

Vol. XVI No. 8 *Beth's Newfangled Family Tree* Section A January 2023

Santa Claus is as real as can be! He's on his way to your house now!



Thomas R. Freeman, Jr.,

Well, here is indisputable proof positive. The photo to the upper right was snapped at an undisclosed location, clearly showing the jolly old elf hard at work on Christmas Eve of 2020. This is when we met him - and in the time til now, have become good friends!

Notice the ample girth, the rosy cheeks and nose, twinkling eyes and his signature snack of cookies and milk (no crumbs).

In addition, note the utter absense of any trace of soot from his slide-down-the-chimney. The photo doesn't show his feet, but, if you could see them , you'd see pristine white shag carpet he is standing on..

But, Santa doesn't work entirely alone. He has special secret deputized gifting elves worldwide to help him make doubly sure that no one is forgotten or overlooked. These deputies are always there

when special care is called for.

You may never see them, but you will see the results of their work in little ones smiling faces.

You still don't believe?

Well, here's the clincher. Name anyone other than Santa who owns and flies his own sleigh pulled by eight tiny, but quite strong, reindeer *who can fly*.

The real magic of Santa is that anyone who wishes to do so may become Santa Claus himself or herself by when they see a child or even an adult in need and then esponding generously.

You will never have as much fun as when you become Santa whenever you wish.

Case closed. Merry Christmas.

* Above photo was taken by a cat named Harry who lives with us.





Clan Grant

Society - USA

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of your Clan Grant
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Buie • Gilroy • MaccAllan
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McKerran • M(a)cKlarran
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IT'S GREAT TO BE A
GRANT!

www.clangrant-us.org





Flower of the Forest

Roscoe Perry Gay

Tallahassee, Florida/Moultrie, Georgia.

Everyone who ever came to a Scottish Weekend in Moultrie, knew my dear and beloved friend, Roscoe Perry Gay. Roscoe and his crew were responsible for all of the wonderful food you enjoyed.

Roscoe passed away Monday, August 8, 2022 at Tallahassee Memorial Hospital. Funeral services were held on Thursday, August 11, 2022 at Midway Free Will Baptist Church with the Reverend Randy Jackson and his grandson Mr. Clint Jones officiating. Internment followed in Midway Cemetery.

The family received friends on Wednesday, August 10, 2022 at Cobb Funeral Chapel.

Casketbearers were Brady Mercer, Sean Sauls, Matt Sauls, Reece Grantham, Tracy Gay, Christopher Harvin, Darrell Gay, Merle Gay, Jerry Walters, Aldine Hart, Wayne Lacey, Doug Durham, J.B. Tucker, Leroy Gray, Jimmy Matthews and Bobby Grainer.

Roscoe was born December 17, 1941 in Moultrie. He was the son of the late Furman Gay and Leola Bishop Gay. Mr. Gay was a well known caterer that everyone in South Georgia used and respected. He loved the Lord and served him as a faithful member, Sunday School teacher and Deacon at Midway Free Will Baptist Church. Mr. Gay was a Mason for fifty years and a member of the Shriners.

He was a farmer and a former Colquitt County Commissioner.

Mr. Gay loved his family and enjoyed turkey

hunting and riding on his tractors.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his first wife, Deloyce Phelps Gay; child, Lynn Gay; sisters Duane Sterling, Dovie Thompson, and brother Gerald Gay.

Survivors include his wife, Callie Josephine Sloan Gay of Moultrie; children Sam Gay and wife, Annie, of Moultrie, Amy Jones and husband Darin of Lilburn, Georgia, Michael Gay and wife, Melissa, of Panama City, Florida; Tony Gay and wife Stacey, of Kathleen, Georgia.

He is also survived by grandchildren Keri Dukette and husband, Jonathan, Melynda Jones, Clint Jones and wife Lauren, David Gay and wife, Jill, Tyler Gay, Troy Gay and fiancée, Sarah Alice, Trey Potter.

He is also survived by Great Grandchildren Robert McKoon, Julian Dukette, Adilynn Gay, Anna Gay, Micah Jones, Ollie Gay, Sister-in-law, Elaine Gay of Gainesville, Georgia, numerous nieces, nephews and other family members.

Memorial contributions may be made to Midway Free Will Baptist Church, 287 Lower Meigs Road, Moultrie, GA 30768.

Cobb Funeral Chapel was entrusted with arrangements. Please sign the guestbook at <www.cobbfuneralchapel.com>

During the twenty-six years I lived in Moultrie, Roscoe was the most like a brother I never had. I did and do and will always love Roscoe.

*The Scottish Tartans Museum
and Heritage Center, Inc.*

86 East Main Street Franklin, North Carolina, 28734

825-524-7472

www.scottishtartansmuseum.org

MUSEUM HOURS

10:00 am - 5:00 pm
Monday thru Saturday

Adult Admission

\$4.00 plus tax

Child's Admission

\$2.00 plus tax
Under 6 years FREE

Online Gift Shop

www.scottishtartansgiftshop.com

*"The only Tartan
Museum in the U.S."*





***MAKING THE CUT* - Original painting by Keets Taylor**

Keets Taylor's talented fingers have been busy recently. If you'd be interested in this painting, just Contact Keets Taylor, 135 Sims Drive, Lewistille, NC27023.

While the *Oracles, Divining, and Magical Thinking Show* has closed, Keets' appreciation of another manifestation of magical thinking is apparent in *Making The Cut*. Now showing at the NTSA Center, the 16 x 16 acrylic on canvas painting depicts the hopes and dreams of trying against all odds anyway.

The NTSA (North Tryon Street Arts) Center 604 N Trade Street, Winston-Salem is currently open Friday through Sunday from Noon until 5 PM, and other hours by chance or by appointment!

<<https://www.facebook.com/northtradestreetarts>>

<Keets8385@gmail.com> or call 336-413-6932



CLAN BUCHANAN SOCIETY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

If you have the name "Buchanan" in your family or any of the allied family/sept names below, you are invited to join your cousins and Buchanan kin. Just send an email for a membership form and/or information to

<info@theclanbuchanan.com>



Bohanan
Buchanan
Colman
Cormack
Cousland
Dewar
Donleavy
Dove, Dow
Gibb(s)(y)
Gibbon
Gibson

Gilbert
Gilbertson
Harper
Harperson
Leavy
Lennie
Lenny
Macaldonich
Macalman
Macandeior
Macaslan
Macaslin
Macauselan
Macauslan(in)
Macausland
Macauslane
Macalman
Macalmon(t)
Macammond
Macasland
Macchruiter
Maccolman
Maccolwan
Maccormac(k)
Maccommon
Maccoubrey
Maccubbin
Maccubbing
Maccubin
Macdonleavy
Macgeorge
Macgibbon

Macgilbert
Macgreusich
Macgubbin
Macinally
Macindeo(r)
Mackibb
Mackibbon
Mackinlay
Mackinley
Macmaster
Macnaurice
Macmorris
Macmurchie
Macmurphy
Macneur
Macnuir
Macquat
Macquattie
Macquattiey
Macquyer
MacQuinten
Macwattie
Macwhirter
Macwhorter
Masters
Masterson
Morricè
Morris
Morrison
(of Perthshire only)
Murchie
Murchison
Richardson



Risk
Rusk(ie)
Ruskin
Spittal
Spittle
Walter
Walters
Wason
Sasson
Waters
Watson
Watt
Watters
Weir
Wuill
Wool
Wule

The CBSI was formed in 1970 as the Clan Buchanan Society in America. It was founded at the Grandfather Mountain Games in North Carolina. The name was later changed to the Clan Buchanan Society International Inc., to reflect our society's expanded purpose and membership.



A Blyth Yule an' a Cantie Hogmanay tae ye a'!

Hope y'all are pacing yourselves. It's still a few days until Christmas.

Just a couple reminders:

At the Tallahassee St. Andrew Society we hope to see you Friday night at our first annual Christmas open house and New Members Reception. Even if your "making the rounds" and only have a few minutes in your schedule, we hope to see you! Oh, and bring a friend! The 2022-23 Membership Directories will be available.

Don't forget, February is coming, so sign up and become a Highland Games Sponsor. It would be a great Christmas gift.

And speaking of Christmas gifts, if you don't have an SAST name tag or member pin, it's time you got them. Laurie Long can also take care of a custom embroidered SAST or clan shirt. Order them today!

It's also a good time to order your clan tartan banner to donate to the Society's banner collection in honor of your Scottish ancestor.

Just give the "Tartan Lady" a call.

Hopefully, I see you Friday. Have a safe and joyous Christmas!

Scots Aye! Eric King,



NEWSLETTER

ISSUE: 95

From the 30th November we will be closing our doors for the remainder of the Winter months.

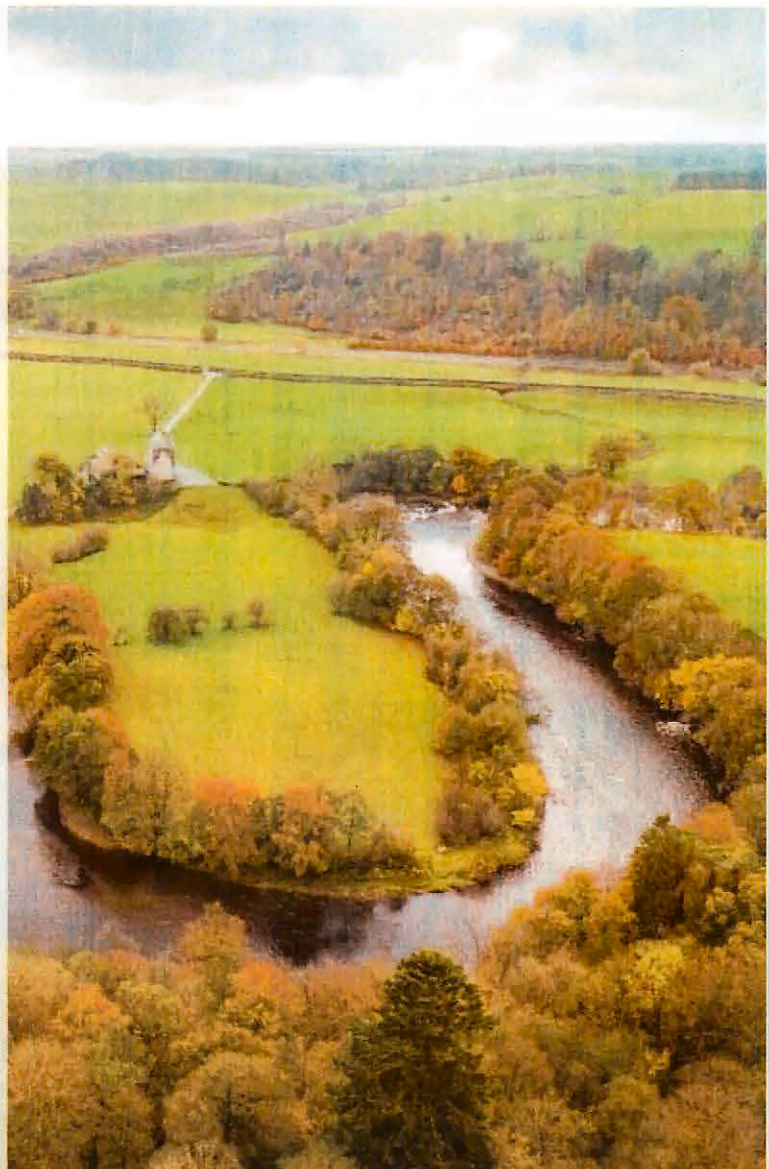
We have some exciting future plans for the tower so watch this space.

See you all in March 2023



**GILNOCKIE
TOWER**

We are saddened to share with you that Gilnockie Tower will now be CLOSED until March 2023



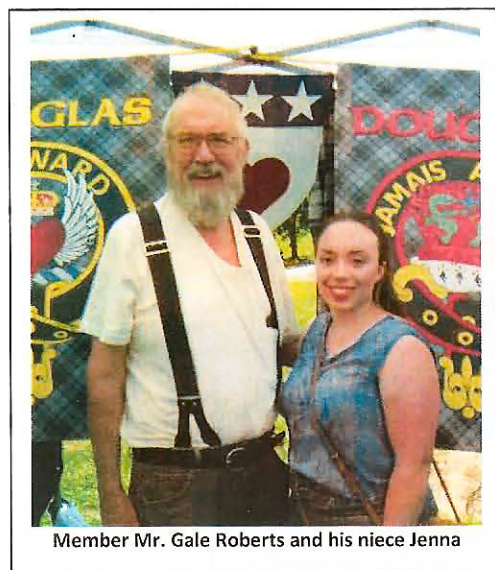
Welcome to the Clan Douglas Society

4330 Basso, Paul; Roseburg, OR
4331 Douglas, David; Pikeville, TN
4332 Baskette, Dottie; Lenoir City, TN
4333 Douglas, Kevin; Lincolnton, GA
4334 Gritton, Christopher; Elkton, OR
4335 Douglas, Brittany; College Grove, TN
4336 Colwell, Ivan; Greenback, TN
4337 Rahill, David; Edmond, OK
4338 Douglas, Cassie; DeLand, FL
4339 Owings, Paul; Fort Worth, TX
4340 Phelps, Gregory; Knoxville, TN
4341 Hamilton, Kristina; Jefferson City, TN
4342 Morton, Terry; Knoxville, TN
4343 Chastain, Skyler; Knoxville, TN
4344 Anderson, Sandra; Dennard, AR
4345 Haworth, Donald Jr; Sellersville, PA
4346 Hester, Brenda; Paragould, AR
4343 Chastain, Skyler; Knoxville, TN
4344 Anderson, Sandra; Dennard, AR
4345 Haworth, Donald Jr; Sellersville, PA
4346 Hester, Brenda; Paragould, AR



Clan Douglas at the SW Missouri Celtic Festival in Buffalo, Missouri - September 9-10, 2022

This was the 19th year for this festival and you couldn't have asked for any better weather. For such a small town, this has always been a nice festival with a number of entertainers, Highland athletics, and an active Clan Row boasting 18 clans this year. Baer Swords School of Western Martial Arts was back this year with its "Battle of Buffalo" event which provided instruction in the use of medieval weapons. The highlight of Baer Swords presentation is its mock battle which invites the audience to bear safe arms and battle as teams against each other. This festival is still recovering from the pandemic years and would benefit greatly from more Scottish/Celtic vendors and food vendors.



Member Mr. Gale Roberts and his niece Jenna

The Lady Jennifer accompanied me again this year. We were met at the tent by CDSNA Member



Member Teresa McGiverin and husband Jake and their corgi Missy

The Clan Douglas Society of North America

is looking for CDSNA members

willing to represent CDSNA in multiple areas of United States & Canada.

If you know of a US state or Canadian province that holds an annual Celtic/Scottish festival and that festival welcomes multiple clans along its clan row but Clan Douglas is not represented at the festival,

OR

If you would like to become a CDSNA Regent and represent Clan Douglas at an annual Celtic/Scottish festival not currently represented by a CDSNA Regent,

contact CDSNA VP Mark Peterson, CDSNA AVP (East) Harold Edington,
or CDSNA AVP (West) Cora Peterson to share information.

*** More than one Regent may operate within a state or province to provide coverage for events.***

In the US, CDSNA needs Regents/Co-Regents in...

ALASKA (Palmer area &/or Homer area)

CONNECTICUT (Round Hill Highland Games)

IDAHO (Boise area)

KANSAS (Wichita area)

KENTUCKY

LOUISIANA (Minden area)

MASSACHUSETTS (Florence/New Hampton area - Glasgow Lands Scottish Festival)

MISSISSIPPI

MONTANA (Hamilton area &/or Kalispell area)

NORTH CAROLINA (Cape Fear Highland Games [Wilmington area],

SOUTH CAROLINA (Co-Regents & tent supporters)

SOUTH DAKOTA (Aberdeen area)

TEXAS (multiple events, mainly South Texas)

UTAH (Co-Regent for the Salt Lake City area)

VERMONT (White River Junction area - Quechee games)

WYOMING (Cheyenne area)

In Canada, CDSNA needs Regents in...

BRITISH COLUMBIA (Vancouver/Coquitlam area)

ONTARIO ([1] Fergus area, [2] Coburg area, [3] Uxbridge area) (You can be a Regent for one or all)

NEW BRUNSWICK (Moncton area)

*At a Scottish/Celtic event, the only thing worse seeing than
an empty Clan Douglas tent is no Clan Douglas tent at all.*



This Is What Christmas Is All About

Sent to <electricscotland.com> by email from Jeanie Francis, author not known.

A dear friend shared this precious Christmas Story with me, and it touched me so much, I, in turn, wanted to share it with you...

Better bundle up - the goose bumps will freeze you!! I think I need to read this every year at Christmas! It IS a 'tear jerker'...so get the kleenex out...

Pa never had much compassion for the lazy or those who squandered their means and then never had enough for the necessities. But for those who were genuinely in need, his heart was as big as all outdoors. It was from him that I learned the greatest joy in life comes from giving, not from receiving.

It was Christmas Eve 1881. I was fifteen years old and feeling like the world had caved in on me because there just hadn't been enough money to buy me the rifle that I'd wanted for Christmas. We did the chores early that night for some reason. I just figured Pa wanted a little extra time so we could read in the Bible.

After supper was over I took my boots off and stretched out in front of the fireplace and waited for Pa to get down the old Bible. I was still feeling sorry for myself and, to be honest, I wasn't in much of a mood to read Scriptures. But Pa didn't get the Bible, instead he bundled up again and went outside. I couldn't figure it out because we had already done all the chores. I didn't worry about it long though, I was too busy wallowing in self-pity.

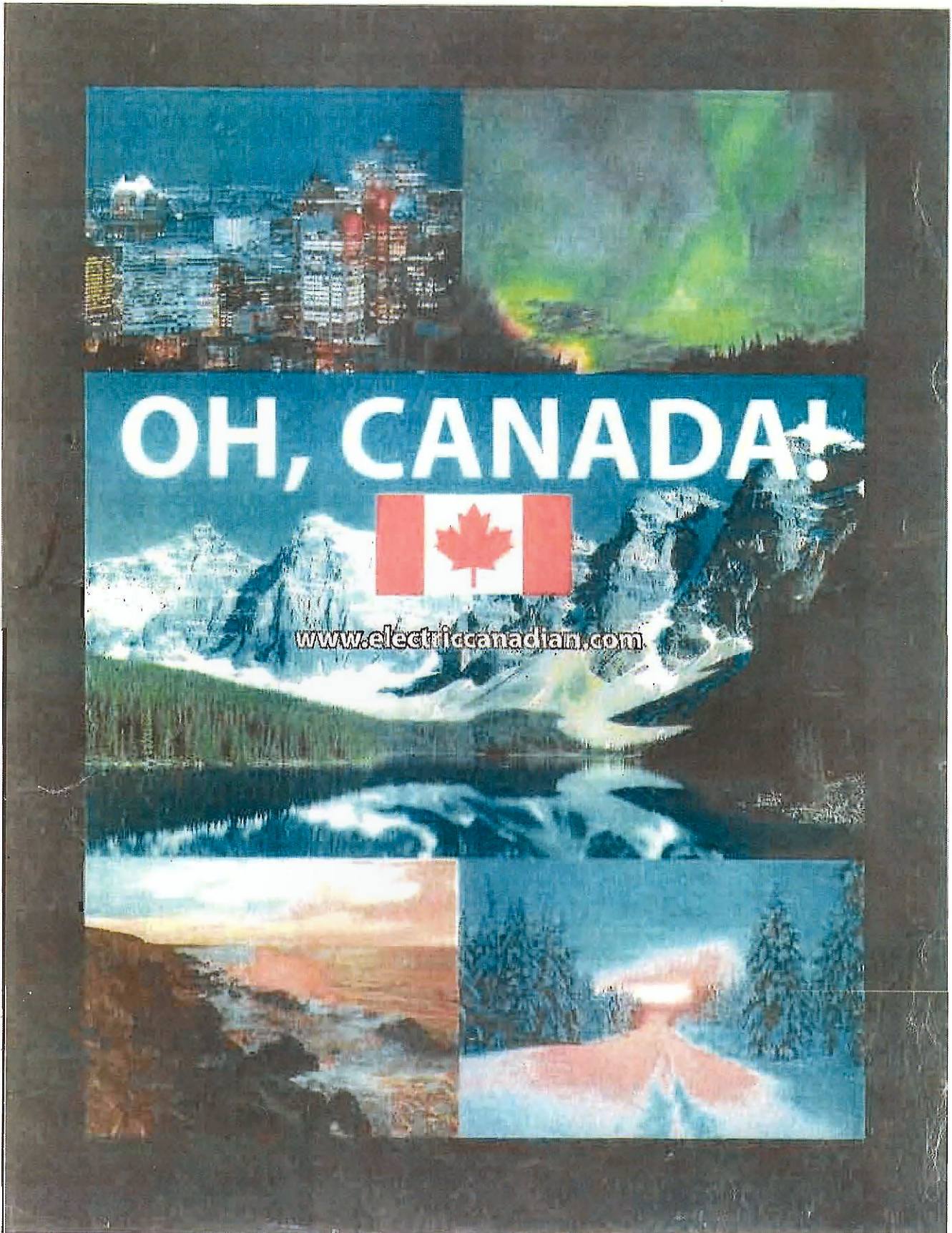
Soon, Pa came back in. It was a cold, clear, night out and there was ice in his beard. "Come on, Matt," he said. "Bundle up good, it's cold out tonight." I was really upset then. Not only wasn't I getting the rifle for Christmas, now Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see. We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up and put my boots back on and got my cap, coat, and mittens. Ma gave me a mysteri-



ous smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what...

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was, we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load. Pa was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed. He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me." The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high side boards on. After we had exchanged the sideboards, Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood - the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the

Continued on page 13



www.electrification.com

mountain, and then all Fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing?

Finally I said something. "Pa," I asked, "what are you doing?" "You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked. The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said, "Why?" "I rode by just today," Pa said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. They're out of wood, Matt." That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it. Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smoke house and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand. "What's in the little sack?" I asked. Shoes, they're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence. I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy? Really, why was he doing any of this? Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible, then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door. We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?" "Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt, could we come in for a bit?" Widow Jensen



opened the door and let us in. She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. Widow Jensen fumbled with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time. There was a pair for her and one for each of the children - sturdy shoes, the best, shoes that would last. I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks. She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out. "We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said. He turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up." I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before, filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people. I soon had the fire

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Clan Blair Society



Memberships are cordially invited
for Blair descendants and other
interested parties.

www.clanblair.org

President, Clan Blair Society
Shawn Blair
Email: <webblaird@clanblair.org>

Vice President, Jim Blair
Email: <vicepres@clanblair.org>

Membership Chairman,
Charles Diman

3413 Synnybrook Drive, Charlotte, NC 28210-4715 ClanMembership@clanblair.org>



blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time. She finally turned to us. "God Bless You," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that He would send one of His Angels to spare us." In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after Widow Jensen mentioned it I could see that it was probably true. I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes. Tears were running down Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I could see that they missed their Pa, and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell." I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away. Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank

you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, May The Lord Bless You, I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold. When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt,

I want you to know something. Your Ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your Ma and me were real excited, thinking

that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that, but on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Now the

rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children. For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensens, or split a block of wood, I remembered, and remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

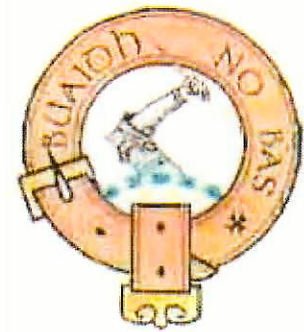
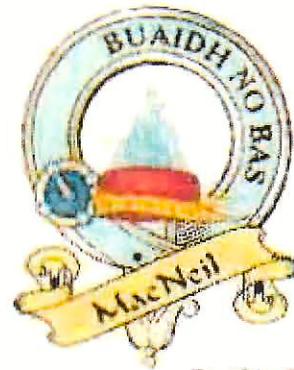
Don't be too busy today. Share this inspiring message.

May God Bless You!
Merry Christmas.



The
Clan Macneil
Association of America

If you are a Macneil or any of the following "Sept Names" then you have found the clan you have been searching for.



"O'n D'thainig thu."

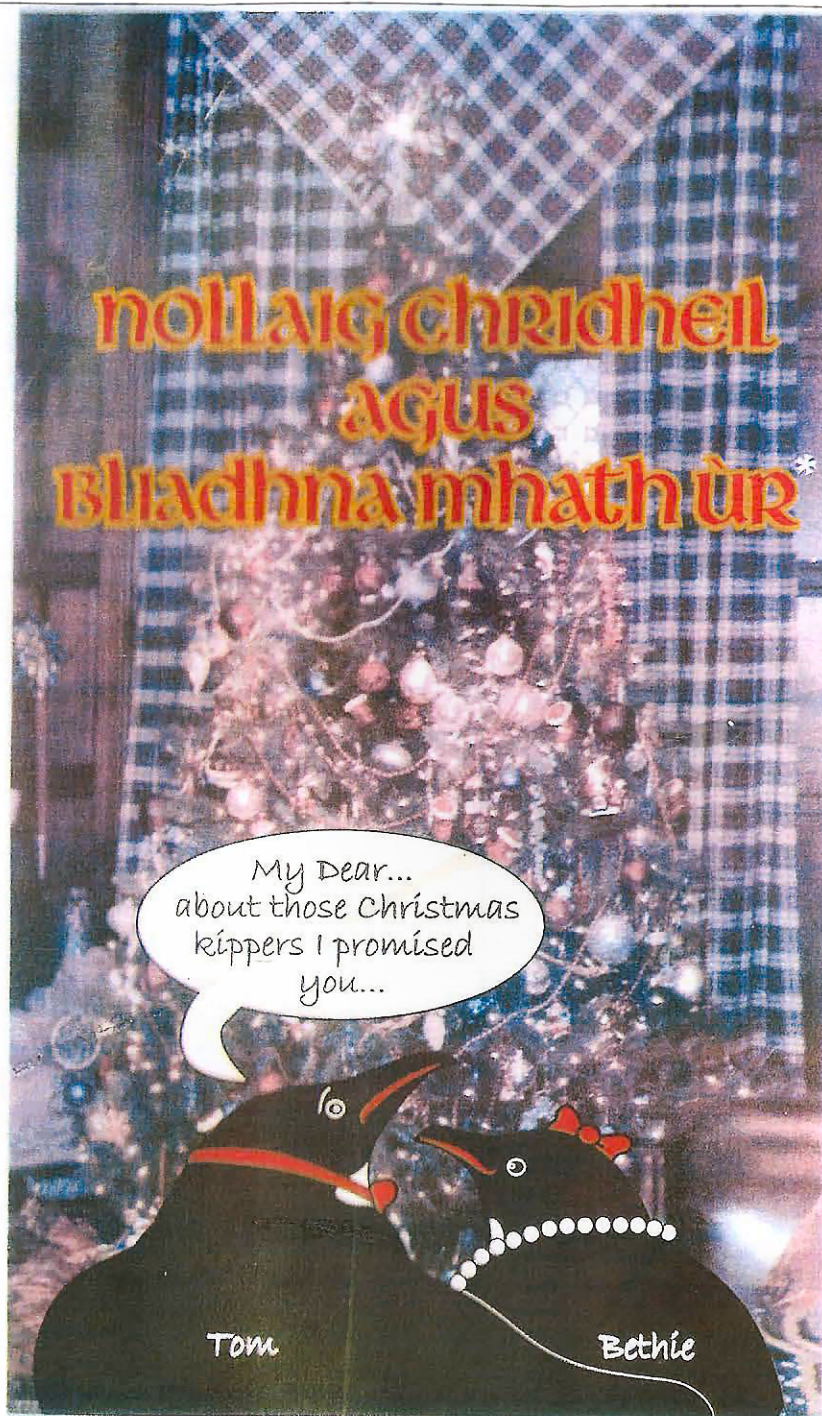
Remember the men from whom you have come.

The Clan Macneil President: **Kenneth McNeil**,
3920 N. St. Joseph Ave., Evansville, IN 47720-1203
<mckennypam.1203@hotmail.com>

- | | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|------------|
| * Macneil | * Mcniel | * Niell | * McGougan |
| * MacNeil | * McNiel | * O'Neal | * McGrail |
| * Macniel | * Mcneill | * O'Neil | * McGrail |
| * MacNiel | * McNeill | * O'Niel | * Mcgrail |
| * Macneill | * Mcneal | * O'Neill | * Mcgrail |
| * MacNeill | * McNeale | * Oneil | * McGugan |
| * MacNeillie | * McNeilage | * Oneill | * Macgugan |
| * Macneal | * Mcneilage | * Nelson | * McGuigan |
| * MacNeal | * McNelly | * Neilson | ...and |
| * Macneale | * Mcnelly | * Nielson | * Mcguigan |
| * MacNeilage | * McNeally | * MacGougan | |
| * Macneilage | * Mcneally | * Macgougan | |
| * MacNelly | * Neil | * Macgrail | |
| * Macnelly | * Neal | * MacGugan | |
| * MacNeally | * Neall | * Macgugan | |
| * Macneally | * Neale | * MacGuigan | |
| * Mcneil | * Neill | * Macguigan | |
| * McNeil | * Niel | * McGougan | |



We couldn't quite figure out how to really send all of you our homemade Christmas Card!



We both really love penguins!

*Merry Christmas and Happy New Year in Scots Gaelic

On this and the next three pages is our card!
We have such fun with these every year!

Dear Friends and Family,
It would seem the holidays are here again. Almost like an annual occurrence isn't it?

Soon we'll have over-crowded parking lots, over-excited children (or grandchildren), over-extended finances, over-wrought sales assistants and too few days in which to accomplish too many things.

But hey...it's the holidays. Turkey and dressing, pumpkin pie, snowmen, presents, bubbly and party hats, happy kids (or grandkids, after-meal naps and mistletoe.

Ain't life grand!



To all our family and friends, a heart-felt wish for peace, love and joy.

Tom &
Beth

PS. We did, of course, forgive Harry the cat.

Yes, we really made this card. The picture is a year of so old since Tom has been on bedrest for almost 2 years. He's having plastic surgery December 27, 2022. Please keep us in your prayers.

HARRY!
NOT THE CHRISTMAS KIPPERS!



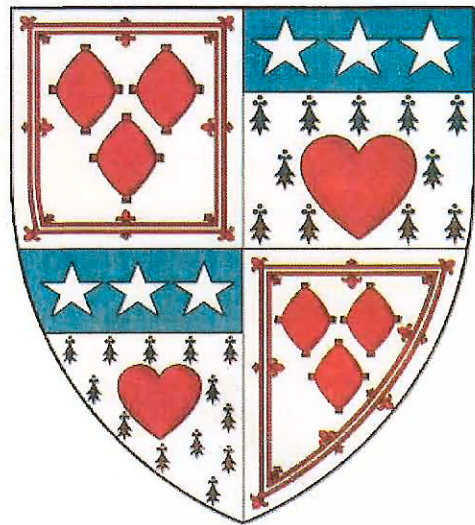
YUM, KIPPERS...DON'T WORRY...THEY'LL FORGIVE ME CAUSE IT'S

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Yes, Harry is really our cat. Tom looked him up in the cat book and it says he is an exotic African breed more like a dog than a cat. MMM. His behavior matches that, but we know his Mama and Daddy. Don't all cats play fetch?



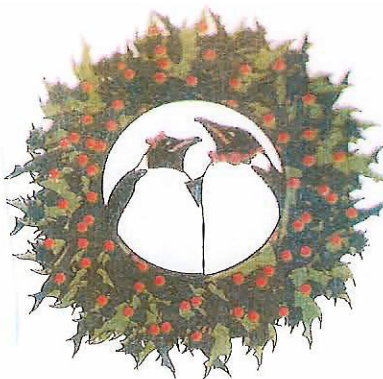
Here on the right, is Frances MacDonald with a friend from nursing school. Today, she is a renowned painter in Scotland. Her article begins on page 25.



The coat of arms of Archibald Douglas, earl of Moray, as they appear (more or less) in the Berry Armorial (c. 1450) and the Scots Roll (c. 1455). Archibald claimed the earldom of Moray through his wife Elizabeth, a daughter of James Dunbar, 4th earl of Moray. Elizabeth had an older sister and so standard practice dictated the earldom should have been inherited by her husband James, son of William, Lord Crichton. However, James would have to wait until 1452, when James II was preparing a campaign against the 'new' Black Douglases, to be acknowledged as earl of Moray, and even then does not seem to have enjoyed the revenues of the earldom. In both Berry and the Scots Roll, the arms are missing the ermine fields on the Douglas arms in the second and third quarters.

Image source:
http://wappenwiki.org/index.php?title=File:Douglas_Moray.svg

The last page of
 our
 Christmas Card.
 Merry Christmas!



This Christmas card was made with love & just for you by Tom & Beth Freeman.
 Christmas 2022

688 Camp Yonah Road, Clarkesville, GA 30523-4008
 Home: 706-839-3881 Cell: 864-985-2844

E mail: trf@cockspurherald.com bethscribble@aol.com

James McDonough, Editor, sent this to us. <jmcdonough44@gmail.com> I thought you'd like to see it. Lots of us Scots have Irish bits - some smaller and some larger.

In any case, it looks like great fun!

Here is our December Irish Arts and Entertainment issue. Although the events are mostly Southern California, the features are all quite interesting and insightful especially to Irish / Irish American folks. We all love a good film and we have a wonderful feature on Cork native Owen Dara and his three films! A lot more too so please enjoy and share. #Irish #Dublin #IrishMusic #IrishDance #CelticCulture

Merry Christmas

IRISH ARTS
& Entertainment

Find us on Facebook

Vol. XXX # 13 December -- Nollaig 2022

An Irish Christmas



Holiday Classic; The Irish Butter Churn Dance...See KERRY Page 3

Owen Dara New Film & Profile



Owen Dara and Jessica Lancaster — a real life couple — in their third feature film "A Lesser Gift".

Sound Of Christmas Sing Along

Only three performances In December



Shiela Cullen
Narrator

Iulie Hinton
Soloist

Charles Fernandez
Conductor

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS
 Starting on page 3
 New Owen Dara Film
 See Page 11

Our regular columnist;
 Maurice Fitzpatrick's
 View From Ireland
 See page 20
 Sounds of Christmas Feature &
 Ad with ticket links

Check out pages 24 & 25
 More Very Irish Perks added
 Details on pages 33
 Expanded Calendar and a
 lot more!



EST 2002

SCOTLANDSHOP

TAILORED TARTAN CLOTHING & INTERIORS

CLOTHING

FABRICS

INTERIORS

WEDDINGS

GIFTS

Bring Scotland Home this Spring

According to *Vogue Magazine*, vibrant colours and bold patterned fabrics are on trend for interiors this Spring, and what could be better to introduce either of these trends into your home than tartan? Especially as there's over 500 colourways to choose from!

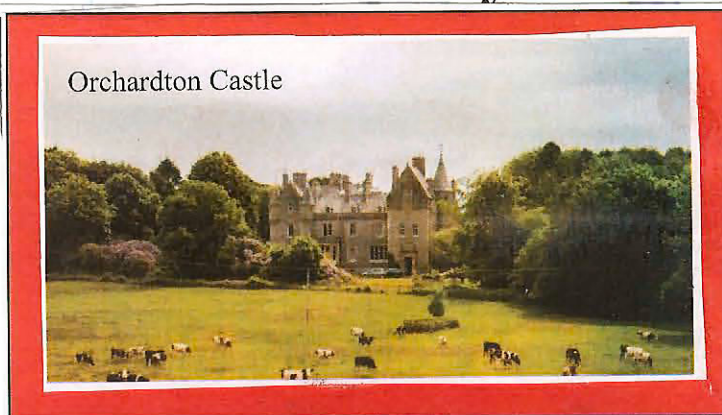


How about a castle for Christmas this year?

Orchardton Castle has over 40 rooms in its 25,000 square feet. The surrounding five acres include lawns, stables garden wood and paddock plus fields behind the house leading to a secluded beach for walking, riding or sailing.

With four floors plus turret rooms, it has three self contained flats and seventeen single bedrooms.

Built by William Robinson in the 1880's it was constructed in "Scottish Baronial" style and has seen life as a hotel, a school and a hospital for wounded soldiers.



Situated on the 'Scottish Riviera' Gulf stream weather allows for rare plants and trees, including a palm tree in the back garden!

Listed for less than £1.7 m Orchardton is close to Kirkcudbright, Kippford and Dumfries (voted the happiest town in Scotland to live), it is 90 miles south of Edinburgh and Glasgow and within an hour and a half of the ferry to Northern Ireland and less than 5 hours to London.

For more information, visit: Fine & Country <www.OrchardtonCastle.co.uk> Orchardton Castle

For the latest news from Scotland see our ScotNews feed at: <https://electricScotland.com/scotnews.htm>

Electric Scotland News

MyHeritage

We recently released **AI Time Machine™**, a fun new feature that creates stunning images of you as you would have looked in different time periods throughout history. Since its launch, the feature has taken the internet by storm. Millions of people have already created mind-blowing images and shared them enthusiastically with their friends and family, or used them as their new social profile pictures. Try it today and see what the buzz is all about at: <<https://www.myheritage.com/ai-time-machine>>

MyHeritage is the leading global discovery platform for exploring family history. Our sophisticated matching technologies, billions of international historical records, and at-home DNA tests take you on a meaningful discovery journey that unites your past, present, and future. Since 2020, MyHeritage is home to the world's best technologies for enhancing and colorizing historical photos.

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Sign up for their DNA package

Lexophilia??

Although not in the dictionary, it is reported that "Lexophile" describes a person who loves sentences such as, "You can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish," and, "To write with a broken pencil is pointless."

An annual competition is held by the 'New York Times' to see who can create the best original lexophile.

This year's submissions:

* I changed my iPod's name to Titanic.

It's syncing now.

* England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

* Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

Continued on page 25

Tradition of the Crazy Hat

As many families do at Christmas time, if they have small children or grandchildren, they get together for the annual picture with Santa Claus.

The Shackelford-Ramsey house is no different. For the past few years, since we have moved by to my home state, we have made the trip to our hometown mall to see Santa. Sometimes there was, screaming, crying, escapes tried and failed, but GiGi got it done.

Anyone who knows me knows I love all things Ramsay/Ramsey and am proud to show our beautiful tartan!!

Gigi has a Ramsay tartan Tam that was purchased thinking I would wear it myself. After getting it home and trying it on in front of a mirror, I decided that was not such a great idea!!

So, beginning at Christmas 2018, the tradition of the Crazy Hat began. Our granddaughter Lauren and great granddaughter Kaydence would have nothing to do with it! (You know women!!)

But our great grandson Kingston went along with it!! So, in the pictures, his first Christmas picture with Santa, he is wearing a red Ramsay tartan shirt and the Crazy Hat! Also, that same year he is in the picture with Lauren and Kaydence in his hat and shirt.

Other pics are the two girls in 2017, before Kingston came along, all of them in 2018, 2019, no Santa photo in 2020 because of covid, and finally the last one Christmas 2021.

The funny part came into the picture as I called it the "Ramsay hat" as we were leaving to go to the mall. Kingston quickly corrected me and said, "Don't forget the CRAZY hat!!"

In the final picture you may notice Kingston's "Batman" boots. He felt that was a nice touch to complete his outfit!

Hoping you all have a wonderful Christmas and looking forward to seeing everyone at upcoming games in 2023!

Slainte Mhath!!

Ronda Ramsey Shackelford

Commissioner Clan Ramsay International



Lexophilia??, *Continued from page 23* ———

* This girl today said she recognized me from the Vegetarians Club, but I'd swear I've never met herbivore.

* I know a guy who's addicted to drinking brake fluid, but he says he can stop any time.

* A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.

* When the smog lifts in Los Angeles, U.C.L.A.

* I got some batteries that were given out free of charge.

* A dentist and a manicurist married. They fought tooth and nail.

* A will is a dead giveaway.

* With her marriage, she got a new name and a dress.

* Police were summoned to a daycare center where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

* A bicycle can't stand alone; it's just two tired.

* The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine last week is now fully recovered.

* He had a photographic memory, but

* He had a photographic memory, but it was never fully developed.

* When she saw her first strands of gray hair, she thought she'd dye.

* Acupuncture is a jab well done. That's the point of it.

* I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.

* Did you hear about the crossed-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?

* When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.

* When chemists die, they barium.

Editor's Comment: (Same as for puns.)

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Love'em.



Painting is what I do.

Jan Patience

‘Painting is what I do. It is an escape from everything’: Celebrated landscape artist Frances Macdonald on why she'll never retire

Landscape artist Frances Macdonald in her studio in Crinan, Argyll, ahead of exhibition at The Scottish Gallery.

Frances Macdonald knows the warp and weft of the Argyll landscape like the back of her hand. She has been looking at it since she was a wee girl, playing on the shore around Tarbert, Loch Fyne, her home for the first six years of her life.

In 1970, Macdonald and husband Nick Ryan, moved to the west coast of Scotland as newlyweds to run the Crinan Hotel. In this beautiful spot, overlooking the famous Corryvreckan whirlpool, a narrow strait between the islands of Jura and Scarba, Macdonald began the process of intense looking. She went on to translate this into beautiful paintings of some of the country's most stunning scenery.

Following in the footsteps of some of the great painters of Scotland's dramatic west coast, such as Peploe and Cadell, Macdonald's work now has a global fanbase.

In their five decades running the Crinan Hotel, the couple became known to the thousands of guests who arrived at this remote spot to be wined and dined in style. Celebrity visitors over the years included Sean Connery, Stephen Hawking, the Prada family, Princess Anne and Björk – to name but a few.

Continued on page 27

Ramsay Report

NEWSLETTER OF
CLAN RAMSAY INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHIEF THE R. HON. THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE VOL. LVI NO. IV DECEMBER, 2022

...members
in France,
Canada,
Norway,
England,
New
Zealand,
Australia,
Scotland,
Brussels,
Belgium, &
Luxemburg

Homage to a Brave & Ramsay Dinner

November 12, 2022
Waterloo, Belgium

Clan Ramsay organized the Homage to a Brave at Hougoumont Farm, one of the highlights of the Battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815.

The various clans honored their dead with the laying of a wreath of poppies and a minute of silence. The Hay Pipers Band accompanied us with their magnificent pieces of music.

The organizer gave a brief reminder to the guests of the highlights of the terrible fighting that took place in these places.

At 6 p.m., the aperitif was offered by our clan to all our guests. Our Ramsay Family Dinner started with a superb haggis, offered by the clan with a variety of whiskey, followed by a second starter of salmon, the main course being a wild boar stew, and finished with tarte tatin.

The traditional toasts were brought to the kings, to our clan leaders and to our members.

The highlight of the evening was the Quaich ceremony with the adoption of three new Ramsays: Arnaud, Philip and Corentin.

This warm evening ended with the traditional Auld Lang Syne by the famous poet Robert Burns. We all promised to meet again in November 2023.

To learn more about the farm and the Battle of Waterloo visit:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hougoumont>

Submitted by
Christian Jamin Ramsay
Commissioner
Clan Ramsay
North Europe



Merry
Christmas

In between working and bringing up her children, Macdonald would paint. Now, following Ryan's death in 2018 – and against the backdrop of Brexit and the pandemic – she runs the hotel single-handedly, still juggling a career as an artist with an international reputation. Not bad for a girl who didn't go to art school because her banker father was worried she'd turn into a beatnik like her cousin.

Last week, a solo exhibition of her highly textured oil paintings – mostly views around Crinan as well as Iona, Staffa, Erraid and Kintyre – opened at The Scottish Gallery in Edinburgh. Many were reserved before the exhibition opened, fetching up to £16,000 for bigger canvases.

The Road To The Isles sees Macdonald at her brilliant best. With brio and energy, she carves out the intense yellows of lichen on rocks, the white-pink of sand on the beach against lime green sea grasses and the greeny-blues of the Atlantic waters.

Many of these views, she says, are imprinted on her mind's eye and created from memory. Using her signature style of working quickly with a palette knife, she manages to make rocks, sea grasses and waves leap off the canvas.

As a youngster, Macdonald was a dab hand at drawing. "I'd be drawing rather than reading. Mostly animals when I was a child," she recalls.

The family lived in Tarbert before moving to Greenock, where her father (a "frustrated architect", according to his daughter) worked for the Union Bank. Young Frances attended primary school in Kilmacolm and then Greenock Academy.

"In my mind I was always going to art school," she explains. "But cousin went to Edinburgh School of Art and got pregnant to some bearded fellow. My father probably thought I'd go off and be a beatnik,

so he put the foot down and said it wasn't happening. In those days, you listened to your parents, so I had to come up with an alternative career.

"I really wanted to travel. My grandmother on my mother's side was from Oban and as a young widow had gone to sea, working on passenger ships. I decided nursing was a career which would allow me to travel, so I went to do my training at the old Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh. It was very much not the life of a beatnik!"

Macdonald's career as a nurse took her to America, where she worked for a year in an operating theatre, and then on to passenger ships. But her creative passions never left her. During her training in the early '60s, Macdonald was well known to colleagues as a talented artist. She sold her watercolour paintings of flowers for a few pounds to make some extra money.

Later, at sea, she painted scenes of places where the ship docked. She'd sell views of St Helena and Madeira to ship officers. "I always had an easel in my room," she recalls. "It was tricky keeping the wet paint away from my white starched uniform!"

Macdonald continued to paint once she and Ryan moved to Argyll – mostly boats in the Crinan Canal basin and occasional landscapes.

The couple met and fell in love on board a Union Castle Line cruise ship. Macdonald was the ship's "sister", dealing with day-to-day medical issues and emergencies which befell the 500 passengers and 400 crew as they sailed from Southampton to Cape Town. Ryan was catering officer. "Nick used to keep appearing in my surgery," she laughs.

"He soon ran out of vaccinations – and that's how it all started. We got engaged on board the ship



Frances MacDonald and artist son, Ross Ryan.

Continued on page 29

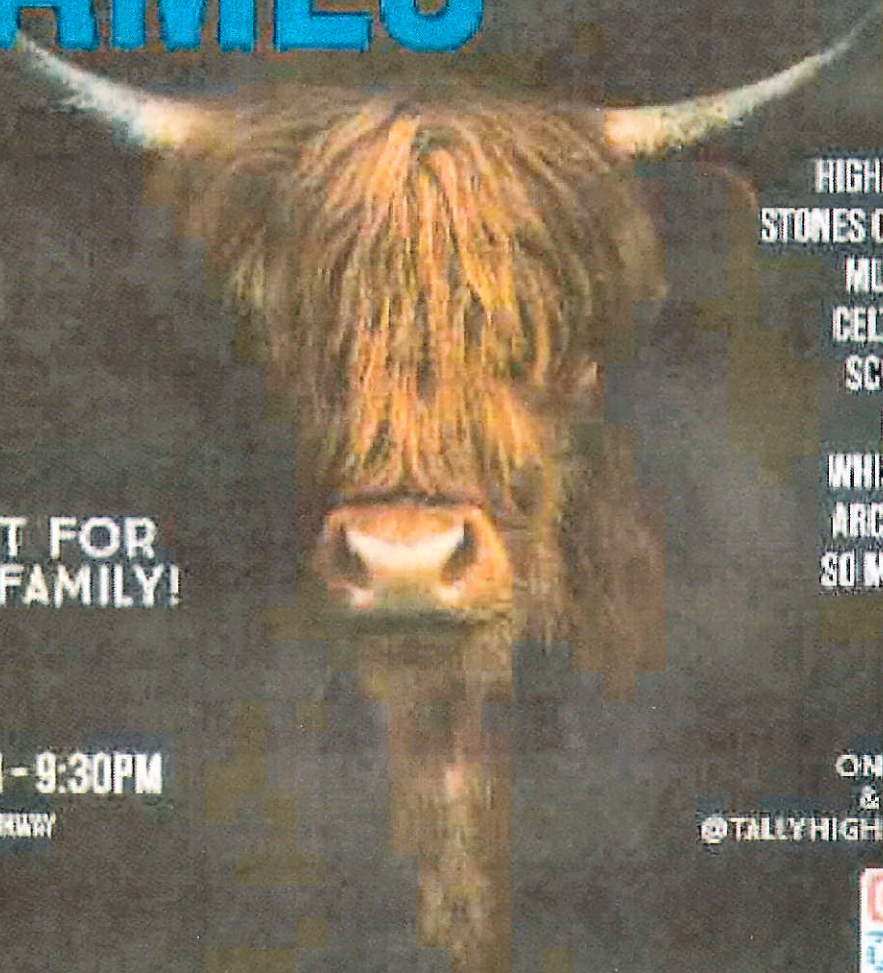
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and married when we came back to Scotland. Nick got the job of running the Crinan Hotel and three other hotels. Within five days of getting married, we were living in Crinan. It was all very quick!”

Life got more and more busy, especially following the birth of their children, Julia and Ross. The couple ended up buying the hotel in 1977. Life wasn't easy. Just over a year after they bought the hotel, it burnt to the ground. Its remote location meant that it took more than an hour for the fire brigade to reach the blazing building.

Undaunted, they decided to rebuild it and turned the hotel into a destination venue for fine dining, especially seafood, which was landed just yards from the rooftop restaurant. This hadn't been done before and the hotel's fame grew. Macdonald continued to paint. Guests would see her work hanging in the hotel and her paintings started to sell. She began submitting work to open exhibitions. By the '80s, she was regularly showing with the likes of the Scottish Society of Women Artists and the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.

In the '90s Macdonald started working in oils after her son Ross, then at art school, suggested it would suit her better than watercolours. “Of course, I'd never been to art school.” Macdonald laughs, “so I thought I'd impress him. I bought a three foot square canvas and did my first oil painting of Iona. I quickly realised that was not big enough, so I added another. It was done partly with a brush and partly with a palette knife.”

Macdonald would go on to make this technique of “sculpting” landscapes with a palette knife her signature style. “I was painting a lot of seascapes and to get the texture of the waves, it seemed the obvious way to do it,” she says.

McDonald cuts a stylish figure, the glamorous older lady artist. She resolutely refuses to divulge her age, though. “It's become a family joke that I don't say how old I am. But my daughter is 52 and my son is 47...”

Family is everything to Macdonald. Our conversation is peppered with references to Julia, a former model now studying literature at Edinburgh University, Ross, also a professional artist, and grandsons Archie and Jock, both students.

The big hole at the centre of all of their lives is the

absence of Nick, a much-loved husband, father, grandfather, friend and gregarious hotel proprietor.

All Macdonald's works in the new exhibition were painted following his death. This period also included the months of lockdown, during which the hotel was forced to shut its doors.

There are a few works which were painted with his memory in mind; particularly a little painting of Venice.

“Nick and I went to Venice in January several times. It's a bit different from my usual scenes. I started looking at photographs of our Venice trips after Nick passed on. Painting is just what I do and I keep doing it. For me, it is an escape from everything I am thinking about. It keeps me going.”

For Frances Macdonald, life – and art – is all about being in the moment and catching it.

Frances Macdonald's ever-watchful eye captures every inch of land and sea during the changing seasons and weather patterns of the west coast.

Her late husband, Nick Ryan, was a keen sailor and now their artist son, Ross, is skipper of his father's boat, *Sgarbh*, a 40ft classic motor vessel.

When the weather allows it, Ryan takes his mother out to Iona, Staffa and Erraid, or around Ronachan and Kintyre.

Macdonald's vibrant use of colour is unmistakable and when she takes up her palette knife there is no stopping her painting the essence of this dramatic landscape.

Whether blue skies over flat, calm seas or squalling clouds above billowing waves, Macdonald sees and paints it all. No one paints yellow lichen like she does.

“Frances is so intimate with her part of Scotland,” says Christina Jansen, managing director of the Scottish Gallery. “She is not following in the footsteps of the Scottish Colourists, she is doing her own thing with her extraordinary colours. It is all about the landscape, the sea and the natural horizon.

“She pulls off running a hotel during a pandemic and after Brexit, with all the challenges that entails, with being an artist. Although she is always busy, her favourite pastime is being in the studio. Looking at her paintings will make you visit these places.”



Clan Anderson Cottages

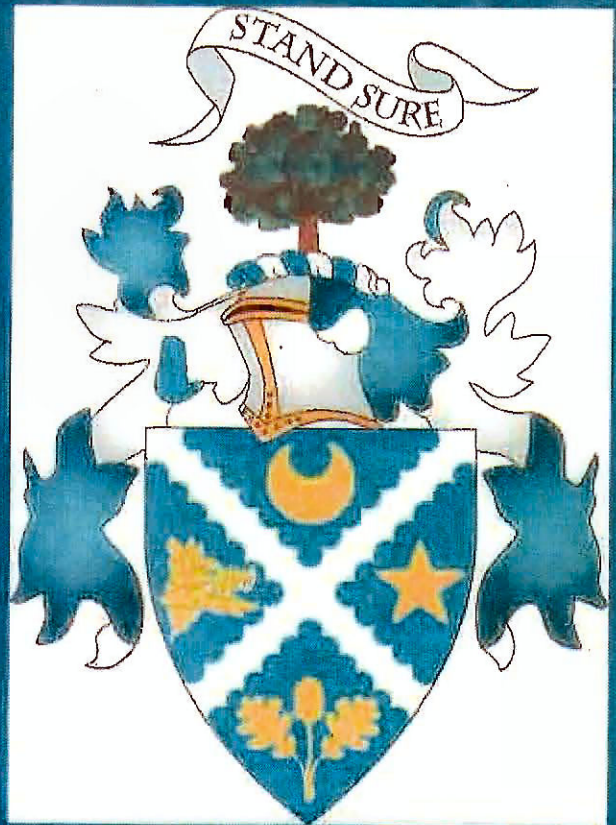
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Meeting HRH The Princess Royal



Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal and Christian Jamin Ramsay Commissioner Clan Ramsay North Europe

Merry Christmas



How to Invite Gordon Ramsay to Your Tent

I ordered Gordon from a UK company, Celebrity Cutouts: www.celebrity-cutouts.com. They have acquired legal rights to print and sell celebrity likenesses and there are no restrictions on usage for simply standing up the cutout as part of a display in the tent as long as we are using it for personal use and not profiting from the image.

Where restrictions would apply is if the cutout were altered or adorned in a way to suggest or attribute offensive imagery and/or language to the original photograph. In this case, we did the opposite by dressing him in fine Ramsay tartan!

By the way my 90 year-old mom, Rita Ramsay, sewed Gordon's kilt from a swath of Ramsay Blue tartan material.

Mother lives independently and cares for my 60-year old sister who is partially disabled. She is always on the go and very handy with DIY projects. She is the only person I know who actually still knows how to sew things from scratch!

Celebrity Cutouts wants to feature our use of the cutout Gordon Ramsay, in the Clan Ramsay tent, in their social media promotions. They also agreed to put a link to our Clan Ramsay International website in the posting!

They said, "We are not surprised that people love him, he is actually one of our biggest sellers. You'd think it would be Beyonce, or George Clooney (or someone like that). Nope, it's Gordon Ramsay!"

Submitted by
Craig Ramsay
Northern California Commissioner/Clan Ramsay International

September 2022. The Royal Celtic Society's Official Dinner celebrating the 200th Anniversary of the founding of the Clan Ramsay, hosted for us by our Patron, HRH The Princess Royal at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, was a brilliant occasion.

It was appreciated by the hundred members invited to this magnificent evening which took place at Holyroodhouse, whose walls are so steeped in Scottish history.



Rita Ramsay



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