

HISTORY OF BRYN MADOC, PART THE SECOND

AEdward of Glastonburh

And the time of Bryn Madoc in the several lands of Meridies had become four years and a handful of days; wherefore did those stalwart folk resolve to become a Barony. So did they bend themselves to the task of becoming, presenting petitions to the Crowns, and to Those Who Dwell Beside the Western Sea, so that their estate might increase. And it came to pass, in the fullness of time, that Bryn Madoc was given assent, and did then decide to ask Aedward and Margala if they would serve as Baron and Baroness. To this they agreed, and it became Dylan's pride to set the time and place of the investiture. So it was ordered, and on the 15th day of November in the year A.S. XV (1980), all of the people of Bryn Madoc, together with many of their friends and much beloved ones, brought themselves together at a place called the Camp of Kelley, there to celebrate their newly-won status. There also were created the first Companions of the Order of the Dreamstone, and their names were Aedward and Margala and Domenica and Lionel and Dylan, first amongst them all as Principal. So it was that the warmth of that happy day and night put to rout the snow and ice which had tried to cloak the gathering in the hoar of winter.

So too did the quiet blanket of winter enfold Bryn Madoc, tucked safe against the icy blasts which would hold sway until the coming spring....

The year of the Society XV saw a winter both hard and sere; 'twas a season of little activity, and much restive stirrings among Madoc's new tribe as the coming warmth of Spring found all anxious to leave the chill of the shorter days behind (if only for a time).

Such was their enthusiasm for the longer days that, in an age when the law of the Kingdom decreed that the Crown List must fall upon the second weekend of May, he who had vowed to shepherd the second Tourney of the Dreamstone that same weekend said "we can do both." Whence was he who would be known to all generations as Etien Durand cured of his desire for future service as "he upon whose shoulders all responsibility and crap glory should fall" (known to many as the "autocrat"). Those many and divers deities responsible for good omens and beneficent weather smiled upon Madoc's children that fated weekend, and the Killer of Bears was yet again triumphant in the contest for the Crown of Meridies.

Of greater import was the misty musings and twilit terpsichore of those emboldened souls who would, on that fabled weekend, dance the dance displayed, and bestir themselves to fashion a company bound together as the Order of the Displayed Moon, in honor of the lunar preeminence on that blessed evening of beginning.

Once liberated, the hot days of the new year of the Society XVI came forth with a vengeance, even unto the place of the Veterans, where the War of Sleep was being fought. This second such war was joined in the high, waning days of June; and battle was joined early upon the field, to the mad strains of music most martial, and filled with the uncertainties of war, as mad Orlando assumed the shape (if not the stature) of the Mad Celt; and confused slaughter was the order of the day.

At June's hot climax, the children of Madoc again took themselves to the Place of Pilgrimage, that they could walk Madoc's wall, and dream yet a little while Madoc's dreams. This was done on the

28th day of that first month of summer's sway.

And as season followed season, so too did John and Heather follow Bjorn and Megan to the high thrones of Meridies. In the first week of the new reign, it was again time to gather with the fine folk of the South Downs, in joyful celebration of the Tourney of the Red Tower. Held at the Creek of Hard Labor, this happy occasion brought the first cool of the fall season to the Kingdom, and those who had cried loud and long for the warmth of Spring were not at all sorry to see fiery summer yield to the more temperate ministrations of autumn.

The new days of winter brought with them a new Barony to Meridies, as the good folk of Glaedenfeld did place upon the Baronial seat Akim Yaraslovich, on the day and evening of the 9th of January, in the year newly-minted. This joyous moment of high winter gave way to the spring faire held by the great water of the Lake of Lanier. Here were many folk bemused by Madoc's children and their companions, as fighting and feasting and fine array were the orders of the day. In celebration of the new year of the Society, a May pole was raised up, and many made merry and prepared for the contest for the Crown, held at a place called Tekawitha only a week later. There did many contest for the Crown, there did Aedward's knee go south whilst he was going north, there in high court was Phelan the Tactful knighted, and there did Roderick Levellance carry the day upon the field of honor.

The next week found Madoc's folk again near home, again to celebrate the Tourney of the Dreamstone. On this 15th day of May did they gather, to make happy revelry, and to dance in darkness again like unto demented flamingos.

The heat of June found Madoc's company at the place of the Faire of the Arts and Sciences for Meridies, where delights for the eye, ear, and palate did battle with the winged pestilence and moist humours which were part and parcel of the summertime in that place. June's close saw Madoc's friends again at their namesake place -- this fourth-such pilgrimage marked the sixth year of Bryn Madoc, and the beginning of the seventh. With renewed vigor did those happy folk look forward to a future bright as the sun which shone down upon their careful passage along the walls and ramparts of Madoc's ancient crafting....

So did the radiance of summer give way to the cool stirrings of fall and even as the first frosty breath of winter kissed the Tourney of the Red Tower, so too did the keen and icy blasts visit themselves on those who came to the halls of learning at the Place called Wesley in Madoc's demesne, there welcomed to the seventh Collegium Cambrium by Leonora and the breaker of bread, Asenaeth. It was in this collegial clime that the year mundane drew to a close, and the year reckoned at large as 1983 was opened with a feast at the Palazzo Farnese-D'Este, on the 29th day of January in that still-young year.

Because of covenants struck betwixt those happy folk of the South Downs and Bryn Madoc, it was next resolved that this joyous state should be celebrated by the convening of an Interbaronial Peace, at the sanctuary of Tuckston, in Madoc's more eastern climes. Thence did the autocrats Geoffrey and Loren welcome those shivering masses from the west, and there also again did Asenaeth lay in sup against the cold and dark. Here also was played the Contest of the Cloth-Wound Sphere, known in the vulgar tongue as medieval football. With much gaiety and dashing about and bruising of egos and shins, John Hollingsworth brought this diversion to one and all, even unto those who shouted encouragement from afar.

And, eventually, the storms of winter fell before the relentless onslaught of a spring which would not be denied, and Madoc's several children found themselves celebrating the return of new life at a place called Memorial Park. There, on the seventeenth day of April, did they share with those of the village of Athens their skills and joys at medieval crafts and fine array. So did the folk enjoy the festival of arts, if not the showers that brought the day to an early close.

The arrival of May heralded the arrival also of the time of the Dreamstone; so was that Tourney held on the 14th, and with a result that caused some to wonder whether it might more properly be thought of and memorialized in song and saga as the Celt/Cavalcanti Tourney. At this gathering, John Hollingsworth was the host of hosts, and Brian Maolcaoin (he who did found the Barony at Windmasters' Hill) was the master of the feast.

Thence came the furnace of summer, and with the sere days, a return to the coolness of Madoc's mount, there to harvest the early fruits of summer, launch the Celtic Air Force, and distribute cooling draughts of water by means of swollen latex messengers. Also was it a day for portraits and readings, surveying of the vast lands of our fief, and a feast well-prepared by loving hands and hearts. Thus did the fifth trip to the mountain of our naming draw to a close in the cool showers and summer tempests of early evening, and so too did Madoc's tribe hie itself home.

And the wheel of seasons spun on, bringing to us again the cool kiss which was the Tourney of the Red Tower. Hard upon its heels, Madoc's minions felt again the autumnal call of the fever of learning; and Domenica called one and all to the 8th session of the Collegium Cambrium, again at the place called Wesley, there to teach and learn and revel in each other's company. Geoffrey's feast was the crown upon the day, as all gathered warm cloaks about them, proof against the shrill winds and icy hoar of winter, as it was the 15th of October, and winter drew nigh....

In celebration of which, Caitlin served as host for the Barony as we invited all and sundry to the camp of Kelley, there to celebrate the Yule feast, and the joyous natal season of the birth of Christ. As in days of old, when in this place the Baronial seat was established, winter liked this site not, and many were the folk gripped and shaken by the rough and dire breath of the season of sleep.

And so it was that sleep came upon the sons and daughters of Madoc, and it was a sleep of some four months, as the kiss of April woke the sleepers from their deepest slumber....

So did it come to pass, in the year mundanely reckoned as 1984, that winter did begrudgingly give way to spring, and that season of rebirth was marked by a great festival at a place called Lake Lanier. There did Madoc's spawn gather, led by Lady Megan, the 'cratter of autos, who helped coordinate the busy schedule of a weekend well spent in fighting, artistic display, and divers forms of merriment of the age.

But spring was of short moment, and did abruptly give way to an early summer, visiting Bryn Madoc at the fifth tourney of the Dreamstone, on May 12th of the Society year-newly minted. Here again, at the creek of Hard Labor, were gathered the sons and daughters of Madoc's legacy, fit for a hot weekend of fighting, feasting, and observing the transient lunar ritual peculiar to those most excellent companions of the Order of the Displayed Moon. And the frolicsome tones were heard even throughout the land, yea, even unto the far side of the lake of Rutledge. Surely, 'twas a night of

great wonder and trepidation for the aquatic residents in those several precincts. So did Leonora and Cathal host a weekend well spent by all who were wise enough/fortunate enough to attend....

So too unto the closing days of June did summer's fiery days advance. On the 30th day of that month, Bryn Madoc again came to THE Bryn Madoc, in the sixth celebration at the place which was their namesake. Again came to the mountain the pickers of berries, and the eaters of picnic provender, and the flyers of gliding craft upon the winds, and the warriors of the burstable balloons (called by some the aqueous humours). Also there were the blowers of bubbles, and the hikers of the hilltops, and the readers of the writ, and the artists of the lens, there to give meaning to the day of celebration, and to memorialize it for the sake of those who would come after, and those who would craft the sagas of the age. Again were the stations of pilgrimage observed, again were the ramparts scaled, and again were the merchants of stone patronized by weary pilgrims on their homeward journeys.

And the summer waxed long and hot, giving way to the first cooling breaths of the opening days of October. At September's close, Bryn Madoc invited all and sundry to the 9th Collegium Cambrium, held in the place of the YWCO (surely a place of Old Wales to be so named). Dylan was the first among hosts, and the feasting was attended to by Geoffrey MacRaghlaigh and Beck of Longbottom, who did roast the fatted beast for the occasion. There were classes for all and armor in splendid array, brought from the castle fastness of Sir Barok-Baran, who journeyed from many hours to the west to pass time with Madoc's young'uns.

And the cold blasts of late fall heralded winter's approach, and the waning of 1984 gave way before the waxing of the new year of 1985. At Tuckston Kirk, on the 2nd day of February, were gathered the local folk from miles around, there to celebrate the 4th passage of the Peace between Bryn Madoc and the South Downs. Here were there contests in illumination (a challenge to Sir William Colquitt) and the ever-present Contest of the Ragged Sphere, in which shins were bashed; and the honor of the field that day was given to Maerdyn Cay, to be evermore known as Red Sonja. So were winter's frigid blasts held at bay by high resolve, and several courses of the plainsong chant, "South Downs Girls," rang the rafters of the feathall that evening.

With the turning of the seasons, so too turned the great book of days of our Society, and with the dawning in May of a fresh year of the SCA, so too was it time once more for Dreamstone, this sixth tourney of that name, held in the place near the creek of Hard Labor. But that is a tale for another time....

And so it was, in the verdant green and early heat of a year of the Society newly-minted, that the followers of Madoc's scree hied themselves again unto the Creek of Hard Labor, there to contest with each other and choose the year's champion of the Dreamstone. There also was the victor of the Baron's Prize List chosen, and there too did the solemn water dancers revel in the serious moonlight, adding prodigiously to their number and giving the language a new term, "Maytagging."

So did it come to pass, on the day which was the ninth anniversary of the founding of Bryn Madoc, that all and several of that tribe and their friends did again gather at the place called Fort Mountain, there to feast and reminisce and launch the Celtic Air Force upon strong winds. On this, the seventh such trek, again did the pilgrims travel to the places of recital and again were the diverse images recorded, that future generations would know of these folk and this place. Along the northern ridge, refuge was sought from the heat of the day and, ere long and long, all did wend their respective ways

homeward once more, to dream of future great days and leeks and St. Dafydd.

Then there followed upon that gentle folk a profound slumber, such that the time of their sleeping was long, broken only by the brusque hand of autumn upon them all. This harsh awakening brought all and sundry to the tenth session of the Collegium Cambrium, held at the place of Wesley, where of old did the populace draw nigh for instruction. No neck breathing was there, but instead a diverse offering of classes to challenge one and all was provided.

And time passed, and the larger world entered the year styled 1986, and the time for the fifth Interbaronial Peace between the peoples of Bryn Madoc and the South Downs was at hand. At the Camp of Kelley, where once thrones had been raised up, the two peoples did gather again to rejoice in the myriad blessings which brought them all together. Here again was played the Contest of the Ragged Sphere; here also was given the gentle reproof from the Celtic Man with Much Hair, who suggested to Ædward in mid-sport, "Son, you just hit too hard." All gathered to feast and revel in the cosy hall that evening, braced against the blasts of winter outside.

But the wheel of seasons rolled on, and Madoc's children found themselves at the doorway of spring, and thence again to the Creek of Hard Labor did they all go, again to celebrate the Tournament of the Dreamstone. This seventh such tourney was hosted by Sir Galan, and trenchers were ably filled by the loving talents of the Ladies Nicola and Leonora. On the field of honor, Ciarrai o Brannion was the triumphant defender of the Dreamstone, whilst the prize from the Baron's List went to Sir John, called the Mad Celt. It was a day for much splendor, as the Bluebird of Madoc first flew, and a day of great rejoicing, as well, as Dylan and Leonora were elevated to the station of Laurel Peers of the Society for their long years of demonstrated prowess and skill in the myriad arts of the day. Again, by the moon's silver-kiss'd light, demented flamingos frolicked and much was displayed which had been kept hidden. In this manner did Madoc's daughters and sons celebrate the New Year of the Society and the drawing to a close of the tenth year of Madoc's New Age in the West...

In the year of the mundane world 1986, the waxing of the summer was long and hot as those of Madoc's Tribe made ready to take themselves into the mountains. There, as in days gone by, they would dance the dances, tell the tales, and sing the songs as they ever did, reveling in yet another year's passage brought to a successful close. Because this year marked the passing of the first half-score of years in the new age, those of Bryn Madoc bethought themselves as to how best to celebrate this passage. It was decided that the names of each and every fair gentle who had dwelled yet awhile in Madoc's lands would have their names set down upon slips of parchment, and that these names would be attached to balloons, which would bear them away from the mountain top to lands unknown, unseen, and scarce imagined. These parchments would also bear the name of that dwelling from which they came, that any who might find them might, in the fullness of time, send notice back to Madoc's demesne as to how far and fast these messengers had flown.

So it was that, on the appointed day of the 28th of June, Madoc's minions made their way in great ceremony to the appointed mountain fastness. In addition to their usual ritual items and raiments, they also took those things needed to send the windy messengers upon their scattered ways. Of greatest import was a vasty vial of light-air, a weighty contrivance which wanted the services of two of great strength to bear it safely up the mountain and back again.

And so did the assembly frolic, and anoint each other with libations of cooling water, and descend upon the thickets where the berries blue and black did grow, and sail wooden wings upon the fickle winds that only occasionally blew. In the fullness of time, those assembled wound their way to the place of the ritual tablets, which were read according to the proscribed patterns. Unto the place of portraits did the party next wind its way; that done, it was next to the place of the tower (which was not Red), and here the assembly did climb the walls, and wonder at the view from the battlements.

Now the party took themselves to the place of the launching, there to send the balloons into the occasionally angry skies of midsummer. And the ritual was slow in developing, for the good folk had not any experience in things such as these, but eventually, balloons of purple and or hurtled skyward, singly and in clumps, scattered by the powerful breezes which rolled their way up the face of the promontory upon which the happy throng was perched. And there were one hundred and one of these messengers dispatched that day, the last balloon being that of Thrall, a good and noble beast of gentle heart and vile digestive processes, whose blue sphere followed all the rest, as they all to their scattered winds dispatched.

Then was the time of the ritual breathing of the light-air, and the speaking (squeaking) of the sacred words. Many brave tales were highly told, and many sweet melodies squealed as the afternoon grew late, and the tired travelers watched great birds ride the tides of air across the northern reaches of Madoc's demesne. As they returned to their many and several conveyances for the travel homeward, none knew, nor could any say, just where, when, or if any of the heavenly messengers would find their way to earth again....

And so, in the midsummer heat of the year mundanely reckoned as 1986, Madoc's tribe found themselves in dire need of the chill embrace of cool waters. These they found at the place of the rapid chariots, the camp of Fortson, in the only occasionally still waters of the local ce-ment pond. There also did they host those scholars from throughout the Realm, whose thirst for knowledge was only exceeded by their thirst for respite from the burnished furnace which was the high summer of the year of the Society XXI.

Still waxed the summer long and hot as several of the hardy sons and daughters of Madoc braved the elements and the labyrinth which was the set of rules governing the contests of fighting skill at the Pas D'Armes within the several lands of the South Downs. Here too was the first Boke of Dylan seen in the land, first in the hands of Wilhelm the wise (if occasionally sleepy).

After a sojourn to the several lands of Iron Mountain to witness the elevation of the Baron Cipriano, many of Madoc's minions found themselves at the tourney of the Red Tower, again the harbinger of the cool of autumn, and the place of the latex-festooned helms. Here also was the trial of the swimming garb of mail, worn to best effect by the Lady Mariona. In the hands of everyone, and upon the lips of many, were the words of Dylan as scribed in the treatise on the Bane of the Windmaster. This was also the place of the gilded Gilrae, and the occasion for yet another installment of the Medieval Knightly News.

So then to the place of the wounded wain -- the Crown List of Infamy -- the resting place of the flatulent Canine; the season of the Yeoman to the Queen, Wilhelm; and the time of Richard of Raefen as King's Champion. Here was the place at which Ciarra claimed the Crown as his own, and

the place at which the valiant Fliedermaus was felled.

With the wearing on of autumn, the tourney of the Harvest Moon drew pilgrims to the park of Roosevelt, and October gave way at last to the chill of Collegium Cambrium XI, that gathering known as Practicum. Again at the place of Wesley, Madocfolk welcomed a small gathering to a rich day of making music, candles, and good fellowship. Thus did the stillness of winter draw its mantle around Bryn Madoc and the gentle people therein.....