

*(Continued from page 19)**Flowers of the Forest*

Isla Montgomery

Miss Isla Montgomery, CMSI Life # 113, passed away on May 15, 2004. She was active in Clan Montgomery in the early years, having become a member in 1981, and was among the first to become a Life Member when that option became available in 1990.

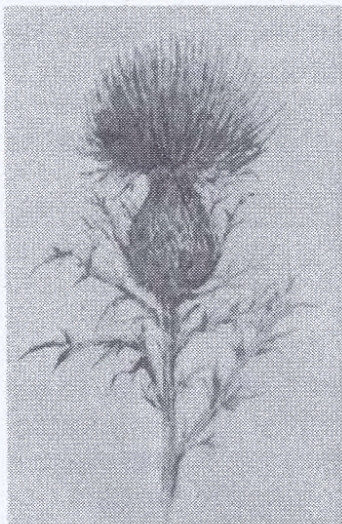
Isla was born in Osborne, Kansas on February 12, 1923. She worked for the University of Colorado as a registrar until her retirement. According to CMSI Past President Monty Perkins, "Isla was our first Regional Vice President of Colorado. She hosted the Clan Montgomery tent at Scottish Games held in Pike's Peak, Monument, Co, as well as the Colorado Games in Denver and at Long's Peak at Estes Park, Co."

Monty continues, "In August 1988, Isla planned and hosted our Genealogy Meeting, which was held during the Rocky Mountain Games in Golden, Co. She attended many of our Annual Meetings in the early years." Being very interested in genealogy, Isla did a great deal of research on her ancestor, Alexander Montgomery, who was born in Hancock City, TN in 1813. "Isla and her niece, Fran Quermous, joined with Clan Montgomery members on our 1989 Tour of Scotland. Isla was interested in succulent plants and traveled in South America to study them. Isla had many interests, and was a delightful person," said Monty Perkins.

Ms. Montgomery gifted her niece Fran and her nephew W. Donald Montgomery, with CMSI memberships. They are CMSI # 748 and # 767. Our deepest condolences to the family of Isla Montgomery.

Mrs. Pat Michael Davis

Alice Plummer and Jan Weller, CMSI Tartan Shop Managers, announced the sudden death of their niece Pat Michael Davis. Mrs. Davis was the daughter of Alice and Jan's sister Rita Montgomery Michael and her husband Bill. Mrs. Davis, the mother of a 15 year old daughter, resided in Manassas, Virginia.



Drawing by Mary Helen Field

The Thistle of Scotia

*Let the lily of France in luxuriance bloom,
Let the shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain,
Let the rose of fair England still waft its perfume,
But the Thistle of Scotia will dearest remain.
'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore
When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
The emblem our Wallace in battle aye bore;
Then the Thistle of Scotia must dearest remain.
It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale
It blooms in the winter, in snow, and in rain;
The type of her sons when rude seasons assail—
To Scotia, her Thistle will dearest remain.*

Author Unknown