G. was under his roof. The second guardian of Henry G. Brunk was Christian "Christley" Brunk (1823–1905), who was Henry G.'s uncle and a well-known preacher in the Virginia Mennonite Conference.

were out on the barn floor and finally decided that they would take turns trying to dance. While one would “pat time” the other would dance, then they would change and the other would dance. But the father of Martin and guardian of my father came in and caught them. He took charge of them at once and told them that now he will pat and they both can dance.³

Father was apprenticed to a plasterer and became an expert at that trade. Later he learned shoemaking and harness making.

My mother was the sixth child of John S. Heatwole who was the ninth child of the pioneer family of David and Magdalene Huetwohl, early settlers of Virginia.⁴ Her youngest brother, Reuben J., was small when his parents died. He became a persistent church worker and was a great help to me in the critical teen period of my life. He barely remembers his mother’s death, that she called him to her bedside putting her hand upon his head and said, “Rubie, sei ein rechte brafe buh.” (Rubie, be a real good boy.) Those tender words had a wonderful effect upon his life.⁵

Grandmother’s name was Swank. She was from an English family and could not talk dutch when married but finally came to think it was worldly to talk English.

Grandfather Heatwole was not as thoroughly established in the nonresistant practice as he might have been for an angry neighbor one time was kept at bay while Grandfather sat upon his shoving horse with an uplifted shingle in his hand, perhaps in the spirit of the eccentric Mennonite whom the rowdies liked to torment saying, “He is a Mennonite. He doesn’t dare to hurt you.” But he replied, “Better watch out. My faith is Mennonite but my cane is Lutheran.”⁶

Being provoked at the depredation of thieves he remarked to the family that he wishes he had a dog as big as Mike, the family horse, and with teeth like harrow teeth and would eat nothing but thieves. Of course that was his picturesque way of saying that such men ought to be punished.

My father was a strong man of about six feet two and powerfully built. My mother was above average in size and in the bloom of health and strength when they were married (Nov. 17, 1859) about the time that the Civil War clouds were ready to break in tempest upon the nation.⁷

3. Martin Brunk’s older brother, Samuel, wrote a similar story in which he and Henry G. were the dancers whom John Brunk spanked. This seems more likely because Samuel and Henry were much closer in age. See “A Short Story of the Life of Samuel Brunk,” published in Rodes, Wenger, and Bittinger (2005), pp. 939–953.

4. The Brethren & Mennonite Heritage Center has reconstructed David Heatwole’s shoemaker shop and the Weaver-Brunk house on its campus.

5. The mother of Reuben J. Heatwole (1847–1921) and Susanna (Heatwole) Brunk (1839–1909) was Nancy (Swank) Heatwole (1801–1854).

6. “Grandfather Heatwole” was John S. Heatwole (1806–1857).

7. In her c1944 article, Ethel Estella (Coopridger) Erb states that Henry G. became Susanna’s legal guardian until she was old enough to marry him. According to Erb, Brunk joked that if Susanna did not marry him, he would not allow her to marry anyone. Henry G. also became R. J.’s legal guardian.

They set up housekeeping at the home of S. M. Burkholder's parents and they were well remembered by him.⁸ While they were poor, they had a wealth of love and health and strength.

When the war broke out Father refused to enter military service and was imprisoned in Harrisonburg for some time, finally agreeing to drive a feed wagon as a compromise.⁹ Taking sick with typhoid fever he was sent home and never reported back for service and was listed as a deserter and was compelled to keep in hiding when the southern soldiers were about.¹⁰

He was caught on the road one time by a rebel scout, John Aery, but he did not know him.¹¹ He asked if he knew the whereabouts of Henry G. Brunk. Father pointed him to a house and said those people might be able to tell him something. Being a deserter he most likely would have been shot if captured.

He worked, in hiding, at whatever he could to earn bread for his wife and two babies. Making willow baskets was one kind of work he did, the price of a basket being as much wheat as would fill it. Some of those baskets I believe are still preserved.

Thirty years after the war was over while I was preaching in Missouri and visiting in homes, we passed a home. "Who lives here?" I said, "Why don't you stop here?"

"O," said they, "this is rather an aristocratic family and it would hardly do any good."

"Where are they from?" asked I.

"From the Valley of Va."

"What is the name?"

"John Aery."

8. Samuel M. Burkholder's parents were Martin and Rebecca Burkholder. They lived in the brick house that was moved to the Brethren & Mennonite Heritage Center. The home was originally built on what is now the football field of Harrisonburg High School. It is likely that Henry G. and Susanna Brunk occupied the tenant house on the Burkholder farm for the first few months of their marriage.

9. Henry G. was not yet a member of the Mennonite Church, but he was a firm believer in Christian non-resistance. Reports of his imprisonment vary, but most other accounts state that he was held at Richmond's Castle Thunder with the group of 70-plus deserters and draft dodgers who were captured near Petersburg, W.Va., on March 15, 1862. Confusion may stem from the fact that Henry G.'s brother, Hugh A. Brunk, was among the prisoners held simultaneously at the courthouse in Harrisonburg. See Heatwole (1948), p.3; Erb (c1944), p. 19; and Sanger and Hays (1907), p. 61.

10. Other accounts of Henry G.'s desertion from the Confederate army make no mention of typhoid fever. See Heatwole (1948). Henry G. spent nearly one year hiding at the home of Susanna's first cousin, Margaret "Peggy" (Heatwole) Rhodes, who ran a busy depot on the unionist underground railroad. Henry G. also hid at busy depots run by David Hartman and Jacob Shank.

11. The rebel scout was John Albert Arey (1834–1919), who knew Henry G. quite well. Erb (c1944) attributed Arey's inability to recognize Henry G. on the road that day to divine intervention. See Rhodes (2024).

“Stop!”

I jumped out and walked in for my mother in her widow days often told me tenderly the story of their early years of hardship and sorrow, so I was well acquainted with the name of the scout that met Father in the road. I saw a gray-bearded man butchering. I went up to him and held out my hand saying, “Is this Mr. John Aery?”

“It is,” he said and looked wonderingly at me.

“I am George R. Brunk of Va. My mother has often told me as a child how you as an army scout met my father in the road and did not know him.”

He remembered it all and was sorry for the cruel necessities of those evil days but said his own life hung in the balance if he had not carried out his orders. He made kindly inquiries and seemed touched with the sorrows which dogged our years and swallowed up half our family, leaving Mother in widowhood and poverty with four little children on the wild frontier.

Returning to the war days, the hiding grew more and more perilous. My baby brother Johnnie took sick and died (Dec. 5, 1862 at age 2) and Father could not even be with Mother at the burial for he was watched for and had to keep disguised in the crowd. (Preacher Em. Heatwole was there.)¹²

My little brother Johnnie lies buried at the Bank church where his little grave can now be seen marked with a modest stone.

The pressure got too strong and danger too great. Father and Uncle Reuben Heatwole, a boy yet, with a dozen or so others decided to strike out through the mountains for the north and safety.¹³ Father told Mother to go to Maryland sometime if she can and if he is alive they will try to find each other.¹⁴

She could not bear the suspense and uncertainty. She was determined to take her baby



John Albert Aery

Photo from: Mcgregor, Malcolm G. The biographical record of Jasper County, Missouri. Chicago: Lewis Pub. Co, 1901. Pdf. <https://www.loc.gov/item/03015280/>.

12. “Preacher Em. Heatwole” is probably Rev. Emanuel Heatwole (1854–1941), who would have been only seven years old at John Albert Brunk’s graveside service. George R. Brunk I noted that Henry G. was “disguised in the crowd,” but the type of disguise Henry G. employed remains unknown.

13. See Heatwole (1911) and Heatwole (1948) for R. J. Heatwole’s detailed account of their escape through the mountains of what is now West Virginia in May 1864. This group of refugees rendezvoused at Weavers Church “at the hour of midnight,” according to R. J.

14. More specifically, Susanna would have known that Henry G. and R. J. were bound for the farm of Bishop Michael Horst, which was 2.5 miles beyond Hagerstown, Md. See Heatwole (1948).

(Sarah, born Sept. 17, 1862) and horse and spring wagon and try to follow out between the armies as the Union army fell back north followed by the Rebels.¹⁵ Pete Hartman got her rig ready for them to start.¹⁶

Brother S. M. Burkholder remembers how and when she started. He showed me a scar on his finger which will testify of the “metal” of the noble horse that took her through the “strife-torn way” by the blessing of God.

She followed the northern army as it fell back north and consequently was between the two armies as the Rebels followed up close as they dare.

One time she was captured by Rebels who unhitched her horse and were taking it from her but she still refused to let go of the bridle. Just then a scout galloped by and cried, “Yanks! Yanks!” and all of the Rebels began to throw their things together to get away and ordered her to hitch up her horse and follow them back, but she said, “I’ll do no such thing” and hitched up and went on north.

At Harpers Ferry the bridge was burning and she was too late to cross it.¹⁷ A miller told her where and how some people drive across the river. Nothing could daunt her. She held her baby tight and plunged in.

At last she drove into Hagerstown a stranger, still having no word of whether her husband was living or dead. She stopped in the street and did not know what to do or where to go.

Then of course was a storm of conflicting emotions: love, laughter, tears, and thanksgiving and marvelous adventure in conglomerate mass (?) for kind providence so glorious and ____? ____.

She was (had been) at her wits end. She looked at the faces of all that passed by but could not hope to see him. She looked through the window of a store front ... and there she saw him at a shoemakers bench making shoes!!!

____ They soon took the train for Henry County, Illinois, Father, Mother and little “Sis.”¹⁸

15. By most accounts, spunky Susanna and one-year-old Sarah went north by themselves during the summer of 1864. One account has them traveling with her sister Magdalene (Heatwole) Rodgers, whose husband, Charles, was working on the farm of Bishop Michael Horst.

16. Pete Hartman is quite likely Peter S. Hartman, son of David Hartman, one of the Mennonites who helped conceal Henry G. when he was hiding in cellars and attics near Weavers Church.

17. On July 4, as Confederate General Jubal Early’s forces approached Harpers Ferry, Union troops abandoned the town, burned the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge, and removed a temporary pontoon bridge. See Gilot (2024), who quotes a local resident saying, “At no time during the war was there as deep a gloom on Harper’s Ferry as on that anniversary of the birth of our nation.”

18. The family’s hasty retreat to Illinois occurred soon after Confederate forces burned Chambersburg, Pa., on July 30, 1864, according to Heatwole (1948). The refugees’ contact in Illinois was Abraham Funk, a nephew of Joseph Funk of Singers Glen fame. Abraham had previously operated a depot on the unionist underground railroad near Broadway, Va. Funk fled from his Virginia home in August 1863, a few months

In Illinois Father rented a farm in partnership with Uncle R. J. Heatwole, Mother's youngest brother, who worked the farm while he plastered at good wages and went 50-50 with Uncle Reuben on all....

Father was of a very strong personality and held Uncle R. from going astray and he (R.) developed into a very zealous and useful church man and paid back the kindness Father showed him by help to (us) his orphan children after he (Father) was dead.

My brother, Joseph Franklin, sisters Henrietta, Fannie Jane, Minnie Virginia and then (I) Geo. R. were born during the stay in Henry County, Ill. but there was no Mennonite Church there and no prospect for one and westward the star of Empire was taking its way.

On the open prairies of central Kansas where rich government land was free and railroad land was being sold for only a few dollars per acre, a few Mennonites began to gather.

Uncle Reuben J. Heatwole, then single yet, went out to see and liked it, taking 160 A of railroad land and took up 160 A joining him for my folks.

Then the preparation began for the trip across two states in covered wagons, Father, Mother and six children. Father had saved up money, had fine horses and wagons and so we started. I was two years old and an older cousin who saw us start says I was sitting up in front on the spring seat with a little hat on the side of my head as big as anyone.

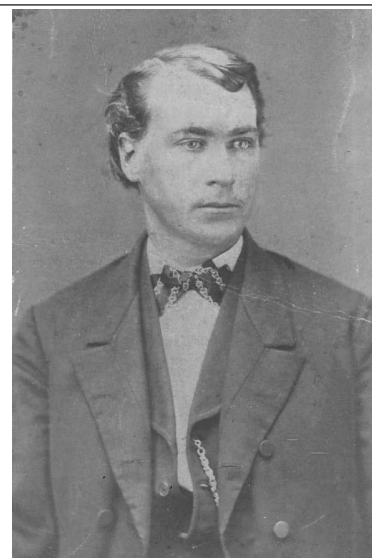
Day after day through weather fair or foul they slowly kept their way. Farther and farther toward the sunset the population grew more and more scanty until at last they reached the wide expanses of the open prairies of central Kansas.

Through the state of Missouri the people were not friendly and hospitable, some, even refusing to furnish drinking water to the family, so that they had to drink from ponds and streams which most likely accounted for the disastrous sickness later on.

The unfriendliness of the Missourians might have been occasioned by the hatred kindled in the Mormon wars and the bloody struggles over the question of whether Kansas was to be slave or free, in which struggle the Missourians lost their cause.

At last they reached the place which had long been the object of plans and day dreams.

In eight days from the time we reached our destination (Oct. 13, 1873 according to Stella after he was tried and acquitted for providing aid to Union soldiers. See Colby (1928).



Reuben J. Heatwole
Photo from Carolyn (Lind)
Hockman

Erb) Father was dead (Oct. 21, 1873) with typhoid fever and little “Sis” Fannie and baby “Hemmie” (Henry, Jr. born Dec. 6, 1873) soon were laid in their little graves beside him on the open prairie. (According to Stella Erb, Fannie died Dec. 19, 1873 at age 5, Sarah died Dec. 22, 1873 at age 11, Henry, Jr. died April 4, 1874 at age four months.)¹⁹

We were all sick and Joe, Etta, Minnie and I recovered. Mother often told me how I refused to take the doctor’s medicine, would lock my teeth and struggle until she said lay me quiet away and let me die in peace, and then, contrary to expectations I recovered.

No one will ever know what a fearful time it was for Mother. She told me she thinks sometimes that God took Father from her because she almost worshipped him as god.²⁰

There we were, no house, no help but Uncle Reuben J. Heatwole, too busy with his own affairs and Joe only nine years old.

Luckily Mother had money that Father had saved up to make the start in the new country and had three fine teams and could spare one team now to sell, but money was scarce and everybody wanted it and it soon melted away.

A neighbor offered to break up the prairie sod at three dollars per A and Mother was glad to hire. He asked for the money in advance because he needed it just then and Mother in her goodhearted way paid him, but he never did the work. He grew well to do and old but never paid it back, robbing a brokenhearted desolate widow.

Another neighbor asked for one of the children to hold bags at the thresher. I went and stood eating dust all day long holding the bags and at night carried home a little bunch of thanks to my mother.

In all the sorrows of the years Mother held up until Father was taken, then it seemed to her that her mind might go. Day in and day out and night after night, week after week, month after month her mind was intensely fixed on one subject: the loved and lost, until, as she often told me, she would sit in the house and actually think she saw him coming smiling in the door, then all would vanish. In the day time I would play but mother said at night in bed I would miss my father being too young to understand.

The farthest back my memory reaches is to the day the old patriarchal “Daddy Good,” father-in-law of Bishop Andrew Shenk of Missouri, as carpenter was putting rafters on our little cottage on the prairie with one room below and attic above. I remember just one glimpse—Mother lifting up a rafter to him as he was up above placing them.

19. Henry G. Jr.’s death on April 4, 1874, at age four months, underscores the fact that Susanna was pregnant during the long wagon trip to Kansas.

20. A similar statement appears in Erb (c1944), p. 18.

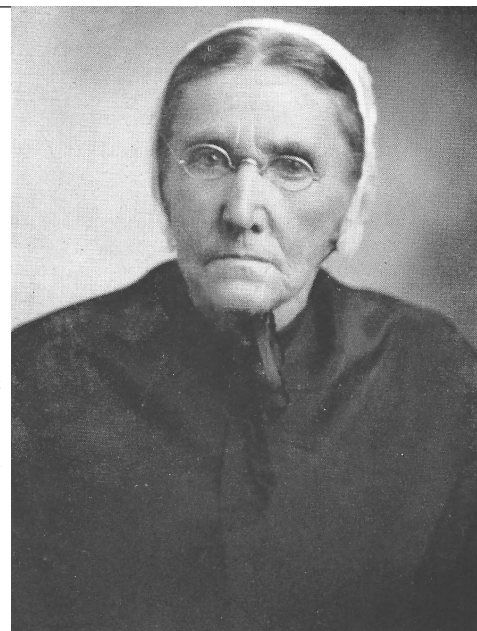
The next picture I remember was Mother driving the team and wagon home from the village (no railroad) with a few chairs and cupboard. She set the things out in the yard of our new home at dusk and drove on to Uncle Reuben J. Heatwoles.

My next view in memory's picture gallery is Mother and I alone in the little cottage, Mother walking around the table crying while she cut up Father's clothes to make clothes for Joe and me. I did not know why she was crying but I hid my face in her skirts and cried too because she looked so heartbrokenly sad.

At this time Joe was about ten I should suppose and Uncle Reuben J. Heatwole wanted Mother to let Joe feed a cane mill for him at night so he could run night and day. Well in the night the poor child got sleepy and while he was holding with his left hand to a bunch of stalks he had started in, his fingers were caught and drew his arm in nearly to the elbow. He was hurried to the doctor without reporting to Mother. The arm was dressed and then little Joe was brought home in the night. I think Mother was awake. I do not know the hour, but I remember a team drove into the yard and a voice called, "Mother, your boy is hurt!" Then another heart cry from Mother as she laid another burden upon her sick and broken heart.

Old Dr. Honniford (?) tried long to heal the hand but there was no hope for the skin was gone from it. At last it was decided that it must be taken off. The brave little son of a brave father never faltered. There were no hospitals. The surgeon came and laid out his instruments. Little Joe climbed up on the table himself and lay down. The operation was successful. Joe soon learned to do anything that others could do and more: use scythe, use wheelbarrow, walking cultivator, six horse teams, take three loads of grain to station at once, plow with two plows, harrow with two harrows, husk corn, etc. What all would he have done with two hands?

Finally Mother married again.²¹ The family was made larger and burdens heavier in various ways. Children grew up with no church privileges in the Mennonite Church—no way to go. We grew up in the Methodist Campbellite and United Brethren influence, except a word now and then from Mother and her constant prayers and a visit now and then from Uncle Reuben J. Heatwole who never forgot what our father had done for him and wished to help us for our Father's sake.



**Susanna (Heatwole) Brunk
Coopridner**

Photo from: Erb, Ethel Estella (Coopridner). *Through Tribulation to Crown of Life: Story of Grandmother Heatwole Brunk Coopridner*. Hesston, Kan.: The Book and Bible Room, c1944. Courtesy of Carolyn Hockman

21. Susanna married Mathias Coopridner (1836-1920) on Jan. 27, 1878. About two years later, he joined the Mennonite Church and was ordained to preach in 1885.

Joe and the two sisters got worldly and Joe especially in bad company which added much to Mother's sorrow. Through all these sorrows from my babyhood I was by mother's side and knew her secret sorrows better than the others. O, the tears and sleepless nights and prayers that were groanings that could not be uttered but God could hear.

When I grew up through the teen years and wanted to do like the others she would say, "George, you are my baby. Won't you stay with Mother?" and those tender pleading words held like bars of steel for strength.

But at last the time came that I, in the pride of towering strength and worldly ambition when I thought I was about a man, struck her poor heart a staggering blow. She had just expressed in my hearing a trembling hope that I would be a Christian. I replied in an overbearing way, "I'll tell you one thing, Mother, if I ever am I will never be a Mennonite."

I never could escape from the hurt look that came into her face and I went out that day like Peter did when he had denied the Lord.

As I think of those times, O, how I wish I would have known and felt as I do now that I could always have been gentle, patient and helpful to her. I am glad she lived to see us all in the church of her choice for many years and we saw her in prosperity and plenty and tearfully confessed our failings all before she died, and received her parting blessings.

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A youth choir from Mount Pleasant Mennonite Church and Ottobine Mennonite Church in Rockingham County sang at the January 21, 2025 evening of remembrance held at Park View Mennonite Church, Harrisonburg. Eric Good led the choir from the Weaverland Old Order Mennonite Conference.

Photo by Elwood Yoder



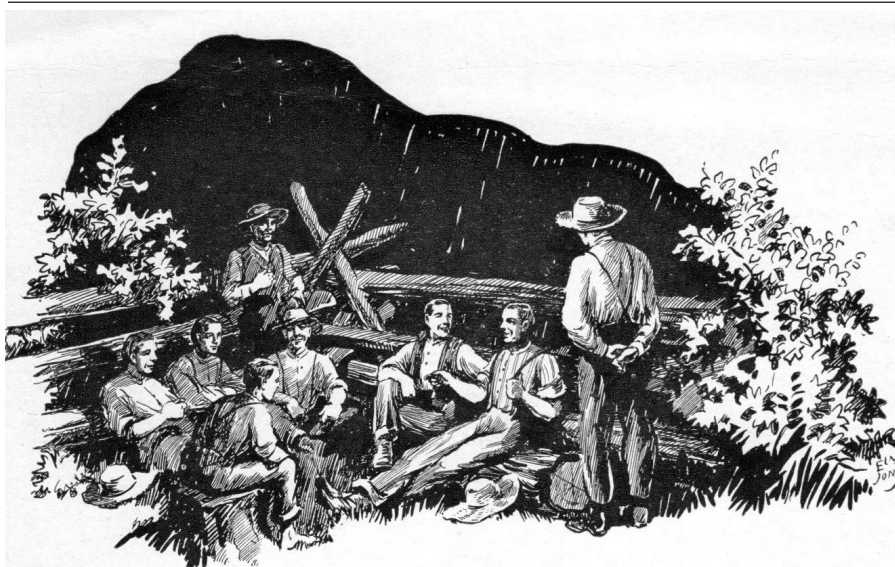
Andrea Early (left), Retha Baer, Craig Hofstetter, and Nathan May led the congregational hymns at the January 21, 2025 evening of remembrance at Park View Mennonite Church. Approximately 500 attended the event (below) and another 500 joined online.

Photo of quartet by Dale D. Gehman



Did you know?

- *That on May 29, 2025 many Anabaptist Mennonites from around the world will meet in Zurich, Switzerland to remember 500 years of Anabaptism. Elwood and Joy Yoder plan to attend;*
- *That the projected release date for a new 530-page hardback book entitled People of Peace: A History of the Virginia Mennonite Conference, is hoped for in late 2025, with co-authors Steven Nolt and Elwood Yoder;*
- *That Gospel Hill and Crest Hill Mennonite churches began in 1900, 125 years ago;*
- *That you can watch a video recording of the singing and program from January 21, 2025, at pvmchurch.org/special-events.html*



Robert E. Weaver recently discovered this postcard depicting the 1885 beginning of the Dale Enterprise Literary Society in Rockingham County, Va. The postcard was in the collection of Mary Eugenia Suter and Grace (Suter) Grove. Thanks for sharing this sketch, Bob! It will be included in the forthcoming history book about the Virginia Mennonite Conference. Contributed by Robert E. Weaver

Officers of the Historians: Chair, James L. Hershberger; Treasurer, Norman R. Wenger; Secretary, Gary Smucker; James L. Rush, newsletter circulation; Gerald R. Brunk; and Elwood E. Yoder, Editor.

The Shenandoah Mennonite Historian is published quarterly by the Shenandoah Valley Mennonite Historians, established in 1993. If you have an idea for an article for the Historian, contact the Editor at elyoder@gmail.com.

Past issues of *Historian*, from 1994-2025, can be found at mennonitearchivesofvirginia.net. This site includes a link to over 1,650 photos related to Mennonites in Virginia.

An annual individual membership fee for the Shenandoah Valley Mennonite Historians is \$10.00 per year, which includes a subscription to the *Historian*. Additional family memberships are \$5 each. Send membership fees to James Rush, e-mail at jamesrush@comcast.net, phone 540-434-7890, or U.S. mail to James Rush, 5736 Brookside Circle, Lowville, NY, 13367.

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