

# OUR MOTHER'S SONG

Poetry, Writings and Thoughts of

**Anne Josephine Lawless Johnson**

AND OTHER FAMILY



## PREFACE

These poems and writings by Anne J. Johnson were collected by Dorothy Lichty and Victor Johnson and reprinted in this book for the family. Dorothy Lichty also distributed copies of the poems to the families.

Most of the writing is Anne's, but some of it may not be. Also included are writings in letters from Dorothy Lichty and Sr. Kathleen. Some of the notes are verbal from the Aunts or notes written on various papers. Some of Anne's original hand-written works are still in existence.

A chapter is included for Anne's bed time stories. Summaries of two of her classic stories are included. As far as I know, none have been written down. I vaguely remember some of the stories she told us when we were kids, but don't remember enough to put it together in a good story. She had some general themes and then embellished on those themes. The stories changed with each telling.

The family enjoyed reciting poems, and some of their favorites are not included in this book because Anne did not write them. One of the favorites was "St. Peter At The Gate", written by Joseph Bert Smiley (1864-1903). It is easily found on the Internet.

One of the reasons I have been working on collecting information about the family history is that we should know where we came from. Why do we do what we do? Sometimes behaviors are passed down through the generations. Understanding where we came from can be enlightening and help us work toward improving ourselves and our kids' futures.

You can consider this a work in progress, and if anyone finds other of Anne's writings, any comments about the poems, or something you think would be nice to have in this book, please contact me and an update can be made.

Betty Gibbs  
P.O. Box 706 .. Boulder CO 80306  
303-444-6032 .. Email: Betty.gibbs@centurylink.net

**Thanks to all the many relatives—living and dead—who contributed to this compilation.**

2017

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
I—The Poet, The Person, The Philosopher	1
Examine Every Blossom	2
Neighbors	3
Friends of Mine	4
A Birthday Wish Worth Sharing	5
American Child	6
Take Time	7
The Two Little Dolls	8
The Hook and I	10
The Call of the Road	11
“Old 23” of the Pennsy Line	12
II—Her Best Friend	14
Come My Best Friend Jesus	15
God, I Come to You Now	16
Night	17
The Derelict	18
III—Her Children	19
My Eldest Daughter	20
Anticipation Song	21
A Mother’s Hope	22
To My Son, Victor’s Limerick	23
For Leo’s Birthday, 1965	24
Leo	25
Leo’s Mind	26
A Birthday Wish and A Fond Tribute, Eileen’s Limerick	27
Jeannette	28
Little Sister	29
Leo’s Poem to Jeannette	30

	Page
IV—Her Grandchildren	32
To My Grandchildren—and All Grandchildren	32
To My Darling Grandson	33
A Valentine Tribute for Jim	34
To Granddaughter Dear Pammy	35
V—Her Great-Grandchildren	36
To Nathan	37
VI—Bed-Time Stories	38
Grandma’s Stories	39
VII—On Death	40
Don’t Be Afraid to Die	41
VIII—Other Poems and Writings	42
My Mandolin	43
Big Brother	43
Pine Scented Breezes	44
I Have Chosen You	45
Better Things	46
Stories from Uncle Leo	47
More Of Anne’s Writings	48
Recipes—Dinner Rolls, Plum Pudding	52
IX—Anne’s Ancestors and Descendants	56
Anne’s Ancestors	57
Anne’s Family	57
Anne’s Children and Grandchildren	58

**I**

**THE POET**

**THE PERSON**

**THE PHILOSOPHER**

## **EXAMINE EVERY BLOSSOM**

Examine every blossom  
Look deep into the vase  
To find the hidden treasure  
That might be any place

Just a symbol of my greeting  
To you both on this Great Day  
And what you have accomplished  
Along the way

Looking deep into conditions  
That arise at any time  
And deciding with the help of God  
What treasure there you find

## NEIGHBORS

"Why don't you come over?"

My neighbor said to me,

"We'll just sit and chat,

I'll make a cup of tea.

We'll talk about the old days

When our ma was always there

And washed and ironed and churned

And baked

And combed her children's hair."



"Of my own free will and not under duress from anyone, I am writing this affidavit in regard to a fall I had on the back steps of Mrs. Mary McKivergan's home at 208 W 21<sup>st</sup> South, Sioux City, Nebraska, on November 30, 1972, a nice warm day, so no ice to slip on. I was not very seriously injured-had bumped my left leg between ankle and knee, and my right side was strained, which caused discomfort for some days. Now, on December 15, 1972, I am much better, and with normal rest and medication I expect to be well soon. I hereby declare that I expect to be well soon. I hereby declare that I will not ever bring suit in law against Mrs. McKivergan nor any of her heirs, now nor at any future time due to this fall nor allow anyone else to do so for me. Mary McKivergan and I have been good friends for some time, and to prevent any anxiety on her part or that of her family, I want to say that I went out on those steps of my own accord..... Anne J. Johnson."



The Old Brown House

## FRIENDS OF MINE

Friends of mine when first we met  
Rose my thoughts to calm delight,  
When your gracious kindness set  
At ease all feeling that we might  
Be trespassing on precious time.  
That farmers and their wives must spend  
In profitable harvesting  
With very little left to lend.

But not withstanding kitchen's call  
For steaming plate and cool dessert  
Care of stanchion, roost and stall  
Whose clamor meet must be expert;  
Yet time you took, nor lost compose  
To entertain us royally.  
And to each occasion rose  
Efficient in your stride to be.

I only wish that in some way  
I could show you, friend of mine,  
How I heard the memory  
Spent with you as valued time.



## A BIRTHDAY WISH WORTH SHARING

I wish you happy thoughts and peaceful living,  
And love of everything on God's green earth  
The bitter and the sweet in joint affection  
To stabilize your strength in pain or mirth.

\*I do not wish you joy without a sorrow  
Nor endless day without the healing dark  
Nor brilliant sun without the restful shadow  
Nor the tides that never turn against your bark.

I wish you all you wish and all you pray for  
And that your prayers and wishes bring to you  
The gift to know yourself and know the difference  
That marks the imitation from the true.

\*I wish you love and strength and faith and wisdom  
Goods and gold enough to help some needy one  
I wish you songs but also blessed silence,  
And God's sweet peace when every day is done

\*By A.J.J. (2nd and 4th verses) and Dorothy McDonald (1st and 3rd verses), from Church Bulletin of St. Martin Huron, S.D., December 22, 1974.

## AMERICAN CHILD

My baby sang over the air today  
I listened in rapt suspense,  
Would she be frightened or sing in the way  
She practiced in sweet cadence?

Would our friends who would be listening have cause to be proud  
And enjoy her success with me,  
Or have to turn off in regretful mood  
That could offer but sympathy?

Two o'clock came and we all tuned in  
With talking excited and low,  
"Amateur Program" we heard in the din  
The numbers preceding seemed slow.

One and another were called and came  
Each one doing his best,  
At last (O save me) my baby's name  
Oh would she with courage be blest?

Sweet and clear as a little bird  
Her song came over the air  
Plainly we heard each lisping word  
With never a hint of fear.

## TAKE TIME

Take time to think... it is the source of power  
Take time to play... it is the secret of perpetual youth,  
Take time to read... it is the fountain of wisdom  
Take time to pray... it is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved... it is a God-given privilege  
Take time to be friendly... it is the road to happiness  
Take time to laugh... it is the music of the soul  
Take time to give... it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to work... it is the price of success  
Take time to do charity... it is the key to heaven.

(Anne's *Take Time* is a variation of an old English Prayer by an unknown author)

### **Take Time**

#### ***Old English Prayer Author Unknown***

Take time to work, it is the price of success.  
Take time to think, it is the source of power.  
Take time to play, it is the secret of perpetual youth.  
Take time to read, it is the foundation of wisdom.  
Take time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness.  
Take time to dream, it is hitching your wagon to a star.  
Take time to love and be loved, it is the privilege of the gods.  
Take time to look around, it is too short a day to be selfish.  
Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul.

## THE TWO LITTLE DOLLS

The little boy doll is covered with dust  
But sturdy and staunch he sits,  
The little doll girl is making no fuss  
And patiently waits in her niche,

Listening intently for scurrying feet  
And the sound of laughter gay  
When the "Old Brown House" will resound with joy  
For the kids have come home to stay.

One day their mother came scurrying up  
Humming a tune of glee  
She whisked up some garments and gadgets bright  
Then down the stairs danced she.

The two little dolls watched silently  
And thought in their little rag hearts:  
"Will she take us along to Pierre with her  
Or kiss us before she starts?"

Next, the sound of a stopping car  
A rush and a closing door—  
Voices at the roadside  
A call of "good-bye" - no more.

The two little dolls sat quietly  
With sympathy each for the other  
For now they knew the car they heard  
Had stopped and taken their mother!

"Tommy, I'll tell you a story,"  
Beverly whispered low,  
"And — I think Mama loves us anyway —  
She was just in a hurry to go."

"O, Sure," said Tommy, trying to smile  
And keeping his upper lip stiff  
"I know my mother is busy  
And all I deserve is a biff."

Grandmother came with brushes and broom  
When dishes were done next day.  
"I'll clean this topsy-turvy room  
Now that I have full sway."

So she swept and dusted and scrubbed and cleaned  
And many things she cleared away.  
But the two little dolls she didn't disturb;  
They were sleeping so peacefully.

*Note from Anne*—We lived at Miller, South Dakota and my two younger daughters Jeannette and Kathleen had gone to Pierre to spend a week with their elder sister, Bessie, who was working at the State House. Governor Bushfield stopped for her Sundays when she was home. The little dolls were in their accustomed place in a big chair. (1939)

*From Eileen to Joan, January 17, 1978*—They were my dolls Mom wrote about. I was in Pierre with your mother when Mom wrote the poem and sent it to me. It made me cry and feel so ashamed I had forgotten my dolls. So the next time I went to Pierre I took them along, but they just sat there neglected, too.



**The Old Brown House  
(OBH)**

## THE HOOK AND I

The Hook was a very fast talker  
And I was a poor widowed wife  
The stories he told were so funny  
The best I had heard in my life;

He wheedled me out of my money  
That I'd saved for my children and me  
Said he'd take it to town and they'd bless it  
And we'd soon have enough to be free.

I cooked up a very nice supper  
While I whistled a tune about love  
I stepped very lively and happy  
And I put on a dress like a glove.

Supper time came but Hook didn't  
I waited and watched thru the night  
I sat there from darkness to daylight  
Then had to admit my sad plight;

I saddled my pony of dapple  
And put on my britches and cap  
I loaded the shotgun with powder  
And climbed in the saddle on Dap;

I pointed him in the direction  
Where Hook and the money had gone  
We galloped on highways and valleys  
'Till it seemed we just couldn't go on;

I asked everyone if they'd seen him  
And never stopped searching until  
I found him asleep with the bag by his side  
In the weeds at the foot of a hill.

I yelled and he grabbed for the money  
Old Dapple reared up at his head  
Said I, "Hand it over, you liar and thief  
If you don't you will find yourself dead."

His eyes shifted this way and that way  
'Till they lit on the saddle and rope  
Then he mustered up all his good humor  
And said, "Honey, why don't we elope?"

I tho't for a moment in silence  
How far I had chased him and why  
Did I really want him or the money?  
Well-- now we're a-hooked Hook and I.



Oliver and Anne

Note: Sr. Kathleen put this poem to music many years later. You can enjoy seeing and hearing her sing it in a YouTube video at [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7Qy\\_ura8zsQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7Qy_ura8zsQ).

## THE CALL OF THE ROAD

If you want to be alive and free  
If the heart of you, like the heart of me  
Beats high on the trail we'll comrades be  
For the call of the road is the life for me.

The call of the road to the wanderer free  
Is the call to life and liberty  
And my answer now as ever shall be,  
The call of the road is the life for me.

As down the road the wind blows free  
That far away call is blown to me  
And my answering echo comes back full free  
The call of the road is the life for me.

*Words  
A.S.*

*The Call of the Road*

*Anne wrote tune*

*Music  
A.S.*

1. If you want to be a - - live and free; If the heart of

1. you like the heart of me Beats high on the

1. trail we will Com - rades be, For the life of the

1. road is the life for me

## “OLD 23” OF THE PENNSY LINE

Hold, ye rounders; hark to me  
While I tell you the story of the “Old 23”.  
The train we rode and the train we’ll ride  
While we still have a tocker a tickin’ inside.

She hits Fort Wayne at 9:24  
Never less but often times more.  
With bellows and snorts from Eastern parts  
It takes two to stop her and hold her till she starts.

“Hyah! There grease monkey Oil Man and Hayne,  
The “Manhattan Limited” train’s on time!  
Grab up your trappings, trot to your marks.  
Give her the works in a shower of sparks!”

“Conductor, brakeman and flagger stand by  
Sweepers of the coach sling a broom on high.  
Tell ‘em you’re comin’ with a shove and a push  
And a banging door in a mad day’s rush.

Climb to the coaches ye Beggars of the tracks  
Time was when you scoffed us and turned your backs.  
But this is the hey-day of the railroad and so ...  
You’ll bow down to Charlie or else you won’t go!

Scram to the P.B. deadheaders all;  
Chuck boots and lantern close to the wall;  
Park your dogs safely, crouch in your seat  
Or these brooms will play “Comin Through the Corn” on your feet.

With a jerk and a bang and a deafening cough  
They turn her loose and again we’re off  
Heading West for the “City of Wind”;  
And our hearts beat a prayer for the journey’s end.

In regulation of every rule  
Of road and railroad for wise and fool  
She rumbles on and the gait she makes  
Gives credit and fame to the man at the brakes.

While his pal swings a shovel so wicked and wild  
You’d declare ‘twas the Devil himself (or his child).

And the baggage-men three swing in on their day

Shooting baggage like craps in no amateur way!

To the rhythm of wheels and the sway of the train

And the atmosphere of “us-all-a-kin”

We bicker and banter with friend and foe

But we sweep the train and we’re glad to go.



With soldiers and sailors, brats and pups  
There are ups and downs but mostly ups!  
When we find an u(r)p we sweep it down  
With chin held up and eyes cast down.

So you of the staid and steady type  
While you blow your little rings from your old  
cob pipe  
And dream your dream of a world at ease  
When the boys come home and the peaceful  
seas —

Remember the railroad's rush and roar  
Is an all-time fight come peace come war.  
But we wouldn't trade it for castle and crown  
And we'll hang on like hell 'till our sun goes  
down.

1943-1945

Mama was a coach cleaner on the Pennsylvania Railroad sweeping coaches during World War II, 1943-1945. The route was Ft Wayne Indiana going to Chicago.

— Dorothy



*In one of her letters, Anne mentions a co-worker Clara, but we do not know if this is her.*

## II

### HER BEST FRIEND

## COME MY BEST FRIEND JESUS

I learned of you when I was small  
And leaned on Mother's knee  
While Johnnie said his prayers for her  
Then we would talk, all three.

She would tell again the story  
Of the baby that you were  
And how your mother sang to you  
And how you smiled at her,

O Little Jesus

Our Mother said you came to earth  
To teach us how to live  
And loved us all and gave us  
Everything there was to give.

You even gave your mother  
On the lonely day you died,  
And she could not refuse you there  
Standing by your side,

O Loving Jesus

Now Mother's gone and so is John  
And I am bent and old,  
But the words she spoke so long ago  
Are treasured more than gold.

While shadows deepen gently  
Toward the close of life's long day  
While you come and take me also  
Will you listen when I say,

"Come, my best Friend Jesus."

This poem was printed on the back of the Remembrance funeral leaflet  
In Memory of Anne J Johnson. August 8, 1975.

Johnnie was Anne's brother. The poem was written with inspiration  
from their mother, Bessie DeCourcy Lawless.

The same poem was used for Anne's daughter Eileen in John Renzi's  
tribute to his mother. February 11, 2008

## GOD, I COME TO YOU NOW

God, I come to you now  
For the very first time  
If you're here and you hear me  
Please give me a sign.

I'll rely on your mercy  
And trust in your work,  
I'll bring all my troubles  
And know I'll be heard.

But if you are not here  
And do not exist  
Give me reason to doubt you  
That I cannot resist.

So I'll have a reply,  
The wise and the fool  
That they be suppressed  
From sustained ridicule.

Lord, hear me today  
If you are as they say,  
Ready to give  
Of Thy gifts always.

## NIGHT

O Many the night and the suffering  
With doubt leading down to the brink,  
And many are they who have conquered  
But holding to faith as the link.

Then vanish false fears and false prophets,  
You come with your stealth in the night,  
I'll only think humbly and trusting  
As I wait for assurance with light.

The glorious morning of Easter  
With brightness surpassing will come  
When we'll wonder however we faltered  
When we see the first rays of the sun.

## THE DERELICT

I'm a derelict, and down and out,  
I was convinced, but now I doubt  
The atheist code--that god is not  
Tho belief is hot--in the minds of men who would believe.

The presence of a God I doubt,  
Have heard from some that He is there,  
But more say if He were  
He'd care.

They hit down hard the code they give  
To try your darndest while you live  
To gather all that you can get  
By any means man's code has set.

### III

### HER CHILDREN



LtoR: Kathleen, Eileen, Dorothy, Leo, Bessie, Mary, Oliver

Front: Jeannette



Victor

## MY ELDEST DAUGHTER

My eldest daughter has with me  
A tempo of telepathy,  
And since her childhood days I knew  
That I could call on her to do  
The tasks unfinished in excess  
Of my ability, with less  
Of explanation and command  
Because she seemed to understand  
Exactly what I had in mind  
To finish work of any kind.

When she was only nine years old  
The seventh baby of the fold  
Was safely left to her concern  
And still as safe on my return.  
We know each other's plots and plans  
As you would know your pots and pans,  
And should a big decision loom  
I'd know on entering the room  
The path she'll take to straighten out  
The trouble that it's all about.

— *AJJ 1973*

She takes her daily work in stride  
And serves the meals with modest pride  
At school or home as be the case  
Receiving compliments with grace  
With her children, small or grown, as now  
She's made allowances for how  
To judge their cause of action well  
And then decides what she must them tell  
From her store of knowledge gleaned  
Throughout the years by simple means.

And everyone she treats the same  
From lonely ones to those of fame  
By living side by side with all  
Aware to know or hear their call.



Mary and John Christiansen



## ANTICIPATION SONG

She'll be ridin on her 'cycle when she comes  
On her faithful motorcycle that she drives,  
Be it named for Dick or Michael, she has faith in her vehickle\*  
And she'll measure every mile till she arrives.

O we'll all run out to meet her when she comes  
With a hundred hugs we'll greet her when she's here  
We will kill two young white roosters, with ice cream and pie for boosters  
Then we'll all pitch in and celebrate with cheer.

Will there ever be a hub-bub when she comes!  
We'll turn every pan and tub up for the drums  
We will pound them with the broomsticks, with the windowsticks and shoesticks  
Till the whole endurin' territory hums.

She will take us all a-ridin' on her cyke  
Never thinkin' once of askin' what we'd like  
All we'll do is sit an holler, hangin' tight onto her collar  
Tho' it be a rootin' tootin' way to hike.

Oh, we'll never miss the moments till she goes  
Then we'll grab our old bandanas to our nose  
But we'll profit by her visit, and the more consolin' is it  
To know our heart's re-union doesn't close.

*-Written at the Old Brown House July 22, 1941 while waiting for Bessie to get to Miller on her motorcycle.*

*Bessie left Washington DC and arrived in Miller on August 21, 1941. Leo, and Johnny (Pugh?) followed on another motorcycle. She picked up Eileen in Lyons NE.*

*\* vehikle is pronounced to rhyme with Michael*



Bessie and her  
1940 Harley Davidson motorcycle

## A MOTHER'S HOPE

There's a baby coming to our house  
A symbol of love most true  
And I gaze as I look in the twilight  
O'er the misty vale of dew.

Dreaming of days in the future  
To come in rhythm and go  
Unveiling a gift at the step of each dawn  
To ration our joy and our woe;

May the days that pass for our little one  
Waft seeds that will blossom and bear  
The orchid flowers of sunny hours  
In babyhood's rights to share.

May home to him be everything  
That a child must know to live  
In the carefree bliss of a mother's kiss  
And the shielding a father can give;

May our little one know what it is to go  
Throughout his life forth free  
In the land of the brave while our colors wave  
O'er a lasting liberty.

May his soul stay pure and his faith secure  
Sustained by faith and love,  
Until effort and aim achieve his aim  
In the book of life above.



Bessie, Betty, Anne—1944

This poem was written for Bessie and Ray Gibbs' first-born. They prenamed the baby "Rayly" but she was a girl. They named her Elizabeth Lenore (Betty).

## TO MY SON

A little boy in wonderland  
Life's forest 'round you lay  
Each day a new adventure  
To hew the magic way.

Each year a hilltop sought and reached  
Another light to see--  
Life's beacons on the path you skipped  
In morning's mystery,

Six hilltops reached and passed with me,  
Your hand in mine and then  
Alone you ventured forth (to school)  
I cried, then smiled again.

Those years flashed past, and memory now  
Displays in links of time  
Your chain of life with jewels bright  
Of comradeship entwined.

The gifts to childish heart so grand  
With pride you offered me  
Then waited with expectant gaze  
My glad surprise to see.

In dawning youth, with pranks and plans  
Of venture far beyond  
The scope of King Mechanics  
Your boy's heart expression found.

And now with manhood's sober thought  
And goals achieved, you stand  
My trust you never squandered  
In my faith you'll far expand.

For the future holds no stations,  
We continue or regress  
And I know, my son, you'll conquer  
May dear God your efforts bless.

### ***Before Leo's Birthday***

*To Victor & Leo Johnson. Inspiration on a train  
with nothing to do.*

### **Victor's Limerick**

Victor who lived in a shack  
Fell into the snow on his back  
When asked, "are you friz"  
He replied, "yes I is"  
"but it's colder than this in my shack!"

## FOR LEO'S BIRTHDAY, 1965

Good man in your castle abundant in weal  
Good woman beside you with gentle appeal  
And children all cherished and loved as they came  
We hail you with honor and bless you by name.

We know you ago as a barefooted boy  
Regarded by parents with hope and with joy.  
And now in fulfillment of all they advised  
Since you aimed for the zenith, the opposite despised.

We rejoice with you there  
In this year on this day  
May good angels protect you nor take you away  
From the castle you built on the rock of good will  
At the top of the path edged by labor and skill.

And graveled with patches of setback and strife  
But sanded again with the comebacks of life.  
So we hail you again and hope many times more  
To salute at the milestone for reaching before.

(In other words—Happy Birthday and many happy returns.)

## LEO

My Son, he married Nora Jane  
To-wit, he found her in Fort Wayne  
To-who, he brought her, that was me  
To ask me would I like to be  
The grandma to her kids and his  
To what I answered "It's your biz."

And now I'm glad I said it so  
Cause I'm a grandma in the know,  
I know about a lot of things  
Like baby shirts and wedding rings  
I even know about the stuff  
I shouldn't know and that's enough  
To put me on the spot if they  
Should ask me what I mustn't say.



Nora Jane, Jeanne, Leo

*1974 - "Then my coffee and hamburger came, so I quit writing and did something more sensible."*

## LEO'S MIND

Were I a thought in Leo's mind  
I should delight in all I'd find  
Of friendly thoughts and plans of deed  
To help his own and those in need.  
I'd wander through the corridors and  
Tarry at the open doors  
To gaze beyond the far off skies.

For minds (like space) do not comprise  
The inches square that hold the brain  
As some the tho't would entertain.  
I'd see his future plans and learn  
That all of us were his concern.  
"All of us" meant every one  
From first to last he'd ever known.

And if I'd meet a tho't of lust  
It would be smothering in the dust  
Without a friend or kindred foe  
To operate against the flow  
Of busy plans and trust complete  
Without illusions of deceptions.

When clouds of doubt hung down in threat  
I'd be among those knowing yet  
That this would pass as others did  
And gracious guidance would forbid

The loss of hope and confidence  
In silver lining consequence.  
  
I'd know that he would still confide  
In her who was his precious bride;  
And still remains as thru the years  
Exchanging words of hopes and fears.  
And more and more than that of love made  
strong  
Thru hanging on when love went wrong.  
And celebrating side by side  
The rich rewards of eventide.

Were I a tho't in Leo's mind  
I'd settle there until I'd find  
That we had found the home at last  
Beyond the present and the past  
Where future is an evermore  
Residing on that glorious shore  
In company with her whose heart  
Had ever been a counterpart.

Were I a thought in Leo's mind.

—*Mom*

## A BIRTHDAY WISH AND A FOND TRIBUTE

I have a daughter name Eileen  
Who has the bearing of a queen  
And should the artist ask it so  
She, in a portrait could bestow  
A regal poise without a trace  
Of questioned posture, poise and grace.

All throughout her growing years  
When to a lassie it appears  
The weeks and months just float along  
With dreams of frolic for a song.

Then came with womanhood mature  
To know with awe that to endure  
The parcels handed her to bear  
The priceless gifts of treasures rare  
Were hers to hold and keep intact  
Till he who sent them called them back.

Today she sits with goals achieved  
In family circle -- now relieved  
Of many doubts that sank away  
Like looming clouds ere break of day.

We hail you, dear, upon the throne  
Of this glad birthday as our own  
And wish that many more returns  
May come and go with light concern  
May happy times and happy days  
Abide with you and yours always.



### Eileen's Limerick

A girl named Eileen from Miller  
Went to bed with her head in a piller  
When she woke up at dawn  
Her piller was gone  
And she yelled 'till you'd think it would kill 'er.

## JEANNETTE

There once was a baby, Jeannette  
Each day a baked apple she et  
She like to go "walkie"  
And thought she could "talkie"  
She was a sweet baby, you bet.



Most (all?) of Anne's children had limericks. The one for Jeannette was written probably in 1934. This is what happened, according to Sr. Kathleen:

"Jeannette" - a little limerick Mama wrote one day when we had a special treat and Mama offered a prize for the one who could make up the best limerick about herself. Jeannie was just a toddler at the time. I must have been 7 or 8 and Eileen 10 or 11. There weren't too many of us home that day—I can't remember if Dorothy was or not.

I remember Eileen's limerick, but I can't remember mine, though I do remember working real hard at writing one. Of course, Jeannie was too little, so Mama wrote one for her.

I think Eileen got the prize—an extra marshmallow top cookie. We didn't have such delicacies often.



## LITTLE SISTER

I gazed at a star in the heavens  
That was casting its rays down to me,  
And I thought I distinguished a message  
From a dear one of sweet memory.

From a loved one who's gone on before us  
And is brightening our way with a gleam  
From her star up in heaven to show us  
More clearly our way to her realm.



Little sister to you in your mansion  
Our tho'ts wander ever and when  
We travel that beam to your doorway  
We shall never be parted again. — 1942

-Miller, S. D., April 13, 1942

"Dear Bessie and Ray;

"This is Monday morning and I am alone and lonesome, so at last I have time to write a few lines...Dad and Eugenie came Thurs. evening and left this morning about 6:30. I guess I didn't tell you very much about how it happened to Jeannette so will outline it briefly. About 5 o'clock she came home from school and I was just ready to go up to mail a pkg to Dorothy. I got her the potatoes to put on for our supper. She said she wanted to go and locate a good place for a picnic that she and some more little girls in her grade were to have on Saturday. I was back before 6 o'clock. The potatoes were boiling when I got home and she was not around anywhere..... About midnite she was found. I'll never forget it when the fire wagon sounded the siren. O Bessie dear if I had only had you here then. You are always so understanding. I am so sorry for the shock it must have given you too, and how lonesome you will be for her when you come. I figure now that I have 4 sons and 6 daughters, One in heaven.

Jeannette was dressed in a white silk dress (Dorothy bo't) white anklets and her patent leather shoes that she got for her birthday. She had her combination medal-cross on when she died and they put it on a white ribbon and she was wearing the little ring that Dorothy gave her for her birthday..... I can always remember that Jeanny and I had the happiest time for the week before she went that anyone could have. She was a very happy little girl, always full of plans and imagination.

Yesterday we picked up the paper with her latest drawings. Will show them to you when you come. I had brought her birthday cake to school just a week before...."

## LEO'S POEM TO JEANNETTE

Affections flowers were blooming fair  
And sweet was friendships stream.  
But one alas! Was wanting there,  
For one I looked in vain.

A voice I long had loved and heard  
No wanted greeting gave  
'Twas silence for each joyous word,  
The silence of the grave.

There came no sound of merry feet,  
No laugh of childish glee.  
A bounding step had ceased to meet,  
A smile to welcome me.

Cheeks had with bitter tears been wet,  
And heart with anguish torn,  
For one from earth since last we met,  
The Angel death had borne.

Oh! When I last beheld her face  
So radiant and so fair  
I did not dream that death would place  
His fearful signet there.

I did not dream God would recall  
So soon the gift he gave,  
That coming autumn's leaves would fall  
On Little Jeannie's grave.

And now a year she there hath lain  
So marble like and still  
And autumn's days have come again,  
But OH! She never will.

And winter's storms the spot have wreathed  
And Spring's sweet birds have sung  
And summer's zephyrs there have breathed  
And beauteous flowers have spring.

And many snows shall deck her tomb  
Birds carrol o'er the spot  
And fragrant flowers in beauty bloom  
But she will heed them not.

She is not then her dust alone  
The tomb and shroud enfold,  
She is with children round the throne  
Who sing to harps of gold.

She sheds no tear, she breathes no sigh  
She knows no grief or care.  
OH! It is better thus to die  
Than life's long burdens fear.

Like her in childhood's hour to claim  
Sweet sleep within the shroud  
Than give the grave a weary frame  
With years and sorrows bowed

For they indeed are truly blessed  
To whom 'tis early given  
To sleep in death on Jesus breast  
And wake to live in heaven.

*By Leo Johnson, April 1944*

## IV

### HER GRANDCHILDREN

#### TO MY GRANDCHILDREN — AND ALL GRANDCHILDREN

Since no one knows how much of your characteristics or talents or innermost desires and impulses will be transmitted to how many in the future; I say, try to cultivate only those you can be proud of seeing in the younger generation in years to come.

Then you can remember with a feeling of consolation the battles you won by the soul-smothering struggles of giving up what glittered with promise of popular fun, while hiding the price you already had to pay, that amounted to the swift realization of how worthless it proved to be compared to what you already had.

It doesn't take many "giving-ins" to start a bad habit, but a lot of "holding-outs" to break one. Bad habits can dull genuine natural pleasures and waste a lot of valuable time.

For children to know a parent or an uncle or aunt or cousin has real moral standards and lives by them all the time makes a greater impression than the world little dreams of. But that means true standards — not just in front of the kids! Kids are not really kidded.

— *Grandma Anne*

## TO MY DARLING GRANDSON

Dear little baby so cuddly and sweet  
Making a Christian home complete,  
Stars of your love shine from your eyes  
In a baby smile your mother will prize.

In memory for years to come,  
When you are a man and gone from home  
But a baby still in your mother's heart  
Where a place for you is set apart.

That no other can fill nor need they knock  
For the golden key that holds secure  
Your place apart, has turned the lock  
To be used no more while life endure.

She sees in fancy her little boy,  
Pulling his wagon or riding his stick  
Dividing his love from toy to toy  
Running to Mother when hurt or sick.

Getting him ready for church and school  
Washing his ears, combing his hair  
Teaching him ever the golden rule,  
Bearing with him each childish care.

Always and ever his guide to be  
Dependable, faithful in time of need  
To laugh in his joy, in his troubles to see  
His side of the story--a pal indeed.

And so he will grow to manhood straight  
And tall in the way she has pointed out  
His father envisioned whose words relate  
That confidence conquers every doubt.

Dear little baby, when you are a man  
And your mother has need of friendship true  
Be ever reminded that he who can  
Repay her is you and only you.

*For Tom Christiansen  
Grandmother, 1942*

## A VALENTINE TRIBUTE FOR JIM

Why do we feel lucky  
To know a guy like you?  
Why do we feel safe and sound  
With everything you do?

It could be just your gestures  
Of assurance and concern  
Or the time you take to listen  
And the thought you give to learn--

The reason of a circumstance  
And what to do about it  
Yes! We know we're lucky  
And we even want to

SHOUT IT!



**TO GRANDDAUGHTER  
DEAR PAMMY**

As you graduate from Junior High  
Most proudly I'll attend  
And watch as you receive the proof  
That you've fulfilled the end

Of eight glad years with schoolmates dear  
Through weather bad and good  
From "first-day" fear with perhaps a tear  
To finished grade-schoolhood.

A greeting to granddaughter dear on this day  
As you finish eight glad years of school  
Looking forward to mastering many more tasks  
That lead onward to your favorite goal

I wish you success and I breathe a fond prayer  
That your future of school and of home  
Will unfold as you travel life's pathways along  
To know "You are never alone."

*(1973)*

V

**HER GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN**



## TO NATHAN

If I were a thought in your mind, little man  
How blessed it would be  
To be one in the group of your millions of thoughts  
All so happy and free.

If I were a thought in your mind, my child,  
As you stand at the open door  
To gaze on the manifold works of God  
And wonder what's in store.

For you in his manifold plan of life  
For you as one little link  
In the mighty chain of His wondrous reign  
And if I were your thought, I would think:

"Altho' in this great and marvelous call  
I am but one little pin  
If I don't do what He wants me to  
I'll fail with the others to win.

The Happy goal that was meant for us all  
As a stitch in the pattern Divine  
I'll keep in my heart from the very start  
The value of love and of time.

I'll do what it takes to be me on my own  
I'll do what it takes to say,  
'Tho my task be of humble or high degree,  
Dear Lord, give me help for each day.'"

*Great Grandmother, 1972*

**VI**

**BED-TIME STORIES**

## GRANDMA'S STORIES

It was always a special treat when Grandma came to visit. We would get stories at bedtime! There was no fuss about going to bed when Grandma was there! Anne was a great story teller as many of the Irish are. The stories were always different because she made them up as she went along. Maybe they were based on stories she heard as a child? Some sounded like variations on fairy tales. There was always a moral, and she was probably one of the origins of a desire to live a moral life. We wanted to please her. She could carry a story for quite a long time.

### **Peasy and Beansy + Carrotsy?**

The Peasy and Beansy stories (what little I remember of them) were about two (or three) girls who had to leave home and go work in someone else's house to earn some money to take care of the family at home. At the end of the time, each girl had a chance to choose a box from three that would contain her pay for the time she had worked. The first girl chose the biggest box and there wasn't much in it (don't remember what). The second girl chose the middle box with the same result. The third girl chose the smallest box which had gold coins.

As Grandma told the stories, she talked about the reasoning each girl went through during the working time as well as the box choosing time.

### **Harriet Anne**

I don't remember these stories, but here is what Dorothy wrote in a letter (2001).

"I don't recall any special story, but I recall vaguely Mama telling stories about a young pioneer girl who was left many times to care for her sisters & brothers while the parents drove the team and wagon to town and stayed over night or maybe longer, depending on the errand they went on.

"Each story would be a different episode. I imagine Kathleen & Jeannette probably heard more stories at bedtime being the youngest and with Mom more after the divorce. I was 11 when Dad left.

"In earlier days, Mom told real life stories about what she did growing up and the Connealys, their neighbors, the barn dances at the Lawless's. I wish my grandkids were into listening to family history, but they are either on the run to some function or glued to the silly cartoons on TV."

**VII**

**ON DEATH**

## **DON'T BE AFRAID TO DIE**

Don't be afraid to die, you were not afraid to be born (if you were, you got over it when you found out this was a much better world to live in and could see your mother's face and be in her arms which was better than being alone in her womb, also knowing your father and the others who loved you).

You were not afraid to grow from babyhood to childhood and the change to youth and maturity, all of which were distinctly different from each other and in truth, you never did want to return to any of the past stages of life.

When the time of your demise arrives you will not fight it but will be taken as gently thru that change as you were thru the others and it will be as natural as the others. Some parents shrink from thinking of their child's growing away from babyhood, childhood and youth because they won't be with them any longer. But they are wrong. The child will remain with them by whatever ties the parents established with them. If it were to be otherwise, birth would never have taken place. They would be perpetually united in body with their children as well as with their parents and what kind of a humanity would that be. If God had planned it that way, it would turn out lovely. That would be our happy way of life—one big mass of a human body—everyone attached. But as a matter of fact God ordained otherwise, in that we are all free to our own bodily unit and united by mental and spiritual contact.

**VIII**

**OTHER POEMS**

**AND**

**WRITINGS**

## MY MANDOLIN

On my mandolin I like  
To play a little tune,  
Sitting in the sunlight  
In the early afternoon.

Tapping out the rhythm  
With my toe upon the floor  
Singing too, the words  
I can remember nothing more.

Make a little music  
And you've got yourself some fun,  
Sing it, hum or whistle  
When the morning's work is done

*By Sister Kathleen Johnson*

## BIG BROTHER

My big brother is so big  
I sure am proud of him.  
In the garden he would dig  
Until the day would dim.

Now he's almost a big man  
And doing for himself  
Wearing off the garden tan  
Laying it on his shelf

*By Serretta Carlilian (my pen name)  
By Dilly (Dorothy Johnson Lichty) in a letter to  
Victor. 1937*

## PINE SCENTED BREEZES

Pine scented breezes  
Blow up and down the hillside  
Swaying the branches  
In tunes of restful mood.

Peace filters down with  
The scattered rays of sunshine  
Soothing my spirit from  
Cares that would intrude.

Clouds in the blue sky  
Drift lightly o'er the treetops  
Birds flutter gaily  
From bough to lofty bough.

God's presence here is  
Observed thru Nature's beauty  
Heaven seems so close  
As the breezes touch my brow.

*By Sister Kathleen Johnson*



# I HAVE CHOSEN YOU

Sr. Kathleen Johnson P.B.V.M.  
(based on John: ch.15;)

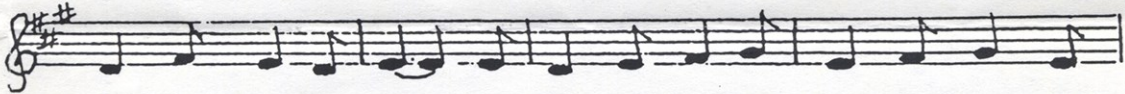
Sr. Kathleen Johnson P.B.V.M.



1. You have not cho - sen me; I have cho - sen you. In wit - ness to my
2. My Fa - ther's love for me mea - sures my love too. Words can - not tell my
3. Love knows no great - er proof than one's life to give. This proof I hold for



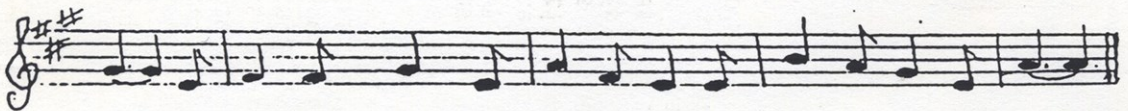
1. faith - ful love your lives will bear much fruit. — Make your home in me for
2. bound - less love; I give my life for you. Not ser - vants are you now, but
3. you, my friends; I die that you might live. And in my love for you I



1. I've claimed you as mine. The branch can - not bear fruit un - less its
2. I have called you friends. I share my Fa - ther's gifts with you in
3. give you this com - mand: Love one an - - oth - er for my sake, in



1. life flows from the vine. If you re - main in me → hold - ing fast my
2. bles - sings with - out end. — Ask what - e'er you will; your wants will be sup -
3. u - - ni - ty to stand. Your joy will be com - plete; true joy my gift to



1. words, My Fa - ther's love and my own love will rest in you as - sured.
2. plied. If in my name re - quest is made none shall be turned a - side.
3. you. My Fa - ther's house will be your home. This is my prom - ise true.

© 1999 Aberdeen, S.D.



## BETTER THINGS

*S. Kathleen Johnson*

The greatest possession to treasure and own  
Is soundness of character, inner self known;  
'Tis work of a lifetime, beginning in youth,  
And nurtured through faithful adherence to truth.

The roots of good actions are thoughts wise and true;  
Our inner convictions guide all that we do.  
If attitudes wholesome the conscience pervade  
Then worthy decisions and judgments are made.

Mature personality, poised and serene,  
Supports others' betterment, never demeans,  
In strength and in weakness humility reigns;  
A neighborly sharing turns losses to gains.

Where justice and truth flavor everyday life  
You find peace, contentment, and absence of strife.  
A patient endurance oft' turns away wrath,  
And kindness attracts toward the virtuous path.

A worldly fortune is risky, at best,  
But spiritual treasures bring true happiness.  
Our life is a journey not traveled alone –  
God's Presence enfolds us, and heaven is Home.

## STORIES FROM UNCLE LEO

Uncle Leo told these stories about growing up.

### **Illness**

He had double pneumonia when he was 4 and recovered, but also had a bad flu the following year. Anne promised God she would say the rosary every day for him.

When she was about 70, she told Leo he would have to take over for himself.

### **What Leo regrets the most—**

During the depression they had no food in the house until Anna came home with some. One time all she had was 35 cents and no food. 35 cents would buy 1 meal. She used the 35 cents to send a telegram to the governor with one word: "Help". The governor contacted the local welfare department and said they needed to take care of this starving family. They got fast action.

Uncle Leo had a job one fall plucking feathers from turkeys. On Saturday he got paid \$10. He and a friend went to the pool hall, bought candy and played pool and spent all the money. The next morning his mother came to him and said she knew he had gotten paid and could she borrow some money to buy food.

He had to tell her he squandered it and felt very ashamed. It was a lesson he has never forgotten.

## MORE OF ANNE'S WRITINGS

Anne kept little notebooks that she used to write down flower orders. In between the orders, she also wrote short sentences about all sorts of topics. These were things that just came to mind and it seems like she was trying out puns in a lot of them. This is a collection of her sayings from some of the notebooks. You can detect some of her philosophy of life and her view of the world.

Will these sayings and poems mean anything to Anne's descendants who did not have the privilege of knowing her? Will they seem old fashioned, trite? I don't know. She was a product of her time and did take the time to write these things. She didn't see TV until much later in life, so her mind was not cluttered with things far outside her experience. Will these writings seem quaint to more modern people who have the world at their fingertips from the beginning of their lives?

Anne was educated in a Catholic girl's boarding school. She was away from home for some time. Anne also knew something of the world. She traveled all over the United States because her children lived all over the country. She traveled mainly by train and bus and refused to step foot on an airplane!

At our house, we loved having Grandma come because she would tell us stories and we would have card parties. She made oatmeal cookies. After staying for a while, she would leave again for visiting somewhere else. Maybe she traveled in part because she worked on the railroad for a while. She cleaned the cars. She probably had a pass to travel on the train even when she wasn't working.

Oxalic crystals to clean leather. Tsp to quart of water, wash with cloth.

We just came over to break the Monopoly.

Skipulations

Burned his britches behind him.

Renzi phone: HE(mlock) 4-7257 at 9606 Cottrell Terrace, Silver Spring MD

Gibbs Phone: 21F003 at Linden, Va house – This was a wind-up wall phone and a party line. No dial.

She works under the guise of nobility. Well, I work under some pretty noble guys, too.

Why! The man has a Harem! Scare him!

My pupils listen with rapt attention. They don't give a rap.

You don't know whether you're a-foot or a-horseback. "Neither one," he beamed. "I'm a 16-year-old kid."

When it's life or limb, you give the limb.

If you marry me I'll go straight. *Ans:* You can go straight to \_\_\_\_ right now.

I want to marry your daughter and go straight. *Ans:* you can't have my daughter, but you can go straight to \_\_\_\_.

Sign over Café door: Meals, lunches – good food, expert service, obliging waitresses. We can wrap up anything you may wish to "take out". *Customer:* "Please wrap up that blond waitress. I want to take her out."

(He was) Quite a conversationalist. Yes, he got so historical we all walked out.

No wonder he is perfect with so many years of practice.

Employer: "You are not the type of man who would stand out in a crowd."

Applicant: "Well, I do real often."

Names: Hedging Hedda

When you get jelly with your toast or toast with your jelly.

They complain – they come plain

Socially (so shelly)

Were you late for the party? Yes, when we arrived they were already passing the buck the second time around.

I don't have any trouble passing time. My greatest effort is to keep time from passing me.

I would marry you in a minute but for one reason. "What is it?" It takes more than a minute to get married.

Visitor to man of 103 years: "How long did your father live?" Old man: "20 years more'n me so far."

What would you think of a paper costume? Tearable.

City children don't know vice from versa.

They were called to combat duty and they sure did.

Learn to leap within your bounds.

On the seashore: What makes this bread so gritty? That's the sand which spread.

Electrician's problem at midnight: to fuse or re-fuse

I need so much money and I need money so much that I don't dare just go to work for money.

I must figure out a way to make money work for me.

Don't be one of those people who can't lose anything but money.

Do you use makeup? No, I'm afraid it might cause metics.

I'd never let an innocent man go to the gallows. I'd hang myself first.

Tenant to landlord with summons to move: You're lucky now if you can find a place for your bowels to move.

You lie loudly. Rugs lie still.

Music student: "My teacher's class is second ..."  
Suddenly seeing teacher looking, adds "...to none."

Girl Friend: "Herold, how could you leave me for another. Now it will take me forever to get adjusted again. It will probably be next Saturday night before I have a new steady."

Herold: "Well, I'll take you out once a week until then!"

Women's clothing ad: "Half the population of this town buy their apparel here." Why only half – the other half are men.

Wife: How did you like my \$50.00 suit?

Hubby: Makes me see red!

Wife: Well, I didn't think you were color blind.

I've had more than my share of work – every kind but good.

Being an in-law made me an outlaw.

Protestant – What are the altar boys for?

Catholic – They answer.

P: Answer what?

C: The priest's prayers.

P: I thought only God could do that.

You know, you used to be nuts about me.

If I ever was it was just a couple of peanuts.

He lives by exception rather than by rules.

Guess I am the only one in the county don't count.

Does he want you for yourself?

No, he wants me for his wife.

I'll never give in until I give out.

I have to wee wee like the littlest pig.

This is obsoletely my final word.

My glasses are not so good. I almost took the wrong hat. I reached for the one in the mirror instead of the dressing table.

I got a phony phone call.

Do you want me to sweep your shoes off?

No, It's the only pair I have.

Well, didn't you say ex-shoes me?

My mother had a terrible fright on the day I was born.

And to this day you haven't changed.

It hurts my years to sit around and pick my nose for pastime.

What's that man shaking hands with all the students for?

Can't you tell? He's the one that congraduating them.

I wish you'd go!

Where?

I don't say bad words.

She's my Rock-n-Rye baby upon a spree hop

Where the gin flows the ladle will drop

When the bow bends

The music will call

To my Rock-n-Rye baby and all

"Why don't they"

Build shelters on street corners for the public waiting for street cars?

May I have a date?

No, you are married.

Sure I'm married. So what?

So long!

Miss Blank, won't you give me the right?

I would if it wasn't broke, but I do swing a powerful left.

I said 3 times 15 was 45.

I don't care if you said it 100 times, it's still only 15.

What do you do for a living?

I chew food!

I'd kind of like him if it wasn't that I hate him so bad.

Bye, darling, I'm all ready to take off.

Well, take off your hat and coat. You are not going out.

He promised to keep me in style but he only keeps me in suspense.

This man is de-footed. Ex-shoes him.

When you don't write you do wrong; when you do right you don't wrong.

I send my wife to the Lerner shops where they learn her to buy for less

He done me dirt so I cleaned him.

Wise crackers are always fresh.

I hit him a wise crack that floored him.

I was glancing at their conversation out of the corner of my eyes.

My that woman has a brain in her head.

Where else would she have it?

"Mother, you are getting old."

"Don't let that disturb you. I've been doing that all my life."

Mother—What would you do if I made you sit here all day?

Child—I'd sit here all day.

Scouring is caused by grease.

Scowling is caused by grief.

The trouble with him, he has outlived his youth.

I think I lost my purse in the fracas.

Well that would be the place to look first for it.

## ANNE'S RECIPES

### GRANDMA J'S YEAST ROLLS

1 pt milk scalded & cooled

1 pk yeast dissolved in 1/2 cup water to which you add Tblsp sugar

While milk is hot add butter or margarine size of an egg. Also 3 Tbsps sugar & 1 full teasp salt.

Add yeast to milk when lukewarm. Milk can be cooled quicker by adding some flour, also by setting it in cold water in the sink. Add enough flour to make a dough. The softer the dough, the quicker it rises.

When it has doubled in size take out on a bread board and knead in enough flour to make it possible to make into rolls.

Grease pan or cookie sheet & let them rise until double in size. Bake in pre-heated oven at 400 to start. Then when they start to brown on top, turn oven to 350. Bake for 1/2 hr unless they seem to be done sooner.

An egg (beaten) can be added at the same time as yeast. But I usually forget ~~that~~ the egg.

### PLUM PUDDING

1 lb (or pkg) raisons (*sic*)

1 lb (or pkg) currants

1 pkg citron

1 lb brown sugar (or less)

1 lb bread crumbs

Scant lb flour

3 or 4 apples peeled & cut small

2 or 3 doz almonds blanched (peeled), and chopped quite fine

1 oz mixed spices (cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice—less cloves than the others)

1/2 lb chopped suet (good measure)

1 good teasp salt.

8 eggs

1 glass brandy or whiskey



If more moisture needed, add fruit juice. Must be well moist but not “sloppy”.

Mix all dry ingredients thoroughly. This includes raisons (*sic*), currants, apples, in fact everything but eggs & brandy. Then beat eggs well & add the brandy or whatever substitute you use. Mix beaten eggs & juice, then add whiskey.

If the mixture seems still quite dry, add fruit juice (pineapple, my choice) but apple juice or sweet cider is good.

The boiling being the most important part.

Well grease and flour your cloth loosely but not too loosely (*sic*).

Boil 8 hrs or pressure 3 to 4 hrs.

Serve pudding hot with blanched almonds stuck in top.

### **SAUCE for Plum Pudding**

Cream or half & half or canned milk or milk & plenty of butter or margarine. Flour to make thick enough for sauce. Brown sugar enough to make real sweet. Nutmeg to flavor.

*Note: This is a thick sauce. It needs to be stirred constantly while it is cooking.*

### **Notes:**

*Make the plum pudding at Thanksgiving and it is ready by Christmas.*

*Use a strong cotton cloth to boil the pudding. Tie it at the top with a strong string. This compacts the pudding and the string can be used to hang it.*

*After the pudding boils, hang it in a cool place until it dries. We let it hang for a month.*

*When you are ready to eat it, carve some pieces & steam the plum pudding. Serve hot with the sauce. This is like a very heavy fruit cake and it is best to have just a small piece at a time. It is very sweet and very yummy. The pudding lasts a very long time—well into the spring. When the pudding is all gone, throw away the cloth. It should not need to be refrigerated.*

*(Notes added by Betty Gibbs)*

## GRANDMA J'S YEAST ROLLS

Pallo  
Grandma J's

1 pt milk scalded & cooled.  
1 pk yeast dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
water to which you add 7 tbsp  
sugar

While milk is hot add  
butter or margarine size  
of an egg. Also 3 Tbsp  
Sugar &  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp salt  
add yeast to milk when lukewarm. Milk can be cooled  
quicker by adding some flour  
besides by setting it in cold  
water in the sink. Add  
enough flour to make a  
dough. If he settles the  
dough, the quicker it rises,  
when it has doubled in  
size take out on a bread  
board and knead in  
enough flour to make it

possible to make into rolls,  
in one pan or cookie sheet  
& let them rise until double  
in size. Bake in pre-  
heated oven at  $400^{\circ}$  to stay  
then when they start to brown  
on top turn oven to  $350^{\circ}$ . Bake  
for  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr unless they seem to  
be done sooner.  
An egg (beaten) can be  
added at some time as  
yeast. But I usually  
forget that. The egg.

FROM GRANDMA JOHNSON  
1971(?)

PLUM PUDDING

mix all dry ingredients  
 thoroughly this includes raisins  
 currants apples, in fact  
 everything but eggs + brandy  
~~the~~ beat eggs with a  
~~egg~~ Then add brandy or  
 a lemon substitute, you see. If  
 the mixture seems still quite  
 dry add fruit juice (juice of  
 my choice,) but apple juice is  
 sweet cider is good.

The baking being the most  
 important part. Shell grease  
 + flour your cloth is  
 loosely but not too loosely  
 laid on as on previous. Put  
 Sauce for Plum Pudding  
 cream or half a half or cream milk or milk  
 + plenty of butter or margarine, flour to make  
 thick enough for sauce. Brown dry, enough  
 to make deep saucer. Put me to heaten

Plum Pudding  
 1 lb (or pby) raisins  
 1 lb currants  
 1 pby citron  
 1 lb brown sugar  
 1 lb bread crumbs  
 scant 1 lb flour  
 3 or 4 apples peeled + cut small  
 2 or 3 doz almonds blanched +  
 chopped quite fine  
 1 oz mixed spices (cinnamon cloves  
 nutmeg allspice) less cloves than the  
 1/2 lb chopped suet (good measure)  
 7 eggs 1 good tsp salt  
 1 glass brandy or whiskey  
 if more moisture needed add  
 fruit juice. Must be well  
 moist but not "sloppy".

## IX

### ANNE'S ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS

**NOTES:** The information included here about Anne's genealogy is sketchy. Some of the information is not verified. The intent is to give a sense of who she was writing about in the poems.

Also note the two different spellings: DeCourcy and DeCoursey. According to the *History of the DeCourcy Family*, both spellings were used, seemingly interchangeably. Uncle Victor's research does not show sources, but I will be verifying the information he collected about both the Lawless and DeCourcy families.

The Johnson/Lawless/DeCourcy family history is a work in progress!

BLG

## ANNE'S ANCESTORS

1-**Anna Josephine Lawless** (1893-1975)

2-Eugene W. (William?) Lawless (1860-1927)

3-William John? Lawless (1830- )

3-Marie Louise VanLair? (1840- )

2-Elizabeth DeCourcy (1852-1911)

3-Mathew Hare deCourcy ( - 1865)

3-Maria Ann Humphrys ( - )

## ANNE'S FAMILY

1-**Eugene W. (William?) Lawless** b. 5 Nov 1860, Dublin Ireland, d. 9 Dec 1927, Decatur NE (Burt Co.), bur. 1927, Holy Family Cemetery Burt Co. NE

+**Elizabeth (Bessie) DeCourcy** b. 6 Oct 1852, Limerick Ireland, m. Feb 1884, Limerick Ireland (Shrove Tuesday), d. 1911, Decatur NE (Burt Co.), bur. Lawless Cemetery (corner of farm), parents Mathew Hare deCourcy and Maria Ann Humphrys

2-**Marie (Mary) Louise (Minnie) Lawless** b. 5 Feb 1885, Decatur NE, d. 1972, Everett WA

2-**Eugenia Lawless** b. 6 Jun 1888, Decatur NE, d. 17 Dec 1982, Sioux City IA

2-**John DeCoursey Lawless** b. 21 Feb 1891, Decatur NE, d. 18 Nov 1956, Macy NE

2-**Anna Josephine Lawless** b. 30 Sep 1893, Decatur NE (on the farm 4mi W.), d. 8 Aug 1975, Miller SD (Prairie Center Nursing Home), bur. Aug 1975, Miller SD St. Ann's Catholic Cemetery

OLIVER'S ANCESTORS

OLIVER'S FAMILY

## ANNE'S CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

1-**Anna Josephine Lawless** b. 30 Sep 1893, Decatur NE (on the farm 4mi W.), d. 8 Aug 1975, Miller SD (Prairie Center Nursing Home), bur. Aug 1975, Miller SD St. Ann's Catholic Cemetery; parents Eugene W Lawless, Elizabeth deCourcy.

+**Oliver Victor Johnson** b. 28 Mar 1891, Chalco NE (New House on "80" 1 mile west, 1.5 mile south of Chalco), m. 8 May 1915, Bancroft NE, d. 15 Oct 1963, bur. Miller SD St. Ann's Catholic, parents Johannes (John) Jensen (Johnson) and Margaret Curley

2-**Victor Joseph Johnson** b. 16 Apr 1916, Lyons NE (on the "80" 1 1/2W, 1N, 3/4 mi W), d. 16 Oct 2000, Boulder CO, bur. 20 Oct 2000, Sacred Heart of Mary, S Boulder Rd. Boulder CO

+**Lois Ann Redmond** b. 26 Jul 1929, Pontiac MI (197 Chippewa St.), m. 28 Nov 1970, Boulder CO (St. Aiden's Episcopal Church), d. 25 May 1993, Boulder CO (Avista Hospital), bur. Sacred Heart of Mary, S Boulder Rd. Boulder CO, parents Marvin A Redmond and Mary Josephine Beardslee

2-**Mary Evelyn Johnson** b. 20 Sep 1917, Lyons NE (on the "80" 1 1/2W, 1N, 3/4 mi W), d. Dec 1978, St. Lawrence SD

+**John Andrew Christiansen** b. 1 Sep 1918, Miller SD, m. 16 Sep 1941, Miller SD (St. Ann's Church), d. Mar 2012, parents Jens Christiansen and Annie Jacobs

3-**Thomas John Christiansen** b. 24 Jun 1942, S. of Miller SD

3-**James Leo Christiansen** b. 8 Apr 1944, Miller SD

3-**Joel Anthony Christiansen** b. 20 Mar 1948, Miller SD

3-**Marie Kathleen Christiansen** b. 16 Aug 1952, Miller SD (Weaver Place)

3-**Dale Gerard Christiansen** b. 8 Jan 1955, Miller SD

3-**Ruth Ann Christiansen** b. 9 Dec 1958, Miller SD

2-**Elizabeth (Bessie) Margaret Johnson** b. 14 Oct 1918, Lyons NE (on the "80" 1 1/2W, 1N, 3/4 mi W), d. 21 Jun 2013, Woodstock, Shenandoah, Virginia, bur. Family property, Linden, Va.

+**Harold Ray Gibbs** b. 4 Dec 1909, Madison VA, m. 4 Apr 1942, Washington DC, d. 11 Jan 1993, Cincinnati OH, bur. Family property, Linden VA.

3-**Elizabeth (Betty) Lenore Gibbs** b. 13 Sep 1943, Washington DC

3-**Joan Gwendolyn Gibbs** b. 7 Aug 1945, Washington DC

3-**Churchill Scott (Scotty) Harrison Gibbs** b. 18 Jan 1949, Front Royal VA

3-**Steven Henry Decourcy Gibbs** b. 10 Mar 1952, Front Royal VA, d. 15 Feb 2016, Linden VA, bur. Family property Linden VA.

3-**Julia Penelope Gibbs** b. 26 Jan 1954, Front Royal VA

3-**Victor Lewis Zachary Gibbs** b. 23 Nov 1955, Front Royal VA

3-**Christine Rae Gibbs** b. 3 Aug 1957, Front Royal VA

3-**Robin Estes Anthony Gibbs** b. 19 Sep 1960

3-**Alphonsus Justin Mathew Gibbs** b. 23 May 1964, Front Royal VA

3-**Benjamin Hunter Mark Gibbs** b. 23 May 1964, Front Royal VA, d. 23 Sep 2006, Vint Hill VA, bur. Family property Linden VA.

2-**Leopold John Johnson** b. 25 Jun 1920, Lyons NE (on the "80" 1 1/2W, 1N, 3/4 mi W), d. 23 Jan 2004, Escondido CA

+**Nora Jane Bolender** b. 12 Mar 1921, Lima OH, m. 18 May 1944, Altoona PA, d. 27 Oct 2004, Orange CA, parents William Farmer Bolender and Nellie Virginia Cook

3-**Jeanne Ann Johnson** b. 20 Feb 1945, Schenectady NY

3-**David Victor Johnson** b. 11 Feb 1947, Riverdale MD (Leland Memorial), d. 23 Apr 2008, Arizona

3-**Robert Leo Johnson** b. 3 Jun 1948, Riverdale MD (Leland Memorial)

3-**Herbert Francis Johnson** b. 3 Jun 1948, Riverdale MD (Leland Memorial)

3-**Samuel Dewey Johnson** b. 6 Feb 1954, Santa Barbara CA, d. 11 May 1984, Tustin CA, bur. Holy Sepulcher Cem.Santeago Orange Co. CA

3-**Barbara Eileen Johnson** b. 8 Oct 1955

3-**Terese Kathleen Johnson** b. 3 Apr 1958, Anaheim CA

2-**Dorothy Hope Johnson** b. 27 May 1922, Lyons NE., d 5 April 2017, Miller SD

+**Edward George Lichty** b. 8 Sep 1924, S. of Wessington SD, m. 15 Jun 1949, Miller SD St. Anne's, d. 28 Mar 1993, Miller SD (at landfill, heart attack), parents Frederick John Lichty and Lillie Theresa Zens

3-**Theresa Josephine Lichty** b. 20 Apr 1951, St. John's, Huron SD

3-**Anne Louise Lichty** b. 22 Jul 1953, St. John's, Huron SD

3-**Dorothy Pauline Lichty** b. 18 Nov 1956, St. John's, Huron SD

3-**Pamela Joy Lichty** b. 17 Feb 1959, St. John's, Huron SD

2-**Eileen Agnes Johnson** b. 29 Jul 1924, Gordon Farm, 5 miles south of Miller SD, d. 5 Feb 2008, Huntingtown, Calvert, Maryland, USA

+**Rocco John Renzi** b. 21 Sep 1921, Washington, D.C., m. 9 May 1948, Washington, D.C., d. 6 Nov 1977, Silver Spring MD, parents Pietro Renzi and Lucia Agristi

3-**Jeannette Marie Renzi** b. 9 Feb 1949, Washington DC

3-**Lucille Anne Renzi** b. 7 Nov 1950, Washington DC

3-**Peter Joseph Renzi** b. 16 Oct 1951, Washington DC

3-**John Rocco Renzi** b. 13 May 1953, Washington DC

3-**Patrick Bernard Renzi** b. 12 Oct 1954, Washington DC

3-**Eileen Elizabeth Renzi** b. 24 Jun 1956, Washington DC

3-**Ann Josephine Renzi** b. 4 May 1958, Washington DC

3-**Mary Catherine Renzi** b. 22 Feb 1961, Washington DC

3-**Margaret Rose Renzi** b. 10 Jul 1962, Washington DC

+**Robert Jeremiah Connor** b. 24 Jan 1907, Washington, D.C., d. 24 Nov 2001, Silver Spring MD, parents Jeremiah James Connor and Mary Ann Achstetter

2-**Kathleen Pearl Johnson** b. 8 May 1927, Miller SD (old Brown House), d. 11 Jul 2010, Aberdeen SD

2-**Jeannette Bridget Theresa Johnson** b. 2 Apr 1933, Miller SD, d. 8 Apr 1942, Miller SD, bur. St. Anne's Catholic Cemetery, Miller SD