

MARGARET DOHERTY

"I would like to relate a few things I remember about Grandpa Michael and Grandma Margaret Hickey. Grandpa was a tall lean man with kind blue eyes and was soft-spoken. He raised large flocks of sheep and sometimes the mother sheep had two or three lambs and one would be orphaned, but Grandpa fed the little one with a bottle and nipple filled with cow's milk. Sometimes he'd have five orphaned lambs and he made slots in the board fence to hold the bottles. Then each lamb took its place at feeding time. ... Grandpa Hickey raised chickens and ducks. There was a bond below the hill where the farmhouse stood, the pond was surrounded by willow trees and there the ducks hatched out their young in the sheltered area. When the ducks were very young they lived in the pond and by October the pond was a mass of color with the Mallards swimming about.

Grandma made the best raisin pie and rolled sugar cookies. ... Grandma Hickey was short of stature and when she and Grandpa went driving; it was with the one-seated cart drawn by a mule. The cart was quite high so Grandpa would drop a small stool to the ground and then help Grandma down. ... Grandma kept her promise to Our Lady of Mount Carmel by always wearing the brown scapular where she was enrolled on her First Communion Day. Her desire was to be buried in a brown shroud. As she was bothered by numerous heart attacks, to quiet her mind her daughters, Maria, Nancy and Margaret bought brown cashmere and the shroud (a very plain dress). Then Grandma was at ease, but in a few weeks, here good neighbor and friend, Mrs. Deegan passed away so the shroud was given to her. Grandma told the Deegan family that her daughters would make her another one, which they did. One day the sad news came as the St. Catherine's bell was tolling. It told of the death of Mrs. Doyle. She was another of Grandma's friends and neighbors. Grandma by her kindness gave the shroud again. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was fully carried out and her daughters made one more shroud"

Sincerely,

Margaret Doherty
September 9, 1977

"Reading 100 Years of Graceville in Saturday's paper I scanned for something concerning the James Hickey family. ... I remember Agnes very well as a visitor at our home when Mother was living. Agnes was tall with auburn hair and quite a talker. I was five or six years of age. Small post offices were scattered through

the country-side, in village stores and sometimes in a home. The mailman, Mr. Pope, a great conversationalist, passed our farm on his route so we had delivery every day; some had to walk to the post office for theirs. Agnes met Mr. Pope everyday. We did get the St. Paul Daily News and she would have a chat with him about any new happenings. She was lovely to Mother and to us, but she did enjoy talking to my Father and neighboring men as they sat on the open front porch of our farmhouse. We sat out there, also, but those were the days "when children were seen and not heard." I have copied Agnes' mottoes they still sound good to me. When I glance back eighty year, I thank God for all my memories."

Love and prayers,

Margaret
July 17, 1978

"Here are two pictures perhaps you could use ...

They bring back many pleasant memories when we ran in the back door to the kitchen when Aunt Mag made such delicious meals. I think of this home with Uncle Pat playing the fiddle and Mae at the piano, and of course Uncle Simon, who they say was an even better fiddler. We waltzed to the music or took partners for a square dance.

Love,

Margaret
March 2, 1979

"... a little incident about my mother, Margaret Hickey Doherty. When Mame Brennan Kohls was born, Grandma Hickey went home after four days and sent Mother down to help. Mother wasn't married. Aunt Maria was to remain in bed for nine days, but the baby would be baptized on Sunday, which was only the eighth day. Mother feared that her apple pies would not be good enough for the Mike Brennans, who would be Godparents, so Aunt Maria got out of bed and made the piecrust. On Sunday Mother proudly served dinner. "What good apple pie," exclaimed Mrs. Mike Brennan! I'd swear Maria made it." I'm sure that Mother blushed.

Love,

Margaret
March 26, 1980