

the Connelly Family

where she and the other hospitable inhabitants of Strokestown colony cast anchor.

As an active worker in the hive of human industry and a general reliever of all ills to which flesh is heir too, old lady Connelly had few equals and no superiors in our primitive days, and so well discharged the duties of every department of life that her visits were as welcome as the grace of God and she was entertained as an angel might be, coming unawares - always welcome. She died as she lived a model Christian, and with an unswerving faith in the belief of her fathers and a mind as clear as the springs of the Emerald Isle, and when we reviewed her peaceful countenance in the calm repose of Death we could not help thinking of the widowed woman of whom the Saviour remarked 'she is not dead but sleepeth'.

Requiescat en pace, and at the same time let us all so form our actions in life that when the grim monster approaches we can cheerfully exclaim 'Oh Death where is thy sting, oh grave thy victory!'"



Winifred Nolan. Printout of scanned photograph courtesy of Tim Preece.

There is no doubt that Dennis and Winifred were very thankful they were able to spare their children further ravages of the famine and the politics that were devastating their homeland and bring them new hope in a country that offered better opportunities for their own family's futures.

A few of their children died too young, the rest managed to survive to raise families of their own. Of those that survived some stayed in Rhode Island, the rest made the move to Wisconsin and stayed, while others went on to newer lands further out west. Dennis and Winifred can be satisfied that their decision to leave Ireland gave their children better opportunities for a more positive future.

Children:

- +2. Patrick (1823-)
- +3. Michael (1824-1902)
- +4. Mary (1829-1881)
- +5. Winifred (1830/31-1863)
- +6. Brigid (1833-1847)
- +7. Elizabeth (1834-1922)
- +8. James (1836-1904)

