

# Oldentales

VOLUME IV, ISSUE 1



APRIL 2010  
A.S. XL IV

**Happy  
Birthday  
Oldenfeld!  
Come help us  
celebrate our  
birthday!**



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**Fighting!** Rattan and rapier lysts to become the Champions of Oldenfeld!

**Arts & Sciences!** Show off your prowess and vie for the title of Oldenfeld's Champion of ArtSci!

**Archery!** Compete for bragging and points!

**Presents!** People who have paid for feast will be able to win gifts.

At Oldenfeld, we get older and you get presents!

**Classes! Dancing! ... FUN!**

Event Stewart: Lady Muirgein the Divided  
(muirgein@gmail.com)  
850.228.3092

Feast: Master Victor  
(RLobinske@aol.com)

Reservations: Lord Qin Xen Zhi  
(matthewtfountain@yahoo.com)  
850.228.3092  
PO Box 11233  
Tallahassee, FL 32302

FEES:  
Daytrip / 1 Night: \$15  
Weekend / 2 Night: \$25  
Feast: \$10  
Non-member add \$3

Make checks payable to "SCA Inc. Barony of Oldenfeld". Please include driver's license number on check. When sending in a pre-reservation, kindly include for each person: copy of SCA member card, real name, SCA name, and length of stay.

Cabin space is limited and is on a first-come, first-serve basis. No family will be charged more than 3 full adult entrance fees; this limit does not include feast. Children 12 and under are free.

No pets please, but service animals are welcome.

This is the April 2010 issue of Oldentales, a publication of the Barony of Oldenfeld, which is a branch of the Society of Creative Anachronism, Inc. (SCA, Inc.); Oldentales is published as a service to the SCA's membership and is available from Denise Chin (email: sun204@hotmail.com). This newsletter is not a corporate publication of SCA, Inc. and does not delineate SCA, Inc. policies.



Hail Oldenfeld!

**A missive from our Coronets:**

**Master Octavio & Mistress Mairi Ceilidh**

The cry was heard at Gulf Wars and at the coronation of our new King and Queen, Thorstenn and Zephyrine, as Your Barony and its subjects were recognized for fighting skill, artistry and service: Miklos and the siege engines, the fire-walking Knights of Oldenfeld (we won't mention any names), your Celtic illuminators and calligraphers (Muirgein the Divided, Athelyna and Eion), your Queen's Heart Defender (Don Matthias), your Troubador Laureate (Braennan the Misguided), and your newest Pelican, Grainne ni Aileen O Cearbhaille.



So at the one-year anniversary of our investiture, we say with pride that you make the Barony of Oldenfeld one of the strongest and most active in the Known World. At this last event of our season, we offer the sincere thanks of a grateful people to the Officers that have served so well and can now enter a well-deserved retirement (or go on to new offices, as their helium-hands may inspire). We note especially the leadership, commitment and grace of our Seneschal, Master Simon Maurus, the Argent Quill.

What pleases us most is the active involvement of so many new members and returning friends. You will take Oldenfeld to new heights. Umble the Mumbler is our new Seneschal. He takes on every task with joy, and we already admire his skill and tact in working with people. Thus he is full deserving of all your support, and enjoys the highest level of our confidence.

You may know of our new found interest in target archery. Your Baron has just been authorized as an archery marshal (Ranger), and others are in the process of qualifying. So plan to see this new activity at Oldenfeld events and at regular practices.

As always, you are the best. We wish all of you every success in living the dream.

Octavio and Mairi Ceilidh

There once was an Oldenfeld Lord  
 Who had a great meat sword,  
 His shield, made of lace, no accounting for taste  
 And would only enhance the offense of this place!  
 So he travelled afar, where no one know his face,  
 Carrying only a spear and a mace,  
 But his thought e'er returned to the home of his heart,  
 So he cleared his mind with a great big.... SNEEZE!  
 There arose a great clamor and smoke upon the breeze  
 Which of course made him wheeze.  
 Tissue please!!

**Retrieved from our Coronets:  
 Master Octavio & Mistress Mairi Ceilidh  
 At Lion's Tourney Feast  
 Written by various Oldenfeld Gentles**

A last note from our Seneschal:  
Master Simon Maurus  
"The Argent Quill"

WHERE I STAND

Where are you today? Are you dangling by your heels above the delivery table, still wailing your birth cry? Likely not. Think of all your life's experiences, and think about who accompanied you in them. Every mountain you've climbed, every valley you've come through, someone else had a hand in it. Whether it was a hand of support, or a hand in deterrence, someone else had a part in where you are today. It is with this in mind that I pen my last mis-sive to you as Seneschal of the great Barony of Oldenfeld.

I was introduced to our Society back in the 1990s by then Ld Alexander and Lady Cassaundra Gervais. They welcomed me and looked out for me when my "newbiness" was at its most ridiculous. They moved me toward where I stand.

Mistress Silvija and Baron Romas took a newbie under their wing, and their question upon meeting me prompted me to choose my SCA name. They moved me toward where I stand.

I was invited into the Lions of Oldenfeld, a group then led by Ld Cedric. These men and women became my family and they had my back both on and off the field. Much later Baron Cedric and Baroness Genevieve honored me with their trust in allowing me to serve as Seneschal. These good people moved me toward where I stand.

My brother Seamus (who's always right) always looked out for me, and never let my cup run dry. We worked together for years to earn the name "the Dynamic Duo." He moved me toward where I stand.

My friend Ardion and his lovely Lisa have been steadfast in supporting me. Their words and their relationship inspired me then, and inspire me still. They moved me toward where I stand.

Our Coronets, Octavio and Mairi, long before brass ringed their brows, cared and supported me, keeping me close to this game that I so dearly love. They moved me toward where I stand.

My children were willing to share me with all of you for more than a decade. There were hours and even days when they gave me up so that I could follow this Dream. Knowing how long an hour is in the life of a child, this truly humbles me. They moved me toward where I stand.

My good Knight and his Inspiration, Ser Severin and Mistress Lisabetta, fed, clothed and counseled me through some of life's most trying ordeals. So too were they at my side when I was called to a life of service. They cannot ever know how much they moved me toward where I stand.

Good People of Oldenfeld: I thank you for all you have done in moving me toward where I now stand. You have loved me, trusted me and nurtured me in ways for which I can never give recompense. Serving you and our Kingdom is all that I have ever wanted to do, and you graciously allowed me to do so.

One last admonishment from your friend Simon: thank someone today who moved you toward where you are.

Be good, love one another, and let our banners fly.

With Love, Faith and a Passion for both,

*Simon*

Master Simon Maurus, "The Argent Quill", OP

Submitted By:  
Theadora Perplexa  
mka Tracy Haworth

## A Brief History Of Oldenfeld

(This is the way I remember it; others will likely remember it differently. This is the fascination of oral histories, even ones which have eventually been written down. Also, though the facts are mostly correct, the opinions are entirely my own.)

Oldenfeld was founded in the 1970s. Four of the five events that we host every year were started in that dim, misty, long-ago period. Those four were parties or revels then, and were merely the celebrations of the founding of Oldenfeld; the SCA New Year; and Halloween and Christmas festivities. They slowly evolved into the official SCA events we now know as Anniversary Event, Lions' Tourney, Harvest Event, and Yule. After a while the dates for Lions' Tourney and Anniversary event were traded, so we didn't have a big fighting event in the middle of summer. Also, we instituted Panhandle Skirmishes in an effort bring Trimaris and Meridies closer together. There were growing pains and shrinking pains off and on over the years. In the 1970s some members of the Shire started a push for us to become a Barony. They apparently got kind of ill-tempered when others disagreed with them. Members split off and tried to establish their own group, which was unsuccessful, and only left a small remnant of Oldenfelders behind. This became a pattern which repeated every decade or so, but we lost fewer members each time, so when the Kingdom started looking for groups to elevate to Baronial status in time for the Trimarian 20th Year Celebration, we were strong. This time we were really ready for the change, and in 2006 (AS 40) we became the first Barony created since Trimaris became a Kingdom in the 1980s.

We're on the Web:  
<http://oldenfeld.net>

Submitted By:  
Yin Daiyu Feng  
mka Sarah Goodwin

## Great Expectations

In case no one's noticed yet, Oldenfeld's "oldest child" - Rebecca Curtius-Pyke – and I are attached at the hip. And have been, for the last six years. I blame "Becca" for my introduction to the SCA and as most folks in the Society know, a new-comer's perception of the SCA is usually influenced by the person (or people) who brings them in.

My perception of the SCA, thanks to Becca, has always been one dedicated to "the Dream." But, thanks to Oldenfeld's influence on Becca, I have always approached most things in the Society with a big grin and big expectations of *fun*. *Gulf Wars 19 was no exception*.

For six straight years, I've heard every variation of Becca's every story about "Gulf Wars when I was there." Mind you, it's been a little over a decade since the last time she'd been to a Gulf Wars, but that hardly seemed to matter when the two of us were rushing to pack at the last minute, almost a month ago. Both of us had high hopes for Gulf Wars – both, for very different reasons. I had big expectations, because I'd heard all the "cool" stories from Becca, when she'd been there as a youth. Becca had big expectations, because...well...she had fond memories. And both of us were a bit cautious in the expression of our expectations. After all, what if Gulf Wars had changed? What if it was different? What if it disappointed us?

Well, Gulf Wars has certainly changed. And Gulf Wars was certainly different. But, it certainly didn't disappoint either of us. I can honestly say that both Becca and I had fun, from the moment we stepped foot in the Oldenfeld camp, until the minute we threw our tents in the back of our car and bugged out before Saturday's big rain storm.

I can't really speak for what Gulf Wars 19 was for Becca. But, I can certainly vouch for the smile that was always on my best friend's face. As for me – this year's Gulf Wars was the best of all expectations. I met new people; made new friends. I had fun sitting around the camp fire and talking with my fellow Oldenfelders (even when they teased me for *hours – and most of you reading this will know why, eh?*). *I had fun wandering down Merchant's Row (though, I'm not so sure my husband had as much fun watching the figures drop in our bank account)*. *I had fun "freaking out the SCAdians" (and yes, that can happen! It's called riding a bike at 7 in the morning, when everyone else is stumbling about, half-awake)*. *I had fun talking, and laughing, and just enjoying a new experience, a new environment. I made the comment to Becca that a rare part of me comes out in the SCA – at Gulf Wars, it wasn't hard for me to talk to random strangers. But, in Mundane life, I'm rarely so animated or extroverted. In many ways, Gulf Wars brought the best out in me, socially; I was able to let my defenses down, just be myself, and just have fun.*

Submitted By:  
Yin Daiyu Feng  
mka Sarah Goodwin

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Though, I think when I look back at this, my very first Gulf Wars, I will remember it most fondly for its archery. Yes, that's right – for its *archery*. *This Gulf Wars, Becca and I discovered a new obsession for our lives; we hadn't even been there 24 hours, before the two of us procured our very first bows and quivers. I think very few things in my short life can top the feeling of drawing back the string of a brand new longbow, with a brand new arrow pointed down range at a beat-up target. Becca and I spent several hours in the course of that short week, on the archery range, just learning and having a good time in the company of others with the same passion.*

And that, I think, is the whole point to events like Gulf Wars. I think it's the whole point to the Society: Learning together. Discovering passions together. And sharing that learning and passion with each other.

This was my first Gulf Wars. This was Becca's debut Gulf Wars, after an absence of almost thirteen years. For both of us, it was time of friendship, learning, and sharing. When we arrived Wednesday afternoon, it was with big smiles and great expectations. When we left Saturday morning, it was with big smiles and a mutual satisfaction in expectations that were fulfilled above and beyond what we could have hoped.

We'll be back to Gulf Wars, come rain or shine, mud or dust (or, even, all four at once). And until next year, Gulf Wars 19 will have a warm place in our memories and hearts.



*Photo used with permission.*

Submitted By:  
Yin Daiyu Feng  
mka Sarah Goodwin

## Where Thanks Is Due

There are many points in the course of life, where thanks must be given where it's due. Many of you – my fellow Oldenfelders – know that I have recently been faced with a pivotal turning point in my military career. The long and short of that point is this: in order to progress with my career as a chaplain's assistant, I've had to pass a physical fitness test and qualify for a five-week course that was almost four years over-due.

When I came back home to Oldenfeld this past June, I was terribly out of shape. When I joined my new Army National Guard unit in Alabama this past October, my First Sergeant asked me if I could pass the physical fitness test and my answer was "absolutely not." I struggled through October and November with my weight and physical fitness, but with the turning of the New Year, I found new motivation.

*Oldenfeld, that motivation has been you. I want to thank all of you for what you've done to help me achieve the success I found recently. Thank you, to those of you who have actually gotten out there and run with me. Thank you, to those of you who have put me in armor and beaten the ever living love out of me. Thank you, to those of you who have given me a place to practice my archery. Thank you, to those of you who have gotten on a bike with me and spent Sunday afternoons riding down St. Mark's Trail. Thank you, to those of you who have taken the time to shown me how to eat right. Thank you, to those of you who have eaten right with me. Thank you, to those of you who have encouraged me, who have followed my progress, who have congratulated me on my success, and who have complimented my weight loss.*

Thank you, Oldenfeld. I feel that it wouldn't be fair to name names, because – to me – this has been a Barony effort.

On April 7<sup>th</sup>, I was approached by my superiors and asked when I wanted to go to my five week course. That same five week course that's four years overdue and that I've been working so hard to get in shape for. My progress has been noted by the "Powers That Be" (otherwise known as my chain of command) and in their opinion, I'm ready to go to my course, even without my physical fitness test results.

I couldn't have done this without everyone's help and willingness to stand behind me. I am truly humbled and blessed to be part of such an amazing "family". Six years ago, when one of Oldenfeld's children found me in the foreign shores of the Far West, I could have never imagined that such a chance meeting would lead to this: a place and people worth fighting for.

Oldenfeld – thank you for your help, for your encouragement, for your support, for your friendship, and for your love. I will always be proud to call myself an Oldenfelder, and I will always be proud to wear the uniform in service to all of you and to the Dream.

**Oldenfeld Baronial Officers:**

Coronets:

Baron Octavio de Flores &  
Baroness Mairih Celidh

Seneschal: Master Simon Maurus

Constable:  
Lord William UlfHospitaler: Magistra  
Theodora PerplexaMinister of Children: Lady  
Catherine the CrossHeralds:  
Don Aiden, Lord William Ulf

Heavy Marshal: Sir Lorcan

Rapier Marshal:  
Ld Lachlan MacPhersonCombat Archery Marshal:  
*vacant*Art/Sci Minister: THL Grainne  
ni Aileen O'CearbhailleExchequer:  
Count Ardion DochessfordChamberlain:  
Count Ardion DochessfordChronicler:  
Lady Marie le Mains

Historian: Lady Siomha



Librarian: Lady Marie le Mains

Webminister:  
Lady Muiergen the Divided***Baronial Activities:***

The Barony of Oldenfeld holds **business meetings** on the first and third Thursdays of each month; these meetings are held at the:

**Leon County Main Library:  
200 West Park Avenue, Tallahassee, FL**

We have **fighter practices** (rattan, rapier and combat archery) on Sundays at 11 AM on the FSU campus Landis Green, in front of the library.

**Shop Nights** are held on the first and third Tuesdays from 6:30 - 9:30 PM at the home of Ed & Michelle Costello; their home phone number is 878-7565. Shop night is a chance for everyone to work on projects like armor and sewing.

The **Oldenfeld Assemble** meets at the home of Jay & Jancie Ter Louw every Monday night from 7:30 pm—9:00 pm. Their home phone number is 668-3807. This is open to anyone in the Barony who would like to sing or play an instrument.

**Dance Practice** is held every Wednesday night at the Publix on Ocala 7 pm. Yes, at the Publix on Ocala — upstairs in the meeting room.

The **Cook's Guild** meets once a month—meeting whereabouts are discussed during the Business Meeting.

***Thank you to all our contributors!***

*- Lady Marie le Mains*

***Serve your Barony!***