Her Majesty the Queen shaking hands with Lewis L Neilson Jr, Chancellor, National Society magna Charta Dames and Barons, a descendant of one or more of the original Barons, 15 June 2015.

Photo taken by NSMCDD member, Nancy W Nakamura

Following the 15 June 15 2015 Event and Tea at the adjoining estate, 107 participants in the National Society Magna Charta Dames and Barons Educational Tour, here in front of Lincoln Cathedral
Below is an article from one of our members, participating on our Tour:

Tracing the historic trail of Magna Carta, a delegation of 140 Americans representing the National Society Magna Charta Dames and Barons travelled to Runnymede on the 15 June for the 800th Anniversary of the Magna Carta. They made the trip for various personal, professional and intellectual reasons. Magna Carta Dame Cassidy Herrington, daughter of Society of Colonial Wars Governor in the Commonwealth of Kentucky Ken Herrington, tells us her story. Cassidy is a news producer for WCBU-FM Public Radio in Peoria, IL.

"To the Brits, our arrival in Runnymede was startling. Conversations sounded something like this: "We can trace our lineage to the barons of the Magna Carta," I recall explaining to a stranger I met in line for coffee on that chilly morning. "But you're American," he replied. "Why do you care so much about Magna Carta?"

"Every American on our trip had a different, and often deeply personal, answer to this question. Without hearing their response, you could take a few guesses by observing how they travelled, how they talked about their genealogy, or how they amassed souvenirs at each medieval stop along the way. I was sort of an outlier in this group. I'm 25 years old, so genealogy hasn't yet begun to infiltrate my free time.

"I recall studying the Magna Carta and how it inspired the Bill of Rights, the document that US soldiers, to this day, risk their lives to protect. I'm a journalist, so I'm particularly partial to the first amendment. That was enough for me to agree to make this journey, and like gilded icing on the Queen's cake, the 800th Anniversary was a rare opportunity to understand, even empathise with, the travails of my ancestors. That's why at 05:00 on that Monday, I eagerly arose to the ringing of the concierge's wakeup call. After a few swigs of instant Nescafé, my father and I boarded the bus, or coach as the driver preferred to call it, that rounded misty curves on the country road to Runnymede, where our ancestors gathered 800 years ago. 