

Subject: Family Information

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Please find attached three images, each a sheet of a 3-page memo from Pat Lane. It details what she recalls of her family history. Pat is Eileen Kennedy's sister. If you need further clarification, talk to Teri/your mother.

Thought you might be interested in it.

My father, John H. Kelly, was the oldest of 11 children. My mother, Mary Ellen (Marie) Ryan Kelly was from a family of eight. Her parents were Thomas Kelly Ryan (born in 1823 in Co Tipperary, Ireland), and Mary Ellen Nolan (born in County Kerry, Ireland in the year 1847). Mother graduated from Normal School and taught rural school until she married my father when she was 28 and he was 27. Of that union there were two children in addition to myself: Eileen Teresa Kelly and Thomas Ryan Kelly. Eileen taught English and drama and married Bill Kennedy, an attorney in New Hampton, IA. Of that union there were three children: Michael, Kathleen and Kevin. Ryan married Harriett Cherney and they had two sons – John and Chris. Mary Patricia Kelly married Thomas Ellsworth Lane on June 24, 1950. They are the parents of Kelly, Tim, Mary, Bridget, Michaela, Brian and Jim (three quarters Sioux Indian adopted when he was 23 months old). Eileen and Ryan were born when Dad practiced dentistry in North English, IA. They moved to Cedar Rapids before I was born. At the time of this writing Eileen is alive and well at 93. Ryan battled colon cancer and aneurisms and died at age 88.

Mother's oldest brother was James whom I remember as physically handicapped. I am presuming this was the result of a congenital hip which was never surgically repaired (even if they did that in those days). I am sure that my Uncle Jim was employed for many years, but I remember him when he was retired and spent time with his siblings. Uncle Jim was a kind and gentle soul, and he taught me to play cards.

Mother was close to her sister Kate. Aunt Kate was married to Uncle Henry Wetrich who was a barber in Iowa City. Aunt Kate was a seamstress who worked out of her own home. Their two children were Helen Wetrich, married to Francis Billick (and divorced) and Vincent Wetrich married to Dorothy. Helen's three daughters will join her this summer for her 95th birthday. Our family had many a Sunday dinner at their house in Iowa City or at our house in Cedar Rapids. Helen and my sister Eileen enjoyed each other, and still do. Vince Wetrich and my brother Ryan were close in age. Vincent is deceased. Uncle Henry told me that when Bob Ryan married a girl from Ireland he felt sorry for her because of being born in a different country, and that he felt a kinship because he was German and married into an Irish family. My Aunt Kate had a wonderful way of saying, "God love you" that made me feel special. Also, she put her stamp of approval on Tom Lane, and that was almost 60 years ago.

Mother had a brother named Tom who was married to Marge McPartland. They did not have children, but adopted a little girl named Margo. Tom and Marge were not close to my mother and father, but Marge called one winter Sunday to ask if they could come over and play cards. When I got home from ice skating, my mother suggested that Margo and I make a batch of fudge. (I must have been 12 years old and Margo, perhaps eight.) That evening ended in tragedy in that Margo used her apron as a hot pad on the pan handle on the gas stove. Within seconds, her apron and her frilly dress were in flames, and our screams brought the four parents to the kitchen. My father rolled Margo in the rug in front of our kitchen sink. Their family doctor was out of town, but our Dr. Jones came to the house. He and Dad and Margo and her parents all left for the hospital, and Mother lay on the couch with her arm around me, and I have no doubt she was praying. My Uncle Tom gave me a wonderful gift that evening. In all of his concern for Margo,

he said to me, "Just remember, Patsy, that no one will ever blame you." Margo died from the burns or the smoke inhalation, and that was the end of any relationship between my mother and my aunt, Marge Ryan. Marge alienated herself from many people, and when my sister Eileen drove from New Hampton to Cedar Rapids many years later for Marge's funeral (Tom had preceded her in death), the funeral was poorly attended.

Mother's younger sister, Monica, married Frank Flanagan, and they moved from Omaha to Santa Ana, CA when I was quite young. They had two children, Mary Ellen (Molly) and Jack. Molly is married to Bill Marquard, and they have five children, three girls and two boys. They have visited Iowa and South Dakota several times and we have stayed with them in California, and more recently in Oregon. Molly and Bill came to the Ryan Family Reunion in Silver City on June, 1992. Also at that reunion were Helen Billick and her three daughters plus two sons-in-law; Vincent Wetrich and his wife Dorothy and their daughter and her husband as well as my sister Eileen Kennedy. Mother and Aunt Kate and Aunt Mon wrote to each other regularly. They had a wonderful tradition of sharing these letters with each other and with their children, and it was a great way to stay in touch when I lived away from Cedar Rapids. We drove our motorhome (which was a converted school bus) to California in 1968. At that time Aunt Monica lived with Molly and Bill Marquard and their five children. She was physically frail but mentally sharp. Our boys thought they had died and gone to heaven to be related to three such pretty girl cousins. Aunt Monica was thrilled with our Catholicism because the Lane boys could play hymns on their guitars.

My mother was very fond of her youngest brother, Joe. Mother's parents had moved to Cedar Rapids by the time Joe was in high school; so he graduated from high school in Cedar Rapids rather than from country school as did his siblings. Joe was married to Edna O'Neill, and their three children are Dick (now a retired attorney in Cedar Rapids), Jane, married to Gus Gatto and living in Bettendorf, IA. Jerre Ryan is widowed and living in Glenview, Illinois. Jerre addresses his Christmas cards to Tom and "Patsy Kelly" Lane.

The summer after I graduated from high school, I stayed with Dick, Jane and Jerre while Uncle Joe and Aunt Edna went to Mayo Clinic in Rochester for surgery for Joe. I was not the most mature and certainly not the most domestic 18 year old, but I managed to fix their breakfast and lunch and we all went to my parents' home for a home-cooked dinner. Uncle Joe traveled all week and sold for Pittman-Moore (to veterinarians), but when my father was ill, he came to visit him every week-end, and after Dad died, Uncle Joe visited my mother often. Uncle Joe came to Silver City after Aunt Edna had died. He wanted to see Pat and her children and Mt. Rushmore. That he did, and then returned home.

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Mother's oldest brother was Uncle "Tooge" (John) Ryan. Tooge died of a bowel obstruction on the day we returned from Eileen Kelly Kennedy's graduation from the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul. Tooge and Aunt Catherine Ryan were the parents of eight children. Uncle Tooge worked at the mill and Aunt Catherine was a nurse. When Tooge died, their youngest child, Patrick was two years old. Aunt Catherine supported her family with her nursing. My cousins went to the same Catholic school I did, but there

was never a cousin in my grade. The three children from this family at the Ryan Reunion in Silver City in 1992 were Joan Ryan Brady and her husband, Jim Ryan and his wife Doris and Dan Ryan and his wife Betty as well as Dan and Betty's grand daughter. This family has been decimated by diabetes.

When we were in Ireland some years ago, we learned that Tadhg is Gaelic for Timothy. We now know that Uncle Tooge was John Timothy, and we are guessing that Tooge is a distortion of the Gaelic for Timothy.