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OF THE KELLEY FAMILY
AND DESCENDANTS

Compiled by Marion Nelson Stewart
Great Granddaughter of James Howe Kelley

August 1, 1890 by Cora Kelley Wheeler

(in Laura Elizabeth Wheeler Nelson's Baby Book, written by her Mother, Cora Kelley Wheeler.)

Ten months old today
 this bright eyed little maiden so full of life and play
With buoyant grace and arms stretched wide,
 and a smile for all she meets
Has carried her "company manners" into the home
 as well as the street,
For her mother smiles and her father laughs,
 as they truthfully declare
That never a night, save with merry noise, has she
 stirred the midnight air.
But peaceful sleep bore record, of health and virtue rare
One little cold too slight to note thus far is all we see,
 to indicate that earthly dress, could influence such as She.
May the months record, "an exponent prove."
 of her "Three Score Years and Ten"
And the Vistas show with golden glow a blessing rare to men
And the world may echo the parents joys
 of this dear little sister to the Wheeler boys.

July 15, 1890 by Cora Kelley Wheeler

"Crept backward like a little crab
and into her mouth put all she could grab
So the floor was kept double clean and sweet
That, Laura, might gather all she might meet"

1890 by Cora Kelley Wheeler

"A picnic summer for Laura came
And won for her a wonderful fame
She laughed and cooed and happier grew
And picnics multiplied for her, she knew.
To Yellow River on a July day
Under the trees, she found her play
At the logging train picnic, many can tell
That surely she was the reigning Belle.

But at the "Eau Plaine" she found-- while

That a "teeter" could bring out her sweetest smile
 What mattered it, if she couldn't wade
 In the hammock she was not afraid.
 How high they swung and if it broke
 Miss Laura laughed loudest, twas a practical joke.
 For the smile she brought from Heaven they say
 With our little Laura has come to stay

1890 By Cora Kelley Wheeler

A wonder this verse the mother now sings
 For Laura's a "second edition"
 "Revised and corrected" as more valuable things
 Are promised in the world of pendition
 For Laura though all that is portrayed here
 Will occasionally shed a spunky tear
 This willful spirit proves beyond doubt
 That perfect beings do sometimes pout
 For in between these very tears
 Are smiles that will conquer in future years.

In 1896 Cora Kelley wrote a book entitled "My Allegiance" Published by Editor Publishing Co. Franklin, Ohio

The following is the beginning paragraphs and the ending paragraphs, showing her writing ability.

"A Story of the French Revolution"

I first saw the light in that gloomy old fortress of Paris, in the year 1763. Sometimes I have thought that he who is born within the shadow of a prison can never pass from out it in this life; and then I have recalled the joy of my life, which has been to be spent in her service, and I have seen the shadow to be a cloud with a silver lining.

I hold in my heart today a thought that makes my old age a peaceful, happy one,--that no man has ever been to her what I might have been if our lot in life had been different. That no man ever risked his life for her as I have done, and that no man ever heard from her lips sweeter words than those she said to me at that last sad parting: -- "I have been a better woman all my life for the thought of what you hold in your heart for me." Perhaps in that other life, where there are no distinctions as to rank and birth, no prisons or death, we may be together in that perfect friendship that nothing can sever.

(Ending paragraphs) "I was wounded at Acre. My strong right arm will never strike another blow for the glory of the Cross. I started sadly out, in spite of our victory, for my western home.

I thought to look in Eleanor's face once more, and see if the years had brought any tender thoughts of me into her heart. If not, I should never trouble her with any claim of mine. I knew she passed her time in works of charity, and that the house of Savoy had never held the love and reverence of the people before as it held it today, under the rule of my Lady Eleanor.

We reached Savoy. In the old days I carried to the lady of my heart a reprieve from death; but to me she brought now a reprieve that took all the grief and sorrow out of life, as she laid her sweet face on my breast and whispered, "I have loved you ever since the night you brought me home; why did you ever leave me?" With the love of the Duchess of Savoy began a new life; but to me she will ever be, as when I loved her first, "MY Lady Eleanor."

May 23, 1918 by Cora Kelley Wheeler

Landor says - "Children are what the Mothers are."
[from the poem Children by Walter Savage Landor, 30 January 1775 – 17 September 1864]

"Mother! 'tis the dearest name I have ever learned to speak; it has kept me oft from shame, when I might have else been weak".

We are not today obliged to bring up our children to endure the care and hardships of our ancestors. Before 1914 we dreaded to put a burden on a child; but today our children are proving to us that we have misjudged them.

From the same source that fed us when young, the same old lessons of unselfishness and helpfulness have poured into their hearts, and they are eagerly offering their time, and little savings for the good of their country.

Let. us as Mothers lift our hearts in thankfulness at the results achieved.

We would save them care and worry if we could. It's a Mother's part you remember "To bear, to rear, to nurse, to love" and, alas! sometimes to loose

But a wiser hand than ours is leading our children today. Not taking away childish joys and pleasures, only giving them an object, and a desire to help to bear the burdens of the Church and State.

We have builded better than we knew because only the bricks and mortar were ours; the plans were drawn by the Great Architect.

In all our land today Mother's hearts are bowed in prayer. They have given up to temptation and suffering, their very Heart's desire. In all our land Mothers are waiting to see the result of their years of prayer and teaching. Death is not all they fear--there are foes that ruin the soul far deadlier than those that slay the body--but the Mother love holds firm.

In her hands lies the key to her boy's heart. Happy is the God-led mother today who knows she has locked therein the thought of the Power that will save and help.

When William the silent was told his cause was hopeless he replied. "When I took in hand to defend these oppressed Christians, I made an alliance with the mightiest of all Potentates, "The God of Hosts", who is able to save us if he choose." "When a man has his back against this wall of defense, he is not to be put down."

Back of the boy's love - back of the Mother's trust stands the church with its army of Christian soldiers. Together they have worked - Together they are working and with them are enrolled the children of the church - putting aside already childish pleasures, and desiring to follow the banner of "The Lord God of Hosts."

The Italians have a proverb - let it be ours also - "He knows not what love is that has not children."

The other day in Cincinnati, Sousa's Great Band of 267 pieces, from the Great Lakes Naval Station, led the Liberty Loan Procession, "From the Battle hymn of the Republic to America", ranged the program, "Played in trained parts as only Sousa could train," writes Allen Rogers, the Editor of the Enquirer. Let me give you the rest in his words.

"To many however, the feature was "Onward Christian soldier," "It's a far cry from the 'middies' and white hats of sailors to the cassocks and surplices of vested choir boys, and in appearance the immense crowd was secular rather than sacred - until this number so appropriate to the sacrifices of these modern crusaders for the liberty of the world - for all are enlisted as fighting men as well as musicians.

"Onward", came the message of the entire band - "Marching as to war" rolled the dozen drums from the sturdy chaps, all of whom have offered their lives, if needed, at the altar of freedom.

Then softly the Clarinets took up the old refrain, "With the Cross of Jesus going on before."

Prophetic seemed the note of the Comets - "Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe", and like an invisible assurance, straight from the field of France and the Teuton drive, all of the brass with the challenge of the drums - "Forward into battle, see His banners go!

On, on through the grand old hymn or if harkening back to 1776 - "Brethren, we are treading where the saints have trod", and the Song of America, and her allies - all differences of religion, politics and daily associations forgotten.

"We are not divided -
All one Body we!
One in hope and doctrine
One in charity.

Wonderfully, sacredly, patriotically beautiful in all way,

Tremendously eloquent,

A "wordless sermon in a language every hearer could understand."

ONE YEAR TO LIVE by Cora Kelley Wheeler, 1924
Racine, Wisconsin

Just go on with my ordinary usual life
Being true to my dear ones
Loyal to my friends,
Trusting to be held over every
discouragement by my faith and trust in
the life that is to follow this
Not trying to do any great deeds, but
striving to keep even the shadow of parting
from falling on anyone who belongs to me.
Let it only be said afterwards "She made
things pleasant in one little place."

Grandma Wheeler (Cora K. Wheeler)
wrote the following to Helen Schacht, her granddaughter,

"The fairest age Of all, to me,
Is when a maid So sweet to see
Before her teens With longing eye,
Back to childhood, Looks with sigh

But far ahead With vision plain
The "Happy Years" Stretch like a leave
To press ahead My darling dear,
For many joys Are drawing near.

Life is but thought
So you must will

To make of life A Glory still.
"Grandma's Valentine to Helen."

"So whether on the Hill Tops
High I dwell
Or in the peaceful valleys
Where the shadows lie
What matters He is there
And more than that--reed
He gives to me, no broken helpful reed
But His own hand
Sufficient for my need
So where He leads me
I can safely go

And in the Hereafter
I shall know Why
In his Wisdom
He had led me so.

Fact One of Mother's "comforts" passed on

Letter to Helen Schacht on her birthday, from Grandma Wheeler.

"My dearest Reubus:

I have a feeling you might like to choose your birthday gift yourself, so will enclose a draft. Hope you will have a very happy day and live to enjoy many more in peace and comfort. You are such a very satisfactory loving daughter to your Mother, that she cannot offer you advice, feeling you, do not need it, and really seeing no ways to improve her dearest Reubus. So you will escape the "old birthday talk" and I have no doubt will be led by a Higher Power than Mother to add to your graces in the coming years.

We have had several warm days but today is clear and quite cold. We have a wood fire in the little stove (now in the dining room) and the fire feels good. I have all my wood for next year and 4½ tons of coal. Enough if we burn wood upstairs.

The wind was very high on Tuesday and many, green branches were blown off the trees but no damage was done to crops, as in so many places. We had lettuce and onions from our own garden last night. My, but we felt smart. This p.m. I have to respond to the Mother's toast at the Cong. Church an especial service for "Mother's Day" all Mothers, refreshments and toasts. I belong to the aid society of that church as I joined it this winter because I had such good times going. Probably shall go to that church later on, as the "rows" in the Presbyterians disgust me.

We play bridge with the Bardwells at their house tonight. Play once or twice a week, have all winter and always have a good time.

Had such a nice time in Chicago. Three visits with Anna W.

Mary Kelley Upham (1843-1912) (Cora Kelley Wheeler's sister) published a book of poems; the following are three of them.

THE FAMILY BIBLE By Mary Kelley Upham

A sacred heirloom here we see,
With records placed within;
A written roll of memory,
Within its keeping seen.

The marriage register here tells,
Of generations past,
The echo of those wedding bells,
Through length of years shall last.

How blest the love that here is found,
Forever firm and true,
Divorces never did abound
With those we have in view.

These Christian homes kept sacred ties,
Till death alone should part;
Faith that no one e'er denies,
Eternal in the heart.

The next page faith and joy unite,
So welcome each new name;
Since love as on that Holy night,
Forever seems the same.

The last page, blotted out by tears,
Speaks volumes of true sorrow;
Through the vista of the years,
We'll meet again tomorrow.

Could she have been writing about the Kelley Bible which Marion Stewart has in her possession, births, marriages and deaths recorded of the Kelley family?

THE OLD SCRAP BOOK By Mary Kelley Upham

'Tis not conceit that makes us prize,
 This quaint old ragged treasure,
 Intrinsic values we surmise,
 Are far beyond earth's measure.

It tells its tale of fifty years,
 In truth with little friction,
 And hints of joys and smiles tears,
 In words of formal diction.

Where strangers smile at clippings old,
 Our memories sacred linger;
 In heart throbs that can ne'er be told,
 We check Time's busy finger.

Here yesterdays become today,
 And wedding bells resound;
 And childish voices in their play,
 Send echos all round.

If some things here resound with praise,
 They help history nearer;
 Remember these were stirring,
 And patriots fires burned clearer.

The hero, always modest, knew,
 How to sift truth from dross,
 His higher aim of duty true,
 He owed gain or loss.

The shadows of the other life,
 Here show their inner lining,
 As past and present here unite,
 To solve earth's sad repining.

Thus fifty years pass as a day,
 For Ponce's spring is here,
 Old friends, old times, are here to stay,
 And all that makes life dear.

We read between these lines of strife,
 God's care and blessing ever,

And note the holiest ties of life,
Not years nor death can sever.

LIFE'S VOYAGE by Mary Kelley Upham

Some sail to Heaven on a cloudless sea,
With faith and hope secure;
Their anchor held so steadily,
They smiled at ocean's roar.

But some like battered hulks are seen,
Wild storms left their mark;
With canvas torn and broken beam,
A shattered, ruined bark.
What matters it, so that at least,
Heaven's harbor reached, all storms past?

THE AUTUMN DAYS

by Mary Kelley Upham

The autumn days have fairly come,
The gladdest of the year,
The leaves are decked in red and brown,
And golden tints appear.

The evergreens their background show;
A painted forest rare,
Envelopes all the earth below,
With beauty everywhere.

The partridge and the wild ducks call,
The hunter grasps his gun;
The school boy knows where nuts may fall,
And joins the merry fun.

Each season shows the artist's power,
Painted by hand divine,
But Nature proves her richest dower,
In autumn's hues sublime.

Grow old in beauty like the leaf,

No higher aim be thine,
For toward the sunset, life is brief,
Let heavenly virtues shine.

Life's autumn then may well attest,
As age and beauty grow,
That added years are always best,
Reflecting autumn's glow.

Let years their fruitful harvest shown,
Of wisdom, grace and truth;
Beyond the sunset's beauteous glow,
We reach perpetual youth.

ODE TO "VIRGINIA"

by Rae Allman while doing dishes

Little Virginia sat on the floor
Breezes were blowing from front and back door
Come hither my Mother and bring me my sacque
For, perhaps then I can stand
Those drafts down my back.

KITTEN AND THE MOUSE

This poem was found in Elizabeth Wheeler Nelson's Bible
with the word "Mother sang this to Shirley Rae"

Once there was a little Kitty
White as the Snow
In the barn she used to frolic
Long Time Ago

In the barn a little Mousie
Ran to and fro
For she heard the Kitty coming
Long Time Ago

Nine pearl teeth had little Kitty
All in a row
And they bit the little Mousie
Long Time Ago

When the teeth bit little Mousie
Mousie cried "OH"
But she got away from Kitty
Long Time Ago

CHRISTMAS TO ME, 1974

Written by Marion Nelson Stewart
to her children at Christmas with their stockings.

Christmas to Me Means lots of love
That comes from our Maker up above
We show this love through you and me
For everyone in the world to see.

Christmas to Me means lots of fun
For families and friends and everyone
To join in the Christmas Spirit,
And put your whole Heart in it!

Christmas to Me Means, giving and sharing
Remembering past Christmases
It means colors and Christmas trees
and candy canes, and Santa Claus
It means hope and to strive for peace.

Christmas to Me Means songs and cheer
Of Christ and the Wise Men Far and Near
Of the Bethlehem Star that Shone on High
And of all the Innkeepers that passed Him by.

Christmas to Me Means the Manger and Stable
of Mary and Joseph Oh, so mild,
Of the Baby that was so Divine
Let him come into your Heart and mine.

Let Him come into your Heart today
Let him come in to stay
For all the material things come and go
But Christ will stay with you wherever you go.

"Mother"

What Thanksgiving Means To Me

By Karen Lee Nelson, 1960

“Our family Thanksgiving is happy
It seems to never end
It bring joy, laughter and turkey
We have Thanksgiving cards to send.
Pumpkin pie is good on that day
But turkey is the best
Of course you have lots to do
We never get any rest
It makes you think of Pilgrims
And of Indians, too,
What fun we have on Thanksgiving
I love it, don't you!

1976 Summer

From Karen Lee Nelson to her Grandpa Nelson (Herbert M. Nelson died December 6, 1976)

"I mediate upon your image
Sitting in Wordless communication
With you while in Racine
In awe of the rich fabric of your life
Woven with truth and dignity
In labor, love and faith,
Courage, humor and pray
that I may reflect the legend in Worthy fashion
This fabric a symbol sensed deep
In the roots of my being sings
As the wind thru the trees the grass thru my feet,
It sings Thank you for letting me be with you last week,

All love,
Karen

Sandy Stewart (married August 21, 1982)

BUSY SANTA

Grade 4, Fratt School

Jolly Santa sitting in his chair,
Sealing letters to children everywhere.

Little elves wrapping presents bright.
Mama Santa's putting up twinkling lights.
Santa has such rosy red cheeks.
He won't bring presents if someone peeks
He loves to bring to girls and boys,
The nicest prettiest Christmas toys.

OUR CAT

Grade 3, Fratt School

Our Cat, his name is Herman.
We call him the little German.
He likes bubble gum,
To the very last bit,
But instead of chewing, He swallows it. .

Spring

1976 by Karen Lee Nelson

When there's a winter in your life..actively chilled
propelling anticipations' holy hummings stilled
and morning is no friend.

If it happens to be wintertide these days,
Desire disguised and diffused into a creaming horde of thoughts
distended—relentless-hot-flamed to white within the pinions of your mind.

when it's winter in your life...brimmed-to-aching soul, brimmed with the swarming birds of your
being-caught in the blizzard of their bird sounds, like the whirring guts--helpless--of a
jammed-up vacuum cleaner...

enduring are Some, eternity's children - Some, winging through like currents of shadows--And
Some, arriving, to nurture upon the apparent chaos there found, bloodmingling the shells of
features come and gone.

all, all leaving their manifestations, hewn imprints --signatures rich with the Savoring
Taste, hope-whetting, embroadened embrace, forward enfolding...

so now it is winter, wintering, wintered but let not this foreign metabolish shroud for you the
inevitable unleashing of Spring's propellers, set into motion by your white world's smoldering
struggles...

white-flamed furnace, melting pot of experience's elements (soulbirds hatchings and scratchings) refining the metal of the home base of your being.

yes...amid the statis confusion of these yours personhood's brumal gales and pulsing-ice slumbers, spend a moment's listen as if putting your heart's ear to the frozen earth and feeling the kickings of winter's foetus in this behold the spring of your self, soulboughs in patient time do persist through. And this winter in your life, my brother, activity chilled?

propelling anticipations' holy hummings stilled--only the seeming slumber of a most subtle and vital kind...so allow this winter in your life, my brother, release you'll find.

ON REACHING 25

(Marilyn Schacht McGriff to Peg and Tom McCausland on their 25th Wedding Anniversary)
February 1982

Twas early in February of fifty and seven,
The Schachts and McCauslands all praying to heaven
That Tom's yon ship would sail into port,
Or was Captain Cosmella a wedding to thwart?

The ship came in, and the lieutenant sped home
To claim his young bride, and from her ne'er did roam.
Back to Virginia and in 9 months and 4 day
A sweet baby Tommy arrived and would stay.

They rode round the town in their chariot of Olds
Which drank oil like a lush downs a bottle of Bols.
But you think that was bad, the Ford won the polls
With cardboard for flooring to cover the holes.

Discharge time and northward came three
To Evanston, Illinois and the Becker Company.
Brown bagging in his briefcase was DeDe's charade
As he joined the proper gray flannel parade.

Andy came next, and with Christmas so near
We all got red flannels from the McCauslands that year.
They loved their two boys-should we have more?
To answer the question - along came Theodore.

A move to Winnetka and the country club set,
Tom wins at golf, and Peg paddles yet.
Peg volunteers and works for Gad's Hill,

The Republican Party, and spreading good will

The hair on the head of the husband is thinning,
Doolaps on the wife? yet the smile is so winning.
A good life thus far for the past 25,
Raising three boys- you managed to survive.

And now our glasses to you do we raise,
We hope you've enjoyed this bit of feint praise,
In the days ahead may happiness be found
In planning how to spend those English pounds.

Our generosity abounds with these 25 pence,
One for each year - does that make sense?
Have a rip roaring time and when you return
Your memories of England will relieve your heartburn.

In conclusion, finale or just plain The End
Your sisters and brothers and mother extend
Our love, and good wishes, and our thanks too
For letting us share this day with you!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!