



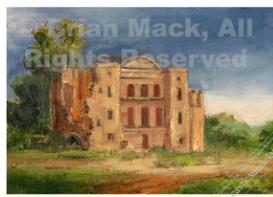
Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 1, Number 4. December, 2010/January, 2011

Notice:

Clan Hope is organizing another order for the Hope-Vere Tartan, WR780, preferred by Clan Hope, through our kilt-maker. This tartan must be specially woven and is only available by special order. Scottish tartan clothing - kilts, hostess skirts, scarves, fly plaids, Prince Charly coats, etc. - can also be ordered simultaneously.

To participate, contact
Alexis Malcolm at
863-983-8458
or e-mail
clanmalcolm@yahoo.com



Clan Hope is presenting prints of this painting of Craighall Castle, traditional home of the Hopes of Craighall, for purchase. This image is available as a print on paper, a print on canvas and the single original.

Contact Brian C. Mack
(lochvale@qwestoffice.net) of Loch
Vale Fine Art
(www.lochvalefineart.com) Or Chris
Papp (presidentclanhope@gmail.com)
for pricing and availability.

Traditional Scottish Recipes

CLAPSHOT: A simple traditional dish which originated in the Orkneys and is often served with Haggis in lieu of separate "tatties and neeps"

Ingredients:

1 pound boiled potatoes
1 pound boiled turnip
1 or 2 tablespoons chopped chives
Salt and pepper
2 ounces butter or margarine

Method:

Beat the two vegetables together while still hot and mix in the butter, chives and seasoning. If necessary, continue to beat in a pot until it is piping hot before serving.

Courtesy Rampartscotland.com

Clan Hope of Craighall welcomes the following new members joining since the last newsletter:

Stephen John & Ourania Hope

Ammie Hope West

A Chosen Child, Part II (Continued from October 2010)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

When I was 11 years old, the doctors finally figured out what my brother, James', problems were. He couldn't seem to keep up in school and knew himself that he was different and something was wrong. Somewhere in his mid-teens his mental development simply stopped. The diagnosis was mental retardation. "They" (the experts) didn't know much about mental retardation back then and there was no help for this kind of disability. He was sent to an institution in Tuscaloosa, AL. We were not allowed to see him for quite a while after he moved there because the transition was horrible for him. It was so hard and heartbreaking to watch Mother and Daddy when we went to see him. Their only son and only biological child was basically locked up. As I remember though, he did attend school there and learned how to do things for himself, which if he had known before, he had forgotten, including reading, writing and personal hygiene. He was then and still is today a huge sports fan. He played ball on the campus all the time and was very good. As it turned out, he had the upbringing he needed by people who knew how to deal with his handicap. He came home several times a year and we went to see him several times a year. I remember as I got older, it got harder and harder for me to go because so many of the patients were in a vegetative state and it hurt to see anyone in that condition. This girl certainly learned lessons and still does to this day, from this wonderful brother and his handicap. He seems to keep us all grounded. After 19 years in this institution the mental health program in AL completely changed and he was sent to a housing complex in Montgomery. He eventually went back to live with Mother, who had by that time moved back to Charlotte, N.C. He is now, at 65 years old, in the mental health system in Las Vegas, Nevada, living with his girlfriend of over ten years and bagging groceries in a grocery store. He still has a lot of trouble with some aspects of his life but he has wonderful caseworkers with the State and Easter Seals, who help us with him constantly.

I had wonderful teenage years in the late 1950's and early 1960's. I had lots of friends and boyfriends, too. I loved my church and the people there. We had a young people's group that met on Sunday nights, followed by the evening church service. Most weeks after church we would all pile in our cars, though I never had my own, and go to the local Howard Johnson's restaurant to eat pistachio ice cream. That was the only place you could get pistachio. I had two best friends in high school and we did everything together. I remember the 16th birthday party my mother had for me. I had two old and one new boyfriend there. What was that about?

Coming of Age

There was a sweet boy in my English class when I was a sophomore. His name was Norment and we went out together for a while. I was not in love with him but I loved to be with him because he was so much fun. At the end of my sophomore year, I introduced him to one of my two best friends and they started going out. I thought my only reward for this introduction was to become their third wheel, but one day Norment called me and said that his best friend from childhood was coming into town for a visit. His name was Marty and he was in the Navy and stationed aboard the USS Nitro. Norment wanted me to meet him and thought that the four of us could have a really good time. As soon as my daddy found out Marty was a sailor, he was not too impressed, but Daddy gave in because he liked Norment and knew his family. Norment came to pick me up that night and took me to his home to meet this young man. As we walked into the library, this tall, skinny, great-looking guy stood up and I was all but speechless. Marty had on his Navy white uniform; I guess I was a sucker for a uniform because I thought he was wonderful. He told me later that at that moment he said to himself, "I'm going to marry this one!" We had an enjoyable evening and when Marty took me home that night, he asked me my address and I told him. I didn't give him directions, but he went straight there. I asked him how he knew where it was. He kind of laughed and said that the first girl he ever had a date with had lived in that house. Coincidence! As it turns out, both his first and last dates lived at number 2 Courtland Drive.

After Marty went back to the Nitro, we were unable to see each other often for the next several years, so we wrote each other. Then before Christmas, 1963 he was sent to shore duty in Rota, Spain and on January 19, 1964 we were married. On Valentine's Day, I was in my first airplane, on my way to Rota, Spain. We had a great time together and even though we had very little materially, we had each other and soon a daughter named Catherine. I remember Mother and Daddy sending boxes of stuff to us. Mother said she would dream at night and see the boxes bouncing across the ocean on the way to her new granddaughter.

The following spring, Mother came to visit. We had lived in a one-bedroom apartment, but thankfully, the Spanish landlord had another apartment in the same building with two bedrooms. We moved in and mother and Catherine shared a bedroom for 6 wonderful weeks. I cherish the weeks we spent together and have wonderful pictures of mother with her new granddaughter. I wished so badly that Daddy could have come. Mother was certainly treated wonderfully by her son-in-law, who took her to flamenco dances, fairea's, the local jail to buy baskets made by the inmates, and evening walks in downtown Rota with stops at the outdoor restaurants for a coke.

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Activities

Coming Events:

If you are in the area where Clan Hope is sponsoring activities, please drop by, visit with us and extend this invitation to any other Hopes in the area as well.

Clan Hope will sponsor tents at:

January 15-16, 2011 Central Florida Highland Games, Winter Springs Florida

January 29, 2011 Sarasota Highland Games and Celtic Festival, Sarasota Florida

February 26-28, 2011 Phoenix, AZ Highland Games, Phoenix AZ

February 26, 2011, Northeast Florida Scottish Games and Festival, Clay Co. Fairgrounds, Green Cove Springs

April 9, 2011, Dunedin Highland Games, Highlander Park, Dunedin Florida

April 16-17, 2011 Las Vegas Highland Games, Floyd Lamb Park, Las Vegas, NV

Recent Events :

Clan Hope Hosted Tents at:

November 2010 "Kirkin (blessing) Of the Tartan" St Georges' Anglican Church at 10 AM Las Vegas NV

October 15-17, 2010 Stone Mountain Highland Games, Stone Mountain Park, Alpharetta, GA

September 17-19, 2010 Oklahoma Scottish Games, River West Festival Park, Tulsa, OK

July 8-11, 2010 Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, Linville, NC

June 4-6, 2010 Texas Scottish Festival and Highland Games, Arlington, TX

June 11-13, 2010 The Kansas City Highland Games, Riverside, MO

May 8, 2010, the Savannah Highland Games, Savannah, GA

(Ctrl + Click on the underlined entries to access photos)

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But above all, her favorite place to be was the bakery: She loved the Spanish bread. It was hard on the outside and soft on the inside and you just carried it in your hands, no bags. She was amazed at the local Spanish hairdressers. They had no sinks- just a pan at your neck with a tube going down into a bucket. I never felt like our hair was really clean after getting it cut and washed there, especially since the hairspray was real lacquer. We went every week anyway and it was fun. I think Mother also enjoyed the Spanish maid that we had. Her name was Vicky and she was actually older than I was. She was wonderful with Catherine and it was nice to be able to go to the grocery store on the naval base and know that Catherine was being taken care of.

Going Home

In May of 1966, Catherine and I flew home after over two years in Rota. Mother and Daddy had relocated to Charlotte while we were overseas, and we decided to live with them while Marty looked for work. Mother and Daddy met us at the airport in New York City. The minute we were through customs and saw them waiting on us, I knew I had lost my baby. Catherine went immediately to her grandfather and I don't think I held her on the entire trip home. It was obvious that they had hit it off. Catherine had a wonderful vocabulary at the early age of 21 months and Daddy loved to ask her to say words like Mississippi. He quizzed her all the way home. When we got back to Charlotte, the first thing Daddy did was buy Catherine a bright red tricycle. We had a wonderful summer together and in August, Marty discharged from the Navy and came to Charlotte. He got a job with Eastern Airlines and we rented a duplex. Daddy took us to a friend of his who owned a furniture store and we bought some furniture on credit. There we go, getting into debt in the very beginning. Marty wouldn't let Daddy help. He was going to make it on his own.

Daddy loved to take Marty and me to the hockey games on Friday nights. I think the ulterior motive was to give Mother an excuse to babysit, but we enjoyed the games. Every Saturday night, Daddy would cook steaks on the grill and he and Marty loved to churn homemade ice cream, which they promptly finished in one sitting. I think the thing that touched me the most was on Monday mornings, as Daddy would leave town for work, (he was a traveling salesman) he would always stop by the duplex. It was "on his way," he would say. He loved Catherine so much: It was a joy to see.

The following spring I was going to Mother's house on the way home one day and found her in bed in miserable pain. She did not have a local doctor yet; so I asked the lady next door whom to call. She gave me a doctor's name and I called him. He said to have an ambulance bring her to his office, which I did. He really couldn't find anything wrong and sent her home with pain pills. She soon worsened. I contacted Daddy, who was on the road, to have him come home. He did and we took Mother to the hospital. They took her to surgery and the doctor said afterward that she would have died within a few hours without proper care. She had an intestinal blockage and was in serious trouble. After the surgery, while she was in intensive care, she said she saw sheep jumping over a white picket fence. She said that she took that as a sign from God, asking her if she was ready to go. She said that she remembered sitting straight up in bed and saying out loud, "I am not ready to go yet". From that minute on, she slowly improved and soon went home.

The following August, in the middle of the night, we got a phone call from Mother telling us to go to her house and pick up Granny, who was visiting, and come to the hospital. I was in shock. My Daddy had had a heart attack and was in intensive care. He wasn't expected to live. He made it through the night and we were there the entire next day. The extended family was called and they all came. He seemed to rally some but the doctors told us that heart patients often did this, and not to get our hopes up. The next morning, which was a Monday, we were at the hospital at 8am. As we tried to go in to see him, the nurses pushed us back and took us into a small room. The doctor came in and told us that he was gone. He was only 54 years old and our hearts were broken. I'm not sure how we got through the following days and funeral; it was just a blur. Because Daddy had had a small heart attack 12 years earlier, he could not get regular life insurance, but he *did* have a policy on the house, which allowed mother to stay there for 12 months with no payments. Soon she got a job at a department store in the knitting department, selling yarn and teaching ladies how to knit.

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Member's Corner

My name is **Hope Winslow Reilly Stanley**. I am the great grand daughter of Jessie Virginia Hope d/o Dr William Hope son of George Hope of Whitehaven England and Hampton, Virginia. I have five children Hope Renee Reilly, Donald B Reilly Jr and Danna Lee Reilly Allison.. Their father, Donald Reilly Sr., died in a auto accident in 1969. Five years later I married Charles Stanley and received two more girls, Stephanie Sue Stanley Winslow (married to my brother's son - chuckle) and Elizabeth Ann Stanley.

I started my genealogy research back in 1958, so I spent lots and lots of time talking to Aunt's and Uncle's, Cousin's and friends. We also would take vacations so that I could spend time in Courthouses and Libraries around the countryside. I am lucky that most of my family, Donald's family and Chuck's family were from Virginia going back into the 1600's, so our trips were short and we had plenty of time to have fun. In the 70's I bought my first computer and started putting all the information from my notes into my new friend. Boy was I ever surprised to see it all laid out in one place where I could read it without looking for age's for it. Since that time I have done a lot more hands on research all over the country as well as in England. Through the internet I have made friends with lots of people from different places that have been wonderful in helping me by directing me to sites or research material on the internet, as well as some very special one's who have gone out in place's I could not get to and done research for me. Several friends from other places have come and stayed with me and I have taken them around to see places that were important to them, taking pictures and getting to know each other. Some of these friends have turned out to be some of the best people in the world. Maybe that's just the nature of a genealogist. My life has been very full making friend who help me and helping others with there research. Now that I can't get around like I did when I was young, I spend hours and hours on the computer working on genealogy, mine and other people's. I love every minute of it. Now that I have found the Clan, we have been going to the Scottish Highland Games and meeting lots and lots of my cousins. Life is good for a old lady and the world is full of wonderful people of which some of them are kin to me. Not only to me but to both of the wonderful men who have put up with me for all thes years.

Postscript

We sincerely hope you will make this newsletter your own by contributing items of interest to Hopes, Scots, Hope genealogists or any related subjects. Please help us share our Hope and Scottish information among clan members and friends! We will accept anything that is original or has the origin cited in the piece. Submit anything you wish to have included in our newsletter to: gmhope@ufl.edu. We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!