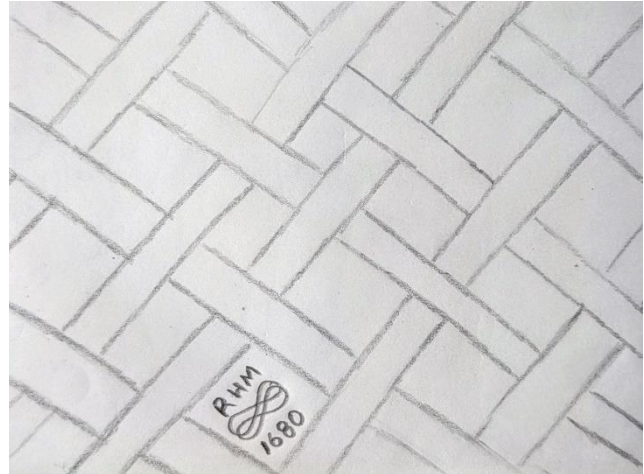


Compassionate Intolerance

Show Compassion

**The Griegos
August 1680
San Juan de los Caballeros,
New Mexico**



As Elsa and Jose Eduardo prepare for dinner, Elsa's Indian friend, Nambe, shows up at the door, asking her to step outside for a moment. Since this happens from time to time, Jose Eduardo thinks nothing of it, going about setting the table and getting things ready for dinner.

After a short while, Elsa comes back in looking as if she has just seen a ghost. Immediately, Jose Eduardo notices her change in demeanor and asks what's wrong. After a moment of looking blankly into space, she turns toward him and says:

"We need to leave."

"Go where, Elsie? We can go wherever you want to go after dinner, everything is ready now, should I call Francisco, or will you?"

She looks back at him, her eyes and expression indicating the importance of what she is telling him. She tells him point blank, they need to leave their home, and they need to do it now. She goes on to explain her friend, who just left, told her that at daybreak tomorrow, all settlements in the area will be to be attacked in a revolt led by the Pueblo Indians.

He stops what he is doing and considers what she has just told him.

"If we are attacked, aren't we better off staying here in our cellar to wait it out, as we have done before?"

"She told me that this time will be different. She tells me that anyone who is found in any of the Spanish settlements tomorrow morning will be killed, and that all structures will be burned or destroyed. She took a risk in coming to tell me, but she told me that under no circumstances should we stay, and that the farther away we are by morning, the better off we will be."

Jose Eduardo now understands the urgency of her message and takes no time in making a firm decision. "Go get Francisco, he's outside by the orchard. I'll start packing what I can and gather the animals. Put the food in some containers and we'll take it for the road."

After telling her youngest son Francisco, who is the only one of their children still living with them, what is happening. Elsa instructs him to go to the homes his four siblings, who all live close by, to inform them as well. Once ready, and as soon as possible, everyone is to meet where the rivers come together.

The next moments are a mass of confusion and activity in all of their households. All this due to few words of friendly advice from Elsa's longtime Indian friend. While there have been other scares before, and on other occasions they have been warned of impending trouble, this is the first warning which comes directly from the source of the danger, so they pay particularly close attention.

Jose Eduardo, Elsa and Francisco meet their other grown children, Jose Jr., Josefa, Samuel, and Maria along with their respective families as planned. They begin their journey heading south, just as the sun begins fading in the distance. When they come to the fork in the road leading to Santa Fe, which is where Jose Eduardo assumed they were going to take advantage of the protection of the Spanish forces, Elsa tells them that instead, they must follow the river. Though the path is more difficult and less traveled, she was assured by Nambe that if they went that way, they would be safe.

They continue through the night, and as the sun peaks out over the eastern horizon, they finally stop for the first time, since beginning their journey. All together they have a total of five wagons filled with whatever they could get together before leaving hurriedly, along with their livestock in tow.

Elsa takes out the containers with the meal they had prepared the night before, and together with additional food from the others, they all sit down to eat and talk for the first time together about what is happening. Her youngest son, Francisco, who is curious by nature, asks his mother if she has always been friendly with the Indians.

Elsa looks at him, and then to her other children and grandchildren who are gathered around. She considers all they have been through as a family over the years. Their hardships and sorrows, their hopes and joys. She senses the apprehension several have regarding their decision to leave their homes on such notice. Though no one has yet voiced their dissent, she is relatively sure some are not completely convinced what they are doing is the right thing to do.

"Francisco, what you need to understand is that I have seen many things in my lifetime and experienced many others." She pauses, looks around, and takes a deep breath before continuing. "I have seen terrible things done in the name of justice, which are quickly covered up as if they never happened; and great things which have been done which are supposed to be bad, but which may not be so. I have seen atrocities committed by men who I thought were honorable, and kindness bestowed from the most unlikely of sources. The short answer is, no, sweetheart, I was not always so friendly towards the Indians. The long answer is that at first, I feared them, and I'm not afraid to say, I spent many a sleepless night wondering if one might come through a window to try rape me or kill me, or both."

“So, what happened?” Francisco asks with curiosity in his tone. “For as long as I can remember, you and Nambe have been friends. How did that happen and what changed?”

Though they have all heard bits and pieces of Elsa’s very outspoken opinions over the years, none of them, even her older children, can ever remember hearing how her friendship with Nambe started. It’s not something Elsa likes to talk about, though her husband does know the details of their friendship. She feels now might be the right time to talk openly about what happened for the first time to anyone other than Jose Eduardo.

She chooses her words carefully. While all her children are old enough to understand, her grandchildren are still young. She doesn’t want them to misunderstand or misinterpret what she says. She explains that the woman they all know as Nambe, is actually named Eyota, which in their language means great. She goes on to explain that many from her tribe, the Nambe, identify themselves by the name of their people.

The two of them met when Elsa was very young, several years before she met Jose Eduardo. She tells them about a raid by the Indians, when she was about 12 years old. One of the Pueblo warriors was dragging her away to have his way with her, when Nambe’s brother, who was also a warrior, saw what was happening. He intervened, and though it caused friction between the two men, he held his ground, determined to protect Elsa from being taken against her will.

Sometime later, Elsa wanted to thank the man for what he had done. She found out who he was, and later learned his sister came to town a once a week for provisions. Elsa approached her and told her what her brother had done. They quickly became fast friends. Though Elsa has been chastised for talking to Nambe, they have continued to meet clandestinely from time to time over the years. Now, at 48 years of age, Elsa considers Nambe to be like a sister.

“One of the things I have learned through our friendship,” she explains, “is that we need to be compassionate to the needs of others. Though we supposedly are the superior race for having originally come from Spain, and have several advancements the Indians do not, I am convinced we have much we can learn from the Indians.”

“Mother how can we compassionate with someone who wants to take everything we have and kill us?” Josefa, her oldest daughter, asks.

Elsa understands the dichotomy of thought between what she is trying to convey to them and the reality of them now fleeing in fear of the Indians.

“Yours is a good question, Josefa, and one I have struggled with for many years. I wish I could tell you that I have an easy answer, but I don’t. What I can tell you is that things aren’t always what they seem, nor do they seem as they are.”

“What do you mean by that, mother?” Francisco asks, as his custom, being the most vocal of all her children, despite being the youngest.

She scratches her head, thinking of how she can make herself understood.

“Son, let’s take for example the way we approach hunting, as opposed the way the Indians do it. We hunt primarily to eat, as do they, but the big difference is what we do with the rest of the animal. We normally discard what we don’t need, leaving it to the elements, whereas the Indians use virtually every part of the animal for one thing or another.”

Jose Eduardo, as is usually the case, remains silent as Elsa talks. In their relationship, he is generally the one who listens and she is the one who talks. He observes each of his children and grandchildren, as she expresses herself. Their children are used to this dynamic and take after their father, in terms of letting her talk, with the exception of Francisco, who seems to have been born full of questions. Of their eight grandchildren, who range in age from six months to 12 years of age, only the oldest are vaguely paying attention, while the others are in their own thoughts, occupied with eating and wandering around the wagons and the animals.

Just as Elsa is about to continue speaking, they see two Indians on horseback approaching. Rather than continue towards the group and confront them, the two go down towards the river and onward without incident. As they do, it is as if everyone becomes made of stone momentarily. Each of them watches as the perceived danger comes and goes.

“What exactly did Nambe tell you mother, and why in such a hurry to leave as we did last night?” Francisco asks.

“A wide spread attack has been planned to push all of the Spaniards from the entire region. She told me that while they have failed before in their efforts, this time she believed they would be successful, and thus her insistence we leave right away. She told me everyone who was in their homes would be massacred, and those on their way to Santa Fe were at risk as well. She told me that as long as we stuck by the river, and away from the main road, we should be safe.”

“Is she reliable, mother?”

“As a friend, I have to say I have no better. So far, what she said seems to hold true, let’s hope it continues that way.”

The Griegos in 1680

Generation	Name		Spouse		Children
I	Lucas Lorenza	(1540 ~ 1614) (1536 ~ 1620)	María Isabel de García Pedro Herrera	(1542 ~ 1566) (1528 ~ 1598)	*Juan (1564)
II	Juan	(1564 ~ 1628)	María Romero	(1576 ~ 1646)	*Juan II (1598), Sara (1601), José (1604)
III	Juan II	(1598 ~ 1676)	Carolina de Cantillana	(1602 ~ 1676)	Juan Antonio (1619), Antonio José (1620), María Inés (1624), María Isabella (1626), *José Eduardo (1629)
IV	José Eduardo	(1629 ~ xxxx)	Elsa Lujan	(1632 ~ xxxx)	José Eduardo II (1648), Josefa Sara (1650), Samuel (1654), María Eugenia (1656), *Francisco (1665)

Intolerance Festers

**The McKees
August 1680
County Antrim, Ireland**

Liam wakes up early, as he does most days, and goes about his daily routines. He is anxious for what is to come. He knows today is the day his grandson, along with his family, is coming to visit. Since a little more than a fortnight ago, he can think of nothing else.

His grandson wrote to Liam and his wife, Hannah, telling them his father, Alexander Sr., had passed away. By the time they found out, it was too late to go to his burial, but Liam sent word back to his grandson with their condolences, and also with an invitation for his grandson to come visit with his family.

With their grandson's reply in the affirmative, they became anxious to see him. The thought of seeing their grandson for the first time in many years, and meeting great-grandchildren, whom they have yet to meet, sent both Liam and Hannah to the moon with anticipation.

Both of them have been like little kids, getting their home ready to greet their family. When Liam and Hannah moved north several years ago, as often happens, family ties were temporarily damaged in some cases, and severed in others. Some of Hannah's family have come to visit, and they too have been back to visit a few times, but they lost touch completely with Alexander, their second son, who seemed constantly mad at the world, as well as his parents, and anyone else who got in his path. As for their oldest son William, who also stayed back when they moved north, they have kept in contact with him through letters over the years and with several visits to share with his family.

It is through William they have stayed abreast of Alexander's family. Liam tried several times to get in touch with his son over the years, but was never able to do so. When Alexander died, William encouraged his nephew, Alex, as most call him, to contact his grandparents and let them know what had happened to his father. As a result of that letter, today is the day they will finally meet the family they have heard so much about but have yet to meet in person.

The morning goes by quickly. Both Hannah and Liam finish their chores quickly. They make some tea and sit on the front porch of their home, anxiously awaiting Alex and his family. As they sit in the silence of their thoughts, their minds' meander through a maze of memories, past and present, weaving them together in different ways.

Hannah thinks of her family back home, and how much she misses those who are still living. Though her mother and father died long ago, she still has siblings and other relatives from the area where Alex lives. She wonders how so much time could have

passed so quickly. It seems like only yesterday that she found herself loading a wagon with all their belongings to move to where they are now, to be with Liam's father, Samuel.

Her mind passes to the present. She feels fortunate to be with her husband, and to have their other children and grandchildren close by. She realizes that while not perfect, their lives have been much better since they moved north. Like everyone else, they have had their share of hardships, but the support of her father-in-law, who died four years ago, was tremendous since they first arrived.

Good to his word, after they arrived, Samuel helped his son and daughter-in-law get situated. More than financial help, he gave them moral support to follow their dreams and live their lives as they wanted, and on their terms. One of the most difficult things they had to deal with at the beginning was the change in religion. At first Hannah was quite hesitant to even consider a new religion, much less adopt it. She had been a devout Catholic for her entire life and was proud of it.

Rose Marie, Samuel's second wife and mother of three of his children, quickly took Hannah under her wing, and they immediately became fast friends. Contemporary in age, they also have similar beliefs about raising children and the importance of family. Liam and Hannah's children have been in the unique position of having aunts and uncles younger than themselves since first moving there. They have all become very close, typically spending most weekends and holidays together now for many years.

It was Rose Marie who helped Hannah work through her feelings on religion. Just as Hannah had grown up Catholic her entire life, Rose Marie had done so as a Presbyterian. In Rose Marie's case, religion has been an even more prevalent part of her life since her father was a church deacon. When they began to compare notes regarding the underlying beliefs of each religion, they both agreed to highlight the similarities between the two instead of marking off the differences.

Initially, Hannah went to go to the Catholic church for several Sundays upon first arriving, but then began going with Liam, and the rest of the family to the Presbyterian services. Hannah determined it was more important for her to be with her family on Sundays and during other times of prayer than to adhere to Catholicism.

As for Liam, his thoughts are filled largely with regret: for not having returned to where they lived before more often, for not being able to tell his son how much he loved him before he died, for not being more insistent in his efforts to contact his son.

He wonders if maybe it might have made a difference if he had just shown up at his son's doorstep, while he still could have done so. He imagines things might have worked out differently if he had just managed to see his son one more time to offer his help and direction.

Then he comes back to reality, shakes his head and realizes that what's done is done, what's said, is said; and no amount of thinking will change things or bring him back. Many of his friends and family have died over the years, and it never gets easier when another

goes, if anything, it gets harder. Perhaps more difficult because knowing that each time another breathes his or her last breath, it could have been him who ended up six feet under. Having his son die has taken a heavy toll on Liam's soul, and he feels mixed emotions now as they await his grandson's arrival.

After some time has passed, they see the telltale sign of dust being kicked up on the trail leading to their home off the main road. As their grandson gets closer, neither Liam or Hannah can say they recognize the man who comes forth and embraces them tentatively. The last time they saw him, Alex was only 8 or 9 years old.

He remembers his grandparents vaguely, though they seemed much bigger and larger than life than they seem now. What is very familiar to him is their voices. Alex introduces them to his wife, Elizabeth, and their four children who all dutifully line up for the introductions.

Liam leads them toward the house and when they get there, he tells the children they can come inside, or go down to the creek just on the other side of the house if they prefer. The two older children choose to go see the stream, while the younger two prefer to stay close to their parents.

After going inside and getting situated, it is Liam who speaks first:

"Alex, I am very sorry for your loss. I don't even know what to say. As you know, I wasn't close to your father, but not of my own choosing. I was never able to get through to him, and unfortunately, we didn't see eye to eye on many things."

"Yes, I know, grandfather, and believe me, no one else knows better than my wife and me how difficult and moody he could be. He didn't see eye to eye with many people on anything."

They are all quiet momentarily, each reflecting on their own memories of Alex's father. They become uncomfortable in the silence. Hannah, always aware of what's going on, breaks the ice by offering them all something to drink. Elizabeth immediately stands up to help her and in short order they all have a drink in front of them and the atmosphere is more relaxed.

Alex asks his grandparents:

"Why was my father so mean and terrible to everyone, including himself? I could never understand why he had such a terrible way about him."

It is a question Liam and Hannah have considered over the years many times, without ever coming up with a suitable answer.

Hannah temporarily evades Alex's question, turning to Elizabeth and asking:

"Tell us about your children."

Elizabeth lights up as she talks about each of their four children, pointing out each of their characteristics and highlighting what makes each of them special and different.

Besides wanting to know the answer to the question about her great-grandkids, Hannah had another reason for asking it.

“Elizabeth’s description of your own children is the best explanation I can give you, Alex, for your father’s behavior. She shakes her head and looks down to her hands which hold the drink before her, before looking up again to her grandson. “Everybody is different, and your father was perhaps a bit more different than most.”

She looks to Liam, and sees him nodding his head.

“Yes, Alex, I think it’s just as your grandmother says, it was just his way, from since as long as I can remember, he was just different. He had a difficult time getting along with people, and I believe this got in his way with his ability to get along in the world.”

“I can tell you that we raised all our kids by the same standard. When it comes to your father, Alex,” Hannah adds, “he was just cut from a different pattern. Since the time he was a little baby, he just seemed to have a tougher time with life than everyone else. When he wasn’t crying, he was getting in trouble. When it came time to go to school, he kept mostly to himself, had few friends, and fought with those he did have.”

Alex and Elizabeth consider what they hear, and it makes sense. The last several years with Alex’s father were a nightmare. He was in jail much of the time for fighting and disorderly conduct. When he wasn’t in jail, he was drunk, or getting there, and fixing to go back again. There are different types of drunks. There are those who are happy and go lucky, and those who are mean and ornery. His father was the latter. There isn’t a time any of them can remember when he wasn’t fighting with someone about something.

“You know, I’ve thought a lot about my father over the years.” Now at 30 years old, and as a young man with his own family, Alex has his own thoughts and criteria about what happened. “As I see it, my father’s fatal fault was his intolerance. I’m not sure where he got it, or how he got it, because the two of you certainly don’t seem to have it,” he says indicating his grandparents. “I know my uncle Billy, who is completely different from my father, and as normal as they come; so, I guess maybe he got it as a bad luck in the draw?”

Alex pauses, anguished by the loss of his father, but more so by the way his father was while he was alive. He wonders if somehow things could have been different.

“My father didn’t like people; he was intolerant of them. He never tried to get along with anyone and it seems as if he battled each step of the way in life. Then he tried to find himself in the bottom of a bottle, and that didn’t seem to work either.”

“You know what, Alex?” Liam asks.

“Tell me, grandfather.”

“Intolerance tends to fester and rot like a poorly healed wound. I don’t think any of us could have helped your father with what he needed. What we couldn’t do for him in life, hopefully he found for himself in death. May God, bless his soul.”

The McKee's in 1680

Generation	Name		Spouse		Children
I	Hugh	(1560 ~ 1598)	Mary MacDonnell	(1564 ~ 1652)	John (1582), Sarah (1583), Andrew (1585), *Samuel (1588)
II	Samuel	(1588 ~ 1676)	Lydia McVie Rose Marie Alexander	(1590 ~ 1640) (1608 ~ xxxx)	Samuel II (1606), Ruth (1607), *William (1610), George (1642), Mary (1644), Edward (1647)
III	William (aka Liam)	(1610 ~ xxxx)	Hannah Kelly	(1612 ~ xxxx)	William II (1630), *Alexander (1632), Lydia (1633), Edith (1635), Hannah Elizabeth (1636), James (1638)
IV	Alexander	(1632 ~ 1680)	Anna Lloyd	(1633 ~ xxxx)	*Alexander II (1650), Michael (1652), Anita (1655), Louis (1658),
V	Alexander II	(1650 ~ xxxx)	Elizabeth Miller	(1650 ~ xxxx)	*Hugh (1668), Agatha (1669), Thomas (1672), Carolyn (1673)