

Squire Tristan of the Order of Celestial

I knew Tristan only a short time, but it was long enough to know that this was a man who had such potential to do good, to make a difference. He came to us last year at the GEF and asked to become a Knight, but died before completing his year as a Squire, cut down by Tatalus at the Spring Parliament. In that short time though, he proved himself brave and capable of true heroism, throwing himself into fights against fearsome enemies like banshees alongside men far better trained and more experienced. He never hesitated, never faltered; he was always there when duty called, right to the end. We sat and talked some nights of philosophy, of doing good and what that meant: he proved he had a keen mind as well as a keen sword - in time he would have become the true warrior philosopher - the ideal of the Order. But what I will remember most, and what I will miss most, are his smile - ever ready - and his keen wit - he knew how to make us laugh. He took such joy in what he did, whether it was working in the stables and learning the secret of the hob nob, or charging into battle - he lived every moment of his life. Who can ask for more?

Karen Aldain-Darkendale

Secretary to the Grandmaster of the Order of Celestial