



# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 2. April/May, 2011



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](mailto:lochvale@qwestoffice.net)) of Loch Vale Fine Art ([www.lochvalefineart.com](http://www.lochvalefineart.com)) Or Chris Papp ([presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)) for pricing and availability.

**This is the Ancestral Church of George Hope, 1749, ENG, died 1818 VA, Shipbuilder for the American Revolution and progenitor of a number of Clan Hope members**

Archaeologists are carrying out an extensive dig at a Cumbrian abbey. Holme Cultram Abbey in Abbeystown was the largest monastic house in Cumbria and was founded by Cistercian monks in 1150. Members of West Cumbria Archaeological Society will search for abbey foundations in a nearby field. The investigation of the size and layout of the site is hoped to result in the production of a plan of the entire monastic complex. The parish church is all that remains of the original complex of buildings. A geophysical survey by the society in 2006 suggested foundations for these could be found in the field to the south of the church. Sara Hilton, head of Heritage Lottery Fund North West, said: "Volunteers will work alongside professional archaeologists on every aspect of the excavation, including taking guided tours and producing an exhibition about the site." On Friday afternoon 9th June 2006, local youths set fire to Holme Cultram Abbey in the village of Abbeystown. The fabric in the vestry was the first to go up in flames. This then spread very quickly to the roof timbers, and in about an hour the whole roof had collapsed into the aisle and pews. The organ, which was quite large was totally destroyed. Most of the stained glass survived. Clergy at Holme Cultram in Cumbria, which was built in 1158 and gave its name to nearby Abbeystown, said the country had lost "an ecclesiastical gem" as well as irreplaceable records dating back to medieval times.  
(from <http://www.visitcumbria.com/wc/holme-cultram-abbey.htm>)

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Serves 8

- 3-4 medium leeks
- 1 ½ lbs. deboned, skinned chicken
- 1 finely chopped small onion
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp dried thyme
- 2 cups rich chicken broth
- 1 cup light cream
- ½ cup fresh parsley
- Salt and Pepper to taste

#### Method:

Trim roots and green leaves from leeks and split lengthwise, wash thoroughly, dice thinly. Put chicken, onion, bay leaf and thyme in a large skillet. Salt and pepper to taste and add water to cover chicken by 1 inch. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (abt. 10 mins). Remove chicken and cube. Strain resulting broth and add water (if necessary) to make 3 cups. In a large saucepan, bring this flavored water to a boil and add leeks. Reduce heat and simmer until leeks are tender, about 10 mins. Add 2 cups rich chicken broth, heat to boil and reduce heat. Add cream and cubed chicken, simmer for about 5 mins. and garnish with parsley.

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

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

**Forest and Patricia Hope Victor & Julie Schwan Good Richard R. Hope**

A Scottish husband was heading out to the pub. He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, Sheila - put your hat and coat on lassie. She replied, Awe, John that's nice - are yee taking me tae the pub with you? Nay, John replied, I'm switching the heat off while I'm out.

## A Chosen Child, Part IV (Continued from February/March 2011)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Final Discovery

In about September of 2003, my husband told me that both of our children were coming over to the house after dinner to talk about our son's will. We all sat down at the kitchen table and Hank had his papers. I asked him to go ahead and start and my husband put his hand on mine and said that they were not really there to talk about Hank's will and he put a card in front of me. The name on the card was Linda Carol Staley. I asked who that person was and said that's not me. They all together said, "Yes, it is." Marty continued and said, "This is the name that your mother gave you when you were born." When I opened the card I was so touched that I started to cry. It said, "On behalf of Marjorie Griffin Staley and Clinton White, the parents who couldn't keep you, from the family you made yourself, we love you so much." And my children and grandchildren had signed it. You can certainly understand my feelings at that moment. I was overcome with emotion and crying in disbelief that they had actually discovered my roots. They explained to me how they had searched online to no avail and finally contacted an adoption search agency near Charlotte, N.C. Marty said that no one should die without knowing who he or she is. They let me decide what, if anything, I wanted to do with this information.

I couldn't help but put myself in my new family's shoes. Knowing that my birth mother, Marjorie Staley, was dead, I figured that my brother and sister, living in Staley, N.C., might not have a way to verify who I was and would view me with skepticism. And I certainly did not want to tarnish the memories they had of our mother by giving them this information. Having a child out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption might destroy their image of our mother. No one wants to think that his or her parents were not perfect. What right did I have to drop this bomb on them?

It took me several weeks to decide that I would not call them, as it would put them on the spot. This was something that would take some getting used to. In addition to having the current names, addresses and telephone numbers of my brother and sister, the data confirmed that my mother had had the one sister and three brothers, like the information I received from the letter in 2000 from the Children's Home said. All of my aunt and uncles had died, but one cousin was alive who was listed in the information. From the address given, he lived on the same road in Staley. My first thought was to call or write him and ask what he thought my sister and brother would feel if I should contact them. For some reason I decided not to.

My sister-in-law had had a child years ago, before she married, and gave him up for adoption. His name turned out to be Bob, the same as his grandfather. Bob spent years finding her, and she and her husband were thrilled when he did. Of course the situation could have gone the other way. He eventually moved to Las Vegas to be close to all of us. He is a wonderful young man and we are so thankful to have him in our lives. I decided to call Bob and see what his feelings were on my doing anything about this. Unaware that my family had done this, he was elated. He explained to me that no matter the outcome, this is something that I had to do. He inspired me to sit down and write a letter to my sister. In this letter I explained that I didn't want anything from them except more family to love and that if this were something they could not do, I would understand and would not contact them again. I reluctantly put this letter in the mail and said a prayer that God's will be done.

### First Contact

I'll never forget the day that there was a letter in the mail with a postmark from Staley, N.C. I stood and looked at it for a long time before I could open it. The note was from my sister, Rosa Lee Langley Allred. It basically said that she knew nothing about me nor did her brother, Boyd Langley. She said that if I sent her all of the information that I had, she would look into it. I sent her everything, and included pictures of myself when I was in high school and now. I soon received another letter from her stating that from the information it did indeed look like we could be sisters. She said there was an old family friend who knew everything about the family and had done a lot of research. She tried to contact her but found out that she was in a nursing home and she didn't know her mental state at that time but she would make an effort to go and see her.

### Acceptance

We received a Christmas card from Rosa and then nothing for a few weeks. I had taken the day off from work on Christmas Eve and was cleaning for company for Christmas and the phone rang. When I picked it up, a voice with a strong southern drawl said, "Jenny, hey this is Rosa Lee in Staley N.C. and I wanted to surprise you today and tell you that I think you have a brother and sister here in Staley." Boy, what a wonderful surprise. She proceeded to explain to me that the one cousin who is still alive, David, lives across the road from her. (This is the same cousin I was considering calling in the very beginning.)

(Continued on Next Page)

## 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:

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

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:

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 completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: [www.clanhope.org](http://www.clanhope.org))**

(Continued from Page One)

Rosa said that her husband Bill was at the mailbox at the same time as David one day and they started talking. Bill told David that Rosa Lee had gotten a letter from this woman in Las Vegas saying that she thought, from the information she had gotten, that they are sisters. Bill asked David if he knew anything about this, knowing that he would have been alive, though young, when I was born. He hesitated a few minutes and told Bill, "Yes, Marjorie had a girl in 1945 that she gave up for adoption." He said that his mother, my mother's sister, had told him this when he and his wife had adopted a child. He promised to keep the secret and he had. He also remembered an argument that his mother, my mother and their mother had had when he was about 6 years old. He said that in the argument a poem about mothers had been torn up and he had saved it and when he was older he taped it back together and put it in a frame. He was too young at the time to understand what the argument was about, but in later years figured out that they were probably arguing over what to do with me.

In a later conversation with my sister, she told me that our brother Boyd Langley, who goes by Buster, had heart problems and had had several heart attacks and several stints in his heart. She also said that if I wanted to come to meet them I should probably come soon because she would hate for something to happen to him before I got the chance to meet him. I talked with my husband and the end of January I flew to Greensboro. My sister and brother-in-law picked me up at the airport. The minute I saw her I felt that I had known her all of my life. The feeling was something I can't even describe. I met her two children, son-in-law and grandson that afternoon and then we went to my brother's home. I think my brother Boyd had been a little more skeptical of the situation than my sister, but his wife had tried to reassure him. As I entered their home and was walking from the kitchen to the family room my brother met me in the door. As I looked at him I was speechless. I finally said, "Oh my God, I am looking at myself in the mirror." If you had taken my hair away or given him mine, we would have looked almost identical. I think it was at that moment that all of his reluctance subsided. I asked him later if he was okay with me being his sister and he responded, "Yes, just what I need- another big sister to tell me what to do!"

Later in looking at all of the family pictures, my brother and I look like our mother. My sister says she doesn't know now who her mother is! She looks like their dad. The next evening, my brother's wife had a family get together and I met my brother's four sons and families. Two are married and live on the land beside their parents. One son has a daughter and a son, the other has one son. The third boy was still living at home, going to college, getting a graduate degree. The fourth son was also at home and has cerebral palsy. He is totally dependent on his family. He does get around on his knees and in a wheel chair or golf cart. I am still in awe of how positive this experience has been. I never dreamed that this would happen to me.

I told my adoptive mother's family about my new family in July of 2004 and several of them met my sister and my brother. They have been so supportive and like my new family very much. I did tell my adoptive mother that I had done this but she was not well at the time and I don't know if she truly understood. I do know that it was okay and that had she understood she would have liked to meet them all. I would have liked to have shown her a picture of my birth mother to see if she was for sure the woman who had come to see me in the spring of 1946.

After she had come to see me, Marjorie married a man whom she had known and gone to school with. This is a very small county and it was time when everyone knew everyone. They had a home in the country and were tobacco farmers. Their families all lived close by.

In getting to know my sister better, we have talked at length about our mom and what a wonderful person and mother she was. Rosa says in looking back she can see that there were times when mother seemed unhappy and very quiet. Now that she knows that she gave up her child, it all makes sense. Like the time the family gave her a ring for Mother's Day with a stone representing each of them and she wouldn't wear it. It also seemed that when the first two grandchildren were born she was not quite as jovial as they would have expected. As we talk she always thinks of things that could be attributed to me. I wish that I had tried to find her before she died so that I could tell her how much I love and respect her for what she did. I have always known in my heart that giving me up was not what she really wanted to do. Times were so different then and without a husband or help from the family it would have seemed raising a child alone would be impossible. My adopted mother needed me and God answered her prayers. I will always wish that I could have eased my birth mother's mind and heart.

(Final Segment In The Next Newsletter)

### Member's Corner

Jerry Lee Hope, 2/27/1936, m 6/20/59, Jeanne Marie Rice: 2/15/1938. 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-1444: [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net) I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

We have two children: Kristine Louise Binder, 11/26/63, m 8/17/85, James Alexander Binder Jr., and Paul Edward Hope, 2/28/67, engaged to Vanessa Buono, 3/7/79. Kristine is an artist and has her own copy editing business. Paul is an actor and is, as of this writing, doing Shear Madness at the Kennedy Center in DC. He is also the Master Swordsman at the Folger Shakspeare Library in DC.

### 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](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!



# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 2. April/May, 2011



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](mailto:lochvale@qwestoffice.net)) of Loch Vale Fine Art ([www.lochvalefineart.com](http://www.lochvalefineart.com)) Or Chris Papp ([presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)) for pricing and availability.

**This is the Ancestral Church of George Hope, 1749, ENG, died 1818 VA, Shipbuilder for the American Revolution and progenitor of a number of Clan Hope members**

Archaeologists are carrying out an extensive dig at a Cumbrian abbey. Holme Cultram Abbey in Abbeystown was the largest monastic house in Cumbria and was founded by Cistercian monks in 1150. Members of West Cumbria Archaeological Society will search for abbey foundations in a nearby field. The investigation of the size and layout of the site is hoped to result in the production of a plan of the entire monastic complex. The parish church is all that remains of the original complex of buildings. A geophysical survey by the society in 2006 suggested foundations for these could be found in the field to the south of the church. Sara Hilton, head of Heritage Lottery Fund North West, said: "Volunteers will work alongside professional archaeologists on every aspect of the excavation, including taking guided tours and producing an exhibition about the site." On Friday afternoon 9th June 2006, local youths set fire to Holme Cultram Abbey in the village of Abbeystown. The fabric in the vestry was the first to go up in flames. This then spread very quickly to the roof timbers, and in about an hour the whole roof had collapsed into the aisle and pews. The organ, which was quite large was totally destroyed. Most of the stained glass survived. Clergy at Holme Cultram in Cumbria, which was built in 1158 and gave its name to nearby Abbeystown, said the country had lost "an ecclesiastical gem" as well as irreplaceable records dating back to medieval times.  
(from <http://www.visitcumbria.com/wc/holme-cultram-abbey.htm>)

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Serves 8

3-4 medium leeks  
1 ½ lbs. deboned, skinned chicken  
1 finely chopped small onion  
1 bay leaf  
½ tsp dried thyme  
2 cups rich chicken broth  
1 cup light cream  
½ cup fresh parsley  
Salt and Pepper to taste

#### Method:

Trim roots and green leaves from leeks and split lengthwise, wash thoroughly, dice thinly. Put chicken, onion, bay leaf and thyme in a large skillet. Salt and pepper to taste and add water to cover chicken by 1 inch. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (abt. 10 mins). Remove chicken and cube. Strain resulting broth and add water (if necessary) to make 3 cups. In a large saucepan, bring this flavored water to a boil and add leeks. Reduce heat and simmer until leeks are tender, about 10 mins. Add 2 cups rich chicken broth, heat to boil and reduce heat. Add cream and cubed chicken, simmer for about 5 mins. and garnish with parsley.

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

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

**Forest and Patricia Hope Victor & Julie Schwan Good Richard R. Hope**

A Scottish husband was heading out to the pub. He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, Sheila - put your hat and coat on lassie. She replied, Awe, John that's nice - are yee taking me tae the pub with you? Nay, John replied, I'm switching the heat off while I'm out.

## A Chosen Child, Part IV (Continued from February/March 2011)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Final Discovery

In about September of 2003, my husband told me that both of our children were coming over to the house after dinner to talk about our son's will. We all sat down at the kitchen table and Hank had his papers. I asked him to go ahead and start and my husband put his hand on mine and said that they were not really there to talk about Hank's will and he put a card in front of me. The name on the card was Linda Carol Staley. I asked who that person was and said that's not me. They all together said, "Yes, it is." Marty continued and said, "This is the name that your mother gave you when you were born." When I opened the card I was so touched that I started to cry. It said, "On behalf of Marjorie Griffin Staley and Clinton White, the parents who couldn't keep you, from the family you made yourself, we love you so much." And my children and grandchildren had signed it. You can certainly understand my feelings at that moment. I was overcome with emotion and crying in disbelief that they had actually discovered my roots. They explained to me how they had searched online to no avail and finally contacted an adoption search agency near Charlotte, N.C. Marty said that no one should die without knowing who he or she is. They let me decide what, if anything, I wanted to do with this information.

I couldn't help but put myself in my new family's shoes. Knowing that my birth mother, Marjorie Staley, was dead, I figured that my brother and sister, living in Staley, N.C., might not have a way to verify who I was and would view me with skepticism. And I certainly did not want to tarnish the memories they had of our mother by giving them this information. Having a child out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption might destroy their image of our mother. No one wants to think that his or her parents were not perfect. What right did I have to drop this bomb on them?

It took me several weeks to decide that I would not call them, as it would put them on the spot. This was something that would take some getting used to. In addition to having the current names, addresses and telephone numbers of my brother and sister, the data confirmed that my mother had had the one sister and three brothers, like the information I received from the letter in 2000 from the Children's Home said. All of my aunt and uncles had died, but one cousin was alive who was listed in the information. From the address given, he lived on the same road in Staley. My first thought was to call or write him and ask what he thought my sister and brother would feel if I should contact them. For some reason I decided not to.

My sister-in-law had had a child years ago, before she married, and gave him up for adoption. His name turned out to be Bob, the same as his grandfather. Bob spent years finding her, and she and her husband were thrilled when he did. Of course the situation could have gone the other way. He eventually moved to Las Vegas to be close to all of us. He is a wonderful young man and we are so thankful to have him in our lives. I decided to call Bob and see what his feelings were on my doing anything about this. Unaware that my family had done this, he was elated. He explained to me that no matter the outcome, this is something that I had to do. He inspired me to sit down and write a letter to my sister. In this letter I explained that I didn't want anything from them except more family to love and that if this were something they could not do, I would understand and would not contact them again. I reluctantly put this letter in the mail and said a prayer that God's will be done.

### First Contact

I'll never forget the day that there was a letter in the mail with a postmark from Staley, N.C. I stood and looked at it for a long time before I could open it. The note was from my sister, Rosa Lee Langley Allred. It basically said that she knew nothing about me nor did her brother, Boyd Langley. She said that if I sent her all of the information that I had, she would look into it. I sent her everything, and included pictures of myself when I was in high school and now. I soon received another letter from her stating that from the information it did indeed look like we could be sisters. She said there was an old family friend who knew everything about the family and had done a lot of research. She tried to contact her but found out that she was in a nursing home and she didn't know her mental state at that time but she would make an effort to go and see her.

### Acceptance

We received a Christmas card from Rosa and then nothing for a few weeks. I had taken the day off from work on Christmas Eve and was cleaning for company for Christmas and the phone rang. When I picked it up, a voice with a strong southern drawl said, "Jenny, hey this is Rosa Lee in Staley N.C. and I wanted to surprise you today and tell you that I think you have a brother and sister here in Staley." Boy, what a wonderful surprise. She proceeded to explain to me that the one cousin who is still alive, David, lives across the road from her. (This is the same cousin I was considering calling in the very beginning.)

(Continued on Next Page)

## 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:

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

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:

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 completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: [www.clanhope.org](http://www.clanhope.org))**

(Continued from Page One)

Rosa said that her husband Bill was at the mailbox at the same time as David one day and they started talking. Bill told David that Rosa Lee had gotten a letter from this woman in Las Vegas saying that she thought, from the information she had gotten, that they are sisters. Bill asked David if he knew anything about this, knowing that he would have been alive, though young, when I was born. He hesitated a few minutes and told Bill, "Yes, Marjorie had a girl in 1945 that she gave up for adoption." He said that his mother, my mother's sister, had told him this when he and his wife had adopted a child. He promised to keep the secret and he had. He also remembered an argument that his mother, my mother and their mother had had when he was about 6 years old. He said that in the argument a poem about mothers had been torn up and he had saved it and when he was older he taped it back together and put it in a frame. He was too young at the time to understand what the argument was about, but in later years figured out that they were probably arguing over what to do with me.

In a later conversation with my sister, she told me that our brother Boyd Langley, who goes by Buster, had heart problems and had had several heart attacks and several stints in his heart. She also said that if I wanted to come to meet them I should probably come soon because she would hate for something to happen to him before I got the change to meet him. I talked with my husband and the end of January I flew to Greensboro. My sister and brother-in-law picked me up at the airport. The minute I saw her I felt that I had known her all of my life. The feeling was something I can't even describe. I met her two children, son-in-law and grandson that afternoon and then we went to my brother's home. I think my brother Boyd had been a little more skeptical of the situation than my sister, but his wife had tried to reassure him. As I entered their home and was walking from the kitchen to the family room my brother met me in the door. As I looked at him I was speechless. I finally said, "Oh my God, I am looking at myself in the mirror." If you had taken my hair away or given him mine, we would have looked almost identical. I think it was at that moment that all of his reluctance subsided. I asked him later if he was okay with me being his sister and he responded, "Yes, just what I need- another big sister to tell me what to do!"

Later in looking at all of the family pictures, my brother and I look like our mother. My sister says she doesn't know now who her mother is! She looks like their dad. The next evening, my brother's wife had a family get together and I met my brother's four sons and families. Two are married and live on the land beside their parents. One son has a daughter and a son, the other has one son. The third boy was still living at home, going to college, getting a graduate degree. The fourth son was also at home and has cerebral palsy. He is totally dependent on his family. He does get around on his knees and in a wheel chair or golf cart. I am still in awe of how positive this experience has been. I never dreamed that this would happen to me.

I told my adoptive mother's family about my new family in July of 2004 and several of them met my sister and my brother. They have been so supportive and like my new family very much. I did tell my adoptive mother that I had done this but she was not well at the time and I don't know if she truly understood. I do know that it was okay and that had she understood she would have liked to meet them all. I would have liked to have shown her a picture of my birth mother to see if she was for sure the woman who had come to see me in the spring of 1946.

After she had come to see me, Marjorie married a man whom she had known and gone to school with. This is a very small county and it was time when everyone knew everyone. They had a home in the country and were tobacco farmers. Their families all lived close by.

In getting to know my sister better, we have talked at length about our mom and what a wonderful person and mother she was. Rosa says in looking back she can see that there were times when mother seemed unhappy and very quiet. Now that she knows that she gave up her child, it all makes sense. Like the time the family gave her a ring for Mother's Day with a stone representing each of them and she wouldn't wear it. It also seemed that when the first two grandchildren were born she was not quite as jovial as they would have expected. As we talk she always thinks of things that could be attributed to me. I wish that I had tried to find her before she died so that I could tell her how much I love and respect her for what she did. I have always known in my heart that giving me up was not what she really wanted to do. Times were so different then and without a husband or help from the family it would have seemed raising a child alone would be impossible. My adopted mother needed me and God answered her prayers. I will always wish that I could have eased my birth mother's mind and heart.

(Final Segment In The Next Newsletter)

### Member's Corner

Jerry Lee Hope, 2/27/1936, m 6/20/59, Jeanne Marie Rice: 2/15/1938. 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-1444: [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net) I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

We have two children: Kristine Louise Binder, 11/26/63, m 8/17/85, James Alexander Binder Jr., and Paul Edward Hope, 2/28/67, engaged to Vanessa Buono, 3/7/79. Kristine is an artist and has her own copy editing business. Paul is an actor and is, as of this writing, doing Shear Madness at the Kennedy Center in DC. He is also the Master Swordsman at the Folger Shakspeare Library in DC.

### 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](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!



# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 2. April/May, 2011



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](mailto:lochvale@qwestoffice.net)) of Loch Vale Fine Art ([www.lochvalefineart.com](http://www.lochvalefineart.com)) Or Chris Papp ([presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)) for pricing and availability.

**This is the Ancestral Church of George Hope, 1749, ENG, died 1818 VA, Shipbuilder for the American Revolution and progenitor of a number of Clan Hope members**

Archaeologists are carrying out an extensive dig at a Cumbrian abbey. Holme Cultram Abbey in Abbeystown was the largest monastic house in Cumbria and was founded by Cistercian monks in 1150. Members of West Cumbria Archaeological Society will search for abbey foundations in a nearby field. The investigation of the size and layout of the site is hoped to result in the production of a plan of the entire monastic complex. The parish church is all that remains of the original complex of buildings. A geophysical survey by the society in 2006 suggested foundations for these could be found in the field to the south of the church. Sara Hilton, head of Heritage Lottery Fund North West, said: "Volunteers will work alongside professional archaeologists on every aspect of the excavation, including taking guided tours and producing an exhibition about the site." On Friday afternoon 9th June 2006, local youths set fire to Holme Cultram Abbey in the village of Abbeystown. The fabric in the vestry was the first to go up in flames. This then spread very quickly to the roof timbers, and in about an hour the whole roof had collapsed into the aisle and pews. The organ, which was quite large was totally destroyed. Most of the stained glass survived. Clergy at Holme Cultram in Cumbria, which was built in 1158 and gave its name to nearby Abbeystown, said the country had lost "an ecclesiastical gem" as well as irreplaceable records dating back to medieval times.  
(from <http://www.visitcumbria.com/wc/holme-cultram-abbey.htm>)

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Serves 8

- 3-4 medium leeks
- 1 ½ lbs. deboned, skinned chicken
- 1 finely chopped small onion
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp dried thyme
- 2 cups rich chicken broth
- 1 cup light cream
- ½ cup fresh parsley
- Salt and Pepper to taste

#### Method:

Trim roots and green leaves from leeks and split lengthwise, wash thoroughly, dice thinly. Put chicken, onion, bay leaf and thyme in a large skillet. Salt and pepper to taste and add water to cover chicken by 1 inch. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (abt. 10 mins). Remove chicken and cube. Strain resulting broth and add water (if necessary) to make 3 cups. In a large saucepan, bring this flavored water to a boil and add leeks. Reduce heat and simmer until leeks are tender, about 10 mins. Add 2 cups rich chicken broth, heat to boil and reduce heat. Add cream and cubed chicken, simmer for about 5 mins. and garnish with parsley.

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

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

**Forest and Patricia Hope Victor & Julie Schwan Good Richard R. Hope**

A Scottish husband was heading out to the pub. He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, Sheila - put your hat and coat on lassie. She replied, Awe, John that's nice - are yee taking me tae the pub with you? Nay, John replied, I'm switching the heat off while I'm out.

## A Chosen Child, Part IV (Continued from February/March 2011)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Final Discovery

In about September of 2003, my husband told me that both of our children were coming over to the house after dinner to talk about our son's will. We all sat down at the kitchen table and Hank had his papers. I asked him to go ahead and start and my husband put his hand on mine and said that they were not really there to talk about Hank's will and he put a card in front of me. The name on the card was Linda Carol Staley. I asked who that person was and said that's not me. They all together said, "Yes, it is." Marty continued and said, "This is the name that your mother gave you when you were born." When I opened the card I was so touched that I started to cry. It said, "On behalf of Marjorie Griffin Staley and Clinton White, the parents who couldn't keep you, from the family you made yourself, we love you so much." And my children and grandchildren had signed it. You can certainly understand my feelings at that moment. I was overcome with emotion and crying in disbelief that they had actually discovered my roots. They explained to me how they had searched online to no avail and finally contacted an adoption search agency near Charlotte, N.C. Marty said that no one should die without knowing who he or she is. They let me decide what, if anything, I wanted to do with this information.

I couldn't help but put myself in my new family's shoes. Knowing that my birth mother, Marjorie Staley, was dead, I figured that my brother and sister, living in Staley, N.C., might not have a way to verify who I was and would view me with skepticism. And I certainly did not want to tarnish the memories they had of our mother by giving them this information. Having a child out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption might destroy their image of our mother. No one wants to think that his or her parents were not perfect. What right did I have to drop this bomb on them?

It took me several weeks to decide that I would not call them, as it would put them on the spot. This was something that would take some getting used to. In addition to having the current names, addresses and telephone numbers of my brother and sister, the data confirmed that my mother had had the one sister and three brothers, like the information I received from the letter in 2000 from the Children's Home said. All of my aunt and uncles had died, but one cousin was alive who was listed in the information. From the address given, he lived on the same road in Staley. My first thought was to call or write him and ask what he thought my sister and brother would feel if I should contact them. For some reason I decided not to.

My sister-in-law had had a child years ago, before she married, and gave him up for adoption. His name turned out to be Bob, the same as his grandfather. Bob spent years finding her, and she and her husband were thrilled when he did. Of course the situation could have gone the other way. He eventually moved to Las Vegas to be close to all of us. He is a wonderful young man and we are so thankful to have him in our lives. I decided to call Bob and see what his feelings were on my doing anything about this. Unaware that my family had done this, he was elated. He explained to me that no matter the outcome, this is something that I had to do. He inspired me to sit down and write a letter to my sister. In this letter I explained that I didn't want anything from them except more family to love and that if this were something they could not do, I would understand and would not contact them again. I reluctantly put this letter in the mail and said a prayer that God's will be done.

### First Contact

I'll never forget the day that there was a letter in the mail with a postmark from Staley, N.C. I stood and looked at it for a long time before I could open it. The note was from my sister, Rosa Lee Langley Allred. It basically said that she knew nothing about me nor did her brother, Boyd Langley. She said that if I sent her all of the information that I had, she would look into it. I sent her everything, and included pictures of myself when I was in high school and now. I soon received another letter from her stating that from the information it did indeed look like we could be sisters. She said there was an old family friend who knew everything about the family and had done a lot of research. She tried to contact her but found out that she was in a nursing home and she didn't know her mental state at that time but she would make an effort to go and see her.

### Acceptance

We received a Christmas card from Rosa and then nothing for a few weeks. I had taken the day off from work on Christmas Eve and was cleaning for company for Christmas and the phone rang. When I picked it up, a voice with a strong southern drawl said, "Jenny, hey this is Rosa Lee in Staley N.C. and I wanted to surprise you today and tell you that I think you have a brother and sister here in Staley." Boy, what a wonderful surprise. She proceeded to explain to me that the one cousin who is still alive, David, lives across the road from her. (This is the same cousin I was considering calling in the very beginning.)

(Continued on Next Page)

## 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:

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

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:

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 completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: [www.clanhope.org](http://www.clanhope.org))**

(Continued from Page One)

Rosa said that her husband Bill was at the mailbox at the same time as David one day and they started talking. Bill told David that Rosa Lee had gotten a letter from this woman in Las Vegas saying that she thought, from the information she had gotten, that they are sisters. Bill asked David if he knew anything about this, knowing that he would have been alive, though young, when I was born. He hesitated a few minutes and told Bill, "Yes, Marjorie had a girl in 1945 that she gave up for adoption." He said that his mother, my mother's sister, had told him this when he and his wife had adopted a child. He promised to keep the secret and he had. He also remembered an argument that his mother, my mother and their mother had had when he was about 6 years old. He said that in the argument a poem about mothers had been torn up and he had saved it and when he was older he taped it back together and put it in a frame. He was too young at the time to understand what the argument was about, but in later years figured out that they were probably arguing over what to do with me.

In a later conversation with my sister, she told me that our brother Boyd Langley, who goes by Buster, had heart problems and had had several heart attacks and several stints in his heart. She also said that if I wanted to come to meet them I should probably come soon because she would hate for something to happen to him before I got the chance to meet him. I talked with my husband and the end of January I flew to Greensboro. My sister and brother-in-law picked me up at the airport. The minute I saw her I felt that I had known her all of my life. The feeling was something I can't even describe. I met her two children, son-in-law and grandson that afternoon and then we went to my brother's home. I think my brother Boyd had been a little more skeptical of the situation than my sister, but his wife had tried to reassure him. As I entered their home and was walking from the kitchen to the family room my brother met me in the door. As I looked at him I was speechless. I finally said, "Oh my God, I am looking at myself in the mirror." If you had taken my hair away or given him mine, we would have looked almost identical. I think it was at that moment that all of his reluctance subsided. I asked him later if he was okay with me being his sister and he responded, "Yes, just what I need- another big sister to tell me what to do!"

Later in looking at all of the family pictures, my brother and I look like our mother. My sister says she doesn't know now who her mother is! She looks like their dad. The next evening, my brother's wife had a family get together and I met my brother's four sons and families. Two are married and live on the land beside their parents. One son has a daughter and a son, the other has one son. The third boy was still living at home, going to college, getting a graduate degree. The fourth son was also at home and has cerebral palsy. He is totally dependent on his family. He does get around on his knees and in a wheel chair or golf cart. I am still in awe of how positive this experience has been. I never dreamed that this would happen to me.

I told my adoptive mother's family about my new family in July of 2004 and several of them met my sister and my brother. They have been so supportive and like my new family very much. I did tell my adoptive mother that I had done this but she was not well at the time and I don't know if she truly understood. I do know that it was okay and that had she understood she would have liked to meet them all. I would have liked to have shown her a picture of my birth mother to see if she was for sure the woman who had come to see me in the spring of 1946.

After she had come to see me, Marjorie married a man whom she had known and gone to school with. This is a very small county and it was time when everyone knew everyone. They had a home in the country and were tobacco farmers. Their families all lived close by.

In getting to know my sister better, we have talked at length about our mom and what a wonderful person and mother she was. Rosa says in looking back she can see that there were times when mother seemed unhappy and very quiet. Now that she knows that she gave up her child, it all makes sense. Like the time the family gave her a ring for Mother's Day with a stone representing each of them and she wouldn't wear it. It also seemed that when the first two grandchildren were born she was not quite as jovial as they would have expected. As we talk she always thinks of things that could be attributed to me. I wish that I had tried to find her before she died so that I could tell her how much I love and respect her for what she did. I have always known in my heart that giving me up was not what she really wanted to do. Times were so different then and without a husband or help from the family it would have seemed raising a child alone would be impossible. My adopted mother needed me and God answered her prayers. I will always wish that I could have eased my birth mother's mind and heart.

(Final Segment In The Next Newsletter)

### Member's Corner

Jerry Lee Hope, 2/27/1936, m 6/20/59, Jeanne Marie Rice: 2/15/1938. 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-1444: [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net) I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

We have two children: Kristine Louise Binder, 11/26/63, m 8/17/85, James Alexander Binder Jr., and Paul Edward Hope, 2/28/67, engaged to Vanessa Buono, 3/7/79. Kristine is an artist and has her own copy editing business. Paul is an actor and is, as of this writing, doing Shear Madness at the Kennedy Center in DC. He is also the Master Swordsman at the Folger Shakspeare Library in DC.

### 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](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!



# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 2. April/May, 2011



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](mailto:lochvale@qwestoffice.net)) of Loch Vale Fine Art ([www.lochvalefineart.com](http://www.lochvalefineart.com)) Or Chris Papp ([presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)) for pricing and availability.

**This is the Ancestral Church of George Hope, 1749, ENG, died 1818 VA, Shipbuilder for the American Revolution and progenitor of a number of Clan Hope members**

Archaeologists are carrying out an extensive dig at a Cumbrian abbey. Holme Cultram Abbey in Abbeystown was the largest monastic house in Cumbria and was founded by Cistercian monks in 1150. Members of West Cumbria Archaeological Society will search for abbey foundations in a nearby field. The investigation of the size and layout of the site is hoped to result in the production of a plan of the entire monastic complex. The parish church is all that remains of the original complex of buildings. A geophysical survey by the society in 2006 suggested foundations for these could be found in the field to the south of the church. Sara Hilton, head of Heritage Lottery Fund North West, said: "Volunteers will work alongside professional archaeologists on every aspect of the excavation, including taking guided tours and producing an exhibition about the site." On Friday afternoon 9th June 2006, local youths set fire to Holme Cultram Abbey in the village of Abbeystown. The fabric in the vestry was the first to go up in flames. This then spread very quickly to the roof timbers, and in about an hour the whole roof had collapsed into the aisle and pews. The organ, which was quite large was totally destroyed. Most of the stained glass survived. Clergy at Holme Cultram in Cumbria, which was built in 1158 and gave its name to nearby Abbeystown, said the country had lost "an ecclesiastical gem" as well as irreplaceable records dating back to medieval times.  
(from <http://www.visitcumbria.com/wc/holme-cultram-abbey.htm>)

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Serves 8

- 3-4 medium leeks
- 1 ½ lbs. deboned, skinned chicken
- 1 finely chopped small onion
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp dried thyme
- 2 cups rich chicken broth
- 1 cup light cream
- ½ cup fresh parsley
- Salt and Pepper to taste

#### Method:

Trim roots and green leaves from leeks and split lengthwise, wash thoroughly, dice thinly. Put chicken, onion, bay leaf and thyme in a large skillet. Salt and pepper to taste and add water to cover chicken by 1 inch. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (abt. 10 mins). Remove chicken and cube. Strain resulting broth and add water (if necessary) to make 3 cups. In a large saucepan, bring this flavored water to a boil and add leeks. Reduce heat and simmer until leeks are tender, about 10 mins. Add 2 cups rich chicken broth, heat to boil and reduce heat. Add cream and cubed chicken, simmer for about 5 mins. and garnish with parsley.

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

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

**Forest and Patricia Hope Victor & Julie Schwan Good Richard R. Hope**

A Scottish husband was heading out to the pub. He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, Sheila - put your hat and coat on lassie. She replied, Awe, John that's nice - are yee taking me tae the pub with you? Nay, John replied, I'm switching the heat off while I'm out.

## A Chosen Child, Part IV (Continued from February/March 2011)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Final Discovery

In about September of 2003, my husband told me that both of our children were coming over to the house after dinner to talk about our son's will. We all sat down at the kitchen table and Hank had his papers. I asked him to go ahead and start and my husband put his hand on mine and said that they were not really there to talk about Hank's will and he put a card in front of me. The name on the card was Linda Carol Staley. I asked who that person was and said that's not me. They all together said, "Yes, it is." Marty continued and said, "This is the name that your mother gave you when you were born." When I opened the card I was so touched that I started to cry. It said, "On behalf of Marjorie Griffin Staley and Clinton White, the parents who couldn't keep you, from the family you made yourself, we love you so much." And my children and grandchildren had signed it. You can certainly understand my feelings at that moment. I was overcome with emotion and crying in disbelief that they had actually discovered my roots. They explained to me how they had searched online to no avail and finally contacted an adoption search agency near Charlotte, N.C. Marty said that no one should die without knowing who he or she is. They let me decide what, if anything, I wanted to do with this information.

I couldn't help but put myself in my new family's shoes. Knowing that my birth mother, Marjorie Staley, was dead, I figured that my brother and sister, living in Staley, N.C., might not have a way to verify who I was and would view me with skepticism. And I certainly did not want to tarnish the memories they had of our mother by giving them this information. Having a child out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption might destroy their image of our mother. No one wants to think that his or her parents were not perfect. What right did I have to drop this bomb on them?

It took me several weeks to decide that I would not call them, as it would put them on the spot. This was something that would take some getting used to. In addition to having the current names, addresses and telephone numbers of my brother and sister, the data confirmed that my mother had had the one sister and three brothers, like the information I received from the letter in 2000 from the Children's Home said. All of my aunt and uncles had died, but one cousin was alive who was listed in the information. From the address given, he lived on the same road in Staley. My first thought was to call or write him and ask what he thought my sister and brother would feel if I should contact them. For some reason I decided not to.

My sister-in-law had had a child years ago, before she married, and gave him up for adoption. His name turned out to be Bob, the same as his grandfather. Bob spent years finding her, and she and her husband were thrilled when he did. Of course the situation could have gone the other way. He eventually moved to Las Vegas to be close to all of us. He is a wonderful young man and we are so thankful to have him in our lives. I decided to call Bob and see what his feelings were on my doing anything about this. Unaware that my family had done this, he was elated. He explained to me that no matter the outcome, this is something that I had to do. He inspired me to sit down and write a letter to my sister. In this letter I explained that I didn't want anything from them except more family to love and that if this were something they could not do, I would understand and would not contact them again. I reluctantly put this letter in the mail and said a prayer that God's will be done.

### First Contact

I'll never forget the day that there was a letter in the mail with a postmark from Staley, N.C. I stood and looked at it for a long time before I could open it. The note was from my sister, Rosa Lee Langley Allred. It basically said that she knew nothing about me nor did her brother, Boyd Langley. She said that if I sent her all of the information that I had, she would look into it. I sent her everything, and included pictures of myself when I was in high school and now. I soon received another letter from her stating that from the information it did indeed look like we could be sisters. She said there was an old family friend who knew everything about the family and had done a lot of research. She tried to contact her but found out that she was in a nursing home and she didn't know her mental state at that time but she would make an effort to go and see her.

### Acceptance

We received a Christmas card from Rosa and then nothing for a few weeks. I had taken the day off from work on Christmas Eve and was cleaning for company for Christmas and the phone rang. When I picked it up, a voice with a strong southern drawl said, "Jenny, hey this is Rosa Lee in Staley N.C. and I wanted to surprise you today and tell you that I think you have a brother and sister here in Staley." Boy, what a wonderful surprise. She proceeded to explain to me that the one cousin who is still alive, David, lives across the road from her. (This is the same cousin I was considering calling in the very beginning.)

(Continued on Next Page)

## 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:

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

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:

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 completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: [www.clanhope.org](http://www.clanhope.org))**

(Continued from Page One)

Rosa said that her husband Bill was at the mailbox at the same time as David one day and they started talking. Bill told David that Rosa Lee had gotten a letter from this woman in Las Vegas saying that she thought, from the information she had gotten, that they are sisters. Bill asked David if he knew anything about this, knowing that he would have been alive, though young, when I was born. He hesitated a few minutes and told Bill, "Yes, Marjorie had a girl in 1945 that she gave up for adoption." He said that his mother, my mother's sister, had told him this when he and his wife had adopted a child. He promised to keep the secret and he had. He also remembered an argument that his mother, my mother and their mother had had when he was about 6 years old. He said that in the argument a poem about mothers had been torn up and he had saved it and when he was older he taped it back together and put it in a frame. He was too young at the time to understand what the argument was about, but in later years figured out that they were probably arguing over what to do with me.

In a later conversation with my sister, she told me that our brother Boyd Langley, who goes by Buster, had heart problems and had had several heart attacks and several stints in his heart. She also said that if I wanted to come to meet them I should probably come soon because she would hate for something to happen to him before I got the chance to meet him. I talked with my husband and the end of January I flew to Greensboro. My sister and brother-in-law picked me up at the airport. The minute I saw her I felt that I had known her all of my life. The feeling was something I can't even describe. I met her two children, son-in-law and grandson that afternoon and then we went to my brother's home. I think my brother Boyd had been a little more skeptical of the situation than my sister, but his wife had tried to reassure him. As I entered their home and was walking from the kitchen to the family room my brother met me in the door. As I looked at him I was speechless. I finally said, "Oh my God, I am looking at myself in the mirror." If you had taken my hair away or given him mine, we would have looked almost identical. I think it was at that moment that all of his reluctance subsided. I asked him later if he was okay with me being his sister and he responded, "Yes, just what I need- another big sister to tell me what to do!"

Later in looking at all of the family pictures, my brother and I look like our mother. My sister says she doesn't know now who her mother is! She looks like their dad. The next evening, my brother's wife had a family get together and I met my brother's four sons and families. Two are married and live on the land beside their parents. One son has a daughter and a son, the other has one son. The third boy was still living at home, going to college, getting a graduate degree. The fourth son was also at home and has cerebral palsy. He is totally dependent on his family. He does get around on his knees and in a wheel chair or golf cart. I am still in awe of how positive this experience has been. I never dreamed that this would happen to me.

I told my adoptive mother's family about my new family in July of 2004 and several of them met my sister and my brother. They have been so supportive and like my new family very much. I did tell my adoptive mother that I had done this but she was not well at the time and I don't know if she truly understood. I do know that it was okay and that had she understood she would have liked to meet them all. I would have liked to have shown her a picture of my birth mother to see if she was for sure the woman who had come to see me in the spring of 1946.

After she had come to see me, Marjorie married a man whom she had known and gone to school with. This is a very small county and it was time when everyone knew everyone. They had a home in the country and were tobacco farmers. Their families all lived close by.

In getting to know my sister better, we have talked at length about our mom and what a wonderful person and mother she was. Rosa says in looking back she can see that there were times when mother seemed unhappy and very quiet. Now that she knows that she gave up her child, it all makes sense. Like the time the family gave her a ring for Mother's Day with a stone representing each of them and she wouldn't wear it. It also seemed that when the first two grandchildren were born she was not quite as jovial as they would have expected. As we talk she always thinks of things that could be attributed to me. I wish that I had tried to find her before she died so that I could tell her how much I love and respect her for what she did. I have always known in my heart that giving me up was not what she really wanted to do. Times were so different then and without a husband or help from the family it would have seemed raising a child alone would be impossible. My adopted mother needed me and God answered her prayers. I will always wish that I could have eased my birth mother's mind and heart.

(Final Segment In The Next Newsletter)

### Member's Corner

Jerry Lee Hope, 2/27/1936, m 6/20/59, Jeanne Marie Rice: 2/15/1938. 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-1444: [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net) I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

We have two children: Kristine Louise Binder, 11/26/63, m 8/17/85, James Alexander Binder Jr., and Paul Edward Hope, 2/28/67, engaged to Vanessa Buono, 3/7/79. Kristine is an artist and has her own copy editing business. Paul is an actor and is, as of this writing, doing Shear Madness at the Kennedy Center in DC. He is also the Master Swordsman at the Folger Shakspeare Library in DC.

### 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](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!





# Clan Hope Society Newsletter

Vol. 2, Number 2. April/May, 2011



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](mailto:lochvale@qwestoffice.net)) of Loch Vale Fine Art ([www.lochvalefineart.com](http://www.lochvalefineart.com)) Or Chris Papp ([presidentclanhope@gmail.com](mailto:presidentclanhope@gmail.com)) for pricing and availability.

**This is the Ancestral Church of George Hope, 1749, ENG, died 1818 VA, Shipbuilder for the American Revolution and progenitor of a number of Clan Hope members**

Archaeologists are carrying out an extensive dig at a Cumbrian abbey. Holme Cultram Abbey in Abbeystown was the largest monastic house in Cumbria and was founded by Cistercian monks in 1150. Members of West Cumbria Archaeological Society will search for abbey foundations in a nearby field. The investigation of the size and layout of the site is hoped to result in the production of a plan of the entire monastic complex. The parish church is all that remains of the original complex of buildings. A geophysical survey by the society in 2006 suggested foundations for these could be found in the field to the south of the church. Sara Hilton, head of Heritage Lottery Fund North West, said: "Volunteers will work alongside professional archaeologists on every aspect of the excavation, including taking guided tours and producing an exhibition about the site." On Friday afternoon 9th June 2006, local youths set fire to Holme Cultram Abbey in the village of Abbeystown. The fabric in the vestry was the first to go up in flames. This then spread very quickly to the roof timbers, and in about an hour the whole roof had collapsed into the aisle and pews. The organ, which was quite large was totally destroyed. Most of the stained glass survived. Clergy at Holme Cultram in Cumbria, which was built in 1158 and gave its name to nearby Abbeystown, said the country had lost "an ecclesiastical gem" as well as irreplaceable records dating back to medieval times.  
(from <http://www.visitcumbria.com/wc/holme-cultram-abbey.htm>)

## Traditional Scottish Recipes

### Cock-a-Leekie Soup

Serves 8

- 3-4 medium leeks
- 1 ½ lbs. deboned, skinned chicken
- 1 finely chopped small onion
- 1 bay leaf
- ½ tsp dried thyme
- 2 cups rich chicken broth
- 1 cup light cream
- ½ cup fresh parsley
- Salt and Pepper to taste

#### Method:

Trim roots and green leaves from leeks and split lengthwise, wash thoroughly, dice thinly. Put chicken, onion, bay leaf and thyme in a large skillet. Salt and pepper to taste and add water to cover chicken by 1 inch. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cook slowly until chicken is tender (abt. 10 mins). Remove chicken and cube. Strain resulting broth and add water (if necessary) to make 3 cups. In a large saucepan, bring this flavored water to a boil and add leeks. Reduce heat and simmer until leeks are tender, about 10 mins. Add 2 cups rich chicken broth, heat to boil and reduce heat. Add cream and cubed chicken, simmer for about 5 mins. and garnish with parsley.

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

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

**Forest and Patricia Hope Victor & Julie Schwan Good Richard R. Hope**

A Scottish husband was heading out to the pub. He turned to his wee wife before leaving and said, Sheila - put your hat and coat on lassie. She replied, Awe, John that's nice - are yee taking me tae the pub with you? Nay, John replied, I'm switching the heat off while I'm out.

## A Chosen Child, Part IV (Continued from February/March 2011)

By Jennifer Ann Hartman Hope - Born Linda Carol Staley

### The Final Discovery

In about September of 2003, my husband told me that both of our children were coming over to the house after dinner to talk about our son's will. We all sat down at the kitchen table and Hank had his papers. I asked him to go ahead and start and my husband put his hand on mine and said that they were not really there to talk about Hank's will and he put a card in front of me. The name on the card was Linda Carol Staley. I asked who that person was and said that's not me. They all together said, "Yes, it is." Marty continued and said, "This is the name that your mother gave you when you were born." When I opened the card I was so touched that I started to cry. It said, "On behalf of Marjorie Griffin Staley and Clinton White, the parents who couldn't keep you, from the family you made yourself, we love you so much." And my children and grandchildren had signed it. You can certainly understand my feelings at that moment. I was overcome with emotion and crying in disbelief that they had actually discovered my roots. They explained to me how they had searched online to no avail and finally contacted an adoption search agency near Charlotte, N.C. Marty said that no one should die without knowing who he or she is. They let me decide what, if anything, I wanted to do with this information.

I couldn't help but put myself in my new family's shoes. Knowing that my birth mother, Marjorie Staley, was dead, I figured that my brother and sister, living in Staley, N.C., might not have a way to verify who I was and would view me with skepticism. And I certainly did not want to tarnish the memories they had of our mother by giving them this information. Having a child out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption might destroy their image of our mother. No one wants to think that his or her parents were not perfect. What right did I have to drop this bomb on them?

It took me several weeks to decide that I would not call them, as it would put them on the spot. This was something that would take some getting used to. In addition to having the current names, addresses and telephone numbers of my brother and sister, the data confirmed that my mother had had the one sister and three brothers, like the information I received from the letter in 2000 from the Children's Home said. All of my aunt and uncles had died, but one cousin was alive who was listed in the information. From the address given, he lived on the same road in Staley. My first thought was to call or write him and ask what he thought my sister and brother would feel if I should contact them. For some reason I decided not to.

My sister-in-law had had a child years ago, before she married, and gave him up for adoption. His name turned out to be Bob, the same as his grandfather. Bob spent years finding her, and she and her husband were thrilled when he did. Of course the situation could have gone the other way. He eventually moved to Las Vegas to be close to all of us. He is a wonderful young man and we are so thankful to have him in our lives. I decided to call Bob and see what his feelings were on my doing anything about this. Unaware that my family had done this, he was elated. He explained to me that no matter the outcome, this is something that I had to do. He inspired me to sit down and write a letter to my sister. In this letter I explained that I didn't want anything from them except more family to love and that if this were something they could not do, I would understand and would not contact them again. I reluctantly put this letter in the mail and said a prayer that God's will be done.

### First Contact

I'll never forget the day that there was a letter in the mail with a postmark from Staley, N.C. I stood and looked at it for a long time before I could open it. The note was from my sister, Rosa Lee Langley Allred. It basically said that she knew nothing about me nor did her brother, Boyd Langley. She said that if I sent her all of the information that I had, she would look into it. I sent her everything, and included pictures of myself when I was in high school and now. I soon received another letter from her stating that from the information it did indeed look like we could be sisters. She said there was an old family friend who knew everything about the family and had done a lot of research. She tried to contact her but found out that she was in a nursing home and she didn't know her mental state at that time but she would make an effort to go and see her.

### Acceptance

We received a Christmas card from Rosa and then nothing for a few weeks. I had taken the day off from work on Christmas Eve and was cleaning for company for Christmas and the phone rang. When I picked it up, a voice with a strong southern drawl said, "Jenny, hey this is Rosa Lee in Staley N.C. and I wanted to surprise you today and tell you that I think you have a brother and sister here in Staley." Boy, what a wonderful surprise. She proceeded to explain to me that the one cousin who is still alive, David, lives across the road from her. (This is the same cousin I was considering calling in the very beginning.)

(Continued on Next Page)

## 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:

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

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:

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 completed games can be seen on the Clan Hope website: [www.clanhope.org](http://www.clanhope.org))**

(Continued from Page One)

Rosa said that her husband Bill was at the mailbox at the same time as David one day and they started talking. Bill told David that Rosa Lee had gotten a letter from this woman in Las Vegas saying that she thought, from the information she had gotten, that they are sisters. Bill asked David if he knew anything about this, knowing that he would have been alive, though young, when I was born. He hesitated a few minutes and told Bill, "Yes, Marjorie had a girl in 1945 that she gave up for adoption." He said that his mother, my mother's sister, had told him this when he and his wife had adopted a child. He promised to keep the secret and he had. He also remembered an argument that his mother, my mother and their mother had had when he was about 6 years old. He said that in the argument a poem about mothers had been torn up and he had saved it and when he was older he taped it back together and put it in a frame. He was too young at the time to understand what the argument was about, but in later years figured out that they were probably arguing over what to do with me.

In a later conversation with my sister, she told me that our brother Boyd Langley, who goes by Buster, had heart problems and had had several heart attacks and several stints in his heart. She also said that if I wanted to come to meet them I should probably come soon because she would hate for something to happen to him before I got the chance to meet him. I talked with my husband and the end of January I flew to Greensboro. My sister and brother-in-law picked me up at the airport. The minute I saw her I felt that I had known her all of my life. The feeling was something I can't even describe. I met her two children, son-in-law and grandson that afternoon and then we went to my brother's home. I think my brother Boyd had been a little more skeptical of the situation than my sister, but his wife had tried to reassure him. As I entered their home and was walking from the kitchen to the family room my brother met me in the door. As I looked at him I was speechless. I finally said, "Oh my God, I am looking at myself in the mirror." If you had taken my hair away or given him mine, we would have looked almost identical. I think it was at that moment that all of his reluctance subsided. I asked him later if he was okay with me being his sister and he responded, "Yes, just what I need- another big sister to tell me what to do!"

Later in looking at all of the family pictures, my brother and I look like our mother. My sister says she doesn't know now who her mother is! She looks like their dad. The next evening, my brother's wife had a family get together and I met my brother's four sons and families. Two are married and live on the land beside their parents. One son has a daughter and a son, the other has one son. The third boy was still living at home, going to college, getting a graduate degree. The fourth son was also at home and has cerebral palsy. He is totally dependent on his family. He does get around on his knees and in a wheel chair or golf cart. I am still in awe of how positive this experience has been. I never dreamed that this would happen to me.

I told my adoptive mother's family about my new family in July of 2004 and several of them met my sister and my brother. They have been so supportive and like my new family very much. I did tell my adoptive mother that I had done this but she was not well at the time and I don't know if she truly understood. I do know that it was okay and that had she understood she would have liked to meet them all. I would have liked to have shown her a picture of my birth mother to see if she was for sure the woman who had come to see me in the spring of 1946.

After she had come to see me, Marjorie married a man whom she had known and gone to school with. This is a very small county and it was time when everyone knew everyone. They had a home in the country and were tobacco farmers. Their families all lived close by.

In getting to know my sister better, we have talked at length about our mom and what a wonderful person and mother she was. Rosa says in looking back she can see that there were times when mother seemed unhappy and very quiet. Now that she knows that she gave up her child, it all makes sense. Like the time the family gave her a ring for Mother's Day with a stone representing each of them and she wouldn't wear it. It also seemed that when the first two grandchildren were born she was not quite as jovial as they would have expected. As we talk she always thinks of things that could be attributed to me. I wish that I had tried to find her before she died so that I could tell her how much I love and respect her for what she did. I have always known in my heart that giving me up was not what she really wanted to do. Times were so different then and without a husband or help from the family it would have seemed raising a child alone would be impossible. My adopted mother needed me and God answered her prayers. I will always wish that I could have eased my birth mother's mind and heart.

(Final Segment In The Next Newsletter)

### Member's Corner

Jerry Lee Hope, 2/27/1936, m 6/20/59, Jeanne Marie Rice: 2/15/1938. 1314 Horne St., St. Charles, IL 60174: 630-377-1444: [jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jerry.hope@sbcglobal.net) I am a retired engineer and Jeanne is a retired teacher. I was listed in Who's Who In International Engineering. Jeanne did part of her student teaching at Collier's Woods section of London, England. She lived on the campus of Southland's College, the Education Division of Rohampton Institute in the Village of Windeledon. Jeanne also sings with the Chamber Singers and the Naperville Chorus. We are both active environmentalists. During our working years, we traveled the world and since retiring Jeanne and I have continued traveling. We have lived in 14 U.S. cities and visited 44 of the 50 states. We or I have been to Canada, Mexico, Central America, USSR, England, France, Italy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Poland, China, Japan, Philippines, Yemen, Egypt, South Africa, Costa Rica, Belize, Brazil, Grand Cayman, Grand Bahamas, Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic, St. Lucia, and Margarita Island. In 1977 I was arrested by the KGB and this is too long of a story to tell here. We can tell the story over a beer or two at one of the games. I think I enjoyed Cape Town and Hermanus South Africa more than any other place visited. The animals and birds were fantastic. I was there to develop manufacturing plants to produce food products, and they knew I was an Audubon member and/or Director so they made sure I saw many creatures. I had the opportunity to see Southern Right Whales calving. Jeanne and I also spent a week on a whaling research boat in the Silver Bank 85 miles off the coast of the Dominican Republic. We saw over 100 Humpback Whales, and Jeanne was able to swim with a mother and her calf. We do wildlife photography, are bird guides, and write stories for Illinois Audubon Society.

We have some family information back to Robert Milton and Catharine Allison Hope. We have photos back to James Crawford Hope. I knew all but one of their children. We also have some information on who the girls married and their children. This year we attended the Scottish Festival & Highland Games in Oak Brook, IL. We worked at the information tent. We had a great time and hope to attend next year's games at Inverness, IL. Anyone interested in having a Hope tent at this location?

We have two children: Kristine Louise Binder, 11/26/63, m 8/17/85, James Alexander Binder Jr., and Paul Edward Hope, 2/28/67, engaged to Vanessa Buono, 3/7/79. Kristine is an artist and has her own copy editing business. Paul is an actor and is, as of this writing, doing Shear Madness at the Kennedy Center in DC. He is also the Master Swordsman at the Folger Shakspeare Library in DC.

### 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](mailto:gmhope@ufl.edu). We look forward to your contributions. Thanks in advance for sharing!