



Christmas Edition, 2013

NEWS FROM OUR CHIEF

"The last Newsletter (August, 2013) extolled the glories of the first branch (Carrick) of the territorial name of Galloway.

That branch issued from Gilbert, the second son of Fergus Lord of Galloway, and virtually ended in King Robert the Bruce and his brother Edward. Years after Gilbert's older brother Uchtred succeeded their father as Lord of Galloway,

Gilbert had him foully murdered and took over Galloway. Uchtred's son Roland later reconquered Galloway,

But in so doing his second son Duegald (Dougal), from whom all MacDowalls are directly descended, was killed in battle.

Three generations later the first thing that King Robert Bruce did was to capture Dumfries castle

defended by Sir Dougal Macdowall and to invade and destroy Galloway.

As a result of all of this we were opposed to the Earldom and region of Carrick that were broken off from the Lordship and Province of Galloway for Gilbert's posterity."

"My wife Sandy and I and families send to you all our best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Healthy New Year."



With Best Regards

Fergus

For more information about the other MacDowall's that the Chief mentions here is a link to start researching:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Donnchadh,_Earl_of_Carrick

My Personal Christmas Memory

As I get older memories of Christmas as a child mean the most to me.

One I remember this year was the cold snowy Christmas when my Daddy was on strike. Our family had made do

For many months on strikers pay. There was happiness for the holiday, and the knowing, our pockets were bare.

I believe I was 10 years old at the time. Daddy had gone to walk the picket line, when Mamma turned to Me.

She reached into her pocket and handed me .50 cents and said take Chuck with you go buy us a tree to decorate before your father gets home.

I remember thinking she is depending on me. You see I had 3 older sisters they were all working to help while Daddy was on strike

I was the oldest child at home, and my brother Chuck was 5 years old, and baby sister was only 3 years old.

Chuck and I quickly put on our coats, and went out the back door got the red wagon and started to walk toward our school where there was a

Christmas tree lot. It was a dark Christmas Eve as we rolled the squeaky wagon along. Walking I pondered would there be any trees left to buy?

Why we had not gone out to cut one down as in years past? But now none of that mattered, I just had to get there before closing..

As we walked up to the lot the lights were still on, and there did appear to be 2 trees left. I reached and felt the 2 quarters in my pocket

and looked at the trees. One Small Scraggly one and one Big Beautiful one. Mr. Griffith came over, I asked him how much is the small tree?

He said Oh you don't want that one, it has broken branches. I said I only have .50 cents. He smiled and said then you can afford the Big Tree.

Chuck and I looked at each other with amazement. We gladly gave him the .50 cents,

he helped us load the big tree on the red wagon even tying it down for us. We started back home thinking we were conquering heroes.

I just knew Mamma would be happy, to see this Tree. Then like Icing on the cake, half way home the snow started coming down.

When Mamma saw the tree she cried, and wiped her face on her apron.

Ok children she said, lets get busy and have this tree all decorated when everyone comes home.

My sisters came in very soon after, they said it was the prettiest tree ever.

The big tree lights were burning brightly when Daddy came in wiping his feet, and shaking off the cold. He did something I had never

seen him do till that day with tears coming down Daddy declared we had just had our Christmas miracle.

I will leave you with the words of my favorite Poet.

“Loving Father, Help us remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and worship of the wise men. Close the door of hate and open the door of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessing which Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clear hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children, and Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven, for Jesus' sake. AMEN.” (Robert Louis Stephenson)

Dr. Ephraim McDowell and his Christmas Miracle in 1809.

The Christian world celebrates December 25 as a day of miracles. They view it as a miracle because the baby Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary. The story will be told over and over again by song and sermon over the Christmas holidays. This first Christmas miracle occurred in Bethlehem. Let me tell you about a first miracle that occurred on the wild frontier of America in Motley's Glen, 60 miles southwest of Danville, Kentucky, in 1809.

Mrs. Jane Todd Crawford, a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln's wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, was already the mother of four and another physician had told her she was pregnant again with twins. Finally, after a long delay, word was sent to Dr. Ephraim McDowell whose office was in Danville. On horseback, he made the 60 mile journey to Motley's Glen. She was not pregnant but had a large tumor. He told her that no medication would cause the tumor to disappear, the tumor would continue to grow, and that the only relief was an operation to remove the tumor. He continued, "I have never removed such a tumor, nor do I know of any doctor who has. I told the lady I could do her no good. That opening the abdomen to extract the tumor was inevitable death. But not standing with this, if she thought herself prepared to die, I would take the lump from her."

After the brutally honest consultation with Mrs. Crawford, he said he would perform surgery if she could make the journey to his office. A few days later Mrs. Crawford arrived by horseback and after resting several days, the surgery was scheduled.

Christmas Day was chosen because most people would be in church and there would be fewer spectators. Not everyone was in favor of the surgery but the story of a mob ready to hang the doctor is probably not correct. Because there was nothing else Mrs. Crawford could be given, she swallowed an oral dose of opium and several attendants stood by to help hold her down. It would be another 35 years before anesthesia would come to the field of medicine.

Before the surgery Dr. McDowell wrote out a prayer which he placed it in his pocket:

"Almighty God be with me, I humbly beseech Thee in this attendance in Thy holy hour; give me becoming awe of Thy presence, and grant me Thy direction and aid. I beseech Thee, that in confessing I may be humble and truly penitent in prayer, serious and devout and praises, grateful and sincere, and in hearing Thy word attentive and willing and desirous to be instructed. Direct me, Oh! God, in performing this operation, for I am but an instrument in Thy hands and I am but Thy servant and if it is Thy will, Oh! Spare this poor afflicted woman. Oh! Give me true faith in the atonement of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, or a love sufficient to procure Thy favor and blessing, that worshipping Thee in Spirit and in Truth my services may be accepted through this all – sufficient merit."

Amen

During the painful surgery, Mrs. Crawford sang hymns and quoted from the Psalms. Five days after removing a 22.5 pound ovarian tumor, she was up making her own bed. It was an uncomplicated recovery and 25 days later she returned to Motley's Glen on horseback. Mrs. Jane Todd Crawford lived for 32 more years - 12 years longer than Dr. McDowell. There is a statue to Dr. McDowell located in the National Statuary Hall collection in the U.S. Capital. It was donated in 1929 and the sculptor was Charles H. Niehaus.

It was the first successful removal of an ovarian tumor in the world - a miracle on Christmas day in the wilderness of America more than 200 years ago.

<http://chicagoscotts.blogspot.com/2011/12/dr-ephraim-mcdowell-and-his-christmas.html>

My Battle on the Sacred Hill of Tara, By Vitaliy Negoda

Below you will find my essay about my trip to beloved Eire and my battle on the sacred Hill of Tara for the great Title of the High King of Tara (Ireland). I apologize for the delay in sending the essay to you. As you probably know from the messages on my Facebook page I have been trying to build the two Gaelic sport teams in Krasnodar, Russia- Krasnodar Camanachd, my Shinty team, and Fianna na Sci-thia, my Gaelic Football team.

"The last High King of Ireland, Ruaidrí Ua Conchobair, ruled Ireland in the 12th century, then there was the Anglo-Norman invasion that ended the most ancient in Europe (and one of the most ancient in the world) line of the succession of the Irish monarchs, after that there were High Kings in Ireland for the period of more than 800 years.

But the day has come and on September, 14, 2013, a new High King of Ireland has been named on the sacred Hill of Tara and by the Providence of our Almighty Lord, I was among the 10 contenders fighting for the ancient Title.

On September, 12, 2013 after quite long journey from Krasnodar via Moscow and London I landed on the Emerald Isle at the Dublin Airport. After that I went to Navan, County Meath where on the same day myself along with other fellow contenders for the Title of the High King of Tara were taking part in the official reception at the Navan Town Hall with the organizers of The Tara High Kings Festival, members of the County Meath Council, the Navan Town Council and the Mayor of Navan. It was a great evening full of interesting and pleasant conversation, good Irish traditional music and good food and drink.

Next morning, myself and my other fellow contenders, Nicky Deasy from Galway and Darren Cawley from Westport, County Mayo, were invited to take part in the news programme of the LM FM, a local radio station, where we were asked to tell more about the Tara High Kings Competition and a wee bit about ourselves and the reasons why we decided to take part in the Competition. I said that I had come over to Eire to compete for the honour of my Gaelic ancestors, the MacDowells, and on Saturday I will try my best to win the ancient Title in the Completions' emulating the feats of Na Fianna, the legendary warriors of Gaelic Ireland and Scotland..

After that we visited the Battle of the Boyne Memorial and the world famous ancient passage tomb, the Newgrange.

Closer to the evening time on the same day, we, the competitors, were invited by the organizers of the Festival to the Hill of Tara to inspect the site of the Competitions where tomorrow we will fight for the coveted Title.

I along with other fellow competitors went to the Hill of Tara where we tested some tasks of the Competitions. I went to the Lia Fail, the Coronation Stone of the Irish Kings, that stands on the sacred Hill of Tara and buried there, just several inches beside the Lia Fail, several leaves of the Purple Shamrock, my ancestral potted plant, that according to our family story, my ancestors, the MacDowells, brought with them in the 18th century from Ireland to Russia.

The leaves have made a long journey with me from Krasnodar, Russia and now after more than 3 centuries they have come back home and the symbolic act meant a lot to me and tears were on my eyes at the moment. But the tears were mostly of joyful feelings as the act meant that Clann MhicDhùghaill have come back!

The Day of the Great Competitions has come and the 10 "brave souls" (as we were called by the organizers of the Festival) representing their noble and ancient Clans of Ireland and Scotland were ready to compete for the Title. I was among the 10 athletes and fought for the honour of my Clann MhicDhùghaill. What a joy and honour was to be there!

Each of the contenders was not only a good athlete, everyone of the contenders should recite his (or her as there were two ladies there) own poem and performs a speech as that was one of the tasks. All of the contenders except of Jennifer McLean from Dundee, Scotland and myself from Krasnodar, Russia were from Ireland,

It was a hard but fair Competition and everyone was worthy of victory, but it was Paul O'Brien, who is originally from County Laois, a direct descendant of the High King of Ireland Brian Boru, who became the new High King of Tara and though, of course, being a wee bit sad that the Title this time did not pass into our hands, I congratulated Paul with all my heart as Paul O'Brien is a great High King for Eire. Paul (we became close friends) gifted to me the flag of his County Laois he was fighting in the Competition wearing the flag and that means a lot for me. I was the 6th of the 10 contenders and, of course, I am not satisfied with the outcome. But it seems I will have a rematch as the organizers of the Festival have invited me already to take part in the Competitions next year. And if our Lord give to me health and financial opportunities for that, I, with a great pleasure and joy, will go to Eire next year and I will try my best to win the Competition and bring the Title to our Clan MacDowall and Clan MacDougall!

There were so many interesting activities on the day during the Festival and I think I do not have enough place here to mention everything. The combat display, the birds of prey exhibition, Irish traditional food, traditional music, singing and dancing, local historical society exhibition, archeology school for children, exhibitions of traditional arts and crafts and many many more. I suppose there were thousands of visitors at the Festival and it was a great success.

After the end of the Festival I spent 4 days more in Eire and I enjoyed every minute of my staying in Ireland. I held an Irish Stick Fighting Seminar for the youth of Navan, a short Irish Collar & Elbow Seminar at a Taekwondo club of my friend and fellow warrior Keith Matthews, visited a Gaelic Football match, visited two birthdays of my new friends Kay McCabe and Anne Hyland, got acquainted with Aedin O'Neil, a talented Irish Gaelic teacher, took part in a traditional session reciting my Gaelic poem and singing good Irish songs and made so many new friends! It was a fantastic time in Eire!

In the end of my essay I would like to say that I am very very grateful to my family and my parents, to dear and beloved Garthland, the Clan Chief of the MacDowells, and Lady Garthland, to my dear cousin William MacDougall from Arlington, Virginia, my dear fellow warriors and cousins Chris MacDougall from Bracebridge, Canada and Shannon McDowell from Thornton, Colorado, my dear friend and mentor in the Art of Highland Broadsword Christopher Thompson, the President of the Ceteran Society, from Portland, Maine, my dear friends from the RT Burns Club Rose Marie from London, England and Reg Tait from Ayr, Scotland and, of course, to our editor Charlotte McDowell Baker, to Thomas Ashby McCown from Bethesda, Maryland and to my other kith and kin all over the world. When I was fighting at the Competitions I was invisibly feeling your kind support. Thank you for that! Buaidh non Bàs no Vincere Vel Mori!"

You can see a video with the highlights from the Tara High Kings Festival here :

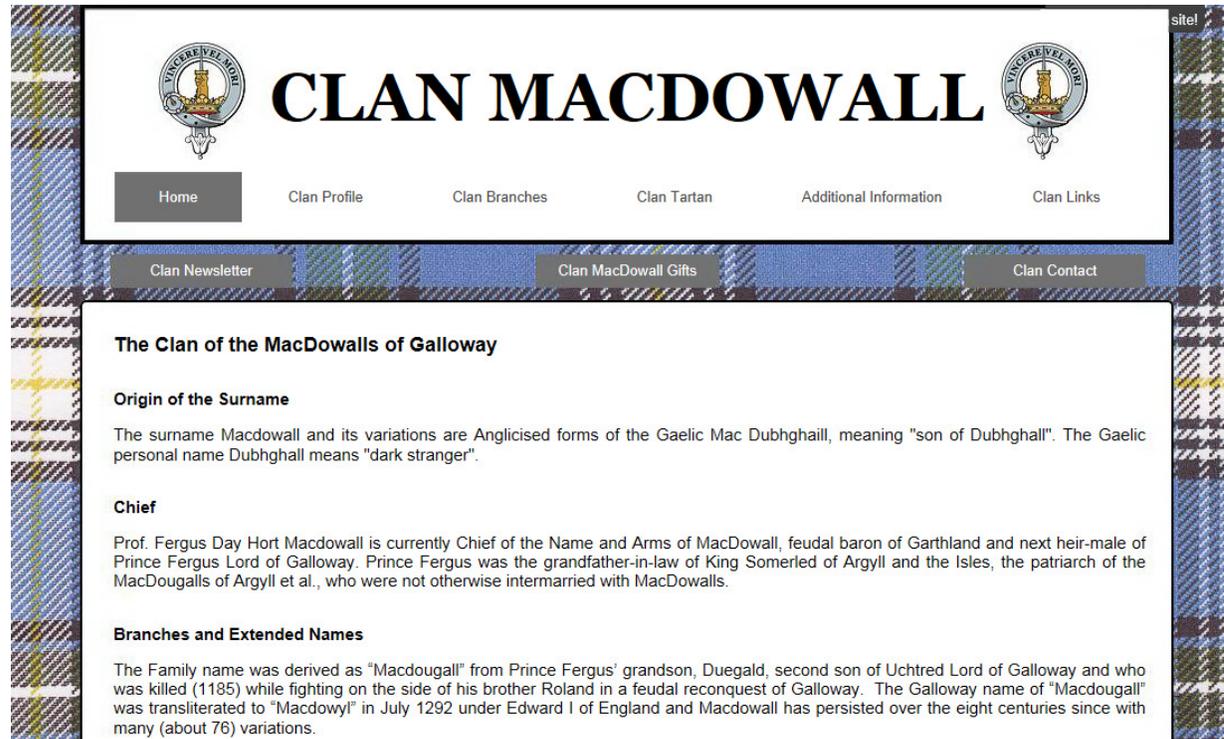
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PYyTBW7Oa50>

You can see some photos from my journey to Eire here: <https://www.facebook.com/vitaliy.negodamacdhughail/mediaset?set=a.10200717808173240.1073741832.1402757297&type=3>

Le meas is miadh, ur caraid, Bhiatailidh Fionn

Introducing the Clan MacDowall Website!

It is with great excitement that we announce the launch of a new Clan MacDowall website this year!



Screenshot from: <http://macdowall.wix.com/klan-macdowall#>

This website is intended to connect MacDowall history and information into one place. Here you will find information about Clan MacDowall, family branches and extended names, the clan tartan, books and various publications that provide further information, clan links, and much more. **We invite you to visit the website for more information!**

WEBSITE ADDRESS: <http://macdowall.wix.com/klan-macdowall>

NOTE:As always to contact the Editor or to submit an article to review

for **Vincere Vel Mori** contact: charlotte_baker2@tds.net

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.