

# 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.

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## 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).

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## 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

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.)

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## Love in Castilles

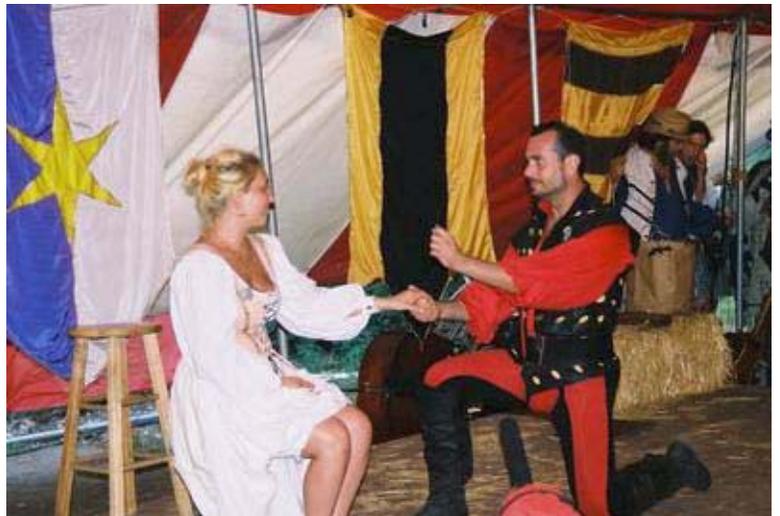
Imagine a huge, beautifully decorated royal tent at the Florida Renaissance Festival, brimming with lords and ladies, serfs and wenches, all watching the various musicians and beautiful dancing ladies performing on the little stage. There is a festive feel in the air, for we had been called to witness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



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# 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!**