

Sir Nethaniel Huntington, Grandmaster and Knight of the Order of Celestial, Knight of Lantia, Knight Paladin of the Order of the Sacred Blood, Warboss of the Red Arra, and Prince of Lantia

Where to start? I do not have the words to do him justice. Before he was a Prince, he was my Grandmaster, and before he was my Grandmaster, he was my friend. For such an unassuming man, he collected a surprising number of titles and accolades. I can think of few men I have known who have had such an impact on Erdreja, who have embodied their ideals to such an extent that they have inspired others to follow them, and who have left such a void with their passing. From Lord to mercenary to Knight to Prince, few men have known the vagaries of life as much as Nethaniel, and he was able to use that experience to good effect, able to form a rapport with people from all walks of life.

He came to Lantia from Albion, looking for a cause and found Celestial, ancestor of duty, of protecting others, of bravery and heroism, and doing the right thing, no matter what the cost. In time, Nethaniel became his paladin and rose to Knight Paladin of the Order of Water, serving Celestial faithfully with every breath and action. He found a home in the Order of Celestial - friends, even love, and a position in the Faction. He never hesitated to do what was right, no matter if it put him at odds with his friends, his faction, and even his king, and would willingly face the consequences of his actions if he felt they made Erdreja a better place, made the Lions a better people.

Before he even earned Military rank, he was always in the front of the fight, leading us against our enemies - he was responsible for the capture of Thrydwulf, the bard who plagued the Lions for so long, and killed 900 of our people. Not long after, Nethaniel was appointed Knight Captain, but after the almost complete obliteration of the military command at the Winter Parliament 1109, Nethaniel took command of the demoralised forces, and within months was appointed Warlord of the Faction, leading us to victory against such enemies as Xivental, for which he was dubbed a Knight of Lantia by King Hengist. In turn he was offered the Crown, and asked to lead the people of Lantia, but wore it for only a short time before his death on Arrakesh. He died as he lived, fighting to keep the land and its people safe, protecting the fleeing transport groups from hideous attack as the island collapsed around them.

Nethaniel lived to embody more than the ideal of the shining Knight - he was the warrior philosopher. I know of none in the Faction more thoughtful than him, who considered the ramifications of each action so deeply, and thought so hard on the right thing to do - fools were those who never looked past his armour. He believed in redemption through heroism, believed in being the candle in the darkness - the light that gave strength, and protected and inspired. And he did - he saw into us, saw more than we ourselves did, and brought it out - he inspired so many of us to be our best, to believe in ourselves when we felt lost, to find strength we did not know we possessed. He left a legacy to this Faction that will be hard to follow - an

exemplar ideal to be the best that we can be, to make the name of Lions mean every word we shout - truth, honour, justice. There have been times we have slipped, and even fallen, and now he won't be there to pull us back to our feet, but we will not forget him, will not forget his legacy, will not forget who he helped us to be.

But in many ways, that was the public face of our Prince - the part of him that was permanently on display. For those who never had the privilege of knowing the man, he had terrible taste in very sweet wine, loved mead, and had a wicked sense of sarcasm against those he knew well. He could take a joke at his expense, and gave as good as he got. He had a very fine tenor, but so rarely got the chance to use it. Only once did he turn his hand to song writing, and I have republished it here - it embodies how he saw his faction, the people that he was so proud to serve.

Nethaniel Huntingdon was without doubt one of the best men I have ever known, and the work he did for the Order and for the people of Lantia will not be forgotten.

Karen Aldain-Darkendale

Secretary to the Grandmaster of the Order of Celestial

No title (Sung to the tune of Danny Boy)

*O, Avalon has fallen and we grieve her,
But now we stand, on Lantia's bounteous shores.
We stand with pride, for justice, truth and honour,
We stand as one, a wall against our foes.*

*A Lion's pride grants strength against the darkness,
That strength we'll use to strive and not give in.
Our strength is greatest when we stand together,
Stand with your Pride, and you shall always win.*

*Now as we go, to walk within the Heartlands,
Beset by war, by evil and despair.
We shall fight on, no matter what opposes us
Because our strength, our Pride is always there!*

*We must stand firm, our loyal Pride together,
Against those foes that wish to see us fall.
For justice, honour and the truth shall save us,
Because we are the Lions, one and all.*

By Sir Nethaniel Huntingdon

