

PA BOYLE

I have an Irish 3rd or 4th grandfather. Pa Boyle. He arrived on these shores in the early 1800s as a result of on-going "troubles" in Ireland. It seems the very ground cried from constant "troubling" for so many centuries there.

There's a story about Pa, as a young man, hiding from British soldiers in a bog and breathing through a reed under the dark surface. He ended up in Ohio, after losing his first wife and child to diphtheria, somewhere along the rough trail, on their brave tinker-wagon journey west.



Somewhere along the rough trail on their brave tinker-wagon-journey west

His wife's older sister caught up with him and saved him from grief, married him, and became his faithful life companion. Eventually they settled in the Ohio territory, in what would become Lancaster. Together they bore lots of children, who gave them lots of grandchildren. I once visited his lovely, mossy grave. It was surrounded by the many graves of his offspring. When I come to my end...wherever that may be... I suppose I'll join them in another kind of tinker-journey west.

His adventure went down in The Territory, when Ohio was the frontier - still wild and wooly, with only corduroy roads and indian traces, winding through the wild, and endless woods of the yet unknown.