

Oliver Pennell (Parnell) a soft spoken, wonderfully kind man - came into my life at a very early age - in fact - can't remember when Oliver was not there -

He came from slavery through the underground and landed on the American side of the Upper River - he then swam the upper River pushing a small trunk - until he reached Canada; after walking as far as Drummondville he came to my Great Uncle's home - the one I still live in on Culp St - my great uncle John Allen Richard - hired him - and after Mr. Richards' death, my father Joseph Gibson Goddard - who had lived with his uncle from the time he was six years old - the married my mother (Mary Wilcox Goddard) - when I was old enough - Oliver was always there and became my great friend -

He would never cross the Bridge to the U.S. you could never convince him he would not go back to slavery -

The picture, the only one we have was taken by Mr. England - a photo grapher on Main St. Jack Deane who worked in my father's office - met us on the street and had the photo taken -

Oliver died Sept 17 - 1906 - the result of Tetanus - leaving his wife Matilda - his daughter, Marjorie Lawson and a grand daughter, Melba Lawson - we always kept in touch with them as long as they lived -

Hope the B. M. E. Church would like to have this picture of Oliver, as he gave the property - for the Building of the Church -