

Chapter 7: Chancey Francis and Quintilla Gillihan Redding

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Profile of Chancey Francis and Quintilla Gillihan Redding

Chancey Francis Redding was born near Unionville, Missouri, in 1891. In 1906 his family moved to Olathe, Kansas. In 1910, Chancey was a painter, like his father and brother Earl. He also served as a volunteer fireman. In 1917, Chancey married Quintilla Gillihan in Olathe, and they signed the marriage certificate Chant and Tillie. The wedding announcement in the local paper said that Chant had built a home for the newlyweds.

Quintilla was born in Lenexa, Kansas, near Olathe, in 1892. The Gillihans were early Scots-Irish settlers in Tennessee and Missouri, tracing back to William Gillihan, a veteran of the Revolutionary War in Virginia. Her grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Gillihan, served with the union cavalry in the Civil War in Arkansas.

By 1918, the Reddings were in Tonganoxie, Kansas, where Chant worked for the dairy plant. Chant took a correspondence course in dairy chemistry to become a milk tester. The family lived for a short time in Nemaha County, Kansas, where Chant managed a milk station, and also in McLouth, Kansas, where he did the same.

Chant moved the family back to Tonganoxie, where he continued his work in the dairy industry with the Franklin Dairy Plant, which was later sold to Sealtest. Chant raised rabbits in the back yard and pigs at the home of a friend with whom he worked at Franklin. He was an avid hunter and fisherman, with a boat named Chantillie.

Quintilla died in 1943 in Tonganoxie. Chant retired from the dairy plant and went into business operating the Black Cat, a roadside bar and grill outside Tonganoxie. He later married Betty Mae Huffman. Chant died in Tonganoxie in 1974 and Betty Mae died in 2010.

Children of Chancey Francis and Quintilla Gillihan Redding: Betty Lou Redding McVay, Roy Lee Redding, and Francis Raymond (Babe) Redding.

Child of Chant and Betty Mae: Alfred Roy Redding, named for his two grandfathers.

Chapter 7: Chancey Francis and Quintilla Gillihan Redding

Beginnings in Missouri

Chancey Francis Redding was born in Unionville, Missouri, on February 14, 1891, the son of Alfred Fear and Almedia Josephine Bradshaw Redding. In Unionville, Alfred had worked on farms but learned the skills of the building trades at the same time, doing odd jobs. In the 1900 census, Alfred and his wife, Almedia Josephine, lived in Unionville and had five children, including 10-year-old son, Chancey Francis. Alfred and family moved to Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas in 1906, where Alfred worked as a carpenter and painter. Chancey, called Chant, was 15 when the family left Missouri for Kansas.

Life in Kansas

Roy Lee Redding, Chancey and Quintilla's son, remembers that his father could draw a straight line with a paint brush with either hand, and for good reason. When Chancey was 19 years old, he was a painter, like his father and brother Earl, according to the 1910 census for Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas. He was living at home with his parents and brother Lloyd (who was 17). Chancey was also a volunteer fireman in Olathe. Chancey Francis Redding was born February 14, 1891 in Unionville, Missouri, and died in August of 1974 in Tonganoxie, Kansas. On April 18, 1917, Chancey married Quintilla Gillihan in Olathe; he signed the marriage certificate Chant, and she signed it Tillie. A newspaper article announcing the wedding said that Chant was a carpenter and had built a new home for his bride on the north side of Olathe. The couple had been married days earlier, at the home of a judge, but had kept the marriage a secret until Tillie quit her job as an office girl.



Chancey and Quintilla, about 1940

Quintilla had been born in nearby Lenexa on May 3, 1892, the daughter of Thomas Gideon and Dolly Ann (Moore) Gillihan. Chancey and Quintilla moved to Tonganoxie in Leavenworth County to work for the Franklin Dairy Plant, and their daughter Betty Lou was born in a house on the road to the dairy on March 25, 1918. Chancey took a correspondence course to learn dairy chemistry, and got a job managing the milk station at Goff, Kansas in Nemaha County, where the Reddings resided when the 1920 census was taken in January. In October of 1920, the Reddings were living in McLouth, Kansas (Jefferson County), where their son Roy Lee was born on the first day of that month, and where Chancey managed a milk station. They moved back to Tonganoxie, where Chancey again worked at the Franklin Dairy Plant, which received milk and cream from farmers and prepared a concentrate that was sent to Kansas City to be made into ice cream.

For a few years in Tonganoxie, the Reddings rented a house from Mr. Taylor, a shoemaker who continued living in one room in the house. His shop was a few blocks away. Years later, when Roy Lee was playing football in high school, Mr. Taylor made a pair of spikes for him from old farm shoes,

adding leather spikes. The Reddings bought the house next door to Mr. Taylor's and moved there. In 1927, Francis Raymond was born. In the late 1930s, the Franklin plant was sold to Sealtest, and Chancey continued to work for Sealtest. Quintilla died on November 5, 1943. When Chancey retired from Sealtest, he went into business operating a roadside bar and grill, the Black Cat (Hilltop) a few miles from Tonganoxie. Chancey married Betty Mae Huffman after Quintilla's death, and to this union was born a son, Alfred Roy Redding, in 1950. Chancey died in August of 1974. He was an avid fisherman and hunter. He built a boat when the new lake was opened near Tonganoxie, and named it the "Chantillie." Roy Lee remembers as boy his dad raised chickens and rabbits in the backyard, with 125 rabbits at one time. Their mom cooked rabbit every Sunday, and their dad sold the pelts and some of the rabbits. Chant gave Roy a nickel a bushel to pick dandelion greens from a nearby field to feed the rabbits.

Roy Lee remembers that his dad could do anything, including repairing their shoes with a cobbler's kit that he kept. His mother saw to it that Roy Lee practiced his piano, even when other boys were out playing. Another of Roy Lee's memories is that the family went to Lawrence every Saturday night to visit his Uncle Earl and family. One night when they arrived back in Tonganoxie, they found a dog on the running board of their car. The dog had ridden all the way from Lawrence. Chant put an ad in the Lawrence paper trying to find the dog's owner, but none turned up. The dog was a hunting dog, and Billie Wood, a black man who worked with Chant as an engineer at the Franklin dairy plant, took the dog and trained it. Chant and Billie then took the dog hunting, and Roy Lee got to go along. This was before Roy Lee could carry a gun, but he greatly enjoyed the outings with his dad, Billie, and the dog. Roy Lee also remembers that Chant and Billy raised pigs together at Billy's place then called "colored town" at the edge of Tonganoxie. The men butchered some of the pigs each year for their families and sold the rest.

The Gillihan Family

Quintilla Gillihan was the fifth of 10 children born to Thomas Gideon and Dollie Anne Moore Gillihan. The Gillihans trace back to William Gillihan, a Revolutionary War veteran from Virginia who later settled in Tennessee. His son Thomas was born in North Carolina in 1783, married Lucinda Brown, lived in Jackson County, Tennessee, then migrated in 1829 to Greene (later Jersey) County, Illinois, and three years later to



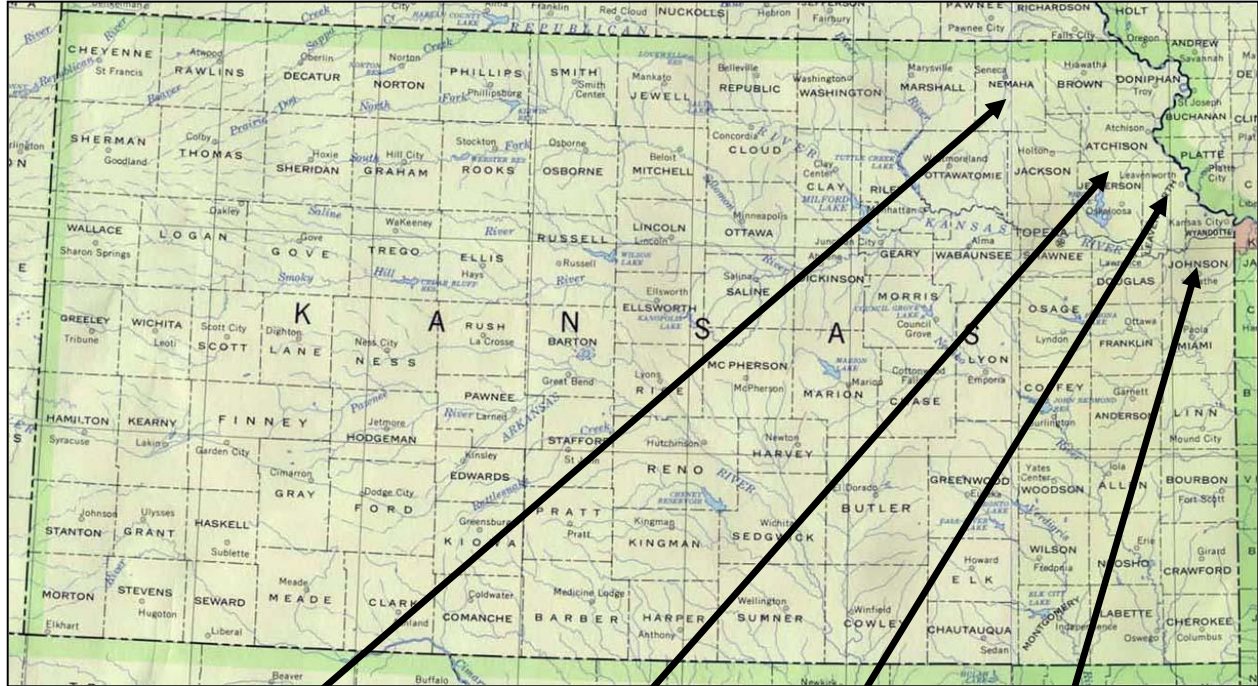
Thomas Gideon Gillihan, Dollie Moore Gillihan, and Susan Routh Gillihan, about 1910.

Greene (later Polk) County, Missouri, where he died in 1840. J. Elizabeth Gillihan, daughter of Thomas and Lucy, was born in Tennessee in 1813. About 1832, she gave birth to Thomas Jefferson Gillihan, whose father is not known. Thomas Jefferson Gillihan married Susan Routh/Ruth in Cedar County, Missouri, in 1850 and moved to Washington County, Arkansas about 1857. He served for the Union Army in the Civil War, was injured and nearly blinded, and returned after the war to Polk County, Missouri. In the 1880s, Thomas Jefferson and Susan Gillihan moved to Johnson County, Kansas. Their son Thomas Gideon Gillihan was born in Missouri in 1857 and married Dollie Anne Moore in Kansas in 1880. Dollie Anne Moore was the daughter of Lynch and Rebecca Bailey Moore, who moved from Madison County, Kentucky, to Platte County, Missouri about 1853.

Quintilla was part Indian, and Roy Lee remembers going to Pow Wows at Haskell Institute in Lawrence where they bought fry bread from the Indian women. We once believed the Indian blood was from Quintilla's mother's side, with Rebecca Bailey Moore's mother having been born about 1805 in Georgia, which then included much of the Cherokee Nation. But in a letter from Helen Gillihan Larrich to Sam Redding in 1979,

Helen wrote that in tracing the family roots, she met with an old man in Arkansas who said that Susan Routh was a Cherokee. Susan may have been the daughter of a Jacob Routh, born in 1795, but she first appears in records in Polk County, Missouri, in 1850, the year she married Thomas Jefferson Gillihan. The Cherokee passed through this part of Missouri on the Trail of Tears in 1838, and some orphaned children were left with white families along the Trail. Thomas Jefferson Gillihan's uncle, the Rev. Isaac Routh (married to Thomas's aunt Frances) had children not his own in the census of 1840 and may have taken in Cherokee orphans.

Map of Kansas



Nemaha County

Jefferson County

Leavenworth County

Johnson County

Photographs



Quintilla, 1913.

Gillihan-Redding

Miss Tillie Gillihan and Mr. Chant Redding were married last Wednesday evening at the home of Probate Judge and Mrs. G. A. Roberds, the probate judge performing the ceremony. The young couple kept the wedding a secret for several days, but it became news Saturday afternoon when Mrs. Redding quit work at Nowlin's, where she has been office girl for the past ten months. Mr. and Mrs. Redding will go to housekeeping in the north part of town, where Mr. Redding has built a new home for his bride. The young people are industrious and well liked and have many friends who wish them joy in their married life. Mr. Redding is a car-



Our Marriage Vow

"My friends, you have come into this presence that you may be joined in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony, which is an honorable estate, instituted of God, sanctioned by the laws of our state, and commended by society, to those desiring and entitled to enter it's relationships.

"If there does not exist any lawful reason why you should not be united, you may now join your right hand."

(To the Man)

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony? Wilt thou love her? Honor and keep her, in sickness, as in health? And, forsaking all others, wilt thou keep thyself unto her only, as long as ye both shall live?"

The Answer: "I will."

(To the Woman)

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony? Wilt thou love him? Honor and keep him, in sickness, as in health? And, forsaking all others, wilt thou keep thyself unto him only, as long as ye both shall live?"

The Answer: "I will."

"For-as-much as ye have here consented together in Holy Matrimony, and have pledged your love and faith, each in the other, and have declared the same by the joining of your right hands, I, by the authority of the State of Kansas, given in me, do hereby declare, that ye are—now—Husband and Wife. Amen."

Certificate of Marriage

This Certifies that

Chaut. Pidding
of *Olathe - Kansas*

and

Willie Gillihan
of *Olathe - Kansas*

were united by me in

Holy Matrimony

on the 18 day of April in the year of Our
Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and 17

at Olathe Kansas

Witnesses

Wm. L. Roberts
Josephine Roberts



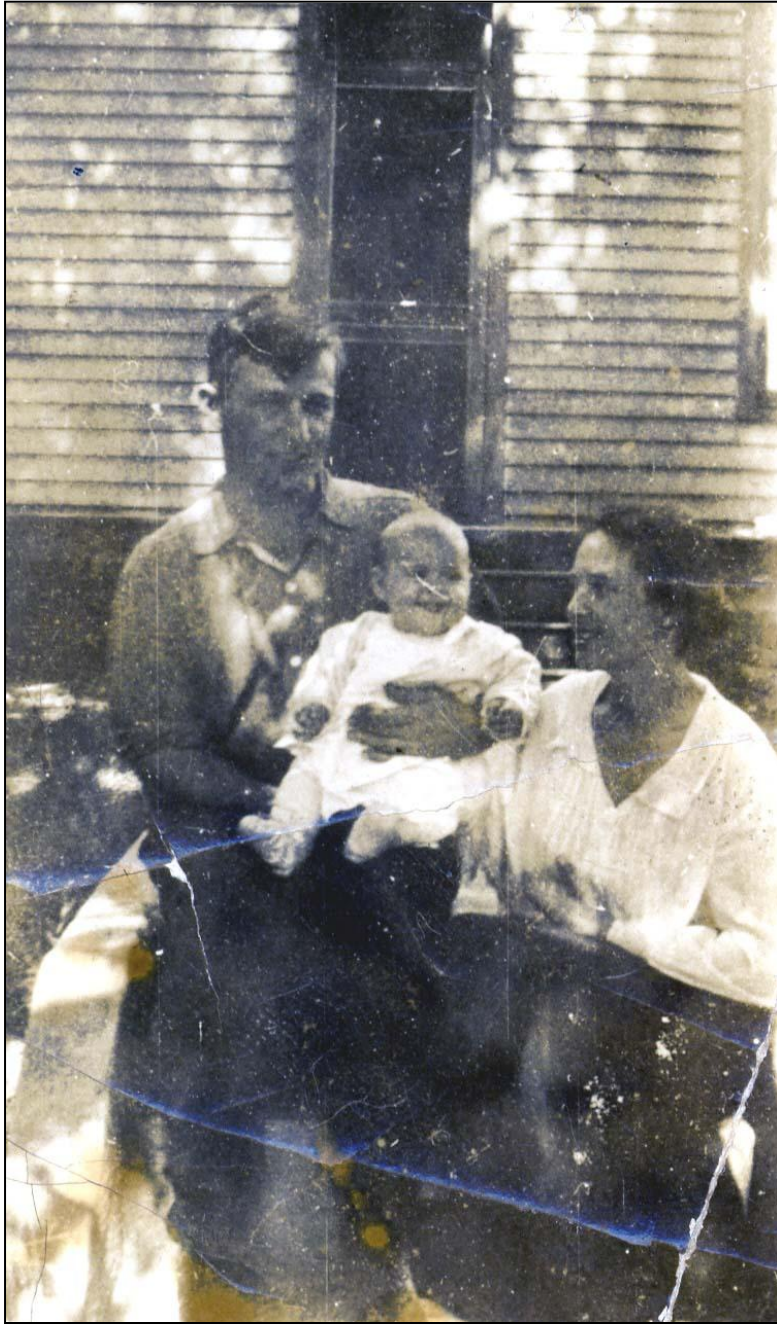
L. H. Bonds
Robt. C. Cudge



Chant, left, with Ern McIntosh, husband of Tillie's sister Lucy.



Quintilla Gilliban Redding.



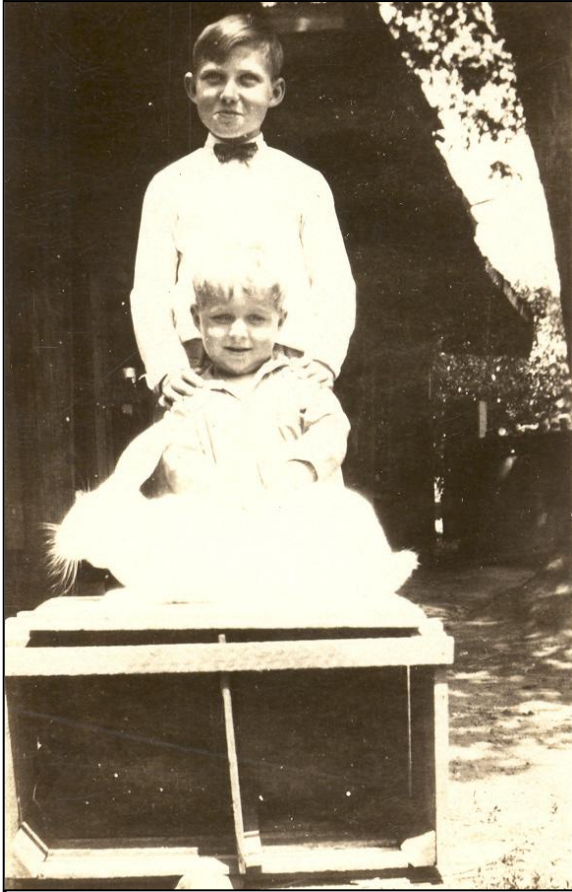
Chant, Tillie and Betty Lou, 1918.



Betty Lou, about 1924.



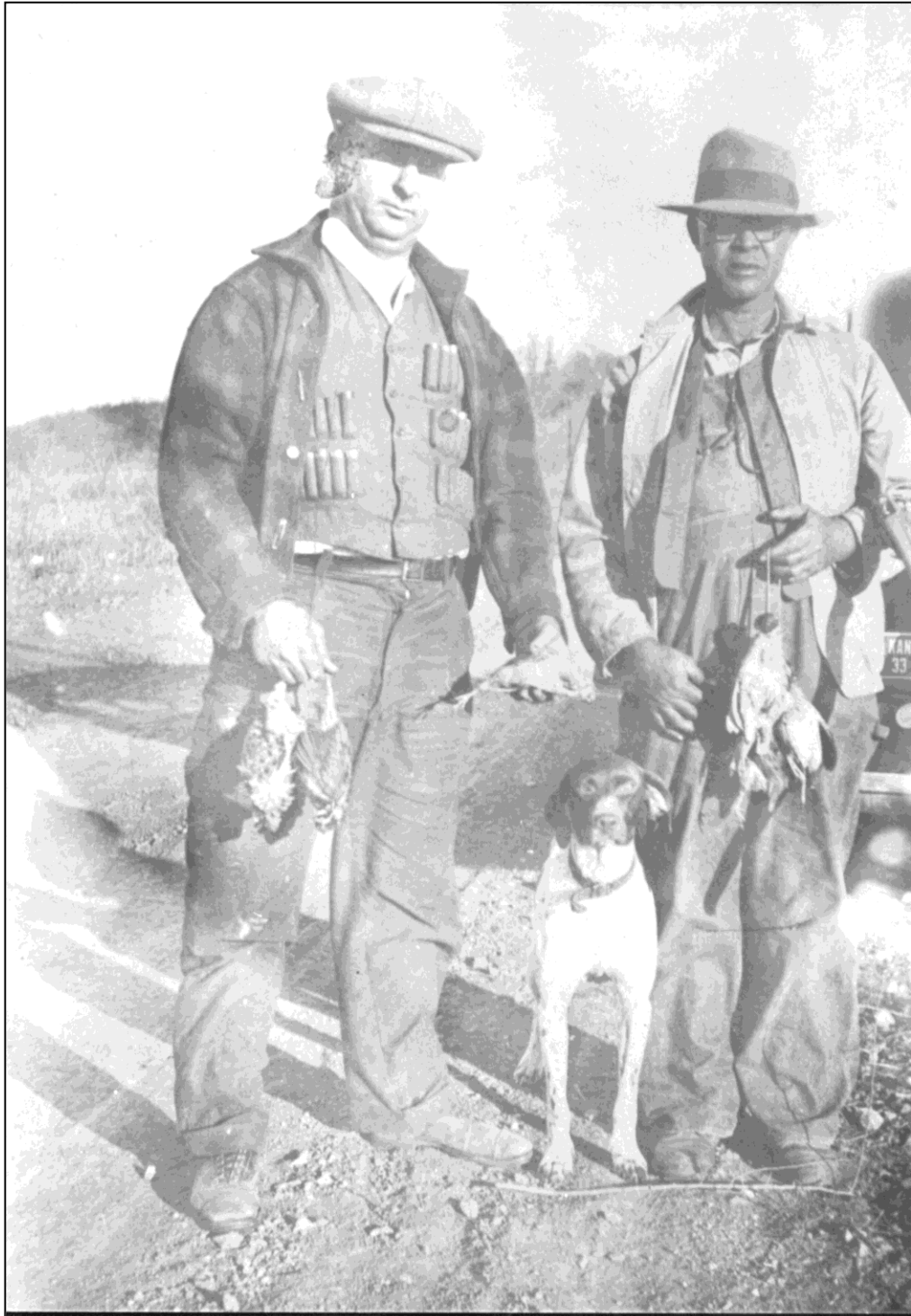
Betty Lou, back, and Roy Lee, front, in swimming class.



Roy Lee and Babe, about 1928.



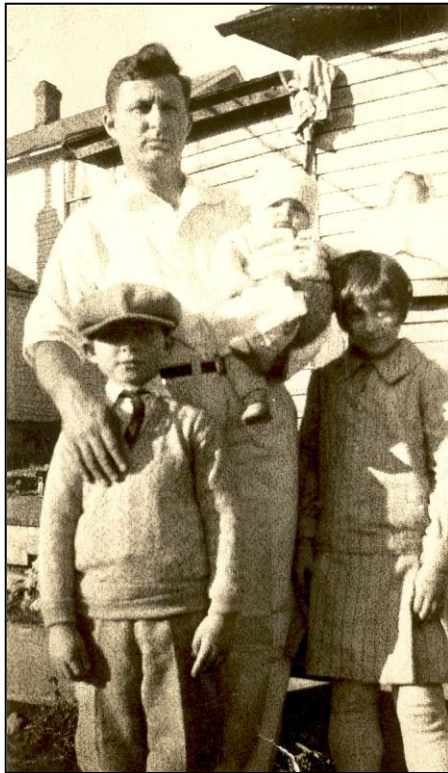
Betty Lou and Roy Lee, 1921.



Chant with friend Billie Wood, hunting.



Chancey and Quintilla with Betty Lou, Roy Lee, and the baby—Francis Raymond, 1929.



Chancey and kids, 1927.



The Reddings with Betty Lou's daughter, Marcia Jean, 1940.

Towanda, Illinois, 1967



Back Row: Betty Mae, Babe, Rodney, Lillian, Sam , Margie, Mike, Chancey, Roy, Betty Lou. Middle two boys: Kenny and Doug. Front Row: Alfred, Nina, Red, Gary Mel, Kent, Dennis



Roy Lee, Betty Lou, Chancey, and Francis Raymond (Babe)



Sam, Alfred, Rod (Kenny on shoulders), Gary Mel (Nina on shoulders) Mike, Chancey, Kent, Doug, Dennis

Children of Chancey and Quintilla Redding

Betty Lou Redding McVay

Betty Lou was born on March 25, 1918 in Tonganoxie, Kansas. She married Francis Cloyd —Redl McVay (born May 1, 1916) in Tonganoxie at the Methodist Church on June 18, 1938. Betty Lou's brother Roy played the piano for the wedding service. Red was originally from Peoria, Illinois [where was he born; Kansas City or Peoria?], met Betty Lou in Kansas City. He was in the National Guard at that time and was later called for duty in World War II as an engineer. After the war he was stationed in Germany; England; Dayton, Ohio; and Vandenberg Air Base in California. He became a career officer in the Air Force and was a civilian engineer working with the military after his retirement. Betty Lou died on January 12, 1984 in Thousand Oaks, California; Red died January 2, 1987 in Thousand Oaks. Both are buried in Riverside National Cemetery, Riverside, California.



Betty Lou, 1924.



Betty Lou, 1941.



Betty Lou and her dad at her wedding.



Red McVay, 1938.



Betty Lou and Red McVay on their wedding day, June 18, 1938, with flower girl.



Red with CEO class, 1941.

Betty Lou and Red had three children, Jean, Dennis and Mike, and six grandchildren. These memories about grandparents were written from their granddaughter's view:

These memories are about my grandparents, Betty Lou and Red. It's been 20 years since Grandma's death, 17 since Grandpa's, and I miss them more now than ever. As children, my sisters and I were fortunate enough to live within two miles of our grandparents for many years. As I grow, now in my 40s, I continually and tearfully see how much of my life was determined by Grandma and Grandpa. Our grandparents taught us to travel. I wish I had taken the opportunity to thank them while they were alive. Grandma always said a person should learn to do three things: swim, dance, and type. I'm sure she meant a fourth thing: to see the world.

Betty Lou and Red in "Dad's" house, Tonganoxie, Kansas

The family came from Kansas. Tonganoxie, Kansas. Grandma would say that Tonganoxie was spelled exactly the way it sounded. Somewhere in Grandma's family is an Indian woman we refer to as simply "the Indian." When asked which tribe of Indian, Grandma said "Kansas Indian." Good enough for us. I think the Indian link went back to a picture of a woman sitting in a chair, with her daughter and son-in-law behind her.

Grandpa was from Kansas City, Missouri, and never spoke much about his childhood except that his parents encouraged him to sample all food the "grown-ups" were eating. As a result he was a connoisseur of sauerkraut, horseradish, and spicy sauces at the age of three weeks. As a teenager, he sold shoes at Montgomery Wards in Kansas City, Missouri. When Grandpa married Grandma he also married into the Redding family and never looked back. Chancey was the emergency family contact on Grandpa's military papers.

Grandma and Grandpa married in "Tongy" and their wedding reception was at Chancey and Quintilla's home. A favorite family photo is of Grandma in her wedding dress standing in the backyard in Tonganoxie. We still have the satin dress, although nobody in our generation could ever fit into it with its tiny tiny waist.

My mother was their firstborn. While Grandpa was stationed overseas during WWII, Grandma and Mom lived with Grandma's parents and brothers. Mom was a little blonde-haired girl that learned to call her grandfather "Dad" because, well, because everyone else in the house called him "Dad." When I visited my great-grandfather, I too called him "Dad." Mom remembers running back and forth the great long distance of the living room of "Dad's" house. I remember the sunken floor in the hallway of "Dad's" house, the prints in the living room wallpaper, and the ubiquitous screen door leading from the kitchen to the covered back porch of every home in the mid-west. I think the kitchen table was purposely placed to be in the path of what little breeze would come in through that screen door. Oh yes, I also remember the five-inch diameter semi-arc of paint missing from the door frame where the door latch would swing.

Grandpa's half-sister remembers Red teaching her to roller skate on the living room rug of "Dad's" house, and to whistle. She also remembers the exciting bus rides from Independence (?) to visit his family in Tonganoxie, and to visit her little blonde-haired niece.

Grandma's younger brothers were Roy Lee and Babe. When Mom was a child, Babe told her that he didn't have a belly button. She believed him. Babe's children were known to my sisters and me as "the wallet cousins" because for a couple of years in a row we exchanged wallets for Christmas gifts.

One year Roy Lee was the mayor of his town and I believed that that was because the tallest tree in town was on his property. One of Roy Lee's sons built something which didn't look at all like whatever it was supposed to be, so he said "maybe it's a pig pen."

"Dad" died of a heart attack in 1974. He had just finished mowing the lawn and came in to sit on the side of the bed. When asked if he was feeling ok he said, "I don't know" and fell back. He died instantly.

Lifetime Military Career

Mom says Grandpa was so patriotic that he felt it was a privilege – a Privilege – to pay taxes and be a citizen living in this country. I've heard many other servicemen express their love of their country – but Grandpa's words just summed it up for me so succinctly.

In the early 30s, lying about his age, Grandpa joined the Missouri National Guard in Kansas City, Missouri and began a 30-year career in the military with the United States Air Force. He completed Officer Candidate School in Virginia, and retired in 1963 as a Colonel. During his service, he was a Civil Engineer stationed in: Texas, Maine, Ohio, Arkansas, California (Vandenberg AFB), and overseas in Wiesbaden and Heidelberg, Germany, then later Ruislip, England. After retirement, he continued work for the USAF as a civilian contractor at Vandenberg and Edwards AFB.

Mom's earliest memory was when her mother was listening to the radio, and crying. The date was December 7, 1941. Japan had just attacked Pearl Harbor. The soldiers were not coming home soon.

After the war, Mom and Grandma were aboard the second boat of military dependents to arrive in Europe. Mom was just coming down with the chicken pox, so Grandma loaded up Mom with aspirin to suppress the fever and smuggled her sick child through customs in England and onward to the Netherlands and Germany.

Mom knew that if she were ever lost, she could tell any soldier who her daddy was and that soldier would make sure she got home safely.

It was either in Heidelberg, or Wiesbaden, when Grandma and Grandpa had a Christmas tree that was too tall for the room. Grandpa gave directions to a soldier to cut four feet from the tree, and the soldier cut four feet off of the... top. As the tree stood in the corner, the bottom branches were at waist level.

As a small child, I remember the excitement of approaching the entrance of Vandenberg AFB with Grandma and Grandpa. The security guards would check Grandpa's identification and say "Sir" a lot. Guards rechecked the ID whenever we drove to different areas of the missile base or walked into different buildings. In the next few years, either security got tighter or I got older and was under a different set of awkward adolescent rules. Grandma told me that as a civilian guest, I was too old to go into the PX but could go into the commissary without my own ID. Later on, we drove onto the base at Edwards. Instead of stopping at a security check at the perimeter of the base, we zoomed past the welcome sign at highway speeds. Tighter security checks, and all that "Sir-ing" to Grandpa was at the turnoffs of the main highway.

My sister remembers the commissary as the original warehouse store, a place with cans of beans on the shelves that would go on forever in each direction. She also remembers Grandma's story about a Chinese dry-cleaner commenting to Grandma that her husband "was very important man, very important job. Uniform pants were worn in seat, not in knees." This was the dry-cleaner's way of saying he knew Grandpa was an officer with a desk job.

After retirement, Grandpa almost always wore brown or yellow, which was in contrast to his blue uniform. I saw him wear blue once, a blue Hawaiian shirt, and it seemed so out of character. One year he wanted a cotton shirt for Christmas and Grandma had one waiting for him under the tree. There was also an iron waiting for him, "to go with your shirt," she said.

Grandpa had red hair, and wanted to create a platoon of redheads. There's a newspaper article about this in the family photo albums. Grandpa wanted to mock the military's black unit.

Grandpa dressed as a ballerina for a Halloween party – a 250+ lb, red-headed ballerina in pink tutu and army boots.

Grandpa made a snowwoman – a nude snowwoman reclining on a bench.

Grandpa wrote poetry, and drew sketches of chalets, churches, castles, and scenes from his camps. He mailed his artwork back home to Grandma.

Grandpa would have liked to see the day the Berlin Wall fell in November 1989, but he missed it by two years.

A Russian soldier gave Grandpa a blue lapis ring (with a wax imprinter) as a gift. He wore it as a wedding band and my sisters and I carried that ring on our wedding days as “something old, borrowed, and blue.” Neither Grandma nor Grandpa lived to see our weddings, so we placed two roses on the altar at our weddings in their memory.

Living nearby

In the late 60s, my family moved to Newbury Park, California. Grandma and Grandpa lived in Santa Maria, a 2-hour drive away. At this house my sisters and I sat at the fireplace hearth and cracked walnuts. We climbed the tree in the backyard. We played in the fort Dennis and Mike built in the very back of the yard. We launched Hot Wheel cars down the orange track hanging from the roofline. (Yes, the cars made their 360-degree loop at the bottom. Two loops on a good day. And yes, we cheered.) We climbed the red planked fence at the back of the yard and watched the busy traffic on the other side. Years and years later, we still drive by that house to relive memories. The red fence in the back and the olive tree in the front have remained for decades. As long as that fence is there it seems like we could close our eyes, smell the olive trees, and go back in time and be back with our grandparents.

Grandma had a metal meat grinder that clamped onto the side of the kitchen counter. We could help her grind apples and things but had to be careful not to get our fingers caught.

On the kitchen table were coloring books from art museums, or national parks – all with detailed outline drawings and underlying educational themes about trains, pyramids, pioneer settlers, NASA, Michelangelo, Da Vinci, electricity, city regional planning, earthquakes and continental drift, and/or the history of monarchies. Everything had an educational theme. No bunnies or “see Jack run” in Grandma and Grandpa’s house.

In Grandpa’s garage were stacks of green foot lockers, used for storage.

Grandpa was in the gem and mineral club. He had a tabletop rock polisher moaning away continuously in the garage. I still have a tiger-eye brooch he made. My sister has a collection of opals from Grandpa, which was stored in an olive jar. The olive jar has been mistakenly discarded and replaced, but the opals are treasured.

Later on Grandma and Grandpa moved to Newbury Park. Mom remembers Grandma said “Jean, even though we will live about a mile from you. I won’t be bothering you constantly. But what will we do about your father who wants to visit every day, just to show off a new spatula?”

They did visit a lot, and just as often we visited them or just hung out at their house. Sometimes we would stop by on our walk home from school, and have to break into the house through the garbage chute.

Grandma and Grandpa tested a new house by leaning over the kitchen sink and stove. If their butts didn’t collide, then they would buy the house.

Visitors gathered around the kitchen counter or in the family room. The other large room of the house became known as the “Christmas room” since that’s the only time we used it.

Grandma and Grandpa watched ABC's Wide World of Sports, and pointed out that the coverage was biased. Teams that were on-air were frequently the US teams, not necessarily the best teams.

Grandpa would fall asleep on the floor of the family room, while golf played on TV.

They both played cards. They were active in bridge clubs. Grandma said it would take us 30 years to learn to play bridge well. She taught us to say "well" instead of "good." Grandpa played cribbage, and we watched or played the game while sitting on Grandpa's knee.

Grandpa hummed along to classical music.

Grandma called out "youu whooooo" when entering a room.

Grandma and Grandpa were members of the art museum clubs, which entitled them to preview showings and complimentary tickets. They frequently took my sisters and me to the art shows in and around Los Angeles, including the opening exhibits for the King Tutankhamen show. They took me to see the King Tut exhibit at a private pre-show, well before the crowds gathered for the public viewing. Alone and unrushed, separated only by a plastic case and 18 inches of air, I gazed into the eyes of the young king's golden mask. That was absolutely magical. Hypnotizing. Like a conduit had opened up in the universe across time and space. Those eyes looked back at me, locked onto me, and formed a direct link from many centuries ago and continents away. Thanks you, thank you, thank you, Grandma.

Grandma always carried an extra set of compact mirrors in her purse to pass out to her museum companions. Grandma taught us to look at artwork through a compact mirror because fine artwork came to life and poorly executed artwork looked dull and flat in the mirror image. The mirror was also useful as a periscope to look over the crowds. Did I use this technique to view Mona Lisa? Oh yes.

The summer after Grandma died, Grandpa took me to see the Laguna Beach Pageant of the Masters show. This was a bittersweet time because I knew that after many years of waiting, he and Grandma finally had tickets to see it, but I was in Grandma's seat.

Grandma and Grandpa checked out library books by the armload, often by the same author, and told my sisters and me that eventually we too would chose which books to read based on the author.

They kept a few reading books and Kleenex everywhere: by the bedside, on the coffee table, in the car. They shoved coffee cups into the padded dashboard of the car, above the glove box. They kept gloves in the gloves box.

Grandma wanted a breadbox for Christmas. Grandpa got her a writing desk, with a loaf of bread in the bottom drawer. That desk is still called "the breadbox."

They had Christmas ornaments that didn't hang directly from the tree. Instead they were hung by strings thumb tacked into the ceiling. The ornaments were of birds and angels flying around the top of the Christmas tree.

Grandma and Grandpa gave Mom a Nativity set. This set is still used by Mom. We must wash our hands before we handle the 17 pieces of white porcelain.

One Christmas in the late 60s, Grandma and Grandpa gave us a "Swervy Curvy Topsy Turvy Tipsy Skipsy Doodle," a four-foot long red plastic teeter-totter. We all agree this was the COOLEST toy. With practice we could stand with one foot on each seat, and teeter-totter/dance to the tunes of Dennis' new Beatles album.

Grandma said, “Did you hear that funny song? It said something about a ‘silver hammer came down on his head.’”

Grandma and Grandpa also gave us magnifying glasses with built in lights, pencil sharpeners with suction cup feet, rides on a neighbor’s miniature trains. Somehow, we were given a hotplate. Its original purpose was forgotten, but it became the basis of many “science experiments,” including what foul smell comes from melting and stretching plastic Army men. That was truly the best combined use of unrelated toys.

Sometimes in the summer, Grandpa and Grandma would drive to Newbury Park and pick up just one grandchild and drive back. Then a week later, repeat the drive with another child. Each of us would have a one-week trip with our grandparents all alone. The three of us would go to the beach and bluffs at Vandenberg AFB with a bucket of KFC and explore around the kelp beds and tide pools, or go to the town park and see the monkeys on the island in the center of the pond. On one of these outings, at the beach in Ventura, California, I saw islands offshore and told Grandma I could see Hawaii. Actually I saw the Channel Islands 30 miles away. Grandma questioned me -- I said I was sure those islands were Hawaii because I knew that while looking west from California there was: ocean, Hawaii, more ocean, Japan, and then China. Since I saw more ocean beyond the islands, those islands couldn’t be Japan so they had to be Hawaii. This is probably the year that Grandma and Grandpa bought us the big globe.

Travel

Grandma and Grandpa had stories about places far away, and had unusual objects in the house from those distant lands. The far away places were in Europe immediately post WWII. The objects were: lace curtains from England; marble inlay coffee table from Pakistan; a writer’s desk from England; a Victorian couch where you can lean back only on one end; a Dalton mug of a Beefeater, and huge down pillows we called “the German pillows.”

We played hide and seek behind those curtains. We made many rubbings of the corner inlays of that coffee table. We sorted decks of cards from the side drawers of the writer’s desk. We rolled marbles down the wooden trim of the couch. We drew in coloring books from markers and crayons stored in that Dalton mug. If we fluffed up the pillows enough, we could lie on our backs, sink our head into them and see the pillows rise in our periphery vision.

Grandma and Grandpa had a thick History of Art book at eye level on the bookshelf wherever they lived. I was amazed at how Grandma and Grandpa could name all the Masters, their works, and the locations of each painting and sculpture I pointed to. Of course, the artwork was in Europe, and they had seen it firsthand. In time, I too visited those museums and felt like I was retracing my grandparent’s steps.

Also on the shelf next to the Art History book, was a cheap, rarely-used, throwaway camera. It was common to capture two Christmases on the same roll of film. Rarely used indeed.

Then there were the photo albums. Each time we pointed to an interesting photo and asked Grandma where this was, she would say “somewhere in Europe.” A particular set of photos started a family tradition. The photos were all taken at the Poseidon statue behind Schloss Heidelberg and showed our Grandpa, and our Mom as a young child and again as a teenager. The pattern was set and now there are multiple pictures taken at the same statue dating from 1946. Because of Grandma and Grandpa’s photo albums, their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren have traveled to Europe and returned for school, honeymoons, and work. The collection of photos at the Poseidon statue grows. A trip to the back side of a certain castle is on the bucket list of family members who haven’t been there yet.

While living in Heidelberg, Grandpa built an “I Love Lucy” style brick BBQ in the backyard. Mom discovered Santa’s hidden stash of gifts in the closet at the top of the stairs. A generation later my sister and I

returned to have tea with the new owner of that house and take pictures of part of Mom's childhood. All that remains of the BBQ are a few bricks in the foundation.

Grandma made a bus driver stop so she could throw a coin in Trevi fountain in Rome. My sister and I have thrown coins in Trevi fountain.

Grandma shook hands with chimney sweeps in London, for good luck. The granddaughters followed.

On my first night at a German pension, I looked at the gigantic down pillows the hotel maid was placing on the beds and blurted out "Hey, you have pillows just like my Grandparents did. We used to call them the 'German pillows.'" The maid gave a dumb look.

Grandma gave us cash to spend while we went backpacking through Europe, but with the stipulation not to spend it in France, unless we were viewing artwork.

Ribs

My sister and I were reminiscing about our grandfather when her 11-year old daughter put her hands on her hips and said, "Well, I didn't know him personally, but I knew he made good ribs." We laughed and nodded our heads. In one word my niece had summed up the great-grandfather she never met.

Grandpa said everything tasted good "when the butter dripped off your elbow." He gladly "added a hose to the soup" to feed his surprise company. He cooked creamed eggs at Easter, made his own beef jerky, "mistakenly" made too much stuffing and cooked two turkeys at Thanksgiving, but mostly he cooked ribs. For birthdays he cooked ribs for the gang -- then made a special meal for the birthday boy or girl. (My special meal was lobster.) When he died the entire family was saddened that the recipe for ribs had died too.

Our family gatherings (with friends included) frequently meant 20+ people ate together. Usually that meant four children ate at the folding card table, known as the "kid's table." Eventually the kids turned to teens, and were promoted to the big table. Then a funny thing happened, the adults wanted to be at the "kid's table" where you never had to ask that the butter or gravy be passed, and the food was shared in larger portions.

Grandpa taught us to like our steak rare, and never put steak sauce on it.

Grandpa sharpened knives in a little ceremony that involved spreading every cutting edge in the house out on a towel on the dining room table. For the next hour he would be grinding something against the stone, testing the edge on his arm, and grinding some more. At the end he would rub a burnt match in his fingers. Or maybe it was after handling garlic that he used the burnt match to get rid of the smell.

Grandpa ate stinky Limburger cheese. We learned never to unwrap packets of foil in the freezer. Whew.

When I was a teenager, Grandpa called Mom into the kitchen, out of my view. The conversation I heard was, "Hey Jean. Try this." "Mmmmm, don't tell Kathy about this." I still don't know what yummy thing they ate together. Mom says "I should've never given her lobster when she was five."

Death and Burial

Grandma died in January 1984 with Mom by her side. The children and grandchildren were summoned and on their way. Grandma's last words were "I'm so glad my granddaughters discovered how wonderful the world is," and "Take care of Dad."

Grandpa died three years later, almost to the day, and it seemed to me that Grandpa chose his time to pass away because all three granddaughters were in different corners of the world. Before our departures, each of

us had made special trips to visit Grandpa and during those visits, Grandpa asked us pointed questions about our lives, our boyfriends, and our goals. I even had a camera in my pocket during that last visit but felt too shy to ask him to pose for “one last picture together.” I suppose we all have favorite photos in our minds which were never captured by the lens.

Grandpa died while his granddaughters were returning home from overseas. I was at an airport in the Netherlands, my sisters were in Australia and New Zealand. Instead of a happy reunion to share our stories with him, we braced ourselves to come home to a family in mourning.

Grandpa was cremated, and lies behind a plaque at Riverside National Cemetery. At his funeral, planes flew overhead in formation, cannons fired, and a flag was draped over his box of ashes. I started to appreciate the honor of his position. The servicemen performing the ceremony didn’t know him personally. They knew they had orders to honor Retired Colonel F. C. McVay USAF from the WWII, Korean, and Vietnam eras. I still had jetlag from the trip back from Europe, and I was still speaking in various broken European languages. I wondered if he would ever forgive me for speaking French to him. The sounds of the bugle seemed so somber and final.

Grandma lies beside him. They share a plaque. Grandma’s name is written as “Betty L.” and it bothers me to think someone wrote her name that way. She was always just “Betty” or “Betty Lou.”

Flags

Around 1970, I hung a US flag incorrectly in the bedroom window at home. Grandpa came out and told me to “turn the flag around because--.” I didn’t remember his exact words. What I did remember was his tone. I learned then that he had a passion about the flag of the United States. I did not understand that passion he had.

A decade went by and I traveled abroad. I saw a little bit of home whenever I saw the US flag flying. Maybe this was what Grandpa felt while stationed in Germany and England. Mom said when you’re in the military you learn to appreciate the flag.

Another decade went by and the world was remembering the 50th anniversary of “the war to end all wars.” From the differing expressions on each generation’s faces, I realized I would never fully appreciate the sacrifices at home of Grandma and Grandpa’s generation.

Another decade went by, and I was revisiting the mid-west, home of my family roots. I saw a balding man Grandpa’s age, in striped golf shirt and beige Bermuda shorts, walk to the center of his suburban front yard. He lowered his US flag to half-mast and saluted it late in the afternoon on Tuesday, September 11, 2001. That’s the moment everything that happened that day became personal and I started to cry, “Oh Grandpa, now I understand.”

30 years earlier Grandpa taught me a lesson about flag etiquette. On Wednesday, September 12, 2001 I went to the library to learn his lesson: when displaying the flag vertically (or horizontally), the blue field goes in the top left corner as seen by the viewer. When displaying the flag in a window, the viewer is outside.

Later that month I taught my niece how to fold the flag, but doubt if she will really know what the symbol means. Not like what it meant to her great-grandparents.

Roy Lee Redding

Roy Lee Redding was born in McLouth, Kansas on October 1, 1920. See more in next chapter.

Francis Raymond Redding

Francis Raymond “Babe” Redding was born August 11, 1927 in Lawrence, Kansas. He married Lillian Elizabeth Weber (born in Germany, October 17, 1931) in New York on September 9, 1953 and returned to Tonganoxie for a chivary. Babe was in the Navy for a year at the end of World War II and then was drafted into the Army. The children of Babe and Lillian are:

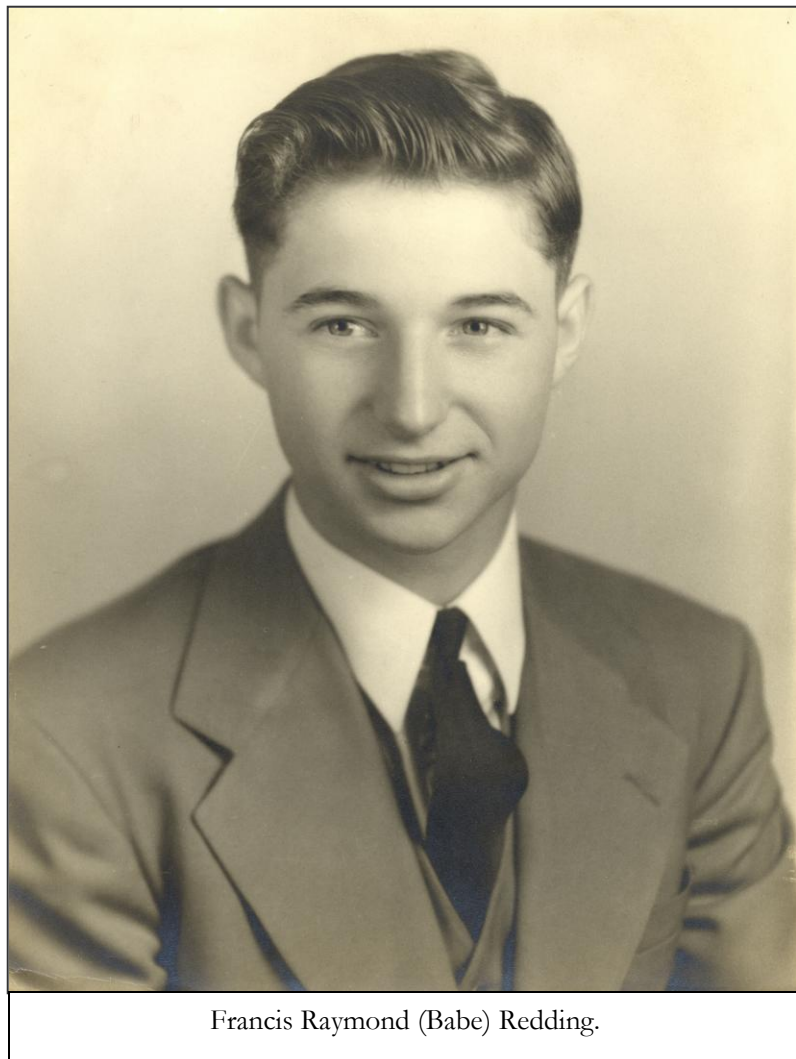
Douglas Todd (born Oct. 10, 1958)

Kenneth Owen (born Feb. 18, 1961) and Dawn Harrison

Anna Marie (born Feb. 25, 1995 - I think, you should check)

Nicholas (born Sept. 8, 2001)

Jeannine Elise (born Feb. 18, 1964) married Larry Westergard and resides in Edmonton, Canada.







Lillian and her parents.



Nina in 1971.



Douglas Todd in 1971.



Nina in Towanda, 2010



Ken, Dawn, Nicholas, and Anna in Towanda, 2010

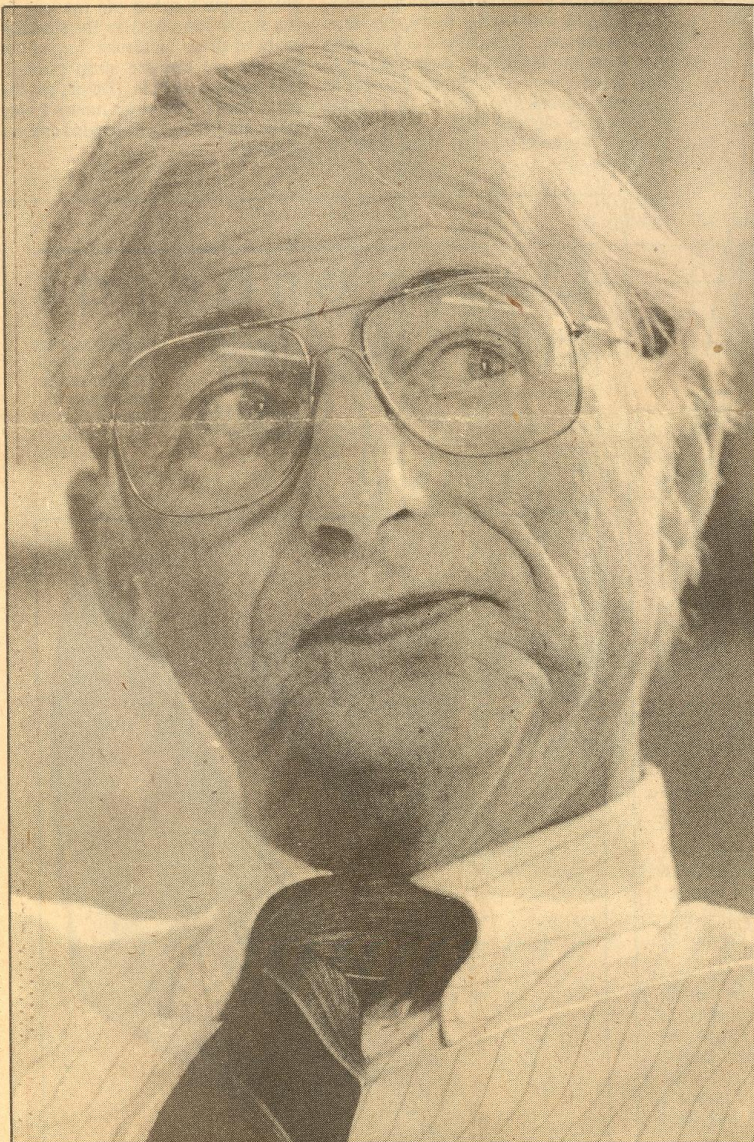


Doug on tractor with cousin Sam in Towanda, 2010

Look

Wisconsin State Journal Thursday, September 5, 1985, Section 3

Counselor takes his



Ray Redding, 58, has decided to do what he wants to do.

—State Journal photo by Carolyn Pfisterer

By Sunny Schubert
Feature writer

Ray Redding believes in change. He has spent most of his adult life helping others cope with change, and trying to implement changes he believed would help other people.

Now, at 58, he's facing a big change himself — this week he stepped down as executive director of Family Services, the agency he has headed for almost 20 years.

"I don't know whether to call it 'semi-retirement' or 'a career change.' I want to study and write and still do direct service. But I've gotten old enough that, increasingly, I want to do what I want to do," he said, and grins at how curmudgeonly he must sound.

He is nostalgic, philosophical and a little bit afraid, but he greets the fear with a wry chuckle. After 30-plus years of counseling others, he knows it's time to follow his own advice: To look change right in the eye and befriend it.

Regular visits to his hometown of Tonganoxie, Kan., which Redding calls "my touchstone to reality," have helped. He has watched the little town change from a farm town when he was growing up, to a weekend retreat for rich executives from Kansas City.

'See the generations'

"I have to go back every couple of years just to see the changes. It's the kind of place where you can see the generations. Even the trees: the trees that were little are big, the trees that were huge are gone."

Redding and his wife Lillian came to Madison in 1955. His first job was at Mendota Mental Health Institute.

"There were as many as 1,100 patients back then. It was the period when tranquilizing drugs were just beginning to be used; also a time when placement of patients in the community was just coming into vogue. It was the last stage of 'warehousing' of the mentally ill; an exciting time because of the potential for getting people back home."

"When I left there two years later," he said, "the thing that bothered me most was the relationships I had formed with the patients. I was surprised how much I missed them."

"The mentally ill," he added with a gentle smile, "are not all that different from the so-called 'normal' people."

He spent the next nine years at a diagnostic center run by the state and UW-Madison,

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which he remembers as "a great place." The patients were between 6 and 18, and committed for long enough periods of time so that treatment could make a difference.

Redding joined Family Services in 1966. The agency had been founded in 1911, and acted as a public welfare department long before public welfare existed in Madison. By the time Redding came aboard, Family Services' main task was counseling.

"I think of our clients as pretty healthy people caught up in some problem that won't go away. Most of them have begun to feel they're losing control of their lives. Our jobs as therapists is to get them to focus on

'People should be entitled to the same quality of service regardless of their income, but I also have an expectation that people should do what they can for themselves, and a feeling that maybe you appreciate something more if you have to work for it, pay for it.'

—Ray Redding

one problem, and usually everything else falls into place."

"As a therapist," he said with a self-deprecating, "you tend to get a lot of results in a relatively short period of time, which makes you feel like you're a wonderful person."

The changes change, of course. In the 1960s, he said, many clients were parents, teachers and police officers struggling to accept change in children. In the '70s and '80s, the Family Services staff has dealt with changes brought on by the women's movement: Changing roles, changing expectations, changes in the quality of life.

They work now with more victims of abuse than before, not because abuse is more prevalent — it may or may not be — but because society's perceptions of abuse have changed. Through Batterers' Anonymous, they help abusers change longtime behavior patterns. Other counseling programs help

women and children deal with abuse.

Family Service even helps people cope with financial hard times: A consumer credit counseling service was begun during Reddings' tenure as a result of changing spending patterns.

The agency has changed, too: Staff has grown from six full-time counselors to 15, serving 1,500 families a year. Another change is in financing: When Redding took over, Family Services received 98 percent of its money from United Way and only about \$1,400 a year in client fees.

This year, it will take in a much smaller percentage from the United Way, and about \$170,000 in client fees, a change that Redding approves. "I believe that people should be entitled to the same quality of service regardless of their income, but I also have an expectation that people should do what they can for themselves, and a feeling that maybe you appreciate something more if you have to work for it, pay for it."

Paid his dues

So maybe, he said, he will appreciate this new phase in his life more, because he has paid his dues to get to a place where he can afford to retire. The two Redding sons, Douglas and Kenneth, are in business in Florida; daughter Nina is a junior at the UW, and all three, Redding said, "have been a great source of support — they really want me to do something different."

And although he describes himself as "a very conservative guy" and "a confirmed male chauvinist," he is also grateful to his wife Lillian, who works for the state Department of Health and Social Services, and who will support him in his writing and thinking.

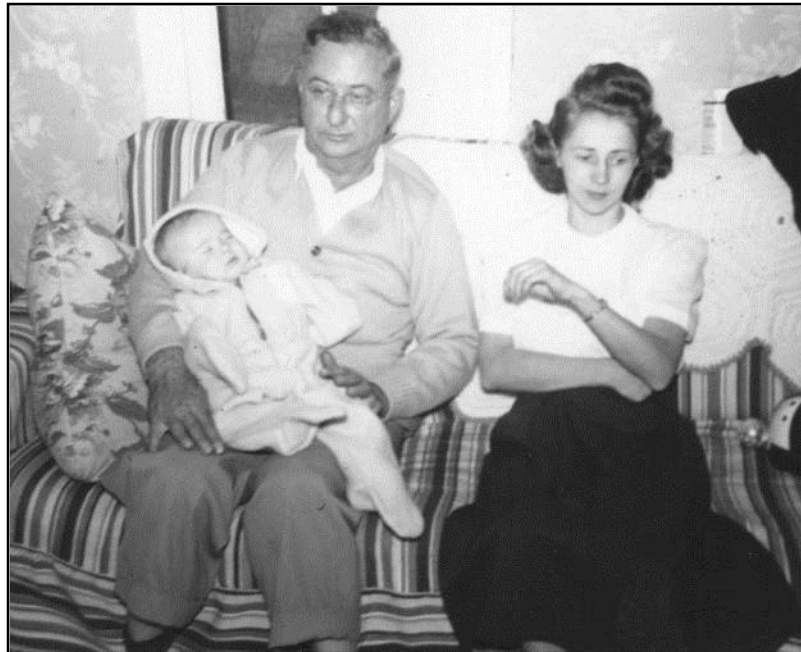
He hopes his sense of self-worth is not inextricably linked to being a breadwinner.

"One of the things I think about and write about is beliefs. We all have a variety of beliefs: Political, economic, family, education, recreation, religious beliefs."

"Whatever your beliefs are," Redding said, "they orient you in the world. They set the boundaries of your reality. They define what you can see and hear, what you are, what you do. Most of them fit so comfortably, we don't even realize they're there."

"One thing I find as I get older is, it's easier than before to discard beliefs, which is a kind of personal liberation. Each one of us, as an individual, has to learn how to be free — but with freedom, there's a lot of responsibility."

Child of Chancey and Betty Huffman Redding



Chancy, Betty, and baby Alfred.

Alfred Roy Redding

Children with Deborah: Jason (married Dee Dee and have daughter Caroline Grace) & Heather (married David Weiner and have sons Kyle and Jason).



Alfred Roy Redding

