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PEBBLES AND RIPPLES THROUGH TIME

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A different way to view history and people

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Note: Credit because others may want to use these books and find their missing ancestor.

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Dedicated to my Dad, Mom and my Wife.

PROLOGUE

The book you hold is first in a three part series

1. A Different Way to View History and People - Describing and preparing for the reader how I view history differently than most. With a lens not found in many historians.
2. Living History of Deerbrook, Wisconsin - We move to the next part of this journey. Community, where the stories of each person is a ripple in the communities story, trials and successes. Yet, typically only told from the lens of the well known and the people are often reduced to summary or dismissal.
3. Allard (Allord) Family Genealogical Story - In the third book I dive deeply into the very personal connection of Deerbrook not through my own story but that of the story of those reduced to both summary and forgotten.

These are short and vague in ways with intent. Consider the title, Pebbles and Ripples... Small pebbles dropped over time. Each of these will have additional pebbles as reading progresses.

The cover says it all graphically. Everyone is connected through pebbles and ripples. Ripples with regard to community are actually individual pebbles dropped, others feel causing them to drop their own pebble. The ripples from this smaller pebbles build; and here is where we find the start of community building.

As ripples settle when communities are shrunk due to economic changes, life changes, each beyond full control of anyone. What remains are the well known, who are remembered because they dropped more pebbles than those forgotten.

Having dropped more pebbles, we will find those people had more staying power to remain in a long forgotten community. Many still there today.

This example clearly explains and shows how I view everything in life. To further aid you in seeing how different this view is, a story...

When we moved and I was but a young child of 5, the move wasn't far as much remains familiar to me still today. My parents saw need to move for reasons unknown to me at the time and they saw as a result a family moved from one place to another. My siblings saw challenges in finding new friends, new school, and new places.

I saw all of what my siblings did and much more. I saw the ripples. Ripples of neighbors we had adjusting life to a new neighbor and the loss of an old familiar neighbor.

As for where we moved to, I saw the same thing reversed. We left being the old neighbor they adjusted to suddenly gone. Where we now lived we were the new neighbor learning to fit in and build relationships similar to what we left behind.

History for me is no different. I feel histories ripple everywhere I go. I feel and visualize it as I described above. I have read histories giving me vast knowledge of those who were remembered while feeling the history of those forgotten.

Best example here is my own experience.

Inside Deerbrook existed a company named Hirt Brothers Mill. A lot has been written about Hirt Brothers and their mill in Deerbrook and the good things these brothers did for the community. All omitting, or forgotten was my Grandfather. Who was a foreman at two of their mills. Not only in Deerbrook but also in nearby Antigo.

I've read historical accounts from memories and limited research of Martha Lucas who in 1978 reduced my Grandfather, his family, he was born in Deerbrook, reduced to "and an Irish family" in context to early history of Deerbrook. This Irish family is my ancestors.

For clarity, I am not mad, hurt or seeking any kind of revenge as a result of this footnote of Lucas. It is that way because times where like this when she was young; it was

not intentional nor was it an attack. It was simplified although not forgotten.

My journey is simple, yet complex only in the readers lens. This is with almost everything in life. Complexity created by reduced understanding followed by frustration where individual complexity is gained. This, is the very reason I teach with pebbles. It is a pebble dropped, a ripple received allowing for self reflection, the drop of their pebble. This allows time for each to decide if and when to feel the ripple and seek who dropped it. Or drop their own pebble adding to the ripples and impact of those it touches.

My journey will encounter readers who are ready, others who are not that will return later and feel the ripple while there will be those who it silently touches until their time comes to feel it.

For those who are ready, stay awhile and listen.

My story starts young and grows. This is the foundation to build into the books that follow as I first explain my lens I see everything with. Explain the interconnection I feel with everything in life. Expanding how I feel the ripples of history in time concluding in how I've lived my life, followed my research and interacted within society as a whole. It is here building the foundation of what follows, giving you both preparation, the pebble to best expose a different lens that sees things in a different light and perspective.

The ripple, is your reflecting on my pebble and then listening with expanding understanding of who I am and why these are different than most history today.

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DETAILS OF THE LENS

We all have one, but each as a different range.

Each lens is a process I understand. Different or the same as others was never a question for me to answer or even think of asking.

To demonstrate let me paint a picture. A woman sitting on a park bench in Central Park. The day is sunny, warm, one of the best in early spring. Sitting beside her is a purse, in her lap is a toy poodle, she has long auburn hair, little makeup, wearing a dress.

Visualize this scene to yourself, paint your picture of what is described...

Now with words paint your picture, tell someone else of the same scene, write it down or draw it.

Key points of how processing is truly part of your lens. Each of you may describe it quite well but some will describe the hair as reddish-brown, chestnut and even in edge cases of processing they may say mahogany.

Some will focus more on the toy poodle, others on the spring day and still others may focus on the woman using terms as beautiful, average... Yet everyone if asked a specific such as how much does the woman weigh or how tall she is we would see some guesstimate based on their processing and vision where another simply says I don't know.

This detail many do not think about when seeing things. Assumed is everyone saw the exact same scene.

Here we see a living breathing human is really functioning no different than a camera lens. Only electronics can be used to increase, decrease or even change what the printed result is focused on. So even pictures of the same scene become different through the lens of the human operating it.

Functional aspect of a human lens very much mirrors the mechanical lens for a camera. The connection, the concept of lens was a ripple of how we see explained. The physical connect to a camera body results in what the creator saw. Not definitive, not all knowing, but understanding perception will we in the hand of the one holding the camera.

Moving on to more nuances of your personal experience to pebble and ripples I start by relating to an experience most can say they witnessed or discovered, without full understanding the pebble, ripple process.

We all either first hand experience or as an observer been along for the joy of the curiosity of a child. A 5 year old, growing, learning and curiosity to experience the world around. Everyone for unknown reason eventually has a compelling desire to touch a hot stove...

Mom, Dad, anyone in reach, quickly and gently prevents their child from reaching the stove.... "No the stove is hot"... A pebble is dropped...

Yet eventually a child finds an opening and touches the hot stove. The closest suddenly reacts often saying or thinking "I told you so"... Actual reaction is to comfort the child and explain gently the stove is hot once again.

The child's reaction to the touch is the response from the ripple.... Without knowing they know, realization comes they knew it was hot; they weren't ready for the pebbles lesson. All without consciously knowing...

This illustrates how pebbles have been dropped and ripples have carried before we ever understood fully what a stove or hot is.

Folding back to the lens the picture each saw.

Child: A bright object waiting to be explored and touched in an inviting way.

Parent: More like a fiery monster waiting to strike at anything coming within reach.

All connected, all moving, all real... True in process... Lens (capture) -> Pebble (process) -> Ripple (learn and expand)...

An experience we all lived, we reached the point in life we knew it all, our parents were wrong. We know better and are ready to face the world suddenly placed at our feet.

Quietly, strong and assured we plow our way into our chapter of our families story. Growing, learning everything we can. Life is good, we see ground on moving down the road we choose.

Suddenly, for most of us in our mid-thirties the ripple hits. Some it is a ripple, for others a wave while in the quiet few the tidal wave made them reflect for awhile, recall stories while feeling more ripples.

That is the point something happened in your life. You quietly say "Mom and Dad were right.". The ripple hit only when you were ready for the lesson. Not before, not after; but precisely the time you needed it most.

This is the lens, events and effects I've silently observed throughout life. I see them in everything and context.

History, people leave ripples. They are out there rolling along waiting for the time to land on those ready to receive. This makes history truly living and not finite or all knowing.

As for life application from my lens...

If I asked you if something was bothering you; it was never in passing or conversational. I felt your ripple, I saw it gently drifting. You dropped a pebble without possibly knowing you have.

Dropping of a pebble without knowing is something we all do. Something we all see.

This is the foundation to understand the story you read. For me it always was.

I've mentioned in other areas of writing I was always the outcast because I was different. Never outcast by anyone for harm, but from not understanding. I'm peaceful with that, even honored in ways.

What you read is not only a story, but a long road.

The rest will continue how this ties into the books yet to come. Diving deeper into my lens, and the pebbles being dropped.

This is working outside in... Lens -> pebble -> ripple now becomes simple for the whole concept I share.

Groups of self -> build community -> communities build -> families. All connected all telling the shared story from a different framing of the lens...

All leads to history being our past but also as our guide together, connected.

Nowhere in life is anything ever as lonely as self.

COMMUNITY PEBBLES AND RIPPLES

History, even the definition is lacking while being subjective. This is not intention but a result of pebble and ripples. Understanding how those flow through time. Now, we experience how they flow through time, how some have been there for decades when first felt and shared and reality there are still more ripples waiting to be felt.

Everything here is from personal experience and a life of observation and learning. Understanding for me did not take time, it took time to find words so when the pebble dropped others understood what was shared.

You will experience this connection through my life and connection to Deerbrook, Wisconsin.

Deerbrook history today as I see it through facts and ripples... Remains completely surrounded by ripples, having been told from ripples and finding no basis in fact. My journey into the stories of my ancestors was my first ripple, left by my Dad.

Dad started doing his family genealogy. Having the surname Allord is a ripple within the one he left.

The journey, riding ripples revealed our family history along Allord had only one twist. A twist already known was Allord is an island with Allard. This I understand will be true with other variations although I've not found one yet.

Ripples in my Dad's line of genealogy are strong and abound, not taking long to unravel parts of their stories.

Mom's maiden name, Bentley... That is comprised of a low number and small ripples.

Deerbrook becomes important knowing my Grandfather, his siblings, my Mom and some of her siblings were all born in my Great Grandfather's house in Deerbrook. Not in the hospital located in Anitgo, Wisconsin just six miles south.

Discovery of my Grandfather's birth location came from the ripple of a delayed birth registration created many years after he was born in 1891, officially registered on 23 October 1954. Even this record completed using ripples:

- Affidavit of personal knowledge
- Marriage record where source is recognized as Herbert C. Carnell - Justice, Emily Kaspar and Jerry Petrzelka - Witnesses.
- Frank W. Barta, president of the Western Bohemian Frat. Assoc.

Observations for context and meaning of this delayed birth registration will expand on the importance of this ripple and the significance of people for validation.

Fact Ripples

- My Grandfather was born at a time, although recording births was mandatory at several levels; these people lived in a time where compliance was not always a direct result. Many factors of community, people and geography hindered what was required.
- Every source of validation depended on the honesty of those providing it. Yet, they lived in a time when a collective whole lived honesty first whereby today honesty becomes more validation than trust.
- The social security number was created by the Social Security Act of 1935 (my Grandfather had one). However, in 1954 when he needed government proof of his birth, social security numbers were not yet used in the context of today. A "National Identifier". So it was useless as a source of truth for his birth.

My Grandfathers Ripples

- Personal knowledge was shared with me, confirmed in writing, although source alludes me while I write; that my Grandfather traveled to Ireland at some unknown point in his life.

- The gem of a ripple finding his delayed birth index, not only validates his life through the story how his birth record was created and recognized as a Certified record of birth. It points to a possible timeline when he was getting ready to travel to Ireland. His passport even in 1954 would have required a birth certificate or registration certified by the State or County of origin.

I already had Mom's story of being born in Deerbrook from her first hand knowledge where she was born.

Knowing these details and many other ripples through time brought purpose to learn more of Deerbrook. Genealogy for me his stories uncovered from the date time records left behind. Their story is how I uncover where I have been.

Once again, I abruptly stop to change the ripple we ride in this story; with intent as more will come when the time is right. So please continue to stay awhile and listen.

Our lens starts in many ways fixed, unmoving, after all Deerbrook is a community where communities we expect to find a solid chain of events how they came to life. Deerbrook is the exception to the rule.

Riding the ripples quickly brings the ripples of Robert M. Dessureau's History of Langlade County, Wisconsin.

Dessureau first mentions Deerbrook referring to Pat Murphy of Deerbrook¹, Mrs. Mary Chadek of Reeve (Deerbrook)² where this indicated connection of Deerbrook to Reeve. Details of this ripple here would come later for me.

Joseph Leidheisl from Deerbrook is in the memories of those fallen from Langlade County during World War I³

On page 219, Dessureau lists school districts⁴, among them are Deerbrook and Reeves now giving cause to theorize one absorb the name of the other.

In Dessureau's work there are many more pebbles he dropped giving more details about this community. However, the most important pebble from the founding of Deerbrook comes on page 219 where he states:

Deerbrook, situated on the main line of the Chicago & North Western railway, was named by Edward Dawson, timber cruiser and prospector, who, while camping near the Eau Claire river watched a deer "drink his fill" each morning proclaiming a new day. Thus he called it "Deerbrook" by which it has been since known.

¹ Dessureau The History of Langlade County p. 17

² Dessureau The History of Langlade County p. 18

³ Dessureau The History of Langlade County p. 77.

⁴ Dessureau The History of Langlade County p. 216.

Each can take this ripple differently. For me it places origin why so many histories of Langlade County, Wisconsin along with its communities read like a verbalization of a Norman Rockwell painting.

History does have Norman Rockwell painting moments but I personally have not found any story of real life to be a full Norman Rockwell of every event found the story.

Dessureau, on page 215 covers Neva Township where Deerbrook is situated. Under the heading The First Town Election he states, "Edward Dawson and Thomas Vohasky were the first Inspectors of Election in Neva Township."

Edward Dawson appears again on page 215 as being the town assessor from 1883 to 1884. The last time this name appears is with the naming of Deerbrook. Dessureau never makes the connection if these are the same or different people, not once clarifying if the Edward Dawson active in the community and politics is the same Edward Dawson naming Deerbrook.

What I described explains how I know there are missing ripples still waiting to find a receiver.

Was Deerbrook named in the Norman Rockwell description Dessureau gave? A question remaining unanswered today. Although the story has been rippled across time even before Dessureau in 1921 made it the standard. Ripples show otherwise.

*Deerbrook, Langlade County, Wisconsin, is a fanciful name that was made for the place, and is based on a legend that deer were occasionally seen here while they were drinking from the brook that runs by the place.*⁵

Dessureau seems to be not aware of this source when he created his work. Yet today the Wisconsin Historical Society and many others consider Dessureau's history of Langlade county the most reliable.

Langlade County Historical Society, a source for many ripples felt while researching, holds an extremely limited historical account of the county. Located in Antigo, Langlade County, Wisconsin the history they have a wealth of is Francis Deleglise.

Centered in this area is where we find tombs of Norman Rockwell historical accounts. Where in the second book readers will travel these ripples finding just maybe this history is not as Normal Rockwell as they thought.

Dessureau's work on this rich history is extensive. Showing effort in research complied with names and events attached to dates. You now see why this history is more than name and event dates. Surprising in this work is nowhere does Dessureau give a single source of information, leaving readers to only conclude it came from two records. Which town record is really the missing ripple.

⁵ History of the Place Names of the North Western Line of the Chicago North Western Rail Way. Published 1908, author unknown.

Records were not always complete. More confusing to researchers is they are not always in the place we expect to find them.

A ripple on Edward Dawson came in discovery of his first land patent in Neva Township. This is in the Town of Neva, but situated on the east side whereby Deerbrook is on the west. Dawson's patent was granted on 10 May 1872.

This event also attaches the name of W. W. Woodruff as the patent was a joint venture. Still Dessureau mentions nothing of W. W. Woodruff. Other ripples revealed only a possible connection that will be explained in time.

The real ripple, leaving space to see there are other ripples out there, Wisconsin State Law 1879, Chapter 114 is the one creating "New County", renamed by law in 1880 to Langlade County.

Details of the above show Edward Dawson was granted a land patent in Oconto County in 1872 because Langlade County did not exist.

As you will soon see with other ripples, this actually asks the questions in what county was Deerbrook actually formed? And, What was Deerbrook when it was formed?

These lend well to deeper ripples and understanding. Was Deerbrook a formal organized community, just an unincorporated one, a school district and potentially a lumber district. All real possible answers.

Cleary Dessureau works from some formal documentation, some interviews, some personal memories and as stated earlier, he does not provide sources for any information.

We then jump into a history written solely from very limited documentation and a lot of personal memories. Martha Lucas, Glimpses of the Deerbrook Community - Then and Now, May 1951 on page 6 of this handwritten history

Most of the early inhabitants of Reeve were of Bohemian descent. A few German families and an Irish family lived here too.

Important side note, the Irish family mentioned is my Great Grandparents and my Great Grandmothers family. All summed up as "and an Irish family". Again, this is not negating Martha Lucas, nor really minimizing my family. This simply reflects how things were viewed across time.

Lucas goes on,

Very few of these remained to become permanent settlers. Some who did were the families of Frank Chadek, John Fischer, and Frank Bentley. Frank Chadek worked as a carpenter, John Fischer was a farmer, Joseph Fischer was employed at Hirt's Mill and Frank Bentley worked in the logging camps.

Frank Bentley is the younger brother of William Bentley who married Anna Lynn creating the "and an Irish family" connection to people. For now their story pauses.

From here Lucas seems confused. Under the heading Beginnings of the Village of Neva - Deerbrook, is completely confusing here.

Throughout my journey of following ripples, not once have I encountered a plat or reference to the Village of Neva, leaving me clueless where this context comes from.

Plat maps validate the Village of Reeve was platted in 1886 by James T. Reeve and his wife. Plat maps validate the Village of Deerbrook in 1887 by Charles Upham of Shawano.

However several newspapers run a story in November of 1881 announcing rail service to Deerbrook for freight and passengers. Clearly indicating this area is settled long before these villages are platted.

Book two specific to the history of Deerbrook will take you through the stories of the lives surrounding all of this. Whereby, recently I was hit by a tidal wave allowing me to conclude through records as told by the stories of those living there; what Deerbrook was and its hidden founding.

Concluding point is how these incomplete ripples have been dropped as pebbles by many who did not feel or chase the story, rather recorded history through their lens only.

Pebbles and ripples allow you to chase the story through documented resources. Resources this way include personal letters, newspaper articles on historical landmarks

such as railway and the obscure situations like an Irish family. The process can remove judgement allowing the full human side full of the glory of humanity. Not clean and crisp like a Rockwell painting, not a story like Jessie James; but a mix of good, bad and ugly... The story of life lived, communities built and how we all work so hard for a better tomorrow.

FAMILY PEBBLES AND RIPPLES

I continue with my own personal journey of my families pebble's and ripples. Having long and deep family and personal connection to Deerbrook, we journey the path leading to a third book specific to my family genealogy reaching far from Deerbrook and actually ending for some right in the heart of the high times in Deerbrook, passing as community faded.

Four words start my story... "and an Irish family"

Ellen McWilliams Lynn - Matriarch, born in Ireland during the Great Famine, traveled the Atlantic, in winter, pregnant with dreams of a better life. Only to see hopes and dreams dashed deciding in the future to return to her birth home in Ireland.

John Lynn - Patriarch who disappears somewhere between his wife Ellen's arrival in New Jersey later winter of 1869. Same hopes and dreams just before arrival of their first born Anna Lynn and the arrival of Ellen and family at Deerbrook.

Ellen Lynn - First born child of John and Ellen Lynn, in Hudson, New Jersey.

Other children arriving with this family include, John, Mary, Nellie, Patrick and Robert.

William Bentley - Born in Waupaca, Wisconsin to Albert Bentley and Mariette Perkins Bentley who traveled from New York to Waupaca in 1860. Husband to Anna Lynn.

Frank Bentley - The only one mentioned by name.

Knowledge in some context to Martha would have been the children of Anna Lynn and William Bentley.

Erwin Bentley - Foreman at two of the Hirt Brothers Mill's during his life. A man who lost not one but two wives soon after marriage due to health issues undiscovered and in ways unknown as we do today. Before he marries my Grandmother Helen Petrzelka; also in Deerbrook later than early settlement. Born in a house in Deerbrook.

Ethel Bentley - Older sister of Erwin who was also born in the same house as Erwin. Grows to marry the son of those remembered, Andrew Kaplanek, son of Gabe Kaplanek and Rose Nerad.

Ralph Bentley - Younger brother of Erwin, born in the same house in 1893, deciding in 1911 laborer was not his career in life. Meets a tragic end along with his friend in Chicago where they went to learn to become chauffeur's. On 25 June 1911, 43 years before Lucas writes; Ralph Bentley and William Kannenberg pass in the night due to asphyxiation.

Thanks to ripples you will see how today I give this family their names with stories being their voice. These people

deserve to be named, they cannot speak for themselves anymore and I am driven to speak for those others forgot.

“and an Irish family” was never intentional minimizing, it was never an insult to them or me. It was how people remember and share stories. Reality remains, Lucas did not forget them; she remembered them as her ripples allowed.

We see this not only in people, but places,

*Present industries are: Hirt’s saw and grist mill, Fred Weigert Store, post office, Henry Jacobus store, Deerbrook Hotel, Service Garage, all at Deerbrook.*⁶

So let me fulfill my sole goal, say the names others either forgot or did not mention. Let me speak for those no longer able to speak.

Deerbrook Hotel — the name is Hotel Northern, the owner was William Bentley... “and an Irish family”. Right here the central meeting place of all names remembered, yet the hotel name and his missing in historical works where other names are mentioned.

Service Garage — the people’s names were the name of the garage... Nonemacher & Hale Garage. I am not aware of their first names or I would say them. I hope the person that ripple is waiting for will come back and say them for me if I

⁶ Dessureau History of Langlade County, p. 219

am unable to. If the pebble has not reached me, this volume will be updated so I can restore their names.

My source for these names was Polk's Wisconsin Gazetteer, dated 1921. The same year Dessureau published his work. The names were there.

Yes, there are names carrying great significance in the History of Wisconsin, family I was introduced to through my genealogy research. Not connected to Deerbrook, Green Bay or a much smaller, little community known as Bay Settlement.

Here I found Joseph J. Allard who came to Wisconsin from Canada before Wisconsin was a state, when Brown County looked far different than it does today.

But I also found Joseph G. Allard.

Middle initials are clear to you today because I know them. Unclear to me during my drifting on this ripple, I didn't know their middle initials, I knew two Joseph Allard's. Similar in age, in the same geographical location, both from the same area in Canada at the same time.

Logic of course came first. I can separate them by the wives they married. Another ripple, turbulence arrives. Both married women named Adelaide.

More turbulence, both bought 80 acres together, both farmers, both with families. But what child belonged to whom was the question. Who was my ancestors father?

Absolute ripples slowly clear the turbulent ripples gathered around me. Not through the story of either Joseph, but through the story of two very prominent children. Marguerite and Zoe Allard. Their stories connected me to my ancestors Joseph, Joseph J. Allard.

Now moving forward I could continue my genealogy history quest.

Still today I try to correct those beginning this journey of genealogy who manage to mix and match children among these clearly two family connections, yet two distinct different families and genealogical branches. Some thankful, some concluding I'm wrong. But the ripple to correct was dropped and I move on.

Without allowing ripples to carry me further, deeper, chasing children's ripples I too would be one to quickly mix and match names based solely on incomplete records and filings as the story is the proof and the history.

We now journey into a story intentionally vague. What is learned will be valuable to any historical researcher of any subject.

The story, personal family connection as for me all stories are better told from personal experience. Real, felt and not just as record of fact.

I never met my Aunt Mary Helen Allord Kastner. The only story I knew for decades was sometime between 1938 and 1944 she divorced her husband, then vanished.

The family hired a private detective to track her down. The detective located Mary in Chicago. Before the family member who traveled to Chicago to reconnect, Mary vanished again.

I heard two very short stories from there.

A cousin asked about an incident she thought was right for the reason Mary disappeared. Asked to my Dad, unanswered by my Dad saying "Don't ask."

My Mom shared with me how she asked about this is a direct way. Dad's response. "Answering it would open Pandora's Box."

As time goes on I learn more, see more; not because I was asking or looking. Ripples coming to me. Another goal, I will reunite Mary Helen with family even if they are all gone; when the time is right.

Morally, I will never seek the answer.

Ethically, no one deserves to hear stories that may change a reality lived if the story destroys several lives of the living. For me, this is a clear definition of harming no one, but many.

Through the years I read obituaries of my Grandmother, Aunts and Uncles, always mentioning Mary Helen as a survivor. I felt their pain.

Finally a few years ago, a ripple arrived from another cousin I met doing genealogy. Mary Helen was found by her. Reunited with her family on the Find A Grave website.

What I know of the story by accident was added to Pandora's box through a one way slot and I now protect it. What I am really protecting are the living from something that can give no good, and truly risk shattering their lives.

MY LENS EXPLAINED

At this point I feel question like “who is this person who sees with this lens?” Now I shall start revealing the answer although this will not be fully answered here. The time is not here yet.

Being no different, yet very different than others today. We find common as is the case with every person out there today no matter geographical location.

We get up, do our morning routine, go to work so we can support our families or ourselves. Try to find more time and money to do things we enjoy in life, often wanting to do more of that and less work.

My struggles are the same, economy, technology, etc. impacting life’s direction and stability. I make the best choice I can with what information and circumstances I face, just like you.

Like you, I am sometimes judged for what others see of actions I’ve done. More today when that action impacted no one other than that persons perceived negative reception. Assuming your intent was harm and not protection and best results.

My lens, I prefer only to react when someone's actions directly cause harm in a societal way we've agreed is illegal, immoral and unjust. Not really judgment, but enforcing an agreed upon wrong.

Many see outcomes, painting their own picture of what this outcome looks like.

Reality is you are incapable of seeing, feeling or understanding decisions others make. Even in the exact same situation how you perceive this and decide your best solution. By chance they may be the same but reality shows me that is different for each one of us.

This leaves me as I see the world, everything past and present. Before I can conclude right or wrong; I see I don't have the whole story and understand even if I did I cannot judge their choice based on the choice I would make. I am not them, they are not me. We can never be the same.

Real world today application,

I first knew who Daniela Amodei was when she presented the newest release of ChatGPT. As she explained using a created picture of excitement was what I saw as a mix of extreme reservation and excitement.

Excitement of advancing artificial intelligence. Reservation in her essence, the water the term I use to define the unformed void of how our essence flows, connected. I felt then the moving away from OpenAI was there.

At this time I am oblivious to her brother Dario.

You see, I am for the first time scared where humans will take an inherently good technology. It isn't AI, it is the changing dynamics of how man will advance this.

Will the final end of implementation be good, or bad unknowingly in the pursuit of money? The question as with all technology can only be answered by times passing.

Then new hit, Dario and Daniela broke away from OpenAI. News hit hard, reasons the media buried to general knowledge but out there to those seeking answers to why.

Ethics and Essence flow. The direction Sam Altman and OpenAI diverged. This divergence was actually very broadly known in the relationship of Elon Musk and OpenAI crumbling. For some very similar reasons.

Much later from this event came the government contract to use Claude AI. Then conflict of essence as government demanded to use Claude AI in my most feared way. Almost as if it was coming true.

Soon, Dario speaks out. Irregardless of government threats to force allowed use of Claude AI; Dario says for both him and his sister. NO, we will not allow this.

Then I have Jim Carey, a comedy actor everyone knows and many loved. Suddenly he steps into the role of Peter

Appleton in the Majestic. A role completely out of step with his prior roles. One of his lowest grossing movies.

Yet in this movie Jim Carey's essence shined with a brightness I've not see frequently. And, few others saw it.

Or Jon Bon Jovi, rock star who had a goal in life towards service to others. Silently creating is JBJ Soul Kitchen. A place you pay what you can afford.

It works like this. On the menu is a suggested donation for your meal. If you can it is silently asked you pay for a meal another cannot afford. As those who cannot afford pay for it by volunteering. This is his essence, rock and roll gave him financial stability not to absorb the expense of operation but money to fund the founding and still surviving in his enough.

Branden Fraser, the quiet giant in Hollywood who only accepted roles he wanted to play. Main roles in. George of the Jungle. His focus was on what he wanted to do through how he wanted to entertain people.

Julia Roberts. I actually met someone telling their story how one time in small neighborhood Minnesota had lunch with her and didn't even know it. I cannot explain what I felt with her essence any more clear than this story.

And this is how my lens works.

Pebbles, Ripples and water are all metaphors to my lens, they represent in a universal way of understanding. Allowing you to visualize my lens.

Reality, Pebbles are events, ripples are the result of the event. Pebbles equals people. Ripples equals stories; and water represents what I see constantly, that others have not seen. Water equals flow of how we are all connected.

So please, stay awhile and listen.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A. Allord — Typically you find pictures of smiling faces and lists of work complete adding credentials where it is felt they are needed. Not here or any of these books.

Yes, I have degrees, experience, accomplishments. Here, in these pages of book one; I show what I want to because the books, the work; is not about me.

These pages are to expand history as living. I don't have all the history, nor all the answers. I have facts as we know all too much history through, event->date->person. This validates peoples lives and history past through those well known. This also creates "and an Irish family" narrative.

I expand those narratives to by naming the people, their stories bringing dry facts to life. Returning those forgotten home.