

Spring 2010

SAINT ANDREW'S NOBLE ORDER OF ROYAL SCOTS

# PARCHMENT



A VERY ROYAL  
CORONATION PG. 29

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# Parchment

Spring 2010

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## Greetings Unto My Saint Andrew's Family,

It is with great pleasure that we find ourselves writing this missive. What great things We have in store for this year!

We know that this year is beginning with a great change, and We appreciate how much you, our guild family, have embraced that change. You made the coronation, and the subsequent dinner, wonderful. We had such a grand time talking and laughing with you all!

As We write this, Sonora is on the horizon, and We are sifting through our memories of that grand faire, smiling. What are your favorite memories? Hold them close to you and be prepared to create new ones, because this is going to be a great year!

We, as a guild, have so much potential for greatness. We have so much talent, just waiting to be tapped! We would encourage you to come forward with your talents this year. Let it be know what you enjoy, and we will find a way to bring your talents forward. Gig, laugh, play...that is the way to enjoy faire and keep your love of what we do alive!

We will see and speak with you all very soon,

*marie*







## The Guild Master's Message

Last year was a new experience for us and due to the changes within our organization we went about feeling our way with some uncertainty as to where we fit into the whole scheme of things within the “renaissance world”. What we did know was that we wanted to attend faires, highland games and to enjoy ourselves while doing so.

At Opening of Parliament last year I talked about “change” and there was change in much of what Saint Andrew’s accomplished, or wasn’t able to accomplish, due to changes in the “renaissance world” and within Saint Andrew’s itself. Some members have left and others have stepped up to the plate and taken on those responsibilities. Several of the events we attended in the past have gone by the wayside for a wide variety of reasons, but new events have appeared to take their place, have opened their doors to us and have invited us to come and perform.

At the Royal Opening of Parliament we coronated our Queen: Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland and the Isles. *God Save the Queen!* It is my goal to also bring into the renaissance world, the new Saint Andrews: The Saint Andrews that is willing to go to any event and perform to the utmost of our ability, whether we are the royal court, or noble Scots traveling throughout the world. The membership must understand that even when we are not the royal court, we WILL do the same things we do when we do portray Her Majesty’s Court such as the dance show, trooping, duels, and the brawl. We can not limit ourselves to just the Queen holding open court with her nobles and some hangers-on. In order to participate at more than one or two fairs a year we must learn to “Diversify or Die”.

As the Guild Master I have also changed the administration of the Guild. Not only are the Heads of the Households responsible for the running of their household, but they are now also members of my “Privy Council”. I will be using them to help me run this organization. They will be picking up some of the duties that I do now, and I want to thank each of them for not shying away when asked to assume these added responsibilities and be on the Privy Council. Such commitment clearly demonstrates how very much they care about the future of Saint Andrews.

In closing, a talented writer and Saint Andrew’s member, Master Philip Alexander wrote about our first year (and I quote)”

‘Twas a tyme o’transition,  
An’ we went forth most boldly- nae inta perdition,  
An’ o’ certain nae coldly.  
For the new season dawns,  
We’ll welcome it gladly- then we were fawns,  
Now stags, charging madly.

Our eyes have been opened this last year and I believe the upcoming year will be a very good year for Saint Andrew’s. We are having new member wanting to join and new event opportunities being offered. And mind you, this is the direct result of everyone’s hard work and dedication. Thank you all.

We have finished our first faire of the season and I say to you all that you did a wonderful job. No matter what any others may say about our involvement, plenty of patron said we did a wonderful job and they were happy that we were there to enhance their experience of stepping into another time period. Keep up the good work and continue to have fun.



Yours in all earnestness,

Sir James Hepburn  
4th Earl of Bothwell  
Duke of Orkney  
Chancellor of Scotland and the Isles

## A Missive from the Chamberlain



Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrew's,

Welcome to another year of travels with the greatest renaissance guild that I have ever been in and thank you for your commitment to it's success.

I need to ask for your help, because this year, the Chamberlain has *a theme*. I hope it becomes a recurring theme. In fact, if you've gone to our web site (now maintained by the wonderful Lady Cathryn O'Dowd) and have seen the latest edition of the Parchment (created by the lovely and talented Lady Janet Hepburn), you might have read my latest missive there and already have an idea of what my theme will be.

My theme and focus will be the recognition of those members who put so much effort into this guild; but, outside of the efforts they do on a fair weekend. I like to refer to them as the "Monday-Thursdays". By that I am hoping to recognize that there is a vital group of people who, instead of setting at home with their feet up and snuggling with their loved ones; are instead setting at a computer, going to a meeting, or working on some project strictly for the benefit of the guild.

For example, while many of you were at home enjoying the recent Pro Bowl, a small group of the people in this room spent their day driving to the Guild Master's home and practicing the ceremony you saw today. They did it because they put this guild first before some of their other pleasures. They did not do it for recognition and certainly not for payment. They know the only payment they are assured of receiving is the feeling they get in their heart for a job well done.

This guild has always recognized members for their participation in the weekend fairs. Repeated attendance at fairs results in a member gaining titles. These titles then help the member be better recognized and respected by the other members of the guild and can also be a source of great fun and pride at fair when you get to introduce yourself as "Baron such and such" or "Countess wherever".

Then, one time in a member's life with this guild, a member might put in so much effort at a fair that they receive a Thor's Hammer and join that select group of members.

Finally, after years of participation both during and between fairs, a member might be selected for what I believe is the ultimate recognition and be squired for knighthood.

If you notice, the first two forms of recognition come strictly from attendance at fairs and, frankly, that is why everyone joins this guild. It's only after many years that the opportunity for the third form of recognition comes about.

I have long felt we need to do more to recognize members for their work outside of a fair but prior to being accepted for knighthood. So, that will be my focus; and because fairs normally run from a Friday through a Sunday; the efforts I will recognize will be for those done Monday through Thursday. Thus the name "Monday-Thursdays".

This will include any efforts done outside the venue of a fair. So, those who work and sweat to load and unload props from a truck, or build things in their garage, or work at their computers long into the night, or any of dozens of activities will gain our recognition and appreciation. During the year, I will occasionally make mention of some effort that has come to my attention. At the end of the year, I'll be making presentations to those who have made significant or consistent efforts for the guild "while the rest of us relaxed".

So, I ask for your help. I cannot know of all the things that go on in this guild. But, with your help, no one's good work will go unnoticed. If you know of something someone has done outside of a fair that benefited the guild, I ask that you send me a message with that person's name, contribution, the date or place, and your name.

But, please remember: just like the Thor's Hammer is awarded by the Guild Master and he alone makes the final selection, so will the "Monday-Thursday" recognition be the purview of the Chamberlain. So, don't be offended if every item you turn into me is not mentioned at our next event. Showing up for one Prop Repair day cannot carry the same significance as, for example, showing up for six or seven meetings of the Events Committee.

Soon, I hope to have favors and other items that will be unique to the "Monday-Thursday's" so they will be easily recognizable by other members of the guild.

I'd like to start this year by recognizing the efforts of the following people. I hereby recognize the members of the Events Committee who helped plan this day and especially the head of the committee, Lady Mary Fleming. I recognize Dame Mariota Arres who spent hundreds of hours researching and writing the lovely (and historically accurate) coronation ceremony: and I recognize Sir James Hepburn, Dame Britta Helie, Lord Philip Alisdair, Lady Mary Fleming, Lady Mary Katherine MacLeod, Lord Cullen Elliot, Lady Mary Beaton, and of course, our new Mary, Queen of Scots who came together to practice and perfect this ceremony to make it more realistic and memorable for you.

I hope all those mentioned here are an inspiration for each of you to give extra effort throughout this and every year.

God Save the Queen, God Save St. Andrews.

Grammercy,

Sir James Mosman  
Marquis of Traquair,  
Earl of Lanark,  
Bishop of Glasgow  
Chamberlain of Scotland



# NOBLE ENCOURAGEMENTS

## **Good My Lords and Ladies,**

Faire season is now upon us. I am truly excited to be Head of Household for the Ladies-in-Waiting this year. I look forward to making our new Queen's first progress most enjoyable. With a new Queen and a new Head of Household this year, don't be surprised to see things change as the season moves forward; as of now I do not know what these changes might be, but I'm sure they will be for the betterment of the household. I can say that we intend to cause mischief and have a most excellent time in the doing.

Opening of Parliament was a truly wonderful event and I would personally like to thank all the ladies who worked on the Queen's new gown and accessories. Her Royal Majesty looked so radiant. Also, thank you to my ladies, Lady Renee, Lady Seaton and Lady



Beaton, for helping me at Saturday's event.

As Chair of the Event Committee, I was so happy that so many of Her Majesty's loyal subjects attended this year. I understand that this was the best attended Opening of Parliament yet, and if we all make the same effort to come to faire, Saint Andrew's will continue to shine and impress all those we come across. All seemed to have a grand time at the Coronation and at the dinner which followed. I would like to thank Lady Mary Catherine, Mistress Morna and Mistress S'ara, for all their help. Also, to Dame Brittah, who stood by and helped keep me on track and a special thank you to Dame Mariota for all her

hard work on staging the actual coronation. Thank you to all the other Saint Andrew's members who came to set up and stayed to put everything away. I couldn't have done it without you.

Humbly,  
Lady Mary Fleming  
Head of Household for the Ladies-in-Waiting

## **Good day my Lord and Ladies,**

I do hope this missive doth find ye all in good health. As we start this year I do wish to pass on some great news, Our Queen hath returned from France! She hath been away since the age of 5 and now at the age of 19 return to us. I do hope you will join me in welcoming Her home. I did have the honor of meeting Her in the court of France, and She is the most gracious Queen. I understand as Her couturiers we will have the honor to be traveling with Her as She doth progress throughout Scotland.

I do wish to welcome back to our fold Lady Davina, Lord Robert, Lord Cullen and Lord Bon and to welcome Lady Evalyn and Lady Lileas to the couturier house hold. I do hope they will enjoy traveling in Her Majesties Service as we progress with Our most gracious Queen.

On another note I do wish to thank a vary special Lady and her most wonderful husband Laurie Ratliff and Steven Sui. They both have a very special place in my heart. Throughout the years Laurie has held many different position and in each she has surpassed all expectations but for all my years of membership with Saint Andrew's she has portrayed Her Most Royal Majesty. She has taught me how to be a better actor and a better person. And Steven, though behind the scenes, with his fantastic pictures or his shirts or one of his many other projects has contributed so very much to our guild. They both will be missed, but I know we all hope to see them when they visit when we progress throughout the year.

That being said, let us give Our Queen a warm welcome home and I know we will have a grand year



as we do progress throughout the lands with Her Most Royal Majesty.

God Save the Queen!!

In service to Her Majesty,  
Dame Annebell Somerville  
Countess of Drum  
Chatelaine of Cumbernauld Castle  
Bareness of Dee Waters

## Time to Make Ready

I have been informed by the Chancellor that our Queen will arrive home to our shores very soon. Thus, I am to make Her Royal Guard ready to receive and protect Her. This be music to my ears. I hath longed for this day, since my return from France I have waited. And it seemed like too long a wait to have our most Gracious Queen to guard. I have had my troop worked very hard to make them ready for Her Most Royal Majesty's first inspection. We hath trained hard, so upon Her command to commence progress we are ready to escort and protect Her throughout Scotland.



We, the Royal Guard, would also like to give our most sincere grammercies for the tireless help of Lady Flemming, Lady Mary Katherine, Lady Larrissa and my Dame Somerville that many of the guard are now better dressed. They have new Kilts, Doublets and black (not gray) shirts. Captain Craig Melville hath drilled them all day in the blistering hot sun, searing 70 degrees by day and even into the night with only moonlight to light their way. Captain Teage Seaton has been honing their fighting skills to be as sharp as an

Englishman's tongue. And we stand ready now to due our duty and see to Her Majesty's safety.

My newly promoted first sergeant Andrew Stevenson hath been busy with his new work and we would like to welcome our new guardsmen Oliver Ross and our corporal Rowan, who is returning from his adventures from abroad We look forward to seeing both of these men within our ranks. First sergeant just doesn't sound right to me, I'll have to come up with a new name. Maybe I'll visit the Chieftain at the tavern for a dram. I always seem to be able to overcome any problems when I'm sitting down with the highlanders. But I digress.

Anon,  
Sir Duncan Somerville

*"I am your King. You are Frenchmen. There is the enemy. Charge!" -- King Henry IV to his army at the battle of Ivry.*

## In Welcome of Queen Mary to Scotland

As we await the return of Her Majesty to Scotland, we Irish are looking forward to having a sovereign that shares our beliefs. We sought a safe haven with our cousins here in Scotland when Elizabeth and her henchmen stole our land, with the return of Her Majesty to Scotland; we look forward to serving Her for many years. While we appreciate our Scottish cousins for harboring us in our time of need, we look forward to serving a Catholic Queen.

The Mercenaries pledge our weapons and our lives to serving this young Queen. May Her reign be long and fruitful for one and all. May She persevere and become a Queen of the ages.

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton  
Chamberlain of the Irish & Mercenaries

# Farewells and Heartening

**Adieu, Ma Reine  
(Farewell, My Queen)**

**In gown of blue with veil of white  
'neath the shade of Great Oaks  
in the clear morning light,  
Surrounded by lads so handsome and  
true,  
She enters her Court  
for a final adieu.**

**Gathered before her, her subjects she  
sees  
knelt before her on bended knee.  
With the gentle sweep of her delicate  
hand  
they rise to their feet by subtle  
command.  
Prepared to serve her every desire  
as she rules this day in her magical shire.**

**For Mary, Queen of Scots is she  
and 'tis she who shall rule this day,  
to bring the magic of Scotland  
to all who have come to play.**

**We bring a piece of time long past  
to those of mundane graces.  
We bring song and dance, the chivalry of  
steel  
and stories of faraway places.**

**But we are not the memory held  
when the shire is done for the day,  
'Tis the Lady in blue with veil of  
white  
who holds their memory long  
into the night.**

**They enjoy their ale, at jesters  
they laugh,  
at Magicians they are amazed,**

**They tap their toes to the flutes and the  
pipes  
and at Vendor's wares they gaze.**

**Trinkets they gather, remembrances  
they'll keep  
of all they have done and seen,  
Yet, the treasure that takes the prize of  
the day  
'tis the wee Flemish painting  
in the company of the Queen.**

**Another shall come to claim the throne  
and another shall wear the crown,  
But another cannot fill the shoes  
of this woman of high renown.**

**To your Court my Queen  
my service holds true  
and thus I bid you  
Adieu, Ma Reine, Adieu**



## Her Royal Majesty, Laurie Ratliff

I met Her Majesty shortly after she joined St. Andrews in 1997. Of course, she was not the Her Majesty at that time. I knew her as Lady Hannah Maxwell, and she was a courtier. We hung out with her sister Leanne at Northern Faire (back when it was still at Black Point Forest in Novato), and in court at St. Andrews events.

I remember at one training in 1998 Lady Hannah wasn't there. I was sitting with her sister while Sir James Melville (Theo D'Este, then the guild master of St. Andrews) announced that someone named Laurie Ratliff had been diagnosed with cancer and asked us all to pray with him that this person would pull through. Theo had a tendency to make dramatic announcements about people from other guilds, people whom we had never met. I turned to Leanne to ask if she knew who this Ratliff woman was, and noticed that she was crying. I realized I didn't know Lady Hannah's real name, and putting two and two together... well, I guess you know the rest.

Lady Hannah, a.k.a. Laurie Ratliff, endured not only cancer but also the three headed ordeal of cancer treatment: surgery, chemotherapy and radiation. We didn't see her much during those difficult months. She would occasionally make a brief appearance, and she always seemed in high spirits, but it was clear she was a shadow of her former self. She usually arrived late, left early, and spent much of her time in a wheel chair. During chemotherapy, she was completely bald. She shouldered this burden with courage and with humor (once she had her bald head done up with a henna temporary tattoo to look like an Easter Egg). It was her ability to put us at ease that got me through seeing my dear friend so ill. Maybe she was a little too good at it. I remember once, later during better days, we were having lunch and she let slip exactly how abysmal her chances of survival had been. I realized how close I had come to losing a friend. This person I would tease like a younger sibling had stared death in the face, and it was death that had blinked.

One particularly amusing story happened at a picnic. Laurie's hair was just starting to grow back from her most recent bout with chemo. As is usually the case at picnics, we had the highland games, and at this particular event we had archery. I think a few people were slightly amused when poor little almost-bald Laurie picked up a bow. Her first shot hit the target (which most people were not doing), her second shot was a bulls eye. She went on to hit five bulls eyes and take the ribbon for archery that day. Considering that she had not touched a bow since high school, this was no mean feat.

As her health improved, she noticed I would sometimes don the motley and be a jester. She thought it would be great fun if we both played fools and even put together matching (if motley can match) fools garb. Our guild master at the time took an exceedingly dim view of this (he had a "no fools" policy), but fortunately all of the sitting Queens were looking for a little comic relief, so we enjoyed royal protection. We needed it. The motley tended to bring out the sadist in some people, and there were a few times where we felt gigs sort of spiral out of control. Together we learned that playing the fool was more challenging than it appeared, but soon Laurie would be tapped for an even more challenging role.

We were having lunch again (why do all of these revelations seem to happen over lunch?) and we were discussing who would be a good candidate to be the next Queen. I said I would like to see her in the position, and she looked at me suspiciously and said "Who have you been talking to?" As it turned out, she had been approached regarding the job.

She started out as Queen C, doing mostly picnics or filling in for the royal personage in cases of illness. If anyone doubted her ability, I'm sure those doubts were put to rest at the Placerville Renaissance Faire, the one and only time St. Andrews was contracted to play that event.

The event was unusual in that it was an Elizabethan Faire, but they had decided to have a Scottish Court there as well, off in a little corner. I have no idea how this came to be, I can only assume they were trying to cash in on the “Braveheart” swell of interest in all things Scottish. In any case, it was the first time that Laurie would be Queen Mary at a major event. From the opening cannon she seemed to be out to prove she could play this role. She took up the matrimonial storyline with great energy, as well as giggling with other guilds, performers and the public.

Throughout the day, the two queens used patrons to send snide messages to one another. At one point, Elizabeth challenged “Her Goodly Cousin” to go down the big slide, a piece of plastic sheeting set out on a fairly steep, grassy hill. Patrons with courage (or no sense) paid to slide down this thing, and it was one of the central attractions of the event. Imagine the commotion at the end of the day on Saturday when Mary, Queen of Scotland and the Isles, slid down the big slide in purple velvet and hoops!

I don’t think the English Court ever recovered after that. They didn’t have a monarch with as much moxie as ours. In the afternoon on Sunday, the Queen of Scotland and a small party with two halberdiers went to the archery venue which was about 20 feet outside of the “Scottish Zone.” Word of this spread, and soon members of the English Court (the English Queen was not involved in this) surrounded the Scots, claiming that her two armed halberdier guards constituted an invasion of English territory. The incident sort of petered out without any sort of resolution, the best one can expect when a gig with drawn weapons is thrust upon a group of unsuspecting performers. Laurie’s Queen Mary had made such an impact that the sitting court had felt the need to pull such a stunt.

Of Laurie’s reign (which was almost as long as Mary Stuart’s time on the Scottish Throne), I can say that while each of our previous Queens had their own unique and special qualities, none had the improvisational abilities of her. Laurie’s performing arts background served her well, as did her quick wit and her warm heart. When she engaged the patrons, they felt she had taken an interest in them, and many of them have come back year after year to experience that connection.

Looking back, I have some regrets. I regret not having pushed for the creation of more gigs between us, or simply doing more improvisational work. I could have pushed for more performance related activities as head of the Courtiers and as the head trainer, but I always wanted Laurie to remain front and center, and I worried that anything we did might have upstaged her. I needn’t have worried. Laurie could have arisen to any challenge that came up. Perhaps the only challenge that she (or anyone) would have difficulty with was the one she almost constantly faced—a court filled with empty furniture. I regret we were not able to do better for her, and can only hope we might be more attentive to the new Queen.





"An amazing woman and a great actress; able to adapt to the ever changing world of faire. I will miss acting with and against her (me being English). I hope we will still see her about faire."

Best wishes,  
Joel  
GM Castlewood, some times  
Darnley, and as always  
Arrogant.



To My Queen,

It has been an honor and pleasure to serve you. Out of the many fairs and events I will always remember the time we went to the Sinclair party after Pleasanton Faire, your presence was so real it sent chills down my spine. Good luck and God Bless and Long Live the Queen

Lord Tucker MacDowning

We have thoroughly enjoyed getting to know Laurie over the years. She has always been welcoming and warm. We consider her a good friend.

We will miss her as Mary Queen of Scots. Our entire guild The House of Swindon has enjoyed the banter and character play back and forth.

It was always a special time when the Queen would come for a visit. Whether it was for a bleeding and leaching or a game of nine pins, we always wanted to make her as comfortable as possible. Being able to join her in her repast was an honor for us and always entertaining as well. We look forward too many years of friendship and interaction.

Thank you for all the many memories!

Your friends,  
Kat & Mark  
Deering  
GM's  
The House of Swindon Guild.



My memories of Laurie are from "back in the day" when she was Lady Hannah. She was my first contact and introduction to the Guild. She was my Guild House Mistress, and taught me everything I needed to know to attend my very first Faire, Angel's Camp in 1998. Lady Hannah found me a costume (a Dame Helen original!) helped me create a character (Dona Micheala!) and walked me through the very first entrance to court. I have such fond memories of my first year at court with Lady Hannah. And well I remember, a few years later, when she was chosen to portray Her Royal Majesty, Mary Queen of Scots. I don't remember which Faire it was (maybe Laurie will remember?) when we were working so hard on her costume. She and I sat on a double bed at some motel beading her overskirt from each end! Laurie, you are such an amazing and wonderful Lady!

Dona Sabina

### ***Tribute to Laurie***

When I joined St. Andrew's in 2005, Laurie had already been Queen for several seasons. I have always found her to be gracious, elegant, and in every way a great lady. She takes time out for all members of the guild, even the children. My children were honored to be singled out one year at Livermore for their assistance with the younger members of the guild, receiving a gift from Laurie. In my experience she has always tried to recognize those in the guild that go the extra step, that take the extra time for others, and to me that is a sign of a gracious lady.

I have often seen her interact with the patrons whenever she can, making their experiences at faire memorable ones. I especially enjoyed when her light-hearted nature would show through within our guild, with other guilds, and with the patrons. I will treasure the years that she was our Queen.





# THE RETURN HOME

by Lady Janet Hepburn

**Mary's high hopes** as Queen of the powerful French empire had been shipwrecked; the fine future for which she had been bred all but erased. Just eighteen years old, Mary had been deprived of more than her status and power at the center of the monarchy but found herself bereft too of close family connections. Her mother was recently dead, also her father-in-law, who had been like a father to her. Elizabeth de Valois, her intimate sister-in-law had recently been dispatched to be Queen of Spain, never to be seen again, and her brotherly husband, the companion of her earliest childhood, the only other person in the world who she felt really loved her, was unexpectedly taken from her. Catherine de Medici was turning from friend into foe, and apart from her uncles and her grandmother, Mary was alone. Catherine, as her mother-in-law and close companion at court, had been the nearest to a mother figure that Mary had known but with François' death Catherine's reign as Queen Mother and regent with unchallenged authority had begun and she had made that message infinitely clear by taking back the crown jewels bestowed on Mary at her marriage to the Dauphine the day following his death.

Catapulted into a period of deepest grieving Mary grieved not only the loss of her beloved François but also for the loss of herself. She wrote to Philip II:



“You have comforted by your letters the most afflicted poor woman under heaven; God having bereft me of all that I loved and held dear on earth... without his aid I shall find so great a calamity too insupportable for my strength and my little virtue.”

Mary had been trained to consider herself a French fairytale princess, transformed into a French fairytale Queen but now found herself a childless Dowager Queen with no role and little status. The loss of everything she had taken for granted was painful and disorientating. Her own need to uphold her status, and her family’s political concern to maintain through her their hold on power, meant the question of her next marriage, her retirement to the French countryside, or the possible return to her homeland were already being discussed in courts across Europe. With a new boy King (François’ younger brother) and power hungry Queen Mother in place the French courtiers began to switch their allegiances’, including her own uncles, and there was good reason to think that the Scottish lords might regret her as their monarch now that she no longer brought to her subjects any guarantee of French wealth and protection.

This then was the time for Mary to act with authority and return to Scotland to claim the throne her mother had kept warm for her with such unwavering loyalty and self-sacrifice. The sudden reversal of power and status and the suffering and loss it brought with it was the spur for Mary to transform from a pampered princess to an effective queen and propel her away from the past as passive consort and into the present to become what she was born to be: the ruling Queen of Scotland. With the glittering alliances of the past falling away, Mary would need to seek immediately to ally herself to a stronger power, for herself and for her lineage. Strength of character, energy, the capacity to govern, all these she had together with willfulness, within a larger pattern of emotional dependence and conformity, so as to seal her destiny as the Scottish Queen; but there was work to do to prove herself.

Bravely and in a turmoil of emotion at leaving her beloved adopted country and the people who had been all the friends and family she had ever really known, Mary sailed for Scotland. In a poem she wrote:

‘ Farewell my beautiful France, my dearest homeland,  
Who has cared for me during my childhood,  
Farewell France! Goodbye to happy days!  
The ship which is breaking up our love for each other  
Carries only half of me  
As for the other part of me, it will remember you always  
Adieu, Adieu.’

**With more speed** and less danger than on her first voyage Mary and her companions (the four Maries, the girl attendants, now women, who had accompanied her to France nearly thirteen years before, three Guise uncles, the poet Chastelard, chronicler

Brantôme, and the Scottish courtier, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell whom Mary had come to admire after having met him when he visited the French court while she was their queen and who, because of his office as High Admiral of Scotland no doubt played a part in arranging the voyage) arrived at Leith sooner than expected. Many would read significance into the fact that the Scottish Queen's historic return to her kingdom was shrouded in a dense fog saying it was either an omen of sorrow that lay ahead for the young queen and her people or that it was symbolic of the spiritual obedience and oppression of the old religion which Mary, as a devout Catholic and half a Guise, was expected to reintroduce. Others saw the fog as something positive, a heavenly veil underwhich to hide the boats' precious cargo allowing Mary to pass without being seen or attacked by either pirates or her cousin Elizabeth's navy (both of which were very real threats and possibility).

None of these speculations, however, clouded the reception with which the Scottish people welcomed their returning queen. The cannons broadcasting Mary's arrival brought them into the streets, lighting 'fires of joy' to brighten the gloom of the weather, and that the common people might get a better look at the spectacle in front of their eyes – the 'beauty, youth and stately carriage' of their queen. Despite her young age Mary was tall, graceful, commanding, and everything in appearance that the popular imagination could conjure up to fill the role of its newly arrived queen if it had been allowed to choose. The sweet sound of popular acclaim in Mary's ears more than atoned for any other deficiencies in her initial steps ashore (such as the decided lack of nobility one would have expected to be there to greet her). As quickly as they could however, the nobility hastened from Edinburgh to welcome home the Stuart monarch and to introduce themselves, gloss their actions during her absence and vie for position in the new court.

Also due to her arriving unexpectedly early, Holyrood Palace was not yet made ready for her arrival and so Mary was escorted first to the house of one Andrew Lamb in Leith where she could take a short rest and her midday dinner before being conveyed to the palace that lay on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Those nobles on hand to participate in this escort were one of the leading Protestant lords Archibald Campbell, 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Argyll, John 5<sup>th</sup> Lord Erskine (who had been guardian to Mary's father King James V and to Mary in her infancy), James Stewart (the eldest of Mary's half-brothers), and William Maitland of Lethington (her mother's subtle and astute secretary of state and who was now Mary's chief minister and the most influential of the Scottish nobles re Mary's foreign policy). The only other Scottish nobleman present was the 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Bothwell, James Hepburn, who as High Admiral of Scotland had travelled with the young Queen (though not on the same ship for the sake of appearances) if for no other reason than to assure Mary's safe voyage as best he might.

The young Queen was arrived, no longer the fairy-tale princess; the reality of her decision to return to this cold and foreboding land that was her home must have been daunting, as daunting as the towered and turreted castle that loomed through the fog on the cliffs of Edinburgh above her. She was going to need all of the strength of character that was the Stewart bloodline if she was going to rule successfully. Destiny awaited.





Dearest Brother,

We do hope that this missive finds you well, dearest James. We have been thinking of you and your proposal since your departure and have finally come to a conclusion as to what would suit us best, and we have decided that it is time to return to Scotland. We have been away too long.

France is a sad and different place for us now, with the King, our husband gone. We find that there are reminders of our precious husband and friend everywhere, and that they are painful. The losses we have suffered here have been great, and the Queen Regent, Catherine de Medici, does not seem to care of honor them. We have become a trial to her, and she wishes us gone.

Beyond that, mon frere, we long for Scotland. It is a strange thing, this new longing. We wonder after our people, our legacy. Scotland is ours, to lead and protect, but we have been away from her too long. Your suggestion of returning home, of letting our people see us and be with us, finds a curious sense of rightness within our breast. We will miss France, but Scotland is home, it's people our children.

Our one concern is our faith. We believe strongly in the mass and in our right to celebrate it. We do know and honor that fact that our people have come to a new understanding as to their beliefs, but that does not change us. We will not be swayed, and neither will our ladies. We do thank you for your work with the Lords of the Congregation on this matter. We would ask you to be certain that we will come to no harm in our devotions. If we have your assurance on this, dearest one, we will return home.

Tell us, what is our home like now? We have memories of green hills, small shaggy ponies, and the long drone of the pipes. What else shall we find? Are our subjects happy we are to come home?

There is so much to think about, to do, to prepare to leave our beloved France, so we must close out missive and begin.

With all our love,  
Your dear sister and Queen,  
Mary



## **Good my Lords and Ladies!**

I, Lord James Stewart, son of King James V of Scotland, do bring great news from France! After thorough negotiations, it has been agreed that my half sister Mary Stuart, the dowager Queen of France, shall return to the land of her birth to sit upon the long vacant throne of Scotland!

Not since the Year of Our Lord 1542, the year King James V died, has the throne been occupied by a Stewart monarch. With the tragic death of Mary's husband King Francois, her betrothal agreement states that she cannot remain Queen of France. As Catherine of Medici is now the regent for her young son Charles, my dear sister is now free to choose her own destiny: the dowager Queen of France or Queen of Scotland. Being of the Stewart line, there was never any doubt in my mind which path she would choose.

It is my hope with her return we can all unite and go forth as one nation, Catholics and Protestants, Highlanders and Lowlanders. Let us put aside old feuds and rivalries. Let the wounds of the past be bound up and healed. Let Scotland embrace old allies and old enemies alike in a brave new world of peace and prosperity.

Toward this end, let it be known that Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles shall go upon a progress to tour her royal estates and meet her people. The tour shall be long, but hardly arduous. How can traveling this bonnie land and meeting her adoring subjects be anything but a pleasure? But rest assured Her Most Gracious Majesty shall be safe, going forth in the company of the most stalwart defenders of the realm.

God Save Mary Queen of Scots!

## **Our Young Queen is Coming Home !**

Indeed, we be hearing that our own Queen, Mary is comin' home to Scotia, and I, for one, be most please-ed. As purveyor to the court, I think it will be most excellent for business to have a young lass about. She be bringin' all her ladies with her from France and if I know one thing about young lassies, they do like the pretties. Oh my, I can feel the coins jingling in my hand even now. After all these years of dour old Scots about the court it will be a blessing to have young folks about. Ah, I can see there will be dancing and parties and roaming out of the castle and fine gifties to be given as Her Majesty meets and greets her loyal subjects. Her mother, good woman that she be, is always begging France for a bit more money to run the country.

We hear that Mary, our Queen of Scots will remain Catholic, yet allow those who wish to have the new religion. I pray that it be so, and that we may have peace in the country. Some fear that she will be like the English Mary who put so many to the death because they would not turn to the Catholic church. What horrors we did hear about their religious turmoil ! If our Queen be true to her word, Scotland will be a happy place, and if she marries again, there could be wee babies about the court, and that will make the folks happy as well. Ah, a new beginning for our country. 'Twill be grand to have her home!

Spring 1562

As one of Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting my duties are vast. Now these royal duties also seem to include the promise of adventure, for My Lady doth seem to feel the need to travel to our barbaric birth-land. I well know that Her Majesty's choices are all but made for Her and Her path may not be of Her choosing, however I do wish we could stay here in France. Her majesty in truth hath had befallen many tragedies and misfortunes here in France as of late with the death of her husband the king, I know, however this venture to take Her place on Her thrown in Scotland vexes me. It has been far too long away from there, for Her Majesty to be safe in taking Her thrown. Her dear late mother the regent's letters to Her Majesty, before Her mother's death regaling the unrest in the land, have only fanned the flames of my fears to the point my dreams are even vexed. I do love Her Majesty with all my heart and follow Her in love as well as duty to the ends of the earth. In truth what an honor it is to follow in this grand adventure. Only our God knows what secrets tomorrows dawn will bless or curse us with. I pray our God keep us safe in these travels and new ventures in this all but foreign and barbaric land thou I fear that a shadow of misfortune may follow us there.

Lady Mary Beaton

The Ladies-in-Waiting are most excited about returning to Scotland in the company of Her Most Gracious and Loving Majesty. Although we did enjoy our lives in France and will miss the splendor of the French court, all of us are most pleased with the opportunity that has presented itself. To see our families and Her Majesty wondrous lands and people will be joyous indeed. We are saddened at the fact that our dear Queen's mother Marie de Guise passed into death before being reunited with her only daughter. God rest her soul.

We all mourn the death of His Majesty, Francois II and will miss him. We are however looking forward to leaving the presence of His Majesty's mother, Catherine De Medici. She is a cold, calculating woman who will not be missed.

During the past several months, we have been busying ourselves with preparing for the journey across the English Channel and the Her Majesty re-taking Her throne, once we arrive in Scotland. New gowns and head coverings have been made. The Queen and her ladies will be all a-glitter for our new life in Scotland. I wonder how different life will be there? I understand that the weather is much colder with the green of the Highland's sometimes covered with snow.

Her Majesty' promises that we will make Progress about Scotland once we are settled. I hear that the people are as always and everywhere very excited to see Her Majesty and her pretty Court and will prove most welcoming. Her Majesty and myself have shared long talks discussing and planning games and entertainments to keep all well occupied. Favors have been added to Her Majesty's already grand stock, that we will lavish upon Her people. Mayhaps there will even be a bit of mischief along the way. In any case, we are prepared to experience wonderful and exciting changes and I it should known that I do not hesitate when the Queen dares me to try a new activity and will involve who ever I can in the festivities.

Needless to say, I am looking forward to serving Her Majesty in Scotland and am very excited about our return home.

God Save the Queen and God Save Scotland!

Lady Mary Fleming



1 mars 1562

Ma chérie Brittah,

Mon amour, j'ai cherché à la fois les Highlands et les villes de l'Ecosse en quête de vous. A chaque tour, je apprendre de votre récente visite, pourtant maintes et maintes fois je manque juste de vous trouver. Et maintenant, je crains de ne jamais vous revoir. J'avais l'espoir de suivre votre retour à la reine Ecosse, mais hélas ce n'est pas à l'être. Un messenger attend à quai comme j'écris cette lettre. Je regrette que je suis lié pour la Nouvelle-France à la marée haute. Ma sœur et son mari ont tous deux succombé à la grippe laissant ma nièce Hélène à ma charge. Hélène est déterminée à Voyage en Nouvelle-France à la recherche de son fiancé et je ne peux pas lui permettre de faire un tel voyage et de séjour sans escorte approprié. Deux fois je l'ai trouvée déguisée en homme, tentative de passage libre. Elle est si convaincue qu'il lui Voyage vers cette terre sauvage, que je crains qu'un jour elle sera couronnée de succès. Jacques Cartier a exploré et commencé à s'installer au bord du fleuve St-Laurent, une nature sauvage habitée par des sauvages de trois les nations païennes. Ceci est la destination prévue Hélène comme elle l'a reçu une lettre de son fiancé qu'il est tout à fait réussi dans la traite des fourrures le long de cette rivière et les plans de rester.

J'ai laissé des instructions à mon frère et mon avocat que vous devez continuer à avoir accès à mes fonds à la fois pendant mon absence et dans le cas de mon décès.

Je ne suis pas un jeune homme et n'ont pas été bien. Je crains de ne pas survivre au voyage à venir, mais prie pour que mon amour pour toi me donnera la force et que je vais revenir un jour en France et même en Ecosse où je serai à Dernière mise à vous tenir dans mes bras.

Priez pour moi.

Votre mari aimant,  
Msr. François H'elie

My Dearest Sister Morna,

I do pray this wee missive doth find ye and young Augusta healthy and prospering. I must say that I am concerned about my niece growing and learning in a Tavern. I do realize yer employ provides ye and Augusta with food on yer table and a roof over yer heads, but I fear she will learn unsightly habits not worthy of a proper lady. Augusta's upbringing is so important now, her future could be splendid for certainly ye have heard the news that Her Majesty, Mary Stuart is returning to Scotland! After a lifetime in the French Court she is returning to rule Her realm. There has been so much talk, fear and anticipation of Her Majesty's return. I myself am very excited and have every intention of finding my way to Her Court and ingratiating myself to Her Majesty. Mayhaps ye and young Augusta can join me in this endeavor as well. I do believe Her Majesty's first arrival in Scotland is the most fortuitous time to find our way into Her Court and at Her side. As the Monarch she wields such power and influence it can only serve our best interests to be in Her favor. If I can win Her Majesty's ear, or indeed the ear of those closest to Her I can indeed in turn advance the business interests of my dear Francois and hence my own purse. I have been working with seamstresses all Winter to ensure I have a trousseau worthy of Her Majesty's Court. Certainly I will not be allowed in Court if not properly attired. Her Majesty has spent Her lifetime in the French Court and those who wish to be close to Her will need to emulate the finery of the Court of which she is accustomed. What say ye dear Sister? Will ye and Augusta join me in this endeavor? I shall forth on alone or in yer company, certainly I would prefer that ye and yer lovely daughter join me on this adventure. The future awaits us dear Sister. To tarry is pure folly.

With Much Affection,  
Dame Brittah Sutherland H'elie

## **Memories of my Grandfather and our Queen**

I used to enjoy being with my Grandfather. He was a very unique man. He was one of the last of the “fighting merchants”. When, upon the request of the Queen of France, our King James IV called for men to go with him to harass the English, Andrew Mosman closed his goldsmith shop and rode with the king into battle. Upon his return, his bravery at Flodden Field was rewarded by being knighted in the name of the baby King James V.

As one of the leading merchants in Edinburgh, Sir Andrew had a seat in Parliament. As a knight, he had no problem with being outspoken whenever he felt the need. My father, Sir John, also had his seat in Parliament and his knighthood. But, he had a much more reserved personality. As members of Parliament they both received the command to attend the coronation of the baby Mary Stewart on September 9, 1543 at Stirling Castle.

At that time, I had just finished my apprenticeship as a goldsmith. So, it came as a great surprise when I was told that, in appreciation of my hard work, I would be allowed to ride with Grandfather and Father to the coronation. Of course, I thought they only meant I would be taking the trip. I never imagined I would actually attend the coronation.

We arrived at Lanark the evening before the ceremony and stayed at an inn. I was allowed to sup with my Grandfather and the other nobles who were staying there. I was very proud when Grandfather introduced me as a goldsmith from Edinburgh. Luckily, I had worn my best clothing.

The next morning, I was greatly surprised to be told I was going to accompany them to the coronation ceremony. It did not, though, surprise me to find out it had all been arranged by Grandfather and not by my Father. But still, the greatest surprise would come after we arrived at the church.

I had expected to be left at the rear of the church to stand through the entire ceremony just to get a peek at my new Queen. I wondered why Grandfather kept a grip on my elbow as we entered the cathedral. It wasn't until I realized we had walked past the rear benches and were proceeding to the front of the cathedral that I looked at Grandfather and noticed the grin on his face and the twinkle in his eye. He was taking me to sit beside him and Father in the section reserved for members of Parliament. Of course, Father was unhappy that Grandfather would be so presumptuous and forward. But, Grandfather said this was my graduation present from him and he didn't care what others thought.

The ceremony began with a choir singing and much parading of great nobles and churchmen. Then the church went totally quiet and all rose. The Royal Regalia (including the new crown Father had just made) were slowly brought down the aisle followed by Sir John Erskine holding the new Queen.

I did not have any experience with children, but I do remember thinking this had to be the most beautiful baby I had ever seen. Quiet, smiling, and lovely; I knew from my first glimpse of her that she would be one of the greatest Monarchs we had ever had and I hoped that I would someday have the opportunity to serve her just as my Grandfather had served James IV and my Father had served James V.

The ceremony was not long, but it was very solemn and moving. Then, suddenly, the Lord James Stewart called for all who would do so to come forth and swear their fealty to the new Queen. All in the front benches stood, except for me of course. Then, I felt my Grandfather doing the unthinkable. He was tugging on my shoulder to make me stand, and before I knew what was happening he was pushing me out of the bench into the aisle in front of him and I found myself in the line of great nobles. My knees were suddenly very weak and my mind was a total blank. What was I to do? I looked at Grandfather and he simply said, "do and say exactly what I say". Then he stepped in front of me.

I was able to gather my wits about me as we moved forward. I admit I was desperately looking for the chance to slip out of line but, luckily, realized that I owed it to my Grandfather to follow him wherever he led me. The looks of anger and disbelief on the faces of the Earls of Arran, Lennox and Argyll when I followed Grandfather up to the Queen somehow settled my nerves and sharpened my hearing and I was determined to make Grandfather proud of me.

But, no young man could have been prepared for the time when I stepped up and took the small hand of my new Queen between my own. It was her eyes that allowed me to say, and fully mean, the words that would commit me to her as my liege lord for the rest of my days. When I looked up from her face and saw the pride on the face of my Grandfather, I knew this was the greatest day of my life.

Since that day, I have seen Mary, Queen of Scots as I traveled to France and visited that court. I doubt she remembers me, but I remember those eyes and the oath I swore to her that day.

Now, as she returns to us from France, it is time for me to start fulfilling my oath to her and living up to the great honor given me by my Grandfather.

God save our Queen!

Tis the year 1562. In a candle-lit hall in the castle at Baddenoch, traditional home of the Clan MacPhearson, a gathering is being held: a meeting, if you will. Chieftains from all over the highlands have gathered to speak of the coming of the new Queen.

Heber MacPhearson, now The MacPhearson, sits at the head of the table now that his father and elder brother are gone. The discussion between heads of clans rotates around how this young Queen, gone for so long and a Catholic, will rule over Scotland and, more importantly, how she will deal with the people of the Highlands. Will she allow the traditional clan system that has been there for generations or will she, a lowlander herself, appoint lowland nobles to rule over the highlands? The talk at the table is that if the latter occurs, then the clans should gather and war shall ensue. MacPhearson suggests sending a small band of Highland nobles and leaders, respected amongst the clans, to join the young monarch's progress to find out exactly how she shall react to the highlanders.

The idea is pondered upon as Meghan MacPhearson and her daughters bring in food and drink. Meghan, being the widow of Heber's elder brother, was now under his care not only for her widowhood, but that she did care for his father as his health did fail.

As the food and drink did disappear, the discussion of Heber's idea continued. It was decided that a group would be sent. The question now was who would be sent and who would lead the delegation. After much talk it was decided that Heber would lead, and a group was picked from various clans so that all would be represented. Expectations were high at this point: a new, young Queen, mayhap well disposed to the highlands. Most in the room had never met a monarch, much less traveled in the company of one. The people chosen to go on the journey were picked not only for skills in cooking, fighting and healing, but for their ability to temper themselves so as to not cause trouble needlessly.

The night wore on and leaders left to sleep, because on the morrow there would need be travel home and preparations to make. There was little time to gather what and whom was needed, as a long journey to meet the progress was still to be made.

As the other leaders left, Heber pondered out loud to his personal confidants: "I do wonder and hope that this will be a fruitful journey for us. I wouldst most like the new Queen allow for us to continue as we have in the highlands. I am most excited to see how this progress goes. We shall see...we shall see."



# A Change in the Wind

By Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoite and Maureen MacLeod

It had become evident to Gerald Fitzgerald, the 15th Earl of Desmond, that Gaelic levies were no match for a standing, professional English army and there was, therefore, small prospect of a successful rebellion in Ireland without foreign support.

His advisers cautioned him against any overt intrigues against the Crown. His father James had carefully built the trust of Whitehall over the past 20 years but he, Gerald, like most of the Old English community, had become alienated by Whitehall's imposition of heavy military cesses and its gradual exclusion of the Old English from any real political influence.

With the notable exception of Thomas Butler, Earl of Ormond, childhood friend of Elizabeth, these Old English felt their loyalty impugned by these newcomers, outsiders, adventurers, and freebooters Elizabeth retained to govern Ireland.

Gerald once lamented to his friend James Mossman, "For hundreds of years we loyally defended the Crown against Gaelic barbarians. Our star had shown most brightly when Henry VII reigned. We kept the peace in our own way and sent our remittances to Whitehall and kept their coffers full." He went on to say to Mossman, "On our own for generations we adapted ourselves to this land. We learned native customs, dress, laws, and formed marital alliances, and accommodated when necessary. Then Henry VIII came in with these strangers. He destroyed the House of Kildare and filled the bishoprics and offices with these newcomers. He didn't trust us to do what had been done for generations. The Vatican never imposed such authority and always allowed us to name our own bishops and abbeys."

This alienation had been growing for years and had turned ancient enemies into reluctant allies. A loose confederacy of Old English and Gaelic lords met clandestinely to discuss these issues when his father was Earl. In attendance were Clanrickard and Clanwilliam Burkes, the Kildare and Desmond Fitzgeralds, disaffected Butlers of the Old English. The Gaels were represented by the O'Donnells, O'Neills, O'Connors, O'Briens, MacCarthys, and O'Sullivan Beares. They, in the end, could agree on nothing. There was idle talk of offering the Kingdom of Ireland to Charles V, the Holy Roman Emperor, but nothing more came of that.

Again to Mossman, Gerald lamented, "If only we had a strong, charismatic leader, a sovereign, to lead us we could lift the heel of these newcomers off our throats."

Gerald was well informed of the politics of France, Scotland, and England. He had heard the newly widowed Queen of France was returning to Scotland to claim her father's throne. He doubted this young French lass was up to the task but he needed someone there to be his eyes and ears. He needed an educated man not of noble birth so as not to attract attention. The perfect cover would be some business venture, perhaps with James Mossman, who

seemed to have a great liking for the local ale. Perhaps he could send a brewer to start a brewery in Albainn. He had a dozen candidates for the task but just one stood out in his mind. Maitiu' MacRoibeard de Faoite was an ardent Catholic and a great admirer of Ignatius Loyola. He already had a cousin living in Scotland and it would be the perfect cover. Besides, his father had served the Earldom for years with great distinction in the past.

Letter's were exchanged, deals struck, and resources were dispatched. De Faoite departed on one of Mossman's ships. Within a year, not only were dispatches dutifully forthcoming from Scotland but money was coming back as well. That little grey merchant's son was turning a profit.

Up in Scotland one of Maitiu's first clients was the husband of his cousin Fionnula. His name was Heber MacPhearson. He ran a tavern called the Wycked Aye and that is where Maitiu' frequented with his eyes and ears open. It was an establishment frequented by many, both common and noble.

Initially, except for business, he kept to himself for the most part. He was quiet and courteous. This didn't last for long. Being a Catholic in a hostile environment he did keep a low profile outside the tavern. He was able to attend Mass in a back alley chapel attended mostly by elderly recusants. He noted that Fionnula kept her devotions private and rarely attended church services. He usually went by himself. None of the faces at the Wycked Aye matched any he saw at Mass save one, that of young Maureen MacLeod, who worked at the Aye. It was unusual to meet a recusant Scot so young. When he saw her they both exchanged surprised looks.

Later at the tavern there was no more than a courteous nod between them. With so little in common Maitiu' was reluctant to strike up a conversation for fear someone might surmise what they shared in common.

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I had only been staying at the Wycked Aye Tavern for a week or two when the news came from abroad. News that had set everyone wondering what was coming for us all. I remember it like it was yesterday. A courier had come to the Tavern on his way to deliver wares to the merchants of our shire. Come from abroad he had with fabrics and spices from France.

"Heard the news have ye?" he asked of Chieftain Heber as he drank his ale.

"And what news would that be boyo? Ye look like yer bustin' at the seams?" Heber replied.

"Mary is comin' home to Scotland" he announced. Ye know old Francis died last year and now that she's widowed, she's comin' back to take the throne."

We had all heard of the passing of Mary Stuart's husband, Francis II many months back. There had been talk about the shire as to what would happen to Scotland and the Isles. Mary had always been Queen of Scotland by rights, but she had been raised in France and then

married to Francis, II. During that time, the Regents had ruled Scotland. But now her husband was dead, she was no longer Queen of France, so home to Scotland it was; and the throne.

For me it mattered not. I had been given food and shelter by Chieftain Heber in exchange for my services at the Tavern. For a young woman alone such charity was hard to come by. I was as poor as a church mouse and whether it was Queen or Regents made little difference to me. I truly did not understand the business and complications of State and Clan, and in all truth my station in life would not change much. But it did matter to the Nobles and the wealthier land owners; the Earls and the Regents. It was a matter of power - as it always is with men.

But there was one thing that mattered very much to me; and that was my faith. Mary Stuart was Catholic as was I. Most of Scotland had gone the way of Luther and John Knox; and being Catholic was not looked upon too well. I did not speak of my faith at all in the Tavern and made my way to Mass and confession as inconspicuously as possible. But now, our new Queen would be Catholic and that did make me happy.

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It was now mid July in the year of our Lord 1561 and the new Queen would be arriving in Lieth in mid August. The Tavern was buzzing with gossip and news on a daily basis. There were also many strangers about; spies listening to the news and conversations of men of position and power.

“What do ye think will happen Heber?” asked Elena.

“Don't worry Sister, these are the Highlands and we have our own ways here”, Heber replied. “Things won't change in our Tavern, I'll see to that.” The MacPhearson was a strong and confident man. But the confrontations over Rome and Knox were already gaining strength. The Tavern had seen more than a few fights breakout over religion, it was only the beginning and we all knew it.

The Tavern was in fine form this night. T'was the end of a long week and many of the Highlanders had gathered to have a warm meal and an ale, share news with neighbors and laugh and sing for a bit. The simple pleasures of warmth and friendship that bring people close. The Irishman from Desmond was here with Heber's barrels of Desmond ale. The bogtrotter they called him. He was kin to Lady Gwen and Fionnula, and Brew Master for the Earl of Desmond. I had first seen him a while back in the Tavern and then again at Mass on the Sabbath. I know he recognized me from the Tavern and was afraid what may come of it. I feared that if he mentioned my faith to Heber I would be released from my service at the Tavern. The Irishman had quite a reputation for merry makin' and a talent for the consumption of fine ale. But this night he seemed uneasy; he sat alone with only a pint of ale and small plate of lamb and potatoes. I served him his meal and left him in peace.

As I moved through the Tavern I listened to bits and pieces of conversations as I served the goodly patrons of the Wycked Aye. Mary Stuart's return was the talk of the night, so many questions. The Queen would be on the throne by the next moon. Would her reign bring prosperity to the Highlands? Would trade be expanded? And what of Elizabeth, would she ally with England?

But the one question that seemed to trouble everyone was the question of faith. Would Mary Stuart bring Rome back to Scotland? We would all just have to wait and see.

I was finishing up at the Tavern when Mistress Morna approached.

“Chieftain wants to see ya Maureen, he’s waitin’.” I looked toward the big man’s table but he was not there. Morna gave tilt with her head toward the pantry. “He’s in the back, by the ale kegs. Off ya go now.” And with that she turned and went about her duties. My heart sank. I feared my release from service at the Tavern was sealed. I turned and walked to the back of the pantry where the ale kegs were stored, where Heber was waiting. I stood quietly until he noticed me and bid me to come forward.

“Ah Maureen, I asked ye to meet back here lass, mostly for yer own safety.” He saw the puzzled look on my face. “I judge no one by their manner of devotion lass. All are welcome in this Tavern as long as they pay their tab and keep their politics to themselves. Ye just be careful now, there are many who are not as tolerant of the Papacy as I am.” He started to walk away.

“Yer not releasin’ mi then Chieftain?” I asked.

“Nae lass, I’m not. Now back to yer duties.” He left it at that, no more need be said. It was clear to me that the Tavern was a safe haven for us all and we all needed to keep it that way.

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I woke early on the Sabbath and walked through the back alleyway to our little Chapel. As I knelt on the commoners’ side of the Chapel I felt someone kneel beside me; T’was the Irishman.

“Peace be with ye Mistress MacLeod,” he whispered.

“And with ye as well, Sir,” I quietly replied.

“If ye please Maureen, call me Maitiu’.” I smiled and nodded my head in agreement. We celebrated the Mass together and then stopped to speak with Father Desmond before heading off to our daily obligations.

“Well, I see our two strangers have become friends,” Father Desmond said with a little chuckle. “Be careful of this one, Maureen. He’s an Irishman ye know.”

“But Father” I replied, “You’re an Irishman.”

“That I am lass, so I know what I’m talkin’ about.” We all laughed and then we bid Father Desmond good day.

As we walked back toward the Tavern, we talked of things to come. Of the Queen’s return and the conflicts we may be faced with when she takes the throne.

“What do ye think will happen Maitiu’, when Mary returns?” He did not answer, just waited for me to finish my thought. “There’s a change comin’; I can feel it in the earth, smell it on the wind. It feels good to me Maitiu’.”

“Damn girl, ye sound just like Fionnula with yer premonitions. One thing for sure, a new chapter awaits Scotland and the Isles. Let’s hope it brings peace to us all.

“I’ll pray for it Maitiu’.”



# Royal Opening of Parliament

**Reported by Mistress Fiona Ross**



The 27th of February, the shire of Antioch saw the Opening of Parliament, and Our Fair Queen's coronation; marking the long awaited beginning of the Faire season. It was held in the First Christian Church, transformed from a humble house of worship to a Great Hall with Her Majesty's throne and numerous banners. Having been previously warned it would be a very dull event, we nevertheless went eagerly to see our faire family.

Before the stately event officially began, Saint Andrews' members enjoyed visiting with

one another, as we always do. We also enjoyed a potluck with a diverse array of main courses, appetizers, and desserts, some of them even home-made. We were graced with special visitors: our new leading lady's sister and her family, came to honor our "new queen" and no doubt to also see what all us crazy faire people do on our weekends. Mistress Cailin and Lord Cullen were busy all evening taking many portraits of the event.

Opening of Parliament officially began with the procession of Her Majesty and her entourage to the throne. When Her Majesty entered the hall, all rose from their seats and showed great courtesy and reverence as is her due. Our Gracious Queen was most beauteous in her elegant purple gown and veil, which Her royal seamstresses had worked so hard on to accomplish in time for this momentous event.

Sir James Mosman anointed Her Majesty with water upon her breast and forehead, and Her Majesty was thereafter presented with the royal mantle, scepter, orb, and finally, the crown, which the Earl of Bothwell placed upon her head. Dame Brittah Helie was so kind as to straighten the crown and mantle so Her Majesty might look her best for the portraits. Her Majesty was also presented with the Sword of Scotland, a most noble emblem, and signed an oath to rule Scotland with justice and mercy. She then proceeded to accept oaths of fealty from



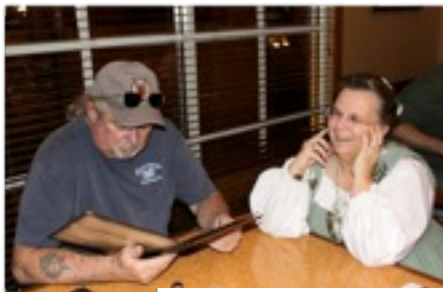
her high ranking vassals and present them with chains of office.

Her Majesty declared a short recess, in which many Highlanders and a few intrepid others decorated their faces with Maitiu's infamous woad, at Her Majesty's request. The woad was applied, it must be admitted, much more artistically than the drunken plasterings of Winter's Feast.

After the recess, various Guild business was attended to, including the first Flamingo Award, presented by the Earl of Bothwell to Master Grady, for being both an extraordinary help and an extraordinary pain in the arse to His Grace. "Koghair" has also been outlawed, replaced by Gle'math" (Glay-vah) given that no historical evidence can be produced suggesting that the former "cheer" was ever used or that it is being used accurately.

After Opening of Parliament was complete, many members stayed to assist in tear down, and enjoy the Coronation Dinner at Schooner's Brewery. Dame Brittah Helie informed Schooner's patrons that they were in the presence of royalty: Mary, Queen of Scots. In the spirit of celebration and fellowship Oliver, Fiona, and Maitiu' sang many rousing drinking songs until the barman threatened to cut us off.

All in all, it was a most enjoyable event, interesting, and with good company.



# 2010 YOUTH OUTREACH PROGRAM

Good day one and all! As we begin the new year, we also begin our Youth Outreach Program. I hope that all of you are able to join us for one of our school events this year, as they are a fun and unique experience.

Most of our school events are at schools associated with our guild members in some way. We are adding two new schools this year in addition to all of our regular events – the first being for my daughter Kathryn's school on April 2. Following that we will have many school events throughout April and May, and I hope that you can all experience one of these events.

There are many folks that attend who present repeatedly at the events, so for those of you who are new, worry not! You will not be expected to attend your first event and make a presentation of any sort unless you wish to. Many times our members attend to provide "color", to provide another example of period dress and mannerisms, and if they have input, it is ALWAYS welcome.

It's easy to put your 'feet in the water' to test it out, and see what a school gig is for yourself. You will always be welcome!

Please watch your email for more information as the dates for the school events approach.

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton

Ambassador of Education for Her Majesty

- Dartmouth Middle School, 5575 Dartmouth Drive, San Jose, CA 95118-3398 from 9:00a.m. until 12:20p.m, Friday, April 2nd. Lunch will be provided to guild participants by the school. This is a new event and the school is attended by our own Kathryn (Kat) Kinkhorst. The student group will be at about 240 and will be divided into 3 or more topic or demonstration groups.
- Excelsior Middle School, 14301 Byron Highway, Byron, CA 94514, 9:00a.m. start time until noon, Friday, April 16th. This is another new event for the Youth Outreach Program and was brought to you courtesy of Magnus MacRanald whose son attends this school.
- St. Mary's Catholic School, 7900 Church Street, Gilroy, CA 95020 (Start time to be announced), Friday, April 23rd. This is an all day event with lunch provided by the school. Students dress as historic personages from the middle ages as well as the renaissance, display projects related to the times and are grouped into rotating discussion/topic groups as well as dance or games. This school employs the sister (Debbie Ellis) of former member AGM Dame Bronwynne Alexander (who often makes an appearance) and is an event that Saint Andrew's has participated in for several years.
- Chalone Peaks Middle School, 667 Meyer Street, King City, CA 93930, beginning at 8:00.m., Thursday May 6th. Due to the distance the school reimburses those needing overnight accommodations and also provides lunch during the course of this all day event. Our guardsman Colin McAndrew teaches at this school and plays an integral part in its annual production.
- Livermore Valley Charter School, where member Lady Cara Hogland is a seventh grade teacher will host our guild as we present Scottish history, together with weapons demonstrations and renaissance fashion (among other topics) on May 13th with times to be announced. The school's address is 543 Sonoma Avenue, Livermore, CA 94550.
- Fisher Middle School, 17000 Roberts, Road, Los Gatos, CA 95032, Tuesday, May 18th, times to be announced.
- Mission Dolores School, 3371 16th Street, San Francisco, CA 94114, Friday, May 21st, times to be announced.



# 2010 GUILD CALENDAR

## April

16	<a href="#"><u>Excelcior Middle School</u></a>	14301 Byron Hwy Byron, CA
17-18	<a href="#"><u>Medieval Fantasy Festival</u></a> Walkabout	Downtown Vacaville
23	<a href="#"><u>St Mary's school</u></a>	7900 Church Street Gilroy
24-25	<a href="#"><u>Tulare Renaissance Festival</u></a> Walkabout	

## May

5	Load Up	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
6	<a href="#"><u>King City High School</u></a>	King City, CA
7	Set Up (partial)	Auburn Regional Park, Auburn
8- 9	<a href="#"><u>Cain's Crossing</u></a>	Auburn Regional Park, Auburn
10	Unload	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
13	Livermore School	
15-16	<a href="#"><u>Queen Bess &amp; the Pyrates</u></a> Walkabout	Sycamore Island, Madera
18	<a href="#"><u>Fischer Middle School</u></a>	19195 Fisher Ave Los Gatos, CA 408-335-2300
21	Mission Dolores School	3371 16 <sup>th</sup> St. @ corner of Church South San Francisco

## June

3	Load up (partial)	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
4	Set up (partial setup)	Toulumne Regional Park, Modesto
5	<a href="#"><u>Modesto Highland Games</u></a>	Tuolumne Regional Park
5	Unload (immediately following teardown)	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
12-13	<a href="#"><u>Valhalla Renaissance Faire</u></a> Walkabout	South Lake Tahoe
17	Load Up (partial)	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
18	Set up (partial)	Santa Cruz County Fairgrounds, Watsonville
19-20	<a href="#"><u>Santa Cruz Scottish Renaissance Festival</u></a>	Watsonville, CA



21	Unload	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
26-27	<a href="#"><u>Fair Oaks Tudor Fayre</u></a> Walkabout	Fair Oaks

## July

17	Guild Picnic & Games Garbed Event (Hunts)	<a href="#"><u>Niles Trailhead/Staging Area</u></a> 720 Old Canyon Rd, Fremont
31	Training Day	Niles Trailhead/Staging Area 720 Old Canyon Rd, Fremont

## August

## September

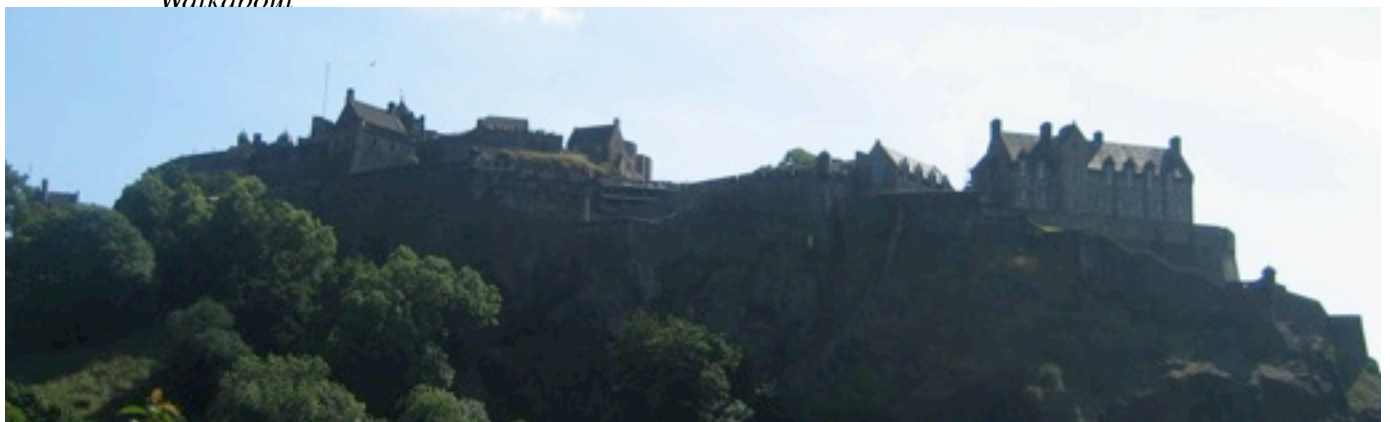
4-5	<a href="#"><u>Pleasanton Scottish Games</u></a> Walkabout	Alameda County Fairgrounds
9	Load Up	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
10	Set Up	Shaver Lake, Fresno County
11-12	<a href="#"><u>Shaver Lake Renaissance Faire</u></a>	<a href="#"><u>Shaver Lake, CA</u></a>
13	Unload	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
30	Load Up (partial) (tentative)	Bothwell's Castle, Newman

## October

1	Set Up (partial)	San Lorenzo Park, Santa Cruz
2	<a href="#"><u>Santa Cruz Games</u></a>	San Lorenzo Park, Santa Cruz
3	Unload	Bothwell's Castle, Newman
8-9	Guild Gathering and Games	<a href="#"><u>Marble Quarry Campground,</u></a> Columbia

## November

6	Winter Feast	<a href="#"><u>Veterans Memorial Building</u></a> 522 S. L St, Livermore
13-14	<a href="#"><u>Kearney Park Ren Faire</u></a> Walkabout	Fresno



# Thor's Hammer Royal Honorees

At the beginning of all of the faires where we perform, the Star Chamber is asked to take most particular note of outstanding efforts during the event. At the end of the weekend, a vote is cast amongst them, and a Thor's Hammer is awarded during the Hug Circle to that person whom the majority agree made the greatest individual contribution to our success. Additionally, the Guild Master may upon his discretion determine the value of work performed by an individual to enhance the memberships' guild or faire experience and so honor that individual with a Thor's Hammer. This is a once in a lifetime award, a singular honor, and is worn proudly by each recipient, for all who look thereupon shall honor them as they well deserve, as one of the most valued supporters of our Guild. If you find that you were inadvertently left off of the complete list of Thor's Hammer or Children's Thor Hammer Recipients, please let Lord James Hepburn know (<mailto:earlofbothwell1562@yahoo.com>) so we can add your name to the list.

Christopher Alexander

Philip Alexander

Mariota Arres

Mary Beaton

Charlotte Carmichael

Cullen Elliot

Gwendolyn Elliot

Maitiu'de Faoite

Bonnie Gunn

Keegan Gunn

Shaila Gunn

Andrew Hepburn

Janet Hepburn

Breanna Kerr

Mary Livingstone

Innes MacAlister

Sara MacBride

Brittah MacGregor

Jessica MacGregor

Kael MacGregor

Morna MacGregor

Katie MacLeod

Maureen MacLeod

Jillian MacKenzie

Fionnoola MacPhearson

Heber MacPhearson

Drew MacQuain

Megan MacQuain

Robert McCutchen

Guy Maxwell

Hannah Maxwell

Bronwynne Melville

Craig Melville

James Mosman

Mary Caroline Rutherford

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton

Alice Sinclair

Raven Sinclair

Brianna de St. Joer

Andrew Stevenson

John Stewart

Sara Stewart

Annebell Somerville

Duncan Somerville

Steven Sui

Ryk Tucker

Johan von Pluym

Grady Witherington