



In the fall of 1919, Anton and Frances moved to Shakopee, purchasing a two story brick home across from St. Mary's Church. While they enjoyed the early morning bells so near that they could feel the vibrations, Anton and Frances walked four blocks to St. Mark's because it was the place for those born in Luxembourg and Germans!

On Christmas afternoons, in their house, the big gathering of the children and grandchildren arrived for the peanut tradition. With a large dishpan of peanuts cradled in her arms, Grandma Frances passed through the rooms tossing handfuls of peanuts in all direction. What fun to gather them up and gobble them down. And the real fun was to hear Frances tell them to drop the shells on the floor. She called it her annual rugs cleaner. To remove them all the next day, she'd really had to sweep hard and that way all the dirt would come out too!



On March 11, 1939, Frances Wessling Marschall died.

She was 71 years old, and was buried at the Catholic Cemetery.

On July 5, 1945, at age 88, Anton Marschall died, and was buried next to his two wives.



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**Frances Wessling
Marschall**
1867-1939



Frances Wessling was born on December 2, 1867 in Hanover, Germany. Two years later, her brother, Bernard was born, but her mother died, and her father married someone else. They had four more children, and then the second mother died in childbirth. Her father married a third time, and this mother was mean. Frances was 18 years old, and decided to leave home.

Luckily for Frances, letters from her uncles, both priests, encouraged her to move to America. Her grandfather and her aunt, Anna Wessling, also lived in Pierz.

Fr. Ignatius told Frances to arrive in America and go to Richmond, Minnesota. When she arrived at the rectory, a priest opened the door and said, "Come in, come in! So this is Frances. It is good to see you are such a strong, healthy girl!" He took her bags and showed her to the back room. According to book A Marschall Family History 1784-1980 by Dorothy T. Klein Luers, the priest said, "This will be your room, but come with me to the kitchen. It is near suppertime and the potatoes need to be looked at!" As he led her to her work.

And so for 12 years, Frances lived with her uncle and her grandpa, who was kind and sensed to know when she most needed cheering up. She worked hard keeping house and serving good meals. Also a housekeeper, she also took care of the garden and the chickens.



If you head up the hill of Marschall Road, the Marschall Farm is located on the right side at the top of the hill.

On right are the last children of Anton with his wife, Frances Wessling Marschall. On the left is Ben, and on the right is Teresa.



Her uncle, Fr. Ignatius, was busy and ever demanding. Frances wanted to ask him to help her learn English, but he answered, "Women are to be seen, but not heard."

Frances was upset, but the Sisters learned about it, and helped her by immediately becoming Frances's pupil.

Not too long after, Fr. Ignatius was ailing, and his superior sent him to a warmer climate. In 1897, Fr. Conrad Glatzmeier welcomed Frances as the housekeeper in Albany, Minnesota. She enjoyed the change, and fell right in place. She was meeting parishioners and people of Albany, and they invited her to many family and civic affairs.

At 30 years old, Frances was happy. But at a dinner party at Lena Marschall Schaefer took Frances by the arm and directed her across the room to introduce her to her brother, Anton Marschall from Eagle Creek. Lena had coaxed her up on some pretext, so that she could introduce Frances to him. By the second visit, Frances realized that he was widowed. By the third date, plans were made for a fall wedding!

Frances's uncle, Fr. Ignatius said, "Frances, what's this I hear about you thinking of marrying a widower with seven children?"

Frances replied, "Oh Uncle, that's not true. He does

not have seven children, he has nine. And I will marry him."

Anton told her that they could head to Shakopee, about 70 miles south, but Frances trusted Anton, and said, "It is all as you have told me and I will meet them when you take me there, after the wedding." And so Frances married Anton in Albany on October 19, 1904.

On the ride from Albany to Shakopee, the two talked about the family and the farm, so time passed quickly. When they arrived at the farm at dusk, Frances met the children, and over time she remembered their names, roughhoused with the boys, and taught the girls the art of homemaking. She loved the children and they loved her. Before long, Frances and Anton ended up having a new baby, a boy, who was born in 1905, weighing less than three pounds. He was protected by a softly padded shoe box set in the oven. He pulled through, and in November 1906, Teresa arrived, making the family a group of 11!

The Marschall family was overworked. They did not have a choice of clothing, wearing hand-downs, milking cows twice a day from the time one could drag a pail, doing dishes after milking, walking to school, and the long hours in the fields were some of the hardships that they endured.