

Have you ever asked yourself who you are or who influenced you to become the person you are today? That passionate plea or mere question when activated can give a key to your ancestral heritage.

Following is an interesting bit of information I have discovered through tracing my family heritage:

A young boy named Francis, eight years old, crossed the great western plains with his family. The year was 1862. His mother had taken him and his sister out of their home in England quietly in the night. The past few weeks had been contentious and fraught with quarrels between his father and mother. But now, that was past. The family was headed to the docks to sail to America and then join the great western migration across the plains with the hope to build a new life in the frontier. Francis had to walk. There was no room for him in the wagon. His younger sister Carolyn rode there with their supplies while his mother guided the oxen. Francis was a growing boy and had outgrown his shoes while aboard ship. Now, his task was to walk barefooted along-side the slow-moving wagon. He walked until his feet could take no more punishment, then plopping down by the trail he would put his tortured feet in his hat. His frantic mother would look for a marker of where he sat, as she was forced to carry on with the train. There Francis would remain until evening when his mother would run back up the trail to find him and coax him into camp. The same miserable and painful routine continued day after day and evening after evening until they eventually arrived at their destination.

Years passed and Francis matured to adulthood. He was a tall man with dark brown hair and blue eyes that were so pale they almost looked wrong. None-the-less he was a handsome man. His profession was a hired gun. He worked for the ranchers and farmers and shepherders of the old west. When any varmint whether bear, cougar, wolf or stray pack of dogs started killing their cattle or sheep, Francis would step in to eliminate the culprit. He was a gentle man and loved his family.



An interesting note: When Francis' father arose from his sleep in 1862 and discovered his family had left him, he immediately sold his business and home and sought to find his family. But that is another story.

Each of you have your own story of your family; where they originated, what they were like, and how, thru them, you came to be. TotemTracers is a genealogical group here on the Kenai Peninsula who would like to extend an invitation for you to join and then ENJOY as you too learn of your ancestors. It goes beyond information – it is truly an exciting adventure into your past heritage. – R. Cobus