

# Sheehy Family Newsletter

June 2022 ♦ Issue 4

## INTRODUCTION

It is amazing that the fourth issue of our Sheehy Family Newsletter will be the first that coincides with our annual Sheehy family reunion. Although the idea of a newsletter was born in the early days of the pandemic, none of us ever imagined that we would have to cancel two family reunions before being able to meet again, or that it would take so long.

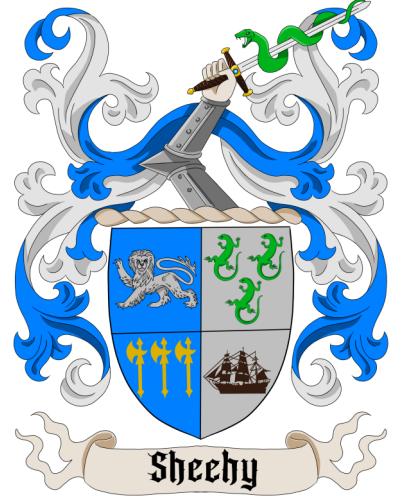
This edition of the newsletter coincides with a major family event of 2022—the 100th birthday of our uncle, Richard James Sheehy, on May 3, 2022. Uncle Dick is a great example for our family of the achievement of success through a strong sense of values, perseverance, and hard work. We are very proud that he is our uncle, and also that he has been one of the previous contributors to our newsletter!

An unexpected side effect of the newsletter has been the increasing involvement of branches of the family other than the Oregon Sheehys. This edition includes a second contribution by Jessica Sheehy of the Montana Sheehys, along with a reprint of an article written by her grandfather, John Morton Sheehy. Research for the note on the members of the family that moved to Kansas led to contact with several descendants of John Francis Sheehy, the older brother of our great grandfather, Thomas James Sheehy. The information in the article has benefitted enormously from comments by two of them, Terri Cozzoli of Portland, Oregon, and Carrie Taylor of Raytown, Missouri, both of whom are third cousins once removed of the current generation of the Oregon Sheehys. We hope to continue to develop our relationship with them and to learn more about the John Francis Sheehy branch of the family in the future.

This newsletter includes a note by Sam Sheehy on the development of a family website. The idea is to create a vehicle that supplements our existing means of delivering the newsletter (email, Facebook, and snail mail), and also allows information about the family to be shared and accessed more easily. Ideas, comments and suggestions for future development of the website are welcome.

We are looking forward to seeing as many of you as possible at the family reunion on June 24-25!

*~ By Robert Sheehy, Son of Robert Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy*



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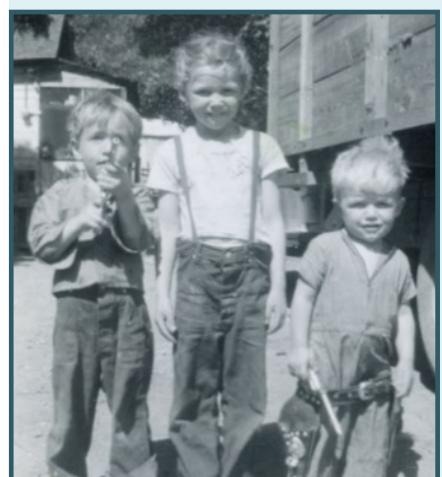
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Dennis, Mary Jane and Hugh. Note the pistols carried by Dennis and Hugh.

## FAMILY HISTORY

### Part One—Moving to Montana

*The following is the first of two articles comprised of edited excerpts from the unpublished autobiographical notes of Etta Gillogly (1864-1933), which were written shortly before her death in June 1933. The second article, which covers material in the notes on her life in Montana, will be included in the next family newsletter.*

I was born in May 1864 in the city of Bangor, Maine, on the Penobscot River, and baptised Margaret Etta Marie Gillogly. My parents, Hugh and Mabel Gillogly, had ten children,<sup>1</sup> of which I was the ninth. When I was eight years of age, my mother died and my father took sick the day mother was buried and never left his bed, dying the following year in May 1873. The next month my baby sister passed away.<sup>2</sup>

My father had a grocery store on the corner of Union and Front Streets and several of his sister's and sister-in-law's husbands ran saloons, grocery stores and a meat market a few doors up the street. After my parents' deaths, some of us went to live with our aunts. My two older sisters went and learned trades.<sup>3</sup> My oldest sister Mary lived with Uncle Tom (Gallagher) and Aunt Isabelle near our own home. I went to live with Grandfather James and Grandmother Ellen Gillogly. We had six or eight houses left to us, but so many people would rent them, live in them for some time and ruin them. The houses could not be sold until I was of age, which was a long time after when I married. Most of my father's sisters live in Bangor. Only one, Matilda, went with her brother Chris to California and later married Hugh Galen and moved to Montana.

After Grandfather died, I did not want to stay there so went down to live with Aunty Bell<sup>4</sup> near our old home. They had girls my age.<sup>5</sup> The river was so near, but we were not allowed to go there. A ferryboat took people to Brewer where they built ships and launched them.

Crowds of people would go to see the ships christened and named. The New York and Boston boats came in and out every day on the Penobscot River. There was a large slip leading to the ferry where nearly all the people around had little skiffs anchored with long chains. One day I got away from the rest and went to push the skiff, and as I was going to jump in it, the skiff went out and I landed in the river. My brother and another boy were there and pulled me out by my hair, so I did not go there again for a long time.



Etta Marie Gillogly

<sup>1</sup> Mary Ellen, Matilda, Isabelle, Rose Anna (our great grandmother), Christopher, and Sarah Elizabeth were six of the siblings of Etta. Another sister (also Sarah) and a brother Owen died very young. We have not been able to identify a ninth sibling.

<sup>2</sup> Sarah Elizabeth passed away in July.

<sup>3</sup> Presumably Matilda and Isabelle.

<sup>4</sup> Aunty Bell is Isabelle (Gillogly) Gallagher, referred to in the previous paragraph.

<sup>5</sup> Nellie and Isabel Gallagher, born in 1863 and 1867.



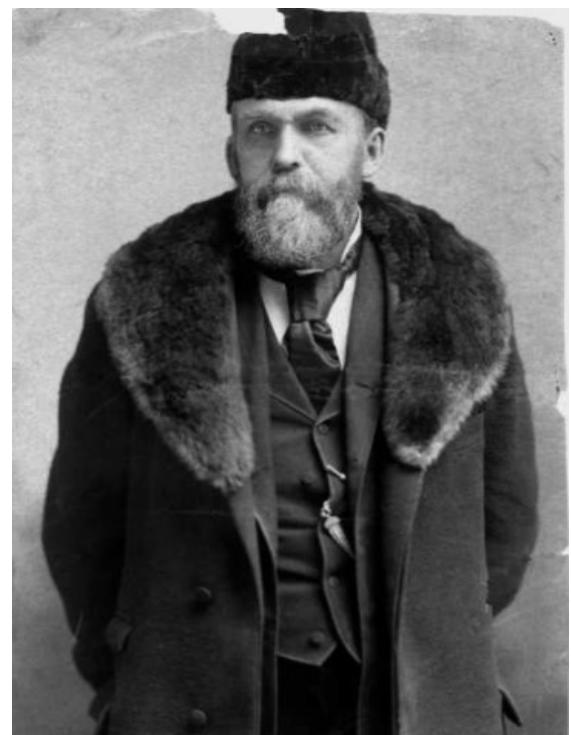
Matilda Gillogly Galen

My Aunt Matilda came back to see her father (my grandfather). She had lost a little girl named Mamie before she came, and her other daughter Nellie was going to the Academy in Helena, so she wanted us to come out and live with her. I was sickly and they thought it would be better for me in Montana where she was living at the time. Grandfather died while Aunty was visiting Maine (1875), and she got word her son Charles was sick, so she started home. When she was near home, she met a neighbour and he said that he had just come from Charles's funeral. When she arrived home, her hair was white.

Next spring Uncle Hugh Galen brought his daughter Nellie back to Notre Dame to school. He went to Washington and got the contract for running the stage line from Helena to Virginia City, and he came to Bangor after us. My sister Rose, brother Chris, cousin Dan (Gallagher) and I left Bangor with Uncle on the twelfth of March. We stopped in Chicago where Uncle left us while he visited his daughter at Notre Dame.

While he was gone my sister got lonesome and went to the depot, opened her trunk and took out what was ours as she was hoping to take the rest back to Bangor. Then Uncle came and said, "Rose, we want to surprise your aunt, so you must come if only for a month." Finally she decided to go with us. We traveled by train on the narrow gauge railroad to Franklin, Utah, the end of the line. We then took a stage traveling night and day, sometimes in sleigh and sometimes in dead-axe wagon,<sup>6</sup> as there was lots of snow. We could not go far in one day. The sleigh was crowded with one whole family, two other women, five of us and three or four traveling men. One night we could not travel and had to stay in a stock tender's cabin. The stove smoked so badly we could only stay in a few minutes and then had to go out as our eyes were nearly blind, but it was too cold to stay out long. The men got supper and then Uncle dug a hole in the haystack and made our bed with lots of robes and blankets. When we went to bed, first my cousin Dan, then brother Chris, then myself, then sister Rose, but she did not stay there long as she wanted to be near Uncle, so if the Indians came she could wake him. It did not bother me then, but later, I used to tease her and say she thought the Indians would take me first.

We were all covered with snow when we awoke next morning but were very warm under all our blankets. We continued our journey and sometimes had a hard time. We had four horses all the time and two in the back. When we were getting near Whitehall, Montana, the horses tied to the back of the stage were cut loose by shots. There were seven shots fired, and the men didn't know if it was Indians or holdups, but they took their watches and jewellery and threw them in the bottom of the coach. Uncle had diamonds for Aunty. The driver sure put the whip to the horses, and we never let up until we arrived at Whitehall.



Hugh Francis Galen

<sup>6</sup> A very uncomfortable wagon with no springs.



We were so tired but were getting near Boulder Valley where Uncle's buggy and big wagon met us. My Uncle Tim<sup>7</sup> came, and I wanted to ride in the big wagon with him and the trunks, but I held on his arm all the way. When we stopped for dinner, cousin Dan and sister Rose thought they would walk up on one of the mountains. I started to go with them but stepped on a bed of prickly pears. I had to sit down and take my shoes off. The folks called to us and said that the mountain was more than thirty miles. We then started to Uncle's ranch and were very glad to get there and see Aunty and cousins Frank and James (who was my age), a little boy in a linen suit—three-year-old Albert, and a little baby only a month old. When she was baptised, she was named after her mother and me, Matilda Margaret, but called Maud for short.

We stayed on the ranch all spring and summer. It was a lovely place called Willow Springs, halfway between Helena and Bozeman. Sister Rose went with Uncle when he broke horses, but I would rather play with the boys. We had a playhouse in the Willows. There was a big hill called Rattlesnake Hill. We thought it fun to kill them, and we brought one down and put it on the doorstep. When they opened the door, they thought it was alive, but that night when we were playing in the swings, its mate came down, and Aunty heard it and made us come in. The next day when the men were going to sit down to dinner they looked out and Albert was standing over a great big rattler all coiled and ready to spring. My brother jumped through the window and grabbed him, while another man threw a rock and killed the snake.

Several men came out to the ranch to work for Uncle. He had horses, sheep and cattle, as well as the stage line, and needed lots of men. He had a blacksmith shop, and Owen Gillogly, who was the finest blacksmith in Montana, did all the blacksmithing.<sup>8</sup> Uncle had a big family coach with all our extra clothes in it, and the horses all harnessed in the barn, so if the coach that passed brought news of the Indians coming, we could leave at once. We used to go up to Radersburg on the morning stage and back in the afternoon. They called us deadheads because we did not pay. The drivers were very nice. It was a long time before I got back to the ranch.

In July, we moved into Helena, so we could go to school. I started school at the Academy, and we lived in the nicest place at the head of Rodney Street, where Uncle had a stage stable and a large yard. Aunty and Uncle went out to the ranch the next summer, but I stayed in town with sister Rose and cousin Dan. One Sunday, I had two girlfriends over, and while we were out in the yard, a man with his pants tied on came up and down the fence. The girls went home, and the next morning I went to milk the cow, and he was back. One of the men that knew us and always walked and took care of the ditch saw him and told him that if he did not leave there he would be arrested, so he left. Next morning, I went to milk, and my cousin jumped over the fence. I thought it was that man, and I was so scared I couldn't move. My cousin asked what is the matter? When I told him, he said that if the man ever came around, he would shoot him, but he never came, and I never milked afterwards.

Uncle and family came back, and we went to school again. They began getting ready for my sister Rose's wedding. She was married to Thomas J. Sheehy<sup>9</sup> on September 22, 1879. They went to Radersburg on their honeymoon and lived in the McGinnis house when they came back. Mr. Sheehy was headman at Davidson Harness Store. I moved over to live with them.

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<sup>7</sup> We have not yet been able to identify the person referred to as Uncle Tim.

<sup>8</sup> Owen was the son of Michael Giillogly, the older brother of Etta's grandfather (and our third great grandfather) James Gillogly. See Sheehy Family Newsletter #2.

<sup>9</sup> Our great grandfather. Rose is our great grandmother.

One day, the hired girl came running and said that Maud was dying. I went over and three doctors were leaving the room and said she was dead. They could not pry her mouth open, but two of the nuns came in and took a bottle of water from Lourdes and poured it on her lips. She opened her mouth, and from that, she opened her eyes. I stayed with her as she wouldn't let anyone take her from me. Her brother Albert had been playing doctor and had given her some camphor. We stayed and watched her all night, and after she was better, I went back to sister Rose.

A young man came to stay with us, and we three girls and he and my brothers went to a masked ball. We wore the same outfit, one for a while and then the other. After the dance, a young man that had asked me to go, came to the dressing room for his sister that we were to stay all night with, and we asked him where the boys were. He said they were waiting in the hall. When we got there, no boys in sight. He said to the driver and us, "You get in and I will get the boys." We got in, and he jumped in, and they drove to his house. We thought we could explain to the boys, but the

young man would never believe that we didn't do it on purpose. I had gone to the dancing school, so the next week I did not go. The second week, I got a note that was sent to me by my brother-in-law. I thought it was from the young man, and I was going to put it into the stove without looking at it, but my brother said, "you had better look" and it was another young man, so I went out with him.

My sister Rose's baby girl<sup>10</sup> was born then, so it took up my time for a while. I used to crochet in the moonlight. In the spring, we moved down to Ulidia, what is now Cascade. A young neighbour boy came a way down the canyon on horseback with me, and then he wrote after, but I lost his letter and I never saw him again. We had good times that winter. We had the Past Time Club, and there were lots of girls and big ranchers; most of them have gone. Old man Gibson used to run a ferry across the river. He had a boy and a girl; his wife was dead. He used to let us run a little skiff up the river but always told us we must not go down for there was a big eddy and we would get drowned, but one day there were so many of us, including his boy, that we thought we could row up again. We went down but had a very hard time getting back. We would row as hard as we could and then when we would go to change two at a time, the boat would drift back. We got as near the bank as we could, and his boy jumped and pulled, and we would row until one could jump at a time. We got back but never told anyone until a long time afterwards. Last year one to the girls who was with us came to see me. We had a long talk about that.



Gillogly sisters (left to right) Matilda Cook, Etta Manix, and Rose Sheehy

<sup>10</sup> Mabel Josephine, who lived only a few months.

## The Langley Story

The Langley and Sheehy families were connected when Harland Eugene Langley (1910-1989) married Helen Merritt Sheehy (1913-2002), the daughter of Hugh Francis and Helen (Holbrook) Sheehy, on July 23, 1936.

The Langley family originated in Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England, a medium-sized town located on the River Severn just west of Birmingham. The earliest members of the family that we have been able to identify were Thomas and Anne (Wellings) Langley, who were born there in the 1730's. Their son Thomas (1759-1835) and his wife Mary Bourn had 12 (or possibly 13) children. Their sixth child, Nicholas (1793-1829), married Elizabeth Preece in 1819. George Edwin Langley, the youngest son of Nicholas and Elizabeth, was born in Bridgnorth in 1826.

George Edwin Langley emigrated to Lowell, Massachusetts, and was married there in 1860 to Mary Ann Moody, who had also been born in England. Both of them were members of the Mormon church. They had a son and a daughter in Massachusetts (the son died shortly after birth) and then moved to Cache County, Utah, where three other daughters were born. Mary Ann died of pneumonia in 1875, shortly after the birth of the youngest daughter.

George Edwin then married Mary Elizabeth (White) Palmer, a widow with three children, who was born in England in 1845. Mary Elizabeth was also a Mormon and had come to Utah with her first husband, George Tucker Palmer, who died during the amputation of his leg as the result of a logging accident.

The first son of George Edwin and Mary Elizabeth, Edwin Nicholas, known as Ted (1876-1909) was born in Utah in September 1876. The couple then decided to leave Utah, reportedly because they were ostracized by the Mormon church for refusing to participate in polygamy. They departed with 8 children in 1877 headed for Walla Walla, Washington. They got to the Durbin Creek ranch near Huntington, Oregon, in the fall and a daughter, Elizabeth (1877-1906), was born in December. George worked for Durbin during the spring and summer of 1878. By the fall of 1878, they were living on Dixie Creek, about 8 miles north of Huntington, in some dugouts that Chinese miners had vacated.<sup>1</sup>



Langley Family, Lime, Oregon, ca. 1890. From left: Ira, Alma, Ted, Elizabeth, George Edwin, Mary Elizabeth, Frederick, and Amelia



Bridgnorth, Shropshire, England

In 18 days during November and December of 1878, they lost 5 of their children to diphtheria. Another daughter died in 1882, but we do not know the cause of death. Born to them while living on Dixie Creek were 4 more children: Alma Alfred (1879-1950), Amelia (1882-1946), Ira Ernest (1883-1918), and Frederick (1887-1943).

<sup>1</sup> These dugouts were under the hill from where Aunt Nettie Goodell lived. They were across the road from Harland Langley's barn. My sister Joy and I used to play dolls in the doorways.

George Edwin was a carpenter and worked on the railroad bridges. He had a fall from which he never recovered, and died in 1895.

The youngest son, Frederick, married Hazel Sisley (the aunt of Dona (Storie) Sheehy) in June 1908 at Weatherby, Oregon. Born to them were Harland Eugene, March 4, 1910 and Minnie Alta, August 4, 1912. Harland was born at home just south of Jett, Oregon, on the opposite side of the river from Dixie Creek. Later they built a house on the Dixie Creek side of the river (the one that burned when Bob and Dona Sheehy were living there) near where Harland's barn is today.

Harland homesteaded up First Creek off Dixie Creek and built a cabin on the hill. He and Helen lived there as much as was required to prove up on the homestead. They also lived on the Owen Griffith place up Dixie Creek (where Margaret and Elton Griffith lived for years). In January 1943, they moved into the house on the knoll above Dixie Creek (which was built by Harland and his grandfather) across the road from Aunt Nettie Goodell. When the ranch was sold in 2001, the house was torn down.

Harland and Helen had 6 children: Dwight, Virginia, Mary Joy, Fred, Anita, and Gwen. Another daughter (Ann) died when she was only one day old.



Mary Elizabeth White and George Edwin Langley

Dwight Eugene: DOB 9-2-1937 married Tamara "Tammy" Judge and had 2 girls (Marie and Karen) and 4 boys (Dustin, Andrew, Paul and Shane). After Dwight's death on 4-26-2002, Tammy and family moved to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Virginia Kay: DOB 3-22-1939 married Gordon Bloom and had a boy (Gene) and a girl (Gere). They have always lived in Baker City, Oregon. Gordon died 8-9-2018.

Mary Joy: DOB 4-6-1941 married Clifford Howland. They had 5 children, 1 boy (Clifford) and 4 girls (Mary Theresa, Jill, Marcia and Terri Louise). Joy lives in Seattle, Washington.

Lynn Fredrick DOB 9-8-1943 married Arleta Jones. They had 6 girls (Kaylene, Lavonne, Michelle, Barbara, Susan and Sarah). They live in Union, Oregon.

Anita Marie DOB 8-7-1945 married Kent Nelson. They had 2 boys (Mark and Matt). Kent died June 4, 2021. Anita lives in Lake Havasu City, Arizona.

Gwendolene Marcia DOB 5-26-1947 married Bob Steele. They had a boy (Robert) and a girl (Julie). After living in Monmouth, Oregon for 30 years, they retired to Baker City, Oregon.



Wedding of Helen Sheehy and Harland Langley, July 23, 1936

~ By Virginia (Langley) Bloom, Daughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley

## To Open A Tunnel

*John Morton Sheehy enlisted as a private in the US Marine Corps on June 4, 1941. Immediately after boot camp in San Diego, California, he was shipped to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, where he experienced the surprise Japanese attack in December 1941. He was then shipped to Guadalcanal<sup>1</sup> in early 1942, but did not see direct combat there. The battle of Tarawa (the subject of this article) was in November 1943, following which he was part of the forces that took Saipan and Tinian<sup>2</sup> in the Mariana Islands in mid-1944. He was discharged as a sergeant on May 15, 1945, after four years in the South Pacific.*

*He was only 26 years old at the time of the battle of Tarawa, and reached his 27th birthday during the battles of Saipan and Tinian. His experiences convinced him that war is a terrible thing and should not be glorified in any way. He did not see himself as exceptional because of his service, but rather considered that he had just done what many others would have in the circumstances.*

*One of the soldiers in the 2<sup>nd</sup> Marine Division who also participated in the battle of Tarawa, M. F. Swango, wrote in *Heritage Years: Second Marine Division, 1940-1999, Volume II*, by Art Sharp, Turner Publishing Company, 1999, page 74.*

In every combat veteran's subconscious mind lurks the memory of one terrifying incident, one close brush with death that will forever transcend all else. For the rest of his life this one memory will form the basis of his most hideous nightmares. He will awaken in the small, dark hours of the night and reflect on God's plan for those who will die and those who will be spared and granted the gift of continuing life, the priceless heritage to die of old age.

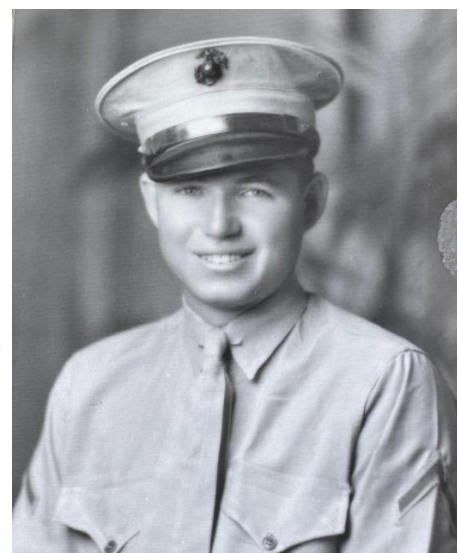
The memory of this experience will never fade and will remain vivid in every detail throughout his lifetime. Seldom will a day pass that he will not pause for a moment and say, "Thank you God, but why me?" He will reflect and possess a deeper appreciation for that which has been bestowed upon him.

*This is John's story in his own words, also published in *Heritage Years: Second Marine Division, 1940-1999, Volume II*, by Art Sharp, Turner Publishing Company, 1999, page 72. Reproduced by permission.*



My name is John Sheehy. I was in the Marine Corps during the time of World War II. My serial number is 311191. I was on the island of Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands in November of 1943.<sup>3</sup> I was in Company A of the 18th Marine Regiment (Engineers), which was a demolition flamethrower outfit at that time. I didn't land on Tarawa until the afternoon of the second day (November 21, 1943) of the assault.<sup>4</sup> I was so scared that I got in a hole and was practically numb. I cleaned my rifle and my pistol. By the next morning, I was in pretty good shape.

We had a lieutenant by the name of Rentel. There was a block house, one of the coconut log type that had a tunnel that emptied into an anti-aircraft gun pit. It perhaps was linked to the seawall, because the gun pit was only about 30 feet from the seawall. Rentel took a demolition flamethrower squad up there to attempt to blow up the tunnel at the blockhouse. He left word for me to come up. By the time I got there, Rentel and his crew were gone. Two of the Marines were shot up, but the only one I remember was Tschida, who had been shot in the hip.



Private John Morton Sheehy,  
USMC, 1941

My flamethrower was down in the hole and I didn't have the nerve to jump in there and try to get it. There were a few infantry men there hanging down over the seawall. I threw in with them and they had a lieutenant among them. There were only 15 or 16 people left out of probably what had been his platoon.<sup>5</sup> He called us all back off of the top next to the pit and he threw a couple of hand grenades in there. Then he hollered "Everybody up." I ran up and there was a coconut tree on my right as I went up. I was right on the edge of that machine gun pit. The pit was probably 25 or 30 feet across. It had been meant for anti-aircraft. They didn't yet have a weapon mounted in it.

I was holding my rifle to my left. As I got to that tree, there were two Japanese coming across the pit. One of them ran at me with a bayonet. When he hollered "Banzai" I shot him. I have often wondered had he not hollered "Banzai" would I have shot in time. That was my first encounter with the enemy. The other one fired on a Marine who was coming up on my left. Fortunately that Japanese missed and that Marine went back over the seawall. The Japanese and I stood there and looked at each other for what seemed a long time, but probably wasn't over a couple of seconds. He cracked the bolt on his rifle and when he did I shot him.



I had not kept track of the amount of ammunition left in my rifle. At that time that was the last shell and the clip flew out. With an M-1 when the clip flew out it rang like a bell. Another Japanese came out of the tunnel on his hands and knees. I had a 45 pistol that I was carrying on half cock. All I had to do was pull the hammer back. He saw that I was still armed and he tried to go back. I shot him in the hip and when he went down I shot him in the head. I didn't know what else to do.

I was pretty well protected by the tree. This young lieutenant came up and squatted down and looked up that tunnel. I yelled at him "Get away from there, there's Japanese in there." He said, "I know." About that time I heard a rifle crack and he went down. I ran around the pit and grabbed him by the hand and pulled him down to the seawall. They had shot him through the throat. He was already dead.

I still had that tunnel on my mind. I wanted to complete what Rentel had started to do if I could. About that time, a light tank that was armed with a 30 caliber machine gun and a 37 caliber tank gun showed up on a rise. They had a telephone on the outside. I ran up and pulled the telephone off and I think the man who was running it was a lieutenant by the name of McMillan. I had met him when we were going to Guadalcanal. We had not been good friends, but we had always recognized each other when we met. I asked him if he could put machine gun fire in that tunnel so I could get down in the pit and get my flamethrower. I had the erroneous idea that I could burn that tunnel with the flamethrower. Probably the flamethrower wouldn't have worked anyway, but he said that he couldn't, and that if I would wait there, he would send me someone. I got down where I could watch the edge of that pit, so that no Japanese could sneak up and shoot me from the edge of it.

After a while, a half-track with a 75 mm gun came along and I told them what I wanted to do. There were two men in it and one of them said "Where is this tunnel?" I pointed it out to him and they squared their half-track off with the tunnel and started firing detonating shells into it. It took three or four shells to blow the lid off of the tunnel. The final shell they put right into the blockhouse.

Those blockhouses had a maze door. If I remember right, I was only in one of them, but I think it had three turns before you got into the main room. The main room was probably 20 or 25 feet by 40 or 50 feet. It was all made with coconut logs and it had a coconut log roof built like an old western ranch log cabin. It was all covered with sand. When the half-track crew got through, there was no more tunnel or blockhouse. So Rentel's mission had been completed.

It was not my doing that did it. I just was one of the people that happened to be involved and be at the right place to help. This took place where Red Beach 1 and Red Beach 2 joined, which would have been to the west of the long pier. It would have been right on the edge of what was known as the “Pocket,” which was the most deadly defense that the Japanese had [on the island].

~ By John Morton Sheehy, Grandson of Thomas James Sheehy and Rose Anna (Gillogly) Sheehy



*Explanatory footnotes, maps, photographs and the Afterword have been added to the original text.*

Afterword: The Marines suffered more than 3,400 casualties of the 18,000 soldiers involved during the 76-hour assault on Tarawa, including more than 1,000 dead or missing and presumed dead. Only 17 soldiers of the total Japanese garrison of 4,836 survived the assault.

The battles of Saipan and Tinian were similarly bloody. The American forces lost 3,426 killed and 10,364 wounded in Saipan and 389 killed and 1,816 wounded in Tinian. Only 921 Japanese soldiers of the total garrison of 30,000 on Saipan survived, and an estimated 20,000 civilians were killed or committed suicide. On Tinian, which was much smaller, only 313 Japanese soldiers out of 8,500 survived, and civilian deaths were estimated at 4,000 persons.

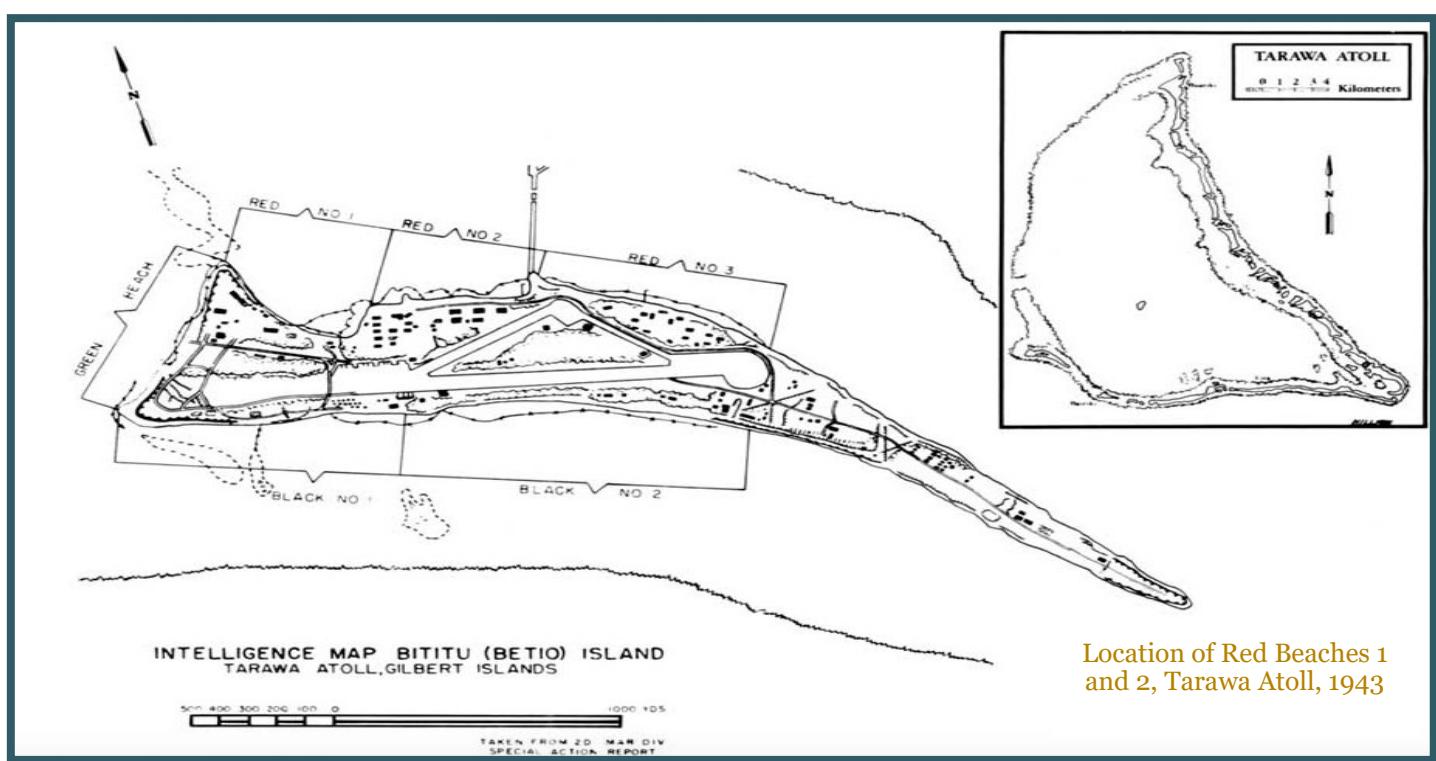
<sup>1</sup> Guadalcanal is now part of the country of Solomon Islands.

<sup>2</sup> Saipan and Tinian are part of the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands, a US territory comprised of 14 islands located north of Guam.

<sup>3</sup> Tarawa atoll is now part of the country of Kiribati.

<sup>4</sup> The assault took place during November 20-23, 1943. For a detailed account of the battle for Tarawa, one of the bloodiest of World War II, see: Across the Reef: The Marine Assault of Tarawa, by Colonel Joseph H. Alexander, USMC (Ret). See website [https://www.nps.gov/parkhistory/online\\_books/npswapa/extcontent/usmc/pcn-190-003120-00/sec1.htm](https://www.nps.gov/parkhistory/online_books/npswapa/extcontent/usmc/pcn-190-003120-00/sec1.htm) for introduction and following sections (sec2 and following) for a day-by-day account of the battle.

<sup>5</sup> A Marine infantry platoon is normally comprised of 43 soldiers.



## Our Kansas Cousins

After the departure from Wisconsin to the west of four Sheehy brothers during 1863-65, their mother, Mary Collins Sheehy, remained in Shullsburg, Wisconsin with three of her children: John Francis, Catherine, and Richard. She was a widow. Her husband Patrick, our great-great-grandfather, had died a few years earlier in 1856. Mary Collins Sheehy herself passed away in May 1870. The cause of death was reported as dropsy, which is a type of edema (swelling of the tissues) that is usually the result of congestive heart failure, or liver or kidney problems.

### The Siblings who Moved to Kansas:

#### **John Francis (1825-1895)**

John Francis, the oldest of the siblings that remained in Wisconsin, is the second of the eight children of Patrick and Mary Collins Sheehy of which we are aware. He was born in Newcastle West, County Limerick, and was baptized there on December 31, 1825. At the time of his mother's death, John Francis had been married for ten years to Mary Colton (1832-1917), an Irish immigrant from County Tyrone, and they had three daughters. A son was born two years later. Two other children died in infancy. John Francis owned and operated a small farm (just less than 40 acres) near Shullsburg with his younger sister and brother, who lived with him and his family.

In 1879, the entire family moved from Wisconsin to a farm just east of Paola, Kansas. A year later, they moved again a few miles away to Middle Creek, Kansas, where they made a permanent home on a farm of 320 acres. Mary Colton Sheehy's brother, Father James Colton, who had been the pastor of a large Catholic congregation in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, had become seriously ill and joined them there to recover. He died in Middle Creek in 1884 and is buried in the old cemetery in Paola. John Francis died in Paola in 1895 and Mary Colton Sheehy died there in 1917. Both are buried in the Holy Cross Cemetery.

#### **Catherine (1837-1885)**

The younger sister of John Francis, Catherine, known as Kate, was also born in Newcastle West, and was baptized there on August 20, 1837. She is the sixth child and only daughter of Patrick and Mary Collins Sheehy. Catherine never married and lived with John Francis and his family after her mother died until her death in 1885. She was the first person buried in the new Holy Cross Cemetery in Paola, which was opened just prior to her death.

#### **Richard (1840-1922)**

The younger brother of John Francis, Richard, is the seventh child of the Patrick Sheehy family. He was also born in Newcastle West, and was baptized there on August 9, 1840. Shortly after John Francis and his family moved to Middle Creek, Richard returned to Shullsburg and was employed as the manager of a hotel. He married Elizabeth Ann Quigley, whom he had known prior to the move to Kansas, in 1882. The couple adopted a son, William, and they remained another six years in Shullsburg. They then moved back to Paola, Kansas, where they settled on the farm in Middle Creek that was owned by John Francis. Elizabeth died in Paola of kidney disease in 1909, and Richard died there of stomach cancer in 1922. Our great grandfather Thomas James came from Montana for the funeral. Both Richard and Elizabeth are buried in the Holy Cross Cemetery in Paola. Their adopted son William married, but did not have any children.

Descendants of John Francis and Mary Colton Sheehy are thus our only potential living relatives from the Kansas branch of the family. Their son, James Francis (1872-1952), married and moved to California, but had no children. Their second daughter, Catherine (1863-193?), married John Bogle in 1886. He was a farmer and later worked as a teamster. They had three daughters. One of the daughters, a schoolteacher, died in the influenza pandemic in 1918 and the other two never married, so there are no further descendants of Catherine Sheehy Bogle.

### The Williams Descendants

The oldest daughter of John Francis and Mary Colton Sheehy, Sarah Mary (1861-1944), married Frederick Williams in 1895. He died of tuberculosis only three years later. After his death, Sarah worked as a sales lady to support herself until she passed away in 1944. They had one son, James Frederick (1896-1978), who joined the Navy during World War I and was assigned as a member of the Naval Marching Band under the direction of John Philip Sousa. After the war, he became the owner of a clothing store in Paola, was active in civic affairs, and organized a local band, the Catfish Band, that was well known across the state, for both the quality of their music and their interesting costumes.

James Frederick had one son, James Robert "Bob" Williams (1925-1999), who opened a branch of the family clothing store in Eureka, Kansas, and later moved to Florida. He had a son, Mark Williams (1957-1984), and a daughter, Carolyn "Carrie" Williams Taylor (b. 1960). Each of them had two children. One of Mark's daughters (Malea) lives in Kansas and the other (Katie) lives in Pennsylvania. Carrie and one of her daughters (Heidi) live in Missouri; her other daughter (April) lives in California.

### The Nalty Descendants

The third daughter of John Francis and Mary Colton Sheehy, Alice Josephine (1867-1937), known as "Allie, married Walter Hyland Nalty, an Irish immigrant from County Leitrim whom the family had known in Wisconsin, in 1893. They had five sons and four daughters, including two sets of twins. Walter was a farmer in Wisconsin, but moved to Kansas after the wedding and worked at various jobs until his death in 1924. After he died, Allie moved to Omaha, Nebraska, to live with two of her children. She passed away in nearby Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1937.

The children of Walter and Allie Sheehy Nalty had a variety of careers. Three sons (John Patrick and twins Richard and Raymond) were mailmen for the US Postal Service, one (Walter Cyril) was a medical doctor, and one (Joseph Frederick) was a salesman. The oldest daughter (Mary) never married, and the other three daughters (Ursula and twins Olive and Bernice) married skilled laborers. Walter and Allie Sheehy Nalty had a total of 19 grandchildren, of whom three died in infancy or very young.

John Patrick Nalty (1895-1956) had a daughter and three sons, one of whom died as a young boy. His oldest son Homer (1918-1961) was the band leader at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco until he joined the Navy in 1939. He directed a band at Treasure Island Naval Station and had a radio program that was broadcasted over the CBS network. Later, he was assigned to a minesweeper. During the Korean War, he joined the US Air Force and spent the rest of his career there. He had one son (Shannon, b. 1951), who was a real estate broker in California and Montana before retiring to live in Arizona. Shannon has three sons, Sean and twins Ryan and Kevin. Sean lives in Arizona; Ryan has a graduate degree from Imperial College, London, and lives in Colorado; and Kevin lives in Jerusalem, Israel.



Sarah Mary Sheehy Williams

1861-1944

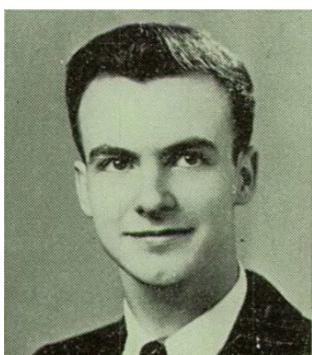
(Photo courtesy of  
Carrie Williams Taylor)

John Patrick's daughter Virginia (1920-2012) worked as a telephone operator and married Joseph Ecker (1916-1986) while he was serving in World War II. They had two sons and two daughters. The oldest son, Joseph John (b. 1944), is a retired longshoreman and lives in California. The youngest son, Michael James, passed away several years ago. Their oldest daughter, Pamela Suzan (b. 1946) married Roger Dalrymple, who developed a highly regarded European auto repair business in Oakland, California, and is now retired. They have two daughters, Julie and Lisa. Julie and her husband Greg recently moved to Portland, Oregon, where she works in the wine industry. Lisa and her husband Nat live in Seattle, Washington, where she works in biotech.



Virginia Nalty Ecker  
1920-2012

Sometime after the death of her husband, Virginia moved to Portland, Oregon, where she passed away several years later. The move to Portland was to be near her youngest daughter (Theresa Virginia, b. 1952), who was living there with her husband, Victor Cozzoli. The Cozzolis, who were married in 1975, are both retired. Theresa was the business manager for a Portland Catholic parish and Victor was the chief products officer for the Oregon Catholic Press. Two of their four children (Christopher and Debra) still live in Portland. Christopher is a math teacher at LaSalle Catholic College Preparatory in Milwaukie. Debra has a doctorate in psychology from the University of California-Santa Barbara and did post-graduate work at Oregon Health and Science University. She is a professor at Portland Community College. The other children (Kevin and Jessica) live in California.



Damon Gene Nalty  
1930-2002

John Patrick Nalty's youngest son Damon (1930-2002) served with the US Army in Korea and joined the US Coast Guard Reserve upon his release. He held a number of senior positions in the Coast Guard Reserve, retiring as a captain in 1990. During that time, he taught at various high schools and continued his own education, eventually earning a doctorate in instructional systems analysis from the University of Southern California. He then spent more than 20 years as a professor of social science at San Jose State University, where he rose to be the chairman of the department. Damon married Anna Curry in Portland, Oregon in 1962 and had three daughters (Mary, Erin, and Audrey) and two sons (John "Johnny Corn" and William). Audrey lives in Oak Ridge, Oregon, and is a Head Start teacher in Lane County. The other siblings live in California.

The second son of Walter and Allie Sheehy Nalty, Walter Cyril "Doc" Nalty (1899-1952) began his career as a medical doctor in Iowa and then worked for 18 years in Veterans Hospitals in Walla Walla, Washington, and Glendale, California. During World War II he was transferred as a lieutenant colonel in the Medical Corps to be clinical director of the hospital in Fort Bayard, New Mexico. He died of a heart attack in San Angelo, Texas, shortly after accepting a position at the sanitarium there.



Tombstone of Walter Cyril Nalty

Walter Cyril Nalty had one daughter, Mary Alice, and one son, Walter Henry, known as "Bud." Mary Alice (1929-1992) was a physical educator in New Mexico. She married Howard "Ed" Pack, a program analyst and county official, and they had one daughter, Camille, who is married to a prosecuting attorney and lives in Hawaii. Bud (1933-2012) had three sons (Walter Ernest, Cyril Leroy and Jody Lynn) and one daughter (Mary Michelle). One of the sons (Cyril) was a teacher for a time in Bend, Oregon; he is now a real estate agent in New Mexico, where all of his siblings live. We do not have any information about grandchildren of Bud Nalty.

Bernice Nalty (1901-1987), one of the twin daughters of Walter and Allie Sheehy Nalty, married Peter Kneipper, a sheet metal worker, and they had one son and one daughter. Their daughter Lucille (1927-2020) married David Caldwell, a policeman and fireman, and was a nursery school teacher for many years; they had one son and five daughters, all of whom live in Wisconsin. The son of Peter and Lucille, Peter Kneipper Jr. (1925-2021), grew up in Illinois and graduated from high school in 1944. He immediately joined the Air Force and served in the Pacific theater as a navigator of transport aircraft. After the war, he worked as a salesman and manager. He and his wife were the parents of nine children, including two twin boys who died shortly after birth. Peter's oldest daughter, Mary Catherine Kneipper Bird, earned a doctorate in anthropology with a minor in geography from the University of Wisconsin. She is a principal investigator, corporate secretary and research coordinator for Midwest Archaeological Research Services, a cultural resource management firm that specializes in archaeological surveys and excavations in the region. She lives in Elgin, Illinois. Her siblings all live in Illinois and Wisconsin.

Olive Nalty (1901-1988), the other twin daughter of Walter and Allie Nalty, married Lee Roy Nelson, a cabinet maker, and they had one daughter, Alice Ann. She married a US Marine, James Linnenkamp, who was trained as an electrical technician in the service, and worked as an electrician after leaving the Marine Corps. They had four daughters and one son, all of whom live in California.

Richard Nalty (1902-1981), one of the twin sons of Walter and Allie Nalty, had three sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Bernard Charles Nalty (1931-2015), obtained an MA in American history from Catholic University in Washington, DC, and became a military historian. He began his career as a historian for the US Marine Corps, then was a historian for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, before becoming the senior historian at the Office of Air Force History. He was well known for his historical research and numerous non-fiction publications, particularly his writing on black Americans in the military, his area of special expertise. Bernard had three daughters (Diane, Kathleen and Elizabeth) and two sons (Bernard Jr. and Richard). Bernard Jr. passed away several years ago. Diane and Kathleen live in Montana and Washington state, respectively, and the other siblings remain in the Washington, DC area.



Bernard Charles Nalty  
1931-2015

Edward (1932-2019), the second son of Richard Nalty, graduated from Creighton University and became an accountant, first in Nebraska and then in Texas. He had four sons (Dennis, Kurt, Mark and Greg) and one daughter (Theresa). Dennis lives in North Carolina; Mark in Alaska; Kurt, Greg and Theresa in Texas. Patrick (1937-2003), the third son of Richard Nalty, had five daughters and one son, all of whom live in Nebraska. Richard's daughter Madeline, known as "Sue," (1938-2022) married Donald Schinzel and had two sons and one daughter. They also live in Nebraska.

Raymond Nalty (1902-1972), the other twin son of Walter and Allie Nalty, had one son who never married.

Ursula Nalty (1902-1974), the youngest daughter of Walter and Allie Nalty, married Samuel Harvat, a cooper, and they had two sons, both of whom died in infancy, and two daughters. One of the daughters (Louise) had two daughters and two sons. They live in Iowa, Arizona and Nebraska. The other daughter (Edith Ann) also had two daughters and two sons. They live in Colorado, Montana and Nebraska.



Joseph Woodrow Nalty, Center of Front Row

Joseph Nalty (1907-1976), the youngest son of Walter and Allie Nalty, had one son, Joseph Woodrow Nalty (1930-2012), who was a gifted sprinter. His time in the 60-yard dash (6.1 seconds) equaled the earlier world record of Jesse Owens set in 1935, and was one-tenth of a second off the world record at the time. He attended Omaha University (now the University of Nebraska at Omaha) on a track and field scholarship, graduating with a degree in business administration. He spent his entire career as a contract negotiator/buyer for the aerospace industry in California. He had four sons (Joseph, Michael, Patrick and Timothy) and two daughters (Kristin and Cathleen). Cathleen lives in Connecticut and the other children live in California.

In addition to their 19 grandchildren, Walter and Allie Sheehy Nalty had at least 66 great grandchildren. The family of Frederick and Sarah Mary Sheehy Williams was much smaller, with only one grandchild and two great grandchildren. The descendants of Allie Sheehy Nalty and Sarah Mary Sheehy Williams live all over the United States, but curiously enough, we have been able to find only one member of the current generation of our Kansas cousins that actually lives in Kansas.

*~ By Robert Sheehy, Son of Robert Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy*



## CURRENT GENERATION

### Fun at the Sheehys

We had a lot of fun at the Sheehys, my sister Faye and I, daughters of Beth (Critchlow) Sheehy and Hugh Francis Sheehy Jr., whenever we visited our Sheehy cousins.

My dad, Hugh Jr., was the prime caretaker of all of the horses at the ranch; he broke them, shoed them, and did whatever else they needed.

My mother was at the St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Baker, Oregon, awaiting my birth with my sister Faye, who was two years older. When I finally arrived, Mother kept wondering why Hugh Jr. had not come in to see his new daughter. About this time, the nurse came in to find out what my name was, and in the commotion, Mother just said, "I guess we will just call her Kathleen Rose!"

Unfortunately, as Mother learned, my father was already in the hospital himself, after being hit hard on the head while he was shoeing a horse. As awful things go, he never recovered and passed away at age 26 a short time later when I was 6 weeks old.

Mother and Dad had been living up at the Swayze Creek ranch near Durkee, so one of Mother's brothers came down for a year, hoping that they could keep the ranch going. However, it was not to be, and ultimately, they had to give up the ranch. My mother with two children, Faye and Kathleen (myself), moved to Baker to a two-room house on 5th Street.

The house had a living room where Mother slept, a kitchen and an attached shed where Faye and I slept in the winter with lots of blankets. In the summer, we slept outside under the big tree in our yard on an iron bed. That lasted until we had to give it up and move to California where Mother hoped to find a job.

In the meantime, though, Faye and I had great times with the Sheehy relatives.

Great fun was when the hay was stacked next to the barn. Grandmother Sheehy gave each of us a sack of fried chicken and then we climbed to the top of the stack and dug in, laughed, told stories, and ate chicken until the first coyote howled. Then we slid down the stack and ran for the house!

In the meantime, though, we didn't realize that the relatives were doing their "turn" of inviting Faye and me to their homes for a while. Aunt Mary (Heriza) and Aunt Helen (Langley) and their children, as well as the Christensen boys, Tommy Lee and Paul, all took their turn. We just knew that we always had lots of fun.

Grandmother Sheehy used to give Faye and me a penny a row for pulling the weeds out of her big garden.

We played a lot in the barnyard too, sometimes "riding" the old mare, Sally. She was too old to do much work, but we would catch Sally and bring her over to the big wagon, climb up on that and then onto Sally's back. She let us ride until we got tired. Finally, fun in the barnyard was when Uncle Bob (Sheehy) was milking the cows. He tried to shoot the milk through the knotholes in the barn and hit Faye and me. He was very accurate, too!

Once after Grandmother had put new wallpaper in the kitchen, it was a very hot summer day. Because I sunburned easily, I was outside but came into the kitchen where Grandmother put a lot of butter on my back. Then, while sitting on the stool, I leaned back on the wallpaper. Unfortunately, the butter stayed on that wall until they papered it again!

In the yard at the Sheehy place, there were big trees for climbing and for carving our initials every place we could.

Grandmother kept lots of cookies in the cellar, which was over the road a ways but always handy for us grandkids.

There was a very small Catholic Church in Durkee where we used to go to Mass with our grandparents. Then after Mass, the priest was always invited out to the ranch for Sunday dinner. Just a few years ago when I drove through Durkee, that old church was still standing. At one time, my sister Faye had wanted to buy the church and move it to Baker, but by the time she was ready to buy the church, the people had decided not to sell it.

The candy maker was Grandmother. She took Faye and me out into the field where she picked up fragrant green leaves. We took them to the house, washed the leaves and then Grandmother put in lots of sugar to boil—and boom! We had candy!

I once “borrowed” my cousin Celeste’s new shoes and wore them home, but Mother found me out and made me walk all the way back to the Herizas and return them. The reason I took them was because I wanted some NEW shoes but never got any because I always got Faye’s shoes that she had outgrown, but never any new shoes. I used to drag the toes of my shoes in hopes of wearing them out. No luck!



Living on 5th Street, we did have lots of neighbors. One family wouldn’t let their children play with us but another family with boys our ages did come over a lot. The exciting thing for us was there was a family with a set of triplets, all girls, who were very nice and took us on rides on their bicycles. A good friend of Mother’s was Mary Dunn and the Karps lived at the end of the block. The triplets I think were named Mary, Margaret and Marjory.

One big thing for me was when our neighbors invited us into their kitchen where I saw a tall bottle that was red. I finally asked what that was—and it was ketchup, the first bottle I had ever seen!

Now—my wonderful sister Faye.

I remember my sister mainly in high school. I believe she always wanted to be popular and I think she was. She had a good friend, Joanne. One day, she skipped school, and they drove Joanne’s car up into the mountains, and after a long ride, they decided to turn around and head home. Unfortunately, Joanne had a very hard time turning the car around, and they nearly slid down the mountainside—but they made it.

Faye always found jobs to work and I think that helped Mother a lot. I seldom saw our mother cry, but one day after coming home from working in the fruit, she had to go to the welfare office to report her wages. I climbed a long set of steps with her, then into the office where the secretary told Mother she had to give all she had earned picking fruit to the office. But Mother refused to give them her money and that was the first time I remember her crying, but even then, I was proud of Mother for holding her own.

I had a wonderful marriage of nearly 60 years with my husband Barrie (Bud) Gassett. We have four great children (Klint, Pam, Deke and Cindy), lots of grandkids and great grandkids.

We have always loved the Sheehy name and the people with it!!

*~By Kathleen Rose Sheehy Gassett, Granddaughter of Hugh Francis and Helen (Holbrook) Sheehy*

## Covid Frontline

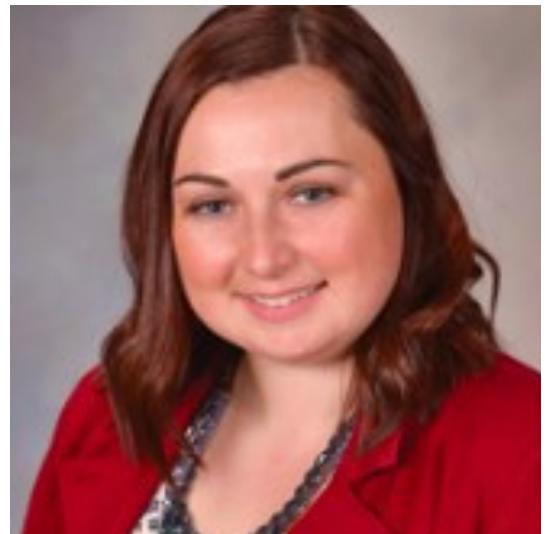
My current position is working as an Infectious Disease Physician Assistant at Mayo Clinic Health System (MCHS) in Mankato, Minnesota. I went to Montana State University and received a Bachelor's of Science in Biomedical Sciences with a Microbiology minor. I then went to Arcadia University to receive my Master's of Medical Science in Physician Assistant Studies. I started working at MCHS Mankato in Infectious Disease (ID) in April 2012.

When I first started my position, it was originally a split position between ID and Nephrology. However, after only about 6 weeks, the ID doctor I worked with requested that I work in ID full-time. It ended up being a perfect fit for me, even though at the time, I didn't realize it. In undergrad, I had gravitated towards microbiology courses for the upper-level science classes needed for my major, as those were the ones that I had found most interesting, along with immunology, virology, and infectious disease. Now that I have worked in this field for a decade, I couldn't imagine doing any other specialty.

As we all know, the last 2 years have been a volatile time in the Infectious disease world with the worldwide COVID-19 pandemic. This virus has brought about challenges that we as a society have not had to face for a century, since the Spanish Influenza outbreak of 1918. This particular pandemic has involved different challenges, however, from a more connected world with more global travel, increased political polarization, and several more contagious viral variants. It has also pushed a healthcare system that was already strained before this virus even further towards collapse, both in terms of physical resources as well as staffing resources.

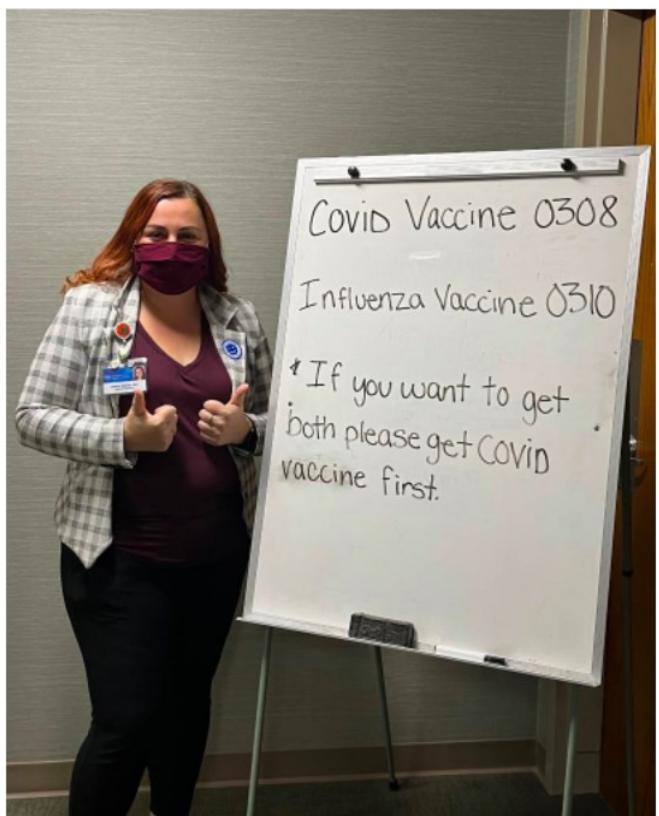
When the pandemic first started, the lack of physical supplies, such as personal protective equipment (PPE), was almost as frightening to staff as the virus, since we didn't know much about transmissibility of the virus. When we had to reuse the same N95 mask for multiple days in a row, there was significant concern that our staff would be put at risk because of the breakdown in equipment. We then had increases in our PPE supply, and we were able to use our equipment in the manner it was intended. This felt like the first major win in this pandemic.

We then started to learn more about the virus, its transmissibility, and what treatments we could offer to try to help patients who had severe illness survive its course. We first had Remdesivir, which has been shown to decrease viral replication and prevent hospitalization if given early in the course and can potentially decrease the length of the infection. Next came the RECOVERY trial, which showed that addition of steroid therapy significantly improved morbidity and mortality in patients. Then came the monoclonal antibodies, which are given as outpatient treatment. These medications decrease the risk of admission to the hospital in patients who have co-morbid conditions that put them at increased risk of hospitalization from about 10% down to 2-3%, which was and is still a significant weapon that we use in our fight against COVID.



Jessica Sheehy, PA-C  
Infectious Diseases

Then came the vaccines! The light at the end of the tunnel...or so we thought. At that time, there was so much hope and exhilaration from everyone in healthcare. It was what we had all been waiting for, and the data about the vaccine safety and efficacy was more than we could have hoped for. Significant decreases in mortality, safety profiles off the chart, minimal side effects, and 3 vaccines all available in a short time period! It was more than we could have dreamed. Optimism began to rise, and we all thought that we would soon be nearing the end of the pandemic. We also were able to find new ways to use a few old drugs that are classically used to treat rheumatologic conditions, which significantly improved outcomes in the sickest patients we had in our ICUs. For a week in June 2021, we finally got to the magic number of zero COVID patients in our hospital for the first time since the pandemic started.



Jessica with Protective Mask

What happened next, few could have predicted, and we didn't imagine it would happen so severely. It was the arrival of the Delta variant. This variant was found to have an R naught value of approximately 8.5, meaning that for every 1 person infected, they would infect 8.5 other people. The original alpha strain has an R naught value of approximately 3, and influenza has an R naught of 2. This combined with the politicization of the pandemic, from social distancing, to masks, to vaccines, led to the perfect storm for the Delta variant to spread like wildfire through the global population with no immunity, either from no previous infection or not being vaccinated. This led to surges in many parts of the US and the world, and ended up causing higher spikes in late summer and fall of 2021 than had been seen in the winter of 2020.

This has been the part of the pandemic for most healthcare workers I personally know that has been the hardest, myself included. At this point we were 18+ months into the pandemic with much more knowledge than when we started, and so many more tools in our tool kit. This included vaccination, the best weapon to help stop the

waves of cases which were overrunning our hospitals and ICUs, and make this into an endemic virus, and yet we continued to have large waves of COVID patients coming into the hospital. We have had many patients who have refused vaccination and aren't willing to sit down and have rational conversations about the safety and efficacy of the vaccines when they feel well, but when they come into the hospital requiring increasing amounts of oxygen and are struggling to breathe, they ask us to do everything that we have in medicine to save them. These are the moments that healthcare workers across the country have struggled with, and our frustration is palpable in these situations, especially because we have vaccines that significantly decrease risk of death or severe illness. Data shows that unvaccinated patients' risk of dying is 12x higher than vaccinated patients. I can state from personal experience that the vast majority of patients that have had severe COVID in our ICU who have been intubated or had severe illness are unvaccinated.

The Delta wave of the virus subsided in the fall of 2021, but then as COVID has done many times in the past, it produced another variant, Omicron. To a certain degree, it appeared as though Omicron was “nature’s vaccine” for those patients who had not received the vaccinations. This variant has been more contagious than even the Delta variant, but the severity of illness seems to be less, thereby increasing the natural immunity in the community, especially for those who are unvaccinated. There were still people who ended up in the ICU with the Omicron variant, but they were nowhere as sick as those who were hospitalized with Delta in the late fall. We are now in the stages where Omicron has retreated, but the new subvariant BA.2 is now the dominant strain in the US. It is not clear at this time what havoc this new variant will wreak, but as states are decreasing mask mandates and social distancing requirements, it is quite possible that we may have another wave later this summer. The other thing that we always have to watch out for with COVID is its ability to produce new variants, and only time will tell if the new variants are milder or more deadly than previous versions.

The continued vaccination of the population, along with natural immunity, will hopefully push us to the point of making this terrible illness become endemic, and no longer a pandemic status. Currently vaccinations are available for those 5 years old and up, and Moderna is submitting for authorization in use for children 6 months to 4 years. It was also recently announced that those patients over age 50 are eligible for a second booster shot, as they tend to be those whose immune system is not as robust as younger patients. Vaccines continue to be our best tool to prevent severe illness and death in patients around the world from COVID infection. There is also data that shows that vaccinations also decrease the risk and potential severity of long COVID and its complications, which we are still learning more about.

Those of us in healthcare are tired, and this pandemic has pushed healthcare systems that were already stretched thin, even thinner. It's hard to know when the end of this pandemic will come, and hopefully as vaccines become more widely available around the world, we will get closer to that goal of this chapter coming to a close. Healthcare workers ask that you get your information about COVID from reputable sources, including the CDC, hospital systems such as the Mayo Clinic, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Cleveland Clinic and others, as well as your local providers.

Overall, I still continue to love my field of medicine that I practice in and find infections fascinating. This pandemic has made it so that other infections have become more severe because patients are not coming into the hospitals as soon as they should since they are concerned about potentially contracting COVID. If these patients do come into the emergency department for evaluation, many times they are unable to be admitted to the hospital, because there are not enough patient rooms available, as many rooms are filled with patients with COVID. Hospitals across the country have been at max capacity or higher for months to years, and this trend is not likely to go away any time soon. So please do your part by getting vaccinated for COVID and influenza, don't go to work if you're sick, get your information from reputable sources, and if you are significantly ill, please seek medical care.

*By Jessica Sheehy, Granddaughter of John Morton and Laura (Chagnon) Sheehy*



## How I became an Honorary Member of the Robert C. Sheehy Family



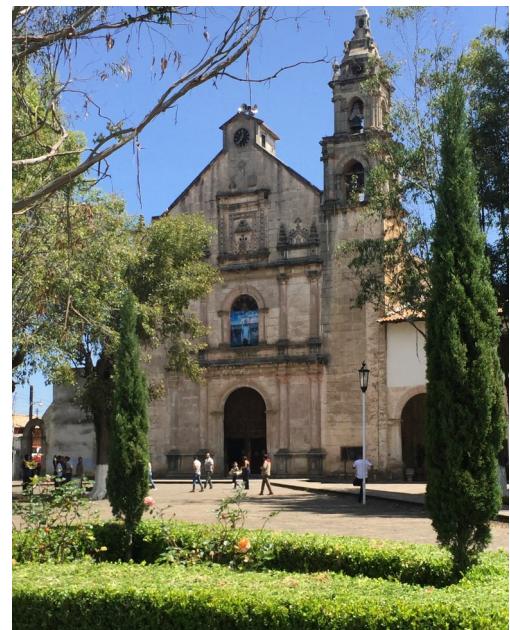
Abel Mendoza

I was born in 1948, in Ucareo, Michoacan, Mexico, a small town in the mountains of central Mexico, elevation 8,000 feet, about forty miles from the city of Morelia. I was the tenth child in a family of fifteen. My family made a living growing corn using oxen, had a few cows, and sold small amounts of fruits such as peaches, plums and pears. When I was ten years old, my father died. The following year I finished primary school, and with the encouragement of my family, I decided to attend a Catholic seminary in Morelia with the idea of becoming a priest. I could not continue my education in Ucareo because the school had only up to sixth grade. My mother's youngest brother was attending that seminary, which made my decision easier. The career to become a priest involved five years of classical education in science, mathematics and languages, especially Latin, followed by three years of philosophy, and four years of theology. I completed the five-year classical education plus one year of philosophy and then left the seminary. I was seventeen, and by then, I knew that the priesthood was not my calling.

After the seminary, I went back to Ucareo and worked on the family farm. By then, the oxen were gone, replaced by an old John Deere tractor. In the summer of 1967, I met the regional manager of the Mexican Telephone Company and was introduced as a former seminarian. He started speaking to me in Latin, and I answered in Latin. I found out that he was also a former seminarian. This led to a job in Morelia working for the Mexican Telephone Company installing telephones, followed by an office job. I worked for the company for one year.

During the summer of 1968, I met young Robert L. Sheehy and other students from Eastern Oregon who were spending the summer in Morelia improving their Spanish, as part of a program organized by Professor Ted Brown from Eastern Oregon College. Robert and I developed a friendship, and that led to an invitation from his parents to come to Eastern Oregon as an exchange student, live with the Sheehy family for a year, attend high school in Union, Oregon, and learn English. In September of 1968, I took the bus to the border in Tijuana, went on to Los Angeles, and then another bus to Portland, Oregon. Robert picked me up in Portland and drove me to his family farm in High Valley, a few miles outside of Union.

The Robert C. Sheehy family was large, with twelve children plus Mr. Sheehy and Mrs. Dona G. (Storie) Sheehy. In 1968, the two eldest children, Robert and Katy, were in college. The two youngest, Steve and Kevin, were still at home. The other eight (Tim, Jim, Eileen, Dona, Terry, Rosie, John and Dan) attended various grade levels ranging from grade school to high school. Dan was a senior, and we had some classes together. He took me under his wing and made school easier for me. John was a junior and Rosie a sophomore. Coming from a large family myself, I felt totally at home, and the family was very welcoming and helpful in my efforts to learn English.



Ucareo's 450 year old church

By Thanksgiving, I could understand the conversation around the table, but it took a lot longer to become more or less fluent. Sometimes in the evening after everyone was done with homework, we would sit around the living room table and have a conversation. At first it was challenging, but it got easier with time. Rosie, who was the most outgoing person in the family and a very smart young lady, often was part of the conversation. As I continued to learn English, school became a lot easier and very enjoyable. The school year was full of activities. In the morning, nine of us would take the bus to school. After school, only some us would take the bus home because others had after school activities such as football, basketball, track, band, and 4H. Dan and John played football and basketball. Football was the big attraction in the Fall. Home games attracted the whole town. Basketball in the Winter was equally exciting, especially for home games.

During the year, there were visits to the extended Sheehy and Storie families in Huntington, Durkee, Baker, Cove and Pendleton. That winter was magical because of all the snow, a new experience for me, especially the drive through the canyon leading to High Valley. Family dinners, especially during holidays, were equally special. There was a lot of great food and, new to me, great desserts.

After the excitement of the Christmas holidays, it was time to plan the next stage. I had a lot of help applying for college. I was accepted at Eastern Oregon College, now Eastern Oregon University, and was offered an international student scholarship which would pay for most of my tuition. It just happened that Professor Ted Brown was involved in the scholarship process. High school graduation and all its traditions arrived in the Spring, and with it came the excitement of going to college. My year with the Sheehy family was coming to an end. It had been a wonderful year. I felt welcome and was treated as a member of the family. I had a new sense of confidence in the future.

I started college in the fall of 1969 in La Grande, Oregon. Dan, Jorge, a friend from Mexico, and I rented an apartment in the downtown area and walked to school. I wanted to become a chemical engineer, so I took mostly science and math classes. School was intense, but there was time for trips to High Valley to visit the family and to enjoy great food. By then, my cousin Chava Mendoza was the new exchange student living with the Sheehy family. That Christmas, I went back to Mexico to visit my family, and Dan went with me. We both had a nice time, and so did my family. They enjoyed being able to show Dan some family hospitality. We took a lot of pictures and, when we returned, we were able to show the rest of the family pictures of Ucareo and my extended family in Mexico.

During the summer of 1970, Dan bought a house in La Grande, and in the Fall, we moved to Dan's new house. My cousin Chava started college that fall, and my friend Eleazar Hernandez became the new exchange student in High Valley. Early in 1971, I was invited to live with the family of Chemistry Professor Glenn Slabaugh. I got free room and board in exchange for helping with chores around the house. I lived there the rest of my college days. During that year, I changed my major to Chemistry and figured that I could finish the degree in three years. My interaction with the Sheehy family continued just the same with occasional visits to High Valley.



Mendoza Family, 1969 (one brother absent).  
Dan and Abel in back row, Mother, Sofia, in center of front row.

My third year in college was full of pleasant surprises. In January of 1972, I met Sherry Schreeck from Haines, Oregon, at a party at Dan's house, and we started a relationship which culminated in our getting married in August of that year. With the encouragement of my chemistry professors, I started looking for a graduate school. During the Spring, I was accepted to graduate school in Chemistry at Washington State University in Pullman, Washington. I was offered a teaching assistantship which would allow us to manage financially. When graduation arrived, surprisingly, my mother Sofia and my brother Servando came to my college graduation. It was very meaningful to me. Both of them were very happy to meet the Sheehy family, and Sherry's family in Haines. Some of the Sheehy family was present at my graduation ceremony, and then we had a party at Dan's house. Some of the food was prepared by my mother.

At the end of the Summer, on August 13, Sherry and I got married at the Schreeck family farm in Haines, with a number of Sheehy family members present to wish us well. A few days later, Sherry and I took the bus to Mexico to get married in Ucareo in a Catholic wedding. It was the wedding of the year in Ucareo. And then, back to Oregon and on to graduate school. By this time, Robert had finished his bachelor's degree at the University of Oregon and had gone to Mexico to teach high school math and English in the city of Queretaro. There he met Griselda Luna, and they got married in 1972. Robert's parents, John, and Rosie went to Mexico for the wedding, and before the wedding made a trip to visit my family and Chava's family in Ucareo. Everyone had a nice time, and our families were grateful for their visit and gave them a very warm welcome.

We went to Pullman, Washington in 1972 and lived there for five years. During that time, Sherry finished her bachelor's degree and her master's degree in Anthropology, and I finished my doctorate in Chemistry from Washington State University. We went to Haines to visit Sherry's family mainly during school breaks. The first two summers, 1973 and 1974, we came back to La Grande so that I could work at Boise Cascade. On the occasions that we were in the area, we usually attended mass at the Catholic church in Union and met the Sheehy family there, and then we would go to High Valley for a visit which usually included dinner and good conversations. There was always catching up to do about everyone's activities.

The rest of graduate school was the most intense period of my life. There was research to do, exams to take, a dissertation to write, and looking for a job in a reasonable area. Fortunately, there were plenty of jobs, and by graduation time, I had secured a job working for Dow Chemical in Midland, Michigan. Before going to Michigan, we decided to spend one last summer in Eastern Oregon living at the Schreeck's farm in Haines and visited the Sheehy family a few times.

We arrived in Midland, Michigan in August of 1977, in the middle of the summer heat, a very humid heat. In a few days, we got settled into an apartment with air conditioning, close to my work place. We stayed there for three years, and then we bought a house. We stayed in Midland for 26 years, raised a family there, Marcos, Abel and Adriana. When Adriana was ready to go to college, we retired and moved back to Eastern Oregon in 2003. During our stay in Midland, we usually would go to Oregon every summer. Sherry and the family would usually stay for two or three weeks visiting the Schreeck family. Because of vacation limitations, I would usually go for a week or so. Once we were in Eastern Oregon, we would call the Sheehy family in High Valley to let them know that we were going for a visit. We usually met in church and then went to High Valley.

As time went on, more Sheehy family members got married. Some moved away, while others stayed in the area. When we went for a visit, usually Mrs. Sheehy would let family members in the area know that we were going to be in High Valley, and it would become a family gathering, a good opportunity to catch up with each other. In addition to summer visits, I called the Sheehy family a few times a year to see how everyone was doing. Sometimes Mrs. Sheehy would call us and find out how we were doing. That is how we kept the relationship going.

In 2002, Adriana decided to attend Eastern Oregon University and play soccer. Sherry's parents were already having health issues, and Marcos was already done with college. We decided that it was time to move back to Eastern Oregon. Sherry and Adriana came in 2002, and Abel and I came in 2003, after I retired from Dow Chemical. We rented a house in La Grande, but attended the Catholic church in Union, 15 miles away, where the Sheehy family worshiped. Right away we reconnected with the family and began to have more visits to High Valley. From that point on, we were invited to family dinners, family gatherings, weddings, graduations and work days. It was a time when we had a lot of interesting conversations after Sunday dinner, except that now there were a number of adult children and grandchildren. Dan, John, Jim, Tim, Kevin, and Steve lived in Union or La Grande; Dona, Eileen and Katy lived not far away. That was one of Mr. Sheehy's favorite times, a family gathering and good conversations.

At some point, Mr. Sheehy started having serious health problems, and when the call went out for someone to help with medical insurance issues, I volunteered. From then on, I became the medical insurance helper. Mr. Sheehy's health continued to deteriorate, and by the Spring of 2005, the end seemed to be near. On Sunday, May 15, Sherry and I, in consultation with the family, asked Father Hank after mass to go to High Valley and give Mr. Sheehy his last rites. He did so, and afterwards Jim, Tim and Steve, who had brought their guitars with them, sang some beautiful church songs. It was a beautiful and moving experience.

Mr. Robert C. Sheehy passed away that evening. At his funeral, in addition to other family members, I spoke briefly on behalf of the exchange students who had come to High Valley to stay with the family.

Life went on, but now whenever Mrs. Sheehy was sitting alone in church, Sherry and I made a point of sitting with her. She enjoyed our company. After mass, we often would go to High Valley for tea, and sometimes we stayed for lunch. At times, we came prepared with lunch so that she would not have to cook. Sunday was also the day when her children who lived nearby would come for a visit. It was not unusual to become a small family gathering. During this period, there were weddings, graduations and family reunions. It was always fun to get together and appreciate the changes in the family. We had our daughter Adriana's wedding in the Sheehy family barn. The whole family helped to get the place ready, and on the wedding day, they brought some food. It was a great wedding. Mrs. Sheehy's favorite time was a large family gathering in High Valley with lots of good food and everyone having a good time. She was energized when the family was around.



Wedding of Adriana Mendoza, High Valley, 2009  
(Left to right: Sherry, Kyle Dalsoglia, Adriana, Abel)

In 2009, Sherry's father passed away, and her mother went to live with us in La Grande. She lived with us until she passed away in 2014. During this time, often she would go with us to High Valley. Sometimes I would go alone if I needed to take care of medical insurance issues. In 2014, we moved to Haines to live in the ancestral family farm, but that did not change our routine much.

As time went on, age took its toll, and Mrs. Sheehy began to have health issues, and eventually she needed oxygen to be comfortable. In the winter of 2015-16, her issues became more serious. At this point, the family decided that she needed company during the evening and weekends. At that time, Steve worked in High Valley during the day. A schedule was prepared and everyone who could, would sign up to spend time with her. Sherry and I were part of the crew. By the Summer, her health continued to deteriorate. During the last few weeks of her life, Sherry and I went to High Valley to visit her more often. At her request, we read to her the last rites of the Catholic Church. It was a very touching moment for all of us. By this time, Terry had arrived from Wisconsin for a visit. She stayed for a few weeks and, being a nurse, became the lead person in caring for her mom. Family members came for visits and helped when needed. A few days before she died, I told her how much I appreciated her helping me come to this country, and her reply was: "It was good for all of us." She passed away on September 19, 2016.

In 2008, after consulting with the family, I had been named the first successor trustee of the Dona G. Sheehy Trust and personal representative in the Will of Dona G. Sheehy. After she passed away, it was my honor to implement the directions of the Trust and to settle the estate with help from the family lawyer. The farm in High Valley was sold, and the proceeds were distributed to the twelve family members. I was happy to be able to give back to the family that has given me so much. I hope that in becoming an honorary member of the Sheehy family I have contributed to the family in some way because I know they have enriched me and my family in many ways.

*~ By Abel Mendoza, Honorary Son and Brother of the Robert C. Sheehy and Dona (Storie) Sheehy Family*

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Editor's Note: After his retirement from Dow Chemical, Abel was a chemistry professor at Eastern Oregon University for ten years. He is currently a member of the EOU Board of Trustees. His daughter Adriana is President of the EOU Alumni Association.

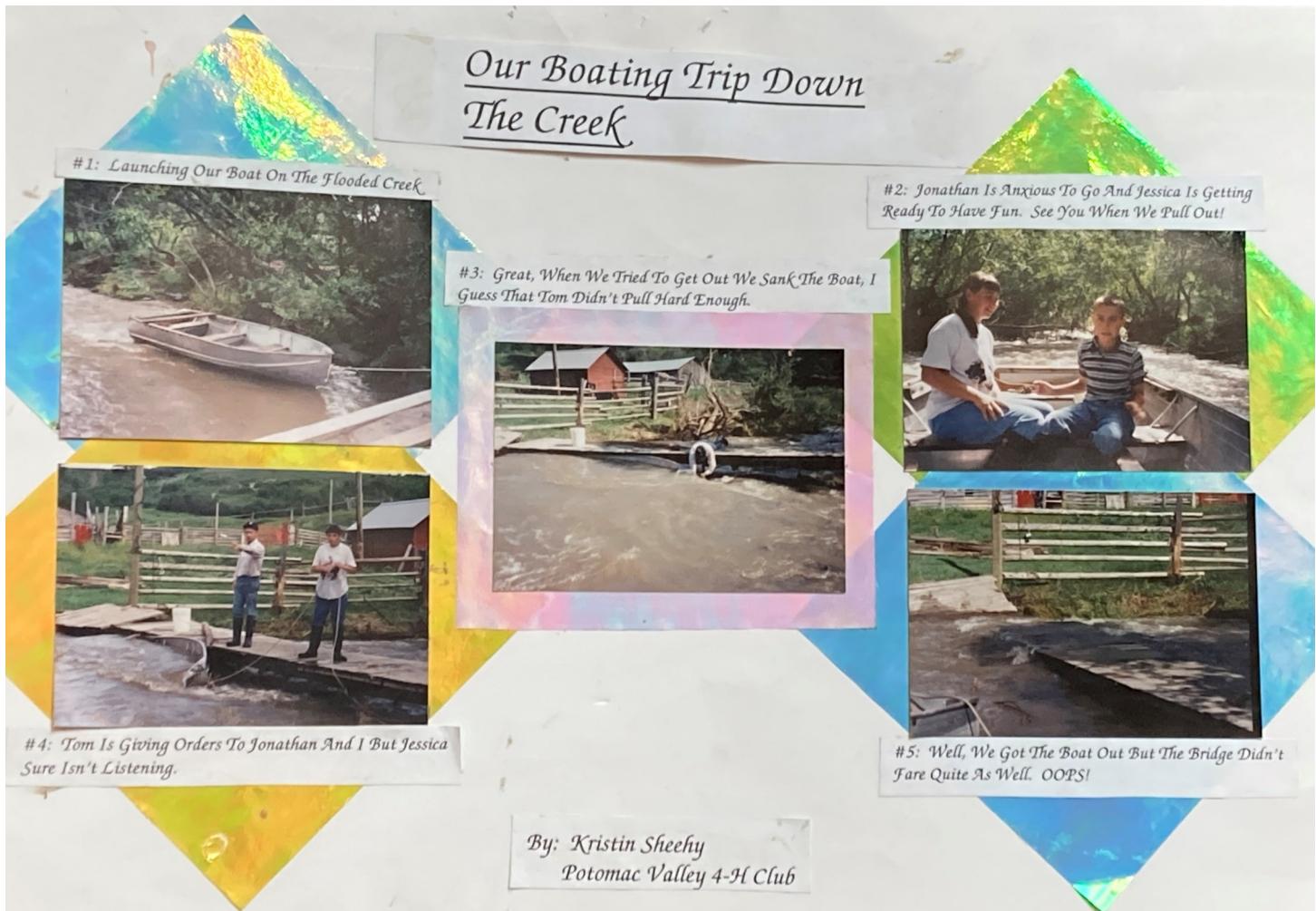


**Abel and his brothers and sisters at the Mendoza Family Reunion, Christmas 2019  
Ucareo, Michoacan, De Ocampo, Mexico**

## Childhood Memories of the Sheehy Ranch (continued)

In the third edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter, Jessica Sheehy wrote about the event depicted in this project by Kristin Sheehy, who was also a participant. Kristin's project summarizes very well the problem of mixing a small boat, several passengers, and a flooded creek.

*~By Kristin Sheehy, Daughter of Hugh and Barbara (Norris) Sheehy*



## The Family of Ruth (Sheehy) Becker

Family legacy is something that all families hope for, but often it is difficult to truly achieve. This is especially true when someone's life is cut short, leaving the family to carry on that legacy through memories and lessons learned. Our family was left with this task, after the passing of our beloved Grandma Ruth in 1976. When she passed, our family was young and just finding our way, as our parents Mike and Vicki Becker had only been married for 6 short years, with two young children and another baby on the way. To say that this was a terrible loss for our family is an understatement, but fortunately for my sisters and me, we gained a guardian angel who has watched over us and still lives on in our hearts, each and every day.



Ruth Sheehy Becker

From all the stories and memories that have been shared with us about Grandma Ruth over the years, there is definitely a common theme that shines through - she had a kind and loving heart, with a passion for serving her family and community, both of which she loved very much. This legacy is something that my parents, my sisters, and I have aspired to carry on. This unwritten and often unspoken expectation to live life as Grandma Ruth did is something I am very proud of our family for. Her legacy was modeled and taught by our parents in the way they raised us and the way they live their life. Family first, serving the community, and treating people with kindness and respect are all the qualities that Grandma Ruth taught our Dad, and he has lived his life following these important values. I have no doubt that she would be incredibly proud of Dad and Mom and how they raised our family and the successful life they have built.



Mike and Vicki Becker's 50th Wedding Anniversary, October 2020.  
From left to right: Kimberly, Melinda, Mike, Vicki, Jennifer, and Ruthie

### Ruth's Son and Daughter-in-law

My Dad, Mike Becker, Grandma Ruth's oldest son, made the ultimate commitment to serve our country as he joined the Navy SeaBees and served in Vietnam. Shortly after he returned home, he met our mom, Vicki Droke. Mike and Vicki will celebrate their 52nd wedding anniversary this October and are the proud grandparents of 8 grandchildren. They continue to manage their construction company and cattle ranch, while enjoying time together and with their family. As a family, we love spending time together, celebrating

special occasions, and enjoying time wake surfing and boating at Wallowa Lake. Mom and Dad have dedicated their lives to our family and have been incredibly generous over the years by supporting the community through donations to Eastern Oregon University, the Union County Fair, the Eastern Oregon Livestock Show, 4-H, and FFA, to name a few. This spirit of community involvement and giving back are definitely the legacy Grandma Ruth would want each of us to carry on.

### Ruth's Grandchildren

**Jennifer (Becker) Teeter:** As the oldest daughter of our family, I was blessed to know Grandma for a short amount of time, and I hold the memories of her very dear to my heart. I believe she had a big impact on my life choices and career success, even though I only knew her for five short years. I have worked hard to build a loving family with Jarod, my husband for 30 years, just as she did. I have been blessed with two wonderful children; My daughter Jacey (26 years old) graduated from OHSU in 2020 and is a school nurse for the La Grande School District. My son Jordan (23 years old) is finishing his business degree from TVCC and working for B & K Auto Salvage. My husband finished his bachelor's degree through the EOU/OSU agriculture program in 1995 and is a project manager for Mom and Dad's construction company. He has had the opportunity to lead several large projects in our community, most recently the EOU football field, track, and field house. I obtained my bachelor's degree in 1995 and my master's degree in education in 2002 at Eastern Oregon University. My career as a business education teacher and volleyball coach at Imbler High School has provided me with countless opportunities to serve my school and community, while striving to leave a positive impact on the lives of others, just as Grandma Ruth did. As I complete my 31st year of coaching and my 26th year in the classroom, I am excited to transition to a new position at the Intermountain Education Service District as an instructional coach. This position will provide me with the opportunity to support and mentor teachers throughout the region, allowing me to give back to the education community in Northeast Oregon. In our free time, we love camping, riding our side by side in the mountains, and boating with family and friends.

Left to right, back row: Jacey Teeter, Jarod Teeter, Jennifer Becker Teeter, Brent Gunderson, Kimberly Becker Gunderson, Eli Bisenius, Aubrey Bisenius, Scott Bisenius, Melinda Becker-Bisenius, Braxton Bisenius, Ruthie Becker Peters, Curtis Peters.  
Front row: Whitley Gunderson, Mike Becker, Vicki Becker, Brennan Peters, Avery Peters

(Not pictured: Jordan Teeter)





My sister, **Melinda Becker-Bisenius**, is the second daughter in our family. She is a Middle School Physical Education teacher along with a Varsity Volleyball Coach and Middle School Basketball coach for the La Grande School District. Melinda has a B.S. in Agricultural Economics from the University of Idaho and Master's in Education from Eastern Oregon University. She is married to Scott Bisenius, an accountant for Connected Professional Accounts in La Grande, Oregon. Scott has a B.S. in Accounting from Eastern Oregon University. They have three children: Braxton, 19, who just completed his freshman year at Montana State University; Eli, 17, a junior at La Grande High School; and Aubrey, 14, a freshman at La Grande High School. Melinda and Scott's life interests include watching their children in various sports like volleyball, football, wrestling, cross country, track and field, baseball, white water rafting, camping, mountain biking, hunting, FFA, and 4-H activities, and hanging out at Wallowa Lake. Melinda is also a member of the Union County Fair Board, working to improve the facilities and opportunities for our community, especially in 4-H and FFA.

**Ruth Becker-Peters** is Grandma Ruth's third granddaughter and namesake. She has worked as an Office Manager in the family construction business since graduating with a degree in Public Communication from the University of Idaho in 1998. Ruthie married Curtis Peters, who is a dentist in Baker City at Eastern Oregon Dental Group. He received his bachelor's degree at Eastern Oregon University, where he played basketball, and then received his DMD at OHSU in Portland, Oregon. They have ten-year-old twin boys, Avery and Brennan, who are active in the La Grande Swim Club and 4-H. Their family enjoys year-round outdoor recreation including snow skiing, mountain biking, golfing, hiking and wake surfing on Wallowa Lake. Ruthie also enjoys teaching her boys how to cook as their leader in a Cooking 4-H Club.

My sister, **Kimberly-Becker Gunderson**, is the youngest of the family. She has worked at the construction business since graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree in Business and Health from Eastern Oregon University in 2003. Kimberly is married to Brent Gunderson, a CPA and owner of Connected Professional Accounts and also a licensed Investment Advisor and owner of Connected Wealth Solutions. He received a bachelor's degree from Eastern Oregon University, where he played football. They have a ten-year-old daughter, Whitley, who is very involved in 4-H with sewing, home economics, livestock and small animals, as well as Swim Club. Whitley is building her own herd of Black Angus cattle with the help of her Grandpa Mike. She also has created a business called Mt. Glen Mercantile where she sells handmade soap. Their family enjoys a variety of outdoor activities, including wake surfing at Wallowa Lake, watching Whitley with all of her 4-H activities, skiing, mountain biking, golfing and entertaining at their home. Kimmie is also a member of a non-profit that supports the Union County Fair and is a 4-H cooking leader with her sister Ruthie.

As I reflect on our family's accomplishments, I am proud to say that each of us has carried a piece of our Grandma Ruth with us in all we do. Her legacy and values of family first, serving the community, and treating people with kindness and respect are all the qualities that live on in our family, and we are hopeful that they will be carried on through her great grandchildren for years to come. As we move through all of life's challenges and celebrations, we have faith that our guardian angel, Grandma Ruth, will continue to watch over and care for our family and for that we are truly blessed.

*~By Jennifer Teeter, Granddaughter of Robert Becker and Ruth (Sheehy) Becker, with contributions from Melinda Becker-Bisenius, Ruth Becker-Peters, and Kimberly Becker-Gunderson*

## RECENT EVENTS

### Delayed Visit to Halfway

Orion Bloom, his wife Nina, and three daughters, Annie, Adalin and Noelle, had to cancel their Christmas visit to the girls' grandparents, Whitey and Katy (Sheehy) Bloom, due to bad weather. The trip from Seattle to Halfway, Oregon, was rescheduled for early April. When asked if it was a long trip, Noelle announced that Mom and Dad did not take the short cut!

Soon after arrival, the house was strewn with Legos and other toys. Eggs were dyed and the Easter bunny hid a few eggs even though it was a bit early. The dogs wrestled and took dips in the pond and the kitties were pursued even though they were not really into cuddling. The basketballs were reinflated, and the volleyball net and a small baseball area were set up in the yard near the swing. Annie hit several home runs and Noelle learned to hit without the stick for T-ball.

Grandpa Whitey cleared the obstacle course of twigs blown down over the winter where the girls climbed, balanced, ran through tires and attempted chin ups. Adalin helped plant onion sets, potatoes and a few flower seeds. Annie and Adalin made several doll pillows and of course we built a fire near the pond to roast hot dogs and marshmallows. But nothing beats snuggling in to read bed time stories.

Sunday morning it snowed and the girls managed to get their socks soaking wet after the dry things were stored in the car. Their return trip to Seattle over Snoqualmie included a one or two hour delay and someone got carsick and vomited, but the visit was a great success!

*~By Katy (Sheehy) Bloom, Daughter of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy*



Left to right: Adalin, Annie, and Noelle



Left to right:: Whitey, Adalin, Annie, Noelle, Orion, and Katy



## In Loving Memory

### ANDREW DWIGHT "ANDY" LANGLEY

### March 7, 1975—May 2, 2022

Andrew Dwight Langley, known to all as Andy, and resident of Blackfoot, Idaho, passed away on May 2nd, 2022.

Andy was born on March 7, 1975 to Dwight and Tammy Langley, and grew up on his family's ranch in Rye Valley, Oregon.

Andy graduated from Huntington High School in 1993 as Valedictorian. He then continued his education at the University of Idaho with a Bachelor's degree in Agricultural Business and Animal Science.

Andy met the love of his life, Jennifer Lynn Henington, in California in 1995. They were married on July 6, 1996. They welcomed three beautiful children: Richard Dwight, Justin Andre and Erin Nicole. These three were his pride and joy.

Andy worked for numerous ranches in Oregon, Nevada, California and Idaho. He enjoyed roping and working cattle. Andy enjoyed leather work, training horses, but he especially loved teaching all the kids to be handy.

Andy is survived by his mother and stepfather, Tammy and Ray Miller; parents-in-law, Richard and Patricia Henington; wife, Jennifer Langley; children, Richard Langley, Justin Langley, and Erin (Luke) Mabey; siblings, Marie (Mark) Martin, Dusty (Christine) Langley, Karen (Matthew) Walters, Paul (Rhonda) Langley, and Shane (Abby) Langley; many nieces and nephews whom he loved dearly; and his best horse, Tucker.

He was preceded in death by his father, Dwight Langley; nephew, Dakota Oleson; and uncle, Kent Nelson.

Andy's Quote - "If you're waiting on me, you're backing up."

~ By the Andy Langley Family

## FAMILY NEWS

# 100 years loved!

• • •

**Richard James Sheehy, Sr.**  
(son of Hugh Francis Jr. and Helen [Holbrook] Sheehy) turned 100 years old on May 3, 2022. He enjoyed a wonderful party with 200 family members and friends a few days before his birthday.



## New Arrivals

**Lane and Cassandra Porth**, daughter of Whitey and Katy (Sheehy) Bloom are expecting their first baby in early August. They live in Durham, North Carolina where he works for Wolf Speed as a chemical engineer and she works at the Human Vaccine Institute at Duke University.

**Kai Michael Sheehy**, was born on April 4, 2022 at Wallowa Memorial Hospital. Kai weighed 7lbs 9 oz and was 20.25in. He is the son of **Cody and Jatta Sheehy** and grandson of Dennis and Marci Sheehy.



Kai Michael Sheehy

## Academic Milestones

**McKenzie Sheehy**, wife of Tom Sheehy, daughter-in-law of Jim and Sally Sheehy, recently was published in the fiction section of Oregon East, Eastern Oregon University's annual magazine that features work from EOU students.

McKenzie wrote about her Great-Grandmother homesteading in Bend, Oregon. Read the story at: <https://www.eou.edu/oe/2021-edition/stitches/>

**Jeannette Louise Hannah Benton**, daughter of Roland and Faye (Sheehy) Hannah and granddaughter of Hugh Sheehy Jr. and Beth Mae (Critchlow) Sheehy Fisher, has completed a Master of Fine Arts degree in Creative Nonfiction from Eastern Oregon University.



L to r: Hugh Sheehy, Erin Kaiser, Thomas Kaiser, and Barbie Sheehy

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**Thomas Kaiser**, son of Kendall and Erin (Holloway) Kaiser and great grandson of Thomas W. and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy, graduated from the University of Montana in Missoula, Montana, with a Bachelor of Arts in Sociology (emphasis on Criminology) and a minor in History. He is currently working as a Youth Counselor at a youth home in Missoula.

**Edouard Nelson**, son of Matthew Nelson and great grandson of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley, is graduating from Durham University with a Bachelor's degree in quantitative Chemistry. After years of rigorous academic pursuit, Edouard will be starting in September as an investment research analyst in London with AllianceBernstein, a global investment management and research firm.

**Theo White**, son of Shawn and Susan (Langley) White and grandson of Fred and Arleta Langley, has graduated from high school and will attend the University of Idaho to study fisheries.

**Hannah Rachelle Caldera**, daughter of Jennifer (Benton) Caldera-Batkin, Raymundo Caldera, and Matthew Batkin (stepfather), and granddaughter of James and Jeannette (Hannah) Benton, has graduated from Bella Vista High School in Sacramento, California and will be pursuing a college degree from Folsom Lake College in the Fall.



Theo White

## Career Events

**Orion Bloom**, grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, has been promoted to Commander in the US Coast Guard. Orion has been transferred from his current post at Bangor Trident Base in Poulsbo, Washington, to Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington, DC.

**Matthew Nelson**, grandson of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley, and his wife Anusha are moving from London to New York this summer where Anusha will take on a new role as Head of Financial Crime for Global Markets at Bank of America. Matthew continues building out Arivu, a blockchain-based start-up helping companies prove their sustainability reporting data. This will be the first time Matthew has lived in the USA in the past 27 years so these long-time Londoners will have some cultural acclimatisation to work on!

**Samuel Sheehy**, grandson of Robert and Dona Sheehy, has been hired as a software engineer specialising in Python and Django applications and development at Farad.ai, an energy-tech start-up in the UK that focusses on application of advanced artificial intelligence techniques to the energy industry. For the past four years, he has been a research engineer at Electricité de France in their London office.

The documentary film, [Make People Better](#), directed by **Cody Sheehy**, will premier at the HotDocs International Film Festival in Toronto on April 30th. Learn more at [makepeoplebetterfilm.com](http://makepeoplebetterfilm.com)

## New Homeowners

**Orion Bloom**, grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, and his wife Nina have sold their home in Poulsbo, Washington, and purchased a home in Burke, Virginia.

**Quinn Bloom**, grandson of Robert and Dona (Storie) Sheehy, and his wife Dr. Molly Bruggeman have purchased a home in Tacoma, Washington near the Kaiser Permanente Clinic where she works.

**Emilie Nelson**, daughter of Matthew Nelson and great granddaughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley, and her partner Alex Svirin have bought a home in the leafy London borough of Fulham. Emilie is building her start-up MiSeia, an application offering prevention, emergency and support services to tackle sexual harassment and abuse. Emilie and Alex are settling in to their new home with their cat Mowgli and a steady stream of friends to entertain.

## Other

**Marni Holloway Rigger**, granddaughter of Thomas W. and Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy, recently returned from a trip to Ireland with husband Ira Rigger III to visit ancestral Sheehy homelands and meet with relatives.

**Emma Sheehy**, daughter of Stephen and Susan Sheehy, and granddaughter of Robert Clinton and Dona Sheehy is engaged to be married to Isaac Rodrigues of Graham, Washington. The wedding is set for June of 2023.

**Kali Brandt**, granddaughter of Dick and Darlene Sheehy, and her husband, **Javier Tabima**, are teaching at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts.

**Wade Brandt**, grandson of Dick and Darlene Sheehy, is working at Microsoft and lives in Seattle, Washington.



Issac Rodriguez and Emma Sheehy

**Rose White**, daughter of Shawn and Susan (Langley) White and granddaughter of Fred and Arleta Langley, has been commissioned for four art pieces as a sophomore in high school.



Beautiful Painting by Rose White



## MISCELLANEOUS

### Two Poems

Two years ago today, on December 26, 2019, my husband, Kent, sustained a severe brain injury. Even though he lived, I essentially became a widow since he was unable to be the husband he had been for 54 years. Unable to recover, he spent seventeen months in Havasu Nursing Center. When the Covid19 lockdown began in March of 2020, we were unable to touch each other for 374 days. Twice a week I made an appointment to visit him. He was wheeled to the front door where I stood outside and we talked to each other by cell phone. When I was finally allowed into the building, my visit was limited to one hour and I was admonished not to touch him or anything in his room. Of course I ignored that edict!!

The chair experience is true and occurred on December 24, 2021. The need for human touch is real and a longing that all humans experience. It may be more pronounced as widows and widowers deal with the loss of that person in their lives that provided human touch.

Gratefully I had the freedom to touch my husband the last five days of his earthly life which ended June 4, 2021.

~ By Anita Nelson, Daughter of Harland and Helen (Sheehy) Langley

### **Two Years In**

*To the chair next to me, my fingers reached.*

*They closed around a hand not there.*

*Even when finding the chair empty my hand remained.*

*With startled eyes I glanced over to see no one.*

*Gripping hard and speaking to an imagined person, these words came.*

*"Hold my hand. I need you to be here. Hold my hand. I need your touch."*

*Watching my fingers release the hand, the unseen hand,*

*My lungs expelled a sigh.*

*Two years into widowhood without a hand to hold.*

*Two years in and heading to three.*

*Will someone fill the chair as my hand reaches there?*

*Who is there for my eyes to see?*

*As I enter into year three?*

*~Anita Nelson, December 26, 2021*



## **When Joy and Sorrow Intertwined**

*(My Husband's Last Days by Anita M Nelson)*

*December 26, 2019. In the end, joy and sorrow so intertwined as to cause pain.*

*Without warning, sorrow slammed into the living.*

*Its weight staggering, living and dying became one.*

*Gut wrenching sorrow gave no relief.*

*Strangled by dryness, health and strength fled,*

*Slowly, joy came to poke at dryness. Agonizing tears dampened it.*

*Blurred eyesight glimpsed bits of joy under the dryness.*

*Determination dug for it. Hope brought strength for the digging.*

*Asking why quenched hope. Sorrow returned.*

*Why brain damage, paralysis, and dementia?*

*Why did hours and days stretch into seventeen months?*

*Cursed Covid! No touching! Three hundred seventy four days between kisses.*

*No touching! Front doors of thick glass allowed only visual.*

*No touching! "I love you" garbled its way through masks and cell phone speakers.*

*Deep sorrow! Joy flees! What benefit?*

*Sorrow shouted, "No benefit at all!" Feet stomped at the injustice.*

*Joy whispered, "Benefit abounds. Just wait." Feet stomped at the wait.*

*Slowly, joy strangled sorrow in ways unimagined.*

*How could brain damage, paralysis and dementia bring no suffering to the victim?*

*Joy whispered, "Mental malfunction and hallucinations are gifts."*

*Palms trees, cactus, rocks, did not register. Only his home town was real.*

*Driving, going to church, living at home: all doable. Just bring the pickup 'round.*

*Oh joy! Depression and anxiety were foreigners.*

*Oh great joy! Speech and instant recognition were alive.*

*Oh precious joy! To those who listened, photos triggered stories of a former life.*

*Oh wondrous joy! Purpose revealed itself as a frail body and mind poured compassion, respect, kindness, laughter and love into the daily routine of care givers.*

*Oh astounding joy! Death released body, soul and spirit to God  
whose love dries earthly sorrow, releasing heavenly joy.*

*June 4, 2021. In the end, joy and sorrow so intertwined as to cause pain.*

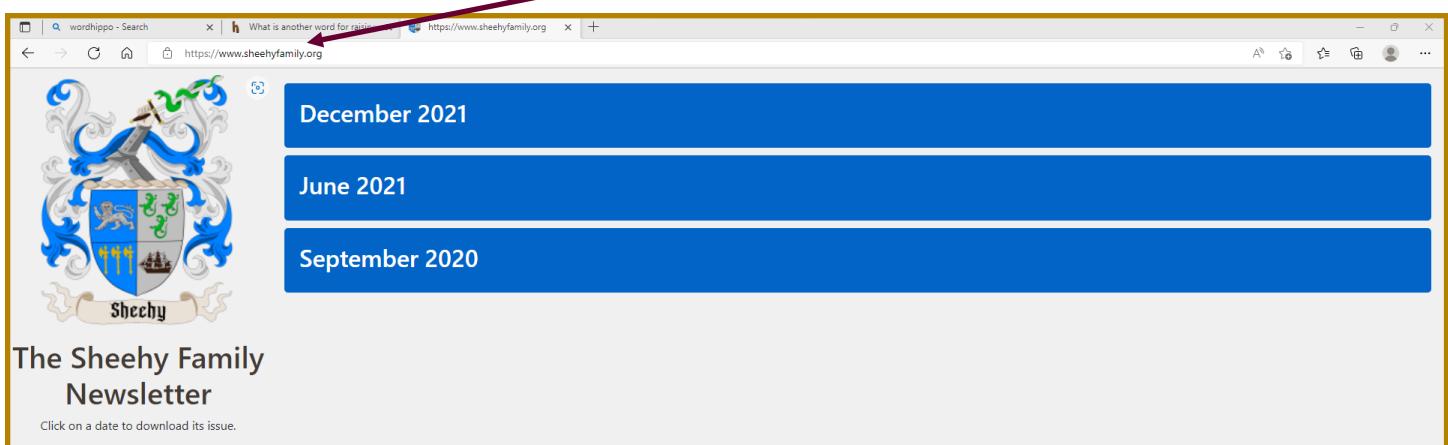
## Family Website

As I've been looking for ways to practice my web development skills, making an online home for the Sheehys seemed like both a great exercise for me and a helpful tool for the family.

In the spirit of small steps, I have created a "Version 1.0" of a simple website that provides links to the published newsletters. This means that anyone who wants to share the latest (or a past) issue can simply communicate the URL of the website instead of having to attach or upload a PDF to email or chat. Likewise, by keeping the newsletters in one location, they will be available to everyone who needs them whenever they want.

I am by no means a professional, and what I've made so far is meant to be only a first iteration. If readers have any feedback or suggestions on how the site can be improved or expanded, please feel free to email me (contact below). Or if you want to contribute to the site's development yourself, you can find the code repository on my GitHub (link also below).

You can find a live version of the website at <https://sheehyfamily.org>



My email: [samuelsheehy95@gmail.com](mailto:samuelsheehy95@gmail.com)

The GitHub: <https://github.com/sheeshee/sheehy-family-website>

*~ By Samuel Sheehy, Grandson of Robert Clinton and Dona (Storie) Sheehy*

## Recipe Corner ♦ ♦ ♦ Recipe Corner ♦ ♦ ♦ Recipe Corner



### **Tomato, Basil, and Feta Potato Salad**

1 pound tiny red potatoes (or 4-6 medium red potatoes, cut into 1-inch cubes)

2 cups cherry tomatoes, halved

1/2 cup crumbled feta cheese

2 cloves garlic, minced

2 tablespoons olive oil

1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice (a bit more if you like it lemony)

1/4 cup fresh basil leaves, torn

Salt and pepper to taste

Boil potatoes until just tender and not mushy, about 10-12 minutes. Drain and let cool slightly. Add remaining ingredients and toss to mix. Serve immediately or refrigerate for later.



*This recipe came from a friend when I was asking for tangy recipes when our Katie was in treatment. Tangy food was the only appealing food for her. Now we all make it!*

*~ Submitted by Barbie Sheehy, Wife of Hugh Sheehy and Daughter-in-law of Thomas W. And Mary Margaret (Black) Sheehy*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This fourth edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter was organized by Jim and Robert Sheehy. Contributing authors are Melinda Becker-Bisenius, Kimberly Becker-Gunderson, Ruth Becker-Peters, Katy Bloom, Virginia Bloom, Katy Gassett, Abel Mendoza, Anita Nelson, Barbie Sheehy, Jessica Sheehy, Kirstin Sheehy, Robert Sheehy, Sam Sheehy and Jennifer Teeter, with additional information on recent developments provided by several other family members. The newsletter also includes edited excerpts from the unpublished autobiographical notes of Etta Gillogly Manix Furman (1864-1933), the sister of our great-grandmother Rose Anna Gillogly Sheehy, as well as an article by John Morton Sheehy that was originally published in *Heritage Years: Second Marine Division, 1940-1999, Volume II*, by Art Sharp, Turner Publishing Company, 1999. The newsletter was edited by Jeannette Benton and organized for desktop publishing by Sally Thomas Sheehy. A big thank you to everyone.

The next edition of the Sheehy Family Newsletter will be published at the time of the next family reunion, which is tentatively scheduled for Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, 2023, at the Sheehy Barn in High Valley, Union, Oregon (Please mark your calendars). We have experimented with several different timings for the newsletters, but have decided that a one-year interval is the best way to allow preparation of interesting articles without overburdening our publication process.

Family members who may be interested in making a contribution to the next edition or a future newsletter should contact Jim Sheehy (email: <[sheehyjs@eoni.com](mailto:sheehyjs@eoni.com)>) or Robert Sheehy (email: <[robert.sheehy@yahoo.com](mailto:robert.sheehy@yahoo.com)>) as soon as convenient to discuss the proposed topic(s). We have already received several commitments for the next edition, but are looking for more. Please sharpen your pens and start writing! The target date for drafts for the next edition is May 2023.

In addition, “Recipe Corner” contributions are always welcome and should be sent to Sally Sheehy at [sheehyjs@eoni.com](mailto:sheehyjs@eoni.com). Please include lots of pictures and stories about why the recipe is special to your family.

The newsletter is being sent to all family members for which we have contact information. We would appreciate it very much if recipients could forward it to other family members not on our list. Please also let us know the email addresses of anyone to whom the newsletter has been forwarded (with their permission, of course) so that we can include them in the distribution of the next edition.

## Sheehy Reunion at the Sheehy Party Barn

**June 24-25**

**Friday @ 6 pm:**

BBQ Showdown Potluck Dinner

Bring your best BBQ meat or potluck dish

Plates and  
utensils  
will be  
provided

**Saturday @ noon:**

Potluck Luncheon at the Sheehy Barn

Campers  
are  
welcome!

**6111 High Valley Road, Union, Oregon**