



Karen Lubieniecki <karenlub2@gmail.com>

Sly/e Family

1 message

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To: KarenLub2@gmail.com

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Hi, Karen,

Enjoyed speaking with you today.

It is getting late now so tomorrow I will send an email with photos attached that I did NOT give to the Laurel Museum and some that I am not sure IF I have already given to them. Also I will send some relevant pages from some of my mother's family genealogy books.

As I mentioned to you, I am a contributor to Findagrave.com and have created many memorials for my family and ancestors on that site - here are just a few:

Mom (Christine Devra (Church) Sly #43177029; Dad (Silance Sly) 44110229; my sister, Miriam who died in Laurel 39923658; my sister Mary 156868398; my brother Paul 144895414

My father's brothers Rev. Benjamin Slye 42638366, Rev. Granville, Slye Sr. 43166089,

Many of my ancestors, especially the Church family, the Sanner (maternal grandmother's maiden surname) are on this site.

To review our discussion and add a lot more:

My mother, her parents, her siblings and her grandparents were all born and raised in Maryland. Her ancestry can be traced to the 1600's when they came to America. Her mother's family the Sanners settled in St. Mary's County and there are at least 2 streets in Maryland named for the Sanners - one in St. Mary's County and one in the Columba area of Maryland. My great-uncle Wilmer Sanner who owned the Sanner Printing Company in Baltimore City, later in life owned acreage in Howard County, Maryland on which he had a large house built in the area; he eventually sold this property to the developers of the town of Columbia and they named a street in that area after him. He is the author, compiler, researcher of all the Sanner books the covers of which I have attached to this email. I know that at least the largest book is in the Library of Congress. Some of the others may be also.

My mother's father's family, the Church family ancestry is also in a genealogy book in the Library of Congress. Richard Church, my 9th great-grandfather, married Elizabeth Warren, daughter of Richard Warren who came to America on the maiden voyage of the Mayflower and was one of initial landing party of 40 men who set foot on what is now known as Plymouth Rock; he was also one of the signers of "The Mayflower Compact".

My mother's grandfather was Rev. George Sanner who was a circuit riding pastor initially and later became the first pastor of the Methodist Church on Washington Blvd., Baltimore. It appears that she and generations before her were Methodists.

My father's family can only be traced back about 5 generations, and these generations are in southwestern Virginia. He and his siblings were all born in the town of Shenandoah; his parents were born in nearby towns. All of his immediate family came to Maryland sometime in the 1920's during The Great Depression seemingly to seek employment. It appears that they first lived in Oella where my father's father (my grandfather) died in 1927 at age 52. In 1929 my mother was taken to a Pentecostal revival meeting by a school friend and the girl's boy friend. (This couple were later married and became life-long friends of my mother.) They either picked up my father on the way or joined him at the service. Evidently the friend's boy friend worked with my father at an auto plant in Baltimore, and he introduced them. This was also my mother's first exposure to this religious denomination which was extremely different than the Methodists, but it would permeate her life forever.

They were married the following year (she was 18 and he was 28) at Towson, MD on November 28, 1930 and lived

first in Ellicott City, Maryland with some of his family, where my oldest sibling, Miriam was born in 1932. They then moved to Oella where my brother, Paul, was born in 1934 and my sister, Mary, in 1937. Sometime later in 1937 the family moved to 819 Main Street, Laurel.

My father and two of his brothers, both pastors, Benjamin and Granville, who had also previously moved to Laurel, built a church at the corner of 9th and Montgomery Streets; the church is no longer there. Uncles Benny and Granville were the co-pastors of the church known as the Glad Tidings Tabernacle which broadcast on radio station WFMD-930 Sundays 9:45-10:30 am. Both of my Slye uncles preached and played guitars and banjos. They preached in the lively, old-fashioned "fire and brimstone" style!

I was born in early 1939 at home. My mother gave birth naturally to all of her children at home without benefit of drugs. She had become very influenced by the Pentecostal religion and read her Bible diligently. She believed it was ordained by God that women should have babies in this manner. (My birth certificate was signed by Dr. Bryan Warren.) She had named all of her children names from the Bible, however, decided to name me after her. My parents could not afford a crib for me so my first bed was the bottom drawer of their dresser. Some time before I was born, my father became unemployed, and jobs were hard to find in those days. My birth certificate gives his source of income as "welfare". Not being able to afford a baby carriage, my mother tied me to the seat of a wooden chair in the room of my Uncles' church while she taught Sunday School.

A year after I was born, my sister Miriam, became very sick. Dr. Bryan Warren and his brother, Dr. John Warren, attended to her at our home, but it was quickly recognized that she needed to be hospitalized. She was taken to Sydenham Hospital in Baltimore and then moved to Johns Hopkins where she was diagnosed with Leukemia and was sent home shortly thereafter as there was nothing they could do for her. A few days later, she asked for all of her family to come to her bedside, and all of the Sly family that lived in Laurel came and she told them all that she was going to heaven and wanted to make sure that they would all join her there one day. She then closed her eyes and died soon after. It had only been about a month since she became sick. My mother made a written record of all the details of Miriam's ordeal - from the initial sickness to her death.

My father was devastated by Miriam's death and his inability to financial take care of his family. Shortly after Miriam's death his behavior became strange and Mom and his family became seriously concerned for his well-being and that of our family. Daddy had apparently suffered a "nervous breakdown" and would never be the same. His family and their church members donated food and clothing to us. (It would be several years later before any of his children would wear their very first new clothing ever!) When I was about 4, we could no longer survive without additional help; it was then decided to move away from Laurel and our Sly family and move into the tiny row home in Baltimore City where my mother's parents lived. My brother, Paul, left the 4th grade of the Laurel Elementary School. Mary and I, of course, had not yet started school. We were all saddened to leave our sick father and our loving, caring Slye family and would only see a few of them on a couple occasions after we moved. I never saw my father again!

After we left, Daddy and his mother shared a small house built in the back yard of his brother Granville's house on Sandy Spring Road. In addition to his church work, Granville went into business, opening the "Slye Barber Shop" on Montgomery Road that is still owned and operated by the 3rd (4th ?) generation of Slyes.

In October, 1949 our Grandmother Susie Slye, age 71, was killed in a car accident in Laurel. My Uncle Granville was driving the car, although it was reported that the driver of the other car was at fault. None of us were able to attend her funeral. My father no longer had his mother to take care of him, and only 5 months later, in March 1950, he died with the cause of death listed as "gorter" in his throat. When we were notified of his death, Mom was working and struggling to keep us fed and clothed; she could not afford to take time off from her job or to buy us all suitable clothing to wear. So she scraped together enough money to buy Paul some new clothes and he boarded a bus to attend his father's funeral service in Laurel as our family's representative.

Mom had a hard life, but she was strong and resilient and never complained. Alone she raised 3 children, worked hard at various jobs to "make ends meet". During this time she also studied and was able to earn her high school diploma which qualified her for her first office job. She continually tried to keep our memory of our father alive; she loved him dearly and never married again. After all, she couldn't reconcile meeting up with more than one husband when she got to heaven!

It was not until I was age 70 that I learned where my sister Miriam, my father and his parents were buried. I visited all of their graves and placed a tombstone on my father's plot as he had never had one until then.

I hope the above helps you to understand the tragedies that surround our time on Main Street in Laurel.

Look forward to communicating with you again and hopefully meet in person! Thank you for your interest in my family!

Chris

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