**Amber Lemser**

**ARE6933 Globalization**

**1/25/15**

**A Family Tale**

 As I reflect on my journey through life, I must start at the very beginning. I come from a divided home. My mother and father do not live together, and divorced in my young teens. Therefore, I believe it is only right to tell both sides of my story.

**Dad’s Side**

 I should start by telling you about my biker, bad boy, and teddy bear father and his family. His name is William August Lemser. He was born February 24th, 1960. He comes from a family of 5. He is the middle child, and has two brothers Theodor and Edward a.k.a James Lemser. His mother (my grandmother) was Lydia Bell Lemser who was a school teacher, and one heck of a party thrower. She never cussed, and was an original southern bell. My grandfather Theodor August Lemser, who was an educator/ business man was one of the hardest people to get along with due to his battle with gambling and alcoholism. He was a very intelligent man, though, that fought in World War 2. Alas, my father was still a wondering soul. His family moved around a lot, but mostly stayed in the middle of the United States, such as Oklahoma, Missouri, and Illinois. They ran small businesses and my grandmother, Lydia Bell taught school. These moves and business ventures turned my father into a charismatic salesman. He is one of those personalities that entertain a room. Everyone loves him, women flock to him, and not to mention he is a pretty great dad too. He was an 82nd Airborne Ranger in the army, and jumped out of airplanes at least 600 times. He has a high school degree, is one heck of a carpenter, and went back to school 3 years ago to become a truck driver and farmer.

My grandfather’s great great great grandfather came into the United States from Germany in the 1880’s. When he was about 12 or 13 years old. His name was August Auto Lemser. It was rumored that he helped run Cat houses and was a masseuse, and no I don’t mean the animal cat. He had a son named Theodor Florence Lemser in Missouri. Who was an entrepreneur and ran small businesses in Joplin. Theodor Florence had three children my great grandfather being the middle child Theodor Dieter Lemser, who had my grandfather, who all of which tried to run small businesses throughout their lives.

 My great grandmother was of Irish decent and her last name was O’Hare. Her family had some questionable intermarrying between Kelly’s and O’Hare’s on her side. One thing I did find fascinating on their side of the family is that Clarence Kelly one of my uncles was the Director of the FBI during the Hoover administration. Most of this side of the family has been lost to death, but what remains lives in Colorado, Nebraska, and Texas.

My grandmother’s family is interesting in the sense that I grew up on a farm in southwest Arkansas where her family settled. Her family originated in England and entered the Eastern United States in the 1800’s. Then migrated to Mississippi in the 1840’s, later settling in Pike County, Arkansas in 1850. Settling there my great great great great grandfather Henry William Carter helped write the Arkansas State Constitution, and was a respected man in the community. He had a son Frasier Faurawick Carter who married my great great grandmother Rosa Kelly. They had 3 children together, the youngest being my great grandfather Schley William Carter. Schley worked for the highway department, and didn’t much care for his job, but was my father’s mentor, and my father his favorite grandchild. My Great grandfather married his wife Sybil Kidd, who was a school teacher, and quite the southern lady herself. Her family was large and stemmed from the Irish and English people, the Kidd’s and Guldens’. She and my great grandfather had three children, my grandmother, my great aunt Carolyn Carter, and a son that died at birth. My great aunt followed in my great grandmother’s steps, and became an educator. She is the only one still living and lives on the farm in Murfreesboro where I spent most of my childhood as a country kiddo, and my father and Uncle James (a potter) work the farm.

**Mom’s Side**

My mother is a feisty, short, strong woman. Her name is Linda Kay (Niccum) Lemser. She was born September 22nd, 1952. She comes from a family of 7. She has 3 sister Marcia, Cynthia, and Lydia, and a brother Cody. She birthed two children myself, and my brother Rance (an English education student). She has one granddaughter named Ivy. Who is 4? She was the baby of her family like myself, and has always been very structured and money cruncher. Her parents were Gladyce Irene (Krause) Niccum, who was a home maker, could play the piano by ear, and loved to dance, and Alfred Laurence Niccum a.k.a Nic or Shorty, who was a scrapper, farmer hand, could play the mouth harp, and loved to dance with my grandmother.

 The Niccum name originated in Germany in the 1300’s, or so it says on the Niccum family Crest. The Niccum’s were not the richest people in the world, and were known to be tinkerers and dreamers. They never were much on money and were content in the lives they lived.

 My mom’s dad Nic Niccum was a short man who got up cussing in the morning and went to bed cussing at night. He killed a man in Colorado and was banished from the state for the rest of his life. He raised mules and was an avid coon hunter along with my uncle Cody. He was tough, and had brother that was a harelip. He would fight anyone who made fun of his brother.

 His mother and father were poor folks from Hogeye, Arkansas. My great Grandfather Clifford was a dreamer and artist, who loved to build and walked everywhere he went. My Grandmother Alice was a holy roller and meaner than a junkyard dog.

My Grandmother’s family were the Krause’s. They were farmers in Colorado during the Great depression. They were pretty well off but were not rich. My Great Grandfather Krause died as a farmer of causes unknown, and not much can be said for my Great Grandmother because my family doesn’t really remember her.

**Who I am**

 I like to think I am a mix of all these great souls. I come from a long line of teachers, and artist. Who dream big and are brave wonders. I like to think I have my mother’s style and my father’s love of life. I love to dance, and am never afraid to talk to people. I come from a good country background, and am a true stubborn Irish/ German born American. Whose roots are stitched together with a unique background and mixture of personalities.