

THE SEARCH FOR WHO WE ARE

by
Robert Newel Reynolds

We like to take pride in who we are, our race, our country, our faith, our family, even what street we live on. Our family surnames evolved to depict a unique condition or contribution compared to other humans. We attach titles to our names, when we can, to illustrate unusual performance or talent, even exceptional business acumen. The family crests of the past were shingles to signify a cut above the rest. Yet who are we really? Our individual span on earth is short, our gene pool so varied and plastic. And each of us, every one a child of God, is unique in our genetic makeup, our phenotype, and the contributions we offer. In the ten generations of my best-known direct line ancestors a total of one thousand and twenty-three of us were born and lived to produce offspring - in the span of under four centuries. Expand that back to the time of Christ and we find the result infinite, at least to the mind. Considering just the tenth generation, when my oldest known ancestor placed foot on American soil, there are five hundred and twelve individuals who can take credit for having contributed to my "DNA."



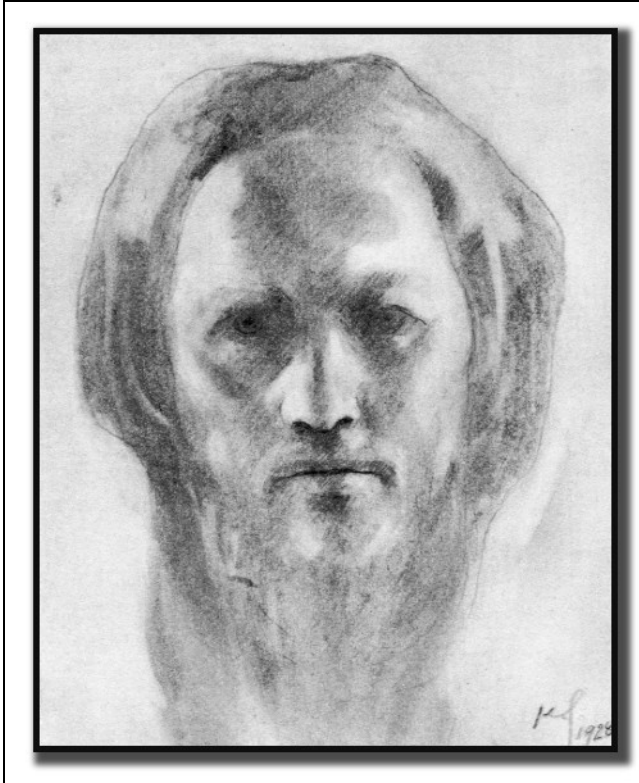
*For man is spirit. The elements are eternal, and spirit and elements inseparably connected, receive a fullness of joy;
D&C 97:3*

Photo collage is Joseph Charles Reynolds and daughter Ashlyn on the day of her birth.

As I have pursued this family history adventure I have often thought of renaming it "the search for who we are." Sometimes I envision a lofty heavenly

meeting in the hereafter with my thousand plus forebears in the ten generation sector and the difficult job it is going to be to address each as grandfather or grandmother -- and to get their names right!

Oh well! It will all work out. Even the Apostle Peter wondered who he was.



Once in Capernaum My Lord And Master spoke thus:

" Your neighbor is your other self dwelling behind a wall. In understanding, all walls shall fall down.

" Who knows but that your neighbor is your better self wearing another body? See that you love him as you would love yourself.

" He too is a manifestation of the Most High, whom you do not know.

" Your neighbor is a field where the springs of your hope walk in their green garments, and where the winters of your desire dream of snowy heights.

" Your neighbor is a mirror wherein you shall behold your countenance made beautiful by a joy which you yourself did not know, and by a sorrow you yourself did not share.

" I would have you love your neighbor even as I have loved you."

Then I asked Him saying, " How can I love a neighbor who loves me not, and who covets my property? One who would steal my possessions? "

And He answered, " When you are ploughing and your manservant is sowing the seed behind you, would you stop and look backward and put to flight a sparrow feeding upon a few of your seeds? Should you do this, you were not worthy of the riches of your harvest."

When Jesus had said this, I was ashamed and I was silent. But I was not in fear, for He smiled upon me.¹



Killed by Indians

During our wanderings Alene and I came across this interesting monument off a dirt road near the headwaters of Cherry Creek, Douglas County, Colorado. Our search for who Conrad Moschel was revealed the following: *The single grave of*

¹ Gibran, Kahlil, Jesus The Son of Man, His words and his deeds as told and recorded by those who knew him, New York, Alfred A. Knopp, published October 12, 1928. This wonderful book belonged to my grandfather Newel K. Young who loved and taught Jesus for over forty years as a teacher in Mexico and the United States. It was given to me by my cousin Bobby Chaffin whose mother is my grandfather's last living child. The drawing of Peter is also by Gibran.

Conrad Moschel is in Castle Rock South, Douglas County, Colorado, located on private property in Township 8S, Range 66W, Section 26, NW1/4, SW1/4.

In the year 1864, Conrad Moschel was serving a 100-day enlistment with Company M of the Colorado Cavalry who were stationed at California Ranch near Franktown. In August of that year he was detailed with Lawrence Welty, George Engl, and Casper Courts to recover Engl's valuable shorthorn herd from the Lake Gulch area. While gathering the herd the men were attacked by Indians. Everyone survived the attack and made it safely back to California Ranch except Conrad Moschel whose body was found six days later where he fell halfway up the bluffs opposite Engl's GE Ranch. An arrow protruded from his back, a bullet wound scarred his forehead, and he had been scalped. He was buried where he was found and a carved memorial was erected in the rock cliff above the grave. A granite tombstone was later added to the head of the grave. A carved memorial in the rock cliff above the grave site reads:

*--MORIAL
CONRAD MOSCHEL
PIONEER
MASSACRED BY INDIANS
AUGUST 21, 1864*

The tombstone reads:

*In
Remembrance
of
Our Father
Conrad
Moschel
Killed by Indians
Aug. 21, 1864
Aged
30 years.*

*While in the world we yet remain
we only meet to part again,
When we reach Heaven's shore
we then meet to part no more.*

Of this we know - there was no love between the Indians and the cavalry in 1864!

If you are wondering where this piece is going just remember it is listed under the section called "Philosophical Musings." All that can be said at this point is there will be more!