

My Story



By Parashont

The dead want to be found, such that those who persevere in family history will have experiences that convince them of this. The workers in the big Family Search Library in Salt Lake City will tell you that you would not believe the number of people who have dreams giving them direction in family research. When all efforts are to no avail and all seems to be lost and hopeless or a brick wall comes up that defies all human efforts, the powers of heaven may miraculously open up the way. So it was with me.

1988 found me and my late wife, Barbara, living on the Navajo Indian reservation at Tsaile, near Lukachukai BIA Boarding School and me. We were schoolteachers. I had a dream that directed me to the house of Suzanne, a teacher friend of my wife who lived in Lukachukai. I went to her house. She asked me, as a favor for a friend, to look up the parents of her grandmother Dolly Mae Hewlett who had lived in Long Island, New York. I said that I would and ordered the microfilms for the search at the Blanding, Utah Family History Library.

I remember the day, 3 Nov 1988, when I found Dolly Mae. I drove up to Blanding, Utah from Rock Point, AZ to read the microfilms that I had ordered in October. I let myself in the family history center with a borrowed key. The door locked behind me, but something unseen and undetected slipped in with me. I did not know it, but I was in for a wild ride, also library chairs come without seat belts. First, I chased the ancestors of my cousin Robert Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, across Lancashire, England. Then I turned my attention to the 1900 New York Soundex films and searched for Albert Brune, Dolly's husband to be. When I found him, I was elated at what I had found and disappointed at what I did not find, my standard reaction to genealogical finds. Then I turned my attention to finding the girl of his dreams, Dolly Mae. It was going to be a long search through the census index for I did not know what given names of her parents to look for. Night had fallen and the place was quiet like a tomb and then the moment Dolly M. Hewlett came up, the teen-age daughter of John A Hewlett and Susan Rocili Weatherford, something unseen struck with the speed of lightning. It felt like an electric current and had it lasted long it would have left me on the floor bawling. When I recovered my composure, alarm bells rang in my head. But, not because of the uncanny experience, but because of what I saw. It came to me that these people were of my own flesh and blood. I had found Dolly Mae Hewlett of Woodbury, York. My middle name is Woodbury. Her parents were both born in Abaco, Bahamas. A branch of my mother's family had gone to the island of Abaco from Woodbury, and one family had returned to Woodbury, New York. It seemed as if Dolly Mae was standing behind me and then I saw her in the eye of my mind and I heard her pleading, "Do not ever forget me and my kindred dead." She looked like a younger version of Suzanne. Suzanne confirmed this.

I had yet to get permission to research Suzanne's family. In addition, I knew that I needed to give a presentation, as directed in the dream, to Suzanne explaining why we do genealogy, using the takeoff given at the end of the Dream. However, I could not go to Suzanne's house without Barbara's permission for Suzanne was single. Sure, I could have gone without any explanation of where I was going, but that would have destroyed the spirit of it and without the Spirit, it would have been no go. This permission was

crucial to my future. I had to have it to feel comfortable with the Dolly Mae genealogy and to feel right about the direction from the Spirit to treat Dolly Mae and her husband like my direct ancestors. I knew the future of the Dolly Mae work hung on it, but did not comprehend how pivotal it was to everything else in my future. In terms of what I know now it was a do or die situation. It was a true cliffhanger and I was only hours from disaster on 17 Jun 1983. We were to move to Texas on 18 June. Time was running out to give the presentation for my bid for permission to do research work. No way could I explain to my late wife what I needed to do. It was a hopeless situation. We were packed and ready to go.

Then the miraculous intervened. Between two and three in the afternoon, the last day before moving to Weatherford, Texas, Barbara said, "I have a headache and do not feel well, go to Suzanne's place and get back the electric heater and the paperback books I loaned her." I went and I asked Suzanne if she would like me to explain why we do genealogy. She said yes. I delivered the presentation standing as in the dream. She gave me full permission. This was how the Dolly Mae work got underway in earnest, which led to my discovery of the Wyannie Malone Historical Museum in Hope Town, Abaco, Bahamas. It was a family history museum. I joined forces with them. The successful delivery of this speech was the pivotal event that opened up the Bahamas and then the Paiutes to me. Failure here would preclude all the wonderful blessings that I enjoy now and probably life itself. None of the things I am doing now including the Family History missions to New Zealand, Australia, Guam, Micronesia, Texas, Arizona, and now Utah could have happened without success on 17 Jun. My whole future hung on that successful presentation. My marriage to Nancy hung on it. This was one of the three redirecting events in my life.

I am not Southern Paiute by birth, but I was much associated with them as a child. I am as one of them and accepted accordingly. I have Southern Paiute cousin lines (Parashont) that go into the Grand Canyon. In my old age, they looked out for me when I lived at Kaibab, Arizona. I have had dreams and uncanny experiences concerning them in connection with my Native American genealogy work. The Native American dead want to be found and have registered their appreciation of my work.

