

The BullsEye *In Memory of*



Dorothy Turnbull Berk
1925-2001

DOROTHY TURNBULL BERK

Born: February 22, 1925 in Chicago, Cook co. Illinois

Died: March 9, 2001 in Mt. Prospect, DuPage co. Illinois

Dorothy was the oldest of six children born to Robert William Turnbull of Scotland, and his Wife, Ellen Seeman, of North Ireland. Dorothy married William Berk in 1950, preceding her in dead, in 1998. Dorothy use to tell everyone he was, "the wind beneath my wings". A resident Mt. Prospect, Illinois for more than 40 years.

Dorothy had a distinguish career. Working as Secretary for many years in Banks, Insurance Companies, and Stock brokerage houses. She was involved in helping the Marine Corp in the development of the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

In 1977 Dorothy and husband William, took a trip to Scotland, that she said, "Changed the next 21 years of my life". Together they attended the 1st year of the, " International Gathering of Clans". On this trip, they were put in touch with John Turnbull, the Founder, of the Turnbull Clan of Scotland, and his wife Myra, from Hawick.

Dorothy later found she had been appointed the Convener of the U.S.Trundles. It was looked upon as, "just doing Missionary work".

Dorothy was a strong, but gentle loving person, who loved working with the Clan members. Never so busy as to dismiss anyone, problems were never left unresolved. She even took on the U.S. Postal Service, when she was notified that a company was using the Turnbull coat of arms for another family name. Obtaining from the Post Master General, a "Cease and Desist" order to the involved Company.

Dorothy will be greatly missed, by Clan Officers and members, her friends and family, and maybe if we are all lucky, we will feel her **"wind beneath our wings."**

A Message From Convenor Emeritus Dorothy Turnbull Berk

My first trip to Scotland in 1977 changed the next 21 years of my life. It was the first year of the now defunct "INTERNATIONAL GATHERING OF THE CLANS", Scotland's contribution to the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebration.

Through a series of rather remarkable coincidences, I was put in touch with John Turnbull of Hawick, our late founder. The late Sir Arthur Elliott had encouraged John to rally the Turnbells and to join with the other Border Clans in the festivities being held in the Borders. Before the day and evening was over I had been thoroughly indoctrinated in all that was to take place and found myself appointed Convener of the U.S. Trundles. I was stone sober, the day had turned into a party and the Turnbull Whisky flowed and flowed. Unfortunately, due to prior family arrangements I had to be in the south of England that following weekend when the first big Turnbull Gathering was to take place.

A couple of years later, at the next Turnbull Gathering in Hawick, Scotland, I met Jim and Shirley Turnbull of Australia. We learned that we shared similar incidences in starting up the Clan Branches. At this point in time all memberships were in the parent organization in Scotland. We were just doing the missionary work. The U. S. members were calling for a Branch of their own and with John's permission we started out with a dual membership situation. Part of the dues were sent to Scotland. This continued until shortly before John's death. Myra, John's widow, carried on with the parent organization for a few more years until personal obligations made it too much of a burden. We were now on our own with no umbilical cord.

As a Border Clan we had a lot of prejudicial obstacles to surmount. We found ourselves not welcome at some of the Scottish venues: they were for highlanders only. The law of the land and the economics of running some of these venues kicked down the barriers. In some cases we were reminded that didn't mean they had to like us. Some of those organizations when they came hat in hand to call at our tents or via telephone were reminded of the previous cold shoulder we had received. It was like shooting the messenger but I had to have the satisfaction of reminding them that now a Borderer's money was just as green as a highlander's.

We struggled along, taking our lumps and bumps. We started with nothing but, to borrow a phrase: "You have come a long way baby!!!"

Before his death, John had put some wonderful projects in motion. Working with Scott Bros. woolen mill in Hawick he developed our Tartans, the Dress and the Hunting. The Ancient Hunting Tartan was developed a few years later.

It is nice to know that a number of very interested members are endeavoring to keep the Clan going. May the Turnbull Clan and all of you grow gracefully old together.

Lift our banner high and loudly proclaim "I SAVED THE KING!"

Dorothy

REMEMBERING DOROTHY

By: John G. Turnbull, President

Dorothy Turnbull Berk passed away, mercifully in her sleep, on Mach 9, 2001, in her 76th year. She was born on George Washington's birthday in 1925, and I think it somewhat fitting that the founder of Turnbull Clan Association was born on the same day as the "Father of Our Country".

Some of the members that I had already contacted on my e-mail list replied that they felt a sense of loss of a true friend, even though they had never met Dorothy in person. One appreciated her encouragement in his individual efforts in starting his project connected to TCA. Another member always remembered the support he got in his efforts in various activities. I think that most of us, including myself, felt a loss of a true friend to the community of us, called The Turnbull Clan and that Dorothy would not be there to provided us with the help and encouragement that she provided over the years.

Dorothy would have celebrated her 50th Wedding anniversary with her husband, Bill this last February. Another member wrote me and said that in his many years in the ministry, he has often seen where the surviving spouse soon follows the deceased member, unable to go through life without the love and support of their life's partner. He felt that this was the case with Dorothy. Father Bill Turnbull, said a Mass for Dorothy the following Sunday.

I joined Turnbull Clan Association in July 7, 1977, soon after it was formed in the United States, by Dorothy. I noticed her advertisement in the Highlander Magazine as Convener. However, I did not correspond with Dorothy until about 15 years ago, when my wife and I started maintaining the mailing lists for her, and even then I really did not get know her well.

However, what came through from Dorothy in her correspondence and conversation, as an underlying message, never expressed, was Dorothy's total commitment (expressed in many different ways) to Turnbull Clan Association, and the community of Turnbolls (other spellings of the name naturally are included here) and to the betterment of the TCA, and yes, her resistance from what she perceived as threats to the well being of TCA.

Without Dorothy there would not have been a Turnbull Clan Association for the 22 years that she ran it, and when she disbanded the old Turnbull Clan in 1998, she was still there as a central focus for the formation of the new organization. Not only did she devote her own time, but also her own personal funds, for TCA, even when the parent organization in Scotland withered on the vine. She was the sole central support of TCA over the years and that support was vital to the continued existence of what TCA has now become.

We all owe Dorothy sincere thanks for all that she has done over the years. We also owe it to ourselves and to future generations of the Turnbull Clan to continue the work that she started to build Turnbull Clan Association into a bigger and stronger organization. Part of that effort will be the establishment of the Dorothy Turnbull Berk Memorial Achieves. Dorothy often said that her husband Bill was the wind beneath her wings. For many years, Dorothy was the wind beneath TCA wings.

Dorothy, we will miss you very much.