

Fienning Family First Cousins

	First Name	Last Name	Birthdate	Deceased	Parent
1	Frances	(Fienning) Wilt	2/20/1925		Richard
2	Janet	(Fienning) Gatzek	4/8/1926	11/1/1984	Richard
3	Daniel	Fienning	7/15/1928		Richard
4	Wanda	(Fienning) Mullin	8/11/1929		Richard
5	Betty	(Fienning) Coleman	5/17/1931		Richard
6	Marilyn	(Frazelle) McKay	9/2/1932	12/28/1999	Ruth
7	Joan	(Youngflesh) Kuipers	3/25/1934		Esther
8	Eugene	Frazelle	10/27/1934		Ruth
9	Jane	(Youngflesh) Vincent	11/23/1935		Esther
10	James	Youngflesh	10/8/1937		Esther
11	Sandra	(Frazelle) McNab	12/20/1938		Ruth
12	William	Fienning	6/11/1939		George
13	Edith	(Morris) Croake	12/20/1941		Edith
14	Frank	Morris	12/20/1941	4/3/1996	Edith
15	Jay	Youngflesh	7/31/1942		Esther
16	Charles	Fienning	1/21/1944		Edward
17	Dana	(Fienning) Minaya	8/26/1944		Robert
18	David	Fienning	7/19/1946		Robert
19	Jenny	Fienning	1/27/1947		Edward
20	Georgianna	(Fienning) Powell	8/13/1948		Rudolph
21	Kathy	(Fienning) Chefas	6/1/1950		Edward
22	Robbie	(Fienning) Blystone	12/1/1951		Robert
23	Ronald	Fienning	12/4/1951		Rudolph
24	Gregory	Fienning	2/8/1962		Rudolph

Andy Rooney

Cousins are forever

Some families are more serious about cousins than others.

We never made much of cousins in our family. I can't even remember exactly how many I have. They were nowhere near as important in my life as uncles and aunts.

You're more aware of cousins when you're young than you are later. When I was little, I knew some of my cousins pretty well, but in our family, we treated cousins more like friends. If we liked them, we saw them. If we didn't like them, we hardly ever saw them.

I'm not in favor of being best-friends with every cousin I was born with but there's some value to the permanence of cousins. Friends can drift apart by accident. You move to another city or get a different job and make new friends. You still like your old friends but you never see them and pretty soon, even the Christmas cards stop.

Cousins are forever. You always have them and even if 20 years go by without any contact, it's still possible to get together with a cousin

and share stories about how Uncle Herbert drove his car through the garage door. Cousins are the glue in the cracks that hold big families together.

Southerners make more of cousins than people from other parts of the country. In the South, everyone knows their second and third cousins. I hardly know what a second cousin is and I know darn well I couldn't give the definition of a third cousin or a cousin twice removed.

Cousins are a great reminder of genes and inheritance. You can know a cousin for years and never give much thought to what he or she looks like and then one day the cousin will turn his head or pick up a glass or a shadow will fall across his forehead and, in a flash, you see a likeness. There is something about the way the cousin holds his chin or something about the position of his thumb, that reminds you of your father or your mother or yourself. You see some minor gene you have in common and wonder what major genes you share.

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