

❖ PARDON'S PROGENY ❖

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Summer 2020

*A Publication of
the Tillinghast
Family In
America.*

*“Be Just and
Fear Not”*

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President's Message – Summer 2020

Hello loyal Pardon's Progeny readers. We hope you've all been safe and healthy during this pandemic and stretch of social protests. Winter weather in New England was warm and wet. Spring was much cooler than normal and equally as wet. This was a big help getting all our fall burial ground planting through the winter in good shape. We even had some bright blossoms, not many as the plants are young.

Summer has been a very different story. A beautiful June turned very hot very early. And with little rain we have had to water the plantings on a weekly basis since the end of June. Our neighbor, the Barker Playhouse, has been generous in allowing us use of their water source, for which we've agreed to pay our share. Due to the coronavirus, their theater has been dark since early March. The larger plantings seem to be doing fine, but several of the much smaller plantings have not survived the heat. 90% of the plantings are just fine and we look forward to cooler weather when we can begin working on a path around the monument and continuing with plantings.

Despite most things coming to a halt this spring in the midst of the world-wide pandemic, we have continued to move forward with our plans. In March we applied for a Rhode Island Foundation – Community Preservation Grant. The purpose was to help with financing for a “waysign” to help educate visitors to the unique history of the Tillinghast Burial Ground – the last of the many small family burial grounds that once dotted the hillside above Roger Williams' early Town of Providence. Many thanks for the letters of support from The RI Historical Society (who encouraged us to install a sign), The Mile of History Association – a Benefit Street group working to make improvements along this famous street, and the Providence Preservation Society. We received a grant of \$5000 for the waysign. We'll be working on writing copy and designing the sign during the year. Part of this installation will include a bench for visitors that was funded by the \$3000 grant from the Mary Dexter Chafee Fund we received at the beginning of 2020. I would also like to recap and update everyone on our fundraising efforts. The Tillinghast Society, Inc. has received a total of \$58,000 in grants and private donations from the beginning of our fundraising efforts. Various grants from the Felicia Fund, the Mary Dexter Chafee Fund, RI Foundation's Community Preservation Grant totaled \$15,000. An additional \$10,000 was a “pass-through” grant from the Champlin Foundation via the Providence Preservation Society. Private donations from Tillinghast family members,



Bruce Tillinghast, President

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College Hill neighbors and friends have totaled \$33,000. In addition to the plans listed above, these funds made possible the necessary repairs to the wall next to the Barker Playhouse, replacing 81 feet of rusted fencing along the north lot line, scraping, priming and painting the remaining three sides of the fence that surrounds the burial ground. Last fall we installed perimeter plantings in the site with plant material that is native and could have been used on the original site. And in January, a tree service pruned the large trees overhanging the site to allow more sunlight into the space. We are truly grateful for the support and encouragement from so many people.

Thank You,

Bruce Tillinghast, President
Tillinghast Society, Inc.

**Tax exempt donations to
The Tillinghast Society
May be sent to:
Jane Tillinghast Roberts
355 Blackstone Blvd., Apt. #220
Providence, RI 02906**

Editor's Comments

We are fortunate in this era of cyberspace connection that we can stay linked with family members in a global way. Our next contributor found us through an email to genealogist Todd Lawrence as he looked for family connections. Randy Reynolds wrote:

Hi Todd,

My name is Randy Reynolds. Retired Air Force pilot and physician. Currently specialized in Wound Care and Hyperbaric Medicine here in Central Texas. My Tillinghast lineage is Pardon1, Pardon2, Joseph3, Elizabeth4 (Tillinghast) Bentley....whose granddaughter, Margaret Bentley married Jeremiah Reynolds. (See *additional lineage at end of article.*) I've got Wayne Tillinghast's ebook on Tillinghast Family in America....but would certainly like to learn more about Pardon2 and Joseph3. I visited their graves in the Pardon Tillinghast Lot in East Greenwich, RI in September.

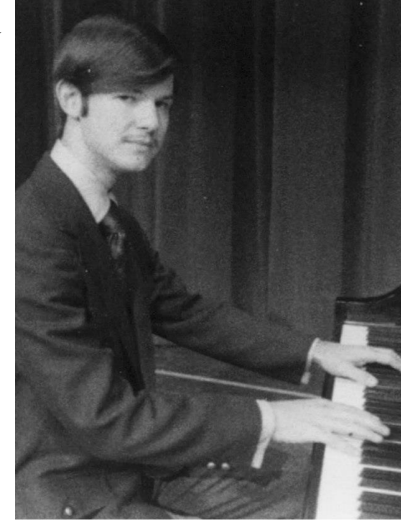
*Todd forwarded his email to me. I asked Randy about his strange email address:
Randy Reynolds <spiderdoc1@aol.com and he responded:*

I hope you are getting along ok with this quarantine. It's a beautiful day here in the Texas Hill Country at the Lazy Possum Ranch. Regarding my email address.....I guess you could say, I'm the little boy who never grew up....I still play with spiders and lizards and snakes (OH MY!!!)....and a lot of what I do deals with bites and stings. I am actually a medical doctor.....specialized in wound care and hyperbaric medicine. I retired from the Air Force 10 years ago, and am now working on a part-time basis...which is fine because it gives me more time to travel and this quarantine is really messin' with my system!!! In 1996, I was moving to Australia and that was about the time email was coming into use. I found an internet service provider in Canberra that had an intriguing name....."Funnelweb"....the idea being they funnel information off the world-wide web. However.....Funnelweb is also a deadly spider in SE Australia and they capitalized on that for their email address..... @atrax.net.au....."atrax robustus" being the genus/species of the deadly Sydney Funnelweb Spider. Well, that of course, did it for me....and as it turned out, nobody had picked up "spider"...so for three years my email address was "spider@atrax.net.au." Upon return to the US, I needed to get a new ISP, and got onto AOL. Of course, "spider" was in use....and so was "spiderdoc".....but I got "spiderdoc1".....so that's how it evolved. I still have a couple of Mexican Red-Kneed Tarantulas, as well as a family of Leopard Geckos and Ball Pythons. I lecture every year at the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine at their Global Medicine Course on Venomous Bites and Stings, still see patients in wound care clinic, and serve as a hospital accreditation surveyor for the Undersea and Hyperbaric Medical Society. I stay busy enough with hobbies that I honestly "don't know how I ever had time to work!!" Regarding my ancestry...I'm a good ol' Texas boy....Native Texan....born and raised. So it was a terrible shock to find out that ALL my paternal Reynolds ancestors....from my Great Grandparents Reynolds on back....were from New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Nova Scotia. I just finished my first book....a collection of stories and photos (most of which I require myself to take) related to ancestors in the lineage of my paternal great grandparents. Since I don't have kids, I'm passing the book on to young cousins with whom I share this lineage.

I asked Randy if he could write a story for Pardon's Progeny as I was always looking for people who have current tales to tell. He sent the following article:

Rolland C. “Randy” Reynolds, Jr., MD, MPH Colonel, USAF, MC, CFS, (Retired)

I was born and grew up in Dallas, Texas. Dad was the son of a Free Methodist minister, started out at Dallas Theological Seminary, but made a career change early in his education, and spent most of his life as a Professor of Pathology at Southwestern Medical School there. Mom was one of the leading piano teachers in Dallas for over fifty years...which explains why piano lessons were a non-negotiable part of my early education. Although there were model planes to build, motorcycles to ride, and snakes to catch to occupy my time, 2-3 hours of piano practice a day was the norm. I have my folks to thank for that because, although I didn't like it at the time, I learned that hard work did pay off, and was honored to perform as guest piano soloist with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, the Amarillo Symphony Orchestra and the Houston Baptist College Symphony before I graduated from high school.



College took me to the Big Bend area of far West Texas. Sul Ross State University in Alpine offered a good pre-med program and exceptional field biology courses



with several renowned professors. I probably spent too much time in the field, collecting and photographing snakes, lizards and other critters...and exploring caves and historic, out of the way places in and around Big Bend National Park. Sul Ross also offered an Air Force ROTC program, and at the end of my first year of college, I was offered the career opportunity to become an Air Force pilot. I graduated from Sul Ross as the AFROTC Distinguished Graduate in 1975.

I entered active duty in the Air Force in 1976, and soon found myself in Undergraduate Pilot Training back in the Big Bend area at Laughlin AFB in Del Rio, Texas. That year-long curriculum consisted of Primary Jet Training in the T-37, and Advanced Jet Training in the supersonic T-38. I can still remember the adrenalin rush on takeoff when I'd release the brakes, push the throttles into afterburner and feel the acceleration forces pushing me back into the seat! That was a memorable year for more than one reason. Not only did I get my pilot wings, but Wanda and I were married on New Year's Eve, 1976...one week before I soloed the T-38. Wanda grew up in Snyder, Texas and we met during college...although she wouldn't have anything to do with me till I graduated!

After pilot training, I was selected for assignment as a B-52D pilot...a “Crew Dog”...at Dyess AFB in Abilene, Texas. The B-52D was an old aircraft...most were almost as old as I was, built in 1956-57, and still sported the Southeast Asia camouflage paint job from the Vietnam era. It was the last aircraft in the Air Force inventory with a tail gunner who rode facing backwards in the tail! The mission was interesting...we trained to deliver a host of munitions from conventional high explosives to nuclear weapons. Air-to-air refueling was a standard part of the job, and I've got many hours hooked up and flying close formation behind a KC-



135 (707 variant) tanker. I spent one week out of every month “on alert,” with a loaded B-52, living in the base alert facility, ready to run out to the plane, crank engines and take off in the event of a national emergency. We trained to fly our planes at extremely low altitudes to avoid radar detection. It’s quite a rush to be flying a plane with a 186-foot wingspan at 150 feet off the deck traveling at six miles a minute! I’ll always remember stopping at a rock shop just outside Holbrook, Arizona, and asking the proprietor about those “big planes” that flew across I-40 in that area. He got quite animated describing how he and his wife “knew” those planes were being flown by robots...because NO ONE could fly those planes so precisely....appearing at the same place on the horizon, turning at the same point, and crossing the Interstate at exactly the same place....day after day! He was so excited about it, I just didn’t have the heart to ruin his theory.....and nodded in agreement.



After flying for six years, I still hadn’t decided what I wanted to do when I grow up. I finally decided it was time to settle down and apply to medical school. Mom and Dad were ecstatic....Wanda was a bit overwhelmed. After all, she’d married a pilot! I separated from the Air Force in 1982, was commissioned in the Texas Air National Guard and attended the University of Texas Medical School in San Antonio. Wanda worked as a secretary in the Psychiatry Department there. Those four years were every bit as difficult and rewarding as they were supposed to be. I’ll always remember the “Crew Dogs” I flew with at Dyess expressing their amusement that one of their numbers had the background and training to get selected for medical school....and then the overwhelming amazement when they rationalized that instead of being there with them sitting alert, I could have already completed medical school and be a practicing physician! Interestingly, not many years later, my fellow medical students reacted exactly the same way...amazed that I’d been an Air Force pilot....and then appalled that I’d given up all the glamour and excitement of the cockpit to be there in the hospital every second or third night, suffering all the trials and tribulations of being a medical student and intern!!!

Graduating in 1986, I went back on active duty in the Air Force...this time as a physician. Three years at Carswell AFB in Fort Worth, Texas, in a Family Practice Residency led to board certification in Family Medicine.

Forewarned that all graduates were headed to overseas assignments, I applied for, and got selected as the Chief Flight Surgeon at Andersen AFB on Guam.

That was a great three years! I was the primary doc for B-52 and KC-135 squadrons...missions and aircraft I was quite familiar with. In fact, some of the folks I took care of were the same ones I’d been flying jets with not many years before. The island was beautiful and as far as being the family doc for all the aircrew and their families, I oversaw the entire public health and occupational health programs for the base. It was an eventful time! Operation Desert Storm kicked off and we were quite busy as the immediate rear area for forward operations from Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean. In 1991, Mt Pinatubo erupted in the Philippine Islands and we evacuated about 20,000 US



military personnel and families through our base. Wanda was active with the Officers' Wives Club Gift Shop during that assignment....meaning that she made the buying trips to Bangkok, Hong Kong and Korea....so we went broke saving money! Guam offered a lot of opportunities to visit and photograph World War II Pacific battlefields, scuba dive on shipwrecks and beautiful reefs, and see much of the West Pacific and Asia.

We left Guam in 1992 and returned to San Antonio to complete a Masters Degree, residency training and second board certification in Aerospace Medicine. Although it was nice to be back in Texas, we were off again in 1995 for a year at Osan AB in Korea. Another eventful year....this time as Commander of the 51st Aerospace Medicine Squadron. Being on the "pointy end of the spear" just outside of Seoul, the base held frequent military exercises, and was quick to respond to threats from across the Demilitarized Zone. As before, I took care of all the flyers, their families and all the public health and occupational health programs for the base. Wanda and I traveled extensively in Korea. Wanda got there about a month after I did....and I was excited to show her all the little shops outside the front gate of the base...and meet all the shopkeepers I'd gotten to know....and show her how well I'd learned to bargain for good deals. My bubble burst when I escorted her into the first shop....and the little lady shopkeeper's eyes lit up when she saw Wanda....remembering her from a few years back, when she'd been buying for the gift shop (and spending a LOT more money) when we were on Guam!

Then came the highlight of my career. I was selected as a Foreign Exchange Officer to the Royal Australian Air Force in Canberra, Australia. It was a fabulous two-year tour....and we hated it so bad, we extended for a third year! It was my first opportunity to serve on a Joint Headquarters staff and I was responsible to the Surgeon General, Australian Defense Force for all issues related to Air Operational Health Support. I wrote policy directives on decompression sickness, aircraft mishap investigation, and operational stress management. I served on a research team developing integrated, joint medical capability to support military operations in both the defense of Australia and abroad. I taught at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, served as medical officer on an aircraft mishap investigation board...and did my best to see as much of Australia as we possibly could in the three years we were there. It was an amazing time! I was honored at the end to be presented with the Chief of Defense Force Commendation...a distinction rarely ever given to non-Australians.

We left Australia in 1999, and I returned to the US as Commander of the 56th Aerospace Medicine Squadron at Luke AFB in Phoenix, Arizona. This was a very busy two years! Again, I was responsible for base-wide aircrew healthcare, public health and occupational health programs. As a flight surgeon, I flew back seat in the F-16 fighter...an exciting aircraft to fly!

We left Phoenix in 2001 and headed west again...this time to Hickam AFB, Hawaii, where I served as Commander, Detachment 2, 13th Air Force and was responsible for all Air Force medical engagement programs with 43 countries of the Asia-Pacific area. My team of eight International Health Specialists planned and led surgical and dental missions to Sri Lanka, Cambodia, Vietnam, Madagascar, and Mongolia; disaster management training in Nepal, Mongolia, Russia, Indonesia, Bangladesh, and Micronesia; public health initiatives in Madagascar, Thailand, Russia and Vietnam; and aviation medicine training with Thailand, Bangladesh, India, and Japan. I was deployed to Thailand as the Air Forces Surgeon for Operation UNIFIED ASSISTANCE, the US DoD relief operation for the devastating Asian tsunami of December 2004, and coordinated activities related to Banda Aceh and Sri Lanka relief operations, as well as US personnel deployed to those areas. Overall, in the four years of my tour of duty there, my team conducted over 25 major humanitarian and Security Cooperation initiatives with 25 countries in the Asia-Pacific region. We were on the road a lot during this tour of duty and I remember that, not infrequently, we'd meet up at the airport in Tokyo....some of us heading on into Asia....the others heading home! It was an honor to be able to work with these talented folks!

Wanda and I left Hawaii for Texas in 2005 on what I felt sure would be our last move with the Air Force. I went back to clinical medicine and completed a one-year fellowship at the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine, leading

to board certification in Undersea & Hyperbaric Medicine. I took care of folks with decompression sickness as well as chronic wounds resulting from diabetes, radiation therapy and other medical conditions. Immediately after completing the fellowship, I was deployed to serve with the Multi-National Security Transition Command – Iraq to stand up healthcare for a new Iraqi Air Force, train Iraqi military doctors in the specialty of Aviation Medicine, and lay groundwork for aeromedical evacuation of combat casualties within the Iraqi Defense Force. I flew onboard with the Iraqi Air Force and got all over that country while I was there.

After returning from Iraq, I served as Chief of the Aeromedical Consultation Service at the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine where we evaluated pilots with complex medical problems for fitness to fly. The Air Force finally kicked me out in 2009 for being an old toad! It was a great adventure and I wouldn't trade for any of it! Since retirement, I joined a medical group specialized in wound care and hyperbaric medicine. We have clinics now in San Marcos and San Antonio and I've cut back significantly in the past year. When we moved back to Texas in 2005, a friend sold me a chunk off the back of his ranch here in the Texas Hill Country...we built here and have planted roots. It's been nice having some land to rattle around on.....and Wanda is much happier now that I'm only working part-time which allows more time to travel!



4th GGPs
Margaret (Bentley) m. Jeremiah Reynolds
(1765 - 1849) (1760 - 1825)

3rd GGPs
Herman Reynolds. m. Sarah Hasbrouck
(1799 - 1880). (1800 - 1886)

2nd GGPs
Dewitt Clinton Reynolds m. Myra E. Hasbrouck
(1839 - 1909). (1838 - 1918)

GGPs
Clinton Hasbrouck Reynolds. m. Mabel Adelia Eaton
(1866 - 1946). (1870 - 1963)

GPs
Walter Clinton Reynolds. m. Leola Janet Baird
(1894 - 1982). (1898 - 1974)

Parents
Rolland Clinton Reynolds. m. Evelyn Yvonne Underwood
(1925 - 1989). (1926 - 2019)

Me
Rolland C. "Randy" Reynolds, Jr. m. Wanda Lou Raborn
(1953 -). (1954 -)

Editor's Comments:

Here is another email contact that came to us through our website. I asked Sheila Daley if I could share some of our conversation. With her permission, I've copied parts here. You may feel a close kinship to her. She can be reached at [Sheila Daley <gdaleyjr@gmail.com>](mailto:gdaleyjr@gmail.com)

Dear Greta,

I'm thrilled to hear from you! When I sent off my request to you, I wasn't sure if I'd hear anything back. Thank you!

You might regret asking me about my Tillinghast ties.

I just recently learned I am a descendant of Pardon Tillinghast (1622-1718) through reading an 1894 letter a gr. gr. great uncle had written to my great-grandmother, Sarah Carlile Sears, née Choate (1858-1935), giving her information on applying for membership to 2 organizations, "the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution" and "the Society of Colonial Dames" of Massachusetts. This Uncle wrote of her relationship to Col. Edward Kinnicutt (1715-1754), who "married Mary Tillinghast on Oct 26, 1739. She was born May 25, 1705 and died Jan 17, 1792.". Later in the letter, the uncle writes of "her descent from Pardon Tillinghast of Providence."

I have been working on my genealogy for a while with the help of family papers left in my custody and Ancestry.com. Unfortunately, I have found conflicting information and am unable to connect Mary to Pardon. This is my reason for looking online for assistance and how I found the Tillinghast Society.

I have learned I have many Rhode Island ancestors. Sarah Carlile Choate's (above) mother was born in Providence. She married a Massachusetts man and lived most of her life there, raising her family in Cambridge, MA. I grew up in Southboro, MA, but had strong ties to Maine, as Sarah Choate Sears and her husband, Joshua Montgomery Sears had a summer home in Bar Harbor, then later in Gouldsboro, ME.

That's a very long story, I'm afraid. I hope your eyes aren't crossed now. I'm so pleased to meet you!

Thank you for your assistance and interest.

Sincerely,
Sheila

And this last email from Jeff Frost, long time TS member who ties together our stories from last issue to this one.

Greta, amazing history of Todd's father. My grand father was too a WW I pilot and I landed of the USS Lexington - for my first carrier landing 50 years later then when his father was on board- so many connections to this story.

Thank you and Todd for putting this out there. So many in the aviation world from the beginning to today, very "Tillinghast" it seems in it is almost a DNA calling.

Thank You,

Jeff Frost