Festivals, Holidays and Traditions Issue
The Royal Interview of Timothy and Ysmay

What is your favorite thing about being King and Queen?

Our favorite thing about being King and Queen is to be able to recognize and give awards out to all the amazing people in our Kingdom.

What is your least favorite thing about being King and Queen?

Our least favorite thing about being King and Queen is when we have to punish people for bad behavior.

What is your favorite Meridian Tradition?

Our favorite Meridian tradition is the Chalice Charity tournament at MGT. This tournament requires all fighters to pay $20 to fight. The winner gets to take the total amount raised and donate it to a women's shelter of their choice. For us, it shows the best of people—generosity.

If you could be any fantasy creature what would you be?

Timothy: If I could be a fantasy creature, I would be Aslan, from Chronicles of Narnia.

Ysmay: I would be a phoenix, like Fawkes in Harry Potter.

What would be the perfect event?

The perfect event would be set in a real medieval castle, all decked out with medieval furniture and décor. It would have an indoor fireplace in the middle of the common room so that we could all revel together indoors. We would have fighting and classes during the day, huge 10 course medieval feasts at night. A beautiful court set in a room where a court may have actually been held. Having all of our friends there to enjoy it would make it perfect.

What is your favorite food?

Ysmay: Toss-up between strawberry cheesecake and pumpkin pie.

Timothy: I don't usually pick favorites, but anything that Ysmay doesn't eat, I will!
What is your least favorite food?

Timothy: My least favorite food...! I don’t have one

Ysmay: My least favorite food is seafood!

If you could have any pet real or not what would you have?

Ysmay: A dolphin, hands down. Timothy: I would have 100s of pets, all different kinds. Whoever needed a home, I would give it to them.

What do you like the best about the holidays?

We like being able to be with family. Presents are a major plus! If you could give the Kingdom a gift what would it be? This is a hard one! We would give the gift of a travel budget to each member so that they could come to events without worry of cost.

What is your best advice? Be excellent to each other!

What does it feel like to be king and queen?

It’s an honor to be King and Queen! It’s really fun, but busy! We have events to attend, letters to write, gifts to send and awards to share. While it takes a lot of time to do these things, we really love being able to do it.

Are the thrones comfortable? With extra padding, yes. The Crowns, not so much.

Do you have people that help you, and if so, how?

We have tons of people that help us. When we actually attend events, people carry our stuff for us, help us get food and drinks, set up our thrones, sometimes they even help set up our tent! We have people help make us fancy garb to wear, jewelry and even gifts, called largesse, to give out to people. We have lots of other people that help behind the scenes too, coordinating things like court, making scrolls, regalia, and newcomer items. We definitely couldn’t do this without the help of all these other people.

How is this reign different than your last one because of covid-19?

After this reign is over, we will be the longest reigning King Queen that Meridies has had. This reign has been much different because we haven’t been able to attend events in person. Some things that we truly miss are being with our friends, eating the delicious feasts and sitting around a campfire but we have still been blessed to have give awards to so many deserving people in the Kingdom.
The 7 Knightly Virtues.

The Next Penfethers Issue is about the first two Knightly Virtues.

Courage & Justice

Anyone can follow the Knightly Virtues. Our next interview is with Meridies own BFG, Thl Drogo Inn Keiselsgr. He is squired to Sir Luu Naran and a member of the Order of the Bear. Questions are due January 15th. Please send questions to Penfeathers@Meridies.org or ThLady Jane Wolfden.
The tradition of offering yellow and green belts to associates in the same manner of a Squire wearing a red belt originated in Meridies. When you see someone wearing a green belt, they are an Apprentice and interested in Arts, someone wearing a yellow belt is a Protege and interested in Service, and of course, the red belt is a sign of a Squire, and someone that is interested in pursuing Marshall arts. Many (but not all) of the other Kingdoms of the Known World have picked up on what started out as a Meridian variation.

It is the privilege of the Peers to serve High Table. When the main servers have been chosen, younger pages and children servers are also picked, but they must be on their best behavior and perfect manners to have the privilege of assisting to serve the King and Queen and Nobles at High Table.

The huddle of participants and consorts at the beginning of Crown List. We're swearing the Sword Oath, a promise that, if we prevail, we will be a good King and Queen, and continue to follow the rules.

Dramatic ends to our Crown's Reigns is a tradition particular to Meridies. Most other places the transfer is dull and business-like.

Making reverence to empty thrones, especially when the crowns are placed upon the seats.

The Masters of Defense Dress impeccably when they are elevated. They have the personal arms of the Queen who makes them on the gloves she uses for the last unanswered challenge.

In Meridian Heavy Combat, a clean blow that defeats your defense is considered "telling". One should mention Meridian Grand Tourney as well, no other Kingdoms has such a tourney of tourneys.

We feed people at feast until they can't move.
Hanukkah is a celebration of events from more than 2,000 years ago: it commemorates the rededication of the Second Temple in Jerusalem after a successful revolt of the Jewish people led by Judah Maccabee against their Syrian-Greek oppressors. The reason the holiday is celebrated for eight days comes from the Talmud: when it came time for the rededication of the Second Temple, only one day’s worth of pure oil was found to use in the temple’s menorah—which was meant to burn all night every night—but miraculously the oil burned for eight days. This gave enough time to collect a fresh supply of oil and, with the belief that a miracle from God had occurred, a reason to celebrate for a full eight days.
Diwali, or India’s biggest and most important holiday of the year. The festival gets its name from the row (avali) of clay lamps (deepa) that Indians light outside their homes to symbolize the inner light that protects from spiritual darkness. This festival is as important to Hindus as the Christmas holiday is to Christians.
The castle was a buzz with conversation as the seneschal began to bring court to a close. The long lanky white ermine raised his hands for silence. He turned toward a raised hill side where stood a six-foot white stag. The large animal bowed its 200 antlered head at the seneschal. The seneschal turned back towards the crowd and in a surprisingly loud voice for such a tiny creature spoke. “Lords and Ladies of court. We have come to the final bit of business. His highness now opens the court to any who wish to speak.” The crowd grows silent as all ears perk up to listen for any brave souls to come forward. One knight brakes away from the honor guard in the back, his shiny bright armor glittering in the light. Several gasp as Sir Chit steps slowly forward. He bows to his majesty. If the ermine could turn any whiter, he would have but the look of dread on his face made up for it. The seneschal turns slowly to his majesty and attempts to stammer out words. “yo, yo, yo your Majesty, he swallows hard. Yo, yo, your most lo, lo loyal sir- sir- servant sir- sir- Sir Chit.” His majesty bows his head ever so slightly, the seneschal turns back to Sir Chit and in a not so normal squeaky voice tells Sir Chit to proceed. “Your majesty, I Sir Chit have served thee and these lands for a very long time, traveled to many lands, and seen many places, but I find as the time slips away that I grow tired, my bones ache, and its getting harder every day to heal from injuries of battles won. I yearn for the time of solitude, and quiet, of peace, and settling down.” His majesty looks down at Sir Chit. His mouth moves side to side a couple of times, snorts, then speaks. “Sir Chit has served this kingdom long and well, Saved the people, served the people, we agree rest is best. We will always keep a place here for thee. I do have one request. Nothing so grand as raiding a trollish bridge or traveling the far flung east for spice nor rescuing ladies in distress, but with the holiday season upon us I am busy with everyone. Could you please go just down the road to the crossroads and pick up the princesses holiday gift? It has been paid for. The lad from the workshop should met you there before the late noon bell.” “It would be an honor your majesty. One last delivery should not hurt. What could go wrong?” Thank you, Sir Chit you are hereby, dismissed. With that Sir Chit headed away.

Sir Chit quickly traveled to the nearby crossroads. He traded out his armor for his simple surcoat and a walking stick. He arrived before noon, but the crossroad was deserted. He waited and the bell rang, but no one showed. He waited a bit longer but after the second cart passed Sir Chit decided to head to the town workshop and see what the holdup was. As he walked through the town Sir Chit happily greeted the people who greeted him back. Sir Chit went into the workshop, smoke hung heavily in the air. Young pigeons ran about fetching this and that as tiny Rens sat busily building things. Sir Chit walked slowly up to the back counter and rapped heavily on the board. Slowly centimeter by centimeter an old Achatina Snail lifted its head. It smacked its slimy lips with a slurpy smack and spoke slowly. “Yes sir how can I help you?” “I am Sir Chit knight of the realm; I have come for the princess holiday gift.” There was another slurpy smack followed by a big toothless grin from the snail as he spoke again. “You don’t look like a knight my lord.” “Oh, that’s because I’m retiring today, but I will fill out one last request for his majesty, do you have the gift?” “Ah let me see if I can locate it for thee.” Twenty minutes later Sir Chit leans across the desk and looks around for the snail. He grows more impatient it’s been too long for the snail to be gone.
Down the hall Sir Chit can see the snail slowly moving up and down rippling as fast as his old slimy body would let him glide across the room. He has paper held high in his hand, but the look on his face made Sir Chit very worried. Three minutes later the snail slides up to the table huffing and gushing he raises his hand and blows out heaving, takes a huge gulp of air and waves the paper at Sir Chit. He continues to gasp and wheeze, so Sir Chit took the paper from the snail and reads the paper. As Sir Chit reads the snail finally gasps. “I'm sorry Sir Chit, but the princess's gift is in another castle. Sir Chit groaned. “I can't believe it. A quest, but I'm retiring!” The snail cackled and cackled and kept on cackling as Sir Chit made his way to the next castle.

Now at first Sir Chit figured that this was not such a big deal. To his knowledge all the nearby castles were small and sat on flat, easy to travel land, but it was not to be. He ended up walking right out of the flat lands following the signs to the castle in the letter from the workshop. He climbed up into the foothills and right up to the tallest of mountains he had ever seen. Sir Chit climbed up and up through the wind and rain, up so high his feet hurt, then it got cold and his hands hurt, but on he went, but finally he made it to the top. He ran up to the castle door and knocked to be let in. After what seemed like a hole day in the ice tundra of the north or so it seemed to Sir Chit, the door opened. Sir Chit was surprised by a blast of cold air that seemed to come from the dark depths of the castle. Sir Chit shivered greatly then Sir Chit noticed the skeleton of a creature peering at him from the door. The creature was a long and stick like thing, but white as the snow Sir Chit thought that the creature would blow away in the wind. Then Sir Chit's frozen brain recognized the walking stick, but why was he so far from his home. “What can I do for you sir?” The insect asked. With his frozen body shaking and quivering from the cold Sir Chit answered the best he could. “I am here for the gift for the princess Holiday gift. Here is the order form. Sir Chit handed over the frozen note. The Walking stick looked it over quickly and spoke. “Ah yes follow me please.” Sir Chit and the walking stick continued into the depths of the quite castle as sir chit walked he looked around and noticed work benches which were occupied by all sorts of animals like sheep dogs cats, even a horse but they all had one thing in common they were all white as ghosts, so they came to a great hall where many animal where gathered working at benches again all where white but for a small few but these few had on white coats as they worked. The walking stick led sir Chit to a side bench where hundreds of termites where swarming on the table. At first Sir Chit hesitated to get near the little biting insects but the walking stick pointed at the mass of termites and said here is the gift. Sir Chit was confused but he took a closer look at what was going on. The termites moved out of the way of Sir Chits face and he saw a snow globe opened at the top and as he looked closer he could see the termites of the kingdom in minute something that only termites could do. The walking stick spoke. “The gift was broken so had to be brought back for repairs stay the night will be done by morning.

So, Sir Chit agreed to stay. He started out back to the forest and the warmth of a good fire at home.
Some Holiday History and Traditions

Advent is a time of fasting, with a final Fast Day meal on Christmas Eve that involves fish and seafood. Sharing a lavish seafood spread with friends has been a long-standing Dec 24th tradition. The Christmas Day Feast is the breaking of that fast, and should always feature an orange somewhere - either as a clove-studded pomander or resting in the toe of my stocking.

Walpurgisnacht and Samhain rituals, bonfire, usually in solitude until the rituals are complete. Good food and drink. Both are days of self-indulgence and delight.

It is a widely held belief that Martin Luther, the 16th-century Protestant reformer, first added lighted candles to a tree. With lighted candles.
Star Of Bethlehem Puzzle

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