

CalonArmy.txt

Evyenios once asked, who comprises the Calontir Army? This was my answer:

There is no simple answer for such a question. There is no Grand Roster we can check for "inclusion", and no device for measuring "armyness." You can't open Merriam Webster and look under "Calontir, Army of".

The best you can do is go and see for yourself - or more importantly feel for yourself.

What is the Calontir Army?

It's the old seasoned Huscarl out for his 75th war in his faded purple tabard...

It's the novice fighter in a mismatched or borrowed armor, who puts on a Falcon tabard with awe for the first time...

It's his wife or friend back home who finished that tabard for him the night before he left for war...

It's the Fyrdman at the pizza place after meeting who convinced him that he "just had to go" to the war to be part of Calontir...

It's the waterbearer with their 4th company marking who drags a pair of 8 pound bottles across the field 100 times with nothing more than a smile as thanks...

It's the lady who worked for weeks before the war making jerky or fighter biscuits, despite being unable to take off work for the war herself...

It's those who worked hard in years past to make Calontir what it is, but who can't be with us at that particular War...

It's the musician's who play by our side while we muster, or march, or even resurrect...

It's the Calontir archer who gathers himself each morning and walks to a shadeless fields to shoot for their Crown...

It's the young child who stands at the edge of our camp by his mother's side and claps when the army marches by...

It's the broken fighter who comes to war knowing all he can do is help marshal, whose heart will soar with pride, and break with longing as he watches the Falcon banner march past the inspection point...

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It's the guy stuck at work who watches the Calon list - looking for any snippet of information on how his kingdom fought or played...

It's the lady who stays in camp stirring a pot of hot soup, remembering with pride the Falcon's Heart the Soup Kitchen worked so hard for...

It's the lord who drives the truck full of armor and weapons so the fighters can march with a lighter load...

It's the spouse who just smiles and put's up with being abandoned for most of the day while their partner heads out the field...

It's the lady who leaves a class early at the war to be back in the royal pavillion to hear the stories...

And more..

It's the folks who laugh with us, fight with us, lounge with us, sing with us, or just smile when they see or hear of us, and who feel like part of us...

That's the Falcon Host. That's the Calontir Army. That is Calontir.

Conde Fernando Rodriguez de Falcon, once blessed to stand before that host.