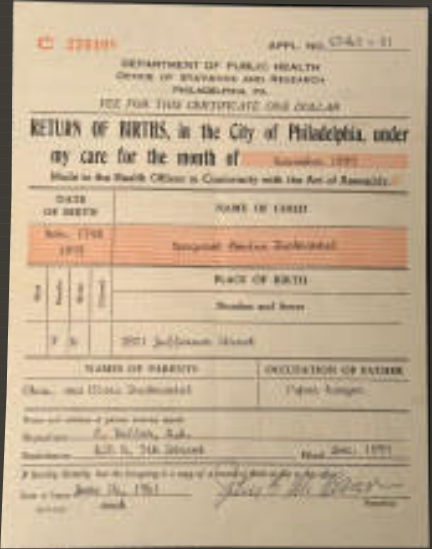


LIVES REFLECTING UPWARDS / FAMILY KEEPSAKES

The Quiet Center of the Family



Margaret Emilie Tuckmantel Zimmerman



While my grandfather’s personality often filled the room, my grandmother’s influence was felt in quieter but equally important ways.

She possessed a warm, gentle nature and formed close personal connections with the people around her. Margaret was genuinely interested in others. She listened carefully, asked thoughtful questions, and made each conversation feel important. While my grandfather’s influence was often felt throughout the household, my grandmother influenced people one conversation, one visit, and one relationship at a time.

TUCKMANTEL / ZIMMERMAN / CONNELLY

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / TUCKMANTEL

Margaret Emilie Tuckmantel Zimmerman

November 17, 1899 – December 22, 1995

Maternal Grandmother

Margaret Emilie Tuckmantel was born on November 17, 1899, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and spent nearly her entire life in southeastern Pennsylvania. On July 29, 1921, she married John Zimmerman, beginning a partnership that would span more than sixty-seven years. Together they raised their family through the Great Depression, World War II, and the extraordinary changes of the twentieth century.

She was a devoted wife, mother, and grandmother whose life revolved around home and family. She never learned to drive, having grown up in Philadelphia where there was little need for an automobile. Later in life, my grandfather handled the driving while Margaret devoted herself to family, church, correspondence, reading, baking, and creating a welcoming home.

One of her greatest talents was baking. She was a skilled and disciplined baker who took pride in sharing recipes and techniques with her daughters and granddaughters. Her Jewish Apple Cake, apple crisp, cinnamon buns, Christmas cookies, and holiday pies became family favorites. Food was one of the ways she expressed love, and many family traditions were built around meals she prepared.

TUCKMANTEL / ZIMMERMAN / CONNELLY

KERRIGAN / A FAMILY ENTERPRISE

The Kerrigan Business



A surviving business card bearing the name “W. F. Kerrigan” documents the scope of the family’s Boarding and Livery Stables in Bryn Mawr. The business provided carriages, coaches, and cabs for hire; transportation for weddings, parties, and receptions; and hauling services for the surrounding community.

KERRIGAN / CONNELLY

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / KERRIGAN

Building a Life Along the Main Line

The card also advertised “odorless excavating by improved method.” Although the phrase sounds unusual today, it referred to the removal of privy waste before the development of modern sewer systems. It was an essential service that demonstrated the Kerrigans’ willingness to meet the practical needs of a changing community.

Perhaps the most striking detail on the card is its telephone number: “Phone 2.” Such an early number reflects how quickly the Kerrigan enterprise adopted telephone service in Bryn Mawr. It also supports the

family’s recollection that the stable was among the community’s earliest businesses to embrace the new technology.

The card shows that the Kerrigans were far more than horse owners. They operated a full-service transportation, hauling, and community-service business woven into everyday Main Line life. William represented the second generation of that enterprise, carrying forward the foundation established by his immigrant parents while helping it respond to a new era.

After completing the eighth grade in a one-room schoolhouse, Bill joined his father in the family business. He cared for the horses, assisted with hauling, and later unloaded coal delivered by rail. Through this work, he learned the practical skills and responsibilities necessary to serve a community that was gradually changing around them.

KERRIGAN / CONNELLY

CONNELLY / THE MAIN LINE

The Mechanic Who Never Quit



John Henry Connelly, second to the left, standing in Madden’s Garage during the 1920s.

WALSH / CONNELLY

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / CONNELLY

When I look at the photograph of my grandfather standing inside Madden’s Garage, I see much more than a mechanic.
I see a husband.
I see a father.

One of the most meaningful photographs preserved in our family shows my grandfather standing second from the left inside Madden’s Garage during the 1920s. Dressed in grease-stained mechanic’s clothes and surrounded by the automobiles of the day, the photograph captures him doing the work that supported his family. More than a family photograph, it preserves an important moment in Bryn Mawr’s history as automobiles replaced horses and carriages throughout the Main Line.

WALSH / CONNELLY

Special Tribute

Through the Eyes of Shirley and Jack’s Grandchildren

The greatest measure of a life is often found in the memories left behind. These reflections from Jack and Shirley’s six grandchildren preserve the gestures, sayings, traditions, and quiet moments through which Mom Mom and Pop Pop made each of them feel loved.



Jenna Schwartz

“Who loves you?”
“Pop Pop.”
Without hesitation, that was always Jenna’s answer, spoken with a smile.



Collin Cusick

“Pop Pop always gave me half dollars and two-dollar bills. I still carry some of those two-dollar bills in a secret place in my wallet.”

Through the Eyes of Shirley and Jack’s Grandchildren



Claudia Gilmore

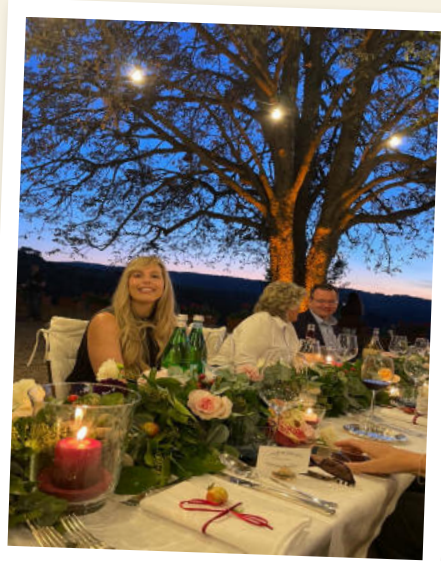
“He was the kind of grandfather I wished everyone could have.”
“He would tell amazing stories and always had a little something to give you that came with a back story.”
“Sometimes I’d sneak sugar into the hospital and hide it in his shoe because that’s where he told me to put it.”
“Mom Mom always had those little seashell candies.”



Kyle Phillips

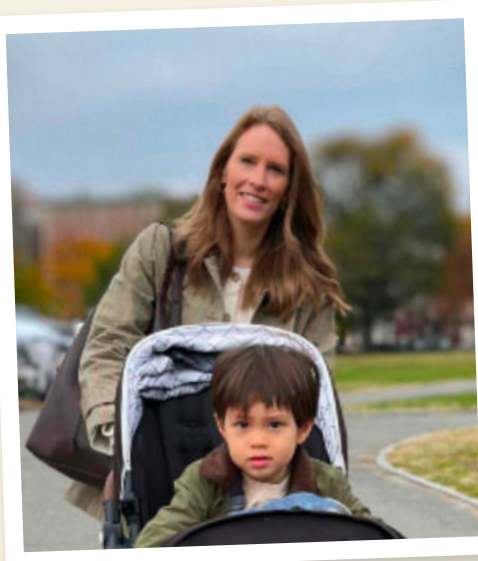
“No matter what, Mom Mom always made sure I was taken care of.”
“If she didn’t have my favorite snacks, we’d go to Henning’s to get them.”
“Every shift at Emil’s I’d look through the kitchen door and see Pop Pop sitting at the bar. We didn’t have to talk. His quiet presence spoke volumes.”

Through the Eyes of Shirley and Jack’s Grandchildren



Katie Plagianakos

“Sunday dinners, birthdays, Christmas Eve—that’s what togetherness looked like.”
“Mom Mom made me feel seen.”
“Looking back, they were honestly the parent figures we needed.”
“Pop Pop was the definition of a man—a dedicated worker who loved his family.”



Christine Hsieh

“One night after my shift at Montgomery Mall, Pop Pop was waiting in the parking lot just to make sure I got safely to my car.”
“Summer mornings meant pastries, bacon, scrapple, and breakfast with Pop Pop.”
“Mom Mom’s advice was simple: ‘Never turn your back to the ocean.’”
“I can still remember her Birkenstocks, her lipstick, and listening to ‘Midnight Train to Georgia’ together.”

V. The Living Generations



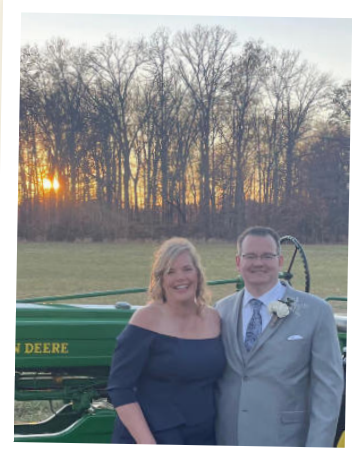
Margaret Jane (Connelly) Phillips



Matthew David Connelly



Mariann (Connelly) Schwartz



Jan Alice (Connelly) Cusick

Margaret Jane (Connelly) Phillips



ZIMMERMAN
CONNELLY

Margaret was named after our grandmother, Margaret Zimmerman. She was born on July 9, 1958, at Presbyterian Hospital in West Philadelphia. Marge was Jack and Shirley’s firstborn child, arriving while they were living in a small apartment in Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

From an early age, Marge was a gifted athlete. She excelled in organized sports at Indian Valley High School and later Souderton High School. Shirley enthusiastically supported her athletic pursuits, creating scrapbooks filled with newspaper clippings, varsity letters, awards, and other memories of her accomplishments.

Marge later settled in Hatfield, Pennsylvania, where she raised her three children—Christine, Katie, and Kyle. During her career, she worked at the Main Line Times and Roy Lomas Carpets before joining Altec. There, she managed a team that supported adults with developmental disabilities, helping them live more independently within their community.

Marge has always been someone who keeps moving. Whether competing on the athletic field, supporting her clients, or keeping pace with her children and grandchildren, her energy has remained one of her defining qualities.

She also enjoys cooking and preparing family recipes, especially for Thanksgiving and Easter gatherings. Her specialties include baked scalloped potatoes, coleslaw, and Thanksgiving stuffing—and I admit those are my favorites.

Jack and Shirley lived with Marge for a time, and Shirley spent the final year of her life in the Hatfield home. Surrounded by the activity of family life, her children, and her grandchildren, Shirley found great happiness there.

Today, Marge lives in Perkasio, Pennsylvania, near Mariann and her family. She enjoys spending several days each week with her nearby grandson, Waylon, and her face lights up whenever she talks about her grandchildren. Above all, she is proud of the lives her three children have built.

Matthew David Connelly



ZIMMERMAN
CONNELLY

I was born on October 6, 1960, at Haverford Hospital. I know it was a Thursday morning because my father always enjoyed telling the story of going out for eggs with the doctor who delivered me after my birth.

I spent my career working in advertising before joining AT&T and later JPMorgan Chase, where I held corporate leadership positions in marketing and finance. After thirty-four years, I now enjoy my next life adventures in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida.

More than any professional accomplishment, I hope those closest to me will remember me as thoughtful, adventurous, generous, and grateful for the family that shaped my life. I will always treasure the once-in-a-lifetime adventures shared with my sisters, nieces, and nephews. Preserving our family’s history through this book has been a meaningful project in my life.

Mariann (Connelly) Schwartz



ZIMMERMAN
CONNELLY

Mariann was born on May 1, 1962.

Mariann married Kurt Schwartz, and they reside in Perkasio, Pennsylvania. They have one daughter, Jenna, who lives with them. Jenna is autistic, and no one has been a stronger advocate for her than Mariann. Together, Mariann and Kurt have devoted themselves to providing Jenna with every opportunity to succeed.

Driven by determination and love for her daughter, Mariann fought for better educational support and behavioral services within the public school system. When those services fell short, she educated herself on Jenna’s educational rights and worked alongside Kurt to establish clear expectations and goals. Their perseverance led to the creation of a well-structured, in-home program tailored specifically to Jenna’s needs.

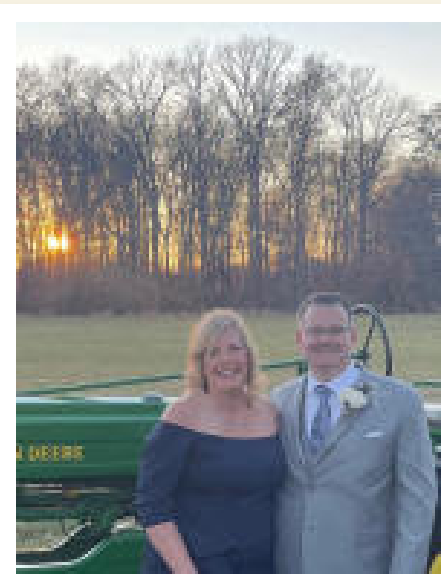
Working with experts throughout the community, Mariann developed a program that provides Jenna with educational, social, and life-skills experiences designed to strengthen her independence and prepare her for the future. What began as a necessity has grown into a small business managed from their home with a dedicated staff.

While overseeing Jenna’s program, Mariann also built a successful career with several large national banks, concluding her career at JPMorgan Chase in the Auto Finance line of business. She has always possessed a talent for managing people and solving problems.

Jack and Shirley lived with Mariann for many years, and Jack spent the final years of his life in the Perkasio home.

Today, Mariann and Kurt continue to share their home with Jenna and Kurt’s sister, Lynda. Through years of perseverance, Mariann created a supportive environment that has given Jenna opportunities to learn, grow, and experience life in ways that once seemed uncertain. It is one of the accomplishments of which she can be most proud.

Jan Alice (Connelly) Cusick



ZIMMERMAN
CONNELLY

Jan was born on May 15, 1968. Shirley gave Jan the middle name Alice so that her initials would become J.A.C. – after my father, Jack. It was one of the many ways Shirley expressed her love for her husband and family.

Jan married Eric Gilmore, and they had one daughter, Claudia. She later married Clinton Cusick, and together they welcomed their son, Collin. Today, Jan and Clinton reside in Lansdale, Pennsylvania, where family remains at the center of their lives.

Jan worked for many years at the pharmaceutical company Teva. Her ability to understand medications, treatments, and the language of medicine would later prove invaluable.

Throughout Dad’s illness, Jan became his strongest health advocate. She quickly learned his medications and treatment plans, carefully managed appointments and follow-up care, and ensured that no important detail was overlooked. When physicians asked questions, Jan often filled in the information Dad had forgotten. She approached every challenge with optimism, compassion, and determination, turning difficult news into practical next steps.

Modern medicine undoubtedly extended Dad’s life, but so did Jan’s unwavering advocacy, careful attention to detail, and loving commitment. She helped ensure that he received the best care possible throughout his illness.

Today, Jan enjoys family life as she and Clinton prepare to watch Collin begin his university education while continuing to celebrate Claudia’s accomplishments.

Alice Josephine Kerrigan Connelly

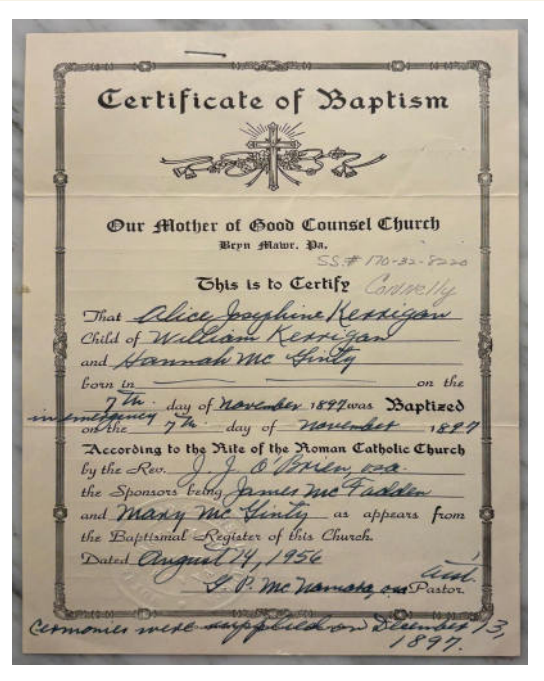
NOVEMBER 7, 1897 – MAY 16, 1981 / GRANDMOTHER



Alice Josephine Kerrigan Connelly “Alice K” in front of her door, behind her was a Victory wreath made by her son, John E. Connelly.

The Storyteller

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An original held document of Alice Josephine Kerrigan’s Baptism from December 13, 1897



Alice Kerrigan Connelly with three of her grandchildren—Matt, Mariann, and Marge—at Aunt Eleanor’s house.

Nanny possessed a warm, outgoing personality with a spark that naturally drew people to her. She loved family gatherings, delighted in telling stories, and enjoyed the little stage they provided. Whether sharing a family memory, delivering a well-timed remark, or simply making others laugh, she brought warmth, humor, and energy wherever she went.

For many years, Nanny lived with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Pat in their home in Montvale, New Jersey. She also spent time visiting her daughter, Aunt Eleanor, in Ridgefield. It was a wonderful arrangement that allowed her to remain closely connected to her family rather than living alone.

She was always impeccably dressed. Whether she was at home or visiting family, her dress was neat, her hair carefully done, and she carried herself with quiet dignity. Looking back, she always seemed put together.

Nanny was a gifted storyteller, an entertainer who loved the spotlight. She had an instinct for timing and genuinely enjoyed having an audience. Family gatherings became her little stage, where stories, memories, and playful observations brought everyone together. Every now and then she would make an innocent-sounding remark—usually directed toward one of her daughters-in-law—that stirred the conversation just enough to keep everyone smiling. Somehow, she always managed to smile her way out of it.

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Of course, no one was about to let Nanny eat only the crust. Someone immediately went into the kitchen and returned with a fresh basket of bread. She knew exactly how to get everyone’s attention without ever asking directly. It was vintage Nanny—part storyteller, part actress, and completely charming.

Later in life, when Nanny wanted a different living arrangement, my father worked together with his brothers and sister to establish her in a one-bedroom apartment in Harleysville, Pennsylvania. Living there placed her just down the street from her son Jack and close to her sons Ted and Bill. Each of her children contributed fifty dollars every month toward her apartment. It was a beautiful expression of gratitude from children who never forgot everything their mother had done for them.

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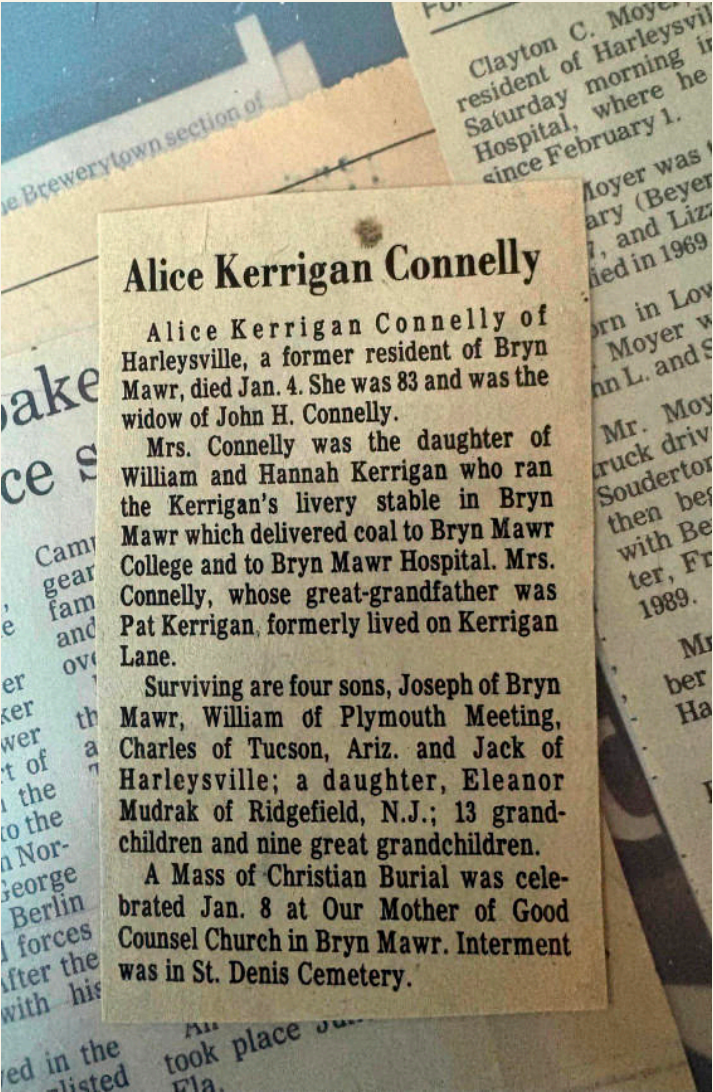
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Four Generations Remembered



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That is the legacy she left—not simply that she lived from 1897 to 1981, but that she created a family culture of warmth, kindness, humor, hospitality, and belonging that continues through her children, grandchildren, and generations yet to come.

Alice Kerrigan Connelly’s obituary connects several generations of the family. It recalls her parents, William and Hannah Kerrigan, and their Bryn Mawr livery business, which delivered coal to Bryn Mawr College and Bryn Mawr Hospital. It also names her great-grandfather Patrick Kerrigan, Kerrigan Lane, and the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren who continued the family story.

CARRY AWAY

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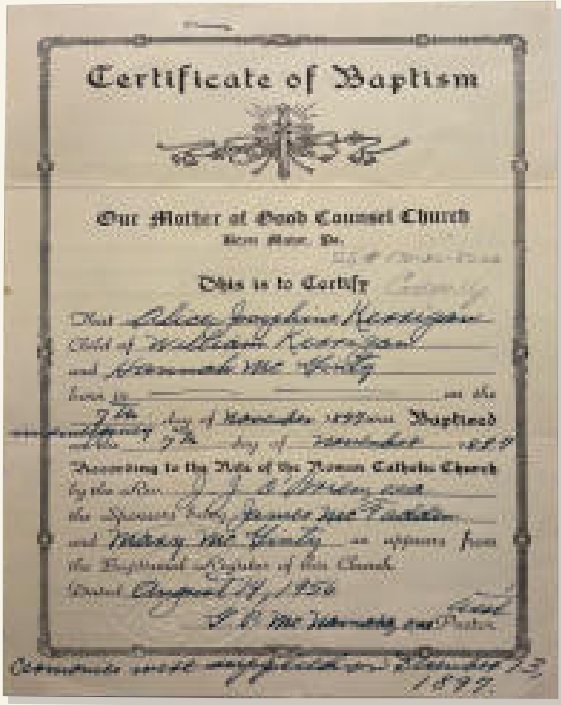
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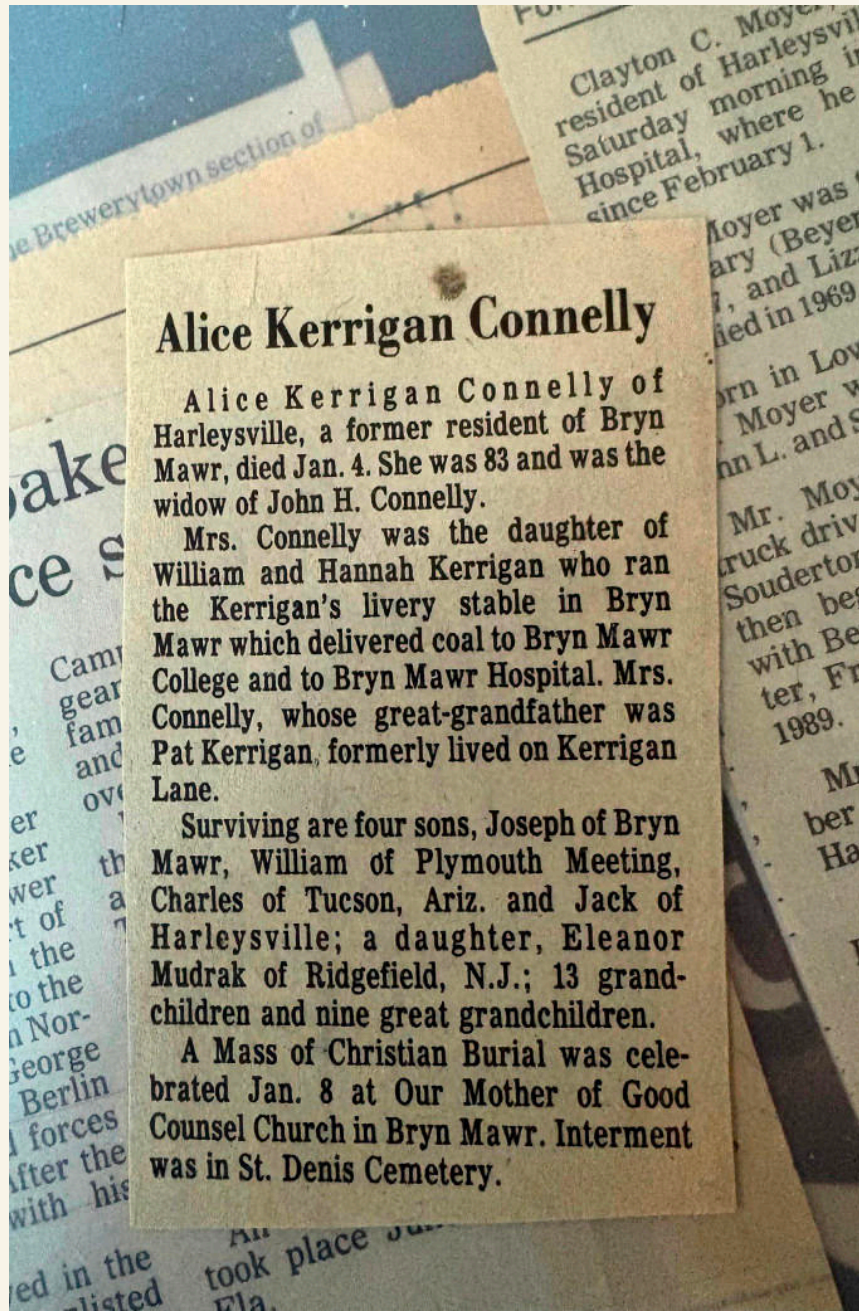
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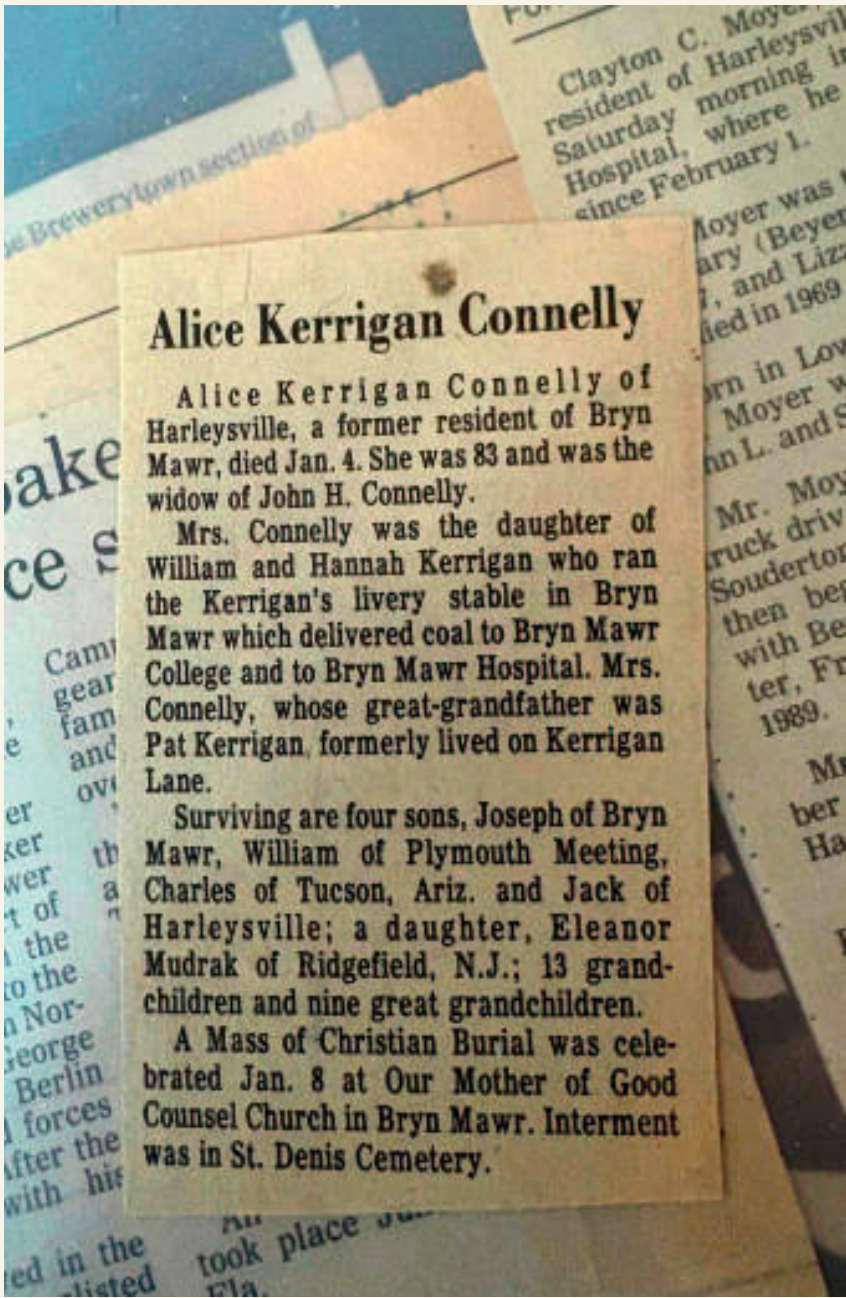
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There was coffee brewing, bacon waiting in the kitchen, butter mints on the table, stories ready to be told, and a grandmother whose warmth made every visit feel special.

She possessed a rare gift. She made people feel welcome. Whether through a story, a smile, a slice of orange cake, or a simple piece of bread with butter and sugar, she created an atmosphere where family gathered naturally and laughter came easily.

That is the legacy she left—not simply that she lived from 1897 to 1981, but that she created a family culture of warmth, kindness, humor, hospitality, and belonging that continues through her children, grandchildren, and generations yet to come.

Four Generations Remembered



Alice Kerrigan Connelly’s obituary connects several generations of the family. It recalls her parents, William and Hannah Kerrigan, and their Bryn Mawr livery business, which delivered coal to Bryn Mawr College and Bryn Mawr Hospital. It also names her great-grandfather Patrick Kerrigan, Kerrigan Lane, and the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren who continued the family story.

CARRY AWAY

There is never a bad time to have a good cup of coffee at the kitchen table. It’s an opportunity to relax, talk, and spend time together. And if someone asks, “Do you want a slice of cake with your coffee?” say yes. It’s a winning move for everyone.



The Storyteller
Alice Josephine Kerrigan Connelly

Alice Josephine Kerrigan Connelly “Alice K” in front of her door, behind her was a Victory wreath made by her son, John E. Connelly.

Alice Josephine Kerrigan Connelly

NOVEMBER 7, 1897 – MAY 16, 1981 / GRANDMOTHER

The Storyteller

Alice Connelly, known simply as “Nanny” to her grandchildren, was born on November 7, 1897, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. She married John Henry Connelly in 1918 and was widowed while still a relatively young woman. Despite the hardships she faced, she remained the heart of a close-knit family whose children and grandchildren never doubted they were loved.

Nanny possessed a warm, outgoing personality with a spark that naturally drew people to her. She loved family gatherings, delighted in telling stories, and enjoyed the little stage they provided. Whether sharing a family memory, delivering a well-timed remark, or simply making others laugh, she brought warmth, humor, and energy wherever she went.

For many years, Nanny lived with Uncle Charlie and Aunt Pat in their home in Montvale, New Jersey. She also spent time visiting her daughter, Aunt Eleanor, in Ridgefield. It was a wonderful arrangement that allowed her to remain closely connected to her family rather than living alone.

She was always impeccably dressed. Whether she was at home or visiting family, her dress was neat, her hair carefully done, and she carried herself with quiet dignity. Looking back, she always seemed put together.

Nanny was a gifted storyteller, an entertainer who loved the spotlight. She had an instinct for timing and genuinely enjoyed having an audience. Family gatherings became her little stage, where stories, memories, and playful observations brought everyone together. Every now and then she would make an innocent-sounding remark—usually directed toward one of her daughters-in-law—that stirred the conversation just enough to keep everyone smiling. Somehow, she always managed to smile her way out of it.

One family dinner captured her personality perfectly.

When the breadbasket was nearly empty, she quietly asked for some bread. Looking into the basket she said, “I’ll be okay with eating the crust.”

Of course, no one was about to let Nanny eat only the crust. Someone immediately went into the kitchen and returned with a fresh basket of bread. She knew exactly how to get everyone’s attention without ever asking directly. It was vintage Nanny—part storyteller, part actress, and completely charming.

alice josephine kerrigan connelly

IRISH SIDE { KERRIGAN ► CONNELLY }

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / CONNELLY FAMILY

Edward Connelly

About 1816 – September 21, 1886 / Second Great Grandfather



Arrival in America

An 1835 image of the merchant ship St. Leon of Castine, Maine. A vessel bearing this name carried Edward Connelly to Boston in April 1848, although the pictured ship has not been conclusively confirmed as the same vessel.

An Irish Immigrant Who Put Down Roots

Edward Connelly was born in Ireland in about 1816. Although the exact place of his birth remains one of the mysteries in our family history, the path he followed to America has survived. Sailing from Liverpool aboard the St. Leon, Edward arrived in Boston on April 27, 1848. Like thousands of Irish immigrants of his generation, he crossed the Atlantic seeking the possibility of a more secure future.

By 1850, Edward was living in Lower Merion Township, Pennsylvania, where he began establishing himself through steady physical labor. Around 1851, he married Jane Starr, another Irish immigrant. Together they built a home that became the foundation of the American Connelly family.

The 1860 federal census records Edward working as a stone mason, a skilled and physically demanding trade. His hands helped build the rapidly growing communities along Philadelphia’s Main Line at a time when much of the area was still a landscape of farms, estates, and small villages.

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / CONNELLY FAMILY

Edward and Jane raised five children: four sons—John Joseph, Edward J., Joseph Henry, and Robert P.—and one daughter, Mary Jane. Their descendants would remain deeply rooted in Delaware and Montgomery Counties for generations.

Edward later earned his living as a gardener, beginning a connection to horticulture that continued through the next generation. His sons worked primarily as gardeners, and John Joseph became a florist. The work provided opportunity, but it also carried risks. Decades after Edward’s death, his son Robert lost his life after being struck by a falling tree limb while working—a tragic reminder of the dangers faced by those whose livelihoods depended upon outdoor physical labor.

Service and Citizenship

The surviving Saint Denis Cemetery record identifies Edward plainly as a “U.S. War Veteran.” Edward served his adopted country during the Civil War, although his regiment and the details of that service have not yet been established. His military service belongs within his story without attaching him to a particular unit unsupported by the surviving evidence.

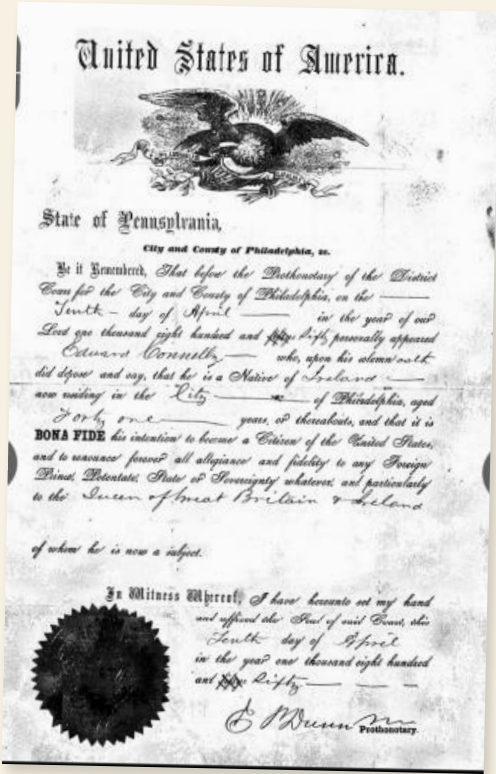
Service and Citizenship

The surviving Saint Denis Cemetery record identifies Edward as a “U.S. War Veteran.” His age makes Civil War service possible, but no regiment, service record, or specific period of military duty has been confirmed. The notation therefore belongs within his story without attaching him to a particular war or unit unsupported by the surviving evidence.

Old Section Saint Dennis Cemetery 11				Grave No
Connelly	Michael	Died 1-12-1905 Aged 64 yrs		388
"	Mary	His Wife Died 11-8-1895 age 63 yrs		388
"	Patrick	Died 9-30-1905 Age 80 yrs		385
Connelly	Mary A	Wife of John M Murphy Died 7-8-1890 Age 28 yrs		2315
Murphy J	U S War Veteran	X		2148
"	Herman John	Penna Seaman 2nd Cl U S Navy 12-20-1933 U S War Veteran		2147
Conway	Luke	Died 4-13-1838 Aged 42 yrs		1884
Connelly	Catharine	1862-1934		278
"	Susan	8-20-1828		2415
"	Esther	8-28-1828 12-2-1893		2133
"	Joseph A	11-29-1825 9-4-1896		1214
"	Edward	Died 9-21-1888 Aged 70 yrs		1214
"	Jane	U S War Veteran His Wife Died 7-3-1904 88 yrs		1215
"		X Monument (Children) of Michael & Elizabeth (Connelly)		1216
Connelly	Elizabeth	Talor 8-29-1824 4-22-1875		394
"	Phebe Ann	4-20-1851 3-28-1872 Aged 17 -10 mos 20 days		394
"	Phebe Ann	8-1-1852 8-2-1852		394
"	Michael	8-1-1852 8-2-1852		394
"	Margaret Jane	1-21-1857 12-30-1863		394
"	Martin	1-21-1857 2-3-1857		394
"	Martin	1-2-1861 2-23-1861		
Connelly	John	Children of Patrick & Susan Connelly Died 7-15-1880 Age 5 yrs		237
"	Jane	Died 10-29-1884 Age 13 yrs		
Connelly	Margaret	Wife of Michael Connelly Died 5-2-1911		2225
Connelly				2073
Connelly	Michael	Son of Patrick & Ann Connelly 8-28-1855 11-4-1878 Aged 23 yrs. 2 mos & 11 Days		848
"		X		847
"		X		848
Conway	Patrick	1857-1922		1572
"	Edward	1866-1894		1572
Connelly	Agnes M	1891-1918 (Conway Plot)		1572
Connelly	Michael	Died 12-14-1905		1209

THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / CONNELLY FAMILY

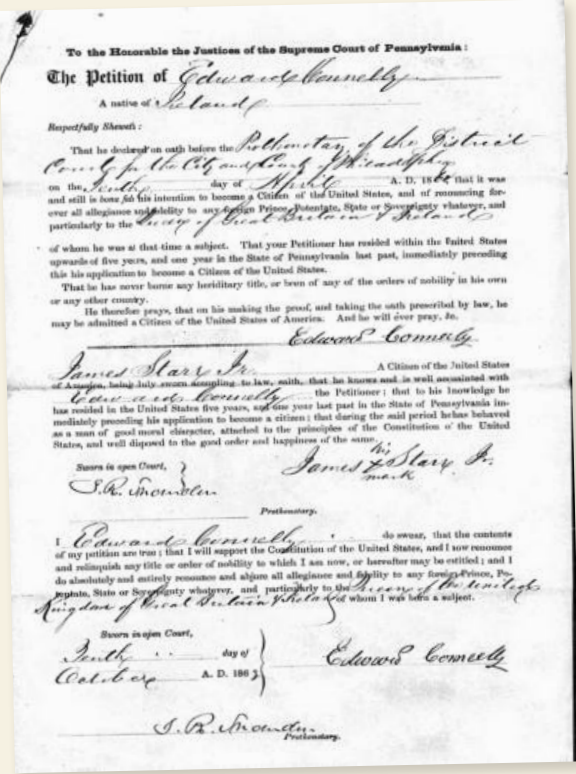
In 1866, shortly after the Civil War ended, Edward completed the naturalization process and formally became an American citizen. John Starr Jr. appeared as a witness, providing an important documented connection between Edward and the Starr family, although John’s precise relationship to Jane has not been proven.



From Intention to Citizenship

Edward Connelly’s 1860 declaration recorded him as a native of Ireland and formally began his path toward American citizenship. In 1866, he completed the naturalization process by taking the Oath of Allegiance. A witness bearing Jane’s Starr surname provides an additional documented connection between Edward and her family.

Naturalization represented more than an entry in a courthouse book. Edward formally pledged his allegiance to the country in which he had served, worked, married, and established his family. Eighteen years after stepping ashore from the St. Leon, his journey from Irish immigrant to American citizen was complete.



THE AMERICAN PORTRAITS / CONNELLY FAMILY

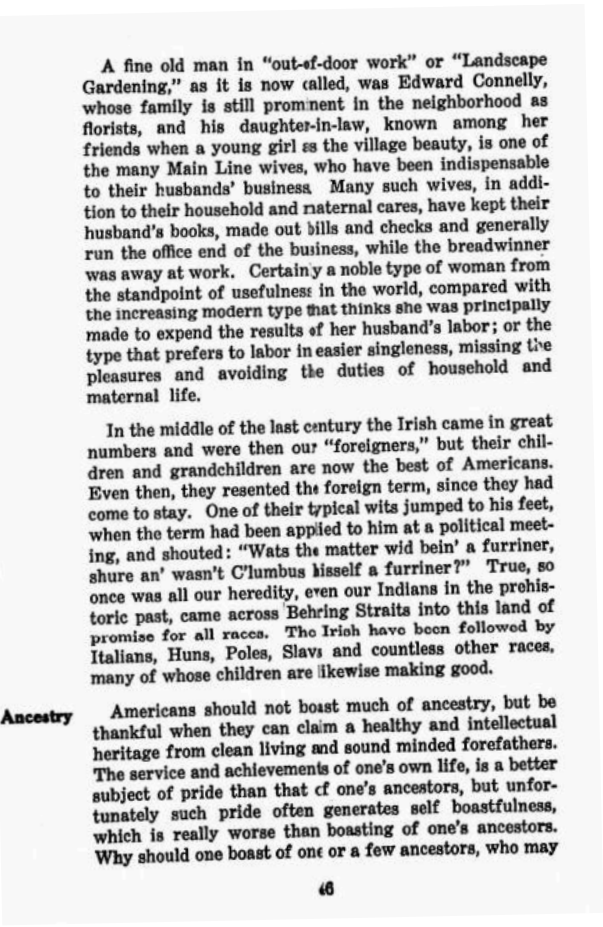
“A Fine Old Man”

In later years, Edward became known for his work in landscaping and outdoor gardening. A contemporary memoir, Personal Reminiscences of the Main Line, described him as “a fine old man” engaged in “out-of-door work,” or “landscape gardening,” as the author explained it. The same account noted that members of the Connelly family became locally prominent as florists.

The memoir also recognized the indispensable role played by Edward’s daughter-in-law in the family business. In addition to caring for her home and children, she kept the books, prepared bills and checks, and managed the office while her husband worked outdoors. Long before Connelly’s Florist became familiar to later generations, the family had established a local reputation through its gardening and floral work.

A Father’s Final Provisions

Edward signed his will on May 7, 1886. The document offers a final and unusually personal glimpse into his concern for his family.

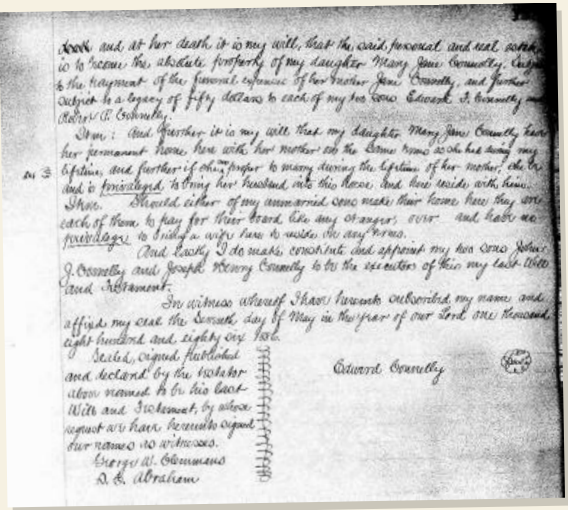
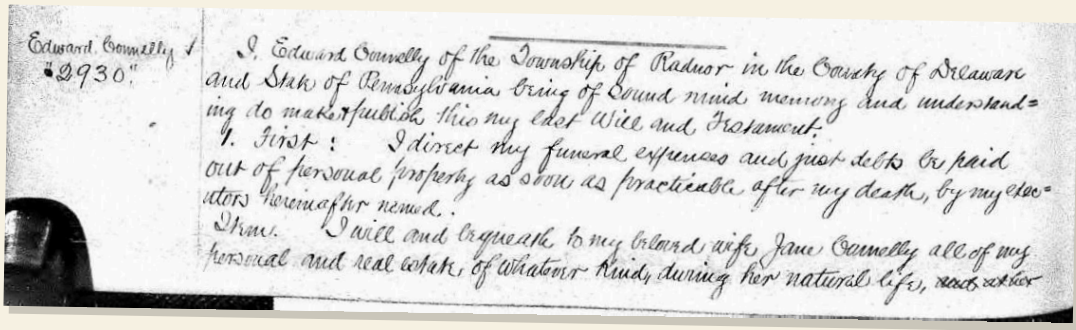


Remembered in the Community

A later local history remembered Edward Connelly as “a fine old man” engaged in outdoor work, then known as landscape gardening. It also noted that members of his family remained prominent in the neighborhood as florists, preserving a rare community memory of Edward and the work associated with his family.

He left his property to Jane for the remainder of her life, ensuring that she would continue to have a home and financial security. He also made careful provisions for their daughter, Mary Jane. Edward directed that she

could remain permanently in the family home with her mother and, if she married during Jane’s lifetime, could bring her husband into the house to live with them.



Edward Connelly’s Final Wishes

Edward’s will, signed on May 7, 1886, preserves his wishes in his own words. He provided for Jane during her lifetime, ensured that their daughter Mary Jane would always have a home, and appointed his sons James J. and Joseph Henry Connelly as executors. Edward’s signature appears at the foot of the document, only months before his death.

The will also recognized each of Edward’s four sons. Edward J. and Robert P. were to receive individual bequests, while John J. and Joseph Henry were appointed executors. His unmarried sons could continue living in the home but were expected to contribute fairly toward their board.

Rather than simply dividing his possessions, Edward considered how the household would continue after his death. His instructions reveal a practical man who understood his responsibilities as a husband and father and wanted Jane and Mary Jane to remain secure.

Edward died on September 21, 1886, approximately four months after signing his will. He was buried at Saint Denis Cemetery in Havertown, where generations of the Connelly family would later be laid to rest.

Reflection

Edward’s story is one of perseverance, service, and commitment. He left Ireland, crossed the Atlantic aboard the St. Leon, and built a new life through demanding physical work. He served his adopted country during the Civil War and then formally became an American citizen. With Jane, he raised four sons and one daughter and established a family whose roots remained firmly planted along the Main Line.

Of all the records that survive, one simple phrase stands above the rest. A man who knew Edward remembered him as “a fine old man.” That quiet compliment may be the greatest tribute any ancestor can receive. Long after occupations, census entries, and legal documents have faded into history, those words remind us that Edward was remembered not only for what he accomplished, but for the man he was.

It is nice to receive a compliment but remember that no single description can capture the whole person. Edward was remembered as a “fine old man,” but he was much more than those few words. Be careful in allowing others to define you, because there is always a bigger picture—a lifetime of experiences, choices, relationships, and contributions that make up who you are.

Carry Away:

Don’t let others define you.

VI. SUMMARY

The Heartbeat and the Voice

The voices change.
The heartbeat endures.

For generations, the fife and drum belonged together. The drum provided the strong, repetitive beat. The fife carried the melody—its bright voice rising above the surrounding noise. Perhaps a family is not so different. The drum is the heartbeat. The fife is the individual voice. Together, they are woven to create a life. Across these portraits, the voices are distinctly their own. Some notes are high and some are low. Others are simply faint, waiting to be heard. There are moments of courage and hardship, accomplishment and disappointment, joy and loss. It is the composition of all those notes—not simply the high ones—that gives each life its authentic voice. The faint notes offer another opportunity. Research and discovery can bring an individual closer to us. Another document, photograph, occupation, address, signature, family story, or artifact can allow us to hear more of the life behind the name. A voice that once seemed distant can become clearer, and there may always be more waiting to be discovered. Yet beneath all those individual voices, a steady drumbeat can be heard. As these portraits came together, seven common threads began to repeat across generations: commitment to family; a strong work ethic; courage to adapt; service and duty; faith and community; skill, ingenuity and self-reliance; and loyalty, connection and support for one another.

They were not qualities chosen in advance and imposed upon these lives. They emerged organically from them. Different generations, different circumstances and different voices—but a remarkably familiar heartbeat. Each of the 50 voices also leaves behind something of its own: a Carry Away. No reader is expected to hear every voice in quite the same way. One ancestor’s experience may feel distant, while another experience sounds remarkably familiar. Each voice has a Carry Away. It is up to you to listen and discover which ones resonate with you. Perhaps that is one of the gifts of knowing the people who came before us. Their lives do not tell us who we must become. They simply add their voices to the music already playing. And the composition is not necessarily finished simply because the research stops. Another record, photograph, letter, or family story may someday allow another note to be heard. Listen to the voices we have recovered. Learn from the ones that resonate with you. And remain curious enough to listen for the voices that are still faint. And with each generation, another voice joins the composition. The voices change. The heartbeat endures. And the reader gets to listen.



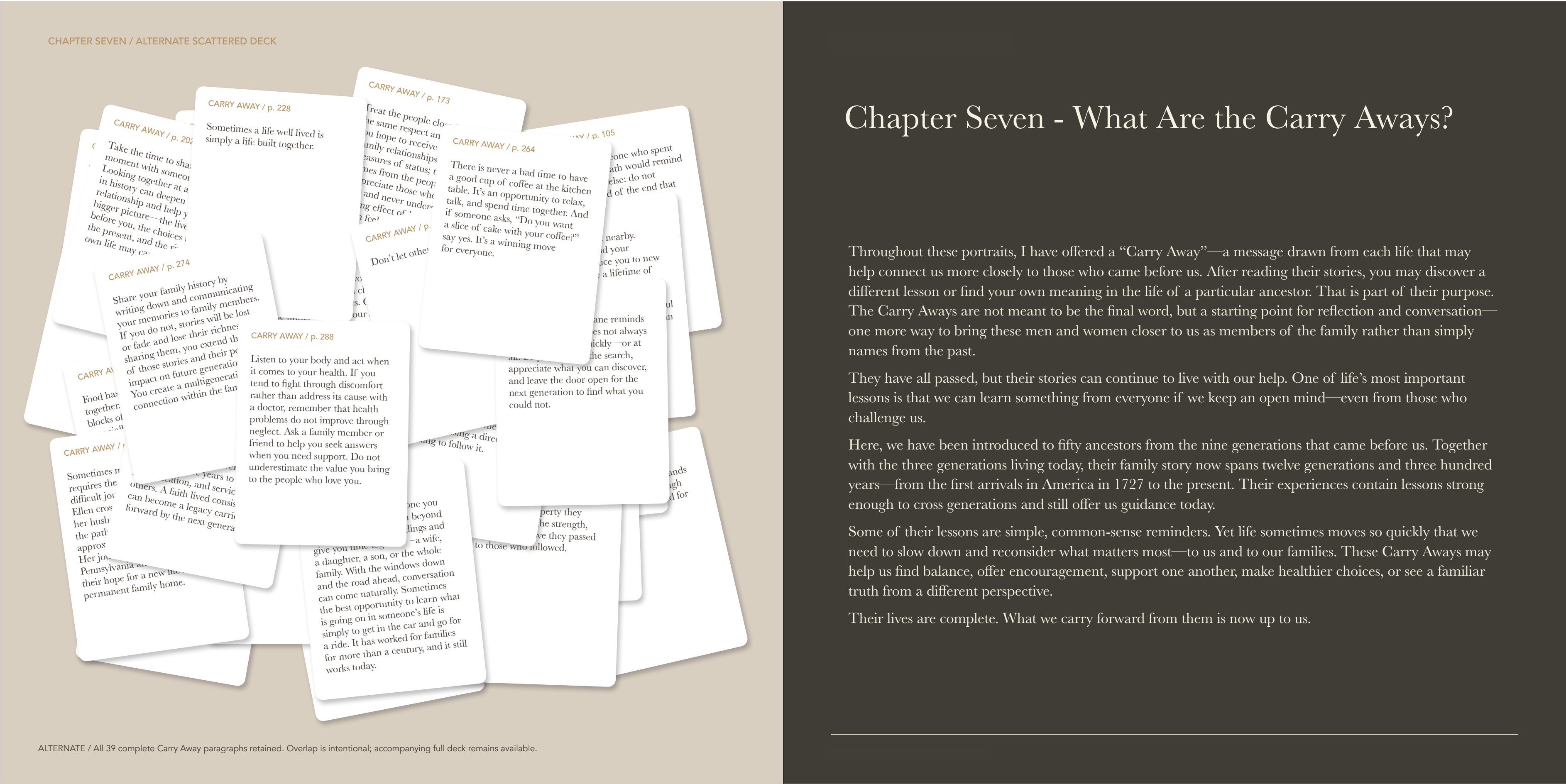
Throughout these portraits, I have offered a “Carry Away”—a message drawn from each life that may help connect us more closely to those who came before us. After reading their stories, you may discover a different lesson or find your own meaning in the life of a particular ancestor. That is part of their purpose. The Carry Aways are not meant to be the final word, but a starting point for reflection and conversation—one more way to bring these men and women closer to us as members of the family rather than simply names from the past.

They have all passed, but their stories can continue to live with our help. One of life's most important lessons is that we can learn something from everyone if we keep an open mind—even from those who challenge us.

Here, we have been introduced to fifty ancestors from the nine generations that came before us. Together with the three generations living today, their family story now spans twelve generations and three hundred years—from the first arrivals in America in 1727 to the present. Their experiences contain lessons strong enough to cross generations and still offer us guidance today.

Some of their lessons are simple, common-sense reminders. Yet life sometimes moves so quickly that we need to slow down and reconsider what matters most—to us and to our families. These Carry Aways may help us find balance, offer encouragement, support one another, make healthier choices, or see a familiar truth from a different perspective.

Their lives are complete. What we carry forward from them is now up to us.



Chapter Seven - What Are the Carry Aways?

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Looking Upward

Fifty-five years ago, I began looking into the branches of a family tree.

At eleven years old, I thought I was searching for names and dates. I did not yet understand that behind every name was a life, and behind every date was a story waiting to be rediscovered.

Over time, the branches became clearer.

The names became people—immigrants, parents, grandparents, craftsmen, laborers, soldiers, business owners, neighbors, believers, and dreamers.

They crossed oceans, buried loved ones, endured wars and hardship, raised children, practiced their trades, established homes, served their communities, and passed something of themselves into every generation that followed.

Their individual lives were reflected in the families they created. Across generations, those families and surnames joined together to become our own.

Lives Reflecting Upwards is not simply the story of fifty individuals. It is the story of how one life reaches into another, how one generation shapes the next, and how the hopes of people who lived centuries ago continue to influence who we are today.

When I now look upward through the branches, I no longer see only the past.

I see the courage of those who left their homelands.

I see the sacrifices made during the voyage.

I see the hands that built homes, businesses, churches, wagons, carriages, newspapers, and communities.

I see family traditions passed from one table to another.

I see familiar faces emerging from faded photographs.

I see their reflections in us.

The American Dream they began did not end when they found work, purchased homes, raised families, or became citizens. It continued through every generation that followed and remains active in the generations living today.

Each of us now stands somewhere among those branches. Our lives are part of the same continuing story. The choices we make, the people we encourage, the traditions we preserve, and the examples we set will one day become reflections for generations we may never meet.

The tree continues to grow.

And someday, others may look upward through these branches and discover our lives among them.