

# A'Bratach Bhan

*the White Banner*

the Newsletter of the Clan Mackay Association of Canada



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Dec 2008

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ONE AND ALL

As Scotland unfolds its dream to have all people of Scottish descent gather on July 25 and 26 in Edinburgh to celebrate The Gathering when we walk along the Grand Mile with all the Clans, Bands and Bagpipes, we must reflect back to our Scottish beginnings in Canada.

Our Scottish people have been in Canada since 1621. New Scotland (Nova Scotia) was settled first, later settlers from Orkney came, around 1720 to work at the Hudson Bay Company.

In the late 1700's, some settled in Quebec. These people were mostly Empire Loyalists and were merchants and fur traders. The 1820's, some settlements emerged in Ontario, namely Perth, Guelph and MacNab Townships.

Our first Prime Minister was a Scotsman, Sir John A. MacDonald and William Lyon Mackenzie was Toronto's first Mayor.

Now there are more than half a million Scots living in Ontario, and more over the vast land of Canada. If we all go to Scotland, there would be no place to stand, but we do hope that many of our Clan Mackay members attend this momentous occasion.

2009 - July 25 and 26 is the big Gathering in Edinburgh. If you plan to go, please let me know. There will be a Clan Mackay Tent and Clan Mackay will be walking in the grand parade as well as the Clan Mackay is planning a dinner on July 24<sup>th</sup> at the Royal Over-Seas League.

The cover of our newsletter is a copy of a Christmas card sent to me about 70 years ago from my Aunt Jennie who left New Brunswick to live and work in Maine, USA.

In those days, with jobs being scarce, a few members of the family went to the USA to work in the factories and send money back home to New Brunswick. Now people go to Alberta to get the many jobs available for the same reason.

Hogmanay, December 31, is a day the original Scots celebrated more than our Christmas.

We again have a lovely prize for the famous draw. Four Clan Mackay hand made pottery mugs, donated by Catherine and Gordon Mackay. The tickets are \$2.00 each or 6 for \$10.00. This venture helps pay our expenses.

Congratulations to Niall and Sandra Mackay on their recent wedding. We were delighted to have Marilyn Mackay of Cape Breton as our guest at our fall Clan meeting. Marilyn is in Ontario awaiting a lung transplant. Forms for transplant donors were passed out. If anyone is interested a phone number is placed in this newsletter.

### Remember:

The love of family and friends, warm feelings of happiness and hope;  
 May these be your gifts at Christmas.

Sincerely,

Mora Mackay Cairns. 905-820-5715.

[morabob@rogers.com](mailto:morabob@rogers.com)

### Transplant Information:

A Gift of Life Donor Card - 1-800-263-2833

[www.giftoflife.on.ca](http://www.giftoflife.on.ca)

**Holiday Sweetness****FRUITCAKE COOKIES**

1/2 lb (225 g) dried figs about 16 stemmed, chopped.  
 1/4 lb (120 g) sultana raisins (about 3/4 cup)  
 1/4 lb (120 g) candied (glaze) cherries, chopped (about 1/2 cup)  
 6 oz. (170 g) chopped walnuts (about 1 1/2 cups)  
 2 tablespoon dry sherry  
 1 tablespoon each: honey, fresh lemon juice  
 Pinch plus 1/4 tsp salt  
 1 cup butter  
 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 2 large eggs  
 2 plus 2/3 cup all purpose flour ( that is 2 cups plus 2/3 cups)  
 Cup up figs with a pair of scissors small.  
 Put figs, raisins, cherries, walnuts all in a bowl add sherry, honey, lemon juice. ) I added a bit more sherry or wine say 2 more tablespoons)  
 Cover and leave overnight, mix up the mixture once in awhile.  
 Next day using electric mixer, cream butter, cloves and two sugars on medium speed until smooth, about 3 minutes.  
 Add eggs slowly beat in flour and remaining 1/4 teaspoon salt until just combined.  
 Divide dough in 3 ----cut a large piece of wax paper make a long log and wrap it up. Do this with each piece of dough. Roll it into a log. refrigerate for 2 or 3 hours.  
 Cut logs into 1/2 inch thick slices. Place slices 1/2 inch apart on cookie sheet.  
 Bake 15 to 20 minutes 350 oven. let cool. store in airtight container.

**MANDARIN ORANGE CAKE**

2 cups flour  
 2 cups white sugar  
 2 eggs  
 2 tins mandarin oranges drained  
 2 teaspoons baking soda  
 2 teaspoons vanilla  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 Mix all together

Put in a greased 13 x 9 inch pan cook 50 minutes in 325 degree oven.  
 After cake is cooked, poke holes in cake and pour on the glaze.  
 Glaze : 1 1/2 cups brown sugar 6 tablespoons

butter 6 tablespoons milk. Boil 5 Min.

**ICE CREAM DESSERT**

3 cups Special K Cereal (Original)  
 1 cup coconut  
 1 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup butter cook till bubbling)  
 Then pour in coconut and Special K cereal. Use 8 x 13 pan. Spread 2/3 of above in pan Spread 2 L. Butterscotch Ripple Ice Cream over Special K mixture.  
 Sprinkle on the other 1/3 of the Special K Mixture.  
 Keep in Refrigerator. Excellent for a party at Christmas or a special occasion.-

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**In the next issue:**

- The second installment of the Story of Three Mackays
- Dates for Highland Games, 2009

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**THE  
GATHERING  
EDINBURGH**

*Join us at The Gathering,  
 Holyrood Park, Edinburgh, July 25/26 2009  
 The Gathering will take the form of a classic  
 Highland Games and will host the 2008 World  
 Heavy Event Championship. There will be a special  
 clan ceremony held on the magnificent Castle  
 Esplanade, home of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.  
 This unique occasion will commemorate the  
 contribution made by the clans to the culture and  
 history of Scotland.  
 The Gathering is being hosted by the Standing  
 Council of Scottish Chiefs, and it is hoped that all  
 clan associations will attend.  
 Lord Sempill  
 Director of the Gathering  
[www.thegathering2009.com](http://www.thegathering2009.com)  
 (Reprinted from an invitation sent to Clan Mackay)*

## A *Christmas Story*

Everyone was excited when the McKeys came from Dublin to live in Grange. The old house had stood empty for years. "It will be a good thing to have city people living among us," my mother said. "Twill liven us up a bit. Dublin people are great for parties and entertaining."

She could not have been more mistaken. The McKeys added little or nothing to Ballyderrig's social life. They drove into the village on a sidecar hired at Kildare station, the father sitting on one side, the mother and grown-up daughter sitting on the other. There was a bleak look about the three of them that, as things turned out, did not lie.

When they went shopping, the daughter was never seen at all. "She must think herself too good to walk on the same street as country people," was one comment.

Grange had always been a great place for cowslips. The big old chestnut trees which paraded the avenue held warmth in their roots, and the donkey-brown branches dripped moisture to soften the earth and coax up the cowslips long before they appeared anywhere else. This field of flowers stood on the property that was now owned by the McKeys, so we should not trespass.

My mother told me to keep away from the Grange as she said the McKeys don't want us, and maybe we don't want them.

I had been given a Red Riding Hood doll, for my Christmas. Her lovely clothes could be taken off. I decided to go visit my friend Fiona so we could play with my new doll. I passed the Grange and was drawn by the lovely cowslips growing under the chestnut trees. I left my doll sleeping in a mossy cleft between the great roots. I bent to pick. Then I heard voices right beside me. I jumped and turned. Mrs. McKey and her daughter were standing there. The young woman had my Red Riding Hood doll in her arms. She was hugging it to her and resisting all her mother's attempts to take it from her.

"Come on, Annie," the mother urged. Her face was the saddest I had ever seen. "Give the little girl her doll. I'll get you another," My seven year old sense of importance was flattered that a grown-up should wish to play with my doll. How was I to have known that 20 year-old Annie's mind had stopped growing when she was five? "She can play with it for a while," I conceded.

Mrs. McKey hesitated. "Come in the house, then." she said. "It's tea time." She gave us tea, a lovely tea. There was fruit roll, and an apple flan in which the apples were a lovely red colour. Then we played Tiddley-Winks with Mr. McKay, who was just quiet and kind.

When it was time to leave, Annie cried because I was taking away my doll, and I had to promise to come back the next day.

I told my mother about my afternoon. As she listened, her face grew almost as sad as Mrs. McKey's. "May Heaven comfort them," she said. "So that's what's wrong." That night she did not go to bed until all hours. When I went to Grange next day, I had a present for Annie from my mother, a doll dressed in even lovelier clothes than my Red Riding Hood.

This was the start of a great friendship between the McKey's and the people of Ballyderrig. Annie was never lonely again. There were always children who were glad to play at Grange. As much, I honestly believe, out of liking for Annie as out of appreciation of the lovely teas Mrs. McKey gave us. Later, a "flu epidemic" took the overgrown child to Heaven, we were still made welcome at Grange.

McKey is one of the Honored Names of Clan Mackay.

***Address to the Haggis -***

Robbie Burns

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie, face,  
Great Chieftain o' the Puddin'-race  
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
Paunch, tripe, or thairm;  
Weel are ye worky o'a grace  
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
Your hurdies like a distant hill;  
Your pin wad serve to mend a mill  
In time o' need  
While thro' your pores the dews distill  
like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,  
An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,  
Trenching our gushing entrails bright  
Like any ditch -  
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,  
Warm-reekin', rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,  
Deil tak the hindmost! On they drive,  
Till a' their weel-swall'd, kytes belyve  
Are bent like drums;  
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,  
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,  
Or olio that wad staw a sow,  
Or fricassee was mak her spew  
Wi' perfect sconner,  
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view  
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! See him owre his trash,  
As feckless as a wither'd rash,  
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,  
His nieve a nit:  
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,  
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed -  
The trembling earth resounds his tread!  
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,  
He'll mak it whissle;  
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,  
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care  
and dish them out their bill o' fare,  
Auld Scotland want nae skinking ware  
That jaups in luggies;  
But, if you wish her gratefulu' pray'r,  
Gie her a Haggis!

Welcome to your honest, jolly face,  
Great Chieftain of the Pudding race!  
Above them all you take your place,  
Paunch, stomach, cat-gut;  
Well are you worthy of a grace

As long as my arm

The groaning plate there you fill,  
Your buttocks like a distant hill;  
Your wooden peg would repair a mill  
In time of need;  
While thro' your pores the juices distil  
Like an amber droplet

His knife behold the farm-worker wife,  
And cut you up with skill,  
Trenching your innards bright  
Just like a ditch -  
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,  
Warm, steaming, rich!

Then spoon for spoon they stretch and strive,  
The devil take the hindmost! On they drive,  
Till all of their well-swollen bellies by and by  
Are bent like drums;  
Then the master of the house, most like to burst,  
Thankfully hums.

Is there that over his French ragout  
Or olio that would stall a sow,  
Or fricassee would make her vomit  
With perfect disgust,  
Looks down with a sneering, scornful view  
On such a dinner?

Poor devil! See him over his trash,  
As feeble as a withered reed,  
His thin leg would make a fine whip.  
His fist a mere nut:  
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,  
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the farmer who eats haggis -  
The earth shakes as he walks!  
Place in his large fist a knife,  
He'll make it sing;  
And legs, and arms, and heads will lop off,  
Like the tops of thistles.

Your Powers who make mankind your care  
And portion out their bill of fare,  
Old Scotland wants no watery soup  
That splatters in wooden dishes;  
But, if you wish her grateful prayer,  
Give her a Haggis!

This Grace is believed to be written and said by the Native Canadians who live around the Miramichi in New Brunswick. It was a Grace that was recited at many of our family gatherings and we referred to it as the MicMac Prayer. We do not know who wrote the Grace.

**GREAT SPIRIT**

Whose voice I hear in the winds  
Whose breath gives life to the world  
Hear me.  
I come to you as one of your many children.  
I am small and weak  
I need your strength and your wisdom  
May I walk in beauty  
Make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset  
Make my hands respect the things that you have made  
And my ears sharp to hear your voice.  
Make me wise so that I may know the things that you  
Have taught your children.  
The lessons that you have hidden in every leaf and rock.  
Make me strong not to be superior to my brothers  
But to be able to fight my greatest enemy, Myself.  
Make me ever ready to come to you with straight eyes  
So that when life fades as fading sunset  
My spirit will come to you without shame.  
Bless us, O Lord  
And these thy gifts  
Which we are about to receive.  
Through Christ our lord  
AMEN.

Submitted by  
Mora Mackay Cairns

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**Thanks to our Contributors!**

A big thanks as always to all our contributors! We love receiving articles, recipes etc. to share with the Clan. Contributions can be made via email through the website at [thenewsletter@clanmackay.ca](mailto:thenewsletter@clanmackay.ca) or via mail to Sarah Mallalieu, 741 Woodward Avenue #2, Milton, ON, L9T 3T6

*Nollaig Chridheil agus Bliadhna Mhath Ur*  
(Merry Christmas and Happy New Year)

## **TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS**

*Here is one Christmas Carol that has always baffled me. What in the world do Leaping Lords, French Hens, Swimming Swans, and especially the Partridge who won't come out of the Pear Tree have to do with Christmas?*

*Today, I found out.*

*From the year 1558 until the year 1829, Roman Catholics in England were not permitted to practice their faith openly. Someone during that era wrote this Carol as a Catechism Song for young Catholics. It has two levels of meaning: the surface meaning plus a hidden meaning known only to the members of their church. Each element in the Carol has a code word for a religious reality which the children could remember.*

- 1 *The Partridge in a pear tree was Jesus Christ.*
- 2 *The Two Turtle Doves were the Old and New Testaments.*
- 3 *The Three French Hens stood for Faith, Hope and Charity.*
- 4 *The Four Calling Birds were the Four Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.*
- 5 *The Five Golden Rings recalled the Torah or Law, which is the First Five Books of the Old Testament.*
- 6 *The Six Geese A-Laying stood for the Six Days of Creation.*
- 7 *The Seven Swans A-Swimming represented the Sevenfold Gifts of the Holy Spirit: Prophecy, Serving, Teaching, Exhortation, Contribution, Leadership and Mercy.*
- 8 *The Eight Maids a-Milking were the Eight Beatitudes.*
- 9 *Nine Ladies dancing were the Nine Fruits of the Holy Spirit: Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Gentleness and Self Control.*
- 10 *The Ten Lords a-Leaping were the Ten Commandments.*
- 11 *The Eleven pipers piping stood for the Eleven Faithful Disciples.*
- 12 *The Twelve Drummers drumming symbolized the Twelve Points of Belief in The Apostles' Creed.*

*So there is your History Lesson for today.*

**"Merry Christmas"**



This is an enlarged image of the Hand Made Pottery Mugs featured in this year's Raffle.

#### NEW MEMBER / MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FORM

##### THE CLAN MACKAY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

C/O Mr. Harry McKay, Treasurer

52 Mendota Street, Etobicoke, Ontario, M8Y 1G2

##### ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Street

City

Province

Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Business Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Publish on our web directory: Name  Phone #

E-Mail address  Do not publish

Annual Membership Fee is \$15.00. Total Enclosed: \$\_\_\_\_\_

Why not consider paying two years at a time?

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<http://www.clanmackay.ca/>