

*Sir Rhapsody Talthor,
Knight of the Order of Celestial, Otter of Malar, and Sirene of Creation*

My friend,

You served this Faction so long, with so much joy and dedication. It was your joy we will miss most, I think, your joy and boundless optimism that drew you to serve as Sirene of Pardulon, the Island of Creation, a position you fitted perfectly in.

When you first came, you joined the Order as a Companion, having studied the skills of magecraft and ritual magic. Few now remember the Old Order, where mages could not become Knights. One of Elrood's better changes, I think, as your courage and willingness to fight for your ideals later made you more than worthy to be a knight. You brought your energy, your skill, your joy, to everything you did, and were soon made High Ritualist. You brought the highest ideals of the Order to that position, helping shape and guide the Lions Ritual Conclave, and even when your power was burned out of you in a ritual, you continued to be there to support and advise them.

Never one to be deterred, you turned to the healing arts, and there you continued to shine. You were always there for us, you always had our back. I can't think how many of us you saved, whether fighting to rescue us, or channelling your power into us - often both! At the Gathering 1114 this was recognised when you were jointly awarded the Order's Master of Physic Medal for immediately volunteering to help figure out a cure to a very contagious curse/disease that we did not know how dangerous or how lethal it was, knowing it was almost certain you would be infected. You never hesitated to put yourself in harm's way to defend the weak, and help others, no matter the risk to yourself. Right from the start, in the earliest records of the Masters Medals, you were awarded Master of Arms in 1106 by Grandmaster Sir Elrood, long before you took your vows of Knighthood.

You had such compassion, serving the Order as our Knight Confessor. You kept our secrets, dried our tears, and offered us words of wisdom. We valued your shoulder, your advice, so much. That's why Grandmaster Sir Irinaye gave you the Master of Physic medal at the last Gathering. She was so right when she said that the medal represented not only the ability to heal, or the ability to defend life, but the ability to salve the soul as well - something you excelled at.

You had some of the strongest faith I've known, walking the hardest line between serving Celestial, and serving Malar, two very disparate ancestors. And yet - somehow - you managed to balance the two, to be

pack - Otter - and Companion to this Order, so much so that you were knighted by a True Avatar of Celestial himself at the First Moot of 1113. He knew how much you served, how hard you worked, and how strong your faith was, and I think the Faction knew it too.

You died to an assassin's blade, from an enemy we thought long vanquished, but the poison's cure was necromantic, and we have always fought against that darkness. The Order - you - stood as a light in the dark, fighting that which must be stopped, willing to risk everything. The Lions went to Emmerix to stop the unliving, to wipe them from our island. Perhaps it is easier to risk death against unliving when you fight in a line, with your allies beside you. So much harder to fight the quiet fight, to make the choice to stand - and die - unaided, rather than give in and be corrupted, even a little. Right to the end, you held to your beliefs, and highest ideals of the Order and the Lions, knowing they would cost you the ultimate price. Celestial must be so proud even as he grieves with us. I know we are. Proud of you, and grateful to have known you, to have shared time on this Egg with you.

Oh my friend, you achieved so much for this Faction, more than I can even begin to write in these few brief lines; by action, and just by being with us. You have a left a hole it will be hard to fill.

Rest well, and give Maya a hug from us all.

Karen