

## BENEVOLENT GHOST OF WHAT A SCADIAN SHOULD BE

Poem (Canso):

I was 18 years old, a freshman in college  
had just heard of this thing, SCA  
And I made me a tunic, from upholstery fabric  
with no sides, 'cause I'm new here, OK?  
Did the best that I could, fixed it up with more fabric  
And I went to my very first event  
And the laughs and the taunting because of that tunic  
Made me wish that I never had went.  
And I sat in the corner, alone, by myself  
wishing that I could just disappear  
When from far off, a voice, someone I didn't know  
speaking words of encouragement and cheer.  
"did the best that you could...with no one to help  
...and you did it in time for this day  
here's the fabric I used, here's the pattern I used  
you'll do fine, we were all there one day..."  
And I looked and I looked to see who owned that voice  
but I never found anyone, you see  
So I called it a name, the Benevolent Ghost  
Of what a SCAdian Laurel should be

And not too much time later, got my first suit of armor  
and it's crap, I mean, pickle barrel, you know  
And it's blue and it's piecework with orangeish cords  
And they called me the Battle Smurf, and so  
I went over and sat down, tried to fade in the background  
'cause people are cruel, you know it  
And a guy walks up to me, says "that armor is awesome,  
you'd get hit with a log and not know it!"  
And he loaned me his legs for the authorization  
And he signed all my paperwork and cards  
And we laughed at the armor, and that made it all better  
And just then the Ghost sent his regards  
"did the best that you could...with no one to help  
...and you did it in time for this day  
here's the leather I used, here's the pattern I used  
you'll do fine, we were all there one day..."  
And I looked and I looked to see who owned that voice  
but I never found anyone, you see  
So I called it a name, the Benevolent Ghost  
Of what a SCAdian White Belt should be

And not too much time later, I'm at an event  
And my lady's been helping, you see  
'cause that's who she is, she's a helper, you know  
just some tables to move, then to me  
she comes crying, in tears, she'd been told "we don't need you  
"and you're doing it wrong anyway  
Then not five minutes later all these tables are done  
done exactly and in the same way.  
And I hugged her and held her, didn't know what to say  
When the Ghost gave me all the right words.  
"did the best that you could...with no one to help  
...and you did it in time for this day  
move the tables right here, move the chairs over here  
you'll do fine, we were all there one day..."  
And I looked and I looked to see who owned that voice  
but I never found anyone, you see  
So I called it a name, the Benevolent Ghost  
Of what a SCAdian Pelican should be.

And they're out there, you know. They're alive and they're real.  
And some of them even have names.  
Like Duke Ragnarr, Lynette, Ashia, and Christoph,  
And Daemon, and Emma, and James.  
But those are just names that they give to the people  
Who embody this concept, to me,  
This thing that we call the Benevolent Ghost  
of what a SCAdian Peerage should be.