

The

Parchment

Winter 2010



the Parchment

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Saint Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots

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Commentary

Dear Friends,

For those new to Saint Andrews, I bid you Welcome!
For those carrying onward—well met, indeed!

There is a reason we still carry forth the reputation as the
best “court guild” in northern California—’tis because we
are....

The venues in which we play may change, and our commit-
ment never varies. We still do school events, strive to re-
create and teach, and generally have fun doing so.

God Save the Queen!

Master P.

Good Gentles of St Andrews,

It is hard to believe, is it not, that, as We write this, Winter's Feast is almost upon us and our last faire is right around the corner. This year has flown! We have faced a good many challenges and we have risen to the occasion every time. Everyone who has participated this year deserves hearty congratulations on a job well done and for stretching themselves to a limit which they have never reached before!

It is with this thought of growth in mind that We write this article. We have, all of us, been given the opportunity to reach outside our normal comfort zones during this faire season. We have, as a guild family, been faced with many obstacles and challenges. We have found clever and resourceful ways to overcome them all.

Let us take our Guild Master as an example. He was faced, very early in the year, with the challenge of filling in an abruptly thin faire schedule. He stretched, made new contacts, traveled, met new people, and we ended with a very full calendar.

As a result of his outreach, we were given the opportunity to show what we could do at Shaver Lake. I don't believe that any who attended this event would disagree that this was a very small venue. This We loved and found amazing; We heard not one grumble of complaint about the size and scope of this wonderful little faire. We heard laughter, saw new gigs, and watched as other members of our guild family stretched themselves, and became better actors because of it. As a result of every member stretching themselves and providing every patron with a personalized faire experience: we have been extended the possible opportunity to have a faire, built and billed, around us! Is that not grand!

There are several things that we can take from the example of Shaver Lake. The first is that if we put forth the effort, we can leave every faire as a better actor than we were when we stepped onto the venue.

The second is that every member's efforts to reach new potential is beneficial to every other member of the guild, either resulting in a more rich and full faire experience, or by encouraging us to stretch as well.

Lastly, we are an excellent acting troupe, and we get better every day. Don't forget that, and don't let any one negative experience take that away from you.

As We close this missive, We are looking forward to Lady Mary Katherine's Squiring at Santa Cruz, and to seeing all of the lovely skits and merriment that Winter's Feast is sure to bring.

*With Our affection and by Our own hand,
Your Loving Queen,
Maria Regina de Scotia*

Communiqué From the Chancellor

My Lords and Ladies of Saint Andrews,

By the time this is published, our season will have come to an end and each of you will no doubt be involved in the up coming holiday season. Since the Sonora faire, we have had to make some changes and look for other events for us to go to, not as the Royal Court, but as a Scottish encampment. I'm not happy that we are not the Court, but if we wanted to go to faire, we had to make some changes.

We were asked several times to come to the Santa Cruz Scottish Festival in Watsonville. The space for the guilds was smaller than what we are use to, but we made do and I believe we all had fun interacting with the patrons and the other guilds. It has been a long time since I personally had fun playing with other guilds. We made a great impression on the producer of the faire, and he wants us back next year.

During the year, I mended some fences with promoters and others and brought us back to Pleasanton. St Gyles was there as the Court and it made me think about how many events they go to compared to St. Andrews. It is because their guild master never turns down any event, no matter how small, where he can bring his guild. With that thinking, we went to Shaver Lake as the Court and it turned out to be smaller than I ever thought it could be. However, we put on one of our best shows, so much so that they said if we would come on board as their Royal Court, they would produce a faire with us as the focal point. Using the thinking of Theodore, I have asked to meet with the new promoter and will be entering into talks with them and express concerns about the date, place, advertising, etc. Even the vendor across from us said she would get other vendors to come if we returned. I knew we would knock their socks off; We did.

I thank you all for the hard work each of you has put into making St. Andrew's work, and being the premier guild that you are.

I remain in your debt,

Sir James Hepburn

Change and Growth

There have been many times over the years that the St. Andrews guild has survived “change”. In fact, we are all proud of being able to portray ourselves as being like the willow, bending with the wind.

It’s normal for people to resist change. Usually we don’t enjoy change and prefer our old, well-known habits. But, this year, I’ve seen changes in this group that can only be described as incredible, exciting, and humbling because, in almost every case, our changes have resulted in growth.

As they did in 1562, we started the year with a new Queen. We had no *real* idea if she would be able to handle the pressure and demands of the position just as our counterparts in 1562 wondered the same thing about their new Queen. Luckily, our new queen has turned in a stellar performance and proven herself to be even better than we had hoped for. This even brought about a change in our old (somewhat worn) version of the Opening of Parliament. But, Dame Mariota and our nobles welcomed that change also and gave us a memorable ceremony.

Unfortunately, that grand event was followed by the Sonora Fair and we were faced with attitudes and actions that we had tried (and somehow failed) to change. But, due to a completely unintentional mistake (really, it was) we soon found ourselves no longer attending the chain of fairs we had attended for more than twenty years. At first, this caused some trepidation. But, our Guild Master (who by then had a whole year of experience behind him) worked hard to fulfill the obligation he felt the guild owed its members and changed us to a new list of fairs to keep us busy. Whereas in May we thought our year might have been over, we end the fair season with one of the busiest years in recent history. God Save the Guild Master!

We’ve seen change in the households, the set up of the encampment, our shows (especially the efforts put forth by our *two* dance leaders), and many of our characters. If you didn’t see the change last weekend from “Mistress Morna” to “Lady Morna” and (especially) Lady Lennox to Lady Livingston, you missed seeing just how well our group is managing and, even *using* change to further our shows.

I don’t know if it really means much for me to say this, but in my 14 years in this guild, I’ve never been prouder of the members of this guild than I am right now. Shaver Lake. You were the fair. You made the cost to the patrons worthwhile. You changed that fair from being a dusty disappointment into a fantasy event for both the patrons and ourselves. God Save St. Andrews!

These last two fairs (in particular) have shown how well we can all do improvisation and meld it into the premise that is the St. Andrews Guild. I know next year will be better because we have grown to accept and embrace change and welcome “the wind”.

Sir James Mossman

Monterey Scottish Games - by Cailin Rua Kelly Seton



Her Majesty's entourage stopped at the Monterey Scottish Games during Her latest progress. While it was a small group in court it was a glorious weekend, with fantastic weather and a crowd of friendly attendees. Her Majesty arrived to a court that was a good distance from the main traffic flow, but the Court members made the most of it. There was dancing, singing, sword fighting, and even a brawl, instigated by Captain Teage and Master Thomas.



The Court Dancing was well attended by court members and the public alike..



The Court was graced with the presence of Archibald Campbell and his lovely wife, Lady Jean Stewart. They did refrain from too much turmoil during Her Majesty's visit, and Lord Campbell was even seen at one point helping Her Majesty with the favour basket.

Nearby the court, the good Master and Mistress Ludin were practicing their trade, testing various substances and even making a wee bit of black powder:



Her Majesty's Royal Guard once again put on a wonderful demonstration of Sword play, and did spend some time educating the crowd on the weapons and tactics that were used in battle.



As mentioned earlier, there was a bit of a skirmish in the Tavern at one point – apparently a certain Captain of the Guard did take some liberties with a married lady. When asked if she enjoyed it, her reply was simply “I’m a Married Lady!” Her husband did object however, and the skirmish began.

The brawl ended with the Tavern Ladies chasing all of the men out with their brooms...



I feel safe in saying that we will all enjoy visiting this shire again next year!



Pleasanton Scottish Games

Maitiù' MacRoibeard de Faoite



After a two year hiatus we were back at Pleasanton. I am thankful to whomever accomplished the necessary reconciliation to make this happen. I had so much fun!

I was fortunate to take Friday before off and was available for setup. Cullen arrived in the truck, and we proceeded to unload and setup in the fooking heat that always haunts Pleasanton this time of year. I know we are a family at St. Andrews because we bitch at each other like family and then always take each other back in the spirit of love, like family.

I didn't camp this year. That was bad because I missed the camaraderie of actor's camp. It was good because I was home Saturday morning in Ballymartin to receive my fellow minion, Maureen MacLeod, and accompany her to what served to be the busiest Saturday ever at Pleasanton.



I was a perimeter guard at the St. Columba gig, then I "hurried up and waited" at battle pageant practice. With me were Heber the Gunner, Cailin, Cyd, and Áine, as well as Master Thomas.

I finished the day at the Massed Bands with Maureen and Cyd. It was awe inspiring to hear the pipes and to see and hear the Marine Corp band. Since Maureen and I are children of the Corp, we were both psyched.

Maureen was great company on the way home and Sharon brewed up some high octane coffee that got Maureen to Roseville safe and sound. Maureen, I am sorry about the Abba song on my Zune MP3 player.

Another highlight for Saturday for me was spinning Laurie and Trinity to the music of Albanach.

I was also delighted Sir Duncan Somerville was elevated to Earl. That means you're buying the next round, my Lord Earl.

I got up Sunday, a little earlier than I cared too, to attend the battle pageant practice at 8:00 AM. That was 90 minutes of my life I will never get back. I suppose it was worth it later that day at 4:00 PM, when Grady and I fought with sword, for my second sword fight ever. I am glad Sir Teague convinced me to try this style of fighting last November at Brandon Island. Yet another reason why that man is a knight. I am also thankful to Grady, the motor moron, for his patience with me .

There was more dancing Sunday, this time at the back gate, at Sir Andrew Hepburn's suggestion. We had 8 couples, and I think that made Dame Annabelle happy. I later went to lunch with my cousin, Gwen de Faoite Elliot, dressed in her nobles. She says she was oblivious to it but you should have seen the dozens of people watching her walk by. I was thankful none of those people threw rocks at me; she was so beautiful. At Shaver Lake she will be queen and be far too important to consort with a lowly bogtrotter such as miself; I am thankful for this chance. Of course we ate the baked potatoes.



I was called away from my tavern shift, oh darn, to play perimeter guard for the Guard's trooping. I tried to get Oliver to crack his stern countenance but he ignored me. At the end I was approached by Her Majesty and HRH James Stuart (my former guild master) and was paid for my duties (a favor and a coin). Along with my Thor's hammer, being squired by HRH was the greatest honor I have received in my ren-faire career. I am honored he still remembers me.

Speaking of former guild masters, Sir Drew and Dame Megan appeared - dressed strangely I might add - to grace our guild and witness Oliver Ross's induction into the Guard. My singing buddy is now a "Dog of War" bringing further honor to an already honorable group of gentlemen.



I am sure I left out many others who made my weekend like Meg, Philip, Katie, Jessica, Fiona, Effie, Faolin, Katherine, the junior guards, Brittah, and Bothwell, who made this all possible.

I am forever thankful to my Scottish guild family for making a place for me, an Irish foreigner, in their lives. It means more to me than you'll ever know.

Submitted respectfully,

Maitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite
Squire Maltworm, the Bogtrotter
Chief Minion



Pleasanton Highland Games - by Fionna Ross

September Fourth and Fifth, 2010, Saint Andrew's gathered in the shire of Pleasanton for what seemed the largest Scottish gathering in the world. We went as the Duke of Orkney and his entourage. Saint Gyles was portraying the Royal Court of Her Majesty, Mary, Queen of Scots.

We welcomed two new members into the St Andrews family: Master Cydivor MacBain and Mistress Effie MacNab, both of whom joined the Highland household. Cyd is eager to be a part of our tomfoolery, and Effie has fit right in with the highlanders. By Sunday she had already ordered me to sit down and have a drink (of water). God save the newbies!



Both days, in spite of the heat, we were up to our usual mischief. The inevitable bar brawl broke out, as Teague made unwanted advances towards Mistress Isabella. This began a fight between the guards and the highlanders. The fight was ended only when the highland women, using their brooms, shoed the guards out of the tavern. Master Tom still cannot dress himself, and had to be kilted in public, after parading around the Faire in his shameful attire. He claimed it was his Sunday best.

The guards gave the noble ladies a rapier lesson, and Lady Annebell Somerville began teaching us a fun and lively new dance. The trooping was particularly impressive with so many guards! Their new move - deirannach seas (last stand) - within which they lower their weapons and charge, screaming and looking for the entire world like they are about to skewer their audience, was most impressive.

His Grace had several lands and titles to present at this faire. Land and titles were presented to: Lady Annebell, Lord Darren Melville, Lady Davina McCutcheon, and Lord Robert McCutcheon. The MacCutchens, who were not present at the time, had to be arrested and brought to His Grace to receive their lands and titles. Unaccountably, they were masquerading as English!



On Sunday, Lord Oliver Ross was formally sworn in to the Royal Guard as one of Her Majesty's halberdiers. He knelt before His Grace and Her Scotland in battle, to be always draws. Our lovely queen pre-our wondrous piper, Colin Duncan Somerville presented of rank as a private, and Oliver was low halberdiers. God save the new



Majesty, incognito, and swore to defend loyal to Her Majesty, and to serve St. Andrews. Oliver with a favor, accompanied by MacAndrew, on the bagpipe. Captain Oliver with his Guard's cross and insignia officially accepted and welcomed by his fellow halberdier!

The excitement didn't end there - Sunday afternoon also saw a battle pageant. Our very distinguished looking rebel forces were trying to force the queen to marry. They fought bravely and well but were ultimately overcome. Thomas traitorously killed Andrew MacRonald and Anya Doyle. Their deaths were courageously avenged by Cailin Seaton. Many of our brave warriors survived the battle, but were ultimately taken prisoner.

At the end of the day, after tear down, His Grace had more than just one Thor's Hammer to award - he astounded us all by awarding two! Awarded to Lord Teague Seaton and Master Thomas Campbell, both were well deserved, as both Teague and Thomas had devoted countless hours and energy to the success of St. Andrews.

But that's not all! A Phoenix Award, awarded to one of the children, was presented to Cameron MacRonald for all of his hard work! Lord Cullen Elliot was also presented with the Pink Flamingo Award. Gwen assured us that now that Cullen has the Pink Flamingo, he'll be really good. Right, we all believe that.

The Resurrection of the Phoenix Award

In 1994 Lady Kyra MacNeil, Chamberlain of the Children's Household created the Phoenix Award to be awarded to deserving guild children. Lady Kyra's successors, Lady Morrigan MacKenna, Lady Gwendolyn Elliot and Lady Akira MacCallan continued with this award. Currently we do not have a Chamberlain of the Children's Household, so His Grace has decided to resurrect this wonderful accolade himself. The award will not necessarily be given out at each faire, but as His Grace feels it is due. Please let His Grace know if you think one of our poppets is deserving of this coveted award. As established in 1994 to become a member of the revered "Order of the Phoenix", you must follow these guidelines:

Recipient must/may:

- ~ be under 16 years of age
- ~ follow all Guild rules at all times
- ~ be an extremely hard and conscientious worker
- ~ receive this award only one time

Order of the Phoenix

| | | |
|------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Andrew Gunn | Darren Melville | Jeanette MacCarraig |
| Ian MacCarraig | Marni Carmichael | Mikeala Carmichael |
| Scott Carmichael | Andrew MacCarraig | Tory MacNeil |
| Brianna MacQuain | Tyler Seaton | Cameron MacRanald |

Pleasanton Scottish Games - Cailin Rua Kelly Seton

The Duke of Orkney and his entourage did return to the shire of Pleasanton once again this year, and spent a couple of wonderful days visiting with the residents of the shire.

It was an active time, with the Guard performing an outstanding trooping show, even surprising Her Majesty and Her Court with some new maneuvers. Hot tempers prevailed in the heat, and indeed a brawl did break out once again, pitting the Guard against the Highlanders. In the end however, all was resolved in a friendly manner, and all enjoyed a drink together in the tavern afterwards.

Master Thomas was taken to task on his improper attire – apparently his kilt was not worn correctly. He was collected by the Royal Guard and taught the proper way to attire himself under the tutelage of the Lord Campbell. Alas, I fear that this will be a recurring theme as Master Thomas is in such haste to get out and about the shire and does not take the time to properly attire himself...

The Guard was involved with the Rebels during a battle, and unfortunately they were taken prisoner at the end. Master Thomas did turn to the Royals' side as a hired Gallowglass, and was able to wound a couple of the Rebels (alas poor Andrew and Anya). Revenge was had by Cailin, and Thomas was fittingly wounded and crawled off of the field. In spite of the loss, a fun time was had by all, and I believe that I did see another new move during the practice on Saturday, something which sounded like "Pog Ma Hon." It was not caught on film, so it is merely rumor and speculation at this point.

We were visited by many old friends who have not been seen frequently during this progress, including Maureen, Akira and Braden, Sir Drew and Cameron (although they were strangely attired), and Shawna and Seamus. Others were also seen, I believe, and we were glad to have so many friends with us, even if only for a short time.

Shaver Lake Renaissance Faire



My Shaver Lake adventure began when Lady Morna arrived at my wee cottage at 2:00 PM Friday afternoon. I had just arrived home from work not 45 minutes previously; I was not yet prepared. Our departure was expedited by the well known MacGregor efficiency, and we were soon on the road from Ballymartin to Loch Shaver.

Morna's scout, Tom-tom MacGregor, led us on a somewhat circuitous route through the mountains. Perhaps he was avoiding highwaymen and rogues, but when we eventually arrived, our encampment was already in place. We had a very small venue. The word, intimate, would describe it. After checking in with our guild family, Morna sought lodging with Sara MacBride, Master Thomas, and Mistress Isabella Campbell.

I proceeded to a beautiful Dorabella campground. Master Philip had secured a grand place for me- self and Mary Katherine MacLeod in stunning redwood forest. Someone commented about the scary nature of toilets at the campsite. I assure everyone, there was nothing scarier in those facilities than what I was bringing to them. Once my tent was erected, we proceeded to Shaver Lake Pizza. It was outstanding pizza with outstanding company, as many guild members were in attendance.



The next morning I awoke before the sun and quietly wandered around the campground taking in what the Scotsman, John Muir, called "God's grandest cathedral."

It is a great time to pray. I recall this as the time monks prayed their morning Office.

When I returned, they bombed my



Master P. was already awake, and we observed the demonic rodents and squirrels, as tent with pine cones.

When Mary Katherine and I arrived at the guild's encampment we took in our morning notes and awaited the arrival of faire patrons. Very few came. The patrons who did come were very interested, asked many questions, and seemed to enjoy the time they spent with us. I had a chance to fight again with Grady and was killed again by Grady; youth prevails. I watched our SCA neighbors fight in a style entirely different than our own, and I thoroughly enjoyed the stage shows put on by the belly dancers. Lady Fiona Ross and myself attended and were mesmerized, I by the ladies, and Fiona by the man with the flaming balls. The Red Dragon players put on quite a show that they performed for Her Majesty the next day in court.

On both days I stood road side around 12:30p with Cullen Elliott trying to attract patrons to our venue. On Saturday we were graced with the presence of Dame Annabelle and on Sunday we were graced with two to the Red Dragon players. It was there Cullen and I previewed the Bullfighter skit that was also performed in Court for Her Majesty.



During some down time for me I wandered around the grounds and saw the chapel across from the library. I saw a sign that Catholic Mass was at 4:00 PM Saturday evening. I love two day faires but I really miss going to Mass on those weekends. But here at Shaver Lake I was to have it all! I asked the priest if it was all right that I attended dressed in my léine and ionar and he said it was no problem. Master Thomas and Lady Isabella joined me and it was the first time, but hopefully not the last time, I attended Mass in garb.

Dame Annabelle hosted a spaghetti feed at the close of the day and the food was good but the company was great. The next morning I heard that Dame Annabelle single-handedly ran off a marauding bear. I suppose that poor creature is still running as I did not see Annabelle with a bearskin Sunday morning. There was the singing of hymns with Fiona, Oliver, and Meg. Their angelic voices, fortunately, overshadow my wretched squawking.

The turnout of patrons was small and disappointing. They missed a great show. Our return next year will be decided by the Lord Earl Bothwell at a later date. I do hope we can come back.

Sunday evening, after pack up/hug circle, and the awarding of Lord Darren his Thor's hammer, Lady Morna erected her tent at the campsite selected by Master P and we had a campfire/cookout.

Besides Master P, Mary Katherine, and Morna, I was graced with the presence of Lord Cullen and my cousin Gwen de Faoite Elliott. We had tasty burgers made by Master P, tritip by Morna, and chicken donated by Master Thomas and Lady Isabella. We had enlightening conversation about current events. I regret to say that my cousin was plagued by frogs and barking spiders that Lord Cullen and I bravely battled until Gwen and Cullen retired to their hotel.

In the morning Philip and I observed the evil squirrel that terrorized our campsite and we saw two megalithic tombs, one of them adorned by peeps, evidence that the ancients ones' descendants once inhabited Dorabella.



Morna and I made the journey home without event. I have showered and washed me clothes and written this account and will be cooking dinner for Sharon before I pick her up from BART. So I am now feeling a little post-faire depression. To combat that I will remember going to Mass with Master Thomas and Isabella and singing hymns with Fiona and Oliver on Sunday. When I remember those things I feel much better.

Submitted respectfully,

Maitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite

The Knights of St. Andrews

As many of you saw at the Shaver Lake fair, the Knight's of St. Andrews have actually been quite busy this year. I realize that to the majority of members of the guild, having a ceremony to promote three knights to Knight Commander would not seem to cause an organization to be able to claim they had been busy. It's the work that goes on prior to the ceremony that is worth noting.

Last year ended with the Order of the Royal Thistle having had an election to fill some empty positions on the Knight's Council and ceremonies to create three new knights. We seemed to end the year with our business completed. But, as with any organization, one year blended into another and new business arose, seemingly, by itself.

The Knight's Council met in April to start the process of rewriting and clarifying our By-Laws. The by-laws have been a document that was originally created in 2004 by committee with input from all of the knight's of the newly formed Order. Since that time, the by-laws have been almost continually updated and expanded. But, not very much thought was ever given to organization for the document. So, many of the knights of the Order felt it was hard to read and even harder to understand.

The new council decided that rules were of less value unless they were clear and comprehensive. We decided that organization and clarification of our by-laws would be our first priority for this year. Thus, we made our meetings in April and July entirely about the by-laws of the Order. We will soon be publishing the revised document to the knight's of the Order. But, in spite of the hard work of the members of the council; all of it has gone on behind the scenes.

I decided it was time to make the Order seen and heard again while at the same time fulfilling one of the stated objectives of the Order. I looked within the Order and nominated three of our knights to be raised up to Knight Commander.

Every other "knighting" organization that we know of has the title of "knight" as it's first, last, and highest honor. Of course, groups such as the Knight's of St. Johns of Jerusalem do have their Cardinal Knights and Grand Dames. But, those titles are only available to a very small number and not the general population of the Order. In the Knights of St. Andrews we decided to set up three titles to induce our knights to continue to grow and contribute even after they were knighted. Therefore, beyond the title of "Knight of the Realm", we also have "Knight Commander" and "Knight Marshall". A Knight Commander is entitled to wear one gold braid on the left shoulder of their tabard. The Knight Marshall is entitled to wear a gold braid on both the left and right shoulders.

As with most things in the Order, the act of raising a knight up in rank involved a nomination, getting that nomination approved by the Knight's Council, then the preparation and distribution of ballots to each of the knights, and, finally, receiving, counting and announcing the results of the vote. This is another of the differences in our Order versus others. No one person can make a knight. It's a group effort that embodies our credo of "One Knight, One Vote."

All this effort was finally made visible in a grand ceremony at the Shaver Lake fair where all three knights were dubbed and named Knight Commander and received their newly adorned tabards.

At the same time we were managing the process for the three new Knight Commander's, we also had a nomination to accept another guild member into our ranks as a new knight. Dame Brittah Helie nominated Lady Mary Kathryn MacLeod to be her new squire. Once again, the entire process of nomination, acceptance, and balloting took place with the result that Lady Kathryn was recently announced to be Dame Brittah's new squire. Her squiring ceremony took place at the Santa Cruz fair and her progress toward knighting will be watched with great expectation.

Our by-laws make provisions for another title intended to be used for people who are not members of the St. Andrews guild, such as city officials. That title is "Knight of the Court". It is an honorary title and carries no official status within the Order.

This year, at the ceremony in September where we honored the Boy Scouts who again last year worked at our Winter's Feast, we performed a ceremony to recognize Ian Granger, the scout who for two years has led the group working for us. This was a fun and fulfilling ceremony.

Even though there have been only three activities seen by the guild, you can see there has been a lot of activity and effort actually being done. We even have one more activity planned for this year.

At the end of last year, the newly formed Knight's Council had made a commitment to have at least one Knight's Convocation each year to discuss topics of interest and ideas brought forth by the entire Order. We are planning to have this year's convocation some time in December (after the fair year is over). A date and location will be announced later.

We are on track to again end this year with a "job well done". We will have completed work on better By-Laws, recognized three knights for their continued contributions, squired a member of the guild, recognized a member of the community, and had a meeting of the entire Order. Our business will again be done for the year. Of course, all these things will actually just be the beginning of new activities for the next year.

And so it goes.

Sir James Mossman
Grand Master
The Knights of St. Andrews
Order of the Royal Thistle

The Chieftains Quill

'Twas a bright summer day in Badenoch, and quite warm for the Highlands. Heber MacPhearson was sitting at his table sipping Munster ale brewed by his good friend and trusted adviser Maitiú de Faoite. In the room with him were Philip MacAlistair and Cullen Elliot. The discussion turned to recent events along the queen's progress.

The stop in the shire of Watsonville was marked by the reunion of old friends, like Don Juan and Kyra. There were renewed discussions with Diarmuid Campbell and the Highland Warriors. The gigs performed were memorable and there was joy for all who were able to attend.

As the ale continued to flow, for Maitiú brought an ample supply, the friends remembered the shire of Salinas, marked by its most wonderful weather. The discussion continued well past the time when the ladies of the house did return.

Pleasanton was discussed and marked by the addition of two new members to the Chieftain's retinue. Appearing on the steps of the Wycked Aye was Cyd MacBain and Mistress Effie MacNab. Naturally the men spoke with admiration of Cyd's martial prowess while the women now present remarked how diligently Effie labored with such a pleasant demeanor. All agreed these two would make grand additions to their company.

They recalled the grand battle pageant at Pleasanton. It was the first time the Chieftain saw Maitiú wield a sword. Master Thomas Campbell, although on the wrong side in this battle, performed admirably as a ferocious gallowglass. Cyd, in his first action for St. Andrew's, died a most wonderful death.

The discussion carried them on to Shaver Lake. The lads speculated that perhaps the plague had mostly recently passed through as there were few people to be seen there. The ones who did come forth were blessed by the presence of her Most Royal Majesty. This venue gave St. Andrews an excellent opportunity to practice and improve.

After much discussion and ale consumption the company of friends retired for the evening under the watchful eyes of the women in their lives.

Chieftain Heber MacPhearson

School Outreach Program

Good Gentles one and all,

As Her Majesty's Ambassador of Education, I would like to remind one and all of the School Event program. You may be thinking "It seems awfully early to be thinking about school events" but truthfully it is not. I have already had one school contact me about their date for the spring!

For those of you who are new Her Majesty's Court, I would like to encourage all to attend at least one school event this next year. You will be amazed at how much fun these events are. The children are very interested in all that we can teach them and all that we have to say. Alright, well some are more interested than others, but they all seem to have fun by the end of the day.

Earlier this year we did a record EIGHT school events! Two of these were new schools for us (for current members of our guild), and both schools want us back in the coming year. We had a fantastic turnout this year, with 33 guild members in attendance altogether. It is wonderful to have so many attendees; even if you can attend only event it is very helpful to the overall School Program, so please consider taking a day off of work *if you can* for one of our events!

As we head into the New Year I will be publishing a schedule with all of the school event dates. So please keep your eyes open for my emails.

In Service to Her Majesty

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton

Ambassador of Education to Her Royal Majesty



Her Royal Majesty's Ladies in Waiting

Good Gentles of St. Andrews,

Since, my last missive, we have traveled to the Shires of Monterey, Pleasanton and most recently Shaver Lake. Monterey was a most wondrous experience. Her Majesty did make numerous rounds about the shire, meeting all her people and clans. All were very gracious and excited when Her Majesty approached and one vendor did most heartily thank Her Majesty for helping him to sell much of his wears. Earlier in the day, Her Majesty had sampled this vendor's fine toffee and did exclaim how truly decadent it was. All knowing how Her Majesty only ever speaks the truth and dines on the best, flocked to make sure they were able to purchase such a scrumptious treat. I, personally, was most delighted to find a new dance partner in Lord Angus MacAndrews. We did have a grand time and continued to do so along the progress route.

Our next stop was the Shire of Pleasanton where we did experience Spanish weather, it was very warm and we did long to welcome back the cool temperatures. The other Marys and I once again found ourselves educating Her Majesty's people about Her Majesty's most noble and tragic history, until the Queen herself did begin to speak to the people directly. It was at Pleasanton that we did see the most gruesome Battle of Corrich, where the Queen's army did stomp the rebel forces. On Sunday, Her Majesty's Royal Guard did troop for the Queen and did shock us all with a new exercise. They did drop their halberds, drew their swords and charged those around them. It was most unnerving to have armed men, who normally protect one's person, to run at full speed right at you. I believe Her Majesty's words were "Gadzooks!"

As soon as we had packed our belongings at bade adieu to Pleasanton, we were on our way to the far off shire of Shaver Lake, a most beautiful shire indeed. A small gathering but St. Andrew's did have a glorious time and entertained those who did come to see us full well. Our faithful piper, Collin MacAndrews, entertained many with his beautiful music and was even asked to pipe for Mass on Sunday. We were all excited to see Her Majesty's new gown, it was most beautiful indeed.

I would like to also take this time to thank my ladies who helped serve Her Majesty this year. Lady Seaton and Lady Lenox are a joy to have and so helpful. Lady Mary Katherine and Lady Annabelle, thank you for assisting whenever I asked. Lady Renee and Lady Beaton, you were both missed and I do hope that you will be able progress with us next season.

One last thing before I close, many have gone through trials this year, be it illness, loss of trades or the passing of someone close. Hold your family and friends in your hearts and prayers. Do not let pettiness drive a wedge for you never know what tomorrow may bring.

Until then my friends,

Lady Mary Fleming

Calling All Singers!

Good my lords and ladies,

As many of you know, I have undertaken to fill the days at faire with music, and I am often to be heard singing with Maítiu', Meghan, and my goodly husband, Oliver. We may be found entertaining Her Majesty in court as well as singing bawdy drinking songs



in the Wicked Aye. We have thus found ourselves dubbed the "songbirds" and bear this name with pride. A few others have expressed interest in joining our quartet and will be endeavoring to learn the songs, but we need more!

Anyone who wants to sing and learn some songs is welcome to lend their voices. I and Her Majesty have lately set upon the endeavor of putting together a small hymnal for Sundays, and for especially we hope a great many will join in.

I have also put together a songbook for the guild, which I will be happy to send to anyone who wishes it via e-mail, if you contact me through Facebook or at ejudson@horizon.csueastbay.edu. This songbook also includes hymns. It is still being revised and edited, and any suggestions are welcome.

Yours Sincerely,

Mistress Fiona Ross, Songbird

Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Remember me to one who lives there
He once was a true love of mine.

Tell him to make me a cambric shirt
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Without a seam nor needle work
Then he'll be a true love of mine.

Tell him to wash it in yonder dry well
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Where ne'er a drop of water e'er fell
And then she'll be a true love of mine.

Tell him to find me an acre of land
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Between salt water and the sea strand.
Then he'll be a true love of mine.

Plow the land with the horn of a lamb
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Then sow some seeds from north of the dam
And then he'll be a true love of mine.

If he tells me he can't, I'll reply
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Let me know that at least she will try
And then he'll be a true love of mine.

Love imposes impossible tasks
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Though not more than any heart asks
And I must know he's a true love of mine.

Dear, when thou hast finished thy task
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme
Come to me, my hand for to ask
For thou then art a true love of mine.

The Minstrel Boy

The minstrel boy to the war hath gone,
In the ranks of death ye will find him;
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him;
"Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! But the foeman's chains
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore her chords asunder;
He said "no chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free
And shall never sound in slavery!"



Heber's Final Voyage

Maitiú MacRoibeard de Faoite

The young lad came bursting into the Wycked Aye and rushed past the barman and the ladies working that day before they could say a word. He went straight to the Chieftain's table and, in a similar flourish of words, began to babble, "My Lord, I have been sent by the priest at the chapel. Maitiú de Faoite, the brewer, has been abducted by Portuguese sailors. They are pressing him upon their ship. Déan deifer, hurry!"

Heber quickly adjusted his attention and took in all that was transpiring. The lad was a rangy sort, his clothes a bit tattered. His size and bearing was that of a 10 or 12 year old boy; his eyes looked much older. If his story was true Heber would have to make haste and if not, a brisk jaunt down to the quay would do him no harm. He grabbed his sword and scabbard and without a word went straight out the door.

The lad waited a moment until MacPhearson turned the corner and slunk back into the shadows from hence he came. There, as promised, was the dark-haired foreign sailor with the gold coin that would feed his mother, brothers, and sisters for a month.

On the quay the Portuguese ship was moored. It had one guard who, upon seeing the MacPhearson approach, stepped lightly aside. Heber assumed the guard fled in terror and so his entire attention was on bounding up the gangway to rescue his friend. He didn't see the club hidden under the guard's cloak. With great force it came down upon his head. Heber felt the stinging blow and saw the flash of red and blue lights and then oblivion-darkness.

When he awoke it was dark and damp. It reeked of dead fish, vomit, and urine. When his eyes finally focused he surmised he was in the bottom of a ship. The chains on his arms and legs confirmed his initial thought, he was the one who was pressed.

Two weeks past and Heber was able to discern from his fellow shipmates that they were bound for Lisbon. He noticed that, other than the chains, he was well fed and allowed on the deck for exercise when the seas were calm. Maitiú was not on board and it soon became clear what his fate would be.

King Sebastian of Portugal was trying to gain favor with the Pope and prove what a fine Christian gentleman he was. He was gathering an army of like-minded gentlemen to wage war on the heretical Moors. Perhaps the Holy Father didn't know, or didn't want to know, how many of these Christian gentlemen came to be recruited.

With chains off and sword in hand, Heber knew escape was not an option at that moment. It would be prudent to bide his time and make the best of a bad situation. The sailors who brought Heber were well compensated for bringing such fierce fighting man into their company. The Scots and especially the Irish were desired members of any European army. They withstood privation without complaint, accepted less pay and fought with amazing ferocity and tenacity.

Heber was surveying his fellow comrades when he saw a stocky Irish lad in a saffron léine who looked vaguely familiar. These Irish lads had been trained in Rome by Italian gunners and thought they were bound to Ireland to liberate old Erin from Saxon tyranny. Instead, they too were pressed into Sebastian's service. When the lad's eyes met Heber's there was a light shone up in them. Then, in the accent of Munster Gaelic Heber heard, "An bhfeiceann tú sin anois? Tú féin atá ann! It's me Da's old friend Heber MacPhearson come to save us all!"



Heber knew then and there that all thoughts of escape were to be abandoned. He would remain in this enterprise, if for no other reason, than to preserve young Dónal MacMhaitiú de Faoite, his best friend's son, from the savage Moors and the desert sands of that hell called Morocco.



Thor's Hammer Royal Honorees

At the beginning of all of the faires where we perform, Guild members are asked to take most particular note of outstanding efforts during the event. At the end of the weekend, nominations are given to the Guild Master and a Thor's Hammer is awarded, during the Hug Circle, to that person nominated by their peers and determined by the Guild Master to have 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 membership's 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, please let Lord James Hepburn know at:

earlofbothwell1562@yahoo.com

so we can add your name to the list.

Christopher Alexander

Philip Alexander

Mariota Arres

Mary Beaton

Charlotte Carmichael

Isabella Campbell

Thomas Campbell

Cullen Elliot

Gwendolyn Elliot

Maitiu' de Faoite

Bonnie Gunn

Keegan Gunn

Shaila Gunn

Andrew Hepburn

Janet Hepburn

Breanna Kerr

Mary Livingston

Innes MacAlister

Sara MacBride

Brittiah MacGregor

Jessica MacGregor

Kael MacGregor

Morna MacGregor

Katie MacLeod

Maureen MacLeod

Jillian MacKenzie

Fionnula MacPhearson

Heber MacPhearson

Drew MacQuain

Megan MacQuain

Robert McCutchen

Guy Maxwell

Hannah Maxwell

Bronwynne Melville

Craig Melville

Darren Melville

James Mosman

Fiona Ross

Mary Caroline Rutherford

Cailin Rua Kelly Seaton

Teague Seton

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



In Memoriam



Linda Duncan
Signora Mary Elizabeth Viggiano

September 27, 1947 – September 14, 2010

Linda Duncan was born on September 27, 1947 in Houston Texas and passed away on September 14, 2010 after a courageous battle with cancer. She moved to California in 1967.

Linda was employed as a receptionist for Arthur Murray Dance School. She worked as an office manager for Dr. Frank Louie DDS. In 1987 she was employed by the Alameda County Clerk's office, and in 1999 moved up to the Family Law Division Court until her retirement in September of 2009. She was a member of Our Lady of Grace Catholic Church, volunteering in the RCIA program. She was also a member of Clan Don-nachaidh at the Scottish Games and the WINGS prayer group. Linda was a long time member of St. Andrew's Noble Order of Royal Scots portraying an Italian Ambassador Signora Mary Elizabeth Viggiano at Scottish Games and Renaissance Faires. Linda is remembered by her St. Andrew's family for her beautiful smile, infectious laughter, and her warm personality that she shared with patrons and re-enactors alike. We are wealthier for having known her and saddened by her passing.

Her survivors include her daughter Maria Viggiano of Castro Valley, her sister and brother-in-law, Hazel and Thomas Davis of Houston, Texas and numerous nieces and nephews. She was predeceased by her parents and her two brothers Hugh and Glen Duncan.

Parting Shots



Help Wanted!

