

the Adrian Herald

SPECIAL EDITION 2003

Special Edition, 2003

This edition of the Adrian Herald is written by Adrians, about a variety of topics. Available on-line only, this will be the first of hopefully many such editions of this newsletter. (Please forward any submissions to the Chronicler for consideration.)

In Memory of Dame Diana

Sir Michael Sinestro

Farewell, fair flower of Umbria
We grieve and mourn our loss
Alas! We know not what we have
Until it's gone from us

Although your prowess in the Arts
Moved some to jealousy
Your talents inspiration gave
To those with eyes to see

Your regal bearing did befit
The Duchess that you were
Your presence will be sorely missed
Of that fact I am sure

The Dream will yet continue on
Diminished, to be sure
But strengthened by your memory
It cannot but endure

And so, crown jewel of Umbria
We who do yet survive
To honor you we'll do our best
To keep the Dream alive

Sonnet of Sorrows

Squire Gilbert Taylor

Winter has come hard to my heart
Snows of sorrow drift at the door of my soul
For my love has chosen to depart
Taking with her a part of me she hath stole

What once was sweet spring birds song
Has become the quiet of lonely winters meadow
That spring bird migrated and long gone
Taking all from me when she did go

O cruel taste of eternity
Fool that I am for believing why must this my fate be
Was it always false and deceiving
As deep as I am in the grips of my sorrow

I will hold fast to what was
And pray for true love on the morrow.

For the Empress Maedb

Sir Michael Sinestro

All Adria beholds you on the throne
And it's a truly wondrous sight to me
Your beauty and your grace, they are well-known
To anyone who has the eyes to see.

But more than beauty binds us all to you
And grace alone would not fulfill our need
Your other virtues show in all you do
Inspiring us to follow as you lead.

Your lamp of chivalry is burning bright
You hold the scales of justice in your hand
Your wisdom is to us a shining light
Illuminating all of our fair land.

So have a pleasant day, my lady fair
And may you reign forever (if you dare).

For the Empress Elisabeth

Sir Michael Sinestro

Oh, jewel that sparkles in our lands so fair
Dispersing light to make all darkness flee
In grace and wisdom no one doth compare
With thee, beloved Imperial Majesty

With some reluctance didst thou take the throne
Again to serve your Empire as it's head
By this your knightly virtues can be known
Your sense of duty overcame your dread

How blessed are the lands that thou dost rule
Prosperity and peace are in thy train
He who is blind to this is but a fool
How well it is for us that thou dost reign

And now thou and thy love enjoy this day
And may you reign for... , yes I know, NO WAY

An Italian Sonnet

Baroness Squire Bridgett O'Flaherty

Hast thou seen the sun shineth in thine eyes,
Heard the sweet nightingale's song in thine ears?
Hast thou tasted thine own bittersweet tears,
And reached for a dream further than the skies?

Dost thou's happiness wear a smug disguise?
An eager partner to dance with thou's fears,
Producing moonlit vows and souvenirs
Then just turns away with whispered goodbyes.

Then thou hath know love in its rarest form,
In its purest emotion, yet fleeting,
Leaving behind players without a script,
Standing upon the stage forced to perform

A languishing scene, doomed to repeating
Its wistfulness, with only hope equipped.

Wistful Sigh

Squire Gilbert Taylor

Such wistful sighs she creates in my heart
Entering my minds eye unbidden
Passion and fire she does impart
Keeping her own emotions deep hidden

Drawn to this muse this Godly creation
With no desire to escape her wiles
So wonderful my sudden infatuation
Beautiful angel that beguiles

What thoughts may she possess
I cannot know the answer
Should I my love profess
Wouldst such brazenness offend her

What fools we are when love be new
We fools though are the lucky few.

Emperor's Obligation is Ended



At the conclusion of the Imperial War, 2002, the Emperor, Sir Karl von Katzburg, agreed to divorce then-Empress Maedb Hawkins (in order to marry now-Empress Elisabeth Grey). As part of the divorce settlement, Dame Maedb agreed to take on the responsibilities of Abbess of the Sisters of Saint John of Jerusalem, and Sir Karl agreed to be responsible for her maintenance.

As those of you following the articles in the newsletter already know, abbey life did not sit well with Her Highness. She has been released from her vows. Sir Jamie the Red, Baron Wharfside, did immediately ask for her hand in marriage. Knowing his financial obligations would end with such a contract, His Imperial Majesty quickly agreed.

Sir Jamie and Dame Maedb were wed in Esperance this past month. This was Sir Jamie's first marriage, and Dame Maedb's third. (Her Highness' first marriage, to Sir Coda der Drachonsohn, ended with Sir Coda's retirement to Shady Pines Rest Home for Retired Crowns. Her second marriage was to Sir Karl von Katzburg.)

Love in Castilles

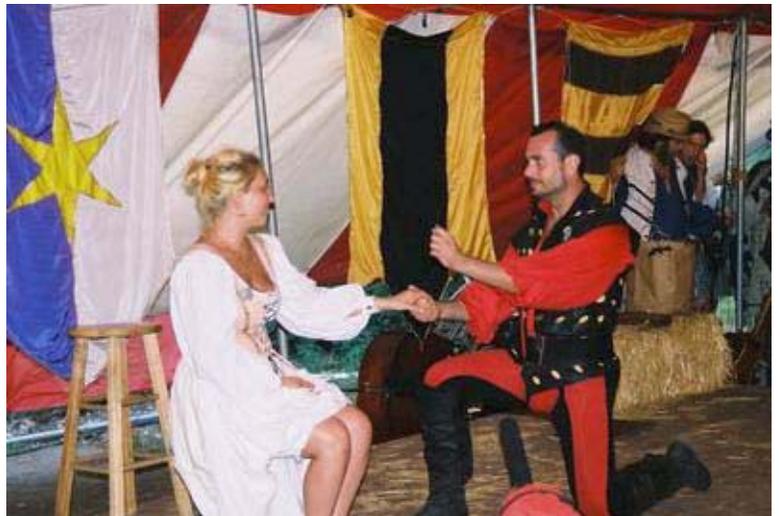
Imagine a huge, beautifully decorated royal tent at the Florida Renaissance Festival, brimming with lords and ladies, serfs and wenches, all watching the various musicians and beautiful dancing ladies performing on the little stage. There is a festive feel in the air, for we had been called to witness a very special occasion.

There is a gentleman at faire who makes a good living as a professional insulter. The more you pay him the more he will insult your victim. Just as I was ready to burst with anticipation, the insulter appears and with much flare tells us he has been paid very well to pull someone out of the audience for a bit of abuse.

He puts a little chair on the stage... and calls Lady Angalina de Medici's name!! Our lovely Angalina is absolutely striking in her peach & white Renaissance dress. She has no idea what she is in for but she bravely makes her way to the stage and sits through a verbal rendition of her imaginary character flaws. It was ugly but she handled it well.

Sir Alaric emerges from the back, yelling at the insulter. "You can't talk to the woman I love like that." A verbal argument ensues followed by a mock fistfight with Alaric as the victor. The insulter departs, mumbling something like "but you're the one who paid me." Alaric, dressed to the hilt in his Renaissance garb, steps up on the little platform stage and addresses the audience, "you all know I'm a man of few words." Everyone there knows him and we laugh, knowing this to be far from the truth. He turns to Angalina "I only have four words for you. Will you marry me?" he holds out a ring. Angalina is beyond surprised, and with a look that brought tears to my eyes, she says, "YES" and they madly kiss each other.

Amy Duffy



The Banner War Song (The Triumph of York)

Dame Brianna Delhryn

Oh the skies were dark and gloomy
As York headed off to War
To fight the Castille's army
And bring the Banner home once more

Chorus:

**Oh bring back home the Banner, boys!
The writings on the wall
The Banner she belongs to us
And hangs in Killian's hall**

The army fell in line behind
Their Majesties who led
Our mighty force to battle
Behind the flag of gold and red

Chorus

The generals then held their court
A challenge in the air
King Killian stood tall and proud
And smiled to meet the dare

Chorus

A small force hailed from Dragon's Mist
and joined Castille's band
An Alliance against York 'twas formed
As they joined hand in hand

Chorus

"To Arms! To Arms!" The shout was heard
All warriors took heed
And took their place upon the field
None willing to concede

Chorus

Then lo, to the Castille's surprise-
A different force was seen!
With Bow in hand- York's Archers stood
And at their head-- Our Queen!!!!!!

Chorus

Mighty Killian's voice rang loud and true
Listen to me one and all
We must fight together as an army of one
And thus Castilles will fall."

Chorus

Our warriors held their swords up high
Our Archers nocked their bows
And loosed their arrows straight and true
While swordsmen dodged the blows

Chorus

Now back at camp, a dif'rent fight
As our artisans worked hard
From alchemist to armorer
and carver, seamstress, and bard

Chorus

Our warriors returned victorious
The combat portion won
But the artisans fight- it still raged on
The war of words only just begun

Chorus

They battled long into the eve
Their weapon- word and wit
And though the Castille's army tried
They could not quite acquit

Chorus

When at last the final point was marked
And tallies all were done
Battle-weary but elated still
York's Army - we had won!

**Oh we brought back home the Banner, boys!
The writings on the wall
For The Banner - she belongs to us
And hangs in Killian's Hall!**