

One Day in Scotland



Elizabeth wrote, "I'm remembering someone climbing a wall or gate to get to a cemetery and that someone finding some guys in a pub to help. Was that a dream I had about you??"

I replied, "That was a 'real' that you had about me."

On a day in July 2009 I was visiting places of interest in Scotland. I didn't get to Kilmarnock until later in the day. I had previously found nearby Thirdpart where our ancestors had lived and walked a cemetery there, but I still wanted to locate a monument of our Findlay connection. I had a very difficult time finding this Laigh Kirk cemetery in Kilmarnock, so when I finally arrived, paid to park, walked the block to the church and then walked around the hill where the cemetery was located, I was heartsick to find there was no way to enter. At the flower shop across the street, I asked about access. I was told to call the pastor for entrance. I couldn't believe I had come all the way to fail. I sat down in a cafe across the alley to get a sandwich. Young men who had been playing soccer also came into that cafe. They all laughed when I asked them to give me a lift onto the wall.



https://www.google.com/maps/place/New+Laigh+Kirk/@55.6097663,-4.4978853,153m/data=!3m1!1e3!4m6!3m5!1s0x488832eca425d-fa1:0x89a8dc6ef3f9e91a!8m2!3d55.6097331!4d-4.4975274!16s%2Fm%2F04142gz?entry=tту&g_ep=E-goyMDI1MDUyNy4wIKXMDSOASAFQAw%3D%3D

Webster describes the motion I showed them: "Definition of give someone a leg up: to hold one's hands together so that someone can step into them while climbing up onto something."

I told them "All I need is this. Really. I mean it. I've come a long way and I won't be able to get back. I need your help." I do recall a bit of pleading. One of them humoured me and was willing to help.

Once I got up on the wall and then over the fence that was on top of the wall, I got some applause from the people at the pub across the street. I brushed myself off, took my bag and walked with my head held high, like I did that stuff all the time.

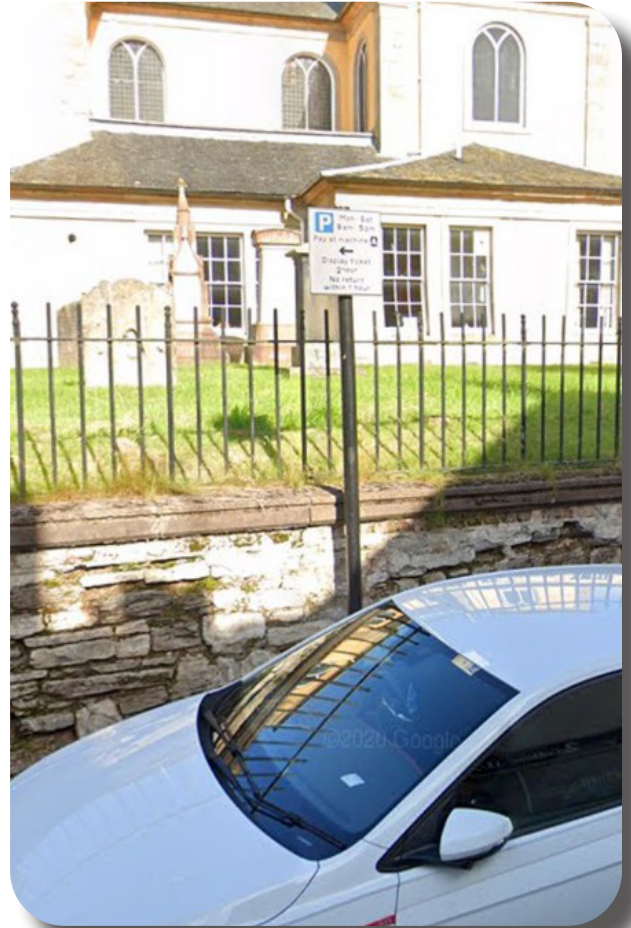
Don't mess with me man. I'm a genealogist. I even know how to spell it!!



This marker that I searched for was erected by Hugh Findlay (1807-1873) KG1Q-VTQ, the step son of our third great grandmother Janet Nisbett Black Findlay (1797-1871) LKK2-NXX. The first husband of Janet, John Black, died in 1830. The wife of Hugh Findlay (1777-1860) died in 1835. Janet and Hugh married and had one child together, Thomas Findlay born 1838. The step son Hugh who erected this marker would have been 25 when his mother passed away so Janet didn't raise him. I learned this information in 2009 while searching the National Archives in Edinburg, Scotland. I was surprised to learn that Janet had a second husband. It wasn't in our family records. I hoped to be able to locate the marker while in country and I was successful.



In this photo, you can see the height of the wall that the fence sat on.



After finding and photoing the desired grave, I went to the other side of the cemetery where there wasn't an audience. I jumped over the fence right next to a pole which prevented me from falling. Then I walked on the edge of the wall on the outside of the fence around to the back where there was a tree I could hold while jumping to the ground, thus preventing injury.

I went to my parked rental car a block away and drove back to Edinburgh. I was staying at the George Hotel but there is no parking available for hotels in the city. I parked at the Q-Park a half mile away and walked on Waterloo and Princess Street back to the George.

I had angels beneath my wings that day, I tell you.

Grandma Cannon Balled into that Hot Tub

December 2022

It was 20 degrees outside and I was ready for my five year old grandson to be done swimming in the hot tub. I collected the toys. I started to test the water to see if I needed to add chlorine and I slipped. All of me with my phone, hearing aids, watch, long coat, sweater, long dress, leggings, wool socks and shoes **went right under, face first!**

I hopped out and quickly gave up trying to talk Bubba out of the pool. I left my wet clothes by the fire, redressed only this time I remembered to wear my BOOTS! Thankfully he lived through my absence. I blew my hair dry while sitting by the pool, watching him finish swimming. After getting him dressed, I curled my hair.

I almost secretly pulled off my little faux pas, but he outed me to his mom on the way home. He said:

“Mom! Grandma went ‘Oh! Oh’ and then went in the hot tub with all her clothes on. She cannon-balled and then a big splash. It’s an accident. She’s okay.”

So there was an eye witness.

Thanks to Theresia Lundgren who provided the idea for the following:

Grandma cannon balled into that hot tub
Testing for its level of chlorine.
Only there to watch her grandson Bubba.
Hoping that her fall had gone unseen.
Standing on the snow base made her higher.
Unaware her shoes had little tread
She reached down, then reached a little further,
Then fell in like she was a ton of lead.

I’m feeling like, even without video, this should be added to my silly hashtag #oldbodiesrolling.

Two years later I learned about Artificial Intelligence and created the following photos of the event.



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