

Our Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather LeRoy Rosebud Kewley born October 10<sup>th</sup>, 1907, in Rock Valley, IA and died October 27<sup>th</sup>, 1995. He had 5 siblings, Bert, Bill, Pearl, Jennie, and Beula. His parents were Eli and Sarah Kewley. As I remember he was pretty quiet and loved the farm, animals and working hard. I mentioned this in other stories, but he loved his Grand Children and at one time he bought each of them a Shetland pony and one was the victim of Dad and Jim Sell when they saddled it up while drunk as hell and rode it. I think the only real conversation I had with Dad was when he told us what happened to him as a child in Rock Valley. He was young, maybe around 11 and apparently things were not very good at home because as I heard it Dad, his mother and siblings were at a movie and Dad's father came in and said, "I burned the house down you son of a bitch" and left never to be seen again. His name was Eli Kewley born 1861 in Illinois died 1935 in a small town somewhere near Kennebec (his grave can be found in the Kennebec cemetery). As all of you know coming from divorced parents is hard enough but having

your father do such a thing must be devastating and I hope Dad made peace with his childhood before he passed and I wish the same for all of us. And if that wasn't hard enough Dad had to quit school around the 6<sup>th</sup> grade to start working to support the family. Apparently at one time Dad fell from a hay loft and broke his arm but never went to a doctor so he had a crooked arm. Dad showed his love to all of us by working long hard hours on our farm and had a second job for a neighbor that paid \$8.00 a day! As mentioned above he was quiet so after we moved to Witten the ride back and forth to the farm for chores was literally without a spoken word, interesting! mk