

THE ENTERPRISE, LEBANON, KY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1933

a little while, when they all gather around and say, 'How natural she looks!'"

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## Mrs. Lucenda Ellis Passes In Illinois

(Contributed)

Mrs. Lucenda Ellis, a native of this county and for more than fifty-two years a resident of "Forrest View Farm" in the Panther Creek community, near Modesta, Ill., died at 12 p.m. Sunday, August 20, at her home following an extended illness. She was the widow of Benjamin Ellis, a Union soldier, who was a member of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry, Co. I. Mr. Ellis died in May, 1922.

Before her marriage Mrs. Ellis was Miss Lucenda Coppage, a twin daughter of Uriah and Margaret Coppage, and was born near Bradfordsville on November 10, 1844, where she grew to womanhood. She united with the Christian Church at Pleasant Valley, near Bradfordsville, in 1864. She was united in marriage to Mr. Ellis on October 9, 1864.

Immediately following the marriage the young couple started for what was then the distant West, arriving at Girard, Ill., October 11, 1864, the nearest railroad station to their destination which was Scottsville, Ill. There is a one room log cabin south of the present village of Scottsville, one what is now the present Hettie School land, where they established their home. Nine children were born of the union, as follows: Thomas

C., Ellen, Kate, James, Frankie, Sadie, Susie, Benjamin F. and Lucebra. Two of the children—Thomas C. and James—died in 1930.

Surviving are one son and six daughters, a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, one sister and two brothers.

The funeral services were conducted at the home Tuesday afternoon, August 22, the Rev. Fred Pratt of Palmyra officiating. Interment was in the Panther Creek Cemetery.

"One by one, like tired children,  
They are dropping off to sleep  
To awaken in the morning  
Where their eyes shall never weep.  
Mark their years, they are many,  
Though they count three score and ten,

They are now where time is ended  
Passing not this way again.

"One by one, their heavy burdens  
They are leaving by the way,  
As the toiler drops his labor  
At the ending of the day.  
As the doves when twilight's curtain  
Drapes the gateway of the West,  
Homeward for rest and shelter—  
So these hasten to their rest.

"They have left behind the footprints  
Leading upward to the Light  
Of the morning dawn eternal  
Never followed by a night.  
We know we'll find them  
In a City right with gold  
Happy now. We may not sorrow  
At the passing of the old."

When Nature produces a shallow brain it usually tries to even up things by supporting a fluent tongue.

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## —Herald &amp; Review Travel

# Trip to roots turns

By PAT ALEXANDER

256 Hickorywood Drive

When we left on vacation June 2, I really didn't feel I would be searching for my roots. It was our first vacation on two wheels (motorcycles), and my husband, Russ, and I were traveling with our friends from Galesburg, Chuck and Cheryl Prather.

Our tentative plans were to ride south into Missouri, over to Tennessee and then, if we had the time, I wanted to visit the grave of my father in Kentucky. I was born in Gravel Switch, Ky., and my father had been killed when I was 18 months old.

My mother was pregnant at the time and gave birth to my brother, Howard, six weeks after my father died. She moved back to Monmouth, Ill., where she was raised, eventually remarried and set about rearing her family in Alexis. I knew I probably had cousins still living in and around Gravel Switch, but having had no contact with any of them my only interest was visiting my father's grave.

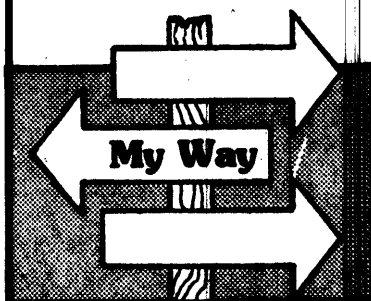
**THANK GOODNESS**, tentative vacation plans are made to be changed. Russ and Chuck decided they'd like to see the motorcycle races in Louisville on the evening of June 2, so we altered plans and headed for Louisville. Needless to say, we decided to take a tour of my birthplace the next day.

It was about 3 p.m. when we found Gravel Switch. We stopped at their very small and only store to ask directions to the cemetery. We soon discovered there's practically a cemetery for every family name in the area, but no one knew where my father was buried. An elderly couple thought we should ride up to the cemetery by "the forks." They gave us directions and we started on our way. The scenery was beautiful as we followed the narrow, winding road but it didn't look like we were going to find "the forks."

Chuck saw a farmer plowing and stopped him to ask directions. Thanks, Chuck! That's when I discovered an extra bonus in my life.

The farmer couldn't direct us to the grave, but he was sure my father's daughter, Lois Ellis, who lived on down the road a piece, would probably know.

**DID I HEAR** right? Chuck hollered and asked me if I had a sister or half sister in Kentucky. I said no, I



Today in "My Way," Pat Alexander of Decatur describes her surprising discovery on an unforgettable vacation as she searched for her roots.

Pat is a supervisor in the customer convenience center at Sears Roebuck and Co. She and her husband Russ moved to Decatur five years ago from Knoxville. They enjoy motorcycle riding and logged 2,000 miles on the Kentucky trip she writes about.

"My husband is a bigger fan of motorcycles than I am," she laughs. Her other hobbies are bowling and needlework, especially wall hangings to give to friends.

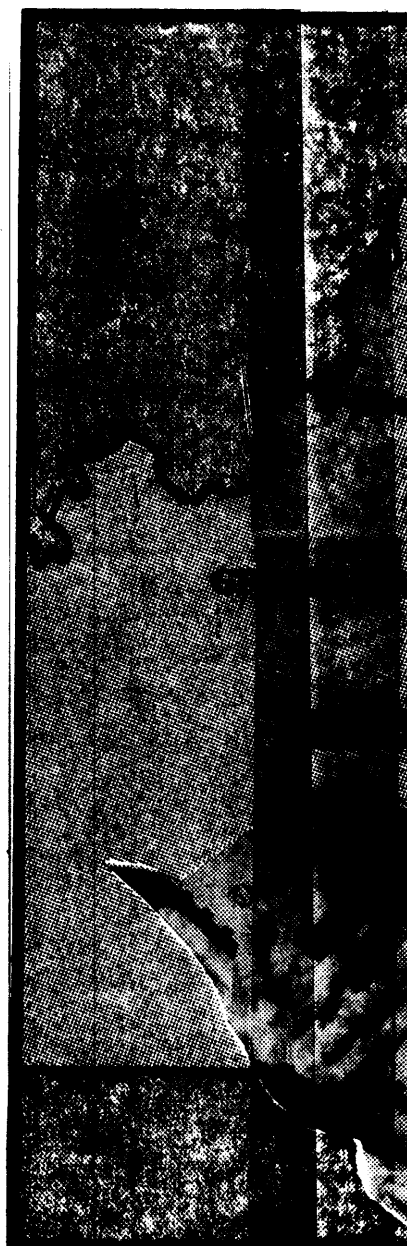
The Alexanders have two children, Kris, 19, and Brad, 17. Russ is an assistant gas superintendent for Illinois Power Co.

"My Way" is a Herald & Review travel feature written for readers by readers. Next Sunday, in the concluding chapter of Central Illinois residents' search for their roots, Lois Sayre Wells of Decatur tells of a chance remark that launched a search for roots in England.

was the only daughter my father had. Not so! The farmer gave us directions to Lois's house and also told us of people who had written a book called "The Forgotten Past" about family cemeteries in the area.

We decided to visit Lois, but I was sure it was some type of mix-up or I surely would have known about her. When we found her house, no one was home so we climbed back onto our cycles and headed up the narrow winding road to find the lady who had co-researched the book we had been told about. Her house was at the top of a long high drive and as we reached the top we were greeted by a gentleman who invited us to "come on in, get off those things, and sit a spell!"

So, sitting on a nice cool patio with Shirley Sherperson, her hus-



band, her brother and his wife and daughter, I learned that, yes, indeed, I did have a sister. Shirley told me what a nice person Lois was and felt we should stay in the area and try to meet her. She sold me a copy of her book, but my father wasn't listed in any of the area family cemeteries.

**AROUND 5 P.M.** we headed once more for Lois's house. I truthfully had butterflies as I knocked on her door. As she walked toward me, I knew we were sisters. She is seven years older than I am and was conceived in a marriage that ended in divorce before her birth. Like my

Egypt's Inner Oasis

# up unknown branch



brother, she never knew our father. She was reared by her mother and her grandparents and was aware that our father had remarried and that there were two children of that marriage. But she had no knowledge of what had become of us. I had no knowledge of her at all, but I'm absolutely thrilled to have accidentally discovered her.

At the time of our first meeting she was the only one home, but in July my family and I stopped for a visit and met her husband, Bobby Jo, her three daughters and their husbands, her son and her two grandchildren.

I did learn where my father is buried and visited the cemetery in July.

Our brother, Howard, who lives in Alexis, and Lois wanted to meet, so we arranged a reunion for Sept. 29 in an Evansville, Ind., park

**WE SHARED A picnic lunch** which included a delicious Kentucky jam cake, which Lois brought. We had never heard of it, but were told it's quite famous in Gravel Switch.

Lois and I discovered we're alike — and unlike — in some ways. She says creek and I say crick. She says children and I say kids. We also

spent some time just looking at each other. Howard was amazed at how much Lois and I resemble each other. We have decided we all share the same nose, but that Howard looks very much like our father.

Lois, Howard and myself plan on buying a headstone for our father's grave and in the spring of 1985, we plan to have a small memorial service for him.

The news of our meeting has spread in Gravel Switch and several cousins of ours have expressed an interest in meeting Howard and me. I have the feeling that someday soon I will discover all of my roots.