Connolly Conley That's Us!!! Family Reunion



My Beginning

July 2-3 1994 Memphis, TN

Banquet Bankens Houns Sat., July 2nd 1994 6:00 p.m. 9:30 67 Madison Ave. 38103

Family Pinic Sun., July 3nd 1994 12:00 - 8:00 p.m. 498 W. Raines Rd. 38109

Devotion	Kevin (Mike) Haywood
Welcome	Laurice Blackburn
NanatonJan	nes Howard Blackburn
Song	.The Reddick Ensumble
Historian	Tenny Connolly
Black National Athem	Audience
Dinner	
Awards and Reconition	Yvonne Denton Lester ren Walker Anderson
K	Ren Walker Anderson
Introduction Open Participation	
	Аидкеу К. Conley
Introduction Open Participation	Auðrey K. Conley
Introduction Open Participation Solo	Auðrey K. ConleyJackie ReddickMarvin Stokes
Introduction Open Participation Solo Benediction	Auðrey K. ConleyJackie ReddickMarvin Stokes
Introduction Open Participation Solo Benediction CONNOLLY (CONLEY) FAMILY REUNIO	Audrey K. ConleyJackie ReddickMarvin Stokes NChainpenson

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

James Howard Blackburn

Donna Conley

Paula Conley Williams

Tenny Connolly

Peggy Conley Conner
Little Miss Lauxie Blackburn

Ríkkí Yvonne Lesten

Gloria Denton Roberson

INTRODUCTION

Family Reunion have been a part of the Connolly family since the early sixties. It was Spearheaded by Lillian Blackburn Denton Alta Conley Brown, and Clarence Blackburn (deceased) (Memphis, TN). These gatherings took place in backyard of family members.

We moved them to different cities to be hosted by family members there.

Each city playing host to the visiting families. This was a way to come together in Happy times other than sad time (funerals)

We are a proud distintive family. Morals, Values, and Pride have been past from generations to generations.

MEMORIAL

We would like to make this Special Dedication to our deceased family members who gave so much, to the Success of these family gathering:

Clarence Blackburn (Memphis, TN)

Theo Haywood (Chicago, ILL)

Danius Conley (Memphis, TN)

Lotti Blackbunn Johnson Smith (Chicago, ILL)

Blanchie Blackburn Henderson Stokes(Los Angeles)

Raymond Conley (Memphis)

Bessie Connoly Cunningham (Wesliston, MI)

Clift Franklin (St. Louis, MO)

Síðney Conley Janmal (Memphis)

Ruth Connolly Jones (Grand Rapid, MI)

OUR BEGINNING

Onal tradition gives us our Scant knowledges of our family history.

Brice and his two brothers were kidnapped from their home in Africa and forced into slavery.

We have no record of the terror and hardship they endured on the long Journey to a North Carolina Port.

The three children were sold seperately to different masters in different places.

Brice was sold to someone in Mississippi. Where he was a slave on a cotton plantation. About forty years later, after the Civil War, he was "freed".

Brice took on a wife who could read and write that taught him how to also. Her name was Pathenia Connolly, who came to this country from Ireland before the Civil War.

Their first child was born in 1844. When the Civil War ended Brice had his freedom and the need of a Last name. We have been told that his brothers took the names of their masters-becoming Tom Evans and Ban Butler.

Brice did not want his Master's name. His wife Pathenia said, "We know mine, take mine.

Connolly became our family name. Brice and Pathenia had this children in all; We are descended from their third child WYATT. Wyatt married Sharlet Jeetar and assembled more than three hundred acres in Arkabutha Mississippi.

Wyatt and Shulett Jeeten Connolly Childnen (not by age)

Eð
James Carver
Esseck
Ira
Nímroð
John Henry
Lena
Eliza
Mary
Siðney

Lift Up Every Voice And Sing

Lift ev-'ry Voice and sing,
Til earth and heav-en ring,
Ring with the har-mo-nies
of Lib-er-ty, Let our ReJoic-ing rise High as the
List-ning --- skies, Let it Re-sound
loud as the roll-ing sea. ---

Sing a song full of the faith that dark past has taught us; Sing a song full of the hope that the pre-sent has brought us; Fac-ing the ris-ing sun of our new day be-gun, Let us march on til vic-to-ryis won.

Story the road we trod,

Bitter the Chasting rod,

Felt in the days when hope unborn had died,

Yet

Yet with a steady beat,

Have not our weary feet

Come to the place for which our farthers signed?

We come over a way that with tears has been warterd; We have come, treading our path thro' the blood of the slaughterd.

Out from the gloomy past, Til Now we stand at Last Where the white gleam of our bright Star is Cast.