



O'Dochartaigh Clann Association

Ár nDúthcas

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From the Editor's Desk.....

Ancestors run in my family. How about yours? Yes, every one of us has ancestors. It's just the way it works. You could call it a "law" of genealogy, if you'd like. I do.

Not all your ancestors will you be bragging about, either, and there's nothing we can do about it. It's history. Some have masked the truth (see article "Politically Correct Genealogy" on page 14), but that's distorting the truth. Let's call this our "Law #2", if that's OK with you?

However, you probably already knew about those two laws. I want to mention some others to include on our list which maybe you haven't seriously thought about (but have certainly encountered).

#3- *The amount of work you have to discover your ancestors is exponentially proportional to the number of generations you are removed from Adam:* Simply stated, I don't think Adam's sons or grandchildren had the same problems that we do with our genealogy. I know this law is hardly fair, but that doesn't change the fact. The more history a family has, the more there is to go unrecorded and be lost. Only so much could get passed down (verbally or written) from one generation to another. It's a marvel that any of it did. But, this is the information that we'd pay big money to find out.

#4- *Some ancestors are easier to find than others:* Some ancestors you knew and met in person. Someone was kind enough to introduce themselves to you, or had you introduced to them, in order to put a life with a name. Others were carefully recorded in the family Bible and talked about around the dinner table. Some ancestors were famous; the majority, however, weren't.

I should say that at this point you may have some of your own laws, and you may have those above in a different order. But I am now on my "Number 5 Law" and the one that I want to bring home.

#5- *All it takes is one generation, or even one ancestor, to lose a family history forever:* It doesn't even have to be deliberate. It can just be carelessness or lack of interest. The research could have already been diligently completed, merely to rot away in someone's attic.

The first house that I bought was on an "estate sale". When I began to clean and remodel the house I found a box of old photographs and postcards. I contacted the only family member I knew. It was the son, who had the house listed with the real estate office. He lived miles away. I told him about the photographs and he said that he didn't want them and asked me to throw the box away. I could not do it. I spent hour after hour looking at the pictures and reading the most wonderful postcards. Later, I had some business dealings with the man and whether he wanted it or not, he got the box, along with a few choice words of what I thought about him. Too bad there isn't something like a genealogy police.

But, seriously, what a terrible truth! It ought to be a warning to all of us. Doesn't the mere thought of it take the joy out of life? One careless person could do so much damage. What if you belong to a family where one of your ancestors can be blamed for not carrying forward the family history? Or are you the one who is at fault? Or will it be your children? Now there's some loving straight talk to ponder.

Here's some more.....

I can guarantee you that every one of your descendents would love to know about YOU and YOUR experiences in life, as well as your ancestors who came before you. Who wouldn't want to know? Wouldn't you love to find a diary written by one of your ancestors? Get the message? There would even be people of other families that would love to know this information and be jealous that they didn't have you as an ancestor!

Here's another law (I've lost count): *I can't guarantee that your descendents will go to all the work, as you are doing, to discover you in the family tree.*

Now that we've learned all of these laws, what can we do?

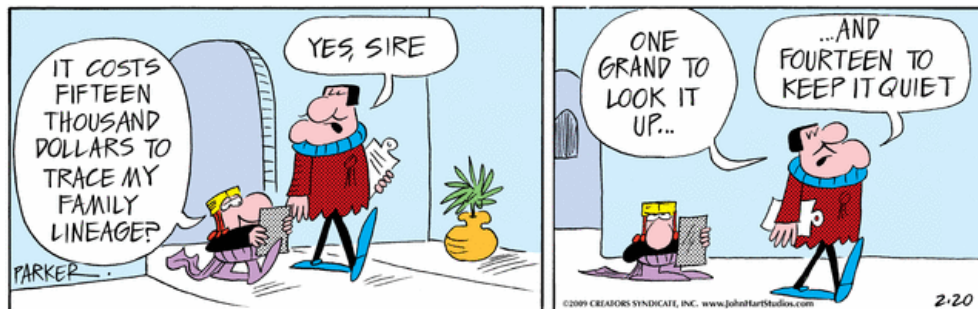
Please, make yourself easy to find. Write a life-story or keep a diary or journal. Interview your living relatives (see page 5). Meet all of the descendents of your siblings and cousins. (Who knows which one of them will write the family story?) Contact Pat Dougherty to record your information and to collaborate with other O'Dochartaighs who are trying to reconstruct the family history of all our branches. Help those family members who are trying to find your ancestors. Train the next generation to care as much as you do.

But, whatever you do, don't block others from knowing, and enjoying, your family history. Be a part of something eternal. As you provide for your family's future, give it a past, too. Don't be like the fellow in the next article..... from Cameron Dougherty, Co-editor for NL#54

ONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS (THEN GOD HELP YOU)

It is New Year's Eve 1852 and your ancestor sits at his desk by candlelight. He dips his quill pen in ink and begins to write his New Year's resolutions. This is what he writes:

1. No man is truly well-educated unless he learns to spell his name at least three different ways within the same document. I resolve to give the appearance of being extremely well educated in the coming year.
2. I resolve to see to it that all of my children will have the same names that my ancestors have used for six generations in a row.
3. My age is no one's business but my own. I hereby resolve to never list the same age or birth year twice on any document.
4. I resolve to have each of my children baptized in a different church- either in a different faith or in a different parish. Every third child will not be baptized at all or will be baptized by an itinerant minister who keeps no records.
5. I resolve to move to a new town at least once every 10 years- just before those pesky enumerators come around asking silly questions.
6. I will make every attempt to reside in counties and towns where no vital records are maintained or where the courthouse burns down every few years.
7. I resolve to join an obscure religious cult that does not believe in record keeping or in participating in military service.
8. When the tax collector comes to my door, I'll loan him my pen, which has been dipped in rapidly fading blue ink.
9. I resolve that if my beloved wife Mary should die, I will marry another Mary.
10. I resolve not to make a will. Who needs to spend money on a lawyer?



BILL'S READINGS & RESOURCES

By Bill Daughtrey

For those readers who are particularly interested in learning more about Irish history, culture, and literature, I recommend adding some of the following reference books to your personal library. Some of these books may be rather expensive to purchase so you may want to checkout your local college and public libraries.

- Demeter, Richard. "Irish America: The Historical Travel Guide". Rev. Ed., 2 Vols. Pasadena: Cranford Press, 1997.
- Duffy, Sean, et.al. "Atlas of Irish History". New York: Macmillan, 1997.
- Glazier, Michael. "The Encyclopedia of the Irish in America". Notre Dame, In: Notre Dame UP, 1997.
- Hogan, Robert. "Dictionary of Irish Literature" Rev. Ed., 2 Vols. Westport, Ct.: Greenwood Press, 1996.
- MacKillop, James. "Dictionary of Celtic Mythology". Oxford: Oxford UP, 1998.
- McCormack, W.J. "The Blackwell Companion to Modern Irish Culture." Oxford: Blackwell, 1999.
- Metress, Seamus P."The Irish in North America: A Regional Bibliography". Toronto: P.D. Meany Publishers, 1999.
- Ruckenstein, Lelia and O'Malley, James. "Everything Irish: The History, Literature, Art, Music, People, and Places of Ireland from A-Z". New York: Ballantine Books, 2003.
- Welch, Robert. "The Oxford Companion to Irish Literature". Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996.

I met the Irish Author Billy Kennedy at a local college genealogy workshop two years ago. He has been a leading journalist in Northern Ireland for 35 years. For the past fifteen years he has been researching and writing books about the Scots-Irish settlers in America during the 17th and 18th centuries. Many of you family researchers have probably hit "brick walls" searching for Irish ancestors who lived between 1600 and 1800 in Ireland or America.

Although Kennedy's focus is on the Scots-Irish Presbyterians, we must recognize that, among the thousands of Ulster immigrants arriving in Pennsylvania and migrating down the Great Wagon Road were also many native Irish from the Donegal and Derry area. They often arrived in the same ships, traveled along the same migratory paths, and lived and worked in the same Irish-speaking communities as the Ulster Scots-Irish. I found that reading Kennedy's books gave me fresh insight into how to search for my own

ancestors, along with an expanded view of colonial American history, society and politics of the time.

Kennedy has written eight books in his series of Scots-Irish Chronicles. One of his more recent books is "Our Most Priceless Heritage: The Lasting Legacy of the Scots-Irish in America", published in 2005 by Ambassador International in Greenville, SC. Kennedy books are all available online for about \$16.00 through www.emeraldhouse.com.

While surfing the Internet recently, I plugged in the Daughtrey surname and came up with several family history websites:

1. "[John Roger Daughtrey](http://www.rogerdaugherty.com)": Go to www.rogerdaugherty.com for this website which contains personal history of Roger, raised in Coulee Dam, Washington, and his genealogy which is traced back to Donegal, Ireland and Lee County, Virginia in the mid-1780s. Roger shares family history stories and photos with the viewer.
2. "[The Daughtrey Generations](http://www.members.tripod.com/~rruth/index-3.daughertytreehtml)". Google this title or go to www.members.tripod.com/~rruth/index-3.daughertytreehtml to enter Ruth Daughtrey's family website. She descends from Owen Daughtrey, Sr. of County Donegal, born about 1653. Be sure to visit Ruth's guestbook link, which has a number of posts with genealogy inquiries and family information.
3. "[Patrick Daughtrey and Descendants](http://www.swcp.com/~dhickman/journals/v414/daugherty.html)". Google the website title or go to <http://www.swcp.com/~dhickman/journals/v414/daugherty.html> to see this genealogy based on a family Bible and supplemented by West Virginia court and cemetery records, along with current family records, submitted by Edith C. Lanning to the Allegheny Regional Family History Society. It begins with Patrick Daughtrey, born 1748 in Virginia, and lists descendants who mostly lived in West Virginia.
4. "[Descendants of John W. Daughtrey](http://www.citznet.com/~hackd/jwd.htm)" - Go to Windows Live Search with the title or put in www.citznet.com/~hackd/jwd.htm to visit this extensive genealogy website by Mrs. Arthur Daughtrey. She traces her family to John W. Daughtrey of Ireland, who died about 1821 in Rockingham County, Virginia. The site includes many interesting family history notes.

I sincerely hope that my column is helpful to those readers who are interested in Doherty genealogy and family history. It is my goal to offer information that members may use to further their personal research, as well as providing some resources for those who are primarily interested in learning more about Irish history and culture in general. Please feel free to submit comments and/or suggestions about what you would like to see in future articles to Bill Daughtrey at wdaygh2@msn.com.

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEWS WITH FAMILY MEMBERS

By Sharon F. Gayle

I have been lecturing recently on the topic of "Oral History for the Genealogist." When I get the opportunity, I like to ask my audience to give me *their* definition for "oral history." I have received a variety of definitions. The one most common is the one I want to discuss here.

This definition is stated as: "Oral history is what you get from family when you ask them to tell you about your ancestors. It helps you find records." What is interesting about this definition is the embedded assumption that family "oral history" is part of your early research, but has little additional value as your research matures into looking at written records.

I hope to correct a misconception about the "starting with family" advice given to most beginner genealogists. It's not that I disagree with that advice. I support approaching family early in your research. However, the manner in which this advice is communicated suggests that once you have visited mom, Grandpa Jones or Aunt Mayzie—once you've gotten elders tell you the names and vitals of all the ancestors that they can recall—you can contentedly consign your living relatives back to holiday visits and the periodic phone call to catch up on current events. The fact that they might know more about the family genealogy than they initially provided just does not get the attention that I am convinced is warranted.

The historian within me knows how false that underlying assumption is. Contemporary research in psychology argues against it. We can never tell all that we know in one session, even if "telling all" is our intent.

Moreover, many of these stories told and retold by our relatives will sometimes take on the air of old TV reruns. So familiar, we feel that we can lip-sync the narrative as Uncle Joe describes the magic of that high school

touchdown in 1957. Why would we deliberately subject ourselves to hearing him tell it again so that we can audio or video record it?

History told in the first person

Why? Because, oral history is more than the traditions passed down through generations. Within social research it is "history told in the first person," eyewitness accounts of history.

Someday the traumas of events, such as 9/11, Katrina, the assassination of the Kennedy men and Martin Luther King will be gone from human memory. The same will be true for those more wonderful events, such as the landing on the moon, and the wedding of Charles and Diana. Someday, the people, who rose to prominence as a result of those events, will be footnotes on an historical page.

"What was the impact of these events on the lives of your relatives?" "What was the impact on your own life?" "What were some of the events within your family that changed how you perceived your life?" Those are the stories to collect for the generations to come.

I try to keep a private journal of my life, the mundane as well as the important. Recording my reactions, my thoughts about those events have produced a remarkable source for my family oral history. How did others in my family perceive those events? Collecting and recording the different perspectives help me personally, but from an historian's perspective, they will provide future family historians, something new to study, an historical record.

Being a genealogist, I can appreciate how much better my research would be *if only* I could resurrect ancestors for an hour or twenty hours of conversation. You may feel the same as I do. Ask questions about when, how, and who—and *why*? With technology, you can give that gift to future generations, by recording the stories of the lives around you.

Kathi's Korner

Over the course of the 2008 reunion and in a letter received from one of our readers, I have been asked a very important question that I will dedicate this article to---it is: **What is a maiden name and how do you find out what a woman's maiden name was?**

A **maiden name** is a woman's surname or family name before marriage.

It is sometimes referred to as the **birth name**.

A maiden name is often indicated using the word "nee" meaning "born" along with the married name. For example, I would be Kathleen Gannon nee Kirkpatrick. While there is no law requiring that a woman adopt her husband's name, it is a tradition steeped in history. It is always good to become familiar with individual cultures and time periods to understand unique naming patterns.

In doing genealogy charting women are shown with their maiden names on charts to establish an identify separate from their husbands. However, discovering a woman's maiden name is one of the great challenges in family history research. Once a woman assumes her husband's surname, it becomes her "legal" name, making dead-end roads for the genealogy researcher. Identifying a woman's maiden name can be the key to finding important records. The maiden name is also key to identifying a woman's family and extending the maternal family line. Even though it may be difficult, upon discovering the maiden name of a female ancestor you may end up leading you to a new branch of your family tree. New surnames. New families. New connections.

Let's delve into the various records which will provide maiden names or clues to maiden names. For example, we all know that the marriage and birth records identifies a woman by her maiden name, with some exceptions. However, sometimes a record may only provide clues. Such as a census in which a woman's maiden name can be deduced by family members residing in the household or in close proximity. In some cases a child's first or middle name may reflect the mother's maiden name. It takes a little sleuthing to deduce.

Sources that mention a female's maiden name:

1. *Marriage Records*
2. *Cemetery records*
3. *Census Records*
4. *Land Records*
5. *Church records*
6. *Probate Records & Wills*
7. *Newspapers/Obituaries*
8. *Death records*
9. *Military records*
10. *Naming Patterns*

What I do when looking for a female's maiden name:

Census Records: Search all the census records for her family up until the year that she died. Young couples may be found living with the wife's parents; an elderly parent may have been added to the household; or brothers, sisters, or other family members may be found living with your ancestors' family. Clues may also be found in the names of families living nearby.

Death Records: If your female ancestor died recently enough to leave a death certificate, this is potentially one of the few places where her maiden name may appear.

Since death certificates can often include inaccurate information, check the certificate for the name of the informant. The closeness of the relationship between informant and the deceased can help you assess the likely accuracy of the provided information. I had a case where I got my great-grandmother's death certificate, her name Margaret Mulherin Dougherty. Her son had correctly listed her father's name as Charles and mother's name as Frances McGinley. Someone in different handwriting added McGinley to Charles' name. His name was Mulherin. So I notified State Archives to add a note on the record to correct it for people looking at the record in the future.

Cemetery records: These are usually held by the church or curator of the cemetery. If you don't know where she is buried, look for her husband or other family members. Check the graves nearby for hers.

Newspaper Records: You may find it by checking the newspapers of the locality where your ancestors lived for birth or marriage announcements or obituaries. Even if you can't locate an obituary for your female ancestor, you may find notices for siblings or other family members that provide helpful clues. Combining a list of your ancestor's siblings with census research can help determine potential families. Ask relatives in the family, they may know and just assumed that you know what it is. Not just older relatives either, some of your cousins may know or remember their parents talking about the name you are searching for.

Good luck in your search---Remember do collateral families---and check your sources.

(Kathi's contact information in on page 11)

Padriag

(Selected articles from the book "An Irish History of Civilization– Vo. 1", by Don Akenson, McGill-

ROMAN BRITAIN, WEST COAST, 416: Birth

A Christian priest, Potitus by name, stands outside a wattle habitation and tries to say divine office in aid of the endangered. His concentration is broken by the wrenching sounds from inside the house. A woman is in child-birth. It is her first child and Potitus is too experienced in the way of the world to ignore the risks. He has buried dozens of woman who died in childbirth. It was always most dangerous for the young ones.

O Heavenly Father, watch we pray thee over these, thy children. His prayers were in Latin, the tongue of church and civic business, but he and his family were more comfortable in domestic speech using the local form of Celtic.

God of all grace and power; Behold, visit and relieve this thy servant. Here he was joined by his own son, Calpurnius. They both prayed fervently, louder now as the screams from inside increased. Calpurnius was a minor functionary of the central Roman administration. Even now, in the backwaters of Britain, that made him a person of stature.

O Savior of the world, who by thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, Potitus intoned. Save us and help us, Calpurnius responded. From inside, seemingly as part of the liturgy a baby's first startled cry was heard. *And let our cry come unto thee!* the two men, father and son, exclaimed in unison.

The wee child was brought to the door by the midwife who held it up like a hunter holds a trophy. It was a boy, and was immediately returned to its now-exhausted mother.

Potitus was the lad's grandfather, and no scandal that: this was the era before celibacy. The boy, destined to be an only child and to be spoiled rotten, was given three names as befitted one of the ruling class: Patricius Magonus Sacutus. Later, in official correspondence he was referred to simply as Patricius and, in the British from Celtic, as Padraig.

GLOUCESTER, 429: Tidying Up

As the secular version of the Roman empire receded, its religious counterpart expanded. A virtuous example of the transformation is the career of Germanus (eventually St. Germanus), bishop of Auxerre in Gaul. He had trained as a Roman lawyer and had become the effective ruler of a small satrapy before he saw the heavenly light: in his case that the invisible world had a lot better future than did the visible. Hence, his translation to the bishopric of Auxerre. To his new profession, he brought the same dislike of messiness and insubordination that had made a good civil functionary.

In 429 he is in Britain, on a special, if brief mission: to keep the Christian church in order, even as the Roman empire splays into disorder.

SOUTH LEINSTER, 431: God's Rabbit

Rarely has anyone been so flummoxed by Ireland, so right through-othered. No, not Pope Celestine, who had heard that several gaggle of Christians of heretical Pelagian were prospering in Ireland. He's an old hand at handling heresy. The confused pilgrim is one Palladius whom the Pope sends as the first bishop to the Irish Christians. His instructions are clear: forget converting the Pagan Irish to the True Faith. Just get into the paddock those who already follow Jesus. Sterilize heresy and let the next generation take care of converting the Hibernians.

So Palladius spends three decades successfully in that way, but in no other. Palladius limits his mission to Leinster and all he does is upbraid Christians, making sure that they know they suffer from Original Sin. He finds the locals rebarbarative, so it is just as well that he makes no effort to convert them.

In later years, three continental helpers come to aid Bishop Palladius. All the holy men live together for they agree with their leader that this country is just too primitive for them. When he dies in 461, Palladius is taken to the Continent, where he is given a refined burial service of which he would have approved.

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WESTERN BRITAIN, SUMMER 432: The Small Boats

The small boats come again: half empty, so as to leave plenty of room for booty. Patricius, slothful lad, lazing at his family's summer villa, is easy prey, a fat stoat to the Irish hawks. More than 100 leather-covered boats descend in this raid, and everyone returns to the homeland with something worth boasting. Slaves are a worthwhile prize.

Patricius has seen the outline of Ireland many times before. When conditions are right, so that the sea mist serves as a huge sea-borne lens, the hills and beach lines of Ireland are visible from Britain. Patrick has never had any ambition to visit there, but now he is being rowed, his hands bound together with tight cords, into a north-flowing tide. His captors, an under-tribe of the Ui Neill of the north, know the Celtic Sea well and they navigate on an unmarked path that eventually leads them home.

One of his captors taps Patricius and points. "Rinn Semhne" is all he says. It is the first part of Ireland that Patricius views close-up. The form of Celtic his captors speak is strange, but it has enough similarity to his own that Patricius knows that a point or peninsula is being referred to and also that it must belong to someone named Semhne. As they continue along the length of the peninsula, it becomes clear why the pirates headed for this landmark: around a corner, protected like a child crooked in its mother's arms, is a quiet harbour. The skin boats are unloaded and safely beached. Asked his name, Patricius becomes Padraig.

In his own view (and that certainly has to count a fair bit), this capture and enslavement was the most important moment in the life of St. Padraig. He memorialized it in writing (which he hated to do, so self-conscious was he of his modest education); and in his preaching he commemorated this year - 432 - as the one when his mission started: now, when captured and forced to begin his soul-journey.

The year 432 was a magic year. That was obvious to Padraig, for mathematics was his one field of intellectual distinction. He played with the number 432 all the rest of his life and tried to decipher its magic. Magic? Just look at number: 4-3-2. It leads only to a single truth, the One.

THE SUMMER VILLA, 440: Not an Escaped Slave

"I did not run away. I ran from nothing. I ran towards God." As Padraig tells this, a soft breeze, sweet with the curing of meadow-cut hay, is seducing his family. They listen to him, intently at first, but they wander. His mother falls asleep, her will sapped by the pagan god who is the setting summer sun.

"Like the Apostle Paul, I sought our Lord in the wrong places; and then, praise His Name, He found me." Padraig recites the event of his six years as a chattel slave of the Magus-King Miliuc, a conjuror, a singer of songs, a petty tyrant, a devil in the form of human kind. The story is dramatic, but the way Padraig tells it, there is little narrative. Even Padraig's friends from youth cannot keep their eyes open. Padraig's tales of his daily search of the horizon for just a glimpse of his old home land, his reciting of 100 prayers to Christ our Lord each day, and almost as many at night, they are so very repetitive.

"And then, one day, on Mount Scirte, the angel of the Lord came to me. *Go*, he said, *and look not back over your shoulder*" Padraig interrupt his story because no one is listening. Bees hum in the nearby harbour and one of the last larks to have been born while Britain was still an armature of the Roman Empire, sings its reedy song on its way to the empyrean heaven. A coverlet of narcosis is slipping over Padraig's old world.

When Padraig dreams, it is not the gentle Morphean walks into lotus fields that his family and friends ease into as Roman Britain evaporates. His dreams are work: reviews of past encounters, agendas for future action.

The journey from bondage in the kingdom of Miliuc was an Exodus worthy of a hero, but Padraig feels no pride. To many it would be a miracle for an ill-clothed shepherd to find his way from the far north of Ireland all the way to the south, and there to take sail to the Continent: the more so because he spoke the local language only haltingly (and later life, used translator to broadcast any really important pronouncement he had to make.) Yet, for Padraig it was a simple case of putting one foot ahead of the other, as the angel of the Lord had told him. Walk, son, like a true Apostle.

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And now, as the early evening dew falls and Padraig and his parents emerge gradually from the narcotic charm of late summer, he tells them of one last dream. "An Irishman by name of Victorious came to me. Letters, he carried several. I read them aloud and they had the voice of the sea and the roar of the forest behind them, and they said to me, *Young boy. Holy boy. Walk among us once more.*"

THE SEMINARY OF BISHOP GERMANUS, AUXERRE GAUL, 441: Hard Lines

A sharp crack; a hardwood ruler breaks the silence of the academy. It raps the knuckles of a student so lost in concentration that he gives no indication of having felt its cut.

"Show me, Patricius, what you have done." The master of novices has been peering over the Briton's shoulder for several minutes and he is mystified by Padraig's attack on a very simple exercise: to copy out a Latin translation of a small portion of one of Paul's epistles. The master holds up the work sheet, turns it upside down, then sideways. He is still unsure of what he is reading. It should say;

When I became a man...

"Well, continue," the master directs and goes away to ponder. Bastard-Latin is all our young Briton is capable of, he reflects, but then feels guilty: if God has laid his hand on the shoulder of the lad, who am I to shove it aside?

Having been set a difficult task by Providence, the master endeavors worthily to meet the challenge. He devises special exercises for the lad, and is gratified when Padraig is able to quickly copy out a text. No one ever accused the novice master of being mawkish, but he privately shed a tear of joy when Padraig the Briton finally was able to reproduce accurately St. Paul's great apophthegm:

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

THE SEMINARY, AUXERRE, 445: Grace Notes

Bishop Germanus had a pet castrato. The pet was in perpetual sub deacon's orders, so technically he was part of the academy. In fact, he was bishop's canary. On the Sabbath, in days of clement weather, the great Germanus would share his prize possession with the seminarians.

They were told to repair to their cells and each was to meditate upon the life of a saint. Then, from the bishop's enclosed garden, they could hear the angelic contra-tenor notes of the canary. For a brief time the virtues of each saint would blend with the celestial praises of the Almighty and each seminarian would recognize the basic truth, that God is always more than the sum of his details.

Invariably, Padraig meditates upon the life of the Apostle Paul. He completely identifies himself with Paul and yet there is no arrogance in this; no more than a casting of a statue could mistake itself for the original. Whenever he hears the bishop's canary, Padraig replays two sublime visions, ones that had taken hold of him while still in his parents' home after his return from slavery. Of these he had not told his parents. In the first, he hears words of divine wisdom, and these come to him in the same confounding circumstances as Paul's trip to the third heaven- "whether in the body or out of it, I know not." And in the second, a wraith, praying within Padraig, turns out to be nothing less than the Holy Spirit. Padraig, affrighted, hears Paul's words of comfort, "the Spirit helps our infirmities...and makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered."

Auditory hallucinations, perhaps. Yet they are real enough to determine a life. And, when combined with the unmanned and, therefore otherworldly voice of the bishop's canary, they yield a wave of spiritual harmonics that bears Padraig aloft. From that height, he is able to see land that, like Joshua, he has been chosen to conquer.

THE SEMINARY, AUXERRE, 446: Pack Drill

"You will be a bishop some day. I promise you." Padraig should have been delighted, yet a smarmy quality in the messenger besmirched the message. His companion was what the authorities of the seminary called a "soul-friend."

"Bishop? I am still a sub-deacon and the least accomplished in our form. And, in case you haven't noticed, I'm also the least practiced speaker in the entire abbey, save for the mutes, and even they communicate with greater ease than I do."

"Remember your shining saint, the mission-

(Continued on page 10)

ary to the Gentiles: Paul complained of being tongue-tied and yet he preached the Gospel almost to the ends of the earth!”

“True...but I am a long-way from being a bishop.”

“And that is what I have to tell you. The news comes from the Most Reverend Germanus himself. You are to take deacon’s orders in a fortnight, be priested in six months time, and begin a mission in Ireland within a twelve-month! Of course, you will not a prelate, but I know that honor has to come eventually.”

AUXERRE, 447: Not a Contemplative Order

“*Alleluia!*” Thus the battle cry of the old spiritual warrior Bishop Germanus. He frequently thought in military terms. He had big plans in mind and Padraig was to be in charge of a flanking movement. Now that the young Briton had been priested, he could be trained as part of Germanus’s invasion of the British Isles. The stink of Pelagianism may have been reduced, Germanus recognized, but now the Christians in Britain needed protection. And it was high time to turn Ireland in to something useful for the church. It was all very well for that sybarite Palladius to control the few Hibernian Christians, but a bit of missionary zeal might turn the Irish into useful soldiers for Christ. That’s where the sturdy Padraig came in. No need for a great mind: mere competence backed by courage would suffice.

First, however, Padraig has to learn to read and write a language in which there is nothing to read, save a few incised sticks. Another problem, Germanus realized, was that Padraig was thick as a wall when it came to reading and writing in any language- at aurally memorizing scripture texts he was brilliant, but reading, oh dear, what a mess the man made of any sentence that he had not heard or seen previously: reversing letters and sometimes whole words. Ah, God must be trusted.

Thus, Padraig slaved day after day to sound-out the words in the Pauline epistle and to try to marry them with the sounds that he could only faintly recall from the years of his own slavery.

SOUTH BRITAIN, 447-450: Historical Law

History has only one law, and it is very easy to memorize. It is this: the more that happened, the less historians will know about it. That was laid down before the universe was built and questioning it is like questioning the law of gravity: it’s just the way things are.

So let Bishop Germanus shout “Alleluia.” He is an old man now and has more rage than breath in him. He is in Britain- by which he means the confines of what was once the Roman colony- and he has an army that he intends to use to protect the Christians. Against whom? Against everybody. Certainly against the raiding Irish and in the infiltrating Picts. But they cannot stay forever and when Germanus leaves, the periphery crushes its way inward, finally throttling Roman Britain. Now, for the first time in five centuries, south Britain is out of touch with the Continent and, as one Sage of Blessed Memory writes, “with the departure of Germanus, Britain definitely passes outside of the range of recorded history.”

And Padraig the Briton, the flank-rider of Germanus’ last crusade, marches into Ireland. He comes, as his bishop had advised him, with considerable pomp, a chieftain of Christ, someone to be respected. Four hundred years after the event, a vernacular life of Padraig claimed that he came to Ireland with a retinue of twenty-four men in holy orders. Maybe: that’s another magic number—twenty-four is twice the number of the tribes of the Chosen People and twice the number of the original Disciples of Jesus.

He and his phalanx land in the south and slowly work northwards, searching for something Padraig cannot as yet define. Some of the local kings are unimpressed with him and he has to ransom his way out of captivity. Still, he keeps marching, looking for a sign. Walking is not a very efficient way to move across a roadless veld, so Padraig purchases several of the little leather boats that had so terrorized his homeland and had robbed him of much of his own youth. A pirate for God, he sails north.

To be continued in the next newsletter... (from “An Irish History of Civilization- Vol. 1” by Don Akenson)

In loving memory of one of our greatest supporters, members and friend; we missed her the second she was gone and have not stopped missing her.

Cecilia Jewel Dougherty Stewart

Cecilia was born and raised in Detroit Michigan. In 1940 she moved with her family to Oklahoma. During the Second World War she was employed at Marine Corps Headquarters in Washington DC and remained a true patriot all her life.

In 1946 she moved to Watertown New York with her husband, Walter John Stewart, later moving to Golden Colorado and then to California in 1958. They lived in Anaheim California until Walt's retirement in 1979 when they "full-timed" in their fifth-wheel trailer until his death in 1985. After losing Walt, Cecilia moved to Pismo Beach and lived there until 1995 when she moved to Santa Maria California.

Cecilia was a founding and faithful member of the Annunciation Byzantine Catholic Church in Anaheim California and then St. Anne Byzantine Catholic Church secretary, bookkeeper, CCD teacher and gift shop director. On January 12, 1988 she made her profession and joined the Secular Franciscan Order, St. Paul Fraternity, St. Paul the Apostle Church, Pismo Beach California where she was also a member of the Altar & Rosary Society. She was also a longtime member of the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association, as well as, formerly a member of Five Cities Christian Women's Association and the San Luis Obispo Genealogy Society.

Cecilia left a legacy of love in her family: children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



Brothers: We would have you be clear about those who sleep in death; otherwise you might yield to grief, like those who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose, God will bring forth with Him from the dead those also who have fallen asleep believing in Him.....Thenceforth, we shall be with the Lord unceasingly. 1 Thessalonians 4:13-17

Contact Information

For further information regarding the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association and/or to join the Association:

Cameron Dougherty
4078 Bruce Court SW
Grandville, MI 49418-2428
odochartaigh@comcast.net

For information regarding a book of Clann interest:

William Daughtrey
214 Ponderosa Lane #2049
Waleska, GA 30183-4324
wdaugh2@msn.com

To submit a genealogical question:

Kathi Gannon
701 S Dickenson Avenue
Sterling, VA 20164-3323
Gannonks@verizon.net

If contacting us by email, please put "Newsletter" in the subject line to insure your message receives prompt attention.

To request genealogical research (fee-based) or to submit genealogical information for the Clann's Master Database:

Patrick Dougherty
4277 Wilson Ave, SW
Grandville, MI 49418
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Be sure to visit our association web-sites:

www.odochartaigh.org
www.odochartaighclann.org

FAMILY TREE DNA's Press Release:

By [Blaine Bettinger](#)

HOUSTON, February 9, 2009 (For Immediate Release) - Family Tree DNA (<http://www.familytreedna.com>), the world leader in genetic genealogy, announced today that it received its 500,000th DNA test order for genealogy and anthropology purposes.

This number of historic significance includes Family Tree DNA's own customers as well as the public participation samples in National Geographic and IBM's Genographic Project, which are also processed by Family Tree DNA.

Founded in April 2000, Family Tree DNA was the first company to develop the commercial application of DNA testing for genealogical purposes that had previously been available only for academic and scientific research. Almost a decade later, the Houston-based company continues to establish standards and create new milestones in the increasingly popular and rapidly growing field of genetic genealogy, whereas other companies have come to the market space looking for the business opportunity, but offering tests of lesser value.

Presenting the most popular and wide-ranging DNA-testing service in the field of genetic genealogy, Family Tree DNA prides itself on its commitment to the practice of solid, ethical science. Family Tree DNA is the only company that provides all customers with a guaranteed assignment of ancestral origins and places their records in our secured database - the largest in the world for matching purposes, which in turn means increased chances of finding long lost relatives.

Since its inception, Family Tree DNA has been associated with the Genomics Analysis and Technology Core at the University of Arizona as well as some of the world's leading authorities in the fields of Genetics and Anthropology. In 2006 Family Tree DNA established the state-of-the-art Genomics Research Center at its headquarters in Houston, Texas, where it currently performs R&D and processes over 200 types of advanced DNA tests for its customers.

"It's thrilling to find yourself so tangibly connected to two millenniums of history. And even this secular, ecumenical Jew experienced a primitive tribal stirring in learning of a deep genealogy that coincides with the handing down of traditions I grew up with. But my blue eyes remind me not to get carried away with delusions about a Semitic es-

sence. Mitochondrial DNA, and the Y chromosome, do not literally tell you about "your ancestry" but only half of your ancestry a generation ago, a quarter two generations ago and so on, shrinking exponentially the further back you go. In fact, since the further back you go the more ancestors you theoretically have (eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents and so on), at some point there aren't enough ancestors to go around, everyone's ancestors overlap with everyone else's, and the very concept of personal ancestry becomes meaningless. I found it just as thrilling to zoom outward in the diagrams of my genetic lineage and see my place in a family tree that embraces all of humanity." Stephen Pinker, psychologist, published in the New York Times "My Genome, My Self", (http://www.nytimes.com/2009/01/11/magazine/11Genome-t.html?_r=1)

The O'Dochartaigh Clann Association had selected Family Tree DNA to host our DNA project. All the participants have found it very convenient (and have been professionally treated) to use Family Tree DNA services to conduct analysis of their personal DNA. Obtaining a DNA kit can be done at www.familytreedna.com/public/doherty/ on the Internet.

The Doherty surname Project analyzes members of our family who purchase a DNA kit. Since surnames are passed down from father to son like the Y-chromosome, our project administrators are asking O'Dochartaigh males to take a Y-DNA test. Females do not carry their father's Y-DNA. The tested individual **must** be an O'Dochartaigh male and must order a Y-DNA kit. The more detail the analysis (DNA67 being the most detail) the more information you will have to match up with other O'Dochartaighs. Since we are already presuming a close match between our members, the less detail kits will not help much at all. Therefore, we recommend that you obtain the Y-DNA37 or Y-DNA67 marker test.

Females who would like to check their direct paternal line can have a male relative of "O'Dochartaigh" surname order a Y-DNA test. Females can also order an mtDNA test for themselves such as the mtDNA or the mtDNAPlus test and participate in an mtDNA project.

O'Dochartaigh DNA project leaders are Jim Dougherty (jdough1928@aol.com), Michael Doherty (mldoherty@morganlewis.com) and Kathi Gannon (gannonks@verizon.net).

“Goodbye to the Johnny Run” - by Veronica Dougherty

Daniel Dougherty

Grandparents are special people and I always felt as if I had missed something grand as I had never known my grandparents.

My mother's parents had died when she was quite young and my father's parents, although living a long life, also had died before I arrived on the scene. However, I had heard my mother speak of Grandfather, Daniel Dougherty. I had also seen his picture. He was tall and lean with dark hair and beard, deep set blue eyes and a square jaw. The saying was he could lift a sack of flour with his teeth. I thought he looked like Abraham Lincoln.

My twin sister, Monica, and I decided to drive to Illinois to see Kinsman, the town near where my parents and grandparents farmed and the other adjoining towns of Seneca, Dwight, Aurora and Morris. It was an easy and relaxing trip driving along the Mississippi River. I did not realize the river was so wide and scenic around Dubuque nor that Dubuque had retained all of its quaint old buildings of steamboat days. I could picture Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn drifting along these quaint shorelines on their raft.

We arranged for a motel at Dwight, a town of some 4000 people since Kinsman had no motels. The sign near the depot read “Round trip to Chicago, \$19.50.” The motel manager suggested we go to the “Country Mansion” for lunch. My cousin, James Lester Rann, our only relative still in the area (his father was my mother's only brother) accompanied us to the Country Mansion for lunch. Originally this beautiful big building with spacious grounds had been the Keeley Cure where wealthy business men came down from Chicago to spend time and be cured of their addiction to alcohol. It had large open porches all around and many dining rooms on the main floors. The grounds were landscaped and a gardener was pruning the flowers. My mother's sister, Kate Rann, worked in this establishment as a nurse in the early 1900's.

The town of Kinsman, population of 152, was one street with the church and rectory at one end and the saloon (as they were then referred

to) at the other end. In between were the general store and the hardware store, which at one time must have been the blacksmith.

There were no mechanized vehicles in those early days and my grandparents used a horse and wagon to do their work. All around were corn and soy bean fields as far as the eye could see. The terrain was very flat and water lay in the fields. I could imagine how my parents and grandparents had to plow through mud to accomplish their tasks.

A creek, the “Johnny Run”, flowed through the land and provided clear water for the stock of the farms in that area. Jim Rann drove us to the white home he occupied in the country where my mother's parents had lived and where my mother was born and lived until she married my father. It was a two-story white house with an enclosed front and back porch and a bay window overlooking the front yard, shaded by evergreens. In the spacious back yard I could picture my mother hanging clothes on the line and inside I could imagine her sewing, cleaning and kneading bread.

We then proceeded to the cemetery in Seneca, the adjoining town with a population of 2000. The county courthouse had no records prior to the end of 1903 so any births or deaths prior to 1903 were not recorded. Also, the church records had burned. The cemetery in Seneca was no longer used and not kept up. It was on a hill and grass grew over the markers. We were unable to find the graves of my mother's parents, although, since the county did not have records, we did not know in which of the small towns they may have been buried.

The Grundy County Clerk of Courts informed me Mary Dougherty (my grandmother) had died in 1908 and was buried in the cemetery at Morris, Illinois. I knew then, that my grandfather, Daniel Dougherty would have been buried at the same place.

We drove about 20 miles further north to Morris, Illinois. This was a pretty and progressive little

town. The cemetery was well maintained and we had no trouble finding the large monument marking the graves of my grandparents.

Daniel Dougherty
Born: Dec. 25, 1825
Died: Feb. 17, 1903
Wife
Mary (Malone) Dougherty
Born: 1832
Died: Oct. 28, 1908

The tombstone of his first child and oldest daughter, Mary Ann (Dougherty) Fisher stood next to that of her parents. She had died in childbirth on Jan 31, 1883 at the age of 25. My grandfather, Daniel Dougherty was born in Glencolumbkil by Killebegs, County Donegal, Ireland. My grandmother, Mary Malone, was born at Strubane, Ireland.

My grandfather immigrated with a pal from Ireland in 1843 at the age of 17. He could neither read nor write. He picked corn as well as doing other work and later farmed. He met Mary Malone some years later and after they were married, they eventually settled in Kinsman, Illinois. Records indicate he had lived near Green Bay, Wisconsin at one time. When he died he left 80 acres of land to each of his seven children, four boys and three girls.

Mary Ann (Dougherty) Fisher 1857-1883
Henry James Dougherty 1860-1926
John (Jack) Dougherty 1862-1907
Belle (Dougherty) Roberts-Haley 1863-1955
Kathryn (Kate) (Dougherty) Larson 1864-1950
Daniel F. Dougherty 1868-1950
James J. Dougherty 1875-1959

As I placed my fingers on the hard surface and traced the letters of the name, DANIEL DOUGHERTY, etched in the stone, I thought of this valiant man and the deep lines which must have been etched in his face, due to the hardships and the elements. I recalled the words of my mother. She said: 'The last time I saw Mr. Dougherty (as she respectfully referred to him) he and Mrs. Dougherty had driven over with the horse and buggy to visit. When they left he wanted to sit outside in the buggy on the little seat in back which was used to carry supplies. His legs hung over the edge of the seat and he

could look back to view the land as long as his eyes could see. As they crossed the creek and he looked down at the rippling water, he waved and said, "Goodbye", Goodbye to the Johnny Run and I knew he was saying his last goodbye to the land that had taken him in and sheltered him and to the people he loved.

Written by Veronica Dougherty
Used by permission

Politically Correct Genealogy?

Judy Wallman, a professional genealogy researcher in southern California, was doing some personal work on her own family tree. She discovered that Congressman Harry Reid's great-great uncle, Remus Reid, was hanged for horse stealing and train robbery in Montana in 1889. Both Judy and Harry Reid share this common ancestor.

On the back of the only known picture of Remus, which Judy obtained during her research, is the inscription: *'Remus Reid, horse thief, sent to Montana Territorial Prison 1885, escaped 1887, robbed the Montana Flyer six times. Caught by Pinkerton detectives, convicted and hanged in 1889.'*

So Judy recently emailed Congressman Harry Reid for information about their great-great uncle.

Believe it or not, Harry Reid's staff sent back the following biographical sketch for her genealogy work:

"Remus Reid was a famous cowboy in the Montana Territory. His business empire grew to include acquisition of valuable equestrian assets and intimate dealings with the Montana railroad. Beginning in 1883 he devoted several years of his life to government service, finally taking leave to resume his dealings with the railroad. In 1887, he was a key player in a vital investigation run by the renowned Pinkerton Detective Agency. In 1889, Remus passed away during an important civic function held in his honor when the platform upon which he was standing collapsed."

It's time to pay a visit to our Genealogy Center

Among the moors, glens and mountains of Ireland the ancient line of the O'Dochartaigh clan began. Henceforth, the clan sprouted, stretched and prospered first within its homeland, and then beyond in Scotland, England, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States. A clan has roots far back in time and branches that spread beyond every barrier of country, class or creed. *Not everyone of Irish descent belongs to a clan. We are very fortunate to do so.*

Wherever you are from and whatever variation your O'Dochartaigh name may have taken, you have a legitimate blood right that marks you as an offspring of Dochartaigh, of the 'Race of Connail', son of Nial, who was the greatest High King of Ireland. Our ancient story is your story and the heritage is yours. Let him who may deny this claim, furnish worthy proof against the age-old traditions and records of the Gael, as well as the ongoing research of the O'Dochartaigh Family Research Center.

Nearly 30 years ago a small group of dedicated volunteers, led by Patrick Dougherty, had a vision of a worldwide O'Dochartaigh organization. That vision, accompanied by lots of hard work, helped them to do just that, and eventually establish a family research center in Ireland, plus orchestrate the largest family reunions that Ireland has ever seen. Thousands of clan members have benefited from this organization. It's time that you visited or contacted the center, too.

Which you can easily do! The O'Dochartaigh Family Research Center has moved back to Michigan (USA), where it began over 30 years ago. It had been in Ireland since 1984 and is now located southwest of Grand Rapids. Its doors are now open and "*Irish do need to apply*", that is, O'Dochartaighs of every spelling are welcome.

"Our center promotes, funds and participates in the research of our family's history, tradition and lore. Searching for the roots of our great clan is a top priority," states Patrick Dougherty, founder and research director. *"Our family members are spread over the entire world and are seeking their family connection within this great clan. Our research center empowers clan members to*

combine efforts, money and genealogy discoveries that makes the work much more enjoyable, fruitful and rewarding. Genealogy is no longer a lonely job that takes a lifetime of searching."

Patrick continues, "*What's more, the genealogy and family history that we have assembled is a monumental gift to future generations."*

"We want our research center to be a hub for collecting genealogical data, personal information and family stories derived from the centuries of O'Dochartaigh ancestry. We want it to be a place of uniting with other family members. One of our goals is to construct a master O'Dochartaigh genealogy database, which will contain every O'Dochartaigh and their genealogy. It will become a living depository for promoting solid, sound research for the present O'Dochartaigh families, as well as a legacy to future generations." (Patrick Dougherty)

Now the Research Center and the Association Center are only a half-mile apart, already dynamically enhancing the success of each.

Both of them ask you to feel free in contacting the Research Center with your genealogy in-hand and the Clann Association with any questions. There are multiple methods of contact. You may use whichever one you'd prefer. See the information below. Also, please visit our websites for more information. You will see the current projects we are working on and get to know some other family members. Most of all, you will see what people can do when they work together and support each other.

Slainte from Patrick and Cameron

<u>O'Dochartaigh Family Research Center</u>	<u>O'Dochartaigh Clann Association</u>
c/o Patrick Dougherty	c/o Cameron Dougherty
4277 Wilson Ave SW	4078 Bruce Ct. SW
Grandville, MI 49418	Grandville, MI 49418
Phone: (616) 805-5219	Phone: (616) 534-8032
pfdougherty@comcast.net	odochartaigh@comcast.net

Websites: www.odochartaigh.org and www.odochartaighclann.org

The Clann O'Doherty Song

Verse 1

The O'Dohertys have come back to their homeland,
And gathered in dark Inishowen,
They have joined in a chorus of gladness,
To mingle in that land of their own.
From 'down under' in far off Australia,
Thousands have joined in the throng,
Canada has sent its contingents,
To celebrate in dancing and song.

Chorus

Verse 2

They have come from every state of the Union,
And South America has contributed too.
Asia has sent in large numbers,
To swell the O'Doherty queue.
There is peace and good humour in their midst,
And love and good-will does abound.
It's a pleasure to walk in their company,
Their equal nowhere to be found.

Chorus

Verse 3

The pride of the Clan are the Spaniards,
Sean Oge O'Dogherty was their ancestor of fame,
Oppression sent his sons into exile,
And enriched the culture of Spain.
The descendants of this branch of the family,
Are back in their ancestral home,
They are proud of their lineage and kindred,
Who are gathered in famed Inishowen.

Chorus

Verse 4

Many O'Dohertys from 'Over the Water',
From England and Alba the fair,
Have come to be with their kinfolk,
Just to show how much they do care.
We'll greet them with a chorus of welcome,
And give them both hands warmly to shake,
To show that the spirit of friendship,
In Inishowen is alive and awake.

Chorus

Verse 5

To the north is the O'Doherty fairy castle,
It lies in the mouth of the bay,
It's a haven for shipwrecked O'Dohertys,
Dead warriors send them safe on their way.
The fame of their valour and daring,
Those gallant chieftains of old,
Is enshrined in the heart of the O'Dohertys,
Their memory will never grow old.

Chorus

Verse 6

There is rejoicing in Colm Cille's grove of Derry,
The outpost of dear Inishowen,
Buncrana is gay with excitement,
The O'Dohertys have come back to their own.
Carndonagh's joy bells are ringing,
And Clonmany is alive with sweet song.
Moville is a town full of culture,
O'Doherty rules over the throng.

Chorus

Verse 7

Let us be proud of their wonderful kinship,
Their example to the country around,
Here we have good-will and kind feeling,
Displayed on a mutual ground.
The O'Dohertys have crossed the religious boundary,
No bigotry exists in their life,
Their motto is peace and sincerity,
They abhor racial ranting
Or any such feudal strife.

Chorus

The Chorus

*Sing oh for the gallant O'Dohertys,
The descendants of proud Cineál Conell,
Let us toast the dark-eyed dead chieftain,
Who defended his kingdom alone.*

Author: Brigid O'Donnell, Redford, Culdaff.

Next Issue:

President Obama's Irish roots
More of Padraig's life
More good tips and good advice from Bill and Kathi
A report from the Reunion Committee
An update from the O'Dochartaigh Family Research Center
WP Dougherty & L Etier, Oregon's Founding Fathers