

The Doyle and Healy Family Story:

Two Hundred Years of Irish Heritage



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1 Introduction

When we were very young as sons and daughters of immigrants we listened to Irish music, our mother told us stories down by the shore about her father and siblings. Our father, aided by a bit of grog, talked about the troubling times when he was imprisoned for standing up for Irish freedom. We heard these stories, did not ask enough questions and forgot the important details. Buried in those stories is who we all are. With DNA testing we can now learn the mechanics of our ancestors, but there is a narrative that goes with it. There are people and places that deserve to be remembered. We have already lost too much of the story. This is my attempt to document what I know and hope that it will be built upon by many others.

When I was first married, or maybe a bit before, I started to spend more summer weekends on Wolfe (“The”) Island. On Saturday afternoon, Daddy would often remember that he needed something urgently in the village. Sometimes, we would forget what that was before we got there, but we would never miss an hour or two in the General Wolfe Hotel. The same cast of characters would be there. Most memorable was old George Rogers. Every conversation would start off the same “well Paddy Doyle have you changed your religion or politics yet”. The fun would begin and extend at least until we got home to our wives. These were some of the best afternoons of my life.

Although we had talked about it many times, I was never sure where Daddy was born. One Saturday afternoon, I asked him, and this time wrote it down. I put it

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in the medal cookie box where he always stored important papers right on the windowsill next to his recliner. It was not until sometime after his death that I was sitting in his chair thinking about him and opened the box. There it was... “Kilgarvan”. I took it home to Ottawa and filed it away.

One of my oldest and closest political friends in Ottawa was Frank Rudden. I had the honor of delivering his eulogy in 1999. Frank was born in Southern Ireland in about 1922 and was brought here as a child. It was Frank that got me involved as a director of the local Provincial Liberal Riding Association during the spring of 1975. I got addicted and was president for eight of the subsequent fifteen-years. In addition to finding candidates, running campaigns, raising money and chairing the regional President’s Council, I was on David Peterson’s transition team helping to bring in a new Ontario government after over forty years of PC rule. Just for the record, I also was the one that got Jerry and Denis involved in politics.

Getting back to Frank, sometime in the late 1980s Frank and his older brother Pat, a well-known lawyer and great singer from Cornwall, were heading to Ireland for five weeks. They had rented a place in Kerry somewhere on the Dingle peninsula. When I told Frank that my father was from Kilgarvan he offered to see if he could find any Doyles in the area. As I understand the story, he had almost given up when one day while getting gas he asked the attendant if he knew of any Doyles in the area. Someone else overheard and offered to help. Unfortunately, they spoke mainly Irish (Gaelic) so some translation by the attendant was required. Frank got a couple of potential points of contact. One of them was our aunt Abbie’s (Daddy’s youngest sister) daughter Joan who lived in Castleisland, a town near Tralee where she worked for the local parish priest.

After some more hard work, Frank found Joan and gave her a letter I had written explaining who both he and we were. She wrote a great letter back describing her family and the connection was firmly established.

Denis ended up going to Ireland before I did, and while he was there picked up a lot more information including some birth, marriage and death certificates. I had a business operation in England and made a number of trips into Ireland between 1994 and 2006. The biggest and best was when Oliver, Sean, Denis and I went ‘home’ in 1999. It was great fun!



On our mother's side we always knew that Ma was born in Skibbereen, a beautiful little town near the ocean in West Cork. Her sister Bessie and our Uncle Danny visited Wolfe Island almost every summer while we were growing up, so we just seemed to somehow know more about her life in Ireland. After our grandfather, Oliver Healy, died in 1952. Ma's oldest sister, Margaret Mary, who had never married, and stayed to look after their father, immigrated to the US and lived with Aunt Bessie. She started coming to the Island in about 1956 or 57. I loved her straight off the boat Irish accent and the sparkle in her eyes, even through those thick glasses.

Ma's mother, Margaret Ann Sullivan, had died in 1911 at the age of just 35. When we were growing up, I always thought it was while giving birth to our Uncle Denis, but that was not the case. He was a bit over a year old when she died. Her death record says she died from a "Parturition Secondary Hemorrhage", which is a condition that is clearly tied to childbirth. Either she developed the condition when she was giving birth to Uncle Denis, and it was never treated properly, or she was pregnant again and died during the birth of a sixth child.

We knew that Ma's father was a tailor who had polio (or something) when he was about six or eight years old. The only long-term effect was that one of his legs was deformed and he had to walk with a crutch.

When Denis was over, after a lot of work, he found that our maternal grandparents are buried in the old Abbeymahon Graveyard just outside of Skibbereen. It seems

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that sometime after 1911 the graveyard was closed, but since our grandmother was buried there, he was allowed in when he died in 1952. Some years later it was discovered that the graveyard contained a mass grave for some ten thousand people that died as a result of the great famine of 1845-50. The graveyard now has a beautiful monument at the gate and is generally well maintained.

One of the best stories from our '99 trip is that somehow Denis brought a plastic grocery bag with him from Canada that contained an old hand brace from the farm, a steel-grinding wheel for the brace, steel wool, sandpaper and magic markers. We didn't notice him carrying it around as we hunted through the graveyard for the tombstone. Once we found it, within a minute or so he produced the bag, handed us some tools and told us to get to work. We all split a gut laughing. The job has now been handed down to the next generation. Tammy cleaned it up in 2016 when she was there to celebrate her 50th.

It is hard to understand our heritage without knowing a bit of Irish history. What I think of as modern Irish history really starts with the Battle of the Boyne in July 1690. It was fought in Ireland between William of Orange, the King of Holland, and his father-in-law King James II, the Catholic King of England. William of Orange, aided by wealthy and unhappy English protestants, won a crushing victory, which secured the protestant aristocracy in Ireland for generations. The Battle of the Boyne retains huge symbolic importance in Northern Ireland where the Orange Order still celebrates its anniversary every 12th of July.

British landlords owned virtually all of the farmland in Ireland. Even though many farms were small and not very productive, tenant farmers were forced to pay rent, and ship fixed amounts of produce to England every year. The potato, which had become a staple crop in Ireland by the 18th century, was appealing in that it was a hardy, nutritious, and calorie-dense crop that was relatively easy to grow in the Irish soil. By the early 1840s almost half the Irish population—but primarily the rural poor—had come to depend almost exclusively on the potato for their diet. The rest of the population also consumed it in large quantities. In 1845, a disease struck the potato crop and that same year Ireland had unusually cool moist weather. Much of that year's potato crop rotted in the fields. That first major crop failure was followed by more-devastating failures in 1846-49, as each year's potato crop was almost completely ruined by the blight.

In 1845 the population of Ireland was about ten million. As a result of starvation, disease and immigration during the great famine and a very short period afterward, the population shrunk to about three million. Even though they lived on an island, the Irish were not allowed to fish. The cruelty imposed by the British lead to an increased interest in the republican movement.

During my research, I relied partly on the Griffith Valuation of Ireland. In 1825 Griffith was appointed by the British Government to carry out a survey of Ireland. He was to mark the boundaries of every county, barony, civil parish and townlands in preparation for drawing up of official maps. He completed the boundary work in 1844. He was also called upon by another Parliamentary bill to assist in the preparation of a general valuation of Ireland. That value was established by estimating how much each farmer **should** make from the land they rented.

In that period, farmlands became very overpopulated as multiple generations relied on the same land to feed their families. The average lot was reduced to less than five acres. British landlords demanded rent payments from every generation of the family.

To me, the most outrageous example of the mistreatment of the Catholics was that the valuation list was used to establish an annual tithe. In 1823, the British Parliament enacted the Composition for Tithes Act. This act forced more than six million Catholics making up more than 90% of Irish population to pay 10% of what the Griffiths evaluation said they **should** earn to the Anglican Church of Ireland. In 1838, this almost unbelievable proclamation was changed to force the landlords, not the tenants, to pay the tithe. Of course, this change only meant that the landlords raised rents and the Crown/Anglican Church had fewer and wealthier people from which to collect the tithes. The Catholics still were forced to financially support a church they did belong to or agree with.

The Fenian Rising of 1867 was a rebellion against the incredibly oppressive rule of Ireland by England. It was organized by the Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB), which was formed in Dublin in 1858 with the support of a US group known as the Fenian Brotherhood. Even though they had some 6,000 guns and an estimated 50,000 men willing to fight, the Rising failed. The main causes included the effective British use of informers and the arrest of their leaders before the Rising. Even though without those leaders, the operation was poorly planned and

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executed, the Rising was not without symbolic significance. The Fenians proclaimed a Provisional Republican government and the IRB continued to function.

The Easter Rising took place in Dublin and a few other places in 1916 between Monday the 24th of April and Sunday the 30th. It was a rebellion against British rule in Ireland and was defeated after a swift British military response. As a military campaign the Easter Rising was ultimately a failure, but it too had an important legacy. The brutal British response to the event turned the majority of the Irish public towards the concept of a fully independent Irish Republic.

The Irish War of Independence started in January of 1919 and ended with a truce on July 11th, 1921. The Irish Republican Army (IRA) had been building its numbers, acquiring arms and running training camps since 1913. The Royal Irish Constabulary (RIC) and the Black and Tans supported the British forces. The Black and Tans were a particularly brutal group of mercenaries, known for their ill-disciplined attacks on civilians.

The July 1921, a cease-fire led to the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty on December 6th, 1921. The agreement resulted in the formation of the Irish Free State as a Dominion within the British Empire. Six northern counties remained as part of the United Kingdom; however, there was an agreement that they would hold a referendum on joining the Irish Free State.

The Anglo-Irish agreement split the country into pro- and anti-treaty forces. In late June of 1922 the elected anti-treaty members refused to take their seats in parliament and a civil war broke out. The Civil war was much more brutal than the War of Independence. In October of 1922 an act of parliament approved the establishment of military tribunes. Anyone supporting the anti-treaty forces, possessing a gun or even a bullet could be arrested and sentenced to death. By the time the anti-treaty forces laid down their arms in April of 1923, between 77 and 81 official executions had taken place and some 12,000 people, including Daddy, were in prison. Many of these prisoners faced execution or indeterminate jail sentences. The last of those thrown into jail without a trial were released in January of 1926.

In 1926, the six northern counties voted to remain under British rule. In 1949, Southern Ireland became a republic, finally ending its ties to the British Commonwealth.

What I have tried to do in this document is to give names, dates, places and relationships that we have with our Irish ancestors. If I have a story, with some digression, I will tell it. With the Internet, I am sure more will surface over time. Please double-check everything you find online. Some of the family trees are clearly wrong. For example, some people are in a hurry and post stuff at Ancestry.com that is incorrect. If incorrect information is added in part or entirely, it will mess up the story going forward. If you spot errors in this document, please let me know.

I hope those of you that like this stuff will enjoy it, and those that don't will just ignore my rants!

2 The Canadian Connection—Ma, Daddy and Us

County Kerry is divided into 2756 “townlands”. In the parish of Kilgarvan, where most of our ancestors are from, there are 58 identified townlands. These areas vary in size and population. The Doyle clan is one of the oldest families in the region. Although early records are hard to find, the Doyle family has been the main occupant of a 495-acre townland called Derrincullig for well over 200 years, maybe even much longer.

Aunt Josie (Josephine Doyle) was the oldest of Daddy’s siblings. She was born at Derrincullig, on September 7th, 1894, and was the first of the family to immigrate to the United States. According to census records, she was living at Derrincullig in 1901, but was not there in 1911. Aunt Josie met Patrick Driscoll in Massachusetts and returned to Ireland where they married in the church in Kilgarvan on August 6th, 1920.

There is a funny story about how our father and Uncle Pat met. Uncle Pat and Aunt Josie went to Ireland to see our grandparents at Derrincullig, and as it turned out, to get married. The War of Independence was underway between England and Ireland at that time, and Daddy was very much involved. Michael Collins, known as the father of guerilla warfare, led the Irish forces. That meant that people like Daddy, then 20 years old, were farmers by day and fighters by night.

Unknown to Daddy, while he was out doing his part to free Ireland from hundreds of years of English oppression, Uncle Pat had arrived wearing some parts of his World War I US army uniform. Thinking that Uncle Pat was a Brit there to get

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him, our father stormed into the house with his gun pointed at Uncle Pat. Thank God cooler heads prevailed before he pulled the trigger. I am not sure how many pints it took for them to find the humor in it all.

Uncle Pat was born in Ireland. His parents had a set of twins after him. His mother and the twins were all killed in a house fire leaving him alone with his father. His father could not deal with the situation and as a result, from a very young Uncle Pat was passed around from one neighbor to the next. When he was 16 or 17, he immigrated to the US.

Ma arrived in New York on August 3rd, 1925, aboard the SS Centic, which sailed from Cobh (near Cork City). She lived with Aunt Josie in New York. Clearly, the Doyles and Healys knew each other in Ireland. We have always been told that Ma and Daddy were cousins. I have not been able to find a common ancestor on both the Doyle and Healy sides, but Daddy's paternal grandmother was Johanna Healy, and a Daniel Healy was a witness at Daddy's parents' wedding. Ma's grandfather was named Daniel Healy. Two people with the same names as Daddy's grandparents, Johanna Healy and John Doyle, were our Oliver Healy's (Ma's father and Daniel Healy's son) godparents. Oliver Healy's baptism took place in the parish of Tuosist, twenty or more kilometers from Derrincullig. That was a long trip in 1873, but he was not baptized until ten days after his birth, allowing lots of time to get the news and be there.

Given all these facts, I am quite sure that Ma's grandfather Daniel Healy and Daddy's grandmother Johanna Healy were siblings, but I have not found proof. There are family trees in Ancestry.com that show siblings of the right age in that area, but when I checked with the owners, they say they just copied it from somewhere else. As I said earlier, that can be the problem with Ancestry.com and similar sites where information is not properly researched.

2.1 Jane Healy (Ma)

She was born on October 28th, 1906, in Skibbereen, a pretty town near the ocean in the very south of County Cork. It is about 80 km west of the city of Cork, and is known as the capital of West Cork. That area is unfortunately best known in the history books for the 1915 sinking of the Lusitania off the coast of Kinsale, just 60km from Skibbereen. The Lusitania was a passenger ship headed from the US to England carrying 1,859 people. Hidden underneath was a large store of

armaments that were being shipped to the allied forces. Knowing that the weapons were onboard, it was sunk by a German U-boat. There were 1,198 killed and 761 made it to the shores of Cork. The sinking of the Lusitania without warning was one of the main reasons the US entered the First World War twenty-three months later.

Ma's parents were Oliver Healy and Margaret Ann Sullivan. Our sister Margaret is named after our maternal grandmother. Growing up, I always remembered our Aunt Bessie making the distinction between her sister Aunt Margaret Mary and our sister Margaret Ann. She always used their second names when referring to them.

Ma's father moved to Skibbereen from Rusheens, a townland about eight kilometers southwest of Kenmare. I don't know if it was love or work that brought him to Skibbereen. There were Sullivans in Rusheens, so maybe that is how our grandparents met. Oliver Healy was a tailor and worked every day in the Driscoll tailor shop in the centre of Skibbereen.

The Healys lived in a townhouse at 6 Chapel Lane. Even over one hundred years later, the street and houses are all very well maintained. Located on a hill, there is a beautiful unobstructed view from the small eating area in the back of the house. I can imagine our mother sitting there as a young girl having no idea what a long and often difficult life was ahead for her.

Unlike all of the places Ma lived in Canada, they had running water and indoor plumbing. We only got those facilities at the farmhouse in about 1959. For ten or twelve years after that, when the drilled well was put in, we didn't have running water in the winter. Well, when the cows were not milking, we had no practical use for those milk cans anyway.

Ma lost her mother before her fifth birthday, so she didn't remember a lot about her. Even though it is only a five or ten minute-walk to the school she attended, I think they stayed at the convent next door to the school during the week. This could be just a rumor, but if true it was likely because our grandfather worked long hours and with only one good leg, he would have had trouble caring for the five kids.

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Ma was a domestic worker in New York City. She spoke very highly of the wealthy Jewish family she worked for during most of her years in the city. Although she did not refer to herself as a nanny, she looked after the kids. In Ireland, she had never seen a black person. On one of her first days on the job she screamed when she came around a corner and bumped into a large black man and co-worker. She did not have a racist bone in her body and spoke about how they became great friends. The meeting, however, was a bit of a shock.

In 1929, like so many others, her employer lost everything in the stock market crash. She told stories about people jumping off buildings, but I can't remember if one of them was her boss.

Ma had a tough but happy life. I can only directly comment on the fifty years that I can remember. Once they settled in at the farmhouse on Wolfe Island, she developed a network of friends. She was an active member and two-term president of the St. Lawrence Women's Institute. Two of her closest friends were Rose Marlin and Francis Woodman. Rose laughed more than any person I have ever met.

One time, Ma was up on a rickety scaffold painting the ceiling above the staircase. Now you need to appreciate that while they were best friends, Ma and Francis rarely called each other by their first names. They were that respectful. Ma was not enjoying the painting job and made it clear that we were to stay outside and not bother her. As she was working away, she heard someone come into the kitchen. She yelled out something like "I told you little bastards to stay outside". Mrs. Woodman responded, "Oh Jennie!"

By the time the youngest in the family, James, went off to the University of Waterloo, Sean and Marilyn had moved to the Island. Ma had their two kids, Bradley and Tammy, to look after and keep her busy.

She suffered from Parkinson's disease from her forties onward, but she kept it under control using dopamine. That, and perhaps other drugs, caused hardening of the arteries that eventually led to a series of mini strokes. While she did not want to leave the farm, at age 86 she moved to The Providence Manor seniors' home in Kingston where the facilities are excellent. She had her own room and a shared bathroom. She could attend mass in the beautiful first floor chapel any day she felt

up to it. As always happens in places like that, she would make new friends, and they would die shortly after.

Ma had a new male friend at her ninetieth birthday party. It inspired our brother Thomas to tell her that he “hoped she was taking precautions, because we didn’t need any more brothers and sisters”.

She passed away on October 13th, 1999, just a couple of weeks shy of her 93rd birthday. Daddy was 100 on the 15th so I guess she didn’t want to miss the party.

2.2 Patrick Doyle (Daddy)

He was born on the townland of Derrincullig just north of Kilgarvan on October 15th, 1899. His parents were Mary Donoghue and Thomas Doyle. Derrincullig had three or four houses on it at the time. They lived in a thatched roof house down the road from the bigger house where they lived later.



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Our cousin Martin Doyle retired in about 2016 and has been working on restoring the old house since then. With some very careful digging, he was able to find the entire original footing of the house and about a foot of the walls. He retrieved all the original stone that remained in the area. In addition, he found similar stone just down the road that he was able to use. It is very likely that the original stone came from there hundreds of years ago when our ancestors built the house.

The main feature in the old house was the hearth. It provided the only heat and method of cooking in the original structure. Martin was able to find the base of the hearth and the original firebox. As the picture taken in 2019 shows, he has done an incredible job of restoring this key feature of our ancestral family home at Derrincullig. From the right to the left Denis, Martin and myself are discussing the work involved.

The thatched roof house had a loft where as many of the children slept as possible. It is hard to imagine how nine children and five adults lived in that house in 1911.

The larger house was likely built between 1910 and 1920. Martin's son Johnnie restored that house in about 1917 and lives there with his son Thomas and Thomas's mother. The house where our cousin Martin now lives is a bungalow that was probably constructed in about 1960.

Our cousin Joan has been great trying to introduce us to people that we are related to in the region. One of the more memorable people was her Uncle Pat Sullivan that was well into his 90s when we met. I think he was just a few years younger than Daddy and was married to Joan's father's sister. I naturally asked him about our father, and he said, "he was a great horseman". Like others, when I asked about Daddy's involvement in the war with England and the tragic civil war that followed, he would not say anything.

The tree-lined driveway leading up to the old couple's farmhouse is beautiful. It was about 10:30 in the morning when we arrived. As we drove in, Joan told me that they were tea drinkers so not to expect anything harder to drink and make sure I ate the cookies she would be providing. Their son, about 50 years old and Joan's cousin, greeted us when we arrived. She had filled me in on him. Unlike his parents, he loved the grog, and they did not approve. He was on the outs with them. After an extremely warm welcome, out came some nice freshly baked cookies and a bottle of Irish... so much for the tea drinking. He must have poured

3 ounces into each of Joan's husband John's and our glasses and made sure we had a second before we left.

I don't know much about the type of farming that took place at Derrincullig. The land is quite rugged, so apart from potatoes and turnips, I doubt that there were many crops. It is likely that they would have had sheep and maybe a few cows. Since they only very rarely get snow, these sorts of animals can survive on the land all year round.

The Mangerton Mountains are not far from Derrincullig. The tallest peak is 2,566 feet. The hill at the back of the farmhouse is only a few hundred feet high but is a pretty spot.

According to a record that I found, Daddy was a member of the IRA from 1916 to 1921. He was a member of the 2nd Kerry Brigade, 1st Southern Division, 3rd Battalion, which was under the command of Humphrey Murphy, and his second-in-command Denis Hegarty. Daddy's maternal grandmother was Johanna Hegarty, so I suspect that he and Denis were second cousins. The records show that Daddy received a medal for his service and was likely entitled to a pension, but it had expired by the time he went over with Oliver to try to collect it in the winter of 1953-54. In accordance with his wishes, he was buried with his medal.

In the 1940's the Irish Bureau of Military History reached out to those involved in the Irish fight for independence asking them to tell their stories. With the advent of the Internet, a thousand or so of these stories are available online. These Statements by Witnesses provide an extremely touching and detailed view of the 1913-21 period in Ireland. If you have some time, search for, and read John O'Connor's Witness statement number 1181. Starting on page 16 of that document he tells the story of the raid on a train at Headford Junction, just outside Kenmare, that was carrying supplies to British soldiers. Not only is it a good read, but I think Daddy may have been one of the people involved. The Brits lost nine, three civilians were killed in the crossfire and three IRA men met their maker. The reason I think it involved a bunch of the boys from Kilgarvan is they met up there after the raid and stayed for a few days.

I think it was our cousin Denis Hegarty that tells the story of starting the IRA group in Kilgarvan. There were only four to start. They had no military experience or weapons of any sort. He tells of them attacking a mason who had recently

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arrived in Kilgarvan and that they suspected of supporting the Brits. He had been bragging that he carried a pistol. After following him home from the pub a couple of nights they made their move, got the pistol and the mason left town for good. That too is a great read.

To build up their numbers, after mass on Sunday they held parades in the main street of Kilgarvan. To look like a fighting force to be reckoned with, they carved guns out of wood. I am sure that scared off the British, who had just warmed up by fighting World War I.

The War of Independence ended with the signing of a treaty that called for the formation of the Irish Free State, which would remain as part of what we now call the British Commonwealth. Many of the Irish people objected and civil war broke out. Michael Collins, who along with Arthur Griffith signed the agreement, headed the pro-agreement side, and Eamon de Valera led the Republican side. Daddy, like many others that fought in the War of Independence, joined the anti-treaty forces.

Michael Collins was shot and killed on October 22nd, 1922, not far from Skibbereen. That morning Collins met with several of the boys at the Elgin Hotel in Skibbereen. In '99 we spent a couple of nights at the Elgin. The owner told us that Collins had his last pint there. No need to worry Sonny O'Neill, not Daddy, shot and killed Michael Collins. Like the Kennedy assassination, a number of conspiracy theories are discussed, even today.

The civil war continued until May 24th, 1923, when Eamon de Valera and the military leader, Frank Aiken, ordered the Anti-Treaty fighters to “dump their arms”. Some unrest continued for many years. The official death count during the one-year civil war was 1,053.

It is hard to find details on the extremely brutal civil war. Between October of 1922 and March of 1923, when The Irish Free State stopped executing fellow Irishman, 77 people were shot. By comparison, the British officially executed 54 people in the two-and-a-half-year War of Independence.

I found a couple events in the Kilgarvan area that Daddy could have been involved in, but we cannot be sure. After many hours, maybe days, of searching, I found what looked like his name in the index of a book “Echoes of Their Footsteps” by Kathleen Hegarty Thorne. All it said was “Patrick Doyle Captured Co. Kerry”.

Kathleen lives in the US, so after an exchange of emails, she called. She told me that all she knew was that he was captured in the Mangerton Mountains, in April or May of 1923. I purchased both volumes of her book and they have provided a lot of information.

When Daddy talked about being in prison and sentenced to death, I always thought it was the Brits that captured him and ordered his execution. Kathleen said that he might very well have been captured both during the War of Independence, and at the end of the Civil War. In 1923, just being an anti-treaty sympathizer was punishable by death, so it is likely true that he was sentenced to death by the Irish Free State. Prisoners were kept in jail “until they learned their lesson”, so I suspect he was in for six months to a year.

Determining the path of Daddy’s immigration has been a very laborious project. I always understood that he came to New York in 1922, and that Aunt Josie was his sponsor. Repeated searches of several data sources unearthed absolutely nothing. In a telephone conversation with our cousin Maureen, I learned that Aunt Josie lived in Massachusetts until after Buddy was born in 1924. Still thinking that he lived with her when he first came over, I started searching ports of entry in the Boston area. Again, there was no indication that he had entered there either.

In a bit of a desperate move, I conducted a search for all Patrick Doyles born in 1899 that entered the US between 1920 and 1930. Bingo, I had a hit. It was not at all what I expected, but it was definitely Daddy. The birth date was October 15th, 1899, the place of birth was correct, our Uncle John at 580 West 101st Street in New York City was where he was headed, and Mary Donoghue was recorded as his mother. The surprise was that the immigration document was dated May 2nd, 1929, at Niagara Falls, New York. It also said he had landed in Canada through Halifax on March 14th, 1926. One of the boxes on the form contained the word “Pittsburg”. I could not read the title on the box but thought that must have been where he had departed the US.

Our daughter Catherine and her husband Shawn Cormier arrived and helped me out with reading the document. Shawn was certain that he had arrived by sea and thought that “Pittsburg” was the name of the ship he had taken. He found a list of the ships that arrived in Halifax on March 14th, 1926, (there were a bunch) and there it was, the SS Pittsburg. After more digging, we found the ship had departed

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from Cobh, the same port Ma had left from just seven months earlier. We found both the manifest and his immigration documents. These documents show that he planned to stay permanently in Canada. His point of contact was “Mrs. Kerr”, his cousin at 245 Maggie Street in Montreal.

I have had no luck finding our cousin on Maggie Street. In fact, there does not seem to have ever been a Maggie Street in Montreal.

Once in Canada, he got a job with the Canadian railroad as part of a construction crew. As I recall, they were building new tracks and he was the camp cook. Now, given all we ever saw him cook was a pot of tea that seems like a stretch. He was in Canada for three years before crossing into the United States at Niagara Falls on May 2nd, 1929. His destination was to stay with his older brother John.

In New York City, he worked on subway construction. After a few drinks, we heard stories about how he single-handedly placed the steeple on the top of the Empire State Building. Then of course there is the other one of slipping off the wooden ladder, and how he would have died had he not stuck his arms between the rungs. It seems that after the 1,250-foot fall he had “an arm full of wood” when he landed on 5th Avenue.

He met Ma and they were married on April 20th, 1930 at the Church of the Holy



Name of Jesus at 201 and 96th Street in New York City. Jeremiah Healy and Aunt Bessie were their best man and maid of honor.

I believe that Jeremiah Healy was the son of Ma’s uncle Jeremiah, her father’s oldest brother. The 1901 census shows that Jeremiah senior lived at Rusheens

along with our great-grandmother (his mother) Margaret Shea/Healy, his wife Mary and their kids Mary, Margaret, Daniel, Hannah, and Patrick. He was 40, his wife Mary was 30 and his mother was 65.

In the 1911 census, Jeremiah senior is not shown, so he must have died. It does however show a Jeremiah C. Healy who was five years old and a younger brother Joseph (3). Young Jeremiah would have been Ma's first cousin, and would have known of Daddy's family. When we were kids, his family came to the farm several times and they were back to visit in about 2012. I think that Jeremiah C. Healy was born in Rusheens in 1907 and was the best man at their wedding.

2.3 Their Kids (Us)

Once Ma and Daddy married, they got right at having kids.

Daddy was not a fan of New York. He loved the farm and wanted to get back to it as soon as possible. In addition, they married as the great depression hit the world hard causing incredible unemployment. He found a farm in New Brunswick advertised for sale in a New York paper. As I recall it, the ad stated that there was 50 acres of usable farmland with a house and barn. I think they paid either \$50 or \$500. They found the money and moved in the summer of 1931. When they got there the house and barn were gone, and Daddy went to work in the forest.

I am not sure how they heard of Wolfe Island, but in 1932 or 1933 they moved to the Island, for the first time. They rented what we know now as the Hugh place. It had a house and a barn. So, with a small number of animals, they were able to feed themselves even during the heat of the depression when everyone was struggling. Daddy decided he needed to sell one of the cattle. A drover came by and offered him \$5.00. He decided to butcher the animal himself. He cleaned up the hide and sold it to the tannery in Kingston for \$3.00 and kept the meat for the family.

In the spring of 1933 (*editorial comment: this was originally written as 1934*), while Daddy was milking the cows, they had an early morning house fire and lost everything including their wedding gifts. Ma had long hair, and it caught fire. She was fine, but she never grew long hair again. Out of desperation, they went to the parish priest and asked for help. He told them to "go back to their own". There were too many longtime residents of the Island in need.

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Old George Woodman and his family were living in the stone house that they would later buy. He took them in with open arms. Oliver was born at home in the stone farmhouse on July 13th, 1933. Now the story has it that he was born at 12:05 AM on the 13th, but I always called him on the 12th to wish him a happy birthday. There was absolutely no way that Paddy Doyle was having a son born on Orangeman's Day.

In about 1937, between the birth of Pat and Donald, they moved to Rogersville, New Brunswick where Donald, Sean and Jerry were born. I remember something about them living in Sydenham, Ontario before coming back to the Island in about 1942.

When they moved back to the Island, they rented a farm from John Murphy, just across the road from the Howard Docteur place. The owner, "Old John Murphy," a very kind old fellow, lived with them. Donald, Pat, Oliver and Tom all went to the old SS#7 Catholic school. Denis and I were both born while we lived there.

In the spring of 1947, Ma and Daddy bought the farm from George Woodman. Oliver was back home. Lots of work was required to the house. Apparently, no one had lived in it for a while and parts had been used to keep animals. It became, and hopefully will remain, what we call home for many years to come. Once electricity was installed in about 1951, and water in 1959, it began to be a rather modern home for a place built in 1848.

Mary and James were born after we moved to the farm.

2.3.1 Margaret in New York City—January 18th, 1931

Margaret is the only one of our immediate family that could be elected President of the United States. Without a doubt, she would do a better job than the one they have now (Trump). She moved to Canada when she was only about six months old, then to Wolfe Island a couple of years later, then back to New Brunswick and then finally back to Wolfe Island.

When she was about 13, she moved back to New York City to attend high school. Aunt Bessie and Uncle Jack had lost a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter some years before and they were glad to take her into their apartment in the Bronx. She only stayed one year and then came back to the Island.

Through a combination of own hard work and differences in the school systems, she skipped a grade in high school graduating in only three years.

Marg was almost 16 when I was born, and is my godmother. She worked at the McPherson steel plant as a secretary during the week and the A-1 clothing store at the corner of Princess and King Street on Saturdays and some evenings. She would bring used tracing paper to Mary and Denis but, being my godmother, she always stuck in a couple of new sheets for me.

On June 13th, 1959, she married Ed McCarty, a Kingston city policeman.

Her first pregnancy ended tragically. At about eight and a half months, they were informed the child had died. Denis and I were staying at their house that winter and remember those extremely sad days as she had to carry the baby to term. On a much happier note, they had a son, Robert (Bobby), a daughter, Susan, and their youngest, Kevin, over the subsequent few years. Susan has two adopted children and a grandson, Charlie. Kevin's son is now a medical doctor in Alberta.

After Marg and Ed separated in the 70s, Marg married Jack Payne in the early 80s. Jack died around the turn of the century.

As I write this, she is 88 years old and has a new companion, Carman. He lost his wife after 59 years of marriage and is quite a character, nice guy and good for her.

2.3.2 Thomas in New Brunswick on December 21st, 1931

As Jerry put in his February 2008 eulogy at Tom's funeral in Kingston:

“Tom loved many and trusted few, but he always paddled his own canoe.”

He was a sailor, prison guard, taxi owner/driver and judo champion who loved fishing, the drink, fighting and without question many women.

We all have a lot of stories about Tom. One early Saturday morning he showed up with a couple of his buddies in his beautiful twenty-foot Chris-Craft mahogany inboard boat. Having fished their way around the foot of the Island from Kingston, a twenty-mile ride, they were pretty much into their cups when

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they arrived at about nine AM. I loved that boat and was really into fishing at the time, so jumped at his offer to take the boat out and try my luck. He gave me one stern warning, “make sure you pull the string of fish in before you go out. I have a nice big bass on it that I don’t want to lose”. Before I left the dock, I did exactly what he asked. When I moved from my first spot out by the shoal to Ernie Richter’s favorite spot at the end of the 14th line road (where Jerry lives now), I forgot. Later, I finally remembered and checked the line and it was gone. Attempting to catch a replacement, I avoided the trip back to the house as long as I could but had no luck. He left me off with a scolding about how much of an idiot I was, and all was forgotten.

Tom married Nancy in 1958, but they didn’t have any kids and separated in the early 1960’s. Tom often seemed to be around when TV and newspaper reporters were looking for someone for a ‘man-on-the-street’ interview. While we were all gathered at Brian and Cathy’s house during Liz’s wake (Brian and Mike’s Mom), the story of the day was that some woman in the UK set a record for being the oldest women to give birth to a baby. As often happens on sad occasions, people try to find something to talk about to change the mood. The Kingston Whig Standard was running a story about what folks on the street thought of this sixty something year old having a baby. Sure enough, Tom was one of the half-dozen interviewed.

Under the picture of each of the people interviewed, it had their name and the number of children they had parented. We were all a bit surprised to see that under Tom’s picture it said, “one child”. Knowing their uncle Thomas, Brian, Michael, Eric and Catherine were not exactly shocked to find out that they had a previously unknown cousin but thought it should have a name. Almost immediately they started wondering if their new cousin was a boy or a girl. Without knowing, how could they ever come up with a name? I am not sure which one of them came up with the perfect answer. They named Tom’s child “Cousin Itt” after the fictional character in the Addams Family TV series. We laughed about Cousin Itt for many years but never raised it with Tom.

Eric and I were in Europe the day of Tom’s funeral, but I have heard a lot about how brother Jerry gave him a fitting send off.

In June 2019, while in Ireland, I received my DNA analysis from Ancerty.com. The name Tabitha Hands was shown as my closest relative with an overlap of 1,459 cM or 21% shared DNA. We immediately started exchanging messages on Ancestry. Although she lived in Ireland, Hands is not an Irish name. She was born in England. Tabitha told me that her mother, Anabel Hands, was adopted shortly after birth and while she knew her birth mother's name all she knew was that her birth father was from North America.

Anabel agreed to have her DNA tested with Ancestry and the results were added to the database in August of 2019. Anabel had and I had an overlap of 2,247 cM sharing or 32% of our DNA. DNA matches with a niece or nephew is normally between 1,349 and 2,175 and between 1,317 and 2,312 ninety-nine times out of 100. One percent of the time matches will fall outside that range.

Daddy and Oliver had travelled to Ireland on the Queen Elizabeth II in the winter of 1953-54 and had a short stopover in England. After finding that Anabel was born in October of 1957, that trip was quickly ruled out as a meeting place for her biological mother and a member of the Doyle family. Since that was the only time Daddy or any of my older brothers had been overseas, Patricia Beckley must have travelled to Canada or been a Canadian girl that had gone there to give birth. Beckley is not a very common name, at least in eastern Canada, and there was no record of any in eastern Ontario. After a lot of searching the likelihood of it being a Canadian girl going there to give birth was almost abandoned.

Tom, Oliver, Pat, Donald and possibly Sean were all old enough to have been Anabel's biological father. Daddy, was also a possibility. In 1957 Donald joined the Canadian Navy and did go to England on a ship after completing basic training. His military record that I received from the National archives showed that he joined the Navy in June of 1957 and was not in England at the time Anabel was conceived.

Paula had her DNA tested through Ancestry. Her results eliminated Pat as the potential father.

In the spring of 2021 sister Mary had her DNA tested at Ancestry to have on file just in case new technology tracing DNA relationships between females

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comes along. It did show that her match with Anabel was lower with a Match on 1,901 cM or 27% overlap.

At that time Daddy still had not been eliminated. Knowing that Anabel would be almost equally related to Ma and Daddy if one of my siblings was her father, I asked relatives on both sides of the family for their counts relative to Anabel. Unfortunately, at that time, most of my closest relatives that I had contact with were on Daddy's side of the family. Although I had the limited information, it had tended to eliminate him as Anabel's biological father. When I got Mary's DNA analyzed, I set up her account so that we could share her results. That gave me an "aha" moment and I asked Anabel who agreed to share her results. With her full results it became obvious that she was related to Ma's family eliminated Daddy. Anabel is a niece or a half-sibling.

Anabel's mother, Patricia Beckley, arrived in Quebec City aboard the *Scythia* on November 6th, 1956. She is listed as a clerk living at 28 Willesden Lane, Kilburn, England. Her birth date is October 11th, 1932.

Patricia Beckley's parents were Lennard Beckley from Surry, England and Gladys Mary Cake who was born on November 7th, 1902, in Woodmansterne, Surrey, England. She died in 1977. They were married in October 1929 in Epsom, Surry, England.

Anabel has three daughters: Tabitha, Naomi and Imogen.

2.3.3 Oliver on Wolfe Island on July 13th, 1933

Oliver was born in the farmhouse at 12:05 AM on July 13th, 1933. As I understand it, he was a "blue baby" who was kept in or near the oven of the old wood stove for a while after birth.

Oliver, like Tom, "went sailing" when he was 16 or 17 years old. They would leave in early April and get back home in December. This was before the St. Lawrence Seaway was completed, so they worked on "canallers". The locks connecting the Great Lakes and along the St. Lawrence River were only 250 feet long, so these smaller canal boats were used to transport cargo from the upper lakes to Montreal.

If lucky, they would get home once during the season, so letters would arrive every couple of weeks. From the letters, we would know when they were going to come by the house. Ma would always have a bed sheet handy to wave and we would grab towels. They would blow the whistle and some excitement would be added to everyone's day.

In the wintertime, some of the canallers would go into dry dock in Kingston for repair. Oliver worked for Millard and Lumb in Kingston, repairing the boilers on these old steam ships. After leaving the lakes, he became a welder and worked full time at Millard and Lumb for about twenty-five years.

While working there he joined the Steelworkers union and became very active within the union movement. He served as the president of the Kingston Labor Council for twelve years. After Millard and Lumb shut down, he became the union representative for the United Way in Kingston.

Oliver's work with the union drew him into politics where he fought hard to get both Federal and Provincial NDP candidates elected. His one success was when Gary Wilson was elected as part of the Bob Rea provincial sweep in 1990. Oliver and I did not support the same candidates, but we shared a love of the sport. Most people work very hard in their job, but there is no exact measure of their accomplishments. As a political organizer, you can recruit a mediocre candidate, find everyone that might vote for them, deliver them to the polls, and pull out a win. On the judgment day there is an exact measure, which is published in the paper, so all of your family and friends know what a screw-up you really are.

In the summer of 1964 Oliver married Liz Lakins. They lived in an apartment building on Princess Street for a number of years before purchasing a house in Westbrook where they lived out their all too short lives. They raised two sons, Brian and Michael. Brian was married to Cathy, but they have no kids. Michael is married to Allison, and they have a daughter, Megan, and a son, Adam.

In May of 2019, Brian was diagnosed with cancer in one of his kidneys. A few weeks later he had that kidney removed along with a very large tumor. The cancer had spread to one of his lungs. Both chemotherapy and immunotherapy were tried over about ten months but failed. On Tuesday June 2nd, 2020, he

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was admitted to the hospital and at about nine AM Cathy got a call from the doctor telling her he had a hole in his bowel and only had 24 hours to live. This happened during the COVID-19 pandemic but Cathy, Michael, Jerry, Francine and I were able to get in to see him that evening and again the next day. Jerry came back to the Island with us on the 1:00 PM ferry, but he went back over that evening to be there with Brian and Cathy. At 3:25 in the morning Cathy called to tell us that he had just died.

Brian was an exceptional athlete who enjoyed many sports. Since retiring from a successful career in construction, Brian spent his last 12 years golfing, tending to his gardens, and honing his skills as a fine carpenter.

If Brian wasn't at home, he could be found on Wolfe Island in the company of his uncles working on countless projects. He was only 56 years old.

He was a wonderful guy. We were in contact almost every day about golf or politics. We never missed a chance to bet an ice cream cone on a golf match or an election. He and Cathy came to the cottage for a visit just twelve days before he died. The following Wednesday, they went over and spent the night. He told me they had a great time and that, for the first time in a while, he enjoyed a glass of wine. We exchanged our last joking email on Monday a little after 10 PM.

Even when he knew that he only had hours left to live, he was trying to smile after asking to keep his drugs to a bare minimum so he could talk to us to the very end. He wanted to help us through it and never shed a tear. We miss him every day.

Liz started her fight with cancer when she was only 46 or 47 years old. Unfortunately, she lost that battle eight years later. She was a wonderful woman, who among other things ran a bar called Joseph's at the Ambassador Hotel. It was a bit like Cheers where the local folks dropped by after work. Liz was the first employee that Joe Melo hired when he started a small restaurant that became a large hotel and convention centre complex. The Melo girls called her "Mommy Liz" and when she died, Joe named their annual golf tournament the "Liz Doyle Memorial". Not having a daughter, Liz would spend a week at our cottage with Catherine and one of her friends every summer. As I said, she was a wonderful person.

Oliver and I both liked our beer. When he was told by his doctor that he needed to limit his intake to two or three a day, we came up with a plan for the summer. We would take it easy during the week, so we would be 15 or 20 behind on our intake by the weekend. We would sit on the front deck at the cottage with a cool case between us. Once that case started to get a bit warm, I would put it back into the fridge down by the tennis court and grab the second. By the time the third was warm the first would be cold enough again. We had some good times.

Oliver was the first of our siblings to pass away in early May of 2007. If we were not going to meet on the weekend, we would usually speak on Wednesday evening. The last time we spoke, he had just returned home from watching his young grandson, Adam, play hockey. Adam was disappointed in himself for scoring only two goals. He told his grandfather that he would get a hat trick for him (three goals) the next week. On Friday morning, Oliver was scheduled to see his doctor to get some test results but was not feeling well when he got up. Later that morning, he was admitted to hospital where he was told he needed open-heart surgery, which would be scheduled early the next week. He had a bad night, so they rushed him in on Saturday morning. He had an allergic reaction to the anesthetic and remained in a coma until he died the following Tuesday.

Oliver was a great son, husband, father, brother and friend. In 1992, he received a Canada 125 metal for his years of work as a community volunteer.

2.3.4 Patrick Doyle in Kingston/Wolfe Island September 5th, 1935

In the summer of 1934, after Oliver was born, Ma and Daddy moved to what we knew as the Charlie Murphy place. Pat was born while they lived there.

Pat, too, worked on the lakes during the summer and at Millard and Lumb during the winter. While working as a full-time welder at Millard and Lumb, he, like his brothers, drove a taxi in the evenings and on weekends. For Pat, however, it became his full-time employment. He purchased his first couple of taxis in about 1962 and, by the time he passed away in 2016, he had about 20 licenses and a dozen or so cars.

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In the winter of 1962, Pat married Marlene Smith. They had a son, Pat, and daughters, Paula, Julie, Sandy and Michelle. They also adopted Marlene's niece, Trisha. Tragically, in 2010 my godchild, Sandy, passed away at the age of just 41 after a courageous fight with cancer. She left behind her husband of 15 years, Sean Friesen, and their beautiful daughters, Sasha and Serena.

Pat and Marlene bought their first house at 7 Guy Street in Kinston in 1963. I stayed with them the winter of 1963-64. A few years later they moved to Weller Avenue, where they raised their kids and lived out their lives.

Pat and Tom were always close friends and from time-to-time business partners. Tom just lived up the street on Weller Avenue, so I suspect they saw each other almost every day. In 1954, they bought their first new car together, a two tone, four door Chevrolet Bel-Aire. The next year they traded it in for a 1953 Cadillac.

At Ma and Daddy's fiftieth anniversary gathering, Pat decided to give James a bit of a scolding. He told him that if he did not behave himself, he was going to send him to bed. That was fine, but when he added, "The bad news is I am going to send you with Marlene!" Marlene poured a glass of red wine over Pat's head.

Marlene lived a very full and largely healthy life. She managed the taxi business from their house on Weller Avenue. She was the one that made sure the drivers were there, did a good job and brought in the cash. Staffing a 24-hour a day taxi business is not easy. Marlene was a strong disciplinarian and managed their family business very well. Beneath her sometimes-tough exterior, she had a heart of gold. As expected, she took Sandy's death very hard and passed away on April 6th, 2014, at the age of just 72.

Pat had a couple of strokes in his 70s and suffered from skin cancer. For the last few years of his life, he had very limited speech and mobility. He did have a motorized scooter that he drove all over town. After a number of surgeries that left his face quite scarred, he decided not to go through another round and passed away in late November of 2016. He like Tom paddled his own canoe.

2.3.5 Donald Doyle in Rogersville New Brunswick on January 21st, 1938

In 1937, Ma and Daddy uprooted again and moved back to New Brunswick. Donald was born in Rogersville, New Brunswick on January 21st, 1938.

Donald worked on the lake boats for a short period after which he joined the navy. He came back to the farm after five years. He moved to Toronto and married Verna. They adopted a baby girl named Debbie. Verna died when Debbie was only five years old. He later married a woman named Carolyn. They never told Debbie that she was adopted. She learned about it from a neighbor at about the age of twelve. Carolyn refused to let Debbie in their town house when she was not there, so she lived on the streets for two or three hours every day after school. The predictable outcome occurred.

Debbie is weeks younger than Eric and they got to know each other well during summers at the cottage. By age 15, Debbie was living on the streets of Vancouver and gave birth to a girl named Christine. Eric continues to stay in touch with Christine, and her daughter Marilou.

There is a lot more to the story of our relationship, which is very personal. I have chosen to leave it out.

He died at the age of 68 from ALS. I chose not to attend his funeral.

2.3.6 Sean or Shawn Doyle in Rogersville New Brunswick on April 3rd, 1940

Sean was born in Rogersville, New Brunswick on April 3rd, 1940. The story of his name is fairly straightforward. Our parents named him Sean, but the French priest that baptized him did not know that name and wrote down John. Our parents and all of his siblings and early friends called him Sean, as I do today.

After reading a draft of this family story, he told me that Daddy preferred to spell his name Shawn not Sean. I hope he will understand if I use the Irish spelling after the way I have bugged my son-in-law for misspelling his name... “Shawn”.

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Sean followed the same path as his older brothers after high school: sailing, Mallard and Lumb and driving taxis. In about 1975, he left Mallard and Lumb and went to work for the City of Kingston as a welder. He retired as soon as he turned sixty in the year 2000.

In 1963, Sean married Marilyn Turner. Her father Ted and Daddy were old drinking buddies. He was an appliance salesman in Kingston, and he would often come home with Daddy after he sold him a fridge, stove or whatever appliance Ma did not think we needed. I remember one of those nights well. In those years, dogs in the neighborhood would attack our sheep and kill them during the night. When Ted and Daddy got home after dark, they could hear the sheep and knew the dogs were attacking. Daddy grabbed a gun and Ted a butcher knife and off they went. Marilyn's Dad must have planned to sneak up on the dogs and stab them. They both came back unharmed after scaring off the dogs.

Marilyn and Sean had two children: Bradley and Tammy.

Bradley is married to Shelly, and they raised their son, Josh, and daughter, Katelyn, just south of Ottawa in Metcalfe, Ontario. Brad works for the Catholic School Board. Josh is an electrician who works in his wife Erin's family business. He did a great job wiring our new house. Katelyn is engaged to Cameron. They have a beautiful place in the country south of Ottawa.

Tammy is an elementary school teacher and has two sons, Gabe and Anthony. Gabe is just completing his master's degree in music at the University of Cincinnati and will join the Nova Scotia Symphony Orchestra this year (2019). Anthony is a student at Algonquin College.

Sean and Marilyn lived in a rented house in Kingston during the first few years of their marriage and then moved to the farm. They had two lots on the farm, one by the highway and the other at the shore. They lived in a trailer by the road when they first moved to the farm. Over the years, they built a nice house and workshop on that lot. Sean was well equipped to do light welding jobs and built a side business servicing the local farmers.

Sean was also an inventor. While working for the City of Kingston, he found that they were wasting a lot of time changing the big ice shaving blades on

their Zambonis. It took two man-hours to complete this dangerous task. Sean came up with a device that allowed one man to safely change the blade in about twenty minutes. We applied for a patent on the device and incorporated a company, but his partner that was going to sell them flamed out and that sure winner did not make it to market.

Sean had a van of some sort that he used for travelling back and forth on the ferry every day. On the way over he could watch the morning news, get ready for work and visit with friends. On the way back it became, as Muriel White (George's Mother) put it, "that local bar on wheels." It seems that on Friday afternoons they would hold a "church service" in the city works parking lot. One Friday, he went to service and found a steeple affixed on the top of his van. It was appropriately shaped like a Wiser's whiskey bottle.

One of the funniest, and maybe revealing, stories about Sean (there were a lot) involved Sherman Niles's dog. The Nileses lived next door and, for some reason, had the nastiest dogs you could imagine. They could turn a collie into an attack dog. One day, Sean was up at the Niles place and their dog bit him. The next day the dog died!

In the spring of 2014 Sean had a stroke, which has caused some long-term loss of use of his left arm and foot. He developed an unbelievable attitude. In 2016 he bought a new tractor with a lawn mower, frontend loader, blade and snow blower. Without any help that I know of, he built a cabin out of steel. I don't know any other 77-year guys that could do that with two good arms and legs.

Sean and Marilyn, Brian and Cathy, and Francine and I were all married in the second week of March. Over the years, we often got together to celebrate our anniversaries together. Oliver and Liz joined us a time or two. Great people... great friends.

2.3.7 Jeremiah Doyle in Rogersville New Brunswick on August 1st, 1941

Joe... our roaming brother. After being born in New Brunswick, a stop in Ontario for about 20 years, he went to Alberta for about 50 years before returning back to Wolfe Island.

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Like brother Sean, a French priest baptized Jerry. It is common in French Canadian culture to have all boys named Joseph followed by the name they will commonly use. Girls have Mary as a prefix to their given names. I think it was after Ma died that we were going through some old papers and found the baptismal record for our brother Joe.

While doing research I discovered that Irish priests recorded church records in Latin and that Demetrious is the Latin translation of Jeremiah. Records of residents at Derrincullig show a Darby Doyle living there in 1826. After wondering who the heck this person was, I did some digging online and found that the Irish sometimes referred to men named Jeremiah or Demetrious by the name Darby. It made sense to me because I knew that there was a Jeremiah Doyle living at Derrincullig in 1826, but I had no record of him.

So, the guy that we know as Jerry could easily be known as Joe, Demetrious, Jeremiah or Darby.

Jerry has had an exciting life. When he was a kid, while Daddy and some of my brothers were putting loose hay into the loft of the barn, Jerry somehow fell out of the three-store high haymow. As if that was not enough, he caught his neck on a nail to slow his fall. Buddy Driscoll was there and raced him into the village where Buck Mullins quickly transported him to Kingston by motorboat. A few stitches fixed him up.

In a second farm accident, he was using the tong to steer a hay wagon while some others were pushing it along. He fell and the sharp metal end cut his cheek wide open. After a few stitches his teeth were hidden again.

While out west, working on a power line, he was struck by lightning and escaped with just a good jolt and headache. Less than a month later, he was involved in a much more serious accident. Jerry and two other guys were at the top of three ninety-foot poles when a boom truck hit the loose wire that they were working on causing it to hit a live high-tension wire carrying 33,000 volts. The other two guys were killed, but the wire lit the pliers on Jerry's tool belt. The high voltage went in his hip and out through his knee. He had a number of serious injuries and spent a couple of months in hospital.

In April of 1977, a then well-known Alberta politician named Jack Horner crossed the floor of the House of Commons to join the Liberals. I knew that Jerry was living in or near Jack's riding, so as the newly elected president of the Carlton East Liberal Riding Association, I sent Jack a letter introducing Jerry. The next I heard, Jack and Jerry were great friends and Jerry was getting his first taste of politics.

As happens with so many, that first taste is very addictive. By the early 80s Jerry had moved to Edson, Alberta where he became the President of the Yellowhead Federal Liberal Riding Association. After one unsuccessful run for Edson council, he later served one term on council before being elected Mayor. I remember telling Ma, "now that he is mayor you need to call him Your Worship". She snapped right back saying "I am not worshiping him".

In 1989 Jerry was up to his ears working with his friend Laurence Decore the retired mayor of Edmonton and the Leader of the Alberta Liberal Party when he got a surprising call from Ray Martin, the NDP leader. Although by then he was well known as a Liberal, Ray convinced Jerry that based on past results, he had a much better chance of winning a seat in the provincial legislature under the NDP banner. After some thought, he decided he would rather win as a New Dipper than lose as a Liberal. He defeated a sitting Conservative Cabinet Minister and became the Labor critic for the NDP who formed the official opposition in the Alberta Legislature.

After one term as an MLA, Jerry returned to climbing polls. As opportunities expanded in the Oil Sands, he worked in northern Alberta in the health and safety area. He retired back on Wolfe Island in 2013.

In April of 1968, Jerry married Phyllis and they had three kids: Michael, Colleen and Bonny. I was the best man at their wedding, and Michael is my godson.

In 2016, Michael moved to Harbor Main in Newfoundland as the Director of Safety for Suncor's offshore development. Years earlier, he had served two terms on council in British Columbia, and could not wait to get back to politics. He did that in the fall of 2017 when he was elected Mayor of Harbor Main.

Jerry and Phyllis separated in the late 1970's. He remarried Carolyn in 1993, and they now live on Wolfe Island.

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Serving in parliament is not all that glamorous at times. We all see Question Period televised where opposition members grandstand, and the Premier and their cabinet members come up with snappy responses. Much of the day in the house is filled with backbench members droning on about their favorite back-home project just so they can say they raised it in the legislature. If it were not for the party's whip forcing a quorum of members to show up for house duty, the place would be empty.

During one such inspired speech by an old conservative farmer from Mudpatch, Alberta, Jerry noticed that a number of members across the way were sound asleep. He let out a loud rooster crow. The speaker jumped up calling for order and warning members, "I will have no chicken sounds in this legislature." A while went by, and sure enough the members were back to sleep again. He let it rip a second time. This time the speaker called on the member from Yellowhead to leave the chamber. Jerry, with his best "what, do you mean me?" look, complained until he noticed that his seatmate was pointing at him.

A couple of weeks later, I was in Edmonton on business and went over to the legislature as a guest of Jerry's for Question Period. On the way in, we were given a newly published booklet describing parliamentary rules. One section included a list of words that could not be used in the house. I immediately started looking for "chicken sounds" and could see from the member's gallery that Jerry was doing the same. They had missed it, so we gave each other thumbs up.

Except for the accidents and a number of broken limbs, Jerry has had a healthy life. In the fall of 2017, he was diagnosed with prostate cancer, and a few days later had a loss of breath and chest pains that lead to a triple bypass. The surgery went well, and the cancer seems to have responded well to radiation treatment.

As shown in his send off to Tom, Jerry is a very creative and sharp-witted guy. We continue to enjoy great times with him and Carolyn both on the Island and here in Manotick.

2.3.8 Denis Doyle in Kingston/Wolfe Island—June 13th, 1944

Denis was born on June 13th, 1944, while the family lived at the old John Murphy place. He attended SS #8 School and was the first male in the family to go to high school in Kingston. Our older brothers attended high school on the Island. After graduating from QECVI, he attended the Eastern Ontario Institute of Technology where he graduated from a three-year Electronics program.

He started his work career at Westinghouse and moved to Xerox within a couple of years. Initially, he worked in service, but moved into sales where he quickly became quite successful. As the Branch Manager/Sales Representative in Belleville, Ontario he was the top salesman in the country. This was a big accomplishment, given that he was attending Carleton University in Ottawa a couple of days a week, about 150 miles from his workplace.

Denis retired from Xerox in 1994 and sometime afterward joined the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. He retired from CIBC in about 2002.

He married Betty Moore on June 13th, 1968. After finishing at Carleton, they moved to the Toronto area and raised their family in Markham. They had Krista on his birthday and, on their 10th wedding anniversary, had their twins, Jennifer and Graham about three years later. The twins were born three months premature and weighed only about two pounds each. After a few weeks at Sick Kids in Toronto, they came home and lived an absolutely normal life.

After a number of years travelling the world with the Thomas Cook travel agency, Krista married Aurelio Gonzalez (a.k.a., Michael) from the Dominican Republic, and moved to Kingston, where they now raise their daughter. Jennifer is married to Dominic, and lives in London, England with their two daughters. Graham is married to Vanessa, and they live in Toronto with their two sons.

Daddy had a heart attack in about 1957. Our older brothers had jobs off the island, leaving the farm work to Denis and me. One of the big jobs each year was shearing the sheep. After milking on Saturday morning, we would herd them into the barn. It would not take long until they were good and slippery.

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After catching a sheep, it was my job to hold them while Denis did the sheering. From time to time a bit of their skin would get caught in sheers to which they would react as expected. To make my job of holding them a bit more exciting, he would whack them across the nose with the sheers. Fun times were had by all.

Denis took up flying while in Belleville, and he still flies today. He purchased a little two-seat plane in about 1972 and decided that he wanted to land it on the Island. I had just purchased the old Hough farm, so that is where he decided to land. I should have known that he was still a little green on flying when he cut the tops off a few trees at the end of the field. He said that he was not so great at judging where he was going to land, so that ten feet could make a difference. That should have been enough, but we went over to Kingston airport to pick up the plane.

After a pass over the field, we were on the final run. It seemed to me that we were coming in a bit high, but he was the pilot. The field was maybe 1,000 feet wide, but we were almost halfway across it before our wheels hit the ground. That is when the fun started. Anyone that has worked the land knows that you have dead furrows, or little but smooth ditches that are about fifty feet apart and run up and down the field. We were crossing the dead furrows, so every time we would cross one, going up the little hill would cause us to become airborne again. About fifty feet from the fence, he pulled a very sharp right turn and we survived.

Betty and Denis tried to take off, but the dead furrows caused them to become prematurely airborne, so after a couple of tries they gave up. As we were pushing the plane onto the highway, old Mike Devlin came along. He pulled over and as comely as you can imagine said in his heavy Irish accent, “so what are ye boys up to today?”

When Daddy got on in years, Denis bought the remainder of the family farm, where they live today. In the late seventies, he built a 1,700-foot runway.

Once retired on the Island, he served one four-year term on town council, before being elected twice as Mayor of Frontenac Islands, and was later acclaimed for a third term. Each of the mayors in the county takes a turn as Warden of Frontenac County, which he did in about 2015 and will again in

2021 or 22. In addition, at this writing he is Chairman of the Regional Health Board.

Apart from suffering internal bleeding in his head as a result of banging his head on the bucket of his backhoe and a little bit of skin cancer, his health has been good as he approaches his 75th birthday.

2.3.9 Michael Doyle in Kingston/Wolfe Island—December 3rd, 1946

I am a business graduate from the Eastern Ontario Institute of Technology (1967). As a serial entrepreneur, I have started more than a dozen technology-based companies.

I married Francine Boucher on March 14th, 1970, and we have two children: Eric, born August 30th, 1970, and Catherine, born October 31st, 1977.

Catherine is married to Shawn Cormier, and they have three children: Claire (February 28th, 2007), Elissa (December 16th, 2009) and Luke (January 10th, 2013).

When I was younger, and even crazier, I jumped out of perfectly running aircraft fifty times. One time in about 1968 at the end of a long, crazy but beautiful summer day I went up for my last jump at around six or seven in the evening. We were having an accuracy competition near Brockville and all I needed was to get within about ten feet of the small six-inch target to win the intermediate accuracy trophy. It was my fourth jump of the day, so I was rather relaxed as we flew up to altitude and circled three times to let a jumper out on each pass.

We were using a Cessna 210 aircraft, a nice six-passenger plane that has its door in what would normally be the middle row of seats. The plane had been set up temporarily for jumpers, with the seats and the door removed. Now to stand any chance of getting to the target, you need to get out at the right spot. On that day the winds were fairly light, so I needed to fly only a few hundred feet past the target. The second thing you need to do is to yell “cut” to the pilot so that he will slow down the engine and reduce the normal prop blast.

As the fourth and last jumper to get out, I was sitting back enjoying the ride while we made three passes over the jump zone and the others got out.

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Unfortunately, I waited a bit long to stick my head out to look for my exit point. When I did, I didn't look straight down, so it looked like we had gone too far. I yelled "CUT" to the pilot and tried to get out, but the container holding my front mounted reserve chute got caught on something, so I rolled out backwards and upside down. I quickly discovered that the pilot must not have heard me and the blast from the prop tossed me like a leaf. To stabilize, I went into the fullest spread-eagle position I could, but continued to see sky, then ground, then sky and ground again. After six or seven seconds of that, I looked at my altimeter and it said something like 2,600 feet. Normally, I would have pulled at about 2,200 feet, but given the circumstances I opened early. The sleeve of my parachute came out just fine, the only problem was I was on my back, and it came out between my legs. Right away, I knew that the almost instant slow down from about 100 feet per second to about 5 feet per second was not going to do my crotch-area any good. I was right!

When the chute was open, I realized that I was sitting on the risers, which were attached to my shoulder area and should have been going straight up to my parachute. Within thirty seconds or so, I untangled, and I could start steering my way to the target. I still have the second-place trophy somewhere.

In November of 2016, as part of a follow-up CT-Scan from a bout of pneumonia, I had about twenty months earlier, I was diagnosed with lung cancer. It was found early, was only 20 mm, slow-growing and had not spread. The Cancer clinic in Ottawa was amazing. I completed my fifth and final radiation treatment on December 1st, 2016, and, so far, it appears they got it. After quarterly scans I am now going only every six months. Dr. Cook says he looks for two years clean and at this point I am past that threshold.

In 2010, during what I thought would be a routine eye examination, the ophthalmologist discovered that I had advanced glaucoma, something that runs in the family. Through a combination of drops and laser surgery I was able to keep the pressure on my eyes down until the spring of 2018. At that time some not so pleasant pills were added, and they helped. That summer my original ophthalmologist referred me to a surgeon who while performing cataract surgery basically poked a hole in the back of each eye to allow the liquid to drain off. At this point it seems to have worked on my left eye, but not my right, so more radical surgery is likely required.

On a happier note, we purchased our house in Blackburn Hamlet in 1971, and lived there until 2013. At that point we moved to Eric's three-acre place on the outskirts of Manotick, where we built a secondary residence. It is a beautiful spot, and our grandkids are only a five-minute drive away, so we see them all the time.

In 1974, we bought a cottage a mile or so down the St. Lawrence River from the farm on Wolfe Island. We renovated the place in 1981 and put in a tennis court in 1982. We have had a lot of fun at the cottage, and it is a great gathering place for family and friends during the summer months.

2.3.10 Mary Doyle in Kingston/Wolfe Island—November 20th, 1947

Mary was born on November 20th, 1947, just six months after we moved to the farm.

Even though Mary and I were born within twelve months of each other, we are not "Irish twins". That distinction is only given to two siblings, like Margaret and Thomas, that are born in the same calendar year.

After graduating high school, Mary went to work for McPherson's Steel Works, the same place Marg worked for so many years. She later got a job at Queen's University where she ran the conference Center. She finished her working career with the Ontario government in Kingston. She now volunteers with a number of organizations in the region.

In 1968, Mary married Gerald Johnson who was also born on Wolfe Island where they built a new house. In 1971, they had a son, Sean, and later a second son, Gregory. They are both married with kids on Wolfe Island.

Mary and Gerald separated in the 1980s. In 1999, after Gerald's death, she married Ian Fraser. They live in Kingston. Every year between Christmas and New Year's, Mary and Ian host a family gathering where close to forty people show up for dinner and a little Christmas cheer. Due to the unpredictability of the weather, we do not make the 160 km drive, but there are always stories about the fun that everyone enjoys.

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Mary was diagnosed with advanced breast cancer in about 2008. After a couple of surgeries, chemotherapy and radiation treatment, they got it, and she has been cancer-free ever since. Thank God for our great Canadian health system.

Being so close in age, Mary and I had a lot of friends in common as we grew up. There are lots of stories... Here is one you might like:

In about 1965, Mary had a 1955 Chev car. Cars didn't last so long back then so this one was not without its mechanical problems. One day, she had a breakdown a couple of miles past the farm, so Denis and I took the tractor down the road to retrieve that car. When we got there, we could see that the left rear tire was pulled out of position and touching the inside of the fender. We lifted the car up using the hydraulic on the tractor and sure enough we pushed it back in and off we went.

Going back to the farm, we needed to go through "spook hill". The little valley was not all that deep, but rather steep. Sure enough, as I was going down the east side of the hill, the wheel pulled out again and I had no brakes. Without enough momentum to make it up the west side I rolled back down the hill. After a couple of back-and-fourths, I came to a stop. Denis lifted it up, we pushed it in, and I was back in the driver's seat.

Going into the laneway at the farm, the wheel came out again and I could not make it up the hill to the house. After another reengagement of the wheel, I gunned it, and sure enough made it up the hill only to find it had come out again and I had no breaks. Rather than crash through the picket fence surrounding the house I made a quick left turn... towards the river. After barely missing some machinery, I came to rest in about five feet of water.

Mary was not there, so with Daddy's help and a larger tractor he was using, we pulled it out. After draining out a couple of gallons of water from the crankcase, filling it up with fresh oil and drying off the electrical system, we got it running again before she got home. Knowing we had significantly shortened the life of her car, we when shopping and found a 1958 Pontiac.

We have had a lot of fun times over the past seventy plus years.

2.3.11 James Doyle in Kingston/Wolfe Island—December 14th, 1950

James was born on December 14th, 1950. We were, by then, settling into the farm. Thomas, Oliver and Pat were all working. They chipped in to help buy a new 1950 Chev truck. Shortly after they bought it, they took the truck to New York City, but forgot to put oil into it on the way home. The engine blew, so we got a second new truck in 1951.

Getting back to James, he got his Chemical engineering degree from the University of Waterloo in about 1973. He and Roseanne married the year before, but they did not have children for a while. His oldest son Ryan was born in 1981, and Justin later in the 80s.

Ryan is an engineer with an MBA and works for a large management-consulting firm. They have two kids.

Justin has had a lot of health problems dating back to when he was a small baby. After testing they discovered that he had some allergies that affected his digestive system. I believe it was in his teens that he started having seizures. Over the past ten to fifteen years, he has been treated for growths in his brain. Those problems have affected his mobility, but he keeps going with a positive attitude. The last I heard he was attending university.

James has been quite successful in business, first becoming the Canadian president of a company that built electrical motors and other gadgets for major car manufacturers. He was named president of the world-wide company, and moved to Lansing, Michigan where they were headquartered. He moved to Wisconsin where they built a big house on an exclusive golf course. There he was president of a very successful family-owned small engine manufacturing company. They had decided to bring in an outside person to run the company, but he only stayed for a year or two.

He then moved to Pittsburg, where he was the group president of the largest North American company in the “death” business. They owned some 600 funeral homes, made and sold caskets, headstones, cremation equipment and just about anything else you can imagine. After a few years at that, they moved back to Canada, where he is a self-employed consultant.

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I am sure there are a lot of stories he could tell about his days in the death business... Here is one:

In March of one year, he was meeting with the guy that worked for him who ran the funeral homes. As is natural in those circumstances, he asked, "How are we doing this quarter?" The guy looked at him somewhat nervously and said, "Not too well." James asked, "Why not?" to which he replied, "Bad flu season."

Ma also had two late-term miscarriages. One between Denis and Jerry, and the second was between Mary and James (I think). At least one was caused by a fall.

3 Our Grandparents

With the exception of Ma's mother, all of our grandparents were born in southern Kerry between 1862 and 1875. Unfortunately, our mother's mother passed away in 1911 at just 35 years of age. The other three lived quite long lives given the lack of medical care available to them during their lives.

For many years we have heard that Ma and Daddy were related, maybe even as close as second cousins. Ma was a Healy and there were Healys on the Doyle side of the family as well. After years of research, I have not been able to find if, or how they might have been related.

Daddy's grandfather, John Doyle, was married to Johanna Healy and his maternal great-grandfather (Donoghue line) Jeremiah Hagarty was married to Mary Healy. A Daniel Healy was even a witness at the marriage of Daddy's parents Thomas Doyle and Mary Donoghue. He was likely filling in for Thomas Doyle's deceased father John. Another contributing fact is that when Ma's father Oliver Healy was baptized in Tuosist, Johanna Healy and John Doyle were his godparents. I even went as far as hiring a genealogist, Kay Cabal, to try to make the connection. I specifically asked her to try to determine if Johanna Healy (Daddy's grandmother) and Daniel Healy (Ma's grandfather) were brother and sister.

In Ireland at that time, the father of the bride and father of the groom were witnesses at weddings. Marriage certificates contain the names of the witnesses and the address of the bride and groom making them extremely valuable in

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identifying parents. Unfortunately, Kay, too, was unable to find marriage records for either Margaret Shea and Daniel Healy or Johanna Healy and John Doyle.

Kay concluded that Johanna and Daniel Healy were not brother and sister. In her report, she says that Daniel Healy who was a witness at Thomas Doyle and Mary Donoghue's wedding was likely not Ma's grandfather. She also concluded that it would have been almost physically impossible for Daddy's grandparents to be notified of Oliver Healy's birth, drop everything and travel the fifteen or so kilometers to Rusheens in time for Oliver Healy's baptism. For those reasons, she says it is just a coincidence that his godparents' names were the same as Daddy's grandparents.

When Ma immigrated, she stayed with Aunt Josie in New York City, so clearly the families knew each other in Ireland. Aunt Bessie came over the year before and also stayed with Aunt Josie. We were always told that Ma and Daddy were related, and I am sure they were. Hopefully someone will discover exactly how. Even with Kay's report in hand, I still think that connection was through Daniel and Johanna Healy.

3.1 Margaret Anne Sullivan and Oliver Healy

We have no way of knowing how our mother's parents met back in the 1890's. He was born near Kenmare in county Kerry, and she was born south of Skibbereen in county Cork some 85 kilometers apart.

From their marriage certificate we can tell that as of February 3rd, 1901, they both lived on Chapel Lane in Skibbereen. This is confirmed in the 1901 census taken on March 31st. At that time, they were boarding with Mary and Cornelius Carey at 9 Chapel Lane.

The 1911 census shows that Daniel Driscoll and [...]

3.1.1 Margaret Anne Sullivan

Our mother's mother was born just outside Skibbereen in the townland known as Lick. It is a beautiful area. Most people like myself are very surprised to see palm trees growing in southern Ireland. Although they are actually farther north than we are, the North Atlantic Drift delivers moderate weather all year

round. The downside is that it rains a lot, and there are often strong winds. If you like temperatures between 10 and 20 degrees Celsius, you will love Cork and Kerry.

Sullivan is by far the most common name in Cork. Rumor has it that about 50 percent of the population of Cork is from the Sullivan clan. That causes all kinds of grief when tracing family trees. Without having the starting point of Lick, it would have been virtually impossible to find our ancestors.

Margaret Ann Sullivan was born on September 19th, 1875. Her parents were Eliza Regan and Denis Sullivan. After I thought that I had completed most of my basic research on her parents, I found the handwritten registry of her marriage to Oliver Healy. The scan was not that good, but it looked like her father's name was recorded as Oliver Sullivan. After some panic, I searched all of the church and civil databases and could not find a birth or death record for Oliver Sullivan. I knew she was born in Lick and her baptismal record clearly shows Denis as her father, so I think we can safely conclude that Denis was her father.

She died on July 5th, 1911, at their home on Chapel Lane in Skibbereen. Her death record shows that she died from "Parturition Secondary Hemorrhage". A neighbor, Mary McCarthy was present at her death. She signed the register with an "X", so was illiterate and would not have had any formal medical education.

We had always thought that she died as a result of complications during childbirth. Based on the records, that did not make a lot of sense. Uncle Denis was born May 20th, 1910, more than 13 months before she died. Clearly the death record indicates that it was a hemorrhage due to childbirth. Could the word "secondary" mean that the complication developed later or persisted after Denis was born? If not, was she trying to give birth to a sixth child that also died? More work is required here.

Since our maternal grandmother died when Ma was only four, I have no stories to relate about her life. All I know is that she was born within a mile or so of where she died. It is likely that better medical care would have saved her life and probably dramatically affected Ma's life journey that took her to New York where she met Daddy.

3.1.2 Oliver Healy

We have very strong roots in Kerry. Our long-lost cousin Jackie Healy-Rae (many generations back) is a former Irish Fianna Fáil politician, who later sat as an independent member of the “Dáil” or Irish parliament. He was a TD (MP) for the Kerry South constituency (which includes Kilgarvan) from 1987 to 2011. He is a former Ceann Comhairle (chairman) of Dáil Éireann, similar to our House of Commons. He resigned as Ceann Comhairle on October 13th, 2009, due to controversy about his expense claims. He previously served as Minister for Arts, Sport and Tourism (2002-2007) and Minister for Justice, Equality and Law Reform (1997-2002). His son, Michael, has held that seat since his retirement in 2011. In 2016 Michael’s brother Danny was elected to fill another seat in that region. Three of their sons are also elected members of Kerry county council. Jackie passed away in 2014 at the age of 83.

When Daddy and Oliver went to Ireland during the winter of 1953 -54, Oliver purchased a car. Somehow Jackie Healy-Rae was involved. Oliver either bought the car from Jackie or sold it to him when they left to return to Canada.

Jackie was born on the townland of Reacaisleach. As a result of there being so many Healys in the region, they added “Rae” to their name to indicate where they were from, and to distinguish their Healy family from others. I have no idea why they chose “Rae” not “Rea”, which was the first three letters of the name of their townland. It likely has something to do with the translation between Latin, Irish and English.

According to his birth certificate our grandfather, Oliver Healy, was born in a townland just southwest of the town of Kenmare called Rusheens. His father’s name was Daniel Healy, and his mother was Margret Shea. As I searched for Healy’s in Rusheens all I could find were our grandfather and his siblings. The only trace that I could find of his parents tying them to that townland was that Margaret Shea/Healy was living there and shown as Jeremiah Healy’s sixty-five year-old mother on the 1901 census.

After many hours of searching for Oliver Healy’s father’s records, I noticed that the church/parish where our grandfather and all of his siblings were baptized was “Tuosist” not Kilgarvan. I remembered that one of the many death-records I went through had shown a Daniel Healy whose funeral took

place in Tuosist. With that new data I was able to find information about Ma's grandfather, Daniel Healy.

When we were in Ireland in '99, we went to the townland of Rusheen just south of Kilgarvan looking for our roots. Someone at the pub told us where



the farm of Daniel Healy was located. When we got there his wife said he was on his way home from the field and sure enough a few minutes later he arrived on his tractor. We introduced ourselves, and he quickly informed us that we were "not one of his". He made it clear that we should move on. I guess we should have taken out a flask before asking. It was not until May of 2019 that I discovered he was likely right. The townland where our great-grandparents lived was Rusheens... with an 's', which is near Kenmare not Kilgarvan.

Our maternal grandfather had a disease (maybe polio) that affected one of his legs. It did not fully develop and as Ma described it, it was turned back at the knee. He had to use a crutch most of his life.

I don't know why our grandfather left Kerry and moved about 70 kilometers south to marry, work and raise his family. Oliver Healy was a tailor and worked all of his life for the Driscoll family in a shop in the main part of Skibbereen. In 1999, we met Mr. Driscoll's 80+ year old Daughter who still lived across the street from the tailor shop. Oliver, Sean, Denis and I were able to go inside and look around. It was fascinating talking to her.

The 1901 census shows that Daniel Driscoll, a tailor, was living at 19 Chapel Lane with his wife Kate. He was most likely the owner of the Driscoll tailor shop.

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The 1911 census shows that Daniel Driscoll was living at 8 Chapel Lane with his wife and their five children. He was 41 at the time, just two years older than our grandfather. They had a two-year old daughter, Norah, who may have been the woman that we met in 1999. Timothy Mahoney, a 25-year-old tailor, was also living with them.

I think there may have been connections between the Sullivans, Regans (Ma's grandmother's name) and the Driscolls that predated his marriage. One of the Regans may have been a tailor.

In 2006, Francine and I were in Skibbereen on the day of my 60th birthday. We went by the Driscoll tailor shop where my grandfather worked. Luckily one of the sons of the original owner was there. He let us into the shop again and shared some stories with us. He said it was incredible to see him go up and down the hill to and from the house on Chapel Lane using his crutch. He knew of our family's connection back to Kerry and told us that he remembered his father and our grandfather travelling up there one time. He could not remember the reason.

Although it had been closed for many years when we went inside, we found cloth still on the table. It looked like our grandfather could have just taken the day off. What an amazing feeling to be that close to where a man we had heard about so often spent so many years of his life.

Mr. Driscoll told us that when he was about 14 years old, he went up to the house on Chapel Lane with our grandfather. It may have been for lunch. Figuring he had the upper hand as the boss's son, he pulled out a cigarette and lit up. Grandfather Healy would have none of that. He kicked him out of the house and reported the incident to the older Mr. Driscoll.

Ma would get a letter or two a year from her sister, Aunt Margaret Mary, who was a spinster and had stayed back in Ireland to look after their father. They were very special to her. I remember the day in 1952 when she got the letter that her father had died. I was only about five and a half, but the memory stays with me. I learned what really being sad was from watching my mother mourn the loss of our grandfather. She had not heard his voice in almost twenty-seven years.

3.1.3 Their Children

Margaret Ann Sullivan and Oliver Healy married on February 3rd, 1901, and had five children. They were all born and grew up in the house on Chapel Lane. Here they are:

- Aunt **Margaret Mary** on February 17th, 1904
- **Elizabeth (Bessie)** on October 10th, 1905
- **Jane (Ma)** on October 28th, 1906
- **Daniel** on December 5th, 1907
- **Denis** on May 20th, 1910

We got to know three of Ma's siblings well over the years, during their summer visits to Wolfe Island. In the later years aunt Bessie would stay several weeks. The only one we did not meet or know much about is our Uncle Denis. Like his father, he became a tailor. He joined the Royal Navy and moved to England. I think he had a large family of eight or ten kids. Jack Higgins, Aunt Bessie's son, tried to find him a couple of times but did not have any luck. In 2019, I had an Ancestry.com DNA test done, hoping that some of his kids or grandkids had been looking for family members, but nothing was found.

Aunt Bessie married Jack Higgins in New York City. They lived in the Bronx most of their lives, but eventually moved to Deer Park, Long Island, NY to be near their son Jackie.

In 1981, Daddy died of cancer, and Uncle Jack of gangrene. To stop the spread and poisoning of the gangrene required the removal of his leg below the knee. To qualify for assistance under the US medical system they would have had to sell their townhouse and spend the proceeds first. Uncle Jack refused to leave his wife of over fifty years without a place to live and died a terrible death at home. While Daddy went through a lot in the last couple of years of his life, he could not have asked for better medical care. When he was at home, Dr. Al McBride would drop by the farm every Wednesday night as the last stop on his rounds. Of course, he would always have a bottle of Irish with him, and

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they would have a few sips in the living room. When Daddy was in the hospital, he kept some cold Guinness in the fridge at the nurse's station. Al warned them to keep their hands off of it and to administer it whenever Daddy asked. How is that for a doctor with a good bedside manner? How is that as a comparison of our different medical systems? After our National Health Care system came in in 1963, I don't think Ma and Daddy never saw a medical bill.

Uncle Jack and Aunt Bessie had two kids. Eileen, their daughter, died at the age of about the age of two. Jackie joined the army for a couple of years after finishing high school. I remember how proud his parents were when he became part of an honor guard in Washington, DC. After finishing his stint in the army, he went to work for General Electric where he eventually sold turbine engines around the world. He moved to upstate New York after their family was grown. After GE, he had a construction business and has now been retired for many years. He and Anna have moved back to Long Island to be with their kids and grandkids (maybe great-grandkids).

Jack Higgins married who I think was his high school sweetheart, Anna. They had somewhere between five or seven kids. The oldest is a nurse practitioner and they have sons in both the New York Fire Department and NYPD. In the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, everyone on-duty in one of their son's fire stations were killed.

There are lots of stories about the mischief that Jack and my older brothers would get into on the farm. One involved them getting into the beer that was kept cold in a spring that runs a few hundred feet from the old stone farmhouse. As legend has it, when Aunt Bessie found out about it, she lured the teenaged Jackie to her by saying in a very sweet voice, "come here dear". When he got close enough, she grabbed his arm and gave him a couple of good whacks on the butt with the willow branch she had in the other hand hidden behind her back. I suspect that Ma and Daddy's approach was a little more direct.

Uncle Danny also lived in the Bronx and was married to Gretta. They had two daughters., Sheila and "little" Gretta.

He was very proud of his very old, I think maybe 1931, Oldsmobile. He rarely drove it in the city but would bring it to the farm every year. In the 1950s he even shipped it to Ireland so that he could show it off there.

When our American relatives on the Doyle side came to the Island every summer, the local boys were always anxious to take them out for a date and they too enjoyed the evening out. One of those that was always trying, with very little if any luck, was DJ Greenwood. Someone let it out that a new Doyle cousin was on the farm and sure enough DJ came a-calling. Well, there was no Doyle cousin in from the US, only Uncle Danny dressed up in his best RuPaul garb. Uncle Danny's story of the surprised look on DJ's face when he moved in for the kill was truly a classic. You had to create your own fun on the farm before the days of television!

3.2 Thomas Doyle and Mary Donoghue

Thomas Doyle and Mary Donoghue were born on adjoining townlands in the parish of Kilgarvan. The Donoghue family lived on a 529-acre farm known as the townland of Kilgarriv. It is now a tree farm owned by the government. Thomas Doyle was born and spent his entire life at Derrincullig, a 495-acre townland. Kilgarriv borders on Derrincullig on its south, so they were neighbors.

The Doyle's have been farming on Derrincullig since the 1700s. I remember, but cannot currently find, a tombstone in the old Kilgarvan graveyard that bears the name of John Doyle who died in 1812 at the age of 88.

Members of Clan Doyle/Clann O DubhGhaill ("Dubh-Ghaill" ... pronounced "Du-Gall") take their family surname from the Irish/Gaelic words meaning "Dark/Evil foreigner", and this is just what the indigenous Celts called the Danish Vikings who started settling in Ireland and Scotland more than 1,100 years ago.

The O'Donoghues originally lived in West Cork but were driven into Kerry by the McCarthys. Once in Kerry, they became very powerful. Their main territory was known as Onaught O'Donoghue. The Onaught O'Donoghues split into two septs, the head of one was O'Donoghue Mor, with his seat on Lough Leane at Ross Castle (still an important tourist attraction near Killarney); the other was O'Donoghue of the Glen. O'Donoghue Mor estates were confiscated during the Elizabethan wars in about 1600, but O'Donoghue of the Glen held on at

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Glenflesk, also in Kerry. Geoffrey O'Donoghue of the Glen, one of the leading Gaelic poets and scholars of the 17th century, if not himself chief of the Name was most probably son of the chieftain Geoffrey O'Donoghue (d. 1678). A 12th century O'Donoghue founded the beautiful Jerpoint Abbey in Co. Kilkenny.

We are most certainly descendants of the O'Donoghue of the Glen part of the clan. The parish of Glenflesk consisted of the following townlands: Annabeg, Annemore, Ardtigallivan, Athnagivcai, Barna, Bealinashruhire, Bunachumer, Cappaugh, Coolemore, Carrigavanna, Carrigavime, Carrigbui, Clohane, Clonkeen, Clydaghroe, Coolcurtoga, Coomeenabudoige. Coomalough, Coomacullen, Curracow, Crohane, Crosstown, Comeenavrick, Coosane, Curraglass, Curreal, Dereenacullig, Derrybonane, Derrygorma, Derrymaclevode, Derrnafinna, Derrynahire, Derrynacain, Derryreague, Droumavraka, Droumcarbin, Droumderalagh, Droumaharee, Foileadoun, Frehaunagh, Gorries, Glashacormac, Glounlea, Glounmahanageragh, Gortachuish, Gortalea, Gortagaruve, Gortlicka, Gortnakilla, Grantha, Inch, Islandmore, Killaha, Killeen, Knockanes, Knockanimirish, Knockanacudoige, Knocknabro, Knocknagowan, Mountnaball, Raenacruha, Rossacruebeg, Rossacrunaloo, Rossala, Rushenbeg, Rusheemore, Shrineaboy and Tullaha.

Our ancestors were mainly farmers. They spoke both Irish and English, but few could read or write. Since farms were handed down to the oldest son, most of our cousins left the farm and I am sure they went on to follow a broad range of occupations.

3.2.1 Thomas Doyle

Was born on February 20th, 1861, at Derrincullig where he lived his whole life. Based on a picture we have, he was not a particularly large man. Daddy didn't speak much about him, so there is not much to report.

He died July 9th, 1949, at the age of 88. His son Thomas was present at death.

3.2.2 Mary Donoghue

Mary Donoghue was baptized on February 26th, 1870, on the townland of Kilgarriv just next door to Derrincullig. She lived to the age of 85, dying on December 30th, 1955.

Daddy and Oliver went over in the winter of 1953-54, so they got to see our grandmother before she died. I remember Oliver telling how Daddy “celebrated” the night before they left, knowing he would not see her again.

She seemed to be small in stature and obviously hard working. Her mother, our paternal great-grandmother, lived at Derrincullig for many years. Our grandmother, Mary Donoghue, was present at the deaths of both of our paternal grandmothers as well as her husband our grandfather Thomas John Doyle’s death in 1949.

3.2.3 Their Children

They had eleven kids:

- **Josephine (Josie) was at Derrincullig on September 7th, 1894 and died at the age of 80 on January 16th, 1975.**

When Aunt Josie came over in 1909 or 1910, Maggie Curran who lived in Holyoke, Massachusetts sponsored her. Oh, the allusive Maggie Curran!

Since Aunt Josie was the first of the Doyle’s to immigrate to the United States, Maggie played a key role in our family history. She seemed even more important when I learned that she also sponsored Aunt Mary in 1914 and Aunt Bea in 1919. Aunt Bea’s son Tommy Deitner was particularly interested in finding out who she was since her son Jack was his Godfather. He thought that Maggie might have been his mother’s aunt. Maureen Driscoll did not know why she sponsored her mother and lived with her when she arrived but was very interested in finding out.

Over the years of my research, I poked around a bit looking for Maggie. I always pictured her as an older woman that was related to the family but maybe even born in the US. It was not until March of 2021 that I undertook a deep dive into learning who she was and how she came to play such an important role in our family story.

After tons of searching, I found a 1930 census record that possibly made some sense. It showed that she had married James Curran in about 1919 when he was 34 and she was 37. It also told me that she had immigrated in

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1903 and he in 1904. What made this record stand out is that Margaret's place of birth was Kilgarvan, where the Doyles are from. They also had a son Jack who was born in 1923 and a daughter Ellie who was nine. All of that kind of fit what Tommy Deitner had told me.

The challenge then became finding her last name at birth and how she would have known the three Doyle sisters. To find her I needed to look at all of the birth records for people with the first name of "Margaret" that were born in Kilgarvan about the time the census report said she was born (1882 to 1885). What made this job harder is that in 1864 the churches stopped recording births in each parish and a central regional civil registry office was established, in this case Kenmare. Margaret is a very popular name in Ireland. In the Kenmare region there were 161 babies born and named Margaret from the beginning of 1881 to the end of 1886. I spent hours looking at the hand-written records of every one of them that made any sense. I ended up with 12 from Kilgarvan.

Assuming I actually had the right family in Holyoke, the next step was to find which one of the twelve came to the US in 1903 and married James Curran 16 years later. My first attempt was to find their marriage record. Unlike Irish records, the US online marriage records are almost useless. They don't even give the spouse's name, so I didn't learn anything there. The immigration records were a bit more helpful, but none of them gave Kilgarvan as an address in Ireland. Normally the oldest daughter is named after the mother's mother. Given that one of the Margaret Sullivans stood out. Her parents were Thomas Sullivan and Ellen Riordan. I still needed more proof.

In a final attempt, I decided to look into Maggie's son Jack's records to see if I could find anything. Bingo, there it was. Jack Curran had died in 2010, at the age of 87, and there was a beautiful obituary available online. The obit gave Maggie's maiden name "Sullivan".

Knowing that, I have done a bunch of digging to see how we might be related. Margaret Sullivan was born July 17th, 1884, on the townland of Kilbunow, just south of Kilgarvan and only a few kilometers from Derrincullig. Her parents were Thomas Sullivan, and Ellen Riordan.

Thomas was born on January 15th, 1849. He and Ellen, “Ellie”, married on January 30th 1880. The 1911 census shows that Thomas Sullivan (64) and his wife Nellie lived at Kilbunow with their children Joanna (20), Tom (18), John (16), Denis (12), and Nellie (9). It would appear that Margaret was long gone to the US. Thomas’s father was Thomas Sullivan who was born May 26th 1822 to Florence Sullivan and Margaret Casey.

Maggie’s mother Ellen Riordan’s father was Michael Riordan. He was born on March 13th, 1823, and lived on the townland of Lomanagh just south of Kilgarvan and adjacent to Kilbunow to its west. The 1852 Griffiths evaluation shows that Micheal “Reardon” living there. He was dead by 1880 at the time Maggie’s parents married. It is interesting that there were three Patrick Sullivans, Jeremiah Donoghue, Thomas Donoghue and Johanna Callaghan also living at Lomanagh in 1852. Michael Riordan’s parents were Mathew Riordan and Catherine “Hearlihy”.

Nothing in Maggie’s direct line overlaps with our family tree. The Doyles and Sullivans are so intertwined that unless I get really lucky, we will likely not know if and how we are related. My guess is that we are somehow, maybe through the Donoghues. Clearly, the families knew each other well. With only ten years difference in age and Maggie having come over eight years before Aunt Jossie, and both being single, it just made sense that they live together. They likely had been in contact by mail over the years while Maggie settled into living in America.

To shed light on the Curran family, here is Jack Junior’s obituary. Obviously, he was a wonderful man.

James M. "Jim" Curran, Sr., a career educator, passed away peacefully on Wednesday, October 27, 2010. He was 87.

James was born in Holyoke on July 3, 1923. A lifelong resident of Holyoke and Springfield, James graduated from Sacred Heart High School in Holyoke in 1940. He graduated from American International College in 1946 after serving in the United States Army during World War II. He received his Master's in Education from the University of Vermont. Jim received a scholarship from the Atomic Energy Commission from 1955 to 1961 to attend summer post-graduate courses at Duke University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Princeton University, University of

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Chicago, University of Colorado and the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology.

He began his 50-year science teaching career at Bellows Falls Central High School in Vermont. He was head basketball coach and his team traveled to the state tournament twice. In 1953, Jim joined Springfield Technical High School and was chairman of the Science Department. He served as director of all of the City of Springfield's summer school programs until 1970. Jim joined Springfield Technical Community College at its inception in 1970 as chairman of the Biology Department. He taught anatomy, physiology and microbiology. He trained nurses at the Mercy Hospital School of Nursing for 11 years and at Baystate Medical Center School of Nursing for 18 years. Many of these nurses were instrumental in caring for him in his later years at the Mary Lyons Nursing Home in Hampden, Massachusetts.

Jim was a founding member of the Holyoke St. Patrick's Day Parade in 1951. He was a member of the Brian Boru Club, which organized the first parade. Jim served as the Parade's vice president in 1958, where he met a young Senator and his wife: John F. and Jacqueline Kennedy. The parade brought many famous dignitaries to Holyoke. It has grown to be the second largest St. Patrick's Day Parade in the nation over its 59 years of existence. He was the recipient of the 1983 Gallivan Award for community service.

He was a member of the American Legion Post 277, the Springfield Lodge of Elks No. 61 and was a life member of the John Boyle O'Reilly Club. He was on the founding committee for the John Boyle O'Reilly Club Scholarship Committee that began in 1971. He served as Master of Ceremonies for the annual scholarship dinner for more than 30 years.

Jim was a communicant of St. Patrick's Church in Springfield since 1961 and was an active parishioner serving as a lector and on the Catholic Stewardship Appeal. He served on the Springfield City Council's Environmental Commission during the 1990s. Jim was an accomplished violinist. He was fondly known as "Fiddler Jim" to many friends. While playing at a party one night, he first saw the beautiful Helen Murphy, whom he later married in 1960. Jim enjoyed classical music and spent many happy summers with his family on Cape Cod. Jim's fiddle and accordion have been donated and will be on display at the John Boyle O'Reilly Club. In addition to his parents, James and Margaret (Sullivan) Curran of County Kerry, Ireland.

Jim was predeceased by his beloved wife of 44 years Helen (Murphy) Curran, who died June 24, 2004, and his sister, Ella Lynch. He is survived by two sons: James M. Curran, Jr. and his wife, Noreen, of Feeding Hills, and Brendan J. Curran and his wife, Patricia, of West Hartford, CT; two daughters: Maura E. Meehan of Springfield, and Katy Curran Casey and her husband, Michael, of Houston, TX; five grandchildren: Seamus, Carly, Giuliana and Nolan Curran, and Conor Casey; four nieces: Pedge, Matey and KC Lynch and Theresa King; and six nephews: Sean, James, PJ, Brian, John and Marty Curley.

Aunt Josie married Patrick Driscoll in Kilgarvan on August 6th, 1920, and they had six kids:

- **Helen Veronica** was born in Natick, Massachusetts on July 2nd, 1921, and died on March 20th, 2000 at the age of 38. She was married to Peter Savoy. They lived at 103 Nassau Dr., Springfield Massachusetts until they moved to Sarasota Florida where Peter died on February 16th, 1995.

They had three kids Mark, born in 1950, Marsha, in about 1952, and Barry, in about 1955.

- **Lillian Marie** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on August 11th, 1922. She married??? Richards in 1945 and they had two kids. Michael William in 1950 and Karen in about 1953. As of 2019 Michael was living in Clifton Park New York and Karen was living in California. Michael was experiencing a lot of back pain and had trouble driving. He was a great pool player when he was only about 15. He was a hustler, and I remember being with him in a pool hall when he was asked to leave. It was likely because of his age, but I'm sure there was a bit of the hustle involved.

When we would go skydiving in Orange, MA my friends and I always enjoyed spending a night at Lillian's house at 414 Chestnut St in Springfield. One of my friends even thought she was interested in getting to know him better... much better. She was a great lady!

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- **Thomas John “Buddy”** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on August 9th, 1924, and was named after our grandfather Thomas Doyle and died in Largo Florida March 25th, 2005.

Buddy was a great guy and a veteran of both World War Two and the Korean wars. When he settled down in Springfield after the war, he started a driving school. As kids we always looked forward to his annual trips to Wolfe Island. Not only did he have the fanciest of cars, but the neat thing was you could drive them from either side. Although he was almost 30, he was still single and brought some colourful buddies with him. I still clearly remember putting the old wooden wheeled hay wagon in the river to use as a diving platform. Those were great days.

In about 1955, Buddy married Bonnie... Georgette Desjardins. We actually never knew her actual name. Bonnie was born in Hawkesbury, Ontario and had been previously married to John Boyle. They had three daughters: Sharon, born in about 1943, Sheila in 1945, and Kathleen (“Kath”) born February 18th, 1948. I am not sure what took Bonnie to Springfield and if her children were all born in Canada. John Boyle was a professor at the University of Ottawa.

Sharon worked with Buddy at the driving school. As I recall, she was a key component. She tragically died of cancer in her early thirties.

Sheila won a full scholarship to Stanford University where she completed a master’s degree. While there she met a man and they married. Together they had two children and built the largest Harley Davidson dealership in Southern California. Sheila is very proud of the fact that Harley built the low rider for people of her about five-foot two in stature.

Kathy spent a fair amount of time in Canada. She married in about 1966 in Springfield and I believe had two children. Her first husband was a guy with the last name Sanford. She eventually moved to California, and I believe remarried. I saw her and Sheila last in Southern California in about 1998.

Buddy and Bonnie had two children: Lissette and Michelle. Lissette was born in Springfield on November 9th, 1954 and died of cancer on January 11th 1996.

On March 10th, 2021, I made contact with Michelle's daughter Sara Rogers. I look forward to working with her to fill in a lot of blanks.

- **Patricia** was born in New York in 1929. I have not been able to find her birth record, but she is shown as age zero on the 1930 census. Patricia died on September 19th, 1931, at age two shortly after Aunt Josie gave birth to Madeline. Maureen told me that her father took Helen, Lillian, Buddy and Patricia out for dinner. They all had pork and became violently ill. They went to the hospital suffering from food poisoning and Patricia died. What a tragic story that took the life of what I am sure was a very beautiful young girl.
- **Madeline Ann** was born in New York on August 24th, 1931, and died in Springfield Massachusetts on June 28th 2007. She was married to George Petitt who was born in Campbell County, Tennessee and died on July 15th 1971 in Springfield Massachusetts.

I know that Madeline and Pete had several children including [...]

- **Maureen “Mary Jean”** was born on March 11th, 1934, in New York City. Maureen has been very helpful in filling in background information.

Their first three children were born in Massachusetts, but Patricia, Madeline and Maureen were born in New York City. There is a five-year difference in the ages of Buddy and Patricia, so they could have moved any time between the end of 1924 and the beginning of 1929. Since Ma immigrated to New York in 1925 and stayed with Aunt Josie and Uncle Pat, I think they moved to New York City in late 1924 or early 1925.

Finding her immigration documents was a challenge. According to the 1920 census information, Josephine Doyle was living with Charles Tift, a stockbroker, and family on Florida Street in Springfield where she worked as a maid. That document says she arrived in the US in 1909, was still an

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Irish citizen and was single. Since the census was taken early in the year, and she did not get married until September of that year, everything seems to fit.

In 1930, the Driscoll Family lived at 15 Manhattan in New York City along with Helen (8), Lillian (7), Thomas (5) and Patricia who was less than a year old.

In 1940, they lived at 50 Washington Street in Springfield with Helen (18), Lillian (17), Thomas (15), Madeline (8), Maureen (Mary Jean 5), Marion Kiely (14) and Jimmie Kiely (13).

The Driscoll family spent a lot of time on Wolfe Island.

Buddy was in both WW II and the Korean War. The last night I spent with him was at his place in Largo. I was in the area on business, so Francine was not with me, and I had the night to myself. Bonnie was in the hospital so there were just the two of us. By that time, he had lost both of his legs due to poor circulation. As he put it, he went into the hospital six foot three and came out three foot six.

I brought over a case of beer, and we drank and talked for hours. It was the first time we had ever spoken about the war. He was part of an advance team that went into an area they were going to attack first to establish communications. Apparently, there is an unwritten rule about being sent in a maximum of six times, which he had already done. The commander told him he was needed for a seventh time. They were landing in Italy and his job was to sneak in with ten or so other guys and set up communications down the beach from where the attack would take place. The night before the planned attack they went into the wrong place. After hiding in the water all night, as the sun rose, they were caught in the crossfire. It was a side of our cousin that I did not know. A brave and awesome guy!

Aunt Mary Francis Doyle born in 1896. She immigrated to the United States in 1914 and married John Patrick Keily in about 1922. They lived at 18 Pearl St, Framingham, Massachusetts where they had three children: Francis, Marian and Jimmy.

Aunt Mary may be in the old 1919 family picture. The handwritten note on our copy of the picture says it is her, but I now have her immigration document that shows she came to the United States in 1914. Unless she returned to Ireland in 1919 or the date on the picture is wrong, the girl in the picture must be one of her sisters. Joan does not think it is Aunt Abbey and I am still waiting for input from our cousin Martin Doyle.

Aunt Mary had a tragic life. On October 30th, 1929, she was admitted to the Grafton State Hospital suffering from Dementia Precox Catatonic, which is now known as Catatonic Schizophrenia. Her great-grandson's wife, Katie Hill, found her hospital card. It shows that she accidentally fell August of 1970, breaking her right hip. She died on February 8th, 1971, after over 41 years in the same hospital. It seems that there are a couple of different forms of her condition. In one form, patients lack all mobility and are not able to speak. Given that she fell and broke her hip when she was almost 75, she obviously could move and may have spoken occasionally. I think the catatonic state may have come and gone. Maureen said that when Aunt Jossie would go to visit Aunt Mary just sat rocking in her chair and rubbing a stuffed animal.

According to Maureen, her husband John Keily left her just before she was hospitalized (could have been that day). Her neighbours reportedly found her screaming on the floor and rushed her to the hospital. She was pregnant at the time, so her son Jimmy was born in the institution.

Frances Marion Keily, was born March 8th, 1924, in Framingham, Massachusetts and passed away March 15th, 1997, in Napa, California. Here is a short sketch of her life written by her daughter Ann.

Frances lived most of her young life in Springfield, Massachusetts. Frances was a typical Irish Catholic girl with auburn hair, hazel eyes and light freckles. She excelled in all her school studies and won a huge dictionary for her academic success. She attended Catholic schools and graduated from an all-girls Catholic school (Cathedral High School).

Frances had beautiful penmanship. She had a sister Marion and brother Jimmy. She never spoke very much of her childhood. She stayed with an aunt and uncle (Josie and Patrick Driscoll) for many years when her

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mother was ill. Since there was no money in those days, due to the Great Depression and the number of people in the family, Frances joined the US Navy as a Wave after high school graduation.

Frances was slim and loved clothes. She would save her meager earnings to have some nice things like leather shoes and wool coats with fur trim decoration.

Frances always remembered her years in the Navy Waves as her happiest. Frances worked for a railroad sometime after the war doing office work. She loved fine food like eggs Benedict, clam chowder, steak and salad. She became a very good cook and was known for her pies and Thanksgiving dinners. She was a very fine seamstress too, tailoring many of her own suits.

Her sister [Marion] lived in Springfield, Massachusetts, so every few years, she would fly back east, or her sister would fly to California to visit her. Frances was loved by her sister, brother, and many cousins.

Frances suffered many health maladies in her lifetime. She happened to suffer from occasional bouts of depression. When she retired (and later divorced), she was a volunteer for Meals on Wheels, bringing hot meals to shut-ins. Her boyfriend Skip took her on day trips and weekends on his houseboat in the bay. They had lots of good times until their health declined. She moved to the Veteran's home in Yountville, California in Napa County, California. She passed away in Napa in 1997, at the age of 73.

Frances and Robert Hinder had two daughters:

Francis Marion Hinder was born on December 23rd, 1945, in Alameda California and died on June 3rd, 2016, in Concord California. She married Leonard Campbell, then divorced and remarried to John "Jack" Lavoie.

Frances and Lenard Campbell had three children:

- **Heather Ann** on October 27th, 1969. She married Scott Husson.

- **Brian Michael** on February 15th, 1972. He married Colleen Alvarez and they had a daughter Mia Gabriella on August 12th, 2002.
- **Julie Elizabeth** on November 10th, 1976.

Elizabeth Ann was born in Oakland California on February 11th, 1958. She married Jonathan Edward Hill in 1978. They divorced in 1996 but still keep in touch online. She remarried on June 18th, 1999, to David Ralph McFarland. It was David that helped her write the story about her mother's life.

We had a fairly long telephone conversation in 2018. She is my first cousin once removed and a very nice lady. She lives in Redding, California and can be reached at 530-515-3785.

In about 1965, she came to the Island with her mother, older sister and her aunt Marian, Woody and their family. I was off picking tobacco that August, so we did not meet. She remembered a cousin with a motorcycle (Sean) and the "beautiful church".

Her mother's first husband was a Mormon and converted. Ann enjoyed the church community, and her first husband was also a member of the Church of LDS. Both her and her mother did not practice the faith very much and are mainly involved to support their kids that do follow their father's faith.

When I told her what a shame it was to be a Mormon in the best wine region in North America, she laughed and said they were not religious enough to give up the grape entirely.

Ann and Jonathan Hill had four children:

- **Elizabeth Ann** was born on December 31st, 1980, and married to Jeff Nishimura in California. They had a son, Jack Nishimura on July 7th, 2010.
- **Paul Allen Hill** was born on February 22nd, 1983, and married Katherine "Katie" Hutchings in Utah in 2006. Paul earned his PhD

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from Utah State University in 2021 where he is a professor. My original contact with this part of the family was made though Katie. She introduced me to Paul's mother Anne. Katie and Paul have four children:

- **Taft Spencer** on March 8th, 2010
- **Brady Mack** on December 6th, 2014
- **Reece Archer** on March 21st, 2014
- **Miles Paul** on March 14th, 2017
- **Spencer James Hill** was born on October 30th, 1986, and married in 2010.
- **Sarah Janene Frances Hill** was born in California on December 12th, 1988.

I don't remember Francis, but both Marian and Jimmy visited the Island a fair amount.

Marian Francis Kiely was born in Framingham Massachusetts on August 14th, 1925, and died in Springfield on June 13th, 1991. She married Hamilton "Woody" Woodbury who had his own plumbing business in Springfield. They lived at 39 Merrill Road. They had two children:

- **Wayne** was born on January 18th, 1958, in Springfield Massachusetts. He is married to Debbie. They have a daughter Vanessa who was born April 2nd, 1986.
- **Patricia "Tricia"** was born in Springfield on September 15th, 1959. She is married to Bob Heap. They have one Daughter, Elizabeth who was born at the end of May 1991. She and Vanessa are more like sisters than cousins.

After her mother was hospitalized, Marian and Francis moved in with the Driscoll family. She was a very quiet person and extremely pleasant to be

around. We always looked forward to their visits to Wolfe Island. She fought off cancer for a number of years and passed away far too young, when she was only sixty-five.

Woody remarried and lived in the same trailer park as Maureen in Florida.

When our cousin Joan Walsh and her husband John came to the US for a visit in about 2000, Francine and I, along with my brother Oliver, met them in Florida where they were staying with Maureen and Chuck. Woody had a bit of a reputation for not throwing his money around. All of us enjoyed our beer at the time and brought a bunch to the Gonnelo house where Maureen put on a great dinner. Woody and his new bride were there, and he kept telling us that he wanted us to go see his place where he had some beer. Once we got there, he started showing the ladies around. Oliver, John and I were more interested in the beer than the tour, so stayed in the kitchen. I called out a couple of times asking, “Woody would this be the fridge”. After receiving no response, we opened the door to find only two beers. I can’t recall but suspect that Oliver and John got them, and I waited until the short walk back to Maureen and Chuck’s place to grab mine. It was a fun evening.

Jimmy Kiely was born in Framingham Massachusetts on December 29th, 1926, and died in Holyoke Massachusetts on February 17th, 2000. He never married.

Jimmy came to the Island fairly often. He seemed to suffer mental problems after the Korean War and was in and out of hospitals. He was on the Island for an extended stay in 1958 and helped in building the stone extension to the house, which made room for a bathroom and pantry.

- **John was born on February 4th, 1898, at Derrincullig.** He left Ireland from Queenstown aboard the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, landing in New York City on December 13th, 1920. He married and had three daughters Mary, Theresa and Joan. Some of my older siblings met them in New York City, but Uncle John and Aunt Mary never came to Wolfe Island.

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He worked as a gravedigger and I understood he always bragged about the “number of people he had under him”. He died while working in 1953 at the age of 55.

In June of 2019, I connected with Megan Sullivan Correira <meg.sullivan.correira@gmail.com> through Ancestry.

Megan is the great-granddaughter of Uncle John and Aunt Mary Doyle. Her grandparents were Theresa Doyle and Jeremiah Sullivan. She is the daughter of Brendan John Sullivan who was born June 9th, 1958, in Queens New York and his wife Cathryn. Brendan died in Bronx, New York on September 27th, 2001, after a battle with lung cancer. Brendan had one older brother Jerry Sullivan.

On June 27th, 2014, she married David Correira. As of that time they lived in Woodside, New York, and he was working for the Consulate General of Canada in NYC. I am very much looking forward to meeting her on their next trip to Ottawa.

Here is what Megan told me about her father and his family.

“His name was Brendan John Sullivan and he was born on June 9, 1958 to his mother Theresa (your first cousin I believe) and his father Jeremiah and older brother Jerry.

His parents struggled a bit (obviously I was not around, but I believe his father struggled with alcohol addiction and I believe his mother had some mental health issues) and he stayed with aunts here and there for a while growing up. He grew up in an apartment complex in Queens NY, where he met my mother when they were both teenagers. When she found herself pregnant in the Fall of 1981, they decided to get married. He wed my mother Cathryn in February of 1982, and my brother Brendan Jr. was born in July of that year. Two years later, my sister Lauren was born in April of 1984, and then 4 years later I arrived in January of 1988.

My father worked as a plumber for the city of New York. He loved plumbing and he loved New York (so it was a good fit). He also loved the New York Mets and the New York Jets, which if you know anything about NY sports, means he was pretty much always being disappointed. He was the kind of person who knew everyone. You

could never go anywhere without someone stopping him because they recognized him from this place or that. He loved his family, and worked hard to provide to us. In July of 2000, he was diagnosed with lung cancer. After 14 months of fighting, he was placed into hospice care in September of 2001. (Random fact, but something worth mentioning: he was actually admitted into the hospital for the last time on September 9th, which meant he was in a hospital in Manhattan the morning of 9/11. He called my mom to tell her not to come into the city, and she thought it was the morphine talking. A nurse had to get on the phone and tell her to put the TV on). He passed away on September 27, 2001 in a hospice located in the Bronx, NY. “

- **Patrick (Daddy) was born on October 15th, 1899, at Derrincullig.** He is the whole reason that we are in this wonderful, often either too cold or too hot, country of Canada. What can I say that I have not already? He was a great man... stern, humorous, hardworking, religious man that I think of every day.
- **Brigidet Mary** was born on April 28th, 1901. She married Benjamin Joseph Deitner on January 5th, 1932, in Belchertown, Massachusetts. They had four children during their marriage: Eileen, Margaret, Connie and Tom.
- **Marie Eileen Deitner** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on August 26th, 1932, and died in Port Charlotte Florida on December 29th, 2019. In 1954 she married Arthur Charles Lincoln, and they had seven children: Michael, Daniel, Timothy, Brian, Patrick, Christine and Kathleen.

As part of this research, I came across Daniel Lincoln of Lake Villa, Illinois. He has been working for years on his family tree using Ancestry.com. It took me a couple of hours to realize what I had found. Our first cousin Eileen Deitner married Arthur Lincoln, and Daniel is their son. He is our first cousin once removed.

Dan had been struggling with the Doyle side of his family tree for a couple of years before we connected in early 2018. He had been to Ireland and visited Derrincullig. Martin was not there so he left a note, and they later made email contact.

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In 2018, his mother Eileen, my first cousin, had just been admitted into a nursing home just south of Sarasota Florida. She was in quite poor condition. She passed away on December 29th, 2019.



Aunt Bridie, Dan Lincoln, Cousin Eileen, Byron, Michael and Uncle Ben (1961)

- **Margaret Deitner** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on March 21st, 1934, and died in Vincentown New Jersey on October 28th, 2003. She married John Sullivan and they had two children: John Edward and Julia.
- **Constance (Connie) Deitner** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on November 19th, 1936. She married James Benson and they had three children: Elisabeth, Leslie and James. Connie was killed in a car accident on June 21st, 1984, while driving under the influence of alcohol. She was about 47 years of age.

We got to know Connie in the late seventies. She came to the Island and took Daddy to his medical appointments. She even came to Ottawa and spent some time with us. Francine enjoyed her company a lot. Maybe it was the gold earrings she gave her that I think she may have inherited from her mother. Connie was a wonderful lady. Her younger brother, Tom, said she was the best friend he ever had in his life.

- **Thomas J. Deitner** was born in Holyoke Massachusetts on June 1st, 1944. He married Wanda Zielonka in 1968, and they had three children: Christine, Janice and Thomas.

I asked Thomas about his parents and life growing up and this is what he said.

“My parents were sort of loaners. My father worked two sometimes three jobs most of his life until about 1966 when he physically could not do that anymore. What I remember the most is his working at the Westinghouse plant in Springfield MA as a guard (watchman). On the second shift he would rush to the City Yard (Department of Sanitation) to be a watchman for the City of Springfield on the third shift. He never took a vacation when he did have a vacation he would drive a cab or do some work like attendant at the local Hospital.

He took the pledge not to drink in 1933 and kept it for his entire life passing away in May of 1974. He had a terrible temper (untreated alcoholism) and was a firm believer that if you sparred the rod you spoiled the child so I was given a weekly belt lashing to keep me in line.

My mother worked at different jobs mostly in hospitals, but started working for a doctor as a babysitter and then another doctors also hired her so most of the fifties and early sixties that is what she did. Sometimes she got to travel with the doctors and their families to the Cape or to other locations. She was a regular church goer and belong to local Daughters of Hibernia (hope I said that correctly).

It wasn't a very happy home as evident that my father would encourage her to visit the old country and she would not go. After he stopped working he started to come to Florida in the winter. She would not go with him so he would spend a couple of months down here alone.

My mother came down with Aplastic Anemia around 1976 and died from it in August 1980.

When my mother came over in 1919 her sponsor was a Meg Curran in Holyoke MA. Meg had two children James who is my Godfather and I think Peggy could be Margaret. I always thought Meg was my mother's aunt.”

Tom was also an alcoholic who quit in 1977 “with the aid of the legal system”. It was too late to save his marriage and he has not had much

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contact with his three kids. Over the years, he went back to school earning both bachelor's and master's degrees.

In April of 2019, Paula Doyle Carson had a 23andMe DNA test. The report she received showed Tom's daughter Christine, with whom we are now in contact.

Christine went to NYU for theatre and got a BFA in acting and directing. She worked in that art form for a while, touring North America and Europe as a Stage Manager and Company Manager for shows like "Fosse", "Oklahoma!", "Jekyll and Hyde" and "Tap Dogs". She got to travel to Europe with The Who's "Tommy" group and a dance show called "Aeros". Christine is a writer, a photographer and an animation production manager. In 2019, she was trying to get out of animation and land a job as an editor and a reviewer of theatre at TheTheatreTimes.com.

Christine's brother is Thomas, who is living in Baltimore, MD.

As of June 2019, Janice is slogging away at completing her PhD at Trinity College Dublin. Her husband's name is Phil, and he is a musician.

Aunt Bridie died on August 27th, 1980, in Springfield, Massachusetts, at the age of 79. She is buried there.

- **Catherine (Katie)** was born at Derrincullig on March 12th, 1903. She immigrated aboard the SS Laconia arriving in New York City on June 4th, 1922.

She married Patrick O'Sullivan in New York City on January 29th, 1928, and had two children. At the time she became an American citizen they lived at 515 west 160th Street in New York City.

On July 28th, 1945, Aunt Catherine died from a complication during pregnancy or childbirth. She is buried at Carmel Cemetery in Englewood, NJ.

- **Joseph Patrick** O'Sullivan was born in NYC on November 6th, 1928. He married Joan F. Bailey on February 10th, 1962.

Joe was only sixteen years old when his mother died. Their father had a difficult time dealing with the loss of his wife and alcohol made life tough for the boys. Joe took it out on the handball court in Manhattan, where he became the number one player. He played into his seventies and his very large palm showed the effects. At that time, they lived at 629 West 170th Street in New York City.

When I was growing up, I heard a lot about Joe, but did not meet him until the late sixties. He was a large man with an insatiable laugh. Early on, he worked for one of the New York papers, maybe the Times. He may have been a sportswriter. The Korean War and need to work through university meant he did not finish up until well into his 20s.

Joe married Joan F. Bailey O'Sullivan and they settled just north of Albany in Clifton Park, New York where they had five children.

Eileen lives south of Boston and has three children.

Christine has an MBA from Cornell. She is an ex-Goldman Sachs VP who, as of March 2021, has moved to California where she manages seniors' homes. That is not an easy job during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Trish, like her mom, is a teacher in the Albany area.

Sean is now in his mid-fifties and suffers from a rare and debilitating disease called myositis. He has an engineering degree from Princeton, which he attended on a basketball scholarship, and Executive MBA from Cornell. He was a senior executive of a couple of large consumer products companies before he was forced to quit work.

Their youngest son is **Brendan**. He attended Dartmouth College on a basketball scholarship and was the team captain. After graduating he played in Europe and most importantly as the captain of the Irish

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Basketball Team. He works in the technology field including for my company, Impatica for a year or so.

Brendan is married to Jocelyn Marie Leone. They have three children: Catherine Elizabeth, born October 7th, 2008, and twins, Victoria Jocelyn and James Thomas, born October 4th, 2013. Brendan is very proud of the fact that Catherine was born at 10:19 PM, which was right in the middle of the Barak Obama and John McCain debate. He told me he stayed by the bedside, but the TV was on. He didn't miss a bit of either event!

The O'Sullivan's got more than their share of the good looks, sports skills and brains in our family. Joan more than once told me about how Brendan, after at the age of 15 his high school team won the New York State Basketball championship, would receive calls from girls she did not know. They would say something like, "Can Brendan come out to play?" She would snap back, "Does your mother know what you are doing?"

I could tell lots of stories about Joe, but I will limit it to one. Joseph P. O'Sullivan loved politics and was a life-long Democrat. He read the Times every day and was extremely well informed both generally and on politics.

I knew he was quite involved in the 1960 Kennedy election for president but did not know just how much. In January of 1985, the Premier of Ontario invited a bunch of us to a weekend think tank session at a camp about 100 miles north of Toronto. One of the speakers was Ted Sorenson, the person that wrote the words "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." He was a senior advisor on both during the Kennedy campaign and later in the White House. As I was chatting with him after his speech, I asked if he happened to remember my cousin Joe O'Sullivan. He thought for a second then responded, "Yes, I do. He was our labour organizer in New York State." That blew me away. He was a great man and like an older brother to me. He passed away on April 28th, 2009, at the age of 80.

- **Ronald Christopher O'Sullivan** was born on November 6th, 1932, in New York City. He married Philomena Costese of Middletown New York, but they did not have any children. He came to the Island for a while in the late sixties and early seventies, but he died suddenly on June 27th, 1986, at the age of just 63.
- **Julia was born at Derrincullig** February 8th, 1906. Aunt Julia married Dennis Angland in Manhattan on October 25th, 1927. They had two children.

Mary Theresa Angland was born in New York City on October 1st, 1930. When we were growing up, she would come to Wolfe Island for a stay most, if not every, summer. She was an attractive girl and caught the eye of Johnny Hogan. Johnny's father Stuart Hogan was a close friend of the family, even though he was a Conservative on whom Daddy and Bill Murray loved to play tricks on during elections. Johnny Hogan was my Godfather.

According to sister Margaret the relationship between Mary and Johnny was more than a passing fancy and discussion of possible marriage even came up.

On June 20th, 1955, Mary Angland died as the result of a car accident in New Haven, Connecticut. She was there to attend a pre-wedding party for a cousin (on the Angland side). Mary was to be a bridesmaid.

John Christopher Angland was born in New York City on December 24th, 1932. Known always as Jackie, he seemed to have a troubled life suffering from mental health issues. I thought it was a result of his time serving in Korea during the war, but there does not seem to be any record of him being in the US military.

On February 17th, 1933, Dennis Angland died in the Bronx, New York. According to the 1930 census, he was employed as an electrician in the railroad industry. His younger brother Daniel lived with them at 5 Convent Avenue in Manhattan.

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Sometime after the death of Dennis Angland, Aunt Julia married Cornelius O'Sullivan, who was born in Castlemaine County Kerry on February 19th, 1906. He was a rather quiet, and not that a large of a man. On the other hand, Aunt Julia was a large lady, a heavy drinker and was not afraid to use a few four-letter words. There are many stories about my older siblings visiting her in New York. Apparently, it was rather common that visitors were asked to

clean the house. If they didn't do a good job, they heard about it. Her excesses might well have stemmed from the loss of her first husband when he was only 27 and her only daughter at the age of just 25. Aunt July died on October 28th, 1971, at the age of 65.

- **Helen (Ellie... only in Ireland)** at Derrincullig on January 8th, 1907. She married James O'Sullivan and had two kids: Helen and Little Jimmy. They lived in a one-bedroom walk up in Queens for most of their lives. I visited only once and remember it as dark and crowded on a very busy street.

While doing business in New York over years, I spoke to Jimmy a number of times. In about 2000, we were scheduled to meet for lunch to celebrate his birthday, but he cancelled at the last minute. I thought Helen moved to Southern California many years ago, but Maureen thinks that she might have stayed in New York.

Jimmy lived in the Rockaway Beach area of Queens, New York. Knowing that his kids were all police and firemen, I contacted him after the World Trade Center attack. Thank God, they were all fine.

A couple of weeks later he called me in my office in Ottawa. He had just walked the few blocks home from midweek morning mass and was obviously very distraught. In the middle of mass, he heard car

alarms going off in the parking lot. Somebody almost immediately walked onto the altar and spoke to the priest. In an unheard-of move the priest stopped saying mass and left immediately without a comment to the parishioners. An Airbus 300 had crashed between Jimmy's house and the church. He described seeing the smoke coming up through the manhole covers as he walked home, something I saw later that day on the evening news.

We spoke again after hurricane Sandy hit New York and they were out of power for a couple of weeks. I don't know when he died, but I think it was about 2010.

- **Margaret (Maggie in Ireland)** was born at Derrincullig on May 17th, 1908. Aunt Peg arrived in New York aboard the Baltic on March 12th, 1928, and became an American citizen on April 20th, 1932.

Margaret Mary Doyle was married to Simon O'Connor ("Connor") on June 16th, 1933. During the 1940 census they lived at 3044 Kingsbridge Avenue Bronx New York with their six-year-old daughter Mary who was in grade one. Shortly after the census they moved to Yonkers where their twin boys were born in 1941.

Uncle Simon's draft card dated October 16th, 1940, describes him as a 5'5" man weighing 140 pounds with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and gray hair. He was born on the townland of "Letterfinish" in the district of Sneem near Kenmare on April 19th, 1905. He immigrated to the US on August 29th, 1926, and became a naturalized American on January 26th, 1927.

The twins came to the Island a number of times in the mid 1950's. When I spoke to my brothers Sean and Jerry about them, I learned that they looked forward to their summer visits to the farm. They were all very close in age and likely got into some mischief that we will clearly never know about.

- **Mary Eugenia "Jeanie" O'Connor** was born in Bronx, NYC on December 21st, 1933. She married Zacharias Mathews. I believe

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that they lived in Winslow Maine. Jeannie died on October 8th, 2011.

In 2019, I contacted Brandon Matthews, who lives in Winslow Maine, online and we have maintained contact through Facebook Messenger. His Father's name is Zaharias, who I believe lives in Florida. Brandon was born January 21st, 1986, and is married to Erin Matthews. He has a brother Alex Matthews who had a daughter that was very ill in a Boston hospital.

Lawrence O'Connor was born in Yonkers, New York on May 5th, 1941. During our 2019 trip to Ireland and a very nice visit to our first cousin Patrick Sean O'Sullivan's house, his wife Helen gave us the envelope from a Christmas card that they received from Lawrence O'Connor. I sent a letter to the return address on the envelope in an attempt to establish contact.

Larry's wife Carole sent the following email a couple of weeks later.

"I am Carole, Larry's wife. Sad to say Larry had a bad fall on September 1st (2019), and had a severe head injury. He is in a Nursing Home about an hour away from the house. He has some cognitive issues as a result of the fall. Looking forward to getting him home but will need 24 hour care.

I will fill Larry in about your letter, I'm sure he will be pleased to hear from you. Larry has 2 children, Wendy and Lawrence, no children, who live in Santa Clarita CA. They, unfortunately, have been estranged for several years now. His twin brother Tom lives with his daughter Megan and their family in Tucson AZ. He has dementia and is in a walker like Larry.

What was your mom's name? I don't know if Larry remembers. He always said his families were large. The last time we went to Ireland was in 2007; visited Dad's side of family in Kenmare.

The picture you sent is hardly recognizable the way they look now, Thanks. I will share with Larry.

Thank you for writing, I would love to hear more about the Irish Heritage."

Carole and I later established contact. By that time, Larry was at home and getting the care he needed. Carole also sent me contact information for Larry's twin brother Tom's daughter Megan.

Thomas O'Connor was born in Yonkers New York on May 5th, 1941. After getting her contact information from Carole O'Connor, Megan and I quickly made contact through Facebook, Messenger and even a voice call. Meg is a registered nurse and is married to Robi Escobar. They had a full house in 2019 with children aged 12 (stepchild), 6, 4, 3 and her dad Thomas.

Thomas O'Connor had a son Thomas with his first wife Cathy. Thomas is 52 (2019) and lives in Arizona. Megan's mother Linda was born in 1947, but unfortunately passed away in 2014 at just the age of 67.

- **Abbie** was born at Derrincullig on April 10th, 1910. Daddy's youngest sister stayed in Ireland and married Patrick O'Sullivan of Crossmount on the 19th of November 1939. They lived and raised their family on the townland of Crossmount, just about a half-mile or so east of Derrincullig, across the "glasha".

They had three boys and four girls. John and Patrick still live in Ireland. John lives around Kenmare. He inherited Crossmount and was still running it when we met. He sold the main part of the farm and farmhouse some time ago.

John O'Sullivan was born August 23rd, 1940, at Crossmount.

On my first trip to Ireland, John's sister Joan and her husband John took me from their home in Castleisland down to Kilgarvan to visit gravesites, a few older people, Derrincullig and their farm at Crossmount. It was a cold January day when we arrived at Crossmount and John was unloading some bales of hay in the barn. I jumped in to help. After we finished unloading the hay, and before we went into the old house to polish off my bottle of 18-year-old Jameson and his homemade poteen, he turned to me and said,

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“Michael Doyle, I can see it is not the first time you have thrown a bale of hay.”

After finishing up in the barn we joined Joan and John in the farmhouse where they grow up. John served me my first glass of reel poteen. It was perfectly clear, burnt a bit on the way but hit the spot after a late night and tossing bales on a cold and wet Irish morning tossing hay. I knew I was at last at home.

The farmhouse was about 100 years old and typical of those early times. It had a big open hearth in the main room that provided both heat and a place to cook meals. There was a separate room for the parents and a loft upstairs for everyone else. It was all quite small but well built to withstand the weather. The outside had a stucco finish.

Mary O’Sullivan was born June 23rd, 1943, at Crossmount.

I met Mary at Michael’s stepdaughter’s wedding in northern London. We sat together and chatted most of the afternoon. Her husband was not with her.

Mary married James Phillips, a UK military officer, who has now passed away. Mary had a child from a previous relationship with the original last name of Taylor. That child was adopted by James.

Mary and James had two sons: Kevin and Kieran who live in the UK. Kevin is very interested in our family history.

Mary left home when she was sixteen years old. She moved to the UK where she had a very successful career in nursing. She became a senior lecturer at the university level, teaching both undergraduate and graduate students.

As of the fall of 2021, other than very bad eyesight, she is doing well and chats online regularly.

Ellen O’Sullivan was born July 31st, 1944, at Crossmount. We met on my first trip to Ireland. She married Patrick Joseph Horan in who

was born on September 17th, 1937, and died November 18th, 1999, in Killarney where they lived and raised their large family.

Patrick O'Sullivan was born 194 [...] ??? at Crossmount.

We also dropped in to see Joan's brother, Patrick. His wife Helen sent a very nice letter after we met. She apologized for not writing sooner, but said she was busy giving birth to their seventh child. She opened the letter by saying how important family was to Patrick and asked that we keep in touch, but I never did.

Although we made a couple of attempts to meet Patrick in '99, they failed. On one trip into his nice new house just down on the road past Derrincullig, we thought he was there but did not come to the door.

Our cousin James (Jerry Doyle's son) in Kilgarvan said he was known as Patrick Sean O'Sullivan and his address was Old Bog Road Kilgarvan. In February of 2019, I sent them a letter apologizing for the twenty something year delay and asked that we keep in touch by email or letters. I did not receive a response before going over in 2019.

One of my objectives on the 2019 trip was to apologize in person to Patrick and Helen for not responding to their letter and hopefully make amends. A car pulled in right behind us when we arrived at Derrincullig for the first night of Marti's annual dance. James told me that it was Patrick Sean. I immediately went over and introduced myself. By the time we got into the house all had been forgotten and even though he does not drink anymore he insisted that we go to the bar so he could buy me a drink. We did and spent most of that and the next evening together.

On the Saturday of that weekend, we all went over to his house and had a great visit with him and Helen. She is a nurse and had to run off to work. One of their sons is building a house on the property, where he will live with his partner and their baby son (I think). Patrick explained that he gave up drinking in the fall of 2018 as a result of Ireland's zero tolerance programs. I believe he is a truck driver and a great guy.

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Michael O'Sullivan was born in about 1946 at Crossmount.

When we first met, Michael lived in northern London with his second wife and her daughter. He and I were almost identical in age. When I made first contact by telephone on a trip to London, he invited me to his daughter's wedding that was three weeks later. I had planned to be back in London that week, so I accepted the offer. I was struck by how much his daughter looked like our daughter Catherine. I commented on it to him. It was not until my next trip to Castleisland that I learned from Joan that "she isn't his daughter at all, that's his wife's child."

I spent the night with them and quickly learned that he was proud to proclaim that he was a Communist! His wife said something like "some f___ing communist you are with a villa in Spain and sitting here drinking cognac with your cousin". It was almost an all-nighter and many stories were shared. His wife died very shortly after we met, but I think he is still alive. Who knows, maybe we will meet again.

Ellen lives in Killarney. She lost her husband when they had a house full of ten young kids. She is a very nice lady who sent us Christmas cards for years. She was in hospital when we were over in the spring of 2019, so we did not see her. She is suffering from dementia, but both John and Patrick said she still recognizes them.

Through my DNA test, I came across Luke McCabe, who had a cM overlap with me of 284, suggesting that he is a second cousin. Through Ancestry messaging and some checking by each of us, we determined that Ellen O'Sullivan Horan (our first cousin) is his grandmother. His mother is Helena O'Sullivan McCabe who is married to Felix McCabe. They live in Perth, Australia. He in 1997 and was visiting Ireland when we made contact in July 2019. He was able to confirm everything with Patrick Sean's daughter Philomena.

I think Aunt Abbie's other two daughters were Mary and Eileen. They both live in the UK. I met Mary at the wedding of Michael's daughter and spoke to Eileen once by phone. Brother Denis had more contact with them.

Joan and John Walsh are great people. There are too many humorous stories to tell here. They have three sons: Pat, John Junior and Garvin. Pat is married to a lady that works for the Garda, like he did before leaving to get into the trucking business. As of 2019, he was working for an old company in the Arab Emirates. John worked for CitiCorp in Dublin, then London and is now settled down in Cork with his wife and four kids. Garvin, whose first language is clearly Irish, married and moved to Australia in about 2005. I have now made contact with him on messenger and Facebook.

Well, maybe one story... Back in about 1994, I was travelling around the UK with some folks from Corel. That trip took me into Edinburgh where I visited the Scotch Whiskey Museum. I picked up an expensive single malt to bring home to my very good friend Chuck Gibson, a lawyer and lover of Scotch. On that weekend, I made my first trip to Ireland to meet our cousins. Joan took me in, and we had a fantastic evening both at the pub and back home. The next day Joan admitted to me that she had one weakness... "a love of single malt scotch." Now, I am not saying she spotted it in the room, but needless to say it did not make it home to Chuck. Great fun!

- **Thomas Doyle** was born at Derrincullig on October 2nd, 1911, and stayed on the farm for his whole life. He was married to Norah Healy, who we met in '99, on March 4th, 1943. They had eight sons: John (Sean), Paddy, Tom, Jerry, their twins Danny and Tim, Martin and Mike.

1943		Pepas an Láinéach agus Mharrán solemniúil at the Roman Catholic in the Superintendent Registrar's District of		Dysale		Kilgortane (in the District of)		Kilgortane (in the County of)	
1943		Léann an Chlann Cíosóig in the Superintendent Registrar's District of		Kenmare		Kilgortane (in the County of)		Kenmare	
no.	Vláca an Dáta	Dom agus Stílse	Dom agus Stílse	Age	Seirbhís	Seirbhís	Age	Seirbhís	Seirbhís
No. (1)	When Married	Name and Surname	Name and Surname	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)
103	1943	Thomas Doyle	John B. Doyle	70	Farmer	70	Farmer	John B. Doyle	70
		When Married	Name and Surname	Age	Condition	Dom agus Stílse	Age	Dom agus Stílse	Age
		(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)	(7)	(8)	(9)
		1943	Norah Healy	40	Housewife	40	Housewife	Michael Healy	70
								(Deceased)	
Do Péarán an Láinéach agus an Cásáin Married in the Roman Catholic		Church		Kilgortane		Do Péarán an Láinéach agus an Cásáin According to the Rite and Ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church by the			
Céitíodh an Péarán to Cásáin		[Signature]		[Signature]		[Signature]			
This Marriage was solemnized between us.		[Signature]		[Signature]		[Signature]			
				In the presence of us,					

Sean Doyle was born at Derrincullig in 1943 and died in the Kenmare hospital after a car accident on December 31st, 1960.

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The son we got to know best was Patty Doyle. He and I were both born in 1946 and married in March of 1970. He and his wife Nell came to visit us on Wolfe Island in the summer of 2007. Nell, like Francine, is a teetotaler, and everyone knows that Patty and I like something with a little more buzz to it. So right out of the gate, we had a lot in common. They had three daughters and a son: Anna Marie O'Keefe and Nora Ann, who both lived in Hilton Head SC with their husbands and children. We had dinner with them on our way back from Florida in about 2010. Anna Marie has now moved back to Ireland and lives just a ten-minute drive from her mother in Blarney. They also had a daughter Trish, who we will meet for dinner in Blarney on our 2019 trip. We are in regular contact with Anna Marie by Messenger. I don't know their son's name.

Patty was a stonemason who lived in Blarney and spent seventeen years pointing the stone on the Blarney Castle. He was extremely proud of the fact that he would fill up his pockets with gravel on his walk into work in the morning. As "Yanks" came by to kiss the stone they would plead with him to give them a chip of the old castle to take home. He would reply "give me a pound" as he handed them one of the pieces of gravel he just took out of his pocket. Why would he ever leave that job?

As I alluded to earlier, Patty liked the grog. One day the Garda pulled him over again. The cop was more serious than normal as he said to him, "Patty Doyle, you have to make a decision: you've got to give up the driving or give up the drink." Patty said it was the easiest decision he ever made. He took the car home, parked it and never drove again.

All of Uncle Thomas' sons have passed away except for Martin who still lives at Derrincullig. Martin was married to a beautiful lady named Noreen who tragically died at a very young age. They had a son John who lives at Derrincullig with his partner Deirdre and their son Thomas. Hopefully Derrincullig will stay safely in their hands for generations to come.

Martin, Jerry and Mike all stayed in Kilgarvan, but Paddy, Danny, Tom and Tim all moved to County Cork.

Through an enquiry that I made on the Internet concerning the Cooper Sullivan connection, I was introduced to Tara Doyle from Kilgarvan. I was delighted to discover that she is married to James Doyle, Jerry Doyle's son. They have been extremely helpful in doing things like running over to the graveyard to take pictures and check things out. James studied hotel management in college and actually spent some time working in Banff, Alberta. It was through them that we learned of Martin's dance and got an invite to stay with them and attend the June 14th-16th, 2019 event.

In March of 2019, I contacted Danny's daughter Rita who lives in Kinsale. She grew up in Dunmanway, which is about 36 miles south of Kilgarvan. We may have gone through it in '99 on our drive down to Skibbereen. She has four boys aged (2019) 17, 14, 11 and four months.

In May of 2019 I made contact with Rita's brother Donal. He is in the trucking business and is working very hard at it.

Timothy Doyle was born in 1950 and died tragically on December 21st, 1986, at just the age of 36. Here is what Paddy Doyle's daughter Anna-Marie O'Keefe told me about her Uncle Tim.

"My poor Uncle Tim passed away in his 30's, he had married a lady called Eileen who lived in West Cork and had a lot of land... one evening Tim was walking through the land a short cut on his way home and he fell in a boggy area and got stuck... it was a few days before he was found, he had passed away.. RIP...Uncle Tim was an electrician.... very sad!"

All but Aunt Josie were living in house one on Derrincullig at the time of the 1911 census. In addition, our great-grandmothers Johanna Doyle (Healy) and Johanna Donoghue (Hagarty) along with our granduncle Thomas Donoghue were living there. With five adults and nine children in the house, it must have been a bit crowded. Johanna Doyle was 78 and Johanna Donoghue 74. No wonder that Aunt Josie moved to the US.

4 Our Great-Grandparents

Tracing the Doyle side back I thought should be easier than the Healys since they have lived on Derrincullig since at least the seventeen hundreds. Having a naming convention of the first son named after the paternal grandfather, first daughter named after the maternal grandmother, the second son named after the maternal grandfather and the second daughter being named after the paternal grandmother should make it even easier. When the “rules” are broken, you can go down a dark hole rather quickly.

I originally thought that the Healys on both Daddy’s and Ma’s side of the family were also from Kilgarvan and likely in the same area for generations. A couple of things made tracing our maternal great-grandparents a bit difficult. On our grandfather Oliver Healy’s birth certificate, it says he was born in Rusheens. The earliest baptismal records available online for the townland of Rusheens start in about 1860. It would appear that prior to about 1860 our line of the Healy family might have lived elsewhere.

The second thing that complicates the story is that there is a long-held belief that Ma and Daddy were cousins. I have heard as close as first cousins from my sister Marg. Our paternal great-grandfather, John Doyle married Johanna Healy. Our maternal great-grandfather was Daniel Healy. A Daniel Healy was a witness at our paternal grandparents’ (Thomas Doyle and Mary Donoghue) wedding. It would make sense then that Johanna Healy and Daniel Healy were brother and sister. That would mean we had common great-great-grandparents on both the Doyle

and Healy sides. If my counting is correct, that would have made them third cousins.

4.1 John Doyle & Johanna Healy

John Doyle and Johanna Healy married in about 1856, likely in Kilgarvan or Tuosist.

4.1.1 Johanna Healy (1835-1914)

I settled on a Daniel Healy from Gurteens as Ma's grandfather rather quickly, but as of June 2019 I am not so sure. Our great-grandmother's name, Margaret Shea, appeared on our grandfather Oliver Healy's birth certificate. Once that was established, I then went on a hunt for his sister, Johanna Healy who likely married John Doyle. In case I had the place name Gurteens, wrong I put all of the Daniel Heals and Johanna Healys baptized in Kilgarvan parish between 1828 and 1845 into a spreadsheet. I recorded the place of birth (townland), date, parent's names as well as the names of the godparents with each name.

It was amazing to me that there were 14 Daniel Heals and 12 Johanna Healys baptized in that little parish between 1828 and 1845. Sure enough, I found that Daniel Healy from Gurteens had a sister named Johanna. Further, that was the only brother sister combination with those names. The only problem was that John Doyle and Johanna Healy had their first child, Catherine Doyle, in 1857. The Johanna with a brother Daniel was born in 1844. Could our great-grandfather have married a 12 or 13 year old in the fall of 1856 when he was 26 or did I have it all wrong?

After a couple of days of high-fiving our great-grandfather and maybe questioning his ethics, I went back online hunting for information about the names and birth dates of Daddy's siblings. Earlier in my searching, I came across census information right down to the place name. I looked up Derrincullig and found that Johanna Healy (Doyle) was on both the 1901 and 1911 census reports. On the 1901 records, she was shown to be 66 and on the 1911 report her age was given as 78. Her 1914 death record shows that she was 78 at the time of death. So, it is likely that the 1911 document is wrong and she was born in 1836. Bingo, our great-grandfather John had not taken a child bride after all.

That took me back to my list of Daniel and Johanna Healys. I zeroed in on the 1836 records. Unfortunately, of the 12 Johanna Healys that I found, three were baptized in 1836.

Date: May 1st, 1836

Place: Gurteens

Parents: Thomas Healy and Johanna Shea

Godparents: Jeremiah (Demetrius) Healy and Catherine Healy

Date: June 25th, 1836

Place: Kilgarvan

Parents: Denis Healy and Mary McCarthy

Godparents: Daniel Leyne and Mary Healy

Date: December 17th, 1836

Place: Keaunrour

Parents: John Healy and Julia Moynahan

Godparents: Patrick Sullivan and Johanna Buckley

I don't think it is the third one, because of the late date of baptism. The address and Moynahan has not come up since. There was a Buckley that lived at Derrincullig, so there was a connection between the Buckleys and the Doyles.

I think it could be either of the other two. In favour of the first is that she is from Gurteens where I think that Ma's line Healys may have come from, and we are almost certain that my parents were related. The second reason is that my mother's grandfather, Daniel Healy, married Margret Shea (my maternal great-grandmother). Johanna Shea (Johanna one's mother) could have been Margret's aunt, connecting Ma and Daddy's families.

Johanna (Healy) Doyle passed away on October 24th, 1914. Our grandmother (Mary Doyle and her daughter-in-law) is shown on the death record as present at her death at Derrincullig. She was 78 years old and had been ill for two years.

John Doyle and Johanna Healy's oldest daughter was Catherine, and their second son was Patrick. So, Johanna Healy's parents should have been Patrick Healy and Catherine somebody. I was unable to find a Johanna Healy baptized

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in Kilgarvan in that time period with a mother named Catherine or a father named Patrick.

At this point, I think the second Johanna Healy makes most sense. She is from Kilgarvan (I assume the village). Her parents were Denis Healy and Mary McCarthy. Their oldest daughter was named Mary, but their second oldest son was Patrick not Denis.

More research is still required to prove which Johanna Healy is our great-grandmother. Only then will we know if Denis Healy and Mary McCarthy are our great-great-grandparents.

In late May of 2019, I discovered that the townland near Kilgarvan where I thought Oliver Healy was born is called Rusheen, not Rusheens (ending with an 's'). Rusheens is actually a townland close to Kenmare. While in Ireland in June of 2019, we hunted for church records and visited graveyards in Tuosist and Kenmare but were unable to find anything more.

Later in 2019, I hired Kay Caball, a well-known author and genealogist in Kerry to try to find the parents of both Johanna Healy and my mother's grandfather Daniel Healy. Kay ran into the same roadblocks as me, but in the end concluded that they were not brother and sister.

4.1.2 John Doyle (1830-1890)

The 1826 Griffiths list shows three people at Derrincullig: my great-great-great-grandfather, John Doyle, who was born about 1760, my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Doyle, who was born about 1790, and Darby Doyle who was Thomas's younger brother, Jeremiah who was born in about 1794. I originally suspected that Darby was John's brother and died shortly after 1826, but after James and Tera Doyle sent me a picture of his tombstone, I knew he was Thomas's brother. Another document I found was Griffith Valuation of Ireland for Kilgarvan. In about 1852 that list shows Thomas and John Doyle as the only two tenants at Derrincullig. John would have been 22 and Thomas about 60.

Following the naming conventions, Thomas's oldest son should have been John, but it is Patrick (born in 1825). His second oldest daughter should have been Honora, but it is Mary.

It is hard to find out a lot about life at Derrincullig in that period. They likely lived in the old thatched-roof house, where Daddy was born, and raised their large family. He was only 60 when he died (record shows 62) in 1890. He had been disabled ("Debility") for three months before he died at the farm where he and generations before him lived their often much longer lives.

4.1.3 Their Children

John Doyle and Johanna Healy married in 1856, and they had ten kids. What follows are the dates shown in their baptismal records; therefore, they were born some time earlier.

- **Catherine** was born September 27th, 1857, with Henry Healy and Catherine Bunan as witnesses. She married Patrick Foley on February 17th, 1885, with Daniel Healy and John Brien as witnesses. There is no record of Aunt Catherine having children in Kilgarvan. Catherine and Patrick Foley did have a child named Catherine in Kenmare on February 25th, 1896.

Given that there is no record of their deaths in the Kenmare civil registry, I suspect that they may have immigrated to the US shortly after their marriage and that the Catherine born in 1896 is not their child. They could of course have moved to a different part of Ireland, but we had cousins by that name in Springfield and Holyoke, Massachusetts.

- **Mary** was born March 7th, 1859, and died September 20th, 1879. Her death record says that she had a fever for ten days before her death.
- **Thomas**, on February 20th, 1861 (grandfather)
- **Patrick** was born January 9th, 1864. Patrick Doyle and Bridget Doyle were his godparents.
- **Jerry** in 1865

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- **Honora** was born at Derrincullig on November 23rd, 1867. She married Daniel Cremin of the townland of Gortloughera on May 12th, 1896. Thomas Doyle and Daniel Healy were the witnesses. She died in Kilgarvan on December 10th, 1943.

Grandaunt Honora had four children: Mary born March 26th, 1897, Denis born February 26th, 1898, Margaret born July 24th, 1901, and Daniel born May 24th, 1907.

After finding this information I checked with James Doyle in Kilgarvan to see if there are any ancestors of the Cremin family still living in Kilgarvan. He said that Pat, Joe, Dan and Jim live “just over the road” and are great friends of the family.

Cremin is not a common name, but it does date back as far as about the year 400 in documented Irish history. The name Cremin originally appeared in Gaelic as Mac Carthaigh, which is derived from the word “carthach,” which means “loving.” It appears that the name is most common in southern Kerry and West Cork. The family included Saint Cathach the Younger (d. 636) also called Mochuda, was the founder of the famous monastery at Rahen, and bishop of Lismore, was the son of Finnall (Annals Four Masters, sub an. 631).

- **Julia** on November 2nd, 1869, at Derrincullig. There are no records of Julia’s marriage or death in either the parish or civil records. Although it would have been unusual at that time, her marriage record may not have been registered. The more likely scenario is that she moved out of the region or country.
- **John** on May 22nd, 1872, at Derrincullig. No Marriage or death records seem to exist.
- **BrIDGET** was born on April 4th, 1874, at Derrincullig. Like her sister Julie, no marriage or death records seem to exist in the region where they were born.
- **Daniel** was born at Derrincullig on March 8th, 1878. While I am not sure, I think he married Mary Browne on February 25th, 1908. He died at

Ashgrove, Kilgarvan on June 25th, 1928 at the age of just 50. They had at least two children. Jeremiah was present at his death. Patrick was born in 1923, and died in about 2015. He had a daughter Elaine with whom I had a DNA match. Her family tree is not very complete.

Their oldest daughter was Catherine and second son Patrick so Johanna Healy's parents should have been Patrick Healy and Catherine somebody. I was unable to find a Johanna Healy baptized in Kilgarvan in that time period with a mother named Catherine or a father named Patrick.

The mystery of Johanna Healy and Daniel Healy continues.

4.2 Johanna Hegarty and Patrick Donoghue

The name Donoghue is spelled a couple of different ways in the Mormon database, which resulted in some issues. The Irish Genealogy site is much better.

Our Donoghue family lived on the townland of Kilgarriv. This is a 529-acre townland located next to where the Doyles still live at Derrincullig. The 1826 Griffith's List shows that Roger Donoghue rented Kilgarriv and that the landlord surprisingly was Charles Donoghue. It was highly unusual for land to be owned by Irish Catholics at that time.

Johanna Hegarty and Patrick Donoghue were married in Kilgarvan on February 23rd, 1859. The witnesses at the wedding were Roger Donoghue and Patrick Donoghue. Only one address is given, and that is Kaunrour.

According to Joan there are very few Donoghues left in the Kilgarvan area. She knows of only one family member. They live in Kenmare.

4.2.1 Johanna Hegarty (1835-1914)

There were two Johanna Hegartys baptized in Kilgarvan in the 1830s. Jeremiah Hegarty and Margaret Lynch baptized their daughter on April 1st, 1837. They lived in the townland of Slaghts. On September 15th, 1839, Jeremiah Hegarty and his wife Mary Healy baptized their daughter. She was born on the townland of "Gurtygaaane" (likely Gortaloughane). On both the 1901 and 1911 census there were only Sullivans living at Gortaloughane.

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For a while, I thought I was up against a brick wall. Then, while looking for information about when she died, I found it. At the public records site I spotted a button that allowed me to view the handwritten image of the original record. I downloaded the handwritten page of the ledger that contained her death notice. It was under Johanna Donoghue, not her maiden name of Hegarty. Right there in column 9 entitled “Signature, Qualifications, and Residence of the Informant,” it said:

“Mary Doyle daughter present at death. Durrincullig”

Johanna Hegarty/Donoghue, our great-grandmother, died at the age of 84, in 1922. She was born in 1839 at Gurtygaaane. Our great-great-grandparents were Mary Healy and Jeremiah Hegarty... yet one more Healy connection.

The townland of Gortaloughane borders on Derrincullig on the south and Kilgarriv on the east. Patrick Donoghue, like his daughter Mary, married the person next door.

Griffith’s list of 1826 does not show a Hegarty on that townland. In 1852, Gortaloughane was rented by Thomas McDonagh from Henry A. Herbert. By 1901, Michael Sullivan and his family lived at Gortaloughane.

Even though Gortaloughane is next door to Kilgarriv, they are in different district electoral divisions. Kilgarriv is in Kilgarvan, and Gortaloughane is in Flesh. This shows how close Patrick Donoghue lived to those known as the Donoghues of the Glen, and those who built the castle on the Killaha.

The Hegarty family seemed to be well known in Kilgarvan. Denis Hegarty and Ed Shea are shown as Daddy’s commanding officers in the 1916 to 1921 period. Denis Hegarty prepared witness statement number 106 that was published by the Bureau of Military History. It covers the Volunteers membership for 1914 to 1916. He was likely born in the 1880s, so our great-grandmother was likely his aunt.

4.2.2 Patrick Donoghue (1831-1904)

On June 17th, 1831, Patrick Donoghue and Mary Horgan baptized a son Patrick in Kilgarvan. I am quite certain that he is our great-grandfather, and that Patrick Donoghue and Mary Horgan are our 2nd great-grandparents.

Patrick Donoghue passed away on January 4th, 1904, at the age of 73. The place on the death certificate is Kilgarriv.

After finding the name of the townland of Kilgarriv where they lived, I was able to get the census information for both 1901 and 1911. In 1901 both of our great-grandparents were living at Kilgarriv. Their oldest son Patrick, our grandmother's brother, then 35 was married to Mary and running the farm. They had three kids: Johanna (4), John (1) and a baby named Mary. Our grandmother's youngest brother Thomas, then 25, still lived at Kilgarriv as a single farm hand. Patrick senior is shown as retired. They all spoke both Irish and English.

In 1911, our granduncle Patrick lived at Kilgarriv with his wife and three kids. Our great-grandmother Johanna Hegarty/Donoghue and her son, granduncle Thomas Donoghue, had moved to Derrincullig to live with our grandparents, Mary and Thomas Doyle. She passed away on May 22nd, 1922, at the age of 84.

4.2.3 Their Children

Johanna and Patrick Donoghue married in Kilgarvan on February 23rd, 1859. They had only three children. Two databases I looked at had slightly different information. The Irish Genealogy site says:

- **Patrick** was baptized in “Keelgarragh” March 5th, 1864
- **Mary**, our grandmother, was baptized in “Killgarive” February 26th, 1870
- **Thomas** was baptized in “Keelgarvne” July 18th, 1875

All of these townland names are misspellings of “Kilgarrive”, where Ro [...]

The second database that sources its records from the Church of Latter-Day Saints says:

- **John** on January 24th, 1868
- **Mary** on February 26th, 1870
- **Patrick** on July 21st, 1875

Both databases agree on the date of our grandmother Mary Donoghue's birth. Based on the census information from both 1901 and 1911 their oldest son was Patrick and their youngest was Thomas. So, the Irish Genealogy site is correct.

4.3 Margaret Mary Shea and Daniel Healy

Both of Oliver Healy's parent's names appear on his birth certificate along with the name of the townland where he was born. Even given that, even given that information I have not been able to confirm the right Margaret Shea or Daniel Healy.

I found what I thought was a record of their marriage in the 1864 Kenmare files. Unfortunately, that does not make any sense since their oldest child, Mary, was born in 1858.

4.3.1 Margaret Mary Shea

It was not until May 28th, 2019, that I discovered the townland of Rusheen, just a little southeast of Kilgarvan, which we visited in 1999, is not where Daniel Healy lived, and Oliver Healy was born. There is a townland named "Rusheens" (ending with an 's') about 8 km southwest of Kenmare. It is much closer to the church in Tuosist parish, which explains why they baptized their children there.

In the 1901 census records Margaret Healy was living at Rusheens. Her age is shown as 65, so would have been born between April of 1835 and March of 1836. Her son Jeremiah was operating the farm. He and his wife had five kids: Mary (10), Margaret (8), Daniel (6), Hannah (4) and Patrick (2). There were also Sullivans living on Rusheens at the same time. Here is the 1901 Census information for the Heals that were living at Rusheens.

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Religion	Irish Language	Relation to Head
Healy	Jeremiah	40	M	Catholic	English	Head of Family
Healy	Mary	30	F	Catholic	English	Wife
Healy	Mary	10	F	Catholic	English	Daughter
Healy	Margaret	8	F	Catholic	English	Daughter
Healy	Daniel	6	M	Catholic	English	Son
Healy	Hannah	4	F	Catholic	English	Daughter
Healy	Patrick	2	M	Catholic	English	Son
Healy	Margaret	65	F	Catholic	Irish	Mother

Our great-grandmother Margaret Shea Healy was a widow at the time of this census. Mary and Jeremiah had a daughter Bridget who was baptized on January 4th, 1990. She is not shown on the 1901 census so must have died while a young child.

According to her 2nd great-granddaughter Kerrie Tucker, she was born in Kenmare in 1835 and died at Rossacoosane. Here is the 1911 census record for house 10 in Rossacoosane (Greeane, Kerry).

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head	Religion
Brennan	Michael	42	Male	Head of Family	Catholic
Brennan	Margrete	40	Female	Wife	Catholic
Brennan	Mary	14	Female	Daughter	Catholic
Brennan	Bridget	13	Female	Daughter	Catholic
Brennan	Michael	12	Male	Son	Catholic
Brennan	Daniel	11	Male	Son	Catholic
Brennan	Jeremiah	10	Male	Son	Catholic
Brennan	Abbey	9	Female	Daughter	Catholic
Brennan	Kate	8	Female	Daughter	Catholic
Brennan	Timothy	7	Male	Son	Catholic
Brennan	Margrete	6	Female	Daughter	Catholic
Healy	Margrete	76	Female	Boarder	Catholic

It would appear that after the death of her son Jeremiah she moved to live with her youngest daughter who had married Michael Brennan.

4.3.2 Daniel Healy

From earlier searches, I had accumulated baptismal records for about 14 Daniel Healy's born in Kilgarvan between 1828 and 1845. Other than knowing the names and baptismal dates of Daniel and Margaret's children and the place where they raised them (Rusheens), I did not have much information to guide

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me. I found and printed all the death records that made any sense. The actual handwritten images of registry records are available online so they can be very useful. I documented the date, place of death and who was in attendance at the time of death.

After many hours of searching, I went back through all the information I had found and printed. One of those documents was a list of all the baptisms and marriages that had taken place in Rusheens (where Ma's father was born) in the 1800's. Although I had looked at it before, this time I noticed that there seemed to be a couple of different churches where people from Rusheens were baptized. Oliver Healy and his five siblings were all baptized in a church or parish called "Tuosist".

When I saw the place/church name, Tuosist, on the baptismal record of our grandfather it rang a bell. I went back to the death records and there it was! There was a Daniel Healy that was put to rest in Tuosist in 1925 at the age of 79. Honora Shea was present at the time of death.

The burial mass took place on August 3rd, 1925. That told me that I was looking for a Daniel Healy that was baptized after August 10th, 1845, and before the fall of 1846. Parents liked to baptize their children as soon as they could in those days, but it was not always easy. There could have been some delay.

Daniel's oldest son was Jeremiah, so I knew that was likely his father's name. Their second oldest daughter was Bridget, so with any luck that was his mother's name.

For a long while, I believed this was our great-grandfather, but then, on May 29th, 2019, I discovered that there was a "Rusheen" near Kilgarvan and a "Rusheens" near Tuosist. The 1901 census records for Rusheens shows that Margaret Shea was a widow, which of course would not have been the case if Daniel Healy lived until 1925.

According to Edward Lynch, Mary Healy's great-grandson and Daniel Healy's 2nd great-grandson, Daniel Healy's parents were Douan Healy and Ellena Hegarty. He based that information on research by Ellen Kane and it is contained in his August 27th, 2019, email to me. She also says that he was born

in Glen Flesk, in March 1930, and lived in “Letter, Upper”. All of this is unconfirmed.

According to the family tree built by Kerrie Tucker, Daniel Healy’s great-granddaughter, he was born in 1832 in Kilgarvan and died in 1898 at Rusheens.

Given that John Doyle and his wife Johanna Healy (Daddy’s grandparents) were Ma’s father’s (Oliver Healy) godparents I now believe that Daniel Healy and Johanna Healy were brother and sister. We just have not found them yet.

4.3.3 Their Children

Daniel Healy and Margaret Shea had eight kids who were all registered in Kenmare public records.

- **Mary in 1858**

Based on information provided by Edward Lynch in his email dated August 27th, 2019, Mary Healy married Timothy (a.k.a., Thade) Lynch on February 20th, 1879. Timothy’s parents were Jeremiah Lynch and Elizabeth Flinn. The witnesses at their wedding were Edward Lynch and Jeremiah Healy. Normally the two fathers are witnesses at weddings, so this seems rather unusual. Mary’s oldest brother was named Jeremiah and possibly her grandfather, so Mary’s witness may have been one of them.

Mary and Thade had a son Edward Lynch who was born at Rusheens in 1879. He immigrated to the US in 1896, married and had a son named Edward Stephen Lynch in Holyoke Mass. in 1911. It is his son Edward who was born in 1957 in Holyoke that sent me an email on August 27th, 2019.

Edward (born in 1879) raised nine kids: Edward, Mary, Rose, Margaret, Catherine “Caddy”, Timothy, Elizabeth “Betty”, Alice, and Robert. Bob, Rose, Betty, Alice, Caddy and Mary lived all their lives in Holyoke, Mass.

As of August 2019, Bob’s children are Ned and Katie; Alice’s children are Eddy and Alice Mierzewski; Betty’s children are Tim Harmon and his brother; Rose’s two daughters are Joan and Rosalie Sullivan; Eddy and Alice have another brother Michael were all still living in the Holyoke area.

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Tim's wife Gerry is living in the D.C. area. They have six children (Patsy, and Kathy are the oldest).

• **Jeremiah on December 4th, 1859**

Jeremiah Healy was born December 4th, 1859, and stayed at Rusheens after his father Daniel passed away. He married Mary Sweeny on February 11th, 1888.

The 1901 census shows that he lived at Rusheens with our great-grandmother (his mother) Margaret Mary Shea/Healy, his wife Mary and their kids Mary, Margaret, Daniel, Hannah and Patrick. According to that record he was 40, his wife Mary was 30 and his mother Margaret Shea was 65.

Our granduncle Jerry died March 20th, 1908, of pneumonia. Here is his death record.

1908	Jeremiah Healy	male	married	45	farmer	Pneumonia	Mary Healy
March Twenty fifth Rusheens			year			1 month exhaustion	without certified
1908						present at death	Rusheens

The 1911 census shows a Jeremiah C. Healy but incorrectly says he is five years old, and Joseph aged 3. According to Jeremiah's immigration documents, he was born May 13th, 2007, so he would have been just under four at the time of the census. Errors like this one were very common at the time.

After Jeremiah died, I think Mary moved to the townland next door called Ballygriffin where a number of Shea's and Sullivans lived. She did, however, die at Rusheens on June 25th, 1951. Here is her death record.

1951	Mary Healy	female	widow	80	farmer	senile decay	Hannah Sullivan
June Twenty fifth Rusheens			years		mother	no red att.	daughter present at death Rusheens

Her daughter, Hannah, was present at death. Hannah married Peter Sullivan on January 27th, 1917. Daniel O'Sullivan and Harrah Shea were witnesses.

Their son Jeremiah Healy's 1926 immigration document shows Ballygriffin as his Irish address. He sailed from Queenstown, now known as Cobh, on the Baltic and gave his New York address as 99 St. Corona.

Ancestry matched my DNA with Kerrie Tucker. Her grandmother Margaret Mary Healy was born at Rusheens on August 1st, 1891, and died in 1984 at Long Beach New York at the age of 93. She was the oldest child of Ma's Uncle Jeremiah Healy and Mary Sweeny.

Margaret Mary Healy immigrated to New York City, reportedly with her two brothers Daniel (October 25th, 1892) and Patrick (March 19th, 1896). She married Thomas Joseph Hynes from Louth County in Ireland. They had five children: Michael (1921-2007), Mary (1922-2016), Thomas (1925-1981), Margaret Mary (1927-1998) and John (1928-2007).

Thomas Joseph Hynes married Patricia Keegan, born in New York City Counties (1931-2016). Kerrie Tucker is their daughter.

Ma's first cousin Jeremiah was the best man at our parent's wedding in New York City on April 20th, 1930. His children visited the Island when we were growing up. His daughter Peggy, her husband

Rick Piciocchi and brother Jerry visited us at the cottage in about 2010 and we still keep in contact. They had a brother Michael (1941) who had passed away before their 2010 visit.

- **Bridget** born February 17th, 1865
- **Denis** born September 19th, 1867
- **Patrick** born October 31st, 1869
- **Michael** born November 9th, 1871
- **Oliver** born January 27th, 1873 (our grandfather)

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• **Margaret** born October 11th, 1875

Through my ancestry DNA test, I found a very nice lady named Margaret Brennan Mitchell, who now lives in Long Beach New York. Her grandmother, Margaret Healy, was the youngest sister of our grandfather. She married Michael Brennan of Templenoe (Tourmore) Kerry on February 23rd, 1895. They lived on the townland of Poulacoppul.

Even though Templenoe is only about seven kilometers west of Kenmare on the north side of Kenmare Bay and Rusheens is about the same distance from Kenmare on the south side, Margaret did not know her grandmother's family. As she explained it, they did not have a car and the distances were too great.

Michael Brennan and Margaret Healy had 18 children. They lived with Margaret Mitchell's father Daniel Brennan (named after our great-grandfather) and his wife Albina Downing Brennan at Poulacoppul until our grandaunt and granduncle died. Margaret Brennan Mitchell was one of nine children. They have three children Cationa, Sinead and Paul.

We had a great audio chat online, and I am looking forward to keeping in touch. She is my age, 72, as of the summer of 2019.

In the fall of 2019, John Jackson followed up on my Ancestry.com question regarding our DNA match. He is the son of Julia Brennan and Albert Edward Jackson and lives in the UK.

John told me that his Aunt Anne Teresa Brennan, Ma's first cousin, had married Michael George Gill (1905-1961). They had a son named George James Gill who has a daughter Susan that lives in Toronto. Through a little research I found that Anne Brennan and Michael Gill had eight children including: George, Margaret, Timothy and Carol Ann.

Using a hand drawn Brennan family tree that I got from Margaret Mitchel and having access to John Jackson's tree at Ancestry.com I have filled in a lot of information about the very large Brennan clan.

Daniel Healy and Margaret Shea's oldest daughter was Mary, and their second son was Denis so Margaret Shea's parents should have been Denis Shea and Mary someone.

Daniel's father must have been Jeremiah Healy and his mother Bridget.

4.4 Eliza (Bessie & Betty) Regan and Denis Sullivan

Tracing Ma's mother's roots meant digging into the records of a whole new region of Ireland in and near the town of Skibbereen, not far from the ocean in West Cork. Skibbereen is remembered in a great old song by that name. We only knew a few of the words when we were growing up but understood it had very special meaning to our mother whenever she sang it to us, often down by the shore. It is a sad song where a boy questions his father about why he left the land he loved.

*O, Father dear, I oftentimes heard you talk of Erin's Isle
 Her valleys green, her lofty scene, her mountains rude and wild
 You said it was a pleasant place wherein a prince might dwell
 Why have you then forsaken her, the reason to me tell?*

*My son, I loved our native land with energy and pride
 Until a blight fell on the land and sheep and cattle died
 The rents and taxes were to pay, I could not them redeem
 And that's the cruel reason why I left Old Skibbereen*

*It's well I do remember on a bleak November's day
 The landlord and his agent came to drive us all away
 He set my house on fire with his demon yellow spleen
 And that's another reason why I left Old Skibbereen*

*Your mother, too, God rest her soul, lay on the snowy ground
 She fainted in her anguish of the desolation round
 She never rose, but went her way from life to death's long dream
 And found a quiet grave, my boy, in lovely Skibbereen*

*It's well I do remember the year of forty-eight
 When we arose with Erin's boys to fight against our fate*

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*I was hunted through the mountains as a traitor to the Queen
And that's another reason that I left Old Skibbereen*

*Oh father dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will call
And we'll arise with Erin's boys and rally one and all
I'll be the man to lead the van, beneath our flag of green
And loud and high we'll raise the cry, "Revenge for Skibbereen!"*

From her baptismal record we knew that our maternal grandmother, Margaret Sullivan, was born on a townland called “Lick”. Based on conversations with old Mr. Sullivan at 4 Chapel Lane in Skibbereen in 1999 and Margaret Murphy at the Skibbereen Heritage Centre in 2019 we always thought Lick was an abbreviation for Licknaver just on the edge of Skibbereen. There are a lot of Sullivans in Cork, so I knew I had a lot of work to do.

4.4.1 Eliza Regan (1845-1913)

Her official baptismal record shows her name as Eliza, a short form for Elizabeth. There are records however, that show she sometimes used Bessie and on her marriage record, used Betty. In the Irish Genealogy database her children’s baptismal records show her name as Eliza, so finding them was reasonably easy. On the earlier databases I was searching it was a challenge.

At the time of the 1911 census, she was living with her oldest daughter Hanora Sullivan McCarthy, Ma’s aunt, and her family on the townland of Forenaught.

Initially, I concentrated my search for the right in Skibbereen. I found only one baptismal record for Eliza Regan in the parish of Skibbereen between 1835 and 1855. That person’s parents were Mary Crowly and Jeremiah Regan.

The only marriage records that I found for Eliza Regan and Denis Sullivan is dated February 19th, 1871, and shows her father’s name was “John” Regan. While there were a couple of people named John Regan in Skibbereen that were married and raising families at that time, there is no record of any of them having a daughter named Eliza. For a while, I wondered if the marriage record was incorrect.

The only death record that I was able to find for Elisa (Regan) Sullivan at her approximate birth date shows that she died in Skibbereen on April 1st, 1922, at the age of 80. The Eliza born in Skibbereen was baptized in December of 1842, so that was a possible match. However, the record also shows that her son Eugene was present at the time of death. Our grandfather did not have a brother named Eugene. Unless there is an error in the records that eliminated her as the Elisa Regan we needed to find.

Logically, even though people did not travel far in those days, our great-grandmother, Eliza Regan, must have been baptized in another parish.

After combing through all of the 1835 to 1845 baptismal records in County Cork for Eliza Regan with a father named John, I came across three that made sense. Two were baptized in a place called Schull. Schull is about 15 miles west of Skibbereen. Licknaver, where at that time I thought she and Denis Sullivan lived, is a bit west of Skibbereen so they may have lived as little as 10 miles apart. There were a number of Regan families in both areas, so it is a fairly safe bet that they would have visited Lick and the larger town of Skibbereen.

The next challenge was to try to determine which was the right Eliza. Focusing in on the two from Schull, one was baptized on February 8th, 1841, and the other on January 10th, 1849. Either one was old enough to marry in 1871 and have children between 1873 and 1879. The parents of Eliza (41) were John Regan and Ellen Sullivan, and Eliza (49) were John Regan and Eliza Mahony. Eliza and Denis's oldest daughter is Honora, so that did not help identifying the right one.

Next, I went hunting for death records that would line up. The closest that I had was for Eliza 41, the one I discussed above from Skibbereen. On that certificate it gave the age at death of 80, but she would have been 81.

The closest record I found for Eliza (49) was one dated April 1935. It shows an age at death of 83, which would mean she was born in 1852. Eliza (49) would have been 86 in April 1935.

There were three things that made me think that Eliza 49 was the best choice between those two.

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- Their third daughter is Eliza and normally she would be named after her mother, but that would have been true for any of the Eliza's.
- The 1935 death certificate says her daughter Honora Sullivan was present at the death. Their oldest daughter, Honora, would have been about 62 at the time.
- Sometimes errors are made in transcription.

The third Eliza Regan was baptized in August of 1945 in the Castlehaven church, which is only about five miles east of Skibbereen. Denis Sullivan and Eliza Regan were married in that same church. The Eliza Regan that died in Skibbereen in April 1922 would have been 76 not 80.

When we were in Ireland in June 2019, we stopped at the Church in Union Hall, where the Castlehaven records are stored. My brother Denis applied his charm, punctuated with a twenty euro note, to the parish priest Father Thornton, who became very helpful. He dug out the old handwritten records and we quickly found Eliza Regan's baptismal record. I had examined a scan copy of that page online before the trip, but it was of very poor quality. He was kind enough to photocopy it for us and that copy was actually better than the original.

Father Thornton suggested that visit the Heritage Centre in Skibbereen. After a short visit there we scheduled a one-hour session with their genealogist Margaret Murphy. I had been struggling for some time before our trip to figure out the handwriting on the church baptismal record. Specifically, I was trying to read the name of the townland where she was born. Margaret and her team read it right away, "Laherdane". They also were also able to read Eliza's mother's name, Mary Denis. I thought it was Devin.

One of the staff looked up the name Regan in a twenty-year old telephone book and sure enough as of 2000 there still was an O'Regan living there. Someone suggested that we visit an ocean side pub not far from Laherdane and they would know if the Regan family still lived there and give us better directions. After some chat and a phone call made by Mary the bartender, we confirmed that at least one member of the O'Regan still lived there and gave us some directions.

After help from a farmer, we made it to the wrong O'Regan house, but the wonderful lady there took us to Laherdane and introduced us to Tony O'Regan. He and his wonderful wife Eva welcomed us in and listened to our story. Tony placed a phone call to a bit of a local historian who confirmed that Tony's ancestors were the only Regan family living at Laherdane in the 1840s.

Tony also confirmed that the very house we were in was almost 200 years old. He had renovated it after he returned from working most of his life in England. Eliza Regan fascinated me from the time that I discovered that she changed her name like some ladies today change their hair. I can just picture her saying, "Oh I feel like being Bessie today" - 😊.

The original house is now one open room. Originally, there would have been an open fireplace for heat and cooking, a very small private area for the parents and a loft for kids to sleep. As I write this today it gives me chills to remember standing there in the very room where Eliza Regan was likely born and grew up with our great-grandparents and great-granduncles under the loving care of our 2nd great-grandparents Mary Denis Regan and John Regan. It's that moment alone that made all of the searching worthwhile.

Ma's mother, Eliza's daughter Margaret, passed away in 1911 so I would think that Ma would have spent a lot of time with her grandmother when she was growing up. I don't remember her mentioning her, but I did speak to our first cousin Jack Higgins about her. He said that Aunt Bessie (his mother and Eliza's namesake) said that she almost raised them.

In the summer of 2020, I decided that I needed some help if I was ever going to learn more about the Regan and Sullivan legs of our family in West Cork, so I contacted Margaret Murphy at the Skibbereen Heritage Centre. She was busy on other projects, but after a couple of months she responded with some questions. What turned out to be the most important question she asked if I knew where Eliza and Denis Sullivan lived at the time of the 1901 census? Answering that question took a lot of work and changed what I thought I knew about where they lived and raised their family.

That part of my journey started with me looking for Eliza Sullivan with a Denis Sullivan living in the urban or rural areas of Skibbereen. That meant finding a

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list of all the townland in the rural Skibbereen and all of the streets in Skibbereen. The Irish National Archive site actually makes those lists readily available with links to the census information. The first level of detail shows each unique family name at each street number or townland. By clicking on a family name, the actual transcribed census data for each address is displayed in text form. At the bottom of that page there is a link to download a PDF of the handwritten census document that reveals amazing detail.

In day one of searching, I looked at the detailed 1901 census information for every Sullivan family and most of the Regans an Healys that lived in rural and urban areas of Skibbereen. The only Eliza Sullivan that I found of approximately that age was renting a room. It said she was a widow, which really surprised me because I thought that Denis Sullivan was still alive and died only in 1906.

On the second day I took another look at Denis Sullivan's death record. I will go into that below in the story about him.

In the end, I found a death record for Eliza Sullivan that I think is the right one. In March 1913, she would have been 67 years old (born August 1845) and may have moved to Skibbereen to help my grandfather Oliver Healy after the death of her daughter, Margaret Ann. At the time of my grandmother's death in July 1911, Aunt Margaret Mary was 7, Aunt Bessie was 5, Ma was 4, Uncle Danny was 3 and Uncle Denis was just 1. The death record says she was a farmer's widow, which is correct. I don't know who Patrick O'Shea who was present at death might have been.

In conclusion, Ma would have been only six when she died and likely did not remember much about her that she could pass along to us.

4.4.2 Denis Sullivan (1841-1906)

For many years I believed that our great-grandfather Denis Sullivan was born and died in Licknaver near Skibbereen. He was a farmer, so I thought he probably took over the farm from his father and handed it down to his son. I found some tenancy records that would suggest that Licknaver was leased, likely from a British landlord. A simple question from Margaret Murphy, the Murphy's always seemed to cause trouble, threw all of that into question.

After hunting through census records for 1901 trying to find where Ma's grandparents lived in the greater Skibbereen area and not finding them, I decided to go back to basics. The first step in that process was to look at our grandparents' marriage records to make sure he was a witness on February 1st, 1901. He was there, but the March 31st, 1901, census information for the only Eliza Sullivan I found that made any sense said she was a widow. It could have been that he died in that two-month period, but frankly I doubted it.

My next step was to revisit the death record I had relied upon once again in an attempt to prove or disprove it was for my great-grandfather. Two entries stood out: the townland where he died and who was present at his death. The townland was called Forenaught and his grandson Charles McCarthy was present at his death. Neither of these things made sense.

Given that his oldest daughter was born in 1873 and would have only been 32 years old in February of 1906, it seemed highly unlikely that he had a grandson old enough to be the only witness at his death. Sure enough, a quick database search showed that Honora Sullivan, Ma's aunt, had married Charles McCarthy on February 1st, 1893. Exactly nine months later, on November 1st, they gave birth to a child named Charles.

Honora's address in her marriage record and the address in Charles junior's birth record show Forenaught townland as their address. It all fit, twelve year old Charles McCarthy, Ma's first cousin, was the witness at his grandfather's death. I had the right Denis Sullivan but was looking in the wrong place.

Now there was a new problem to solve. For a very long time I believed that Denis Sullivan was born, lived and died on the townland of Licknaver. Now there was proof that he lived outside of the greater Skibbereen area and farmed on the townland of Forenaught. Since he was married and was put to rest in Castlehaven, I searched for and found a map of the Castlehaven Civil Parish. It appears the catholic and civil parishes are different.

The map shows a list of 48 Townlands in the Castlehaven Civil Parish. The very colorful map shows each townland, which is numbered for any easy tie into the list. Sure enough, there was Forenaught, a few kilometers east of Skibbereen.

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What is even more interesting is that just a kilometer south of where Eliza Regan was born in the townland of Laherdane there is a townland called Lickowen. Given its proximity I am now sure that “Lick” on Eliza and Denis’s birth records refers to Linkowen, not Licknaver.

We know that Denis’s father’s name was John but don’t know his mother’s name. Their second oldest daughter is Margaret (1875-our grandmother) so I thought that would be his mother’s first name.

I found a couple of baptismal records for Denis Sullivans in Skibbereen that had the fathers named as John. The first was born in 1842 and the son of John Sullivan and Honora Donovan.

The second Denis Sullivan was born in 1849 to John Sullivan and Peg (Margaret) Sullivan., I think he was a bit young to have married Eliza. She would have been 26 and he would have been 22. Their second daughter is Margaret. Our grandmother would have been named after his mother.

Based on his death record, he was 72 when he died on the first of February 1906. If that is the case, he was likely born in 1843. Given that his oldest daughter was named Hanora, I think that his parents were John Sullivan and Hanora Donovan.

I hope something comes along to provide more proof.

4.4.3 Their Children

Eliza Regan and Denis Sullivan married on February 18th, 1871. They had five kids:

- **Honora** in 1873 (Denis Regan and Mary Regan were sponsors)
- **Margaret** in 1875 (our grandmother, Denis & Nora Sullivan Witnesses)
- **Eliza** in 1877 (Denis Regan and Ellen Donovan sponsors)
- **John** in 1878 (Tim and Margaret Donovan sponsors)
- **Michael** in 1879 (Mary and Michael Denis were sponsors)

Unfortunately, our grandmother Margaret Sullivan died at the age of 35, when Ma was not yet four years old. Denis Sullivan, Ma's grandfather, passed away three years before Ma was born, but she must have had some good years with her grandmother, Eliza Regan Sullivan. I wish we had some of those stories to pass on.

5 2nd Great-Grandparents

All of our 2nd great-grandparents on the Doyle side lived near Kilgarvan so tracing them was relatively easy. Ma's side of the family was in both Kerry and Cork, so it has been more difficult.

5.1 Mary Denis (1810- 18??) and John Regan (1808-1890)

Mary Denis and John Regan married on September 13th, 1842.

I am not 100% sure that I have identified the right John Regan and Mary Denis but based on extensive searching there is a degree of certainty that these are the right people.

Based on those searches I think our 2nd great-grandfather died August 27th, 1890, and was buried in the parish of Union Hall. According to his death record he was 82 years old. Knowing that he was born in about 1808 I began searching for his birth record and that of his wife Mary Denis, a much less common name. I came across people of that name born about a year apart in the parish of Clonakilty, which is about 15 km east of Union Hall on the back roads. No other records really made much sense.

At one point, I thought they were married on September 13th, 1842, but at this point I cannot find my backup documents. Now that I think they were born in 1809 and 1810, it would be unusual that they would have married when they were 31 and 32 years old. Records for the Union Hall parish are not available before

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1845, so their only recorded child is Eliza. Having only one child was also uncommon leading me to believe they may have married several years sooner.

5.1.1 Mary Denis (1810- 18??) in Clonakilty

Mary Denis was baptized in the parish of Clonakilty on November 26th, 1810. Her parents were Jeremiah Denis and Nel (Ellen) Haurican. Her godparents were Mary Saunders and David. H.

To date I have not been able to identify her death record, but if I have the right death record for her husband, John Regan, she died before 1890.

5.1.2 John Regan (1809- 1890) in Clonakilty

John Regan was baptized in Clonakilty on December 28th, 1809. His parents and our 3rd great-grandparents were John Regan and Catherine McCarthy. His godparents were John Donovan and Honora Fortis.

On his Death certificate it says he died on April 18th, 1890, at the age of 82. He was a widow at the time and had been disabled for nine months without medical attention. He was a farmer and John Anglin was present at his death. I could not read the townland name, but he was buried at Union Hall.

His age at death does not exactly match the birth record I found but errors like that were common.

5.1.3 Their Children

When we were doing research in the Skibbereen Heritage Centre in 2019, we were told that our great-grandmother Eliza Regan had several siblings. My recollection is that they were at least some that were younger. That surprised me because they did not show up in my research. When I asked, I was told that they had access to data that was not yet available online.

In the summer of 2020, I contacted the genealogist we spoke to, Margaret, to ask for help. That discussion continues, but at this stage she thinks that Eliza was their only child or if there were some, they would have been older.

- **Eliza Regan** August 1845

5.2 Margaret (Peg) Sullivan (18??) and John Sullivan (180?-Licknavar, Creah)

On our 2019 trip, we hoped to find more proof that these are the parents of Eliza Regan that was born in Castlehaven in 1845.

[See comments on spreadsheet for some speculation.]

Their names were on what I think is Denis Sullivan's baptismal record.

5.3 Margaret Leary (18??) and Michael Shea (18??)

Needs a lot of work yet. I cannot remember why I picked this couple as the parents of Margaret Shea. The second oldest son of Daniel Healy and Margaret Shea was Denis, not Michael. This was among my very early research and needs to be examined. If Kay can find marriage records for Daniel Healy and Margaret Shea, it will help a lot. Their oldest daughter was Mary, so why aren't Margaret Shea's parents Mary? and Denis Shea?

5.4 Margaret Sullivan and Denis Healy (18??)

Denis Healy is likely in Gurteens.

5.5 Mary Healy (181?-) and Jeremiah Hegarty (181?-)

Mary Healy and Jeremiah Hegarty were married in Kilgarvan on February 8th, 1831. Their sponsors were Denis and John Gleeson. According to their marriage record, Jeremiah lived at Knuckeens. No address is given for Mary Healy. As explained below, I think this was an error.

Both of their parents must have been dead at the time or for some reason they did not participate in the wedding. The Gleeson family did live at Knuckeens at that time.

The places their children were born tell us a lot. Their first son Daniel was born on the townland of Cooligues in 1834. Cooligues is a heavily populated, very large 1,000-acre townland between Derrincullig and Kilgarvan. Maybe back then it was a suburb of Kilgarvan.

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In 1826, occupants of Cooligues include Denis and Timothy Healy with Timothy's son Timothy as well as Jeremiah and John Hegarty. The 41 tenants shown in the 1852 list include Daniel, Denis and Timothy Healy as well as Jeremiah and John Hegarty. All these people were old enough to rent property, so there is no way to know if the connection to Cooligues was on the Healy or the Hegarty side.

Their second son, Jeremiah, was born in 1836 at Derrincullig. In 1826, the only people documented as living at Derrincullig were our 2nd great-grandparents Thomas Doyle, his wife Hanora, Jeremiah Doyle, Catherine Buckley and Mary Reilly. Mary Buckley and Daniel Healy had a son Jeremiah at Derrincullig ("Droumaclarig") in January of 1835. Mary Healy and Daniel Healy may have been brother and sister. Mary Buckley and Catherine Buckley were likely sisters or sister-in-laws.

Our great-grandmother Johanna Hegarty was born at Gortaloughane in 1839. Something brought them back to the townland where Jeremiah was born.

All this movement between these nearby places, combined with the fact that neither of their parents were witnesses at their wedding, paints a troubling picture. It was likely that our 2nd great-grandfather was a farm worker and needed to go where there was work. This is so different from their daughter who married Patrick Donoghue at the age of 19 and lived at Kilgarriv and next door at Derrincullig until her death in May of 1922 at the age of 84 surrounded by her Daughter Mary and her grandkids, likely including our 22-year-old father.

5.5.1 Mary Healy (180?-18??)

On her marriage certificate, it says that Jeremiah Hegarty lived on the townland of Knuckeens. On the Griffiths list for 1826 no Hegartys are shown living at Knuckeens, but a Paddy Healy does live there. It is possible that Paddy Healy is Mary Healy's father, our 3rd great-grandfather. Given that Patrick Healy is living at that address was in the wrong column in the computerized record.

5.5.2 Jeremiah Hegarty (180?-18??)

According to his marriage record, he lived at Knuckeens in 1831. Since Paddy Healy lived there in 1826, it is clear the address was entered incorrectly.

Since our great-grandmother, Johanna Hegarty was born while they were living at Gortaloughane and, according to the 1826 Griffith's listing, Daniel Hegarty lived there, I believe he was born and lived at Gortaloughane.

Jeremiah Hegarty's father and our 3rd great-grandfather was Daniel Hegarty who was likely born in 1770. Unless his death records can be found to prove otherwise, we should assume that he died between 1826 and 1831.

In 1829, a Jeremiah Hegarty was born to John Hegarty and Johanna Casey at Derrincullig. John Casey and Helen Hegarty were the godparents. It is likely that John Hegarty and Jeremiah Hegarty were brothers.

5.5.3 Their Children

On June 22nd, 1834, they baptized Daniel Hegarty, our great-granduncle. At that time, they were living at Cooligues. His godparents were Margaret Hurly and Daniel Morane.

On October 8th, 1836, they baptized Jeremiah Hegarty, our great-granduncle. At that time, they were living at Derrincullig. His godparents were Mary Hegarty and Patrick Sullivan.

On September 15th, 1839, they baptized their daughter and our great-grandmother Johanna Hegarty in Kilgarvan. She was born on the townland of "Gurtygaaane" (likely Gortaloughane).

5.6 Mary Horgan and Patrick Donoghue (18??)

On June 17th, 1931, Patrick Donoghue and Mary Horgan baptized a son Patrick in Kilgarvan.

5.6.1 Patrick Donoghue (179?-18??)

Given that his son Patrick was born in 1831, he was likely born about 1800.

According to the 1826 Griffith's list of the residence of Kilgarvan, [...]

5.6.2 Mary Horgan (179?-18??)

On July 29th, 1865, Mary Horgan and Daniel Fogarty were witnesses at the baptism of Elizabeth Hegarty at Derrincullig. Julia Donoghue and Denis Hegarty were the parents of Elizabeth. This must have been our 2nd great-grandmother.

There is a Kenmare death record for a Mary Horgan filed in 1876. It says she was 87 at the time of death, which would have meant she was born in 1788 or 1789. I think she is too old to be our 2nd great-grandmother.

Another death record shows Mary Donohue died at the townland of Caher in Kilgarvan in June of 1883 at the age of 70. She would have been born in 1813 and given birth to Patrick at the age of 18. Her son “John” Donoghue was present at death. She had been sick with “Brunches” for four months. There was a Horgen family living at Caher in 1901. The father was John (55) and his wife was Julia (42). Their oldest daughter was Mary, so all of that fits. John’s sixty-year-old sister Margaret Horgen lived with them.

5.6.3 Their Children

Mary Horgen and Patrick Donoghue had at least three children.

Our great-grandfather Patrick Donoghue was baptized one June 17th, 1831. His godparents were Jeremiah and Mary Horgen (Healy), his grandparents.

Our great-grandmother Honora Donoghue was baptized on July 11th, 1840. Her godparents were Jeremiah Brien and Honora Sullivan. There was another Honora Donoghue born in 1833 to Patrick and Mary Donoghue. No address is given, so this could have been another child that died, but we have no way of knowing.

Daniel Donoghue was born at Kilgarriv on January 22nd, 1945. His godparents were Timothy Leary and Honora Horgan. Daniel Donoghue of Kilgarvan, a farmer died on December 20th, 1933. The death record shows that he was 78 but given common errors in these records this could well have been our great-granduncle who would have been 88.

5.7 Mary McCarthy and Daniel Healy

This is still not certain at all. Johanna Healy's parents could have been Jeremiah Healy and Catherine Healy from Gurtees.

5.8 Thomas Doyle (179? and Hanora Cooper Sullivan)

5.8.1 Thomas Doyle (179?-18??)

In the 1823-6 Griffiths list it shows three people at Derrincullig: my great-great-great-grandfather John Doyle who was born about 1760, my great-great-grandfather Thomas Doyle who was born about 1790 and Darby (Jeremiah) Doyle who was Thomas' younger brother and was born in 1794. They had a sister Julia who married Daniel Harrington on February 28th, 1821.

The 1850-65 Landed Estates Court records in a list of "held Under a Free-Farm Grant shows that Thomas and Darby (Jeremiah) Doyle were the only two tenants at Derrincullig. The 1852 Griffith Valuation of Ireland for Kilgarvan shows John and Thomas living there. John would have been 22 and Thomas about 62.

In the Griffith's Valuation for 1847-1864 it shows that Richard B. Open was the owner and landlord at Derrincullig and that Mary Reilly rented the mountain part of the land (288 acres) and Thomas Doyle, the farmland (206 acres). It seemed that there were four houses there at the time. Mary Reilly lived in one and rented a second that was vacant. Thomas Doyle lived in the farmhouse and Catherine Buckley in the fourth house at Derrincullig, which she rented from Thomas. The total rent was 12 pounds per year, which was due every November 1st and likely very hard to come by at the time.

Searching multiple databases, the only birth record I could find in the 1825-35 timeframe for a John Doyle (my great-grandfather) at Derrincullig showed that he was the son of Jeremiah Doyle and Mary Lyne and he was baptized on May 22nd, 1830. Thomas Doyle and Honora Sullivan were his godparents.

According to the digital records, Thomas Doyle and Honora Sullivan had a son named Jeremiah who was baptized on March 21st, 1830. Jeremiah Doyle and ??? Hagarty were the sponsors of young Jeremiah.

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I always had doubts about the accuracy of these online records. My reason for concern was that Jeremiah is not listed as being a resident at Derrincullig in 1852. Farms were almost always handed down to the oldest son, which I think was Thomas not Jeremiah. A second reason is that Jeremiah and Mary's youngest daughter Julia was born on Crossmount not Derrincullig, giving addition proof that they had left Derrincullig before 1945.

In January of 2019, I discovered a link to a scanned list of Catholic Parish records from 1818 to 1890. It was extremely helpful in unscrambling which son of John Doyle (born about 1760), Thomas or Jeremiah was our great-great-grandfather. These handwritten parish records are hard to read for two reasons. First, they are old, so the paper has deteriorated; secondly, all notes are in Latin.

Two pages of the Kilgarvan parish journal contain the approximately 35 entries for February thru May of 1830. As expected, there are two Doyle baptisms. The names Thomas and Demetrious Doyle are shown on each of the records. The name transcribed into the online records of those baptisms is Jeremiah Doyle not Demetrious. I noticed other records where Demetrious is transcribed as Jeremiah; so, a little research showed that Jeremiah is Demetrious in Latin.

So, to summarize, according to the transcribed records, Thomas Doyle and Honora Sullivan had a son named "Jeremiah" who was baptized on March 21st, 1830. Jeremiah Doyle was the godfather of young Jeremiah. The transcribed records also show that Jeremiah Doyle and Mary Lyne baptized their son "John" on May 22nd, 1830, with Thomas Doyle and Honora Sullivan as young John Doyle's godparents.

Finding the scanned images of the handwritten Kilgavan church records encouraged me to revisit this nagging question yet again. After getting a PDF of the relevant pages and blowing them up to 10 then 15 times their original size, it was clear that neither John's nor Jeremiah's names are distinguishable on the handwritten pages.

On March 21st, 1830, four babies were baptized at the little church in Kilgarvan. Thomas and Hanora not only had their son baptized, but Thomas was the godfather to a young Hagarty girl. In the four months covered on these

two pages only about thirty-five entries appear, so four on one day is very unusual.

The first name of Thomas and Hanora's son in the handwritten record for March 21st, 1830, is definitely a mess. Both the names Thomas and a shorter name are stroked out and Demetrious is finally written in, but that was also entered as the godfather's name. I think the priest was rushed and made a mistake. He first entered the father's name for the child's name then stroked it out, put in the name John and also stroked it out and finally mistakenly wrote down the godfather's name.

The child's name on the May 22nd, 1830, record is not readable, even blown up to 15 times its original size on a 49-inch screen. The name is definitely longer than John.

Thanks to James Doyle, my first cousin once removed, and his wife Tara and indirectly his uncle Mike Doyle in Kilgarvan I finally came up with the proof we needed.

Mike Doyle, who sadly passed away at just 58 in July 2018, was the only one of Uncle Thomas's eight sons to take an interest in our family history. Before he died, he took James and Tara to the old graveyard in Kilgarvan and showed them old Doyle headstones. Very shortly after James and I met and had a verbal conversation, they went back to the graveyard and collected pictures, took some notes and passed them on to me.

One of the headstones was erected by Thomas Doyle in memory of his father Jeremiah, his mother Mary and his brother Michael. There were not a lot of Doyles in the area, so I knew it had to be Darby from Derrincullig. His wife was Mary, and they had a son named Michael. Sure enough, digging through death records, I discovered that Michael had died in 1865 at the age of 29, his father Jeremiah had died in 1884 at the age of 85 and his wife Mary the same year.

Everything fell more or less in place, except there was no record of Mary and Jeremiah having a son Thomas. That took me back to the February thru May 1830 handwritten church records. This time knowing that they had a son

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Thomas, I was able to tell that the baby boy baptized on May 22nd, 1930, was Thomas Doyle, not John.

Given this final research, I am certain that our great-grandfather John Doyle was the son of Thomas Doyle and Hanora Cooper Sullivan and that the transcribed records are incorrect. It just all fits together.

5.8.2 Hanora Sullivan (Cooper) (179?-18??)

Thomas Doyle married Hanora Sullivan in 1817 and they had a daughter Julia in 1818. In 1821 Thomas Doyle of Derrincullig had a daughter Honora and another Bridget in 1823. On those two baptismal records, the mother is shown as Hanora Cooper, not Hanora Sullivan. In 1825, he had a son Patrick and in 1830 a son John. Their mother is shown as Hanora Sullivan.

Could there have been two Thomas's living at Derrincullig at the same time, both married to Hanora? That did not make sense, but then again nothing else seemed to make sense either.

One day while doing some browsing, I came across an article titled, "The Search for Margaret Sullivan of Kilgarvan," posted by an Irish author and genealogist named Kay Caball. She had been contacted by a woman named Nori in Australia enquiring about finding a Margaret Cooper in Kerry:

'I know from several documents that my gg grandmother's maiden name was Margaret Cooper and she came from County Kerry.'

Kay was in the middle of writing a book called *The Kerry Girls: Emigration & The Earl Grey Scheme*. In it she describes how Earl Grey (may never drink his tea again) was giving poor young Kerry girls passage to Australia at the time of the famine. She thought that might hold the key, but there was no record of a Margaret Cooper being among that group of about 170 girls. She kept hunting and stumbled across a death notice in the Irish Times of 2012 for Con O'Sullivan Cooper of Kilgarvan. Here is what she wrote.

I went to the telephone directory and found Joan, who happened to be the widow of Con. She was marvellous and explained that her branch were the Cooper Sullivans to differentiate them from the many more Sullivans in the Kilgarvan area. In Griffith's Valuation of 1852, there were 87 families of Sullivan or

O'Sullivan in Kilgarvan parish. Many of these Sullivans are descendants of O'Sullivan Beare Clan.

That was also a great moment for me. The article actually mentioned Derrincullig. Our great-great-grandmother was a Sullivan Cooper and sometimes used one name and sometimes the other. Not only had I made contact with another Irish author, I discovered a link to our long lost cousin Nori in Australia.

As it turns out the O'Sullivan Beare Clan played an important role in Irish history. A number of books have been published about them. He is a little sample of what I found online.

The Battle of Kinsale began on the 17th of October 1601 with the 3400 Spanish soldiers under the command of Aquilla supported by O'Sullivan Bere, O'Driscoll and the O'Connors of Kerry. Aquilla surrendered on the 12th January 1602 and handed over the four Spanish defended castles along the South West Coast. Donal Cam, chieftain of the O'Sullivan Bere Clan rushed back to Dunboy and began to fortify the castle against an attack that started on June 6th and lasted 11 days with the Crown forces storming the castle and bombarding it with cannon-fire. Harassed by the Crown forces and having lost his lands and his herds of cattle and sheep, he left the Beara peninsula and the Bay of Bantry where the French invasion took place in 1796, to begin the long march to Leitrim to meet the O'Rourkes. Accompanying him were 1,000 men, women and children representing the first large-scale exodus of people from Beara peninsula region. When the Beara men travelled from West Cork as well as his followers were members from other clans O'Collins, McAuliffe, O'Rourke, Fitzpatrick, McGuire, O'Keeffe, O'Donoghues, O'Driscoll, McCarthy, McSweeney, Carrs, Quigleys and Naughtons. In the middle of January 1603 they finally reached their destination with only 35 people remaining, many settling along the route and been known since then in these localities as the Bearas.

Hopefully more birth or baptismal records will be published so we can discover more about this special lady.

5.8.3 Their Children

Thomas Doyle and Hanora Cooper Sullivan married in 1817. They had six kids:

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- **Julia** was born at Derrincullig August 16th, 1818, and died February 20th, 1885. Her death record shows that she suffered from chronic bronchitis for four years before her death at the age of 66.

Julie Doyle married Timothy "Tadghna Rae" Healy who was born in Kilgarvan in about 1815. They lived at Crossmount where they had several children including Daniel "DanDan" Healy in 1848. Daniel had a son named Denis Healy who was born in 1884. He immigrated to the Bronx NY where he died in 1952. I have been in contact with his grandson Joe who lives in Tampa.

- **Honora** February 28th, 1821 (Daniel Hagarty & Margaret Healy Witnesses)
- **Brigid** August 24th, 1823 (Daniel Lyne & Catherine Sheehan Witnesses)
- **Patrick** November 26th, 1825 (John Doyle & Honora Doyle Witnesses)
- **John** on March 21st, 1830 (Jeremiah Doyle & Elizabeth Hagarty Witnesses)
- **Denis** June 6th, 1833 (Patrick Cooper & Mary Cooper Witnesses)

As stated earlier, normally the farm is handed down to the oldest son. If that son is unable or has no interest in farming or if there is a dispute with the father someone else would get the property. Land rental and later the purchase records show that Thomas passed the farm to both of his oldest sons, Patrick and John.

Patrick Doyle married Julia Leary of Shandrom on November 10th, 1854. Thomas Doyle and Denis Leary were witnesses.

The only Julia Leary I could find in the Kilgarvan area was born at Shandrom in 1834. Her parents were Michael Leary and Johanna Buckley.

Micheal Leary died in 1879 at Shandrom at the age of 76. If her father was Michael Leary, I wonder why Denis Leary was a witness at the wedding.

Patrick and Julia had nine children:

- **Thomas Patrick** at Derrincullig in 1856 with Thomas Doyle and Johanna Buckley as godparents.
- **Thomas Doyle** married Margaret Casey and they had only one child: Julia on May 27th, 1882. Julia married Jeremiah Callaghan on November 11th, 1901. When her father Thomas died in 1908 at only the age of 52, Jeremiah Callaghan became part owner of Derrincullig.
- **Julia** died on the townland of Lomanagh, just south of Kilgarvan, in July of 1953 with her son John present.
- **John** at Derrincullig 1858 with Timothy Healy and Mary Doyle as godparents
- **Michael** at Derrincullig 1860 with Denis Leary and Bridget Doyle as godparents.
- **Honora** at Derrincullig 1863 with Daniel Healy and Helen Realey as godparents.
- **Julia** at Derrincullig 1864 with Denis Sullivan and Johanna Healy as godparents.
- **Mary** at Derrincullig 1866 with Patrick Healy and Catherine Doyle as godparents.
- **Bridget** at Derrincullig 1869 with Jeremiah Healy and Margaret Doyle as godparents.
- **Helen** at Reighcluslagh 1875 with Jeremiah Healy and Catherine Doyle as godparents.
- **Jeremiah** at Derrincullig 1877 with Daniel Healy and Mary Sullivan as godparents.

In an attempt to understand when and how Derrincullig was purchased by the Doyle family, I contacted the land valuation office in Dublin and purchased all of the records from 1858 to 1979. Those records show that Thomas Doyle

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(1790) passed Derrincullig down to both of his son's Patrick and John. Patrick and his father, our 2nd great-grandfather, were shown as the tenants from 1858 to 1862.

During the great famine landlords could not collect the rent on land like Derrincullig. The King wanted his taxes, so the Encumbered Estates Court was set up to sell the land to collect back taxes. Given the state of the economy, there were no buyers for the land, so deals were worked out with the tenants.

In 1862 the rent payments changed to be an "Infee" paid to the previous landlord Richard Open. This Infee payment was like a mortgage payment.

In 1864, when Thomas Doyle died, our great-grandfather John Doyle took over the payments for his half of the farm. When John died in 1890, his part was taken over by our grandfather Thomas John Doyle (1861-1949). His son our Uncle Thomas took over payments in 1949 and finally made the last payment in 1968. Our cousin Martin Doyle remembers the celebration on that day.

When Patrick died at only 55 in 1880, he passed his half to his son Thomas P. Doyle. In February of 1879 Thomas married Mary Shea from Templenoe who was 14 years older than him. They had only one child named Julia who was born in 1882.

Thomas who was born in 1856 died at just 52 in 1908, Jeremiah Callaghan took over Thomas's share of Derrincullig. It would make sense that Thomas's daughter Julia was the wife of Jeremiah Callaghan and that they inherited the land from her father. However, according to the 1911 census, Jeremiah's wife, while about the right age, was named Kate. I have not found their marriage record. While nicknames often appear on census records, Kate is a stretch from Julia.

6 Other Information

All our 2nd great-grandparents on the Doyle side lived near Kilgarvan so tracing them was relatively easy. Ma's side of the family was in both Kerry and Cork, so it has been more difficult.

6.1 Hanora (About 1765- 18??) and John Doyle (About 1765- 18??))

Hanora and John are our 3rd great-grandparents. Since they were born before 1817 baptismal records are not available. Given that their son Thomas, our 2nd great-grandfather, married in 1817 he must have been born in about 1760 to have had a son in 1790.

To find Hanora's maiden name, I looked through the names of their grandchildren's godparents.

6.1.1 Their Children

Through baptismal and marriage records I have discovered that they had the following kids:

Thomas Doyle, our 2nd great-grandfather was born in about 1790 and married Honora Cooper Sullivan in 1817.

Julia Doyle was likely born about 1800 or a couple of years earlier. She married Daniel Harrington on February 28th, 1821.

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Jeremiah Doyle was likely born between 1797 and 1800. He married Mary "Leyne" Lyne on July 31st, 1826. Her father was not a witness at their wedding. After finding his tombstone in the old Kilgarvan graveyard I conducted a lot of research into their family.

They had six more children:

- **Thomas** born May 22nd, 1830
- **Jeremiah** born March 3rd, 1834
- **Michael** born on March 3rd, 1836, and died in Kenmare on March 17th, 1865
- **Daniel** on November 15th, 1838
- **Mary** on June 6th, 1841
- **Julia** on September 23rd, 1845

Daniel was born about 1800. I think he married Johanna Hegarty from Bantry in County Cork on February 11th, 1844. The townland name is transcribed as "Droumaclarig", and the original handwritten document is not available. They had two children: Sarah in 1844 and John on Mary born at Derrincullig on August 23rd, 1851. August 24th, 1945.

Johanna was born in about 1810. She married Daniel Cooper Sullivan, maybe our 2nd great-grandmother's brother, and they had at least four kids: Patrick at "Keelonou" Lower on September 21st, 1834, Margaret at "Keelbunane" on March 4th, 1839, Hanora at Keelonou January 24th, 1843, and Daniel at Keelonou on July 21st, 1845.

Catherine was born in about 1810. She married Denis Buckley on July 31st, 1837. They had at least three kids: Hanora born May 28th, 1840 at Inchincouse, Johanna born November 4th, 1841, at Derrincullig and Denis born November 1st, 1848 at Derrincullig.

Mary Doyle was likely the youngest of the family, born in about 1810. She married Denis Sullivan at Derrincullig on February 9th, 1834. They had at least two children: Ellen who was born December 5th, 1838 and John who was born May 14th, 1842. Both were born at Crossmount.

