



OUR ANCESTORS

Five Monologues

Written by Susan Rudasill Langston and Clifford Rudisill

And dramatized by Dr. Tom Nall and Dr. Ken Untiedt

Professors at Stephen F. Austin State University and actors with the Lamp-Lite Theatre
on March 18, 2006 at the Rudisill Family Foundation 1896 House

Nacogdoches, Texas

PHILIP HEINRICH RUDISULI

Born: September 24, 1697 in Michelsfeld, Germany

Died: November 15, 1755 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

Married: Anna Marie Schhopff

Children: George Philip

Married: Maria Barbara Miller

Married: Susanna Beyerly

Six children: son Johann Michael deeded farm to his son Philip

Philip Heinrich, Anna Marie and son George Philip came to America in 1727 on the ship
"William & Sara"

WEYRICH (TERRICK) RUDISULI

Born: August 7, 1695 in Michelsfeld, Germany

Died: 1764 in Lincoln County, North Carolina

Married: Anna Barbara Siefried

Children: six of nine survived

Weyrich, Anna Barbara and six children came to America in 1727 on the ship "Samuel"

JOHANN JACOB RUDISILE

Born: April 10, 1706 in Michelsfeld, Germany

Died: 1786 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania

Came to America on August 17, 1729 on the ship "Mortonhouse"

Married: Elizabeth Hansbacher in 1733 at Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster

Children: 15! Four served in the Revolutionary War, including (John) Henry Rudisilly.

ANDREAS RUDISILE

Born: January 4, 1717 in Michelsfeld, Germany

Died: 1780 in Heidelberg, York County, Pennsylvania

Married: Maria Margareth Heck

Children: Charlotte; two more children born in America: John Jacob and Maria Elizabeth
Andreas, Maria Hargareth and Charlotte came to America on September 15, 1749 on the
ship "Phoenix"

HENRY CLIFFORD RUDISILL

Born: 1870 in Gaston County, North Carolina

Died: 1938 in Nacogdoches, Texas

Married: Mary Lenora Lively in Chamblee, Georgia

Children: Clarence, Sybil, John Jacob, Elmina and Paul



Monologue # 1

PHILIP HEINRICH RUDISULI

My name is Philip Heinrich Rudisuli. I am the 4th child of my parents, Hans Jacob and Cleophe Neff, and you have just met my older brother Weyrich. I was born in Michelsfeld, Germany, on September 24, 1697.

I married Anna Marie Schhopff in Weiler-an-Stein, Germany, on April 14, 1722. Sadly, she died just three years later, in 1725, when our son George Philip was only two. In 1727, when I was 30 years old, my son and I, along with my deceased wife's relatives, the Neff s, left on the ship "William & Sara " for America. We arrived in Philadelphia on September 21, 1727. I was the first of my brothers to arrive in the New World. The voyage was very difficult, not unlike what other crossings were like at this time. I was very fortunate to have my wife's relatives to assist me with George Philip. I will not elaborate on our sea journey because Weyrich has already related his ordeal and our youngest brother, Johan Jacob, will soon tell you about his.

For now, allow me to give you some history about York County. In 1681, William Penn accepted a large grant of land in the New World to settle a debt of 16,000 pounds that was owed to his father. For Penn, this was primarily an opportunity for him to establish a colony where his fellow persecuted Quaker Brethren could settle in peace.

As early as 1682, Penn and his heirs negotiated with the Native Americans to expand their land holdings. As settlements along the Eastern Coast grew in size and number, the need for further westward expansion was apparent, and in 1722 the Native Americans gave their permission for a survey of land beyond the Susquehanna River. A tract measuring 6 miles wide and 15 miles long, including the site now occupied by the City of York, was surveyed and named "Springettsbury Manor". The Onandagoe, Seneca, Oneida and Tuscarora tribal nations signed a Peace Treaty and deeded to the Penns "all the river Susquehanna and all land lying on the west side of said river to the setting sun..."

My family and I settled in an area known as Kreutz Creek, the first authorized settlement in what is now York County. I found the rolling hills very attractive and they reminded me of the beautiful farmland we had known in the German Palatinate. I married Maria Barbara Miller in October of 1730 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Lancaster. To my great sadness, she passed away less than four years later.

Fortunately, however, I met and married my third wife, Susanna Beyerly, in October of 1734. She bore me six children. I was able to purchase land from Susanna's father, Jacob Beyerly, in 1748, and I lived happily there on my farm until I died on the 15th of November- 1755, at the age of 57. Susanna died at the age of 62. We are buried together in a private Rudisill graveyard in Lancaster. My farm passed down to my son, Johann Michael, who in 1824 deeded it to his son Philip. I am proud to say that our family cemetery is well cared-for to this day.



Allow me to read a portion of my will, which. I believe will give you more insight into my life and family.

“I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved son Michael Rudysill, all this plantation and Tract of Land and tenement whereon I now live to him and heirs and assigns forever after he is of age of twenty-one years. Which land I value at the sum of two hundred pounds which money I will to be paid yearly among the said Michael and all my children, the sum of Twenty Pounds till said Two Hundred Pounds is paid ... I will that all of the rest of my estate shall be divided equally among all my children share and share alike. But my daughter Catrina shall have one pound five shillings less than any of the other children ... I give and bequeath unto my beloved wife Susanna the third of all my moveables... I nominate, make and appoint my beloved trusted friends Adam Simon, Kuhn and Michael Immell, executors. “ Signed: twenty-third day of September 1755.

Is anyone here descended from my line of the Rudisill family?

Now, it's time for you to meet my brother, Johann Jacob.

Thanks you for coming to this family reunion.



Monologue # 2

WEYRICH (TERRICK) RUDISULI

I'd like to introduce myself. My name is Weyrich Rudisuli. I was born in Michelsfield, Germany in the year of 1695 on August 7th. I am a descendent of Hans Jacob Rudisuli and the former Cleophe Neff. My father was a carpenter by trade. Our family originated in the Frumsen-Sax area of Switzerland. It is my understanding that the lack of sufficient nourishment in Switzerland and the potential opportunity in Germany caused by the Thirty Years War which depopulated that area was the reason my grandparents left our homeland. I am the third child of 12. I and two of my brothers are the only members of my family to leave for America. Tonight you'll meet two of my brothers who came to America, but at different times and on different sailing ships. One of my sons, John, and a nephew, Andreas, will also visit with you this evening.

Now, I will get on with my past life. I wed Anna Barbara Siegfried in my hometown on Michelsfield in 1718. Anna Barbara was one year older than I. We lived in Elenz most of the time during our early years of marriage. We returned to Michelsfield in 1723 to ready ourselves for our departure to the New World. The North American colonies were in direct competition in recruiting Germans. Having been hit heavily in the wars of the previous century, we were looking forward to the possibility of a new life! We left with our 10 children and boarded the Samuel on May 13, 1737 to Philadelphia, when I was 40 years old. We arrived on August 30, three and 1/2 months later!

Our journey to the New World was unpleasant at best. A child died on the 25th and was buried at sea. On June 7th, a child was born, died within an hour, and was also buried at sea. A storm on the 17th created high seas, lasting one and one-half days, and caused much dizziness and vomiting among the passengers. On July 23rd another child died. By now we had consumed all of our provisions, having expected that our voyage would last only four weeks. We had to live on the meager ship's meager fare. On August 20th a young married woman died. A heavy rain accompanied by a strong wind made great waves. Many of the beds that were near the portholes were filled with water, and the next morning the Captain ordered a kettle of rice that be boiled so we could eat something warm. On the 22nd the ship lay still and we dried our clothes. The next day a sounding showed that we were close to the Delaware River, though no land could be seen. Finally, land was sighted on the 24th.

The last baby born on board died and was buried in the Delaware River. In the afternoon of August 30th, we landed at Philadelphia. By then we had been on board for more than three months. In Philadelphia I sign the oath of renunciation to European authorities as Weyrich Rutsieli.

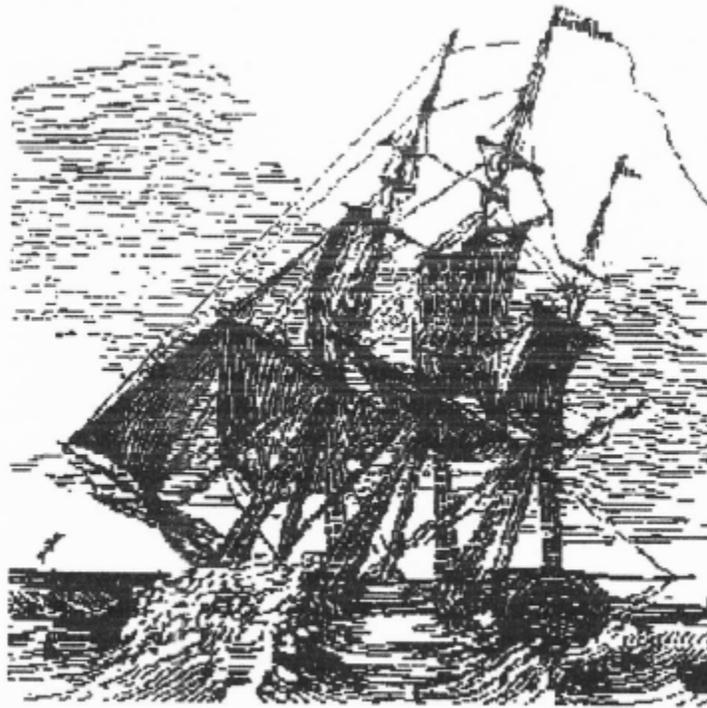
Fortunately for all of you, your ancestors that arrived in Philadelphia were registered so thoroughly that passenger lists exist for most of the ships that arrived In Philadelphia from 1727 to 1775. That is not the case for those arrived in Boston.



We resided in York, Pennsylvania until about 1754. Sadly, my beloved wife Barbara passed away in York before the children and I moved to North Carolina. On May 20, 1754, I received a land grant for 200 acres of land in Lincoln County, North Carolina near Hoyles Creek. What a joy that was. I spent the rest of my days there.

In my will, I deeded my land to my oldest child John. I have heard that he deeded the land to Henry Dellinger, his son-in-law.

You'll find my graveside beside my youngest daughter Anna and her husband Henry Dellinger at the Smith -- Dellinger Cemetery which is about 7 miles from Lincoln, North Carolina. Unfortunately, our stones are unmarked.



Ship Samuel 1737



Monologue # 3

JOHANN JACOB RUDISILE

I'd like to introduce my self. I am the youngest of the three siblings that immigrated to the New World. I was born April 10, 1706 in Michelsfeld. I left Rotterdam on the ship Morton House at the age of 23 on August 17, 1729 with a passenger number assigned to me of 100. I am listed on the manifest as Hance Jacob Roatslice. James Couter was our Commander on our course to Philadelphia.

My brother, Philipp was kind enough to let me give you a visual of my transatlantic voyage from the Old World to America.

It was not at all pleasant. I embarked upon small, poorly equipped, and filthy sailing vessel. Death, sickness, starvation, and even cannibalism were often unwanted companions on my long crossing. It was not uncommon for a third of the passengers or more, to die on a long journey, and even a short crossing was considered to be successful if the death count was kept to around ten percent. Everyone had bad food; the water stank, meat spoiled and butter turned rancid. If the captain was a profiteer, the food was often rotten to being with. Most of the voyage was spent in bed or heaving over the side.

As difficult as these conditions were, the circumstances of prisoners were, as might be imagined, substantially worse. They were chained below decks in crowded, noisome ranks. All the states of horror I ever had an idea of, are much short of what I saw this poor man in; chained to a board in a hole not above sixteen feet long, more than fifty with him; a collar and padlock about his neck, and chained to five of the most dreadful creatures I have ever looked on. Living conditions were little better than those obtaining on slave ships, and before the voyage was over it was not uncommon to lose a quarter of human cargo.

Because of the great number of German immigrants arriving in the port of Philadelphia, I was required to register my name, occupation and place of origin. I then had to take an oath of loyalty to the British Crown and the proprietors. Patrick Gordon, Governor at the time, said that the "peace and security of English-speaking Pennsylvania might be endangered by the large numbers of strangers daily pouring in, who being ignorant of our Language and Laws, and settling in a body together, make, as it were, a distinct people from his majesties subjects." As if I hadn't been through enough!!

Now on to my life in the New World.

I wed Elizabeth Hansbacher, the daughter of George Hansbacher in 1733 in Trinity Lutheran Church. We had 15 children, 4 of which proudly went on to serve in the Revolutionary War. In 1752, I was able to purchase 162 acres from Elizabeth's father.

I am able to give you an account of the militia life through my youngest son, John Henry. John Henry was born in York, in the year 1759. He enlisted as a soldier around July 4,



1776 in the York County Militia. His unit marched from Little York to Philadelphia. They sailed up the Delaware to Trenton, marched to Princeton, to New Brunswick, to Elizabethtown to Newark, to Bordentown when his 3 month enlistment expired. He immediately re-enlisted in a company under Capt. Michael Smiler. They crossed the North River and marched to Ft. Washington where they were sadly captured by the British on November 16, 1776. He was then taken to New York City where he was housed in an old church. John Henry was able to escape on the 11th or 12th of December by swimming the North River (probably now the Harlem River). He returned home to York and was drafted in again in 1777 and marched to Philadelphia to Chadds Ford, Pa where he then joined Washington's army and two days later fought in the Battle of Brandywine. Again his enlistment expired and in the fall of 1778 he was drafted for two months under Capt Simon Copenhalf as first sergeant, guarding British prisoners. This was his last service in the American Revolution

I passed away in the year of 1786 at the age of 80. Thank you for inviting me here this evening. This has been a most pleasant experience for me to share my life history. When I look back on my life, it was a difficult one. To come from the Old Country to the New Country, experience a whole new way of life, having been blessed with so many of our Lord's children, four of my sons serving the militia so that my descendants would have a better place to live has made me a proud man.



Monologue # 4

ANDREAS RUDISILE

Good evening! My name is Andreas Rudisile. I am the only child of Anna Elizabeth Voeruther and Hans Michael Rudisile. My father was the first born son of my grandparents, Hans JaKob Rudisile and Cleophe Neff. Weyrich Philip Heinrich and John Jacob are all my uncles. I was born on the fourth of January, 1717 in Michelsfeld , Germany.

My wife, Murray Margareth Heck, and our firstborn, Charlotte, left for the New World on September 15, 1749 on the ship “Phoenix”. I was 32 years old at the time. This Phoenix was not very large and was primarily designed to fight battles and transport goods, there being no such thing as a “passenger liner” at this time. Over 300 people were packed into our ship and assigned a tiny space for hammocks lined up side by side to make maximum use of space. Although not a true deck, an extra floor was built so that more hammocks could be set up to handle more people. The headroom was barely enough to allow me to walk in a stooped position. Men and women and children were all crammed together. Our food was eaten “in place”, and, after the first week, it was moldy and sour. Water was foul and undrinkable. Disease was common. A storm blew us off course and added weeks to our trip. One of my fears was the threat of pirates who plied up and down the Eastern coastline of the colonies. I had to realize that my family and I might not survive the trip, but the dream of having a better life in America kept my spirits up.

We finally arrived at the port of Philadelphia on the 15th of September, 1749 and then traveled westward on to York county where we settled. Maria Margareth and I had two more children: John Jacob, born on September 28, 1750 and Maria Elizabeth, born on August 20, 1752. Both of my children were baptized at Christ Lutheran Church where we were faithful members.

York was founded in some 1681 by William Penn. About 70% of the German speaking immigrants who came to the American colonies settled in Pennsylvania; by the time I arrived in 1749, more than 70,000 of my fellow Germans had settled there. Governor Patrick Gordon required all immigrant males who were age 16 and older to take an oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain, disavowing any ties with any other monarch and thereby becoming subjects of the English Crown. I also had to take the Oath of Fidelity and Abjuration, which was to renounce any previous alliance to the Roman Pope. These oaths reflected the Protestant Movement in England and they remained a requirement for immigrants until the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

You may have wondered about slavery in our town of York. I personally have no knowledge of any of my family or Rudisill relatives having owned any slaves in York County. In 1775, Pennsylvanians form the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, the first of its kind in the nation. The Pennsylvania law freed slaves immediately. However, in states that passed “gradual abolition” legislation, slavery lingered for decades. Slavery was abolished in Pennsylvania in 1780. But for many states, the official end to slavery did



not come until 1865 with the ratification of the 13th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

Now, I must tell you that my dear cousin John Rudisill suddenly became ill this evening and has asked me to speak on his behalf. John was born on December 19, 1719, also in Michelsfeld, Germany. He came to America on the ship "Samuel" in 1737 at the age of 18 with his father Weyrich (whom you have already met) and his mother Barbara. John wed Anna Catherine Wagner in York on January 21 in the year 1745. They had a beautiful 30 acre farm in York County. John died when he was 81 years old and Anna died at the age of 78. They are interred side by side in the cemetery at Quickel's Lutheran Church in York.

Thank you for your devotion to our great Rudisill family and for your efforts to preserve the heritage that I and all your Rudisill ancestors worked so hard to leave to you and to future generations. There is a quotation (forgive me for not remembering its author) which seems appropriate at this time:

"To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be forever a child."

Dear cousins, it has been a pleasure for me to share some Rudisill history with you. Thank you for your kind invitation. I look forward to seeing you again. Auf Wiedersehen, and Good Night.



Monologue # 5

HENRY CLIFFORD RUDISILL 1870 (Gaston Co., NC)-1938 (Nacogdoches, TX)

Good evening! And welcome home, for this truly is your home now that it is the headquarters for the Rudisill Family Foundation. I am so pleased to share this special place with so many of my Rudisill cousins.

You know, this house was designed by a rather famous architect named Diedrich Anton Wilhelm Rulfs, who lived from 1848 to 1926. He was born, educated and married in Germany. He and his wife, Johanne Emilie Helene Wilhemine Boeschenb (they had a lot of names back in those days!), had three sons when they came to American and to Nacogdoches in 1880. They had another son and a daughter who were born here. From 1880 to 1923, Rulfs designed more than 50 important structures in East Texas. In Nacogdoches he designed many beautiful homes (in many different styles), as well as Christ Episcopal Church in 1902. The church originally stood just behind the Fredonia Hotel on land that was later designated for our public schools; so the church was moved in 1938 to its present location near the University, and was reconstructed exactly as it had been, brick by brick. This house was designed and built in 1896 and is perhaps the oldest one that has survived. It was commissioned by the Blount family for their daughter Laura, apparently as a wedding present. The Blounts had a large house just beyond the church on the corner in the next block. They founded the Commercial Bank here and were one of the most important families in Nacogdoches for several generations. That they chose Rulfs as their architect testifies to the good reputation he had achieved in a relatively short time after arriving here. It is said that Laura Blount died when her first child was born and the family sold it soon thereafter. The design of the house is unique and a good example of the Queen Anne Victorian style; and because it was built for a couple when they married, it is obvious from the enormous attic that it was intended for expansion as the family grew. It is fitting that the Foundation has plans to take advantage of that space and has already built a staircase that is almost an exact duplicate of one that Rulfs designed for another house at about the same time. When you look around the house, be sure to notice the crown and picture moldings: they were made from molds that Rulfs brought with him from Germany, and those molds are on display at the Visitors' Center.

This house had only a few owners before I bought it in 1910. Our original acreage went all the way from North Street (a two-lane, brick-paved residential street), back to where the land drops down to what today is Pearl Street. Powers Street on the side was a narrow dirt road. On North Street as far as one could see in either direction were the prettiest houses in Nacogdoches: "Banker's Row," it was called. On our land at the back we had a barn and further on down we had a rental house. Over the years we parceled out and sold two lots to the Stripling family. Right behind my house, my son John built a house and raised his son there. Two grandsons, Johnny and Clifford, are here tonight.



The Stripling's grand two-story house right next door on North Street, rested on a large parcel of several acres and was set way back from the street. The Striplings were what you would call a prominent family in town. They owned the only drug store, located on the main square, and it was a popular place to meet friends for a soda or to pick up a prescription or just to chat and get caught up on the local gossip. It was where my youngest son, Paul, happened to be when my lovely wife Nora died in 1962 at the age of 86. They said it was the only time anyone had ever seen him cry.

But I am getting ahead of myself. Let me go back in time and tell you about my childhood and early life and how my branch of the family fits onto the Rudisill family tree.

I was born in 1870 on the family farm down on Tryon School Road, half way between Bessemer City and Cherryville (which is pronounced by people who are in-the-know as "Churville"), Gaston County, North Carolina. My father, Jacob Rudisill, was born in 1836. He married my mother, Susan Elmina Rhyne in 1860, and they had eight children. Pinkney, born in 1862, married Clara Miller and moved to Chamblee, GA. Next was my sister, Laura Cynthia, born in 1864; she married Lawson C. Sipe, and stayed in Gaston County, where she died in 1964. My brother John was born in 1868. I was the fourth child. Next in line was Julia, born in 1872, she married Walter Ford in 1898 and had seven children whom they raised on our parents' old homestead; she died in 1962. (Julia's granddaughter, Elizabeth Ford Rudisill, lives in Bessemer City and is on the Rudisill Family Foundation's Board of Directors. Beth is sorry she could not be here tonight.) Next in line was Georgia Ina, born in 1875; she married Marcus Sylvannus Beam, and stayed in Gaston County. Lastly was my brother Jacob, who was born in 1881; unfortunately, he died in 1896 when he was only 15 years old.

Most of my siblings carried on the family tradition of farming and stayed in that part of North Carolina; but my older brother, Pinkney, moved to Chamblee, Georgia, and worked for the railroad. He liked the place and the work so much that he convinced me that I should join him and give railroading a try. I moved to Chamblee and not only liked railroading but also met my future wife there: Mary Lenora Lively. We were married in Chamblee in 1897. Perhaps you noticed our wedding portraits here in the living room.

Our first child was Clarence Astor Rudisill, born in 1899 in Mt. Airy, North Carolina, where the railroad had taken us; he married Helen Parkhill in Houston at the home of her sister, Genevieve Parkhill Lykes, shortly after he graduated from the University of Texas Medical School in Galveston; they settled in her hometown of Tampa, Florida, where he had a successful practice as a plastic surgeon; if you ever go to Tampa, please visit St. John's Episcopal Church and you will see on the right side of the nave a beautiful stained-glass window that my son Clarence donated in memory of me and Nora; he died at his summer house at Waynesville, North Carolina, in 1964 and is buried in Tampa. His oil portrait is here in the living room. About 1900 we moved to Georgia where our



second child, Sybil Pinkney Rudisill was born in 1901; she married Pat Griffin from Woodville, Texas, and they had one son, Pat Rudisill Griffin; Sybil died in 1992, in Atlanta, and is buried here in Nacogdoches. Shortly after Sybil was born, some railroad friends of mine who had moved to Texas, convinced me that life there was good and full of opportunities, so we moved to East Texas in 1902. Our son John Jacob Rudisill was born in Nacogdoches County in 1903; he married Francis Carriker from nearby Cushing and, as I said, they raised a son in the house they built just behind this one; John died in 1991, in Nacogdoches and is buried here. Our next child was Martha Elmina Rudisill, born in 1905, in Athens, Texas, where we lived for a while. As you may have already guessed, Elmina was named after her grandmother, Susan Elmina. [Here is the very pewter cup given to our daughter with the inscription: "To Elmina from Grandma."] Elmina never married and lived in this house most of her life; in 1984 she moved to live with my grandson Clifford in Lenox, Massachusetts, where she died in 1996. Elmina is buried here in Nacogdoches in the Rudisill family plot with me, my wife and her sister, Sybil.

Our last child was Paul Lester Rudisill, born nearby in the little town of Cushing, on January 7, 1907; He died in 1971 when he was only 64 in Greenwich, Connecticut, where he and his wife were visiting their son Clifford, who was living there at the time. [By the way, here is a picture of my wife, Nora, and our five children taken in front of our house in Cushing, when Paul was just a baby: I proudly mailed this picture-postcard to my father back in Bessemer City. Notice I spelled our family name Rudasill (with an "a") on the address side, although we always signed our name Rudisill with an "i"!]

Paul married Dorothy Guthrey Berry in Beaumont in 1937. They had two children: Henry Clifford Rudisill II born in Houston in 1938 (and named after me, at least in part I am sure, because I had terminal cancer when he was born; I died when he was only nine months old, so he wouldn't remember me; You know I was so happy and proud to have a grandson named for me! Paul and Dorothy's daughter, Dorothy Kay Rudisill, was born in 1940; she had a successful career as a speech pathologist; but after her mother died in 1996 and she began losing her battle with multiple sclerosis, she moved to be with her brother in Lenox, where she died suddenly on the day after Easter in 2001. I think many of you met Kay at the first national Rudisill family reunion in Lenox.

So Nora and I were blessed with five children and four grandchildren: Pat, Johnny, Cliff and Kay. My grandson Pat Griffin married and settled in Atlanta where he and his wife had graduated from Georgia Tech; they had four children: Rudy, Larry, Tracey and Wendy, who all married but only Larry and Wendy had children. My grandson Johnny married his college sweetheart, Jean Jetton, from Center, Texas, in 1956, and they had two children, Richard and Lisa, both of whom married and settled here in Nacogdoches. Richard has two daughters and a son, and Lisa has a son. So I had six great-great grandchildren and four great-great-great grand-children! (Actually, more than that because of Pat's grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but I lose track of all of them!) I am proud of all of my descendants and wish they could have all been here tonight.



Now, let me tell you about my grandparents and my Rudisill ancestors who first settled in York County, Pennsylvania, and then came to North Carolina. My grandfather, Jacob Rudisill, was named after his father and was born in 1798 in the area known as Beaver Dam, Gaston County, North Carolina. He married Mary Beam from the same area and they had ten children. He died in 1857.

Jacob's father was Michael Rudisill (1765-1828) who lived and died in Gaston County. His father was John Philip Rudisill (1738-1794) who was born in York, Pennsylvania, and was my ancestor who left York and moved on down Appalachia to Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. His father was Johan Jakob Rudisile: he was born in Michelfeld Germany in 1706 and died in York County in 1787. You remember that you met Johan Jakob Rudisile earlier this evening.

I worked for the railroad all my life. Although it is not the exact building where I worked, the main Nacogdoches train station is still standing and is in the process of being restored for a museum. [Here is a photograph showing me and an associate counting head of oxen that had just been unloaded in front of that station.] But, you know, I always loved the country and farming, so I bought a little farm out beyond the Old North Church, just beyond Millard's Crossing. My son John bought property adjacent to mine and my grandson Johnny and his family still maintain that farm. I died in 1938, in the middle bedroom of this house, and I am buried in the old Oak Grove Cemetery here, next to my lovely wife, Nora, and our two daughters, Sybil and Elmina.

So now you know who came before me and who came after me, and how we are all related. I had a good life, but I wish I could have lived longer so my grandchildren, and especially my grandson and namesake Clifford, could have known and remembered me. I am so honored that Clifford is, in a sense, remembering me by restoring this house that I loved so much, and by donating it to the extended family in the form of the Rudisill Family Foundation, a charitable corporation. This house is a place where all Rudisills, with all the various spellings of our unique name, can gather together to share and preserve our special and diverse family histories, just as you have done tonight.

Please come back. I would love to see you all again. For now, good night.