



The Newsletter of the Northern Marches, serving Allyshia, Ravenshore and Wudubolt be Secq

from The Editor

CATRIONA MACRATH

Better late than never seems to be the theme for Volume 4. While we may not gather in person, many in our Society have gathered virtually, in various formats, and creating wonderful things. A returning member shares with us his memories of first encountering Allyshians in the wild, and I am reminded of my early days in the SCA. I hope that you are as well.

Until we can gather again in person, may this issue remind you of our shared interests and friendships.

In this Issue

Calendar of Events	2
From Their Excellencies	2
Virtual Baronial Progress.....	2
My First Event	3
Kalista's Kiddos	4
The Adventures of the Futile Turtle.....	5
Award Recommendations.....	5
Lupercalia	5
Coloring Page	6

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Calendar of Events

Check the West Kingdom calendar for any events converting to virtual format.

Ongoing events

Tuesday Night A&S - Zoom link on Facebook

Check the official calendar at allyshia.westkingdom.org/calendar for details.

from Their Excellencies

DONOVAN RIED AND YRMENGERDIS DE MISINE

Greetings, Allyshia and friends! We realize this year has been difficult for us all, but we now see light at the end of the tunnel.

In the meantime we plan to attend Ravenshore Yule on January 2nd, West Kingdom 12th Night on January 9th, and we will be hosting Lupercalia as an online event on February 6th. We hope to see you at all of these events and look forward to hosting our first.



St. Gertrude, spinning with helpers. Spinning and weaving are traditionally banned during Christmas until Distaff day (January 7).

Virtual Baronial Progress

Their Excellencies plan to attend the following events virtually this winter:

January 2 Kingdom 12th Night

February 6 Lupercalia

My first Event

LORD ROBERT OF CROWHURST (FORMERLY
ROBERT AP MADOG)

In returning from a long break from the SCA, I am reminded of the things that first inspired me to participate for as long as I did and to the degree I chose. As we are all sitting in our homes riding out the plague, perhaps reflection is a mood for the time. A few people I know were present for the times I am going to recount; for them and for everyone else, know that I am attempting to be faithful to what I saw and how I remembered and both may be honestly different from any other record.

My first event was Nine Day, in the Barony in the year AS XXVII (1992). I had heard of the SCA in high school from a friend who played when I was recounting the times my dad took me to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire. That was in Sacramento, but now I was in Eureka and my life was falling apart. My only real and long-term relationship had just ended, hard; my father had been sentenced to prison; and in the wake of it all I was dropping out of CR. My roommate and friend Thom, Erik Firedancer, said to me that summer, "Things are tough, but there is this crazy group of people who meet out in the woods for a whole week and I think you would have a very good time."

Many of you may not have experienced a Nine Day. This was a one-week camping event with weekends on either side up at the Cold Springs campsite on Horse Mountain. It was set in early August to catch the Persied Meteor Shower, but fit nicely between the Crowns and the An Tir-West War. People put up their tents in little pockets surrounded by rocks and brush surrounding a common meadow and wide trail. It was primitive camping, with a natural spring and plywood outhouses, which we re-dug and moved every year (participants earning the

much-envied "Privy Council" award). The primitive conditions and the length of the event made it a place where you fell out of time and could draw deep the counterculture of the Barony and SCA.

This is where the narrative is going to lose a bit of its romantic gloss; but I will go easy on those who know better. By day, things were...well, serene. There were always people open to share, happy to take assistance in their camp and return it for advice and cheer. As the heat lifted and plates passed, things approached a kind of cheer one might expect in a Nordic afterlife. If there was a checklist of things to do, I might have checked most of them. I was lifted by Eric Firediver, caught onto what a spoon-fight was before it got fun, and started a catalogue of really regrettable party songs. Thom was intent on pulling "the party" to our pit and we did so, with gusto. I don't think I could ever explain how much the mix of serenity and debauchery helped to heal me in that time. None of that would have been possible without the generosity, humor, and honor of those who were there...Oh, and we made an effigy of Barney the Dinosaur and burned it in the camp.

For my part, I felt a deep sense of acceptance; being honored by two of Allyshia's highest honors, a Leaf du Jour and a Partyer Extraordinaire. Those two tokens symbolized the virtue of "work hard, play hard" as I'd seen by more experienced members; and the patience I probably did not deserve from Sir Elrond and Mistress Marisol. I tried to live to those examples as I served as part of the populace, A&S minister twice, deputy Seneschal, and Seneschal. My last event was Yule Feast in AS XXXI; following tragedies in the barony and in my personal life where "play" had begun to feel more like "work". Those are stories for other times; let the tales of cheer brighten the darker days and tales of trials give wisdom when life is a smile.

Kalista's Kiddos

12 Days of Christmas (Parody)

ZBINA OF ALLYSHIA

On the First Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Philip where are your pants?"

On the Second Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Third Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Fourth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Fifth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Sixth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Seventh Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Eighth Day of Christmas Mummy

asked of us, "What chore are you doing?", "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Ninth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "How much more laundry?", "What chore are you doing?", "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Tenth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Who let the dogs out?", "How much more laundry?", "What chore are you doing?", "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Eleventh Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Can I take a shower?", "Who let the dogs out?", "How much more laundry?", "What chore are you doing?", "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

On the Twelfth Day of Christmas Mummy asked of us, "Do we have a tree?", "Can I take a shower?", "Who let the dogs out?", "How much more laundry?", "What chore are you doing?", "Have we hung the lights up?", "What is for dinner?", "Can I take a nap?", "Did you send the package?", "How is your homework?", "Who stole the mushrooms?" and "Philip, where are your pants?"

The Adventures of the Futile Turtle of Allyshia (#4)

ZBINA OF ALLYSHIA

As the weather gets slightly colder, the sun came to play with the rains, an odd occurrence as usually by this time the rains would come and hangout. Our friend, Turtle, has been feeling a little lonely this year. With a pandemic spreading, the animal social events have been moved to an online setting. With each passing month this year, Turtle has tried to find ways to keep in touch with her friends. Even without seeing each other, Turtle has been in contact with her friends, Panda and Peacock. As the weather starts welcoming the rain, the pain of not seeing friends is coming more harshly, as this time of the year, where the yearly Yule Feast would happen, comes nearer. Turtle is blessed to have a household of animals and together they have been keeping themselves busy. There is usually always someone talking and as the newest member of the house, Horse, gets bigger, he creates messes and falls and learns about gravity.

While this year for everyone has been odd and not normal, Turtle still wants the magic of the season alive. Even if that means delivering winter cookies and flowers from the garden (that are confused of which season to bloom in) is the closest to gift exchanging there is.

Award Recommendations

Know someone who's doing something nifty? Don't keep it to yourself - make an award recommendation! Awards are still being granted at some virtual events, so it's a great time to get those kingdom-level recommendations submitted.

Do the thing.

<http://heralds.westkingdom.org/Awards/forms/AwardRecommend.php>

Lupercalia

WELAND FOGATEER OF YULEWOOD

Did you know that Lupercalia is a fertility festival from Ancient Rome? The festival was held on February fifteenth to honor the god Faunus in his aspect as Lupercus. The hot party on the fifteenth was at Lupercus' temple in the grotto called Lupercal, where Romulus and Remus were supposed to have been suckled by the she-wolf.

Fertility festivals were so much fun that the Church did not manage to suppress Lupercalia until 494 A.D. The book I pulled this date from says that Pope Gelasius replaced Lupercalia with a festival in honor of the Purification of the Virgin. But most sources say that St. Valentine's Day replaced Lupercalia, and that this is why Valentine's Day is still a day for lovers.

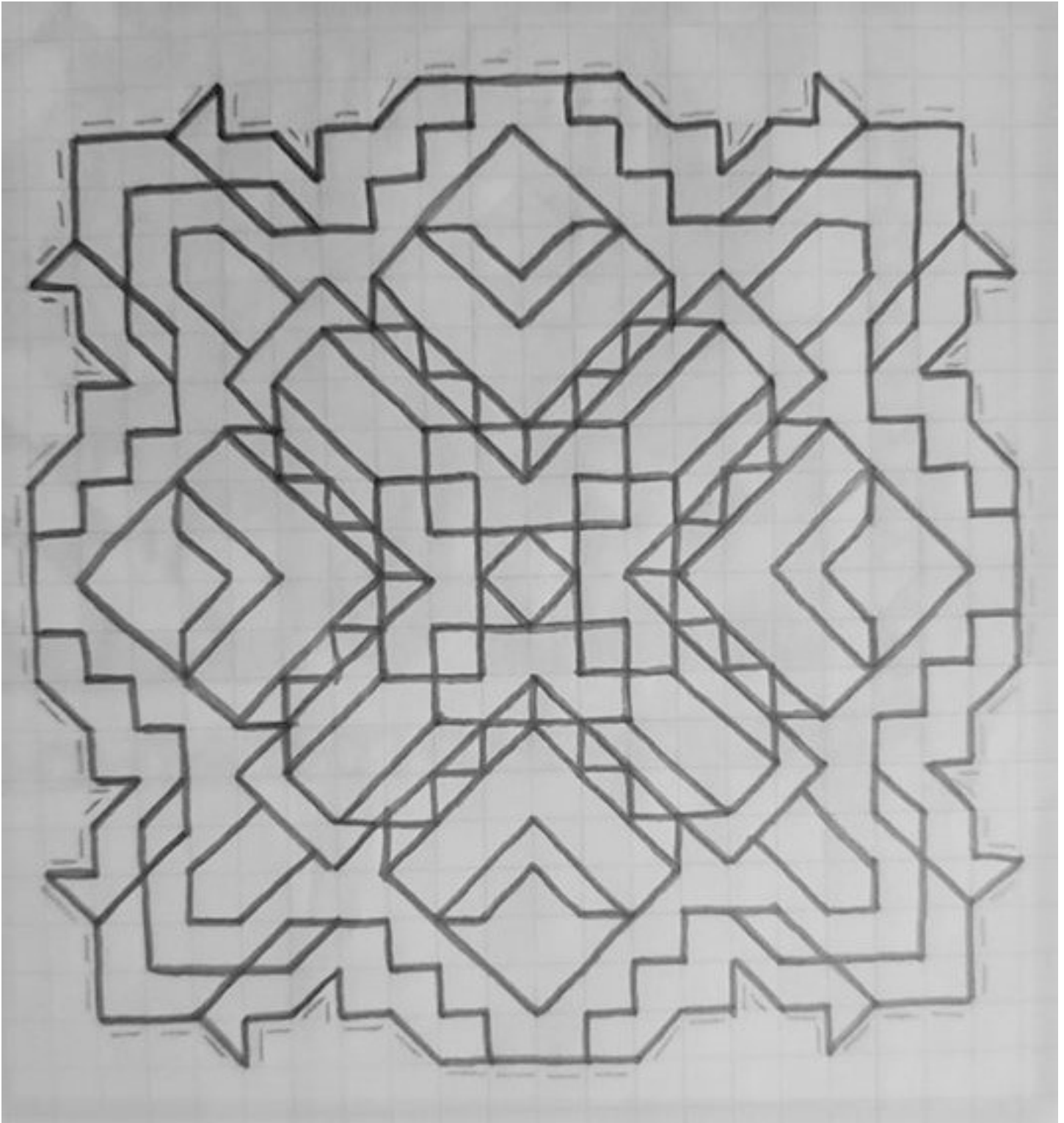
Still with me? Okay. By about the 1500s, there was a growing tradition of lovers sending one another love notes on St. Valentine's Day. These notes grew more and more elaborate over the year (one might imagine due to competing suitors). Eventually, wealthy people were having their valentine cards designed and made by famous artists. I've only seen blurry photos of these cards in encyclopedias and articles by card companies, but they look beautiful.

So this is how the exchange of valentines got started, and when you send someone one, you're being period. But beyond that, valentines bear the distinction of being the world's first greeting cards, and of being one of the only card exchange traditions that is a true tradition started by the folk, rather than a tradition created for commercial purposes.



Coloring Page

Enjoy this mandala drawn by Zbina of Allyshia.



This is the Winter (December) 2020 issue of The Strand, the official newsletter of the Barony of Allyshia. Allyshia is a branch of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc, and does not delineate SCA policies. This newsletter is available online at <http://www.allyshia.westkingdom.org>. Articles and artwork contained herein are reprinted by permission of the author/artist, and may be reproduced only with their permission, except as cited. Submissions should be sent to catriona.macrath@westkingdom.org.