



Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 3. June/July, 2011

Your Clan At Work

Coming Events:

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

Clan Hope will sponsor tents at:

June 3-5, 2011 Texas Scottish Festival, Arlington, TX

June 11-12, 2011 Blairsville Scottish Festival & Highland Games, Blairsville, GA

June, 10-12 2011 Kansas City Scottish Festival, Riverside MO

July 7-10, 2011 Grandfather Mountain Highland Games, Linville NC

October, 2011 Stone Mountain Highland Games, Stone Mountain Park GA

Recent Events :

Clan Hope Hosted Tents at:

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

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

April 16-17, 2011 Loch Norman Highland Games, Rural Hill, Huntersville NC (**Thank You Hope and Chuck!**)

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 FL

February 26, 2011 Clan Hope presented a display, Something Scottish Event, Sahara West Library, Las Vegas, NV

January 2011, Sarasota Highland Games, Sarasota FL

January 2011 Central Florida Highland Games, Altamonte Springs, FL

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

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

(Photos from most completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: www.clanhope.org)

In Memory of Charles Benjamin Stanley (Chuck)



Chuck Stanley, aged 72, was a loyal and valued member of Clan Hope of Craighall. One of Chuck's last activities was to help wife Hope Winslow Stanley host a Clan Hope Tent at the Loch Norman Highland Games a few weeks before his death. It is a tribute to the man, his strength and his love of the Clan that he chose to do this in spite of suffering the final stage of a terminal illness. Chuck, a true man of God, was a member of Piney Woods Friends Meeting. He died on Thursday, May 5, 2011 and is survived by his wife, Hope Winslow Stanley, four daughters, one son, five grandchildren and six great grandchildren. Chuck will be missed by Clan Hope, his family and all who knew him. Memorials should be sent to the Perquimans County Chapter of the American Cancer Society, P.O. Box 156, Hertford, NC 27944 or to the Piney Woods Friends Meeting, Piney Woods Church Road, Belvidere, NC 27919

Traditional Scottish Recipes

Inky Pinky (Originally published in 1826 in Edinburgh)

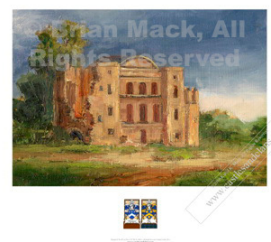
Serves 4-6

2 Tbsps. Butter
1 Onion (medium, chopped)
1½ Cups Beef Gravy
1 Tbsp. Vinegar
3 Cups Cubed, Cooked Beef
(or other left-over meat)
1 Cup Cooked, Diced Carrots
2 Tbsps. Chopped Parsley
Salt and Pepper

Method:

Melt butter in a sauce pan, add onion and sauté until tender. Add gravy and vinegar and season with salt and pepper to taste. Heat to boiling, add beef and carrots, lower heat and cook, covered for 10 minutes then stir in parsley. Serve over buttered toast or with mashed "tatties".

(Adapted from Nelson, Kay; *A Bonnie Scottish Cookbook*, EPM Pubs. Inc., McLean VA, 1989)



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.

Member's Corner

George Marion and Dorothy Hendrix Hope

Marion and Dot were two of the first "regular" members to join the Clan Hope of Craighall Society. Marion grudgingly accepted responsibility for the web site, begun earlier by Marty Hope, insisting that his title be "Web Macerator" (which RVers will appreciate). Later, as it seemed that some sort of official title might be required to host, with Dot, Clan Hope tents at Florida highland games, he became Commissioner for Florida.

Marion was born in Waycross, Georgia in 1938 to George Marion Hope, Sr. (Marion never used the "Jr." since his father died when he was seven) and Jessie Candler Norman. George, from South Carolina, and Jessie, from Alabama, met and married in Georgia. Marion's parents, both school teachers, moved to Pembroke, Georgia while Marion was still a babe in arms and he grew up there. Dorothy Hendrix was born on a farm in Bulloch County. Her parents both were of similar origins. Dot's father went into the ministry early in her childhood. She grew up all over South Georgia. Marion and Dorothy were married in 1956 and are the parents of one son, Stephen – also a Clan Hope member. After many educational misadventures, Marion graduated from Mercer University in Macon, Georgia and Dot graduated, with no misadventures, from Wesleyan College, also in Macon. Marion was awarded a fellowship at the University of Florida for graduate study in Psychology, receiving the M.A. in 1967 and a Ph.D in 1971. After two years of postdoctoral work at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, he accepted a faculty position at the University of Louisville. Dot supported all these educational machinations by working in the university library systems and, while in Louisville, she earned her M.A. in Library Science from the University of Kentucky and joined the library faculty at the University of Louisville. When the great blizzard of 1978 hit Louisville, with 19 inches of snow in the back yard and only 13 inch boots, they decided it was time to return home. Marion joined the faculty of the University of Florida in 1980 and Dorothy accepted a faculty position in the UF Libraries. They remained there until retirement 2005 – Marion initially and Dorothy for the second time, having gone back to work in the Law Library part time while Marion vacillated about retiring.

Marion and Dot enjoy travel, having visited England, Scotland, Ireland, the Caribbean, Germany, much of the US and Alaska, in some cases, several times. They especially enjoy the national parks where Marion gets to exercise his love of photography. A lot of their travel is related to joint interests in genealogy. Marion is the administrator of the Hope DNA Surname Project at Family Tree DNA (and invites any and all Hopes to join the project!). Dot has become active in the DAR, serving as Regent for the Gainesville Chapter. He and Dot have taken on the responsibility of hosting Clan Hope Tents at highland games in Florida and South Georgia (and willingly accept help from other clan members!). They have enjoyed hosting tents at Savannah, Central Florida (Orlando), Sarasota, North East Florida (Jacksonville) and Dunedin (Tampa).

A Chosen Child, Final Installment

The Passing

In December 2004, my adopted mother became ill and passed away at Life Care Center of Las Vegas. I had always dreaded that day, but she lived a full 90 years, and we were blessed with her presence for many of those. What a blessing she was to everyone who knew her. Knowing that she was not long for this world, I went through one of her storage trunks. I don't know what I was looking for, maybe something that would console me. Mother liked to go through books and magazines and cut out stories and sayings that she liked. I found one that was so beautiful I had to put it on the card that I sent to family and friends to announce her graveside burial service in N.C. My husband, two children and I went to N.C. in May 2005 to bury her ashes next to my dad. I will include this poem, which I think will mean something to everyone, especially those who have been through or are going through what I have.

Once there were two women
Who never knew each other.
One you do not remember,
The other you call mother.
Two different lives shaped to make yours one.
One became your guiding star,
The other became your sun.
The first gave you life and
The second taught you to live in it.
The first gave you a need for love
And the second was there to give it.
One gave you a nationality
The other gave you a name.
One gave you the seed of talent,
The other gave you an aim.
One gave you emotions,
The other calmed your fears.
One saw your first sweet smile,
The other dried your tears.
One gave you up-
It was all that she could do.
The other prayed for a child
And God led her straight to you.
And now you ask me through your tears,
The age-old question through the years:
Heredity or environment
Which are you the product of?
Neither, my darling-neither.
Just two different kinds of love.

My life and the lives of my family have been changed forever because my husband, son and his partner were stubborn enough not to give up on searching for my family. I have the feeling that after buying airplane tickets and paying long distance phone bills for a few years they may have some second thoughts.

A Remaining Mystery

In the information given us from the agency, my father was also on the birth certificate. The name on the birth certificate was Clinton White. My son's persistence has led to search for Clinton White, the man given to me by the adoption search agency as the name of my biological father. He has located a man named Clinton White Jr. who knows that his father knew my mother. He remembers his father speaking of her. In an effort to see if this is my birth father's family, we have done a DNA test with Clinton White Jr. and his sister. It has turned out that the gentleman on my birth certificate is not my father. Boy is this getting interesting. Now we are starting over with the search.

In a phone call to my brother's wife, I found out that a lady who lives in the area told her that she thinks her brother was my father. His name is Colin Cross. She remembers in 1944 when he was home on leave he was with my mother. She says my mother was crazy about him. My sister-in-law also talked to one of this man's two daughters. She asked her father about it and he would say nothing. She has tried to talk to him several times but either he doesn't understand or he isn't talking. When we were in N.C. in May of 2005, she asked him again if he wanted to meet Marjorie's daughter and he wasn't interested. After we left, he asked if I was coming to meet him and his daughter explained that we had gone back to Las Vegas. He thought we lived in the area. She tried to talk to him again and he made a statement that seemed to tell all. He told his daughter that after he came back from the war in January, 1945, my mother had come to see him in the mountains. He didn't say what they talked about but told my mother that "he had no job and no money." Whether this information is true or not, we may never know. I am planning a trip back to N.C. to meet this man. If his daughters are interested, we will do a DNA but if not, so be it. My intention is not to upset anyone's life, but if they are interested in the possibility of having another sister it would be wonderful.

The interesting thing about the possibility of my being this man's daughter is that he is a first cousin to my sister and brother's father. That would make us half sisters and brothers and also cousins. In talking about this with my sister, she says that would help to explain why her dad didn't want anything to do with that side of the family. If he knew about their relationship and my adoption he was probably very upset with him for treating my mother that way.

It is easy to think of the things that could have happened, unfortunately there doesn't seem to be anyone left who can confirm any of it. I wonder if I had found my mother before she died, if she would have wanted to know me. I wonder if her husband knew. He must have, although he was also gone during the war. He did come home on leave. I wonder if it was when she was pregnant. They had known each other all of their lives. This was a very small community and even if he didn't, I'm sure someone would have told him. I cannot believe that people did know but no one ever told my sister and brother. It is hard to believe that the cousin who knew was able to keep the secret all these years.

An update

On a trip to Staley, N.C. in the spring of 2006 my sister-in-law and I made a trip to Asheboro, N.C. for some shopping. As we drove along she said she knew where Colin Cross lives and she was going to drive by. As luck had, it the daughter, Angie, whom Jane had talked to on the phone about her dad being my father, was in the yard. She swung in and got out to talk to her. Angie was always interested in the possibility of her father being my father. She took us into the house and we had a conversation with Colin Cross. He had a great deal of dementia but told his daughter to go upstairs and bring down picture books. He showed us pictures of himself and my mother. Jane asked him several times if he could be my father and each time he said yes, could be. Never saying for sure. She asked him how long they were together and said two years or so. She also asked him if mother could have been with someone else during this time and he said "absolutely not, she was not that kind of a girl". His daughter Angie asked him if he would be willing to do a DNA test and he said yes. In talking more to Angie it came to light that his blood type was B. Assuming that that is correct and Rosa says that mothers blood type was A, I could not be Colin Cross's daughter because my blood type is O positive. We were still thinking of doing the test the next time he went to the Dr., mine is already on file, but he passed away before it was done. I probably should call Angie and see if she can verify his blood type. I suppose that my finding my father will happen if it is God's will. In the meantime the saga of the adopted child continues and life goes on!

*Jennifer Hartman Hope
Born Linda Carol Staley*

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!