

The Ramshaven Herald



Anno Societatis LVI–LVII

Barony of Ramshaven

Spring 2022

A Slice of Lent

~Article and picture by Lady Dorothea af Holm

Recipe~ Lenten Slices

2 cups almond milk
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup each raisins and chopped dried figs (any dried fruit)
3 slices toasted wheat bread, torn to pieces
Pinch of salt
A few threads of saffron (if you have it, not necessary)
Combine milk, sugar, saffron and salt and bring to a boil. Allow to simmer for a few minutes to dissolve sugar and bring out yellow in saffron. Add fruit and boil for about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally, until fruit is plump. Add bread to absorb the rest of the milk. Take off the heat.
Eat right away, or let cool and slice for later.



Notes:

My version included figs, raisins, sugar, saffron, almond milk, toasted bread, and was prepared much like the one from the Medieval Cookery website: <https://medievalcookery.com/recipes/lenten.html>. There are several versions to choose from. I split my "porridge" into two. One was to a bowl to eat as a porridge. The rest I spread on a plate and allowed to cool before I cut it into slices for a more solid "finger food". The taste and feel of the porridge version is very similar to a fruit-filled bread pudding, and it is very sweet with the sugar and dried fruits. The slices are soft and somewhat spongy (though they may get harder as they sit longer). The taste is the same. Even though the dish is simple it tastes decadent. It definitely doesn't feel like fasting.

Tip: watch the pot carefully; almond milk comes to the boil quicker than you think. I had a bit of a boil over and had to add more.

Fasting was extremely popular in medieval Europe. Fasts on Fridays are well known, and was expected for Kings down to the pigherd. Monks fasted more often. There is evidence for fasting on Wednesdays, Mondays, Saturdays, various holy days, and so on, depending on the country, year, and other factors. The old, young, and ill were usually exempt. But, people being people, they did whatever they could to adhere to the rule of fasting without necessarily getting into the spirit of it.

The largest fasting period of the year was, of course, Lent. For a full 46 days including Sundays there could be no animal products whatsoever, such as meat, eggs and milk. Some would not even begin to eat until late afternoon (the hour of none, about 3 pm), and on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday those who could were expected to consume nothing at all. It was supposed to be a time of heavy prayer, contemplation, and fasting to follow the examples of Moses, Elijah, and also Jesus during his 40 days of privation in the desert.

For the well-to-do, however, it was important to still show your wealth; to uphold your status, and to impress your guests. Into this grey area of needing to fast and show your piety, and yet still show off your wealth and status, a dish like Lenten Slices can fit the bill.

This deceptively simple dish of bread and almond milk showcases expensive ingredients like dried figs and grapes, and exotic spices like sugar and saffron for colour. There are several versions of this dish, sometimes served just like a porridge, sometimes cooled and cut into literal slices, and sometimes adding dates or other dried fruit.

I encourage you to try this dish out for yourself in the next forty days or so, and slip into the mindset of a wealthy medieval individual fasting during Lent.

Upcoming Events

Kingdom Arts and Sciences

Blue Dragon Studium, Presented by the Canton of Ard Chreag
Saturday, March 19, 2022
<https://sites.google.com/view/kingdomas2022/home>

Ealdormere Eats

Tuesday, March 22, 2022– 7-9pm
Join Zoom Meeting <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82555195390?pwd=UUNDR29tZVN3dWpTTlV4aitBVTNlUT09>

Lady Mary Memorial Tournament

Saturday, April 30, 2022
Barony of Rising Waters
<https://baronyofrisingwaters.org/lady-mary-memorial-tournament/>

Fruits of our Labour (FOOL)

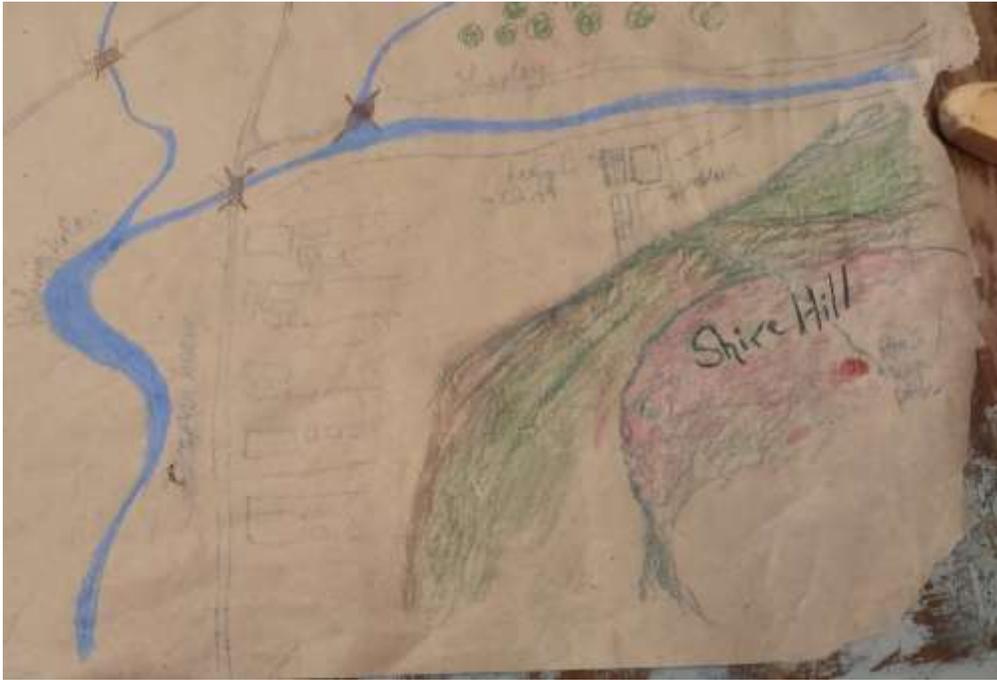
Hosted by the Canton of Bryniau Tywynnog
Camp Impeesa, Twp Rd. 8, Drumbo, On. NOJ 1G0
Autocrat - Odette de Saint Remy (Nina Bates) - ladyodette@gmail.com

For More Events Check the Ealdormere Calendar:

<http://www.ealdormere.ca/event-calendar.html>

Although the SCA complies with all applicable laws to ensure the health and safety of our event participants, we cannot eliminate the risk of exposure to infectious diseases during in-person events. By participating in the in-person events of the SCA, you acknowledge and accept the potential risks. You agree to take any additional steps to protect your own health and safety and those under your control as you believe to be necessary.

Original Story~ The Rams Haven and Its Horn



~By Baroness Sibylla of Glyndmere

Many folk have migrated into the area over the years, us included. The daring, the caring, and some unusual but highly welcome talented folk that do everything they can to help the community grow and prosper. Without the people, this land would still be beautiful but it would also be empty, void of life and energy. Such people live at the base of Shire Hill.

They prefer fancier, or rather better fitted, clothes than most folk that migrate into the area. Sometimes it's difficult to understand the way they speak due to a slight accent reminiscent of lands further away than the coast. That said, their communication skills are above average, I would say. I would also say that the Wyf of the haus, whom we now know as Leofgifu, was particularly fine with animals. She would keep and bring back to health those that would be lost or damaged. Such a thing happened one day as she heard a commotion high on the hill. Curious, she went to investigate. Cautiously making her way through the brambles and gorse, she came upon the very ending of a battle of Rams. One, although intact, limped away further up the hill past the old stones. The other fell to its knees, dizzily staring at the ground. Leofgifu edged her way closer and closer until she could see that the once great ram with curling horns had actually lost one. Or, at least the very curl of one horn. Leofgifu began to hum a soothing song. The ram laid down then and became still. Leofgifu slowly hiked her skirts, and in a crouch, moved even closer to the ram.

Chitt, Leofgifu's husband, is a creative soul who perceives broken items in a different light. He has the ability to see the broken or lost materials, replacing them and make them whole and useful. His specialty was to take broken pins and broaches, ones that had lost their decoration and functions, and re-attach the small wires using re-claimed gold and silver. The man has the patience to polish precious stones and gems for such things as finger rings, pendants, and decoration for household items. After knowing Chitt for several years now, I am convinced he can do anything. And so, the lost horn, as Leofgifu saw it, was coming home with her as a gift to her cleverly creative husband. With that thought held tight in her mind, she hummed and waited for the beast to fall asleep.

Exhausted from his battle, the ram slept and Leofgifu crept close enough to carefully snatch the bloodied horn out from under the slumbering rams nose. She could see the vein in his neck slowly pulse as the blood from the damaged horn ebbed onto the ground forming a reddish puddle. Leofgifu risked stuffing the break with dirt to stop the bleeding. She made a promise to Wyrð, the goddess of Fate, to return to the battle ground with food and herbs should the ram linger. Promises made, she clutched the curl of the horn and, holding it away from her skirts, she made her way down the slope, picking fragrant purple blooms of heather along the way. Her sash was brimming with branches when her husband came into sight.

~To Be Continued in the Next Edition!

Fun Trivia to Entertain You

Spring 'Hallowe'en' in Germany~

Germany doesn't celebrate Hallowe'en, as that's a Celtic custom. Their equivalent 'holiday' is celebrated on the night before May 1st, which is when witches and demons were supposed to be most likely to be out and causing trouble. Today the Witches Dance Floor is a tourist site where people bring their children, but it had a darker, scarier history in the medieval imagination.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Walpurgis_Night#Germany

<https://www.atlasobscura.com/places/hexentanzplatz-witches-dance-floor>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hexentanzplatz_\(Harz\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hexentanzplatz_(Harz))

The Sounds of Medieval London~

What might a typical day in the year 1392 have sounded like in the city of London? Check out this website to get an idea.

<https://sites.nd.edu/manuscript-studies/2015/08/27/sounds-of-medieval-london>

Reynard the Fox~

The chaotic and cruel trickster, and parody of courtly love.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reynard_the_Fox

Visit bodleian.ox.ac.uk/event/meet-reynard-the-fox



And of course...

The Ealdormere at Home YouTube Channel: <https://www.youtube.com/c/KingdomofEaldormere/playlists>

Original Retelling~ The Fortification of Asgard

-By Lord Guoillac

(Notes: "The Fortification of Asgard" is a real story in the Prose Edda, a 13th-century Icelandic saga. It focuses on the wall, the bet, and Sleipnir's abilities, but skips Loki's perspective. My version embroiders it considerably by exploring Loki's perspective. Originally written for Cut Sleeve Pride this summer, "The Birth of Sleipnir" has now been adapted specially for the Ramshaven Herald! I invite you to enjoy this in-persona tale.)

Gather 'round the fire, my friends, and let me tell you a tale gathered from my travels with the fierce and joyful traders from lands much colder than my homeland of Wales. I speak, of course, of the Northmen or Norse. Our nights are long this time of year, but even longer are they in the halls of Iceland - and the bards there (they call them 'skalds') are skilled in entrancing the people for sunless days at a time with 'sagas': much like morality plays, they are entertainment and lessons all in one.

Have you heard of their god Loki, master of trickery and fire? He goes unloved by many, but to my mind he and his children play an important role in the world of the Norse. If you have heard of Loki, perhaps you have also heard of his three most infamous children:

Hel, queen of the Underworld, rules over those dead of their own dishonour;

Fenrir, the wolf whose size is rivalled by naught but his hunger, is prophesied to one day snatch the sun from the sky;

And Jörmungandr, a serpent, was thrown by their 'Allfather' Odin to the very edge of the world, to eat his own tail 'til the end of time.

All three are known as monsters (the truth of that perspective is for another tale: I have more questions to ask first). But people often forget that a fourth famous child belongs to Loki at all - and his, or perhaps 'their', origins are queer indeed. I speak of the magical horse Sleipnir, the mount of the god Odin. 'Sleipnir' means 'the slippery one' - their speed rivals thought itself! Their ability to slip through the cracks between the Nine Worlds of the Norse, and leap the walls of Helheim unscathed, is rarely connected to their unusual parentage.

Now, I cannot claim to know myself how Sleipnir was conceived, for I was not there! Yet I met a traveller recently who swore on his name that he was Loki of Asgard himself, and his version of the tale is one worth hearing. Anyone bold enough to lie about being that wily god in human form may as well be, anyhow... and if I did somehow happen to speak to Loki himself, then we can trust the account even less.

But what can it harm to sit and listen a while, over a good cup of mead? So fill your own glass again, and listen close as the winter wind howls outside the gates of Ramshaven.

So it was that the realm of Asgard had just been built, and it - like our Barony - at one time still lacked a wall. One day, while unfettered storms roared through the gods' rafters, a mason rode up to the edge of Asgard... which at the time, was marked ingloriously only with a string... and made an intriguing offer. He claimed that he was skilled enough to build a wall - a 'gard' - around the entire realm, but demanded an unspeakable price for the service: the sun and moon themselves, and beyond that Freya as a wife - the goddess Freya, beloved of lovers and merchants alike, and to whom no man may give orders. (Or so sayeth Mistress Morgana bro Morganwg, my mentor's mentor, and I have no reason to doubt her).

The other gods would have turned the offer down immediately, yet Loki saw two boons: one, the wall - and the other, the mason's stallion, Svadilfari, a giant of a horse whom Loki sensed had greater power than a simple steed. He convinced both sides to make a bet: the mason would craft the wall in no more than 3 seasons, with the help of absolutely no one but his horse, and be safe within Asgard while doing so: if he succeeded, he would win his price. Yet if he failed by so much as an hour, he won nothing, and forfeited his completed work to the Aesir besides. Despite the reservations of many - Freya at the forefront! - the bet was made, and the work began.

(Now, one might think that Loki, also prophesied to wage war upon the other gods at the end of days, would have little interest in fortifying the home of the Aesir. Yet by this man's account, Loki was as loyal to Asgard as Sleipnir grew up to be. And indeed, what good is it to be an outsider - Loki's most common role - if there is no 'inside' to provoke and stand apart from?)

Despite the heavy snow, Loki set out to study the stallion Svadilfari the very next day. To his delight, the horse was far more than his appearance let on: he could not only find and haul boulders larger than a feast-hall without assistance, but he was intelligent and motivated - in fact, as the days and weeks went by, it became clear that Svadilfari was doing most of the work! The mason simply laid the stones in place. Best of all, the stallion seemed utterly tireless - working day and night with breaks only for food and water. Loki had to obtain him somehow... but a plan did not come to him, no matter how he wracked his brains.

An unfortunate side effect of the stallion's great power was that the wall was being erected at record speed. As winter's ice melted, the foundation had been laid: as birds made their nests, the wall began to shadow even the greatest halls; and as summer's apples grew fat, the towers grew like mushrooms. Three days before the end of the three seasons had passed, the smith had completed all but the gate, with all of Asgard surrounded by a nearly impregnable fortifications! The goddess Freya stormed to Loki's hall, demanded he come out to account for himself, and in the middle of the street berated him for getting her locked into a marriage she had had no say in. Before long all the gods had joined in, and threatened Loki severely if he did not find a way out of the bet.

-To Be Continued Next Edition!



Bridget Larkin: Seneschal

Email: ramshavenseneschal@gmail.com
Term: December 2021 - December 2024



Anne Cook: Exchequer

Email: ramshavenexchequer@gmail.com
Term: Oct 2021-2024
Have been in the counting house, counting out the money and dusting out the coffer. Happy to report that it is all there.



Sibylla of Glyndmere: A&S Minister

Email: ramshavenas@gmail.com
Term: October 2019 - 2022
Arts and Sciences are strong in our barony. Please remember to share your photos and your enthusiasm on the gathering pages- <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1518968168395297/>



Aslief of Ramshaven: Chronicler

Email: ramshavenchronicler@gmail.com
Term: February 2020~ 2024
I look forward to sharing knowledge and remembrance of times in the near and further past, and celebrating our present.



Wulfric of the Blackwoods: Armoured Combat Marshal

Email: trweirmeir@gmail.com
Term: July 2021-2024
Armoured combat is alive and well. Enjoyed Family Day Fight Practice in Bryniau Tywynnog. Northgeatham has been braving the cold with some great bear pits up in the Great Hall.



Penda of Glindemere: Lord Clerk-Register (Web minister)

Email: webminister.ramshaven@gmail.com
Term: October 2021-2024
Please send any suggestions you may have and please remember to check the Ramshaven website and OP to ensure information is correct. Thank you



Guoillauc filius Branch : Herald

Email: ramshavenherald@gmail.com
Term: February 2018 - 2022
I'm extremely grateful to Their Excellencies Ramshaven for this chance to serve the Barony, and live out their "call to Adventure."



Yoshikuri Nagayori go-Taisho : Chatelaine and Social Media

Email: ramshavenchatelaine@gmail.com
Term: December 2021 - December 2024



word from Your Baron and Baroness,
Penn and Lucia de Mornaza ...



Email: pennandlucia@gmail.com
term: May 2017 to Present



reetings unto the populace of
Ramshaven,

As the days get longer we look forward out of the cold of winter into plans to **meet in person. We're excited to see** many of you at Fruits Of Our Labours, as well as other events in the coming months. We hope that you are all recovering from the cold of winter and starting to see the green shoots of spring. As we welcome the returning sunshine, remember to have fun and stay safe.

Yours in service,

Penn and Lucia,

Baron and Baroness of Ramshaven



Canton of Der Welfengau



In December of A.S 16, Lord Tsvetan - having seen a vision of a great silvery griffon of ruby eyes and flaming tongue - gathered together with four other

gentles to form the Canton. The device of Der Welfengau was registered in A.S 20. Currently, A&S as well as meetings, rapier practice, and armoured combat are being held from 10-12 at Riverside Park by the fire station on Speedvale. Summer gatherings and practices are planned for June 16, July 7, July 21, August 18, and September 10. Please come join us!

For more information please consult sca-guelph@yahoo.com or see us on the gathering page (Facebook)

Canton of Der Welfengau unofficial
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/266085027122/>

Their Excellencies, Baron Penn and Baroness Lucia host:

Craft and Gaming Day

A monthly gathering held on the first Sunday of the month (usually)



Canton of Bryniau Tywynnog



The name "Bryniau Tywynnog" (pr. BRIN'-ee-aw Te-WIN'-og) means "Sandy Hill" in Welsh. It is a name rooted in local history. Everyone is encouraged to

attend Business Meetings and share their thoughts. These happen at the same time as Fight Practice.

Armouring Nights offer a chance to get access to tools, materials, and help in regard to building of armour and other projects.

News and group plans are shared on the Barony of Ramshaven blog-
<https://bryniau.blogspot.com/p/where-and-when.html>

For more information please contact Seneschal Eyrny at:
bryniau.tywynnog@gmail.com

Middle Ages on the Green

An annual event usually held on the third weekend of August.



Canton of Northgeatham



"The northern hamlet."
 When written in this form, North-geat-ham, it becomes easier to pronounce.

Gatherings are generally held every Sunday unless otherwise posted on the gathering Facebook page, which also includes plans for the day. Meetings include arts and sciences, discussion of group activities, sometimes armouring, and socializing while taking in refreshments of tea and sometimes cake. If you wish to be notified about meetings please send a request and you shall be added. Regularly anticipated events for the group include an annual Museum Demonstration, and **Barons' Brouhaha**, a bi-annual event, which is usually held in mid-July (depending on other events). For further information about Northgeatham please feel free to contact the Chatelaine, Wulfwynne of the Blackwoods at northgaedhamchatelaine@gmail.com

Baron's Brouhaha

Usually an annual event held in July or August depending on the calendar



Ramshaven's Baronial Champions



Rapier
Dawn Galbraith

Photo: Cesare de Salvazzi



Armoured Combat
Sibylla of Glyndmere

Photo: Dorothea af Holm



Ranged
Catriona inghean Ragnail



Bardic Arts
Guoillauc filius Branch

Photo: Dorothea af Holm



Arts and Science
who will it be?



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Colouring Page– Frankish/Romanesque/Irish

