

# The Tydes

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A quarterly newsletter serving the Barony of Lyondemere, Kingdom of Caid .  
(Lyondemere comprises the coastal Los Angeles area of California).

# The Tydes

Volume 42, Issue 2 ∞ A.S. LV ♦ August 2020



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## GUIDE TO SUBMISSIONS

**Articles and Artwork** (including photos) are due by the 25th of January, for the February publication. If you have difficulties with this deadline, please contact the Chronicler in advance, at [chronicler@lyondemere.org](mailto:chronicler@lyondemere.org)

**Publish Dates:** *The Tydes* is ambitiously published on the 1st of the month for the current quarter (e.g., May 1 for Q1 of the new Society year).

**Articles:** Please submit either an email, text, or Word file for all articles and columns. Email is preferred, sent to [chronicler@lyondemere.org](mailto:chronicler@lyondemere.org) **Artwork / Photos:** Original drawings or photos are always appreciated.

## THE TYDES TEAM

**Chronicler** (Newsletter Editor): Lady Batu Sechen Tsagaajin **Proof-reading Staff:** Dame Eilidh Swann, Lady Avicia de Na Baiona, Lord Geiri Smidsson

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**Websites:** The Lyondemere website can be found at <http://www.lyondemere.org>. Regional information can also be found through the Kingdom of Caid and Corporate information can be found at <http://www.sca.org>.

**Addresses:** Submissions, questions, and subscription requests can be sent to: [chronicler@lyondemere.org](mailto:chronicler@lyondemere.org)

# FROM THE BARONAGE



Greetings from Their Excellencies, Guillem and Arwen!

As the weather cools, and Fall comes into her full glory of colored leaves and morning dew, we find ourselves cozying up at home as we never have before. Our ancestors would have used this time to preserve the harvest and make their homes ready for Winter.

The fields of the SCA have been well sowed with on-line content from around the Known World. Our harvest? Scholarship, mentorship, and connections with our far-flung and not often seen companions, and new friendships as well. It's been amazing to watch the proliferation of the SCA through on-line media.

What will you do with the cozy Winter months that are coming? Now is a great time to get planning notes in shape, gather supplies, brew some tea (or your favorite other cozy drink) and burrow into your projects.

Wishing you all continued health, a cozy home, and joy in your pursuits,

*In Service to the Dream,*  
Guillem & Arwen  
Baron and Baroness of  
Lyondemere

# COUNCIL MINUTES



No council meetings have occurred this quarter.



## Truth and Stories

Contributed by

Lord Mathias Hakonson

Long, long ago when the Worlds were young, when many Things were still In Their Making and many more Thoughts were Yet to be Thought Of, Truth was born unto Asgard: the Sole Daughter of Observation and Introspection, Hugnin and Munin. From Thought and Memory came Her form, a Human one, yet Her mind was of her own making. From the day she was born she would strain against the bonds of What-She-Knows, would always peer around the corners of What-She-Can-See, and stray far from the Nest-by-Odin's-Seat.

Yet she would never cover herself. Her clothing was always torn away, stockings kicked to the floor and the deepest winter chill could not persuade her beneath a blanket. As soon as she could walk, as true as I tell it, she had already learned all there was to know in Asgard. She no longer pestered Odin with her constant questions every morning, nor did she listen to Tyr's wisdom in the evening. She no longer chided Loki or berated Thor, pointing out the foolishness of their adventures. Heimdahl was weary of looking after her every coming and going, and even patient Sif had long since given up trying to clothe the Child.

Still, Curiosity gnawed like a hunger within Truth, burned as a fire. When she could withstand it no more, She set her feet upon Yggdrasil and climbed down to the Other Eight

Worlds, to find what was being made there. The Gods bade her well and though they'd not admit it, were more than a little relieved to see her go.

Hugnin and Munin were silent, circling far above.

Nature at once embraced her and accepted her opinion in all matters. "I know full well, better than most it seems, that all must be as it is....." thought Nature as Truth strolled by on her way, observing and reflecting upon her path. Wind and Sea felt her passing a pleasant one, and Earth found her footsteps light as Truth stepped into Midgard.

For a time she found it a most interesting, if noisy and contradictory place. This world of Men and Women was busy as a beehive with Comings and Goings, Births and Deaths, Invention and Loss. She marveled as farmsteads turned to villages, villages to towns, and towns to cities all full of life and action. So much for Truth to see, so much to do...

Yet as Mankind multiplied across Midgard, they began to find her nakedness an offense. Knots of Men and Women would gather behind her, muttering in her shadows and pointing angry fingers. Younglings and street-dogs would taunt her footsteps with their barking din. Even the Elders would rattle their canes at her approach, gnashing on cobblestones like the teeth



they no longer had. Before long, people could hardly stand the sight of her.

"We cannot bear this Naked Truth!" they cried as she was seen walking about the towns and marketplaces. Merchants especially found her presence troubling, for reasons anyone can deduce. Craftsmen despised the way she'd find all their flaws and point them out, and at the worst of moments to boot! Gossipers grabbed at bits of her, but only to sharpen them to jab into their neighbor's ears and eyes. Husbands and Wives used her to goad the other and rarely in praise. Children would hide her from their parents.

Saddened and embittered, she removed herself to a well on the outskirts of a small town. There she shunned the world as she had been shunned. Only the occasional brave soul would venture to her well and peer within, asking for a drink. Most found her waters harsh to the tongue and ill-settled in the belly.

One such brave soul, one Brave Soul Indeed who found her waters sweet, was Old Man Stories; a Word-Weaver. Long had he followed after Truth, using her footstep here, a lost strand of her hair there, weaving traces of her passing into even the most fantastic of Stories. Her withdrawal from the Worlds troubled him and he sought to bring her to light once more in Midgard.

So he took to his Spindle and Rods, with Humor and Wit wove a fine Tunic of Tales. With Boor-skins and a Needle-of-Imagination, fashioned Boots of Myth; a Belt of Fables made from Skins-of-Lessons-Learned, and a Bag of History from the Pelt-of-Times-Past. From Memory alone he wove a Cloak of Legend to warm against all frost. With Wool and Rabbit-Skins-of-Fine-Phrases he sewed a Cap of Soft Speech, that it might keep the words Truth uttered from beating too harshly upon the ears of Women and Men. With these gifts laid at her well, Truth was persuaded to come out and see these new garments.

She found them quite to her liking and what's more, once she put them on, the people of Midgard no longer found her quite so offensive. She could walk freely about the towns and markets and make known her thoughts, just so long as she minded her Cap. Even the shrewdest of merchants gave a better bargain in her presence, and gossip's barbs were blunted to boot. Husbands and Wives spoke better of the other, yet not al-

ways. Children and Elders no longer taunted her footsteps, though most did little more than nod politely at her passing.

Together, Truth and Stories traveled out into Midgard to see what new things may be seen in the World.

One evening as they rested by a stream, Truth cast a line into the water to catch What-Could-be-Caught for dinner. As the sun sank dripping gold into a violet emptiness, and the stream pushed damp whispers across the rocks, Truth called to Stories.

"Listen. This Stream we rest by does not sound at all like the Stream we rested by Yesterday."

"Hm. That is true, if you say it...." remarked Stories, recalling sounds of other streams in his mind.

"There may be something to it." Said Truth.

"There may be indeed." Stories replied.

As violet waned to black, a silver crescent shining low in the sky, Stories sparked a fire to cook What-Could-be-Caught and to brew his favorite tea. Creatures of the Day now silent, the Life of Night arose from their slumber. Crickets were the first to cry out their longings to the Moon. Bats and Owls were soon to follow, adding the occasional flap and squeak to the cascading surruration of crickets and wind.

The world shrank into Blackness, all but the campfire's glow, as trees became Shadow Giants brushing their liquid star-fire upon an endless sable canvas of Night. A scurrying of leaves betrayed the sudden departure of a hidden Something-Departing, not too far away. Though what it was Truth could not tell, not even to No-One.

The howl of a lone wolf rang out in the distance; a full pack of brothers and sisters soon joined the lament.

"Listen." Said Truth, putting down her knife and What-Could-be-Caught.

"This Night does not sound at all like Last Night."

"Hm. That is true, if you say it...." remarked Stories as he measured out their tea, recalling the sounds of other nights in his mind. "There may be something to it." said Truth. "There may be indeed..." Stories replied, his mind now drifting in memories of Nights and Streams.

"Ah..... This reminds me of a Story..." Said Stories, as he put What-Could-be-Caught to the fire and took off the kettle.

"It usually does..." said Truth, quite to herself.

Stories then told her a Tale of Two Travelers Looking for Something, or perhaps Finding Something.... or was it the One About Two Fish in a Pond That... Something About a Princess and a Golden, What-Was-It? In any event, it was a wondrous Story full of Daring and Magic, and Truth had never before heard the like of it.

"Listen. That Story does not sound at all like your other Stories." said Truth.

"Hm. That is true, if you say it..." replied Stories, now trying to think of just what might make that Story differ from the others.

"There MUST be something to it." said Truth.

"There must be indeed." Stories replied, his mind now in a hundred places at once, thinking of what It Might Be.

As they ate of What-Could-be-Caught and drank Stories' tea, they both pondered this New Something. Stories thought of how one Cart-Wheel did not squeak quite like another. "They are all Made of Wood." he thought. "They all Bear Burdens." Truth wondered why at times one Blacksmith's shop sounded happy, while another seemed angry. "They all use Hammer and Anvil." she thought. "They all Make Nails." Each wondered what the other was thinking though neither made mention of this fact.

The fire now embers, Stories unrolled his bedding and soon was fast asleep. Truth, ever vigilant, had no need for trappings of that sort and instead settled herself upon a stone to watch into the night.

"Such a peculiar custom..." Truth remarked to herself as she glanced at Stories sleeping upon

the moss. Time slipped by nearly unnoticed as she gazed up at What Shadow Giants Were Painting Tonight. The Sable Canvas Above wheeled about when at last she came down from her perch.

"There may be something to it...." she thought as she lay out at the base of the stone, peering now and again at Stories so as to mimic his posture.

Never having slept before, Truth was not quite sure just how she was supposed to go about it. "Such an idle silliness..." she thought, failing at first to see the allure of repose. After much tossing and turning, in her mind as much as her body, she closed her eyes and stopped seeing, stilled herself into not thinking, let her body tend to itself and not feel... Her essence drifted into a blank emptiness.

Slowly she became aware that her feet were warm. A golden glow seemed to surround her, gradually building up about her, expanding everywhere around her. She looked All-About, Within and Without Herself and the Golden Glow was all she could see or feel.

A question of Why-What-How-Where-Who-am-I was almost in her mind when she heard it...

A bird-call.

A single grace of whistling sounds, trills and flutters in the ear. Sometimes high and sometimes low, this new voice trembled her heart. This was a sound of joy the likes of which she had never heard. Soon another voice of wind joined in, adding other sounds and other phrases. The two voices seemed to mimic one another, repeating a phrase and adding a high flourish here, a low croaking tone there. Sometimes in unison and sometimes sounding rather like an amusing argument, the two sound-makers danced in the glow about her.

A third voice spoke up, and what's more, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth.... All about her as she dwelt in that glow, whistling voices beyond count rang out, speaking no words yet Saying Everything. Truth laughed as the sound laughed, danced as it danced, wept as it was heard weeping...

This is why that Blacksmith sounded happy, why  
the other seemed mad. This is why each Cart-  
Wheel squeaks its' own burdensome complaint,  
why every Stream has its' own flowing echo...

Sounds have their own Truth and tell their  
own Stories.

"Yes, that's the way I shall say it..." Truth thought  
as she sat up, eyes open, suddenly aware that it  
was well past dawn...



## COVID-19

By proclamation of His Majesty Alexander and Her Majesty Tahira, all in-person gatherings of 6 or more people have been cancelled until further notice. This is an on-going situation, passed down from the Governor of California. Currently, Kingdom Business is being conducted via Zoom once per month. The last Kingdom Court was on July 25; the next Kingdom Court will be in August and will be announced on the Kingdom's website and calendar, as well as in the Kingdom Facebook group.

Virtual classes are available, including a weekly Scriptorium hosted by Mistress Alliskye. Please contact her if you're interested in attending. Now is also an excellent time to research for upcoming Arts & Science virtual competitions, as well as write up that article you've been meaning to submit. The Tydes, Crown Prints, or even Caid Chronicles could use your submissions!

## Easy Fresh Cheese at War!

Contributed by

Baroness Arwen Baird

When you have a few days at an event, making fresh cheese is really easy, and will wow your friends. At Pennsic in 2019, I planned on making some fresh cheese for a Roman meal that my camping group was planning. It's really incredibly simple.

Gather your ingredients and equipment:

- Fresh, whole milk (pasteurized is fine, but not "ultra-pasteurized"), and you can add some heavy cream for extra goodness
- Acid: Lemon juice or vinegar
- Salt
- Flavorings if desired, like garlic, herbs, etc.
- Large, heavy-bottomed stock pot
- Cheese cloth
- Colander
- Something to weigh the cheese down (see discussion below)

First, heat your milk (with cream if desired) to a simmer in the pot, once simmering, add lemon juice or vinegar. For each half gallon of milk, you will need about 2 tablespoons of acid, but this can vary depending on the milk you use. The milk will start to curdle immediately. If you don't get a full separation of curds and whey, add a bit more of the acid. Turn off the

heat. (Note: I have read that simmering your milk long enough to reduce it a bit gives a better result, so I do, but I have not tested different simmer times)

Line the colander (fine mesh strainer is best if you have one) with several layers of the cheese cloth (pieces large enough to have plenty hanging over the edges) and set over a basin or a sink (use a basin if you want to save the whey, Nordic cultures used whey to preserve veggies!) then gently pour the contents of the pot into the cloth-lined colander. Let this sit for a couple hours.

Once it's sat for a while, gather up the corners of the cheese cloth and gently twist the excess so the cheese forms into a rough ball and you eliminate more of the whey. Knot the cheese cloth and hang it from a hook, to further drain overnight.

The next day, gently untwist the cheese cloth, you should have some crumbly, semi-solid cheese! Now is a good time to taste it. If the flavor has too much lemon or vinegar, you can gently rinse the cheese under running water. To do this, place in a cheesecloth lined colander or mesh strainer, and run water over it, gently turning the cheese over. Drain really well.

Break it up into crumbles into a bowl, add a bit of salt, and gently squish it in. I used my hands,

but you could use a spoon. I feel like the gentleness of hands gives a better result, though. This is also when you can add garlic or herbs to further flavor your cheese.

Press back into a flatish container that you can set a weight onto. We had the pasta insert from the stock pot available, so that got lined with cheesecloth, cheese pressed in, cloth folded over, then weighed down with a stock pot filled with water. We left that overnight as well. If you are fancy and own a cheese mold and press, now's the time to use them!

The next day, we were not ready to eat our cheese, so I broke it up into 6 balls, each in cheesecloth, added garlic and herbs to three, and stored it for later. We were lucky to have a food sealer handy, so we vacuum sealed it, and stuck the cheese into the cooler. It could have been packed into almost any water tight container, but also could have been eaten that same day.

A note about hanging your cheese overnight.... At Pennsic, night time temps are generally very low, so there is no chance of spoilage. If you live in a warm climate, it's best to drain your cheese overnight in the fridge. You can do this by placing the wrapped cheese in a strainer or colander over a bowl. Also, we were fortunate to have a vacuum sealer handy, so stored the



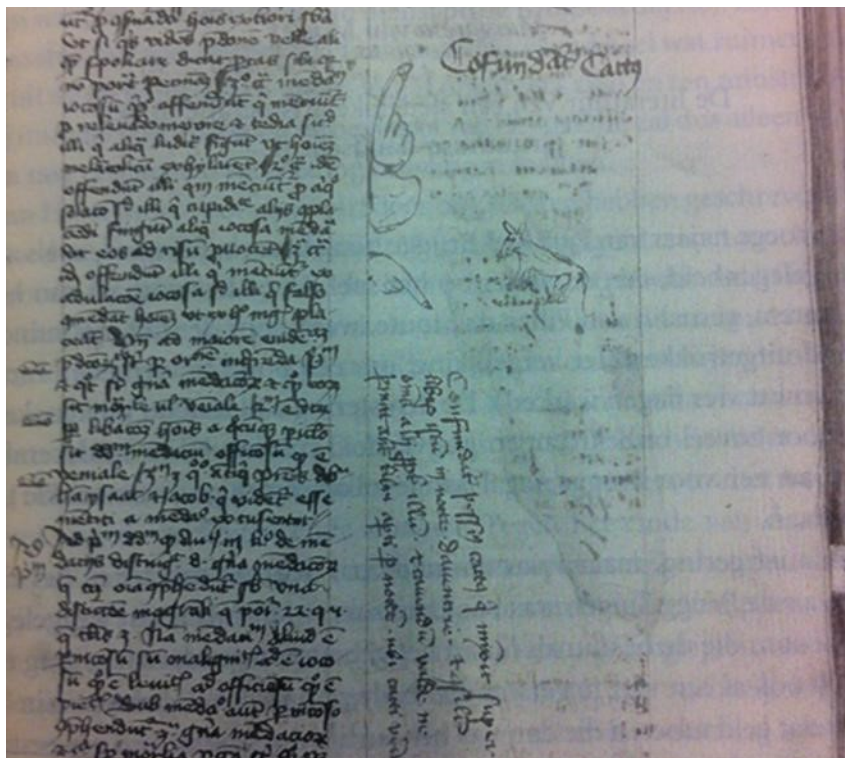
cheese that way in our cooler until we were ready to serve it, but you could use any watertight container.



Medieval Cheese Board.  
(from wiki commons)

## That Pesty Cat!

Contributed by  
Lady Batu Sechen Tsagaajin



Of course, the cat has a history that extends as far back as human record. Today, however, we are going to focus on the Middle Ages, starting around the 11<sup>th</sup> Century. During this time, the cat was still considered a boon and an aid. Henry I created laws protecting cats due to their ability to protect grain from rodents. But, as the Church sought to gain more power and control over the people, as groups would splinter off (such as the Waldenses, Cathars, and even the Knights Templar), the Church would call them heretics and ex-communicate them. One of the accusations most frequently used was that the people were worshipping the Devil through a black cat.

In fact, writings of that time, as well as the 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries, note that women are to cats as men are to dogs. Vocelle even draws the conclusion that cats would suffer the same fate as women under the Church's control during the Middle Ages. Though the Church condemned cats (mostly black cats), not everyone in Medieval Europe was convinced they were evil. There are many accounts of them being owned as pets—even by the monks,

priests, and nuns! We know that cats were employed by the monasteries to defend the vellum manuscripts from vermin such as rats. In one particular case, however, a Deventer scribe from approximately 1420, found his beloved manuscript at the wrong end of a North-bound cat:

*"Hic non defectus est, sed cattus minxit desuper nocte quadam. Confun-*

*datur pessimus cattus qui minxit super librum istum in nocte Daventrie, et consimiliter omnes alii propter illum. Et cavendum valde ne permittantur libri aperti per noctem ubi cattie venire possunt."*

The translation is "Here is nothing missing, but a cat urinated on this during a certain night.

Cursed be the pesty cat that urinated over this book during the night in Deventer and because of it many others too. And beware well not to leave open books at night where cats can come."



*Missal, Bavaria ca. 1440-1460 (original)*

"Christ on Majesty, flanked by two angels blowing trumpets of the Last Judgement. And a cat licking its butt."

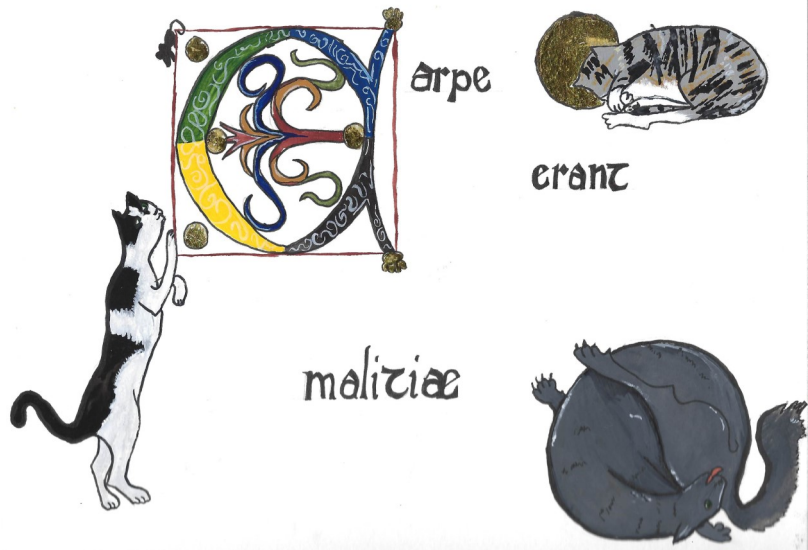
**Reference:** Porck, T. (2013, February 22). Paws, Pee, and Mice: Cats among Medieval Manuscripts. <https://medievalfragments.wordpress.com/2013/02/22/paws-pee-and-mice-cats-among-medieval-manuscripts/>



*MS 24, f.32v, Aberdeen Beastiary ca. 1200 (image created by Lady Batu Sechen Tsagaajin)*

From an Arts & Sciences entry about "Naughty Cat" marginalia.

The three cats in the image are my three boys: Nekko, Midnite, and Rocky. Rocky is the black and white cat curiously looking at the mouse on the "C." He is a very curious cat and frequently has his tail in the shape of a question mark. Midnite is the all black (and some grey) cat, licking his butt. His



representation is actually based on an image from a 15<sup>th</sup> Century English Bestiary. Midnite is a fluffy cat, and I chose to add the pink of his tongue and the green of his eyes. Finally, Nekko is up in the upper right hand corner, napping in his favorite position. The halo signifies that he has passed away (June 2, 2019). He was almost 16 years old. The weekend of Potrero War (which we had failed to pre-register for), we ended up choosing to stay home because we had to admit Nekko to the vet-hospital. We found out that he had an ag-

gressive form of leukemia, as well as a liver infection. We were able to bring him home that Saturday, along with kitty prednisone to treat the leukemia. He seemed to be doing well; then, while Geiri and I were out, he chose to cross the Rainbow Bridge on the cool floor of our bathroom. We were both devastated. I carry him in a ring, now. And he is immortalized in this original piece.

The footprint smudges (which are not visible on the scan) are from Rocky. In true jerk-cat

fashion, he walked all over my sketch. Hooray for authenticity!

I hope you've enjoyed some of the images from this project. There were a few more, but they're not very appropriate for this publication.

Monks got bored while transcribing; to pass the time, they would draw things—sometimes weird and disturbing things—in the margins just to see if anyone would notice! Marginalia is a fascinating topic and I hope these images interest you enough to go searching.

# VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

## OR HOW YOU CAN GET INVOLVED IN LYONDEMERE

Looking for a way to become more involved within Lyondemere? We have several volunteer positions that need to be filled! Here's a list of the offices and what they do:

**Arts & Sciences Minister:** This position focuses on advancing work in the field of Arts & Sciences (A&S); being a resource person for your group; facilitating the research, creative artistic and scientific work, and teaching that happens; and recording (through your reports) what happens in A&S in your area. You don't have to be an expert in everything A&S to do the job. You just need to know how to track down resources and share information. The handbook for A&S Ministers [may be found here](#).

**Chatelaine & Keys:** The Office of the Chatelaine exists in order to inform the public about the SCA, to invite interested or curious individuals to participate and join, and to provide instruction and workshops for new members so that they will become fully participating members. The handbook for Chatelaines [may be found here](#)

**Chronicler:** The Office of the Chronicler is responsible for maintaining a territorial newsletter much like the one you are reading here! The handbook for the Chroniclers [may be found here](#).

**Constable:** The Office of the Constable is responsible for the following: Keeping the peace at Kingdom-sanctioned events, making and enforcing such regulations concerning events as appropriate to insure safety and orderly participation therein (not including SCA combat), and operation the lost & found. The handbook for Constables [may be found here](#).

**Lysts:** The Lysts Officer is in charge of pairing fighters for tournaments, and recording the results. The handbook for Lysts is coming soon. For information about this office, [visit the Marshalate site](#).

**Youth Activities:** The Office of the Youth Ministries is to encourage and promote the education of children ages 5-17 in the ways of the SCA and the Middle Ages by providing or overseeing the provision of appropriate classes and activities at all Kingdom-level events, and to aid and assist all of Gleann Abhann's Local Ministers of Children by providing counsel and training if needed. The handbook for the Minister of Children [may be found here](#).



## EMAIL LISTS & GROUPS

### Baronial List

<https://scalyondemere.groups.io/g/main/topics>

### Archery

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/983706488315263/>

### Brewers

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/389455797787896/>

### Caid Clothiers

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/CaidClothiers/>

### Cooking Guild

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/355580354645898/>

### Fighters, mostly rapier

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/819820254813544/>

### Caid Art and Sciences

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/521417457879219/>

**Lingo Alert!** The title of Duke or Duchess is bestowed upon royals who have completed two reigns as ruler of the Kingdom. The addressing of a Duchy is "Your Grace."

*Lyondemere Regnum*

### Contact List



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