

Heart of the Home

A Glimpse at an American Family

By Patricia J Burnett

with Jill M. Frier

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For my grandchildren

Connor, Duncan and Logan McLeod

and

Sophia Frier

Forward

The Memory Keepers

Ernest George Osmon (1889-1971)

Olive McKinney Osmon (1894-1991)



My interest in family history began early. I listened to older relatives tell fascinating family stories and my grandfather patiently identified everyone in every one of the photo albums. Luckily, forty years ago, with the help of my grandma, Lovilla Reeves, and cousin, Iona McKinney Goodnight, I started my own family research.

Our family story wouldn't be possible without people like my uncle, Ernie Osman (1889-1971). Ernie was a Santa Fe Railroad station agent, historian and natural raconteur, who had a special affinity with the people of western Kansas. He captured the humor and earthiness of everyday life, making his memoirs now just as wonderful as the day he typed them on his all-caps telegraph typewriter.

When I was young, visiting Protection, Kansas was a treat. Ernie took us fishing for catfish in farm ponds, let us ride in the cab of a train, and taught my sister to drive a stick shift in his 1949 Plymouth (I was hiding my eyes in the back seat!). Thank you Ernie, for being there.

Ernie's wife, my aunt Ollie, was a joy and a rock. She was the voice of calm and reason, even sanity, no matter what. If a McKinney could have *joie de vivre*, it was Ollie. She was such fun – the most avid card player I've ever seen, and she loved a bargain so much that we once went to an after-Christmas shoe sale in a blizzard. My fondest memory, though, was listening to Ollie and my grandmother, Lovilla, reminiscing about their childhood in Meade and Clark Counties in Kansas.

Another family member who has "kept the family tree watered" is my genealogy pen pal and cousin Chuck McKinney's wife Gloria. I can't thank her enough for her help and input.

Patricia Burnett

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Heart of the Home

There's a book upon the shelf about those dust bowl days
and there's a little bit of you and little bit of me
in the photos on every page

- Nancy Griffith, "Trouble In the Fields"

Family histories are often relegated to the attics of our lives. They are abbreviated into family trees with dates and places, with no sense of who these people were and how they lived. Families continue to impact their members throughout the generations. Heart of the Home offers a glimpse into the heart and history of my own family. By sharing stories and photographs, along with my paintings based on traditional quilt patterns, I weave a tale of an American family.

My great-great grandmother, Esther Umbarger McKinney (1849-1938), was a quilter. Throughout her long life, she produced numerous quilts, many still prized and cherished by her descendants today. Although her handiwork and her photographs would seem all that remain of her existence, her strength of character, her work ethic, her Christian faith, her fortitude and even her smile have passed down through the generations. Few family members are yet living that knew her, but her memory is that of a strong, loving woman. I dedicated my art show, Heart of the Home, to her.

Grandma McKinney, a fascinating woman, moved by covered wagon from Ohio to Douglas County, Kansas Territory in 1854. This period, referred to historically as "Bleeding Kansas," saw turmoil and violence between slave and anti-slave factions before Kansas became a state in 1862. Her father was captured by a proslavery mob during a territorial election. The Civil War brought additional troubles to the American frontier through guerilla warfare and constant raiding parties. Grandma and her family survived the burning and looting of Lawrence, Kansas.

After the Civil War she married Thomas Jefferson McKinney, a teamster, and traveled with him on a wagon train as a cook. The first six months of their marriage was working on the Santa Fe Trail, delivering supplies to U.S. Army posts. Over the next fifty years they moved several times, homesteaded two Kansas claims, and had nine children. When she was thirty-five, she was in a riding accident that resulted in her leg being amputated. The amputation was done on a kitchen table in their sod house. She wore a wooden leg the rest of her life.

Having a wooden leg didn't slow her down. She was an active member of frontier Kansas society for many years. One of her favorite activities was quilting bees. Ladies of the community would gather to visit and quilt beautiful designs of intricate patterns. These patterns and the women who designed them were inspiration for many of the pieces in the book, including Grandma's Hands.



Figure 1 - Esther Jane McKinney

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Grandma's Hands

My mother learned to sew, quilt and crochet while keeping company with Grandma McKinney after school. I still have doilies made by their loving hands. My mother also gave me an appliquéd quilt Grandma made sometime during the last ten years of her life. It's fragile and is never used, but I love having something that a very special lady created.

I started this painting with my Grandma McKinney and her quilting bees in mind. I never met Grandma McKinney. She passed away in 1938, six years before I was born; still I feel I know her well. Her sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren remembered her with such love. Grandma touched many lives and still lives on in our memory. She taught useful skills, like cooking and sewing. More importantly, she taught the joy of life, even when life was hard and times were bad.

I vividly remember my great-grandmother, her daughter, visiting us when I was a small child. Great-grandma Smith made the most delicious cinnamon rolls, baked bread and then sang and played the piano for us – stopping occasionally to pick up her skirt and dance the "Schottische" all around the living room. She was in her 70s at the time. S

he lives on in other ways. The "McKinney Smile" is evident in her photos and those of her children. The "smile" skips generations but showed up on the sunny face of my youngest daughter (her great-great-great-granddaughter) and, again, on the face of my middle grandson.

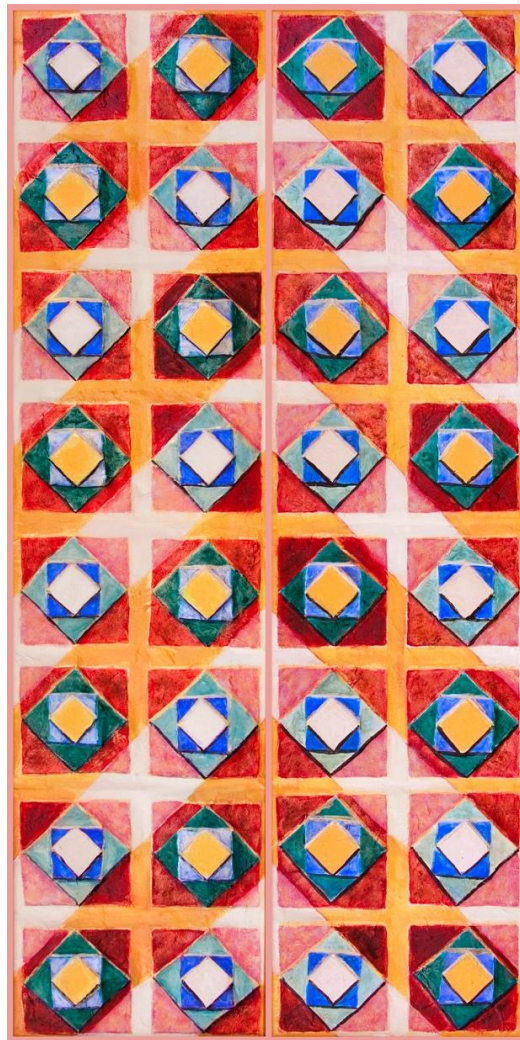
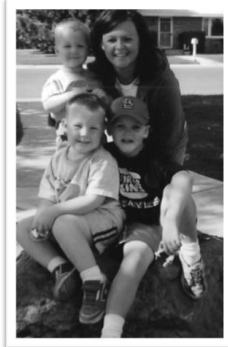


Figure 2 – Grandma's Hands, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board - 24x48

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z
c. 1900 Thomas and Esther McKinney, Father



Andrea Osterhout McLeod with Connor, Duncan and Logan c. 2007



Esther McKinney and her children c. 1935



Charlie and Grace McKinney with their daughter Iona Goodnight and her children c. 1940



Esther and Tom McKinney and children on Ollie McKinney's wedding day c. 1911



Jean Osmon Dewey Moffett c. 1948

Triangular Triangles



*Triangular Triangles, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 72X36*

This quilting bee (outside for the benefit of the photographer) took place in Englewood, Kansas, about 100 years ago. The quilt pattern is "Triangular Triangles," which was published in 1898 by the Ladies Art Company of St. Louis, Missouri. These patterns were printed in newspapers and could be ordered by mail. The original quilt is long gone, so the color is merely speculation. Grandma McKinney is third from the right. Her stepmother, Rusultha Omelia Haseltine Umbarger (1840-1921) is third from the left. Her daughter-in-law, Grace Canton McKinney (1876-963), is standing second from left.



Quilting Bee – Englewood, Kansas c. 1908

Kansas Troubles



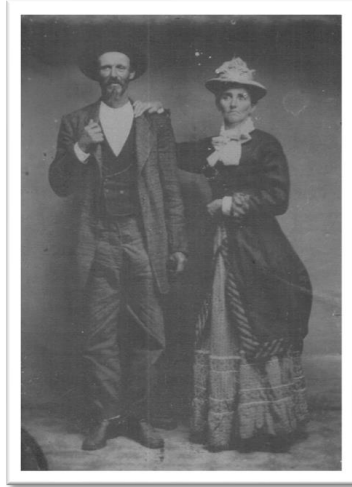
Kansas Troubles, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 24x30

Grandma's father, George Washington Umbarger (1821-1907) and his wife, Margaret Miller Umbarger (1828-c.1854) traveled by covered wagon from Medina County, Ohio, to Kansas Territory in 1854. George and his four children arrived in Douglas County, Kansas, in March of 1855, but Margaret either died in route or shortly thereafter. He then married Rusultha Haseltine, who lost her only child at birth but raised his children with love and affection.

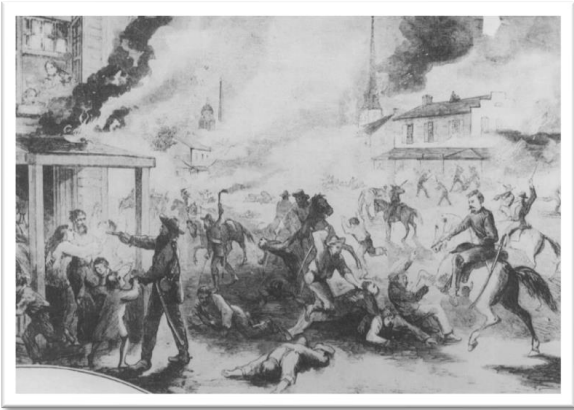
As an abolitionist, George was active in deciding if the Territory would enter the Union as a free or slave state. Less than a week after arriving in Kansas, he was captured by a Missouri mob that attempted to persuade him, by knifepoint, to vote a pro-slavery ticket. He declined and escaped. A record of his sworn testimony describing the event, dated April 29, 1856, is found in the proceedings, *Kansas Affairs*.

Later in 1855, George became a first lieutenant in the Second Regiment, 1st Brigade of Kansas Volunteers, formed to defend the city of Lawrence, Kansas, from "foreign invaders." He later became a captain in the 12th Kansas Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. Ironically, while he was off fighting in the war and his wife and children lived in Douglas County, Kansas, the pro-Confederate guerrilla, William Quantrill, burned and sacked Lawrence and the surrounding countryside. Legend has it that the family boys escaped by either hiding in a cornfield or dressing in their sisters' dresses.

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George Washington Umbarger (1821-1907) and his second wife, Rusultha O. Hazeltine, Bloomington Township, Douglas, Kansas Territory. c. 1857



*Quantrill's Raid on Lawrence, KS 1863
Collection – Kansas State Historical Society*

Sunflower



*Sunflower, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 30x30*

The McKinney family is Scotch-Irish. Originally from Scotland, they lived in Northern Ireland for almost two hundred years. In an attempt to settle Ireland with Protestants, thousands of Scots migrated between 1550 and 1750. Unfortunately, the English learned that dealing with Scots was as difficult as dealing with the indigenous population. Both were fiery, stubborn and quick to fight. Tired of English laws and rising taxes, a majority of the Scotch-Irish moved, in mass, to the American Colonies during the early 1700s. Just in time to settle their differences with the English during the American Revolutionary War.

Often settling, but never settled, the McKinneys moved as a family from Pennsylvania to the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, then in Illinois, then Kansas Territory and thirty years later in western Kansas.

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By the time the McKinneys were living in Kansas the family was no longer just Scotch-Irish. They had married into German, French, Dutch and English families. The McKinneys proudly call themselves Americans.

My family has lived in Kansas since it was a territory. Family members survived the "Bleeding Kansas" border war, the Civil War, Indian raids, blistering heat, sudden floods, tornados, drought, the Dust Bowl, and crippling blizzards – yet most stayed in Kansas anyway. My cousins still live on the land homesteaded in Clark County, Kansas in the 1880s. They raise winter wheat and run cattle in Western Kansas and up and down the Front Range of the Rockies. I remember my cousin, Donald McKinney, saying, "I can raise wheat on anything!" Those that have moved on still have strong roots in the Kansas soil.

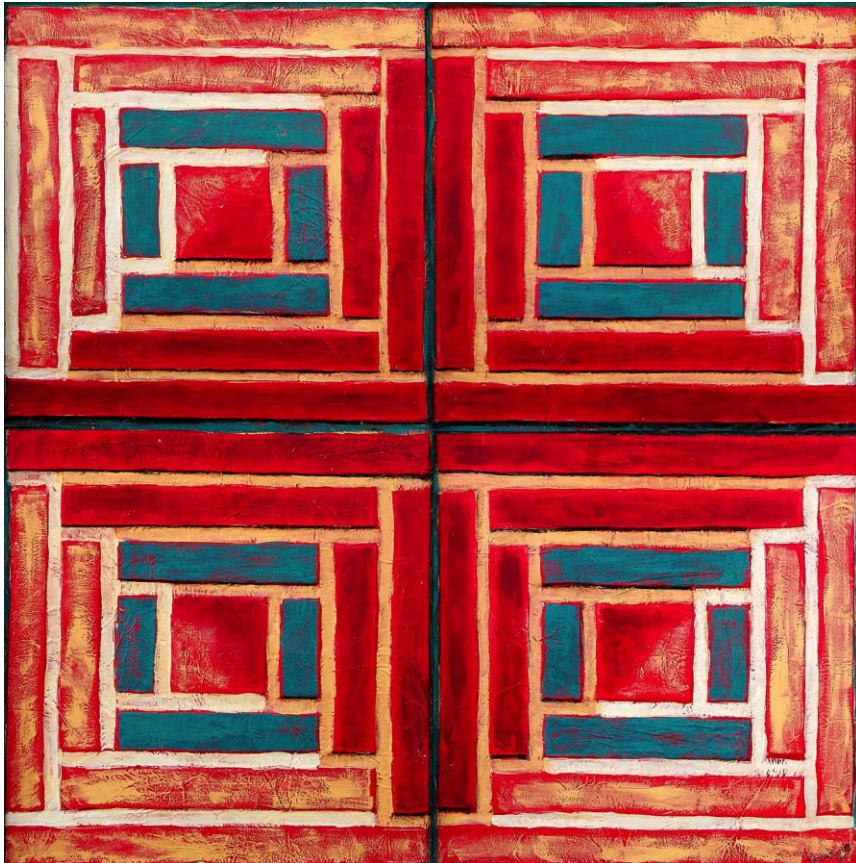


*Capt. and Mrs. Umbarger
c. 1890 – Kiowa, Barber County, KS
Occupation: "Cow Man"*



*Sod house near Kansas-Oklahoma Territory Border. c. 1890
Collection - Kansas State Historical Society*

Barn Raising



Barn Raising, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 24x24

Esther Umbarger McKinney married a Civil War veteran, Thomas Jefferson McKinney (1839-1926), in Douglas County, Kansas, in 1867. His job as a wagoner, hauling freight from railheads, resulted in several moves during their long marriage. Family stories of their "honeymoon" trip hauling supplies to US Army forts along the Santa Fe Trail are legendary. Esther was hired as a wagon train cook during the six-month journey.

The couple tried homesteading in Meade County, Kansas, in 1884. Building a sod house on acreage west of Englewood, Kansas, Esther and Thomas attempted to farm land that developers had advertised as "rich and lush." Unfortunately, the rich, lush land was also either subject to extremes of drought or severe

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floods. Before dry-land farming techniques were developed, their land was truly better-suited as cattle country.

After they failed at their farming efforts, they sold the property to their son Charlie (1872-1947), a cattleman, who renamed the old homestead "Two-Mile Ranch." The couple then moved to Arkansas City, Kansas, and lived there for about ten years where, once again, Thomas worked as a wagoner during the Oklahoma Land Rush. They later returned to Englewood.

During the early years in Meade County, Esther had a serious accident. While riding to a neighbor's house to serve as the local midwife, her horse tripped and fell on her. As a result, her leg had to be amputated. The neighbors all held a dance in her honor to raise money to help cover her medical bills, and she wore a wooden leg for the rest of her long life.



Thomas Jefferson McKinney and Esther Umbarger McKinney c. 1900



*Cowboy Roundup, Clark County, KS c. 1890
Collection -Kansas State Historical Society*



*Masquerade Ball. Ashland, KS c. 1895
Collection -Kansas State Historical Society*

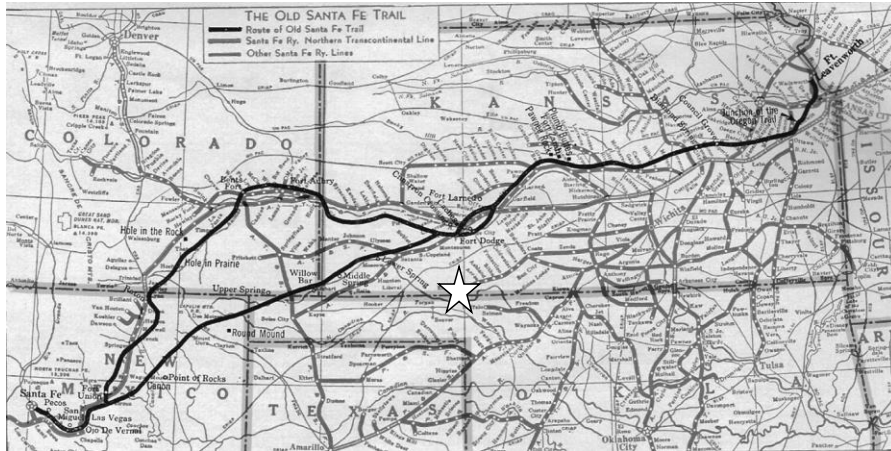
Wagons West



*Wagons West, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Mixed Media – 18x24*

In 1886, the Santa Fe Railroad added a branch line to Englewood, Kansas, to accommodate cattle drives from west Texas. The town became a major cattle-shipping point and the hub of a major freight business. Thomas McKinney worked at both farming and hauling freight. The wagon teams were pulled by either four or six head, but a few used eight horses. The town livery stables handled 200 head of horses at a time. The McKinney family soon began raising cattle and horses, and still do to this day.

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Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad map of Kansas, c.1920



One Room School House. Englewood, KS. C. 1906
Ollie McKinney is back row center. Her brother Willie is to her right. Desmond Smith is standing in front of Ollie and two girls right front are Iona McKinney and Lovilla Smith.

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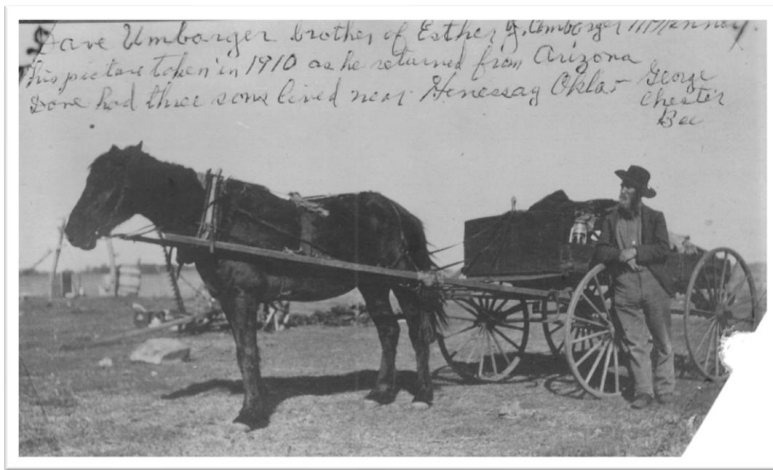
The Real Girl of the Golden West

Shaded Trail



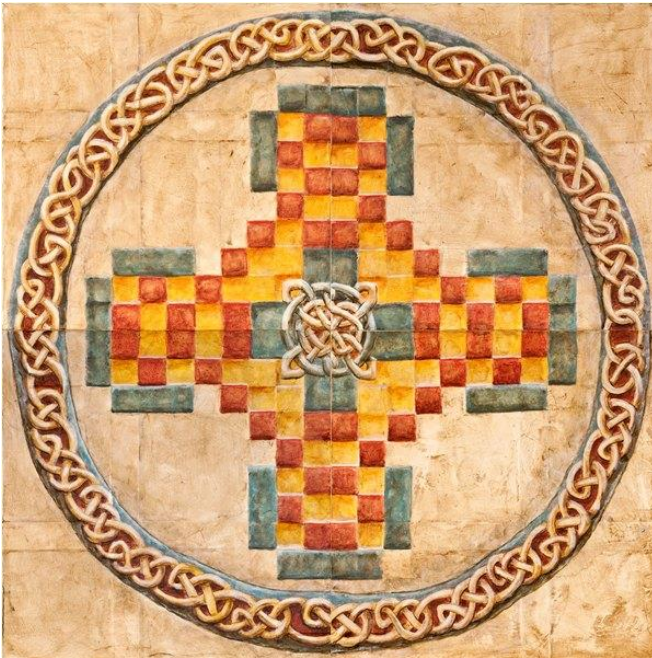
*Shaded Trail, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 24x10*

Esther McKinney's brothers, John and David Umbarger, also wandered the high plains in search of better opportunities. They settled in Indian Territory prior to the Oklahoma land rush. David lived in Hennessey, Oklahoma, and John had a trading post on the Beaver River in the panhandle country known as "No-Man's-Land." Indians, outlaws and a few brave men like John Umbarger were the only people living there.



David Umbarger – Hennessey, Oklahoma, c. 1910

Celtic Cross



*Celtic Cross 48X48 – 2009
Acrylic on Board*

*Oh come, let us worship
And bow down.
Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
- Psalms 95, 6*

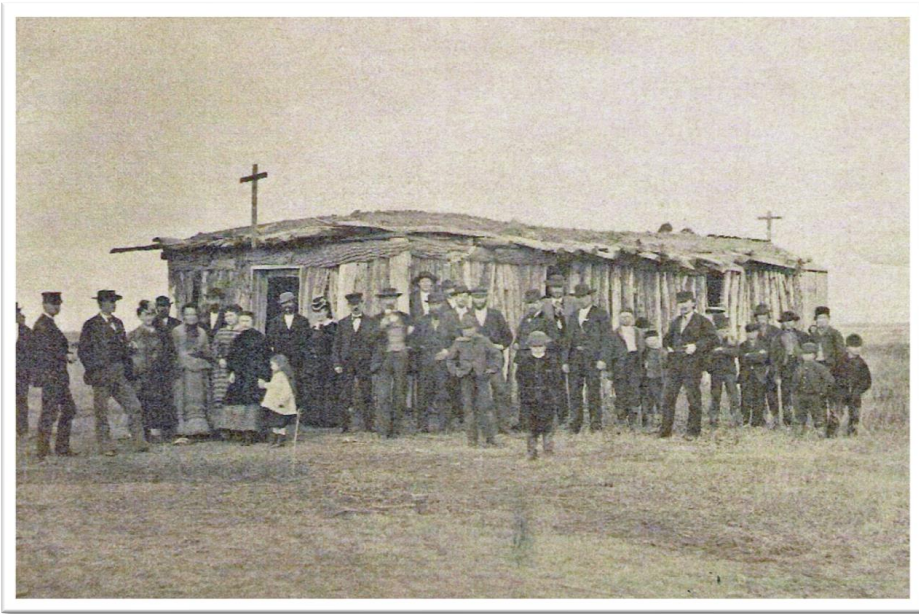
Relocating to an untamed, barren land was traumatic to any family. Taking along things that they held dear was essential to their survival. However, what a covered wagon could hold summed up what could be carried with them. Along with basic necessities, the family bible was considered an important part of their lives. It was packed first.

The importance of moving as a family group, sharing a common past and religious faith helped them make the transition from their old lives to the unknown of their new ones.

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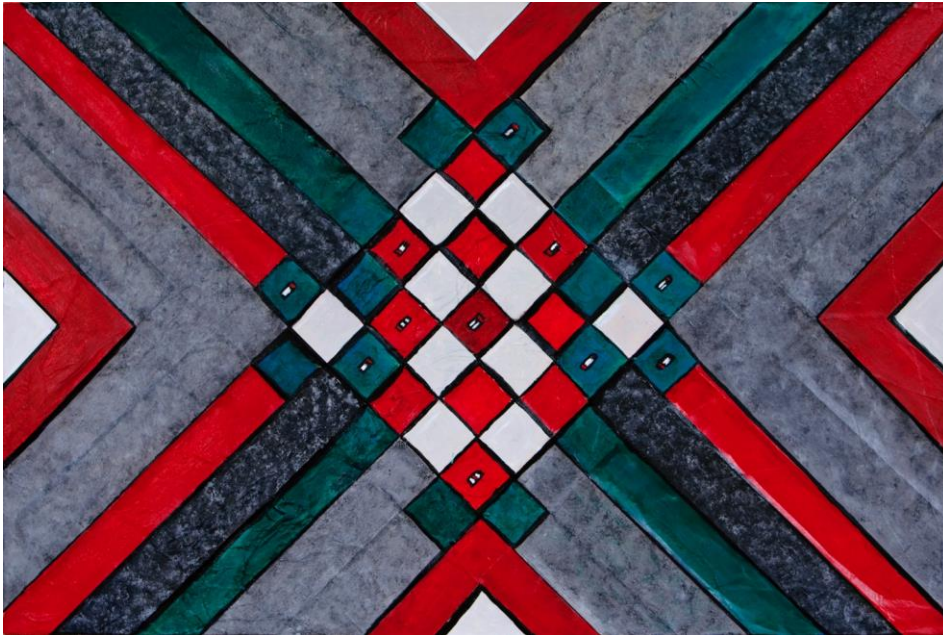
Although practicing their religion was part of their daily lives, establishing a place of worship gave them a sense of community and a reminder of their past. Building a church was symbolic of building a new life and taming their surroundings.

My Great-great-great aunt, Grace Canton McKinney (1876 - 1963) was proudest of helping to establish the Christian Church in Englewood, Kansas. The women who helped settle the Old West knew the importance of places of worship as an active "civilizing force" for their community. Men may have won the West, but the women are the ones who civilized it.



*First Episcopal Church – Wichita, Kansas c. 1879
Collection – Kansas State Historical Society*

Railroad Crossing



Railroad Crossing, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 36x24

In my family, time was measured by a railroad whistle. A distant whistle would blow, my grandfather would pull out his railroad pocket watch and announce that the train from Newton was on time, or not. He was one of several family men employed by the ATSF (Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe) Railroad.

My great-grandfather, Clarence Smith (1873-1965), was a hostler, or steam engine mechanic. He was working for the Santa Fe in Arkansas City, Kansas, where he met Nora Mae McKinney (1875 – 1963). They were married in 1898. Six years later he worked at the roundhouse and railroad shops in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and his wife and children went to live with her parents in Meade County, Kansas. He later transferred to Englewood, Kansas, as chief hostler.

While he was in Englewood, he befriended young telegraph operator, Ernie Osman, who he introduced to his sister-in-law, Ollie McKinney. They were married in 1911 and Ernie became the Protection, Kansas, station agent, a position he held almost fifty years.

Clarence and his growing family were transferred to Wichita, Kansas, in 1914 where he worked on the valves of the "Big Malley" steam engines. There he befriended another young Santa Fe employee, Lawrence Reaves (1896-1956), and introduced him to his oldest daughter, LoVilla Smith (1899-1994). They were married in 1917. Lawrence later became a railroad engineer. Their only child was my mother, Thelma Reaves Hurst (1918-2006).

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Lawrence Reaves, Santa Fe Engineer. c. 1950



Ernie Osman, Santa Fe Station Agent. C. 1940



*Clarence Smith, a Santa Fe steam engine mechanic, worked on "Big Malley" engines.
Collection – Kansas State Historical Society*

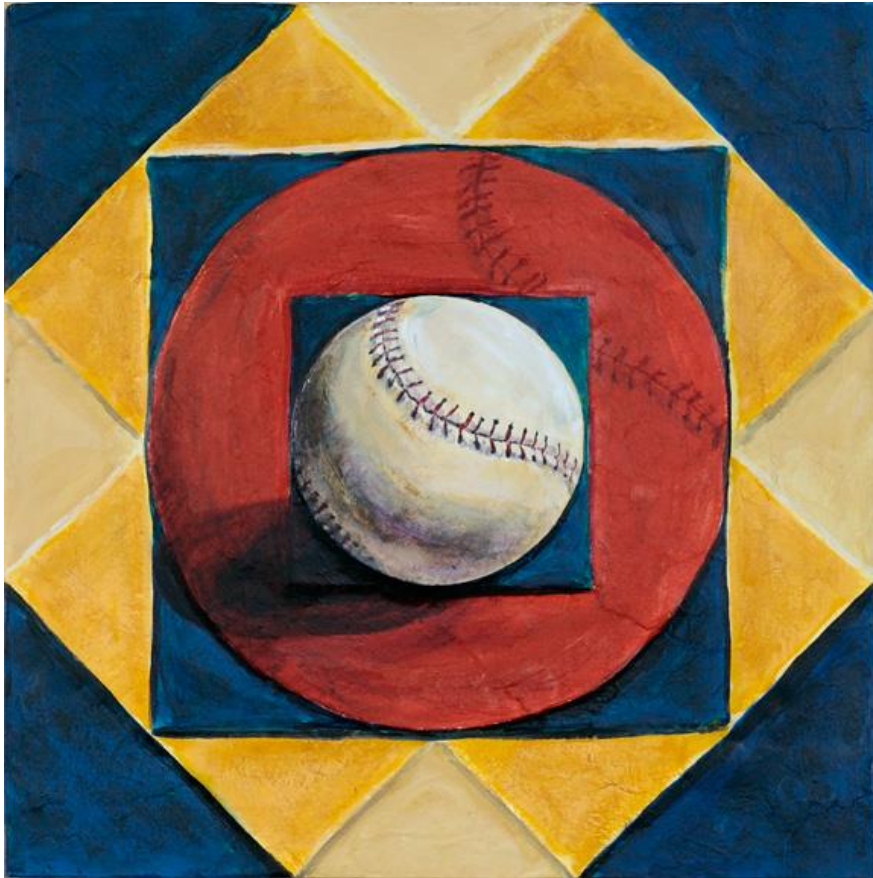
City Streets

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When Ernie Met Carrie

Play Ball!



Play Ball!, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2009
Acrylic on board – 12x12

Baseball has always been an important part of my family's recreation time. A few have played or coached, but most were just avid fans. My grandfather invested in the latest in radio technology, and later television, specifically to hear and watch the World Series. He started with a crystal set, but ultimately had a black and white Zenith when he passed away in 1956. His teams were the St. Louis Browns and the Brooklyn Dodgers. He died shortly before the infamous Yankee perfect game over the Dodgers in the 1956 World Series – which is just as well, since the game would have finished him off anyway. Even today, I can be lulled to sleep by the melodious sounds of the baseball play-by-play man. Heaven to my ears!



*Baseball team Wichita, KS c. 1900
Collection – Wichita Public Library*

Flying Machine

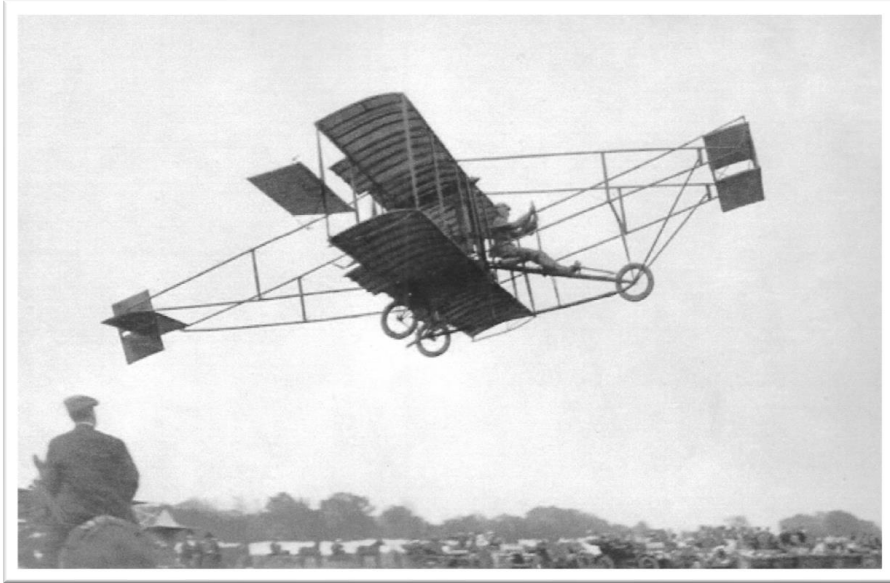


My uncle, Ernie Osman, told a story of a Western Kansas Fourth of July celebration in 1912 where the main attraction was a flying machine. Since very few people had ever seen one, it was a real drawing card.

“The machine was shipped in by express train and packed in boxes. The “flyer”, with the help of others, worked several days to get the thing together and wheeled it out to a pasture northeast of town. On the day of the Fourth, he tried all afternoon to get the thing off the ground. About sundown, after the people had all gone elsewhere, he flew from the north side of the pasture, south near the railroad where he fell. He damaged the machine some, but guess it did not matter, as it was no good anyway.”

The flyer came to the depot where Ernie was a station agent to send a wire to his wife telling her he wasn't hurt. He told my uncle that there would never be flying machines over Western Kansas because of the air pockets.

Flying Machine, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 24X36



*Curtis Biplane c. 1911
Collection – Wichita Public Library*



*Clyde Cessna and his 1916 airplane, photo taken at Beaver, OK with "Beaver Boosters." 1916
Collection – Kansas State Historical Society*

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The Wanderer

World's Fair of 1933: "A Century of Progress"



*World's Fair 1933, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 30x30*

My grandparents, aunt and uncle and my mother took a train to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. My great-great uncle, Ernie Osman (1889-1971), recapped their trip in a letter written later that year. He said,

“The grounds and buildings at night are wonderful. Thousands of electric lights, so shaded as to make them throw a soft light. Great flood lights playing on the peculiar shaped and colored buildings gives them a very beautiful appearance, beyond description as far as I am concerned. Fountains shooting high into the air, changing colors all the time. Hundreds of fakirs crying out their wares, as anyplace you go, you will find trinkets to buy. Thousands and thousands of people milling up and down. Boats going back and forth on the lagoon. All of this must be witnessed in order to appreciate what a wonderful sight it is.”

Ernie also wrote that at the end of the day the “foot disease got very bad and I’m sorry to say there was also a trace of the mouth disease too, but everyone was plenty tired, most anything could be expected to develop.”

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Re-reading the letter decades later, my mother laughed, remembering her aunt was taking a class on sanitation at the local farm bureau and wouldn't allow anyone to eat in a public restaurant. They "brown-bagged" the entire World's Fair to avoid food poisoning!



*The Chrysler Building – Chicago's World Fair, 1933
Commercial Post Card*



*Thelma Reaves 1933
Booth Photo from Chicago World's Fair*

Darkness at Noon



*Darkness at Noon, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2009
Acrylic on board – 30X30*

The Dust Bowl years upset the fragile balance of nature and plunged the entire midsection of the country into a steep decline. In about 1940, my uncle Ernie wrote about the dust storms in his unpublished manuscript, "Protection [Kansas] and Vicinity."

"Along about 1934, we started having dust storms. During late winter and spring months, the dust was terrible. March 24, 1935, was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. Had I not been working, probably I would have been out riding, same as about everyone else was doing. About 3 pm, I heard the [Santa Fe] agent at Belvedere [Kansas] come in on the wire and tell the dispatcher a

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terrible dust storm had just struck and that it was dark as night. I walked out east of the depot and could see the storm coming. It looked like a black cloud, rolling over and over on the ground. The sun was shining above it and the cloud did not appear to be over two hundred feet high. Birds and hawks were racing along in front of it as if very frightened. It looked so awful. It was beautiful."



*Dust Storm – southwest, Kansas, c. 1934
Collection – Kansas Historical Society*

Syncopated Wedding Rings



*Syncopated Wedding Rings, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 30x30*

My grandmother's sister, Maxine, was a hopeless romantic. Combine this with an impulsive nature and a home in El Paso, Texas, she developed an interesting habit of getting married – and then divorced – at least seven times. Before legal reforms were enacted, marital ties in El Paso could be initiated or severed during a long lunch hour in neighboring Juarez, Mexico. I remember many lively family discussions regarding the exact number of times she was married.

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Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Vernon. Nee Maxine Smith. c. 1937

Windblown Squares



It's windy in Kansas. It blows year round. From the hot summer winds to the "Alberta Clippers" in winter, its unending. When cold fronts meet warm fronts in the spring and summer, cumulonimbus clouds produce violent thunderstorms spawning hail, lightening, more wind and, all too often, tornadoes. In the winter, the weather can go from mild, sunny day to a furious, wind-whipped blizzard or ice storm in a matter of hours.

Living in Kansas is not for the faint of heart. Before radar and mass communication, people relied on the changing skies and an almost instinctive "feeling in their bones" that the weather was going to get worse. Having lived there for many years, I can still sense a change in the barometric pressure and swear that the hair on the nape of my neck stands up whenever a tornado is nearby.

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First photograph of tornado over Kansas 1884



Snowstorm – Wichita, KS 1940
ThatCollection - Kansas State Historical Society

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That Crazy Asian War

Delectable Mountains

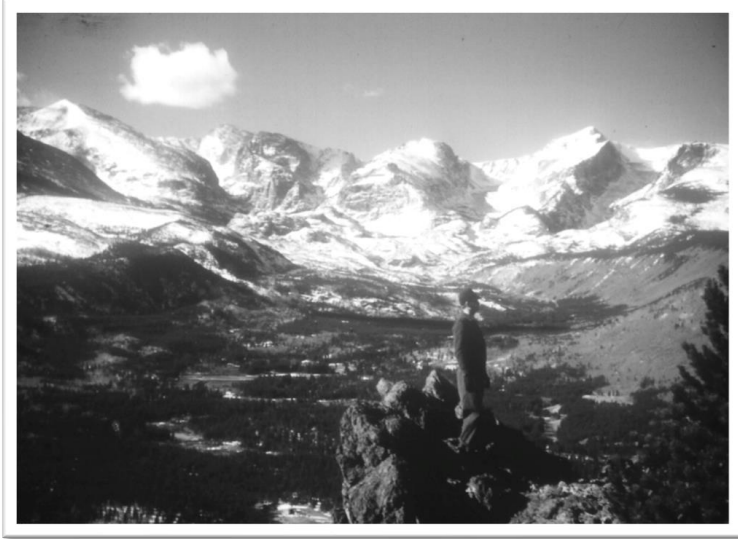


*Delectable Mountains, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2008
Acrylic on board – 12x12*

For my family, vacations meant traveling west to the Rocky Mountains. Spotting the first mountain peak on the horizon after hours on the hot, dusty roads of the prairie was always a thrill. It still is

My husband and I lived in the beautiful Mesilla Valley of New Mexico since 1994. As native Kansans, we were never used to “vistas” – Kansas, true to its reputation, is an expanse of prairie flatlands. Now we can enjoy incredible mountain scenery at the same time we see as far as “tomorrow.” The big sky in New Mexico reminds us both of the vast terrain of the “short-grass” country back home.

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Lawrence and Lovilla Reaves on the Trail Ridge Road, Estes Park, CO c.1940

Glorioso

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The Last Best Place

Daughters of Esther



Daughters of Esther, by Patricia J. Burnett, 2009
2 pieces - acrylic on board - 72X34
Top left: Lovilla Smith Reaves, Thelma, Judith, Patricia, Jill and Andrea
Top right: Esther Umbarger McKinney
Middle left: Patricia with Jill and Andrea Osterhout
Middle second left: Thelma with Judith and Patricia Hurst
Middle third left: Thelma Reaves
Middle right: Nora Mae and Dora Bell McKinney (twins)
Middle left: Jill Osterhout
Middle second left: Patricia Hurst Osterhout
Middle third left: Judith Hurst Eller
Middle right: Ollie McKinney Osmon
Bottom left: Andrea Osterhout
Bottom right: Lovilla Smith Reaves

Five generations of Grandma McKinney's female descendants are represented in this piece. Grandma (1849-1938) was born in Medina County, Ohio. All of her children and the women depicted here lived in Kansas. Her daughters, Nora McKinney Smith (my great grandmother) and her twin sister Dora McKinney

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Martin, were born in 1875. Her youngest child, Ollie McKinney Osman, was born in 1894. Her granddaughter, Lovilla Smith Reaves (my grandmother) was born in 1899. Her great-granddaughter, Thelma Reaves Hurst (my mother) was born in 1918. My sister, Judy Hurst Eller, my daughters, Jill Osterhout Frier and Andrea Osterhout McLeod, and I know when we were born – but we aren't talking!

Mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) is inherited directly from our mothers. All female descendants of Esther share an identical mtDNA code. The maternal family line reaches from the distant past to the present. Esther inherited her mtDNA from her mother, Margaret Ann Miller Umbarger.

Margaret, born in Medina, Ohio in 1828, died somewhere on the journey from Ohio to the Kansas Territory in her twenty-sixth year. She left a husband and four children, including Esther who was too young to remember her. Now her memory is lost in the mist of time.

Margaret is one of the unknowns in my family. She holds a special place in my heart, along with the sweet baby girl placed in an orphanage during the first year of her life, 1930. Her mother, my great-aunt, was deserted by her husband during the Depression and couldn't feed her children. Bobbie Jo Lange was later adopted and vanished from the family circle.

Commented [JF5]: Photo or sidebar story

It's About Time

Heart of the Home

Sources

All paintings are original pieces created by Patricia Burnett.

Quilt patterns:

Encyclopedia of Pieced Quilt Patterns, compiled by Barbara Brackman, [American Quilter's Society](#), 1993.

Photographs:

Kansas State Historical Society

Sedgwick County Historical Society

Author's personal photos

Author's photograph by Ken Stinnet

About the Author



Patricia Hurst Burnett was born in Wichita, KS. She holds a Bachelor's Degree in Fine Arts and a Master's Degree in Public Administration and American Studies from Wichita State University. Her education, coupled with years of working in both art and history museums, and a keen interest in genealogy have culminated in a work that is both personally and professionally satisfying. This book and her artwork are a reflection of a lifetime of experiences, melding of her love of family, history and art. Heart of the Home is truly the work of a lifetime. She lives in Las Cruces, New Mexico.



Jill Osterhout Frier, daughter of Patricia Burnett, was raised in Kansas. She graduated from the University of Kansas with an Bachelor's of Science degree in journalism, and earned an MBA from the University of Phoenix. Jill is currently a full time mom, and freelance writer and book editor. She lives in Phoenix, Arizona, with her husband Scott and her daughter Sophia.