

King Odin- Free Chapter

C. K. Ball

Born of Kings: King Odin

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BORN OF KINGS

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Prolouge

Sixty generations. That is how far I have to reach to touch him.

I count them sometimes, on the long nights. Sixty hands, each holding the next, all the way up a cold line of years to a man standing alone on a grey shore at the top of the world.

Settlers and farmers. Lords, and a conqueror, and a duke who came up out of the sea.

And behind them all, where the names run to legend and the legend runs to fog, the one they finally stopped calling a man.

They call him a god now. They have called him a god for the better part of two thousand years.

Here is what I have come to believe, at the far bottom of his long line, in a country he could never have dreamed.

He was not a god. He was my grandfather. And a god is only the thing we build when we cannot bear to remember a man.

He was real. That is the strangest true thing I know, and the part no one believes when I say it plainly.

So I will say it plainly. There was a man. He bled.

He had a name before the songs took it from him, and he paid for every yard of the world he won.

He paid in people. I will not set them down in a list here, at the front, before you have met a single one of them.

They were not prices. They were a wife, and a brother, and a bright boy. The list is the thing the songs made of them, and the songs are what I have come to undo.

And at the very end he walked out alone onto a cold grey shore, an old man with an old spear, to keep the one promise he had never been able to hand to anyone else.

That is where it ends. The songs kept the ending and lost the man.

They made him a god so they would not have to grieve him.

I mean to give him back.

Not the god. The god does not need me. He has had a thousand years of worship, and will have a thousand more.

I mean the other one. The boy under the god. The husband under the legend. The cost under the shine.

I mean to set him down whole, with the cruelties left in, because that is the only kind of remembering that is also love.

But you cannot begin a man at his shore. You have to begin him at his storm.

So come back up the line with me. All the way up, past the conqueror and the duke and the fog, to the cold grey edge of the world.

To a night the sea came over the wall and the wind tore the roofs from the halls.

There is a woman crying out in a birthing-house, bringing a child into the worst night the shore has ever known.

There is an old seeress bent over the cradle, reading a future no one asked her to read.

And there is a first cry, far too large for the chest that made it, that the songs will one day mistake for the cry of a god.

It was not. It was only a child. Born of storm, on the night the long road began.

Listen. Two thousand years on, you can still almost hear it.

Chapter 1

Born of a Storm

Praying for one more son, Borr did not think to ask the Gods to keep his enemies away while the baby was born.

That was his mistake, and he did not realize it until the horns blew.

They blew an hour past midnight. Two long notes off the river road, ragged on the wind, where no friend had any reason to be.

Two notes meant men.

Men on the worst night of the year, under a storm that should have kept every living thing huddled behind a wall. Borr was moving before the second note died.

Now the gate would not hold much longer. Twenty paces behind his back, his wife was trying not to die.

And he could go to neither of them.

That was the whole shape of it. A war-band breaking on the gate in front of him.

Bestla laboring in the birthing house behind him. And a chieftain caught between the two, no use to either however hard he wanted to be.

The storm had not let up in two days. It drove the rain sideways through the smoke-holes.

It tore the thatch off the byre in long wet strips. It screamed along the top of the wall like something the dark had sent ahead of itself to find the weak places.

Bestla had been laboring since the storm broke. A day. A night.

Most of another day.

A laboring woman screamed, and the screaming was how a man knew she was still fighting. The birthing house behind him had gone quiet.

And it was the silent ones the old women buried.

He was not a man who frightened easily. He was frightened now, twice over, and he showed neither.

A chieftain who shows fear only teaches his enemies where to cut.

Behind him, the men he had left came on at his shout and made a wall of their bodies in the yard. Ten of them.

Ten was all the night had given him.

The rest had scattered to their own steadings for the winter. A war-band always thins when the snow comes and the fighting stops.

Penned now behind the same storm that hid the enemy on the river. Ten men stood between the Æsir and the dark.

Sten had brought him the count at the gate, white-faced. Old Sten, who had carried spears for his father and did not rattle, rattled now.

“Forty,” he had said. “Maybe more. The rain is hiding them.”

Forty against ten. Four spears for every one of his, and the rain hiding how many more.

And the banner. The hitch before Sten named it had told Borr the answer before the man’s mouth could.

Audun’s.

Of course it was Audun’s.

The whole of it had opened in him then, colder than the rain on his face. Audun had been counting.

He had counted the ten men left in the hall, and the one heir, and the failed harvest, and this storm that would hide his approach.

And he had counted the labor. He had waited for it.

He kept eyes inside these walls or near them, and he had held his sons on the river until he knew the chieftain’s wife was down and the chieftain himself half-mad at a door he could not walk through.

Take a man when both his hands are full. You always did have the patience for it.

And the cruelty under it was the older arithmetic. Borr had one son. One boy, three winters old, a single thread, and he had spent his whole life watching single threads snap.

Audun had nine.

He spoke of those nine the way a rich man speaks of cattle. He had never once looked at Borr without the soft, pitying smile of a man already measuring another for the grave.

Nine against one. That was not a feud. That was arithmetic.

Borr had stood in the door of his hall not an hour before the horn and done a thing he never did. He had prayed.

One more. One more son to stand behind the first. Give me that, and I will never ask You for anything again.

The dark had not answered him. The horn had.

"Sten." He had spoken without taking his eyes off the gate. "Take the boy to the cellar under the hall. Two men on the door."

Behind him, as Sten carried the boy past, his first son asked for him. "Where is my father?"

Borr did not turn around. Every part of him that was a father turned toward that small voice.

The part of him that was a chieftain did not let it move his feet.

He would not go down to that cellar.

The boy was three winters old. He would remember the cold of the stone, and the men dying on the far side of the wall.

And a father who did not come for him.

Borr knew it even as he gave the order. He gave it anyway.

Some part of him felt the small thing crack open in the dark down there, and he had no hand free to mend it.

Then the raiders hit the gate while the storm was at its loudest, and Borr had to hate them for how clever it was. The wind ate the sound of forty men.

The rain swallowed their torches until they were already at the foot of the wall.

Grapples first. Then the slow, patient thunder of a ram swinging on ropes.

"Stones!" he shouted from the rampart, the rain a grey wall against his eyes. "Everything you have. Drop it on them. Now."

His ten heaved stone over the palisade, and down in the dark a man screamed, a real scream, the kind that empties a body from the inside.

It did not stop the ram.

The first blow landed like a fist on a chest, and the whole gate jumped in its frame, shedding old dust from the timber.

The ram swung back. Swung in.

Second blow, and a long crack ran the length of one beam.

Borr came down off the rampart and put his own body in the gap where the breach would open. His men formed on either side of him without being told.

And the frightened ones at his shoulder went steady. He had watched it happen his whole life and never once understood it.

Nothing sobers a coward faster than a door about to break.

Third blow. The crack became a wound, and through the splintered gap, lit by their own guttering torches, a face.

Young. Hard. Grinning.

So like Audun that he could only be one of the nine.

“Old man!” the boy shouted through the gap, over the storm. “Audun sends his love. He will raise your sons as his own, a tenth and an eleventh. Open the gate, and the little ones live.”

The meaning under it was plain. They knew about the heir. They knew about the baby.

They knew ten men could not hold a gate till dawn.

It was a good offer. That was the obscene part of it.

Borr did not waste a word on him.

The gate came down on the fourth blow. Not shattering so much as folding.

One whole leaf tore off its iron hinges and crashed inward, and the night poured through the gap with edges on it.

Then it was the close work. The ugly work.

No room to swing a long axe. Men chest to chest in the mud and the broken wood, stabbing low, going down and not getting up.

The smell of it came up all at once. Wet iron, and opened men, and the sour reek of fear-sweat, thick enough to taste at the back of the throat.

Under the smell ran the sounds. The flat wooden knock of shield beating shield.

The wet grunt a man makes when a point finds him low. The scrape of boots that could get no purchase in the churn.

Borr killed the first man through the gap. He took him under the jaw, and the shock of it ran back up the axe-haft into his shoulders.

That old jarring weight, the one his body had known since he was a boy at the shield-wall.

The second came over the fallen leaf of the gate, and Borr split his shield and the arm behind it in a single stroke. The crack of the linden board carried even over the storm.

And the old terrible joy of it rose in him. The clean simple fury of a fight, the only prayer his body had ever truly believed in.

And then his chest closed like a fist.

No warning at all. A band of iron snapping tight around his ribs, a cold pain pouring down his left arm like river water, the edges of the world going grey and soft and far away.

His knees hit the mud. The axe turned to stone in his hand.

Not now. Not now. Not now.

Borr was down on one knee in his own breach. Forty of Audun's men were pouring toward a gap that ten could not hold without him.

And there were only nine now.

His heart was loud in his ears, and it was wrong. Stumbling. Too fast, and then horribly slow.

His men's faces turned toward him. The worst thing that can happen to a war-band, the sight of their own chieftain folding in the mud.

And the whole fight began to tip, slow and then all at once.

He could not get up.

So this is how it ends. Audun is right. The arithmetic is right.

One son. Ten men. And a heart that picked tonight, of all the nights there were, to quit on him.

Then the sky came apart.

The lightning did not strike near the stronghold. It struck inside it.

Down onto the old oak on the rise.

The oak that had stood there longer than the walls, longer than the first chieftain. The tree old men had been married beneath and laid to rest beside.

It split the great trunk down its heart in one white instant that turned the whole black yard to noon.

The thunder did not roll. It cracked, once, directly overhead.

So loud it was not a sound at all but a blow. Every man in the yard felt it go up through the ground and into his teeth.

The raiders faltered. They were superstitious men, far from home, in a stranger's yard, in a storm.

And the Gods had just reached down out of the dark and broken the oldest living thing on this hill in half a heartbeat.

To a frightened man, that was not weather. That was a verdict.

Twenty paces off, behind a wall of turf and a door no man would open, it came up through Bestla again and there was nothing left in her to meet it with.

She did not scream. She had no sound left anywhere in her body to make.

She took it on her hands and her knees in the wet straw, and it went through her and let go, and she stayed where it left her.

Past the wall a man was shouting. Then all of them at once, and under the shouting a flat wooden knocking that came and came and did not stop.

The gate. That knocking was the gate.

He is out there. He is out there and I cannot get up off this floor.

Heid's hands came onto her, hot and dry and certain. Heid's voice went on saying the same six words in the same order, and Bestla held onto them because there was nothing else in the room to hold.

"He is coming. Give him the road."

Her body had stopped being hers a day ago. It went on without her, gripping and letting go, gripping and letting go, and she went where it sent her.

Down under the grips there was a small grey place. Quiet, and a long way from the noise.

It would be so easy. Just go down there and stay down there and let them see to the rest of it.

No.

Not tonight. Not with them at the gate. He does not get to lose us both in the same hour.

The next one took her from the base of the spine and folded her double.

She got her teeth into the leather strap and bore down into it. The world went white and red at the edges, and the small grey place came up to meet her.

Give him the road.

She gave it.

The child came in the ringing dark. She felt him leave her, the whole long weight of him at once, and the emptiness after was so sudden that she cried out at that instead.

Then the sky broke open over the roof. The light of it came white through the smoke-hole, and every hair on her wet arms stood up.

She was too spent to be afraid of it. She had one thought, and it was the only one she had carried up out of the grey place.

Let me hear him.

Heid turned the small body over in her hands. The child did not cry.

He opened his eyes first.

Bestla saw it happen. Saw him find the old woman's face in the lamplight and settle on it, calm and grey and unhurried, choosing to look before he chose to breathe.

Something went through that little room that had not been in it a moment before. It went through her too, cold, and did not ask her leave.

Then he breathed. And what came out of him was not a cry.

It was a roar. Furious, full-throated, far too large for the chest that made it.

It went out under the door and across the yard and through the broken gate, out into the dark where Audun's sons stood frozen with the lightning still burning white behind their eyes.

It did not sound like a beginning at all. It sounded like an answer.

On his knees in the mud, Borr heard his second son announce himself to the world.
And the iron fist around his chest let go.

Borr would never be able to explain it. Not to Bestla, not to Heid, not to himself.

The pain did not fade. It released him, as though something vast had looked down in that one instant and decided he was not finished after all.

That he had one thing left to do before the Gods were done with him.

He got up.

He should not have been able to. A breath before, he could not lift his own axe.

Now he was coming up out of the mud roaring an answer to his son.

His men saw it. They saw their chieftain rise from the dead, at the very moment the sky split the sacred oak and a giant's voice howled out of the birthing house.

And the nine who were left went forward over him and into the gap.

It was not a battle after that. It was a routing.

Audun's sons had come to cut the throat of a distracted old man on the worst night of his life, with ten tired men at his back.

They had not come to fight a clan whose own Gods had just announced, in fire and thunder and a newborn's roar, exactly whose side they were on.

The young one at the gap broke first. The same boy who had offered to raise Borr's children as Audun's own.

He turned and ran with the rest, back down the river road into the dark.

They left their dead in the mud. Left the ram. Left their grappling ropes coiled against the wall.

They did not chase them far. Ten men, and half of them bleeding, and the night too black and the storm too wild.

They did not need to.

Borr knew how a story travels. By morning every man who ran would be telling the others what he had seen, and by spring it would have grown.

He could hear the shape it would take. Warriors in Audun's own hall swearing the lightning had come down not on the tree at all, but into the birthing house.

Swearing the child had been forged inside the fire of it.

None of it would be true. All of it would be believed.

They sent for Borr from the birthing house. Which was not done.

A man does not enter that place. But Heid sent, and when Heid gave an order in that particular voice, even chieftains obeyed.

Borr crossed his ruined yard in the dying rain. Past his own dead, and the enemy's.

There was blood on him that was not all his own, and a deep grey ache still sitting behind his ribs, like a debt he had been told to remember.

He bent nearly double through the low door, too large for the little room, and stopped dead.

He could not find Bestla. Only the old woman, and the bundle in her arms, and the stillness.

For one whole breath he was more afraid than he had been at the gate.

"Bestla." He could not get the rest of it out.

"Lives." Heid said it before he could finish. "She is weak. She will mend. Come and look at what the storm brought you."

She did not take her eyes off the child as she said it.

Borr crossed to her and looked down into the bundle in her arms.

And the child looked back up at him.

Not the unfocused drift of a newborn. Newborns do not open their eyes, not truly, not for days.

His were open already, grey and calm and patient. The child found Borr's face in the lamplight and held it.

Studying him with an attention that belonged to old men and judges and wolves. Deciding whether a thing was worth the trouble of killing.

Something went down Borr's spine that he would never afterward be able to name. It was not fear.

But it was close kin to fear.

"His eyes," Borr said. "They are watching me."

"They have been watching since the moment he came." Heid did not look up. "He looked at me before he drew the breath to cry. He chose to look first and to breathe after."

She lifted her gaze to Borr's face at last. "I have brought children into the world for sixty winters, Borr. I have never once seen the like."

"Then tell me what it means." His voice came out rough. "You did not drag me into a room no man may stand in so that I could admire the colour of his eyes."

The old woman went quiet a moment. The lamp hissed.

Beyond the wall the storm was finally dying, the thunder rolling away east toward the mountains, spent at last.

"You wanted a second son," she said. "You stood in your doorway and asked the Gods for a second thread, and the whole stronghold felt you asking."

"And they answered," Borr said.

"They answered." She looked down at the boy. "But the Gods do not give a man what he asks for. They give him what he can survive. And they make him pay the difference."

"Speak plainly."

"You asked for a thread to stand beside the first." She paused, and the fire popped, and no one in the small room breathed. "This is not a thread. This is the loom."

"He will outlast his brothers," she said. "He will outlast you. He will outlast every soul drawing breath under this roof tonight, and not in years alone, though his years will be long."

"Men will follow him to their deaths and thank him for the road."

"He will be loved most by those he wrongs, and feared most by those who know him best."

"He will give your people a gift so great they will forget it was ever given, until they can no longer imagine the world without it."

"That is no curse," Borr said. "You speak as though it were a curse."

"I am not finished."

She lifted her head. Her eyes in the lamplight were wet.

And Borr understood, with a lurch, that she was not afraid of his son at all. She was grieving for him.

"Everything he builds will cost him the thing he loves most to build it," she said.

"An eye. A brother. A son."

"He will trade them away, one at a time, and each time he will tell himself the trade was worth it. And each time he will be right. Being right will not comfort him at all."

"He will win everything a man can win. And at the end of a long life he will stand alone on the shore of a cold grey sea with all of it heaped around him."

She drew a slow breath. "Alone in a way you and I will never know, Borr. We are too small to be that alone."

Borr looked at his son for a long, long while.

When he finally spoke, his voice was steady. It was not the voice of a frightened man.

He had heard a great many prophecies in his life, and learned the one thing the seers never tell you.

A prophecy is only a map. Any man with the wit to walk a different road may read it however he likes.

"You have told me what the Gods intend," Borr said. "You have not told me I have to agree."

Heid almost smiled. "No," she admitted. "I have not."

"Then give me my son."

She gave him over. Borr took the small, warm, watchful weight of him against the wet leather of his chest, and the child went quiet at once.

Studying his face in the dying lamplight. As though filing it away.

As though it were a thing he meant to keep for a very long time.

"He needs a name," one of the women murmured.

Borr considered the child, and the child considered him back.

"He came in the worst storm any of us have lived to see," Borr said. "He looked before he breathed. He was born into a fight, and the fight broke the very instant he opened his mouth."

"There is a fury already in him. Banked down under all that quiet, the way fire banks under green wood."

His people had a word for that fury. The thing that took a man in battle, and in song, and in the grip of a great and terrible idea.

The divine madness that drove ordinary men to dare what no sane man would.

It was the most dangerous thing a person could carry. It was the one thing that made kings.

"Odin," Borr said. "His name is Odin."

From the bed, weak and barely above a breath, Bestla spoke. "Bring him to me."

Borr carried their son across the little room and laid him in the crook of her arm.

She had heard every word of it. She had been too far down to answer any of it, and the old woman had known that, and had said it all anyway.

An eye. A brother. A son. A cold grey sea.

Bestla looked into her son's face and found the same vast cold thing waiting there that had gone through the room when he opened his eyes.

She was not going to argue with a seeress. She had lived long enough to know how that ends.

But not tonight. Tonight you are eight pounds and a wet head and you are mine.

She smiled at him. It cost her more than the pushing had.

"Whatever you are," she whispered, "you are mine first."

Borr carried his son out into the hall. The men who still lived came to their feet at the sight of him.

They had hauled the broken gate upright and braced it with spears, and dragged the enemy dead out into the rain.

Now they looked at the small roaring bundle in his arms, and then at the sudden ringing quiet beyond the walls.

The same thought crossed every face in the same moment. He did not have to say a word.

The silence said it for him.

Out on the rise the great oak still smoked in the rain, split clean down its heart by the same sky that had gone still the instant his son first cried.

Borr looked down at the boy, and the boy looked back up at him. Grey-eyed and calm.

One man holding the gaze of another he has not yet decided whether to trust. And he did not look away.

Somewhere to the south, a king with nine sons would wake in the morning and count them again. Eight would ride home with their tails down, and a story they could not explain.

Audun would not learn the lesson the storm had tried to teach him. Men like Audun never did.

He would come again. With far more than forty men, and no storm to take the blame for the losing.

Let him come.

Borr held his second son against the heart that had tried to quit on him in the mud and somehow had not.

And for the first time in three days, he was not afraid.

He had asked the Gods for a thread.

They had sent him the loom.

Hrothgar the Dragon King

The Dukes of Normandy

A Legacy of Fire, Faith, and Finding Myself

THE BORN OF KINGS SERIES

Book One · Odin

Book Two · Skjoldr

CKBall.com

The chart below traces my direct royal lineage, sixty generations from Norse gods through legendary kings, medieval rulers, and modern ancestors, down to myself and my descendants. While not every person featured in this book is part of this ancestral line, the story centers around those whose blood runs directly through me, C.K. Ball, and continues through my children and grandchildren. This lineage chart honors that unbroken line.

- 60th King Odin & Queen Frigg of the Æsir (Legendary – Norse Mythology)
- 59th King Skjoldr Odinsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 58th King Fridleif Skjoldsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 57th King Frodi Fridleifsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 56th King Fridleif II Frodasson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 55th King Havar Fridleifsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 54th King Frodi Havarsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 53rd King Vermund Frodasson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 52nd King Olaf Vermundsson of Angel, Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 51st King Dan Olafsson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 50th King Frodi III Dansson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 49th King Fridleif III Frodasson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 48th King Frodi IV Fridleifsson of Sjælland (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 47th King Halfdan Frodasson of Denmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 46th King Hrothgar (Hroðgar/Hróarr) Halfdansson of Roskilde (Legendary – Beowulf / Norse Saga)
- 45th King Valdar Hroarsson of Scania (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 44th King Harald Valdarsson of Jutland, Roi, Scania & Roskilde (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 43rd King Halfdan III Haraldsson of Sweden & Roskilde (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 42nd Princess Solveig (Salveig) Halfdandsdotter of Sweden & Roskilde, Queen Consort of Hedmark & Oppland (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 41st Prince Hogne Eysteinnson of Hedmark & Oppland, Earl of Trondheim (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 40th Earl Eystein Hognasson of Trondheim (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 39th Gundella Eysteinsdatter, Norse Noblewoman (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 38th Jarl Eystein Ivarsson of Oppland & Hedmark (Legendary – Norse Saga)
- 37th Jarl Ragnvald Eysteinnson of Møre & Orkney, Count of Maer (Historical – 9th Century)
- 36th Duke Hrólfr (Rollo/Robert) of Normandy (Historical – c. 860–930 CE)

35th Duke William I FitzRolf of Normandy (Historical – c. 900–942 CE)

34th Duke Richard I of Normandy (Historical – 933–996 CE)

33rd Duke Richard II of Normandy (Historical – 963–1026 CE)

32nd Duke Robert I of Normandy (Historical – c. 1000–1035 CE)

31st King William I (The Conqueror) of England (Historical – 1028–1087 CE)

30th King Henry I Beauclerc of England & Duke of Normandy (Historical – 1068–1135 CE)

29th Princess Matilda (Maud II) of England, Holy Roman Empress, Queen Consort of the Romans (Historical – 1102–1167 CE)

28th Viscount William FitzEmpress of Anjou, of Dieppe (Historical – 12th Century)

27th Edith Plantagenet/Windsor, English Nobility (Historical – 12th–13th Century)

26th William I Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 13th Century)

25th William Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 13th Century)

24th Sir Richard Windsor, Knight (Historical – 13th–14th Century)

23rd Richard Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 14th Century)

22nd James Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 14th–15th Century)

21st Miles Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 15th Century)

20th Sir Brian Windsor, Knight (Historical – 15th Century)

19th Richard Windsor of Stanwell, Lord of Stanwell (Historical – 15th–16th Century)

18th Miles Windsor of Stanwell, English Noble (Historical – 16th Century)

17th Thomas Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 16th Century)

16th Anthony Windsor, English Noble (Historical – 16th–17th Century)

15th Constance Windsor Rothe, English Noblewoman (Historical – 17th Century)

14th Richard Peter Ryth, Colonial Settler (Historical – 17th Century)

13th Rosamond Ryth (Cowdrey) of Rotherwyk, Colonial American (Historical – 17th Century)

12th George Henry Cowdery, American Colonist (Historical – 17th–18th Century)

11th William George Cowdery, American (Historical – 18th Century)

10th Nathaniel Cowdrey, American (Historical – 18th Century)

9th Samuel Cowdery, American (Historical – 18th–19th Century)

8th Nathaniel Cowdery, American (Historical – 19th Century)

7th Jacob Cowdery Sr., American (Historical – 19th Century)

6th John Cowdery Sr., American (Historical – 19th Century)

5th John Cowdery Jr., American (Historical – 19th Century)

4th Loren Glazier Cowdrey, American (Historical – 19th Century)

3rd Addie Cowdrey Beno (Whitehead), American (Historical – 19th Century)

2nd Mary Whitehead (Maynard), American (Historical – 19th Century)

1st Mary Eunice Maynard (Ball), American (Historical – 20th Century)

Connie Kay Ball (C.K. Ball, Author), American (Historical – 20th Century)

Kalli Camille Murphy, American (Historical – 20th Century)

Lauren Vescelle Murphy, American (Historical – 20th Century)

Scott Douglas Murphy, American (Historical – 20th Century)

Jordan Breann (J.B.) Alter, American (Historical – 20th Century)

David Lawrence Murphy, American (Historical – 21st Century)

Tyler Matthew Murphy, American (Historical – 21st Century)

John Patryk Newman, American (Historical – 21st Century)