

Guamannan na h-Alba

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The Clan Hope of Craighall Society Newsletter welcomes submissions. Clan Hope members may submit biographies for the *Members' Corner*. We also accept submissions of any material relating to Scottish history/humour, Hope genealogy, Hope history, genealogy methods and tricks, or any additional information that may be of interest or useful to our readers. We look forward to your contributions.

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St Andrews or St Andrew's?

Both in their respective context are correct. If one is talking about the flag, then it is written with an apostrophe. However, if one is talking about the town in Fife, Scotland, then it is written without the apostrophe. While the town was named after its patron saint, the town name has no apostrophe because they weren't yet invented in the English language at the time of its naming. Hence in records of old, it was not recorded with an apostrophe and remains without one to this day!

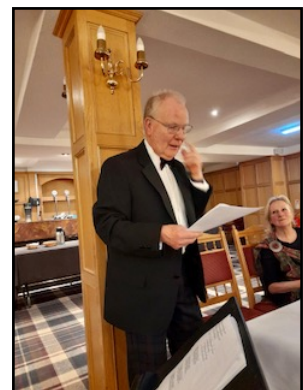
Burns' Night Celebrations from Across the Atlantic

Being the first Clan Hope newsletter after Burns' Night, 2023 we have an account of the same celebrations - on each side of the Atlantic - both accounts are from either a Hope or a descendant of a Hope and both nights were very different from one another. I trust you will enjoy reading both of them...

Burns' Night in Kelso, Rox, Scotland

with thanks to Jacki, a Hope descendant

To give some background, Burns' Night is an annual celebration of Scotland's most famous poet - Robert Burns. Born in Ayr, Burns was more than "just a poet". He produced hundreds of poems, songs and letters. You, no doubt, will have heard or sung "Auld Lang Syne" when ringing in the New Year. That was written by Rabbie Burns too. In all, he penned more than 550 poems and songs before his death in 1796.



Welcome by the Chairman

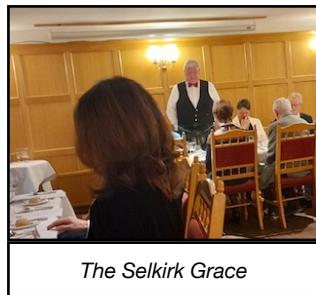
The very first Burns' Night was held in 1801 and, over 200 years later, some of the traditions of that night still exist.

Burns' Night itself marks the anniversary of Robert Burns' birth on 25 January 1759 and the traditional Burns' Supper is an evening event which celebrates his life and work.

History can trace its origins back to nine of Burns' close friends who decided to get together to mark the fifth anniversary of their friend's death. It took place at Burns' Cottage in Alloway and the night included a tasty meal of haggis, performances of Burns' work and a speech in honour of the great Bard. The night was deemed such a success that it was decided the occasion would be held again, this time in honour of Rabbie's birthday, and so the tradition we enjoy to this day was born.

The centrepiece of any Burns Supper is the haggis. The food is accompanied by Scotch Whisky.

Kelso Wine Club started in November 2022 and we felt that we should have a Burns' Supper too. I should probably explain that Kelso is a town in the Scottish Borders. Last year, it was quite difficult to organise a large event, due to Covid restrictions. Despite that, those who attended all enjoyed it and we wanted to make it an annual event.



The Selkirk Grace

We decided to dispense with most of the usual speeches "The Immortal Memory", "Toast to the Lassies" etc which can be excellent (or not!) depending on the Speakers who volunteer to make them. We kept the "Selkirk Grace" and "Ode to a Haggis" and also invited any members to sing or recite a Burns' poem or song of their choosing.

On 25th January 2023, 31 members and guests attended our second Burns' Supper at the Cross Keys Hotel in Kelso, which is an old coaching inn. The current hotel was built in 1769 but there are documents suggesting that there has been an inn on the present-day site since Kelso Abbey was occupied, accommodating all those who travelled to the religious site.

The Chairman welcomed everyone and then was the recital of the "Silver Tassie".

This was followed by "The Selkirk Grace" before we enjoyed the first course, which was Cullen Skink (soup made with smoked haddock) and it was delicious.

This Grace is traditional at all Burns' Suppers and is:

*Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.*



"Ode to a Haggis"

We then had the "Parade of the Haggis" which is when the haggis is brought in on a silver salver by the Chef. Everyone stands up and claps in unison to pipe music and the Chef stands by while "Ode to a Haggis" is recited.

The Company, including

the Chef and Piper then toasts "The Haggis". The haggis course was now served. This was followed by the main course which was either Rump of Borders Lamb or Salmon. The dessert course was either Bread and Butter Pudding or Raspberry, White Chocolate & Lavender Scented Tart, all delicious.

Being a Wine Club, we had a great selection of wines, chosen by our Chairman, finishing with *The Famous Grouse Scotch Whisky*.

After the meal was over, two of our members (who are also members of our local Folk Club) treated us to a selection of Burns' songs as follows:

*John Anderson, my Jo;
Ye Banks And Braes;
Ca' The Yowes tae the Knowes;
Bring To Me A Pint o Wine;
Charlie Is My Darling;
Scots Wha Hae; and
Killiecrankie*



After that, we rose, joined hands and sang, "Auld Lang Syne" - as good a song as ever was written to celebrate comradeship and shared memories.

And across the Atlantic, a few hours later, another set of Burns' Nights celebrations were about to commence. One in particular involving our own Clan Hope attendees:

Burns' Night in Las Vegas, Nevada, USA

With thanks to Marty Hope (founder of Clan Hope of Craighall Society)



Burns' Night is a regular and popular evening on the Scottish Calendar of Events, within our community.

Our 2023 Las Vegas Burns' Night celebration was no different and was very well attended.

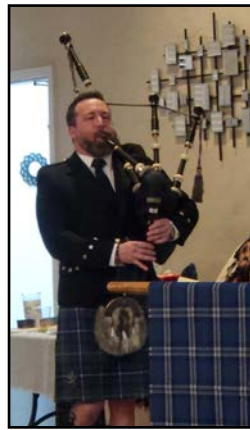
The evening was sponsored by the Las Vegas St Andrew's Society and our event was again

held at the Los Prados Country Club on Saturday night January 28, 2023. The Clan Hope Society was one of the sponsoring clans. Locally we have eight adult members, all of whom participated.

The Selkirk Grace was read by Catherine Hope



Martinez, the welcoming hostess was Jenny Hope and the Toast to the Absent was done by Marty Hope. An aside note, of the three bottles of very premium scotch raffled off, Marty won two :)



Total attendees were 103. The Highland Dancers were provided by the Las Vegas Highland Dance Society of which Clan Hope of Las Vegas is a regular contributor/supporter. The lead piper was Andy Fusco.

Nearly all participants were attired in their finest Scottish dress. The only dancing was done by the Highland Dancers but there was ample use made of the well stocked bar. The Las Vegas St Andrew's presented their annual scholarship to a deserving wee college lad.

Proud to say that we have had and continue to have a member of Clan Hope on the Scholarship committee and also a member of the Board of the Directors of the St Andrew's Society.



As we are so few in number the local Clan Hope group strives throughout the year to be very well represented and keep our name and banner in the forefront.

Granddaughters Dorothy Hope Faulkenberry (Nathaniel) and Hope Mirts Cox (Taylor) as well as 6 great-grandchildren, Isabella, Adelaide, Sebastian, and Zachariah Faulkenberry and Wyatt and Charlie Mae Cox will always lovingly remember their "Granddang". He also claimed Hazen Mirts (Brettany) and Whitney Mirts King (John Mark) and their children as his own.

Buzz graduated from Davidson College, where he lettered in Varsity Baseball setting several records which still stand, and earned his Masters degree from Iowa State University. He was an avid sportsman who loved fishing, golfing, and softball, as well as being a fan of many sports. Buzz was known for his strong competitive edge which revealed itself in sports, but also in card games, particularly when playing with his family. His professional life took Buzz and Marie on many adventures in this hemisphere. They lived in Louisville, KY; Venice, FL; Lima, Peru SA; Ames, IA; Miami, FL; and, Atlanta, GA where they resided until a year and a half ago before moving to Knoxville. Buzz was the Director of Training in the State of Georgia Department of Corrections.

Upon retirement, Buzz and Marie were very active in the Elfun Society, a service organization which traveled the United States refurbishing national landmarks and restoring historical treasures. He also traveled extensively for pleasure, taking many trips with friends and family. His family is very thankful for all of the expressions of love and support that they have received during this difficult time.

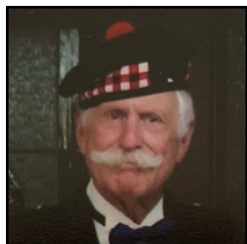
Source: Knoxville News Sentinel

*Vale: Latin for goodbye, farewell, adieu (pronounced Va-Lay)

Flowers of the Forest

*VALE: Lucien 'Buzz' Hope

Lucien W. Hope, Jr. "Buzz", 88, of Knoxville, TN passed away on January 25, 2023, at the UT Medical Center, surrounded by his loving family. His calm passing came after several days suffering from bilateral pneumonia. He was the eldest son of the late Lucien W. Hope and Ruth M. Hope and was born on July 19, 1934, in Atlanta, GA as a 6th generation Atlantan. He was predeceased by



his siblings Barbara Hope Hancock, R. Lawson Hope, and Sally Hope Stancil. His proudest achievement was marrying his high school sweetheart, Marie Jett Hope, on June 16, 1956, after a storybook courtship that began in 1950 when they attended North Fulton High School.

Buzz is survived by his wife Marie, son Lucien W. Hope III "Trip", daughter Julie Mirts, brother Martin Hope (Betty Jo), and brother-in-law Gardner M. Jett (Jane).

Flowers of the Forest - The Story

Flowers of the Forest, or *The Fluers o the Forest* is a Scottish folk tune and work of war poetry commemorating the defeat of the Scottish army, and the death of James IV, at the Battle of Flodden in September 1513. Although the original words are unknown, the melody was recorded c. 1615-1625 in the John Scene of Halyards Manuscript as "Flowers of the Forrest", although it might have been recorded earlier.



Several versions of words have been added to the tune, notably Jean Elliot's lyrics in 1756 or 1758. Others include those by Alison Cockburn. However, many renditions are played on the great Highland bagpipe. Due to the content of the lyrics and the reverence for the tune, it is one of the few tunes that many pipers will perform in public only at funerals or memorial services, with play otherwise limited to private practice or to instruct other pipers.

Jean Elliot (b.1727) aided in part by popular poetry selections, framed the tune in 1756 a lament to the deaths of James IV, many of his nobles, and over 10,000 men - the titular "[Flowers of the Forest](#)" - at the Battle of Flodden Field in northern England in 1513, a significant event in the history of Scotland.

The song, written in Scots, is also known as *The Flowers o' the Forest* (*are a' wede away*) and describes the grief of women and children at the loss of their young men. In some ways, the song echoes the Old Welsh poem "*Y Gododdin*" about a similar defeat in about 600CE.

Scots/Australian singer-songwriter [Eric Bogle](#) refers to "Flowers of the Forest" in his song "No Man's Land", in which he muses over the grave of a World War I soldier, and wonders whether "Flowers of the Forest" and "Last Post" were played at the soldier's burial. English folk singer June Tabor recorded Bogle's song followed by an instrumental version of "Flowers of the Forest" on the album *Ashes and Diamonds* (1977).

In 2007, Scottish singer Isla St Clair was invited to sing *Flowers of the Forest* at Tyne Cot Cemetery in Flanders, Belgium to commemorate the 90th anniversary of the Battle of Passchendaele, in the First World War. The ceremony was attended by Queen Elizabeth II and Queen Paola, as well as other European Heads of State and Commonwealth Representatives.

The Forest was a district and Royal forest comprising Selkirkshire (alternatively known as Etrick Forest or the Shire of the Forest), large parts of Peeblesshire and parts of Clydesdale, known for its archers. The archers of Etrick Forest earned the epithet "Flowers of the Forest" at the Battle of Falkirk in 1298, and formed the bodyguard of King James IV at Flodden, where their corpses were found surrounding their dead monarch.

Source: Wikipedia

NOTE: see at the end of the newsletter the words to Jane Elliot's "Flowers of the Forest"

Notable Hopes - Lady Margaret Hope

Excerpt from "Scottish Lifestyle 300 Years Ago"
by Helen and Keith Kelsall

Lady Margaret Hope of Hopetoun, born Margaret Hamilton 1649-1711, daughter of John Hamilton, 4th Earl of Haddington and Lady Christian Lindsay, and wife of John Hope of Hopetoun (1650-1682)

John Hope of Hopetoun, Lady Margaret's husband, was born in 1650, and was the fifth son of James Hope, Laird of Hopetoun, and Anna Foulis. John's mother was heiress to the important Leadhills mines in Lanarkshire, and on her marriage she made over all her inheritance to her husband. Realising the potential of the Lanarkshire property, her husband, James, devoted himself to its development, and also applied himself diligently to the study of metallurgy. He not only produced the ore, but started up an export in it to Zealand, by way of Leith, and by the time of his death in 1661 he had made Leadhills a very profitable enterprise. John succeeded his father as Laird, also inheriting Leadhills. He was just as successful

as his father had been, and thus was able to make considerable additions to the Hopetoun fortune and estates. On 21 December 1668 he married Lady Margaret Hamilton, eldest daughter of the 4th Earl of Haddington; there were two children of the marriage, a daughter and a son, Charles, born in 1681. In 1678 John Hope purchased lands in Abercorn and Winchburgh, as well as Niddry Castle, where the family made their home. But, besides being a man of business, John was a frequent attender at court, where he was often in the company of Charles II and his brother the Duke of York. Returning from an expedition, in 1682, with the Duke on the frigate 'Gloucester', John Hope was drowned when the vessel foundered.

Lady Margaret Hope was left with a daughter and an infant son to rear, as well as a prosperous business to look after. In discharging both of these responsibilities she showed herself to be highly competent.

The young Laird of Hopetoun, Charles, became M. P. for Linlithgowshire in 1702 at the age of 21. The following year the Queen made him a privy councillor and raised him to the peerage with the title of Earl of Hopetoun. He was a zealous supporter of the Union with England, and in later years played an active part in Scottish affairs. In the 1690s Lady Margaret and her son commissioned Sir William Bruce (the noted Scottish architect, responsible for major Holyrood extensions and other important buildings to design their new home, the present Hopetoun House. The original house was completed in 1703, and later enlarged by William Adam and his sons.

During the years of Charles' minority, when his mother was handling his affairs, the lead enterprises continued to flourish. So the Hopetouns not only had income from rents of their estates, but also from the mines; and when Charles came of age he found himself one of the richest men in Scotland. We have another pointer to the high regard in which Lady Margaret's abilities were held by her contemporaries. Scott-Moncrieff, writing in 1916, tells us of how, when Andro Hog died in 1691, the tutors or guardians who had been appointed to look after his children were seeking advice as to what would be the best way to deal with things. Help was sought from three people, an advocate, a writer

to the signet, and Lady Margaret Hope of Hopetoun. Scott-Moncrieff, clearly puzzled, comments; "One can understand the advocate and the writer, but why Lady Margaret Hope?" In the light of what we now know about her, this is not so difficult to explain. Sometime in the late seventeenth century a windmill, used for crushing the ore, had been built at Leith, and a factor and servants installed there to manage it. In 1692 Lady Hopetoun ran into trouble over shore dues levied by the Edinburgh Burgh Council on merchants



Lady Margaret Hope of Hopetoun, in her mid-forties, by Medina, 1694 (National Galleries of Scotland)
Photo courtesy of "Scottish Lifestyle 300 Years Ago"

whose boats made use of the foreshore and harbour. The tacksman wanted to deal with her as a stranger (ie non-resident in the Burgh) and to exact double dues from her. She refused to pay, and successfully petitioned the Council on behalf of her son and herself. The Council declared in her favour, noting the advantages her business brought to the town of Leith; the petitioners were 'only liable for single dues as any burges being ane resident within the liberties of the City'. An interesting sequel to the progress of the Hopetoun trading may be noted when much later, in 1719-20, a Dutchman, Henry Kalmeter, travelled round Scotland. He has been described as 'the first and possibly most interesting of the industrial species who came to Scotland in the course of the 18th century'. Kalmeter gives a detailed account of the techniques of lead-mining at Leadhills, and tells us that the Dutch merchants shipped the ore themselves at their own expense, using it to make all grades of porcelain; because of its use in this way it was known as Potter's Ore.

Lady Margaret Hope died and was buried at Tynninghame, Haddingtonshire, on 31 January 1711, in her 60s.

Legend of the Saltire

Source: <https://scottishaustralianheritagecouncil.com.au/faq.htm#topic8>



Close to the church in Athelstaneford you will find the Flag Heritage Centre in a lectern doo cot, where the story is told of the battle and the origins of the Scottish flag, the 'Saltire'.

The legend goes that in 832 Óengus mac Fergusa, King of the Picts was pursued by a Northumbrian host led by their leader Athelstane. The Scots were forced to make a stand in an area some 2.5 km to the north of the modern village of Athelstaneford and there ensued a long and bloody battle across the narrows of the Peffer Burn. In desperation Óengus called for divine intervention and Saint Andrew seems to have answered by shaping the clouds into a cross.

As expected the Northumbrians were beaten and the white cross on a blue background has been the Scottish flag ever since. The site of the battle is the present day farm of Prora (a field there is still called the Bloody Lands).

In the church itself you'll find a permanent Nigel Tranter exhibition. Nigel Tranter was a very prolific author of architectural and history books about castles, and also of deeply researched historical novels that cover centuries of Scottish history.

Source: (<https://www.scotland'sfinest.nl/what-s-to-see/scotland-s-finest-battle-sites/battle-site-of-athelstaneford>)

Editor's Note: One of my friends' family are from Athelstaneford, which is locally known as "the village". And they still live there. My friend's great grandfather was the baker in the village and his house was noted for having the village clock attached to the chimney. (The house is still in the family).

"The house is so old that the road through the village actually deviates around it. The house's main claim to fame is that the Reverend Hume who owned the house in the circa 1740's wrote a play called 'The Douglas Tragedy' whilst living there. The play apparently was performed in Edinburgh and at the Garrick Theatre in London. There is a family myth that the English General Sir John Cope stayed overnight in the house before the Battle of Prestonpans."

Aileen, my friend, went on to say more about The Village and the Saltire: *"it is becoming very relevant these days with the rise of Scottish Nationalism and the idea of Independence. It has really become an integral part of Scottish history."*

"When I was a child it was simply thought of as a bit of curiosity but nowadays it's becoming a tourist site. I'm referring to the Saltire - the National flag of Scotland - the flag of Saint Andrew."

"Athelstaneford is reputed to be the site of an ancient battle between the Picts (Scots) and some other lot about 800 AD. The night before the battle the Pictish King saw a white cross of clouds against a blue sky. The Picts believed this was the cross of their patron saint - the crucified St. Andrew. They won the battle and it was attributed to St Andrew's blessing and so the Scottish Saltire was born."

Aileen then went on to tell us: *"the first dirigible balloon (Airship) to cross the Atlantic flew from East Fortune - a small village near Athelstaneford to New York in 1919. My great-aunt Nell who also lived in 'The Village' all her life told us when we saw her in 1970 that she remembered holding on to one of the ropes before it took off on its first flight. There used to be a small plaque celebrating the event outside the East Fortune hospital but as the hospital was demolished in the 1990's I've no idea what happened to the plaque."*



Athelstaneford Kirk
Photo: Scotland's Finest

Places Named Hope in America

Did you know there are 26 places in America named **Hope**. You will find one in each of the following States:

Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, Texas, Virgin Islands, Washington and Wisconsin.

Over the next few editions, let's take a look at some of them, in the mix with other "Places Named Hope".

Hope, Alaska

Hope is a great detour on your way to/from other cities on the Kenai Peninsula such as Seward and Homer; you can stop for a short leg stretch and meal, or spend a night here if your Alaska itinerary affords you that time.



Hope, Alaska
Photo: alaska.org

The community of Hope is located at the mouth of Resurrection Creek.

Source: various but not specified

Another writer says: *"I have a soft spot for small towns. Maybe it developed during my four years of college at a small Iowa town.*

Maybe it is just part of my nature, to love exploring smaller and lesser-visited cities and town. It's part of the reason I fell so in love with Long Beach, Washington while living in the Pacific Northwest. Or why we ended up living in Sausalito when we called California home.

"As a kid growing up in Alaska, I remember trips to one particular small town with a special name. Hope is a relatively short drive from Anchorage (by Alaska standards), and one of the great spots for salmon fishing each summer. The town goes from about 80 residents in the off-season to 5-10 times that when the salmon are running during the summer months. The campgrounds overflow with RVs, tents, and crumpled beer cans. The unpaved streets are clogged with pickup trucks, ATVs, and pedestrians in fishing waders with poles slung over their shoulders.

"Hope is small-town Alaska at its finest, an admittedly romanticized sentiment. I know that life in small towns across Alaska is hard, often a matter of subsistence and survival. Hope has the luxury of being close to Anchorage, and drawing 'tourist' crowds (usually fellow Alaskans and people like you who read this guide) and benefiting seasonally from that influx of visitors and money. Nevertheless, it's one of my favourite destinations and a fun detour for visitors looking to get a sense for what life in Alaska is like."

Source: Valerie & Valise' Blog

Historic Houses in the Borders

Newton Don, Nenthorn, Rox., SCT

The second in the series of Houses in the Borders is Newton Don, Nenthorn, Roxburghshire, SCT. I've chosen this House because of a family connection - my 3xGrandfather (David Hope: 1777-1856), was the Gamekeeper here in 1830.

According to *Historic Environment Scotland*, I offer the following description:

A well-preserved, secluded country seat in the lower Tweed valley developed at great expense during the late 18th to early 19th century. It is a park and woodland

landscape, with excellent panoramic views, associated policy fields, and good estate architecture, including a sizable stable, courtyard, lodges and walled garden.

Located just over 2 miles (3.2km) north east of Kelso, Newton Don is set within the open, rolling farmland of the Tweed valley lowlands. Sheltered policy fields occupy the western half of the designed landscape, while the house, main parks and woodlands are located towards the east. Within this core area, the Eden Water meanders through a wooded, steep-sided ravine. The house of Newton Don itself occupies a higher bluff above the watercourse from where long-ranging views extend southwards from the parks and woods and across the Tweed valley towards the more distant Cheviots.

Newton Don is a largely unembellished Neo-classical house constructed in 1817-20 to designs by Robert Smirke. It comprises a central, 3-storey block flanked by 2-storey, bow-fronted wings and partially incorporates the fabric of an earlier, 18th-century house.

Newton Don house is encircled by small, attractive parks that are integral to both the setting of the house, and the scenic value of the designed landscape as a whole. The sloping landform, the good quality, grazed grass sward, and numerous mature broadleaf specimens,

all serve to enrich landscape views from both in and around Newton Don. The present parkland structure was developed from the later 18th century onwards, when the old village of Little Newton was cleared away,

Helena, 'Nina' Balfour, who lived at Newton Don from the late 1880s, won several horticultural medals and was



Newton Don, Nenthorn
Main Entrance



Newton Don, Nenthorn
South View

especially known for her collection of Malmaison carnations (Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society 1901).

Newton Don was purchased by Charles Barrington Balfour of Balgonie, Fife in 1847 and the property remains in the ownership of his descendants.

Photos courtesy: canmore.org.uk (National Record of the Historic Environment)

Thistles in the Heartland

Like fugitives do thistles stand
Outside the law in this fair land
But purple warriors make their home
Upon the hillside where I roam



The lord of the land would
destroy them again
Yet he sees not what lies
beyond his ken
And where knife and shovel
do not go
There does the outlaw thistle
grow

The proud flowers thrive where they ought not dare
And they can be prickly beyond compare
But so lovely, so in their purple hue

I will forgive them the hurt that they do
And I know if he comes to take them down
They'll fight like heroes to hold their ground
For tall and mighty they are today
Against all odds the other way

And will not tell of their camps so near
Except in these words, which he will not hear
And a health to the wild barbarian flowers
That grace this domestic hillside of ours

And far afield their seeds are blown
And purple families find new homes
God speed them on their windswept way
May they live to grow another day.

Maria Anthony USA

Courtesy: *The Scottish Banner* (Vol 46, #6, Pg4)

Recipe Corner: Stovies

This was a favourite meal in Jacki's home, when she was growing up in The Borders (Rox., SCT). Jacki is a descendant of David Hope (1777-1856), who is mentioned elsewhere in this newsletter and still resides in The Borders.

Prep 10 mins · Cook 45 mins Makes 4 · Difficulty: Easy

- 2 large onions, sliced
- 2 tbsp beef dripping from your roast
- (can use lard or olive oil if you don't have dripping)
- 1 kg potatoes, peeled and sliced thickly

- 200ml leftover gravy, meat juices or rich reduced beef stock (ideally a combination, all supplied by your leftover roast dinner)
- 500g leftover cooked meat, cut into 2-3 cm chunks
- Salt and pepper



Directions

- In a large, heavy bottomed pan with a lid, gently fry the onions in the fat until soft.
- Layer over the raw potatoes and pour in the rich, beefy gravy-style liquid
- Add in the meat, making sure you include all the sticky, savoury scrapings from the roasting pan!
- Add enough cold water to come to a few centimetres below the level of the potatoes, and season well
- Cover and bring to the boil, then turn down to a gentle simmer
- Cook for about half an hour, stirring occasionally
- The potatoes should be starting to fall apart into mash; it's ready when you have a really hearty and comforting mix of half mash, half soft chunks
- Check the seasoning (it needs plenty) and serve hot.

Jacki's Note:

The best Sunday roast leftovers come from a traditional bone-in beef roasting joint. Once picked clean the bones can be boiled for stock – because they've been roasted, they'll have an extra deep, caramelised flavour, perfect for beefing up the leftover meat in your stovies.

My mother always made stovies with lamb spare ribs as we didn't have roast beef very often. Some people make stovies with corned beef or sausages.

Sometimes, people add carrots or other root vegetables but we never did.

Learning Scottish Gaelic

Gàidhlig na h-Alba

According to an article in *The Scottish Banner*, there has been a 25% increase in Gaelic Duolingo learners in this past year.

Learning Scottish Gaelic was offered as a course on St Andrew's Day, 2019 (Nov. 30) and currently have 450,000 active learners.

The primary motivation for learning the language is recorded as culture, with many looking to reconnect with their heritage.

Màrtainn Mac a' Bhàillidh, Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, the National Centre for Gaelic Language and Culture, said: *"There has always been an interest in Scotland's Gaelic language and culture, especially with such a vast Scottish diaspora, but learning apps like Duolingo and the growth of Gaelic Medium Education in schools have made the language so much more accessible to a larger audience."*

Source: The Scottish Banner (Vol 46, #8, Pg10)

Membership Renewal

Has your membership renewal slipped out of view?

Maybe the notification has been printed and is sitting in that To-Do pile of stuff nearby?

Regretfully, this is your last reminder to re-activate it before your name slips off the Financial Members' List.

Members' List
if before your name slips off the Financial
Regretfully, this is your last reminder to re-activate

Flowers of the Forest

by Jean Eliot

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkens are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Found on Facebook

Look what I found on Facebook.



This is what one calls a family historian's dream discovery
Courtesy: Border Reiver Family Heritage & Genealogy

New Members

We welcome:

- Geoffrey Charles Hope, Queensland, Australia
- David Thomas Hope, SA, Australia

How excited would you be if this is something you stumbled across, whilst researching your family's history? Imagine if you had hit a brick wall and had been poking around everywhere, trying to find the key which would unlock even one person's name and then you stumble on a headstone like this which included the very person's name you had been seeking and here it is, hidden within this etched family tree on a headstone.