

## LEGACY

I belong to many tribes.

I walk in the footsteps of the ancestors.

I have learned not to trust *all* the words of my grandmothers, nor even all those of my mother.

I have inherited the legacy of Seekers -- many immigrants who came in the infancy of the American colonies. They came in the early days of the 1600s, mostly the decade between 1630-1640. Seekers of religious freedom, seekers of adventure, seekers of a life that did not depend on the whim of a king, a pope, or the law of primogeniture. They came to be a part of a place they could call theirs. Many, many courageous women who came as children or as supportive wives. Boys and men who became colonial governors, sea captains, merchants, farmers, and clergy. All of them became landowners. All of them had descendants who, 150 years later, fought in or supported the cause of the American Revolution.

They came from England, Bavaria, and France to the Massachusetts Bay Colony or to Maryland. Their surnames included Webster, Rogers, Allen, Coffyn, Pease, Conkling, Greene, and Moore. My ancestor Hoffman from Holland came in 1630 to Nieuw Amsterdam and settled first on Manhattan and later up in the Hudson River Valley.

One immigrant came from England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony specifically for religious freedom. He encountered a surprise when the founding fathers began to place constraints on just what "religious freedom" meant. It ended with the heresy trial of Ann Hutchison and her subsequent banishment to Rhode Island. My ancestor stood up at the trial and protested in her behalf. He was immediately relieved of any firearms that he owned and banished with her to Rhode Island, where his family remained for several generations.

My most recently arrived immigrant ancestors were the Thomases, a Welsh minister and his English wife who left Liverpool, England in 1818 along with their five children on board the passenger ship "Mexico". After seven weeks of alternately rough and calm sailing, this family disembarked in Baltimore, MD where my minister 3-great-grandfather

witnessed the public flogging of a slave, a horrifying display which convinced him that slavery was an abomination.

The family immediately proceeded to Philadelphia and hired a wagon master to transport them to Pittsburgh along the newly built turnpike, which still had stretches of such narrowness and steepness that the children were obliged to walk while the parents clung to the inside edges of the wagon to keep it from tipping over the precipices.

In Pittsburgh they spent two weeks, first procuring and then provisioning an “ark” in which they proposed to sail down the Ohio River to Cincinnati. They encountered many dangers and were very uncomfortable on the boat. It was a trying time. The river froze, and they were compelled to spend a month in the town of Maysville, where all five children had whooping cough.

They reboarded the “ark” and continued for several days until they reached Cincinnati on February 9, 1819. Because there were no houses to be had, they remained living on board for another six weeks until they moved to the new community in Lawrenceburg, where my 3-great-grandfather once more returned to ministerial work. His faith was “Independent” (ministering to Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Africans, and Native Americans). He preferred to be itinerant, riding his horse from town to town, starting churches, starting schools, and tending to a large, spread-out flock in Ohio. They settled permanently in a Welsh community called “Paddy’s Run” in 1820. Thomas Thomas died in 1831 from a fever attributed to overexertion; his wife Elizabeth Robinson Thomas passed away in Dayton Ohio in 1864.

Their descendants continued to reside in Dayton, marrying my other ancestors who had emigrated from other parts of the newly minted United States of America, following their service as colonials in the American Revolution, to the western wilderness of Ohio. Ohio was their home for several generations until my grandparents, Polly Thomas and HP Phillips, married in Dayton, adventured off to the West Coast – Washington, Nevada, and California – where my civil engineer grandfather built highways and bridges and where my mother, Molly Phillips, grew up.

I am an immigrant of sorts. I was not born in the continental United States, and at that time my home was the Territory of Hawaii. When I was 15 Hawaii became the 50<sup>th</sup> state, and I officially became a US citizen. But how did I come to be born in Honolulu, T. H.?

My father, Howard Moore, was born there shortly after the Islands lost the monarchy and became a US territory. In 1900 my paternal grandmother, Edna Hoffman, ventured out to the Sandwich Isles, leaving her Dutch and English family and ancestors in upstate New York to travel by train across the US and thence by boat across the Pacific. Interestingly she never alluded to the journey despite being a vociferous storyteller. (And I never asked because she was *that* kind of grandmother.) Her former neighbors in Fort Plain, NY had moved to Honolulu to open a candy shop; when the wife fell ill, the husband asked my grandmother if she would be willing to come out to help tend the woman and help in the candy shop. Being 25, unattached, and unemployed, my grandmother readily agreed.

Shortly after her arrival in Honolulu, my grandmother met my grandfather, was smitten, and subsequently married him. My grandfather, Randolph Moore, came from a pioneering family which had originated in Wales, immigrated to New England, then New York, then Wisconsin, and finally Iowa where they farmed. He was the oldest child and only son; that meant milking a lot of cows in freezing conditions for many years. When he was a young man, he announced that he had milked his last cow and headed to Los Angeles, seeking warmer climes. He labored for several years at a lumberyard where he met a Hawaiian entrepreneur who regularly appeared to load his ships with lumber to take out to the Kingdom of Hawaii. This fellow realized my grandfather was both honest and quick with good managerial skills; he offered my grandfather the job of managing his lumberyard in Honolulu – warmer still, and no likelihood of cows! My grandfather leapt at the chance and arrived in Honolulu in 1889 just prior to the overthrow of the monarchy. I am grateful to know that he did not favor the overthrow and chose to side with the monarchy.

My mother, growing up in California, attended Stanford University, which is where my father also went to college. They met, married in 1937, and spent the rest of their lives as residents of Hawaii.

So what is the legacy my immigrant ancestors have left me? These are amazing people for whom I have unending gratitude. If they hadn't ventured and survived, I would not be here. They gave me their courage, perseverance, curiosity, patriotism, fortitude, kindness, generosity, selflessness, tolerance, forgiveness, acceptance, spirituality. Add to that the ability to take risks, to be spontaneous, to be respectful, to seize the moment, to give back, to seek social justice, to care for others, to look for joy, to share love.

Despite my imperfections, and I have plenty, these qualities are in me, from generations and generations that have come before me, from my truly amazing and honorable and persistent ancestors who came to this very special country that I am grateful and humbled to call my home.

**By far the most interesting immigration story of my ancestors** is the one that took them out of Africa and into, ultimately the US. From Eve in the Rift Valley I get my L1 haploid that took my tribe south in East Africa.

Then the L2 haploid tribe moved west and northwards to SubSaharan Africa.

About 80,000 years ago the L3 haploid group moved north, curious, adventurous, and survivalists, and were the first modern human beings to leave Africa across the Saharan Gateway, which was green, following animals.

My tribe got my N haploid during the Incubation Period in the Anatolia region, moving with the second wave of human migration via the Sinai Peninsula. There in Anatolia we coexisted with the Neanderthals about 60,000 years ago. This is probably when I picked up my Neanderthan DNA.

There was a spreading out period when my tribe went up into the Caucasus Mountains, Georgia, and Southern Russia. This is where I got my R haploid.

There was a cold spell, and my people hung out in the Anatolia region again, moving up into the Baltic area and possibly into Finland. This is the source of my pre-HV DNA.

About 30,000 years ago my tribe was in the area of present day Poland. The Neanderthals died out, but I still carry some of their DNA.

My tribe then branched off into Iberia and the British Isles. This was between 10,000 and 15,000 years ago, and my tribe got its H haploid DNA. This became the time of the Aurignacian Culture when they developed good tools. Because of a long period of cold, they huddled in Iberia where the climate was warmer. When the temperatures warmed, these people re-colonized Western Europe.

And over the millennia, they remained ... until they began to immigrate to the New World.

**What else did I find:**

Ancestors who settled Nantucket

Ancestors who were members of the Continental Congress.

Ancestors who fought in the American Revolution.

Ancestors who were Unitarians and Universalists.

Ancestors whose descendants include Queen Victoria, Princess Diana, and the late Senator John McCain.

Ancestors who included Catherine Parr and Sir Thomas More, one of William the Conqueror's generals, and King Henry I of France and his wife Anne of Russia. Without doubt a whole lot of people in this world can say the same. Still, it's interesting.

What did I discover to be untrue?

My grandmother told me:

That I am related to Peter Stuyvesant. I couldn't find it, but it could be true.

That her ancestors were on the Mayflower. I couldn't find it, but it could be true.

That her parents died in the 1918 flu pandemic. They didn't; I know this is so.

My mother told me that I am related to Louisa May Alcott; we share the same middle name which is actually a surname. Alas, there is no

connection despite the fact that we are both Mays from Boston way, way back. It made a good story.