



# A BEAUCEANT!!

NO 19

A little Knight Templar news does you good

## Staying in touch

In future issues



Dear Brother Knights

I hope that you are all keeping well and finding good strategies for dealing with the restrictions and challenges posed by the pandemic.

With the pandemic very much in mind "Inspiration" is something that is in great demand at the present time and I have included in this issue two possibilities.

**Inspiring** is certainly the description I would apply to the following article about last week's Virtual London Marathon which was kindly supplied by Shirley Howman, the partner of our Vice-Chancellor, E Kt Nigel Williams .

The other inspiring thought (supplied by Kt Roger Lewis) is to point out that today is the Feast Day of St Teresa of Avila (1515 - 1582) who was a Carmelite nun and a great teacher of the Faith. Below is a prayer made famous by her—which you may think is very appropriate for the times that we are living in.



The Prayer of St Teresa of Avila  
**'Let nothing disturb you, nothing affright you. All things are passing; God never changes. Patient endurance attains to all things. Who God possesses in nothing is wanting: God alone suffices.'**

Yours in the bonds of the Order  
R E Kt Paul Calderwood



### QUIZ QUESTIONS

This week's Quiz question came from E Kt Carl Davies, the Provincial Marshal:

1 What is inscribed on the shield that is attached to the hilt of the Provincial Sword ?

To help you, the Sword is illustrated on the left and the Answer is supplied on the last page—and it poses a further intriguing question.

**Good news: Home from hospital after surgery are E Kt Chris Mugford and Kt Jonathan Morgan. Well done both of you—we are thinking of you.**

### For the next quiz

Please send your Questions to paulcalderwood@btinternet.com

# *Running the London Marathon in Wales*

*4th October 2020*

*By Shirley Howman*

My journey with this extraordinary event began in October 2019. I was approaching my BIG 60 birthday, and also my retirement the following July. Having come to running in my late 50s my prime wish for my 'big birthday year' was to run the London Marathon in its 40th year. I had applied to CLIC Sargent for one of their places, and received my acceptance by email as I sat outside Jenner Park Stadium in Barry, waiting to use the track.



During my 36-year teaching career my path had crossed with those of children affected by cancer. Both my parents had cancer but thankfully survived the disease, thanks in no small part to research funded by charitable donation. Cancer is a cruel disease wherever it strikes, but particularly cruel when it strikes young people whose lives have barely begun. I am fortunate to have lived a happy and productive 60 years, and as I approached my retirement, I felt it was entirely appropriate to devote some of my time to raising funds to help CLIC Sargent care for young cancer patients and their families, to give more young people the chance of a 'tomorrow'. In accepting my application, CLIC Sargent gave me a wonderful opportunity.

As I began my marathon training programme in January, my association with CLIC Sargent became much more personal, as I discovered that one of my pupils had



been diagnosed with Hodgkin's Lymphoma.

Then when the Covid pandemic struck, the London Marathon, due to be held in April, was postponed until October 4th, only to be postponed again until October 2021. Although intensely disappointing to all involved, the broader picture was much more serious. In

2019 the London Marathon had raised more than £66 million for charities, but events such as this across the whole of the UK were being called off due to the pandemic, leaving charities woefully short of funds. On a personal level, my main fundraising event was to be a retirement/charity concert involving all my pupils, from all my schools, on one stage. The venture was greeted enthusiastically by pupils, families and colleagues alike. Rehearsals and preparations were in full swing, but when the whole country went into lockdown at the beginning of March the concert had to be cancelled. Since then I have retired, and although I keep in touch with former colleagues, Covid restrictions continue to make, collective music-making impossible. The concert we planned is unlikely ever to happen.

In view of the restrictions imposed by the pandemic, the organisers of the London Marathon decided to hold an event for a small group of elite runners round St. James Park, but also a virtual event, in which participants could complete the 26.2 mile distance whenever and wherever they wished within the 24 hour period (GMT) on October 4th. The official app was launched only days before the event, to be downloaded by all participants, enabling them to be tracked, and have their runs recorded directly. With so many runners and walkers eager to take part, charities would now have a superb platform for raising much-needed income.

I was delighted, as this was just about the only event in my 'big birthday calendar' not to have fallen victim to Covid 19.

Then disaster struck. With only eight weeks to go I developed a stress fracture in my left foot, which meant no running for 2-3 months. I was devastated!

Even walking the distance unaided was out of the question, as this risked overloading the bone and possibly reopening the fracture.

However, there was no way that I was going to pull out of this event! So many people had been so generous in donating to my appeal for CLIC Sargent, and my pupil who had had Hodgkin's Lymphoma had thankfully responded well to treatment and was now back in school. On a personal level, I really didn't want to miss this party! I was so desperate to take part, I even considered doing the event in a wheelchair, but having consulted with my physiotherapist, decided to walk my 26.2 with a light-weight orthopaedic boot, and a set of crutches which a friend had kindly loaned.

The stage was set. I went to bed early on the evening of 3rd October, but I didn't sleep A WINK! I hadn't raced since May of the previous year, there was a lot riding on this, and so the butterflies were flying around my stomach all night. Strangely though, I didn't feel too bad once I was up and breakfasted. The big morning had arrived, and just to add some spice to the mix, Storm Alex decided to descend on us for the weekend. There was no turning back, though, and at 6.00 a.m. I closed the door behind me and was on my way. I had intended to loop anticlockwise round Cardiff Bay, but new Covid restrictions meant I had to remain in the Vale of Glamorgan. However, I couldn't resist giving the last barrier at the barrage a defiant little tap with the end of my crutch before turning back and heading west. My route took me back through Penarth, down the disused railway track, a couple of laps of Cosmeston Country Park, then on to the Vale Coastal Path at Lavernock Point. At several points on my route, which included most of my favourite running haunts, I encountered runners and walkers, proudly displaying their race numbers, all looking like drowned rats, but all grinning like Cheshire cats as they passed. The exchange of cheers and banter each time was hugely up-lifting, as was the near-constant hooting from passing cars. Despite the inclement weather, this really was beginning to feel like a party.



As the morning progressed the weather conditions worsened. The rain was relentless, and the cold westerly wind was strengthening, but this made me feel quite belligerent. I don't know how many times I had to say "Come on, do your worst!!!" At about mile 191 reached the beginning of Millennium Way, Barry, which was by now flooded. I did note that most of the cars passing were slowing down and moving to the middle of the road, but I had to chance it and make a move. Bad decision! Someone in a big 4-wheel drive must have thought it would be fun not to slow down, and I was hit by a wall of water which almost took me off my feet.

Making my way along Barry Waterfront, I could hear lots of laughter and chatting behind —no surprise it was my daughter Beth and two running club friends, offering much needed encouragement. They passed me again as I headed round Cold Knap, and boy, was it cold. This was the only point though where I embraced the by now icy wind—it was at my back, and carried me all the way to the other side of Whitmore Bay, via the Barry Island Park Run route. As I turned back into the wind I noticed for the umpteenth time that same strange whistling noise which had accompanied me for most of the morning. It suddenly dawned on me that the wind had been blowing through the adjustment holes in the crutches, and had been playing on them like penny whistles all along. It made me laugh out loud as I headed off down the promenade for the last time, now accompanied by daughter Beth, to be greeted by partner Nigel at the finish line, 6 hours 19 minutes and 9 seconds since my door closed behind me that morning.





What a day! This was an extraordinary event in a strange world brought about by the pandemic. It was, for me, a truly spiritual experience, and reinforced my belief that adversity brings out the very best in human beings. If I had to sum up what I felt most about the experience in one word, that word would be “oneness”; the oneness shared with new friends in CLIC Sargent Team Young Lives; the oneness shared with people who had so generously donated to my appeal; the overwhelming feeling of oneness shared with fellow participants on the day; the oneness shared with countless people whom I’d never met, but who came out to support everyone; and the oneness which the Virtual London Marathon created in bringing together over 45,000 people from 109 countries world-wide.

So far my [justgiving.com/shirley-howman](https://www.justgiving.com/shirley-howman) page is showing £1,820 raised, but I will continue to raise money for CLIC Sargent.



**The Senior Service**  
**A Brief History of the Hospitallers : Part 2**  
**by E Kt Tony Jones, Provincial Almoner**

Following their just short of 200 years of existence in Outremer, during which they participated in a great number of military actions, which I shall not expand on here as, I'm sure most readers will be aware of these engagements as they were mostly in the company of the Knights Templar when on the battlefield. The Order departed The Holy Land in 1291 at the fall of Acre. The Kingdom of Jerusalem became a memory, and they were never to return. As we know, though, this was absolutely not the end of the order. We know from our ritual that there was further glory and ignominy to come on Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia and Malta and in later times too.



Initially, on leaving the Levant, Cyprus was the first port of call. The Kingdom of Cyprus was a Crusader State that existed between 1192 and 1489, Having been captured by Richard the Lionheart on his journey to the Holy Land for the 3rd Crusade. Richard sold the island to the Knights Templar who found it a poisoned chalice and sold it back. Guy de Lusignan was a long time vassal of Richard, and was offered the Kingdom of Cyprus, having been King of Jerusalem from 1186 to 1192 by right of marriage to Sibylla of Jerusalem, making him Brother-in-Law to Baldwin IV, the Leper King. Guy remained King of Cyprus until his death in 1194.

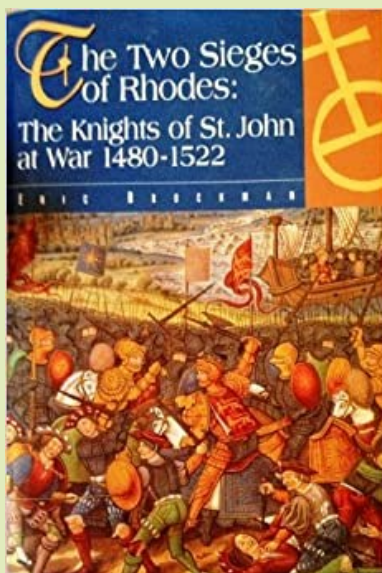
By 1291, King Henry II was the last crowned King of Jerusalem, although it was an empty title. As a Lusignan Dynast, he was also the King of Cyprus. At this time, hopes of regaining the Holy Land, including the Kingdom of Jerusalem were still prevalent, especially amongst the Lusigans. Henry II wrote twice to **Pope Clement V** requesting a new Crusade, but his pleas went unheard as there were other fish, or Templars, to fry.

After the fall of Acre, Cyprus became the centre of seaborne trade with Africa and Asia much to the consternation of the Italian traders. By the mid 12th Century, (c.1150) the Hospitallers had purchased its first transport ships. A little later, we know that the Hospitallers had a shipyard at Acre, and in the 1280's, ships of the Order were sent to support the Aragonese Crusade. Once in Cyprus, Pope Nicholas IV encouraged the Hospitallers and other military orders including the Templars to build their own fleets, to enforce an Egyptian embargo. In December 1291, the Pope demanded that half of the order's in-come from Europe be used for building ships. In January 1292, The Pope authorised the Order to use their new galleys to defend the Armenian Kingdom of Cilicia.

In 1299, the first reference to the Hospitallers having an Admiral for their fleet was made. By 1306, the Order had made drastic changes in adapting to naval warfare, and was well on the way to its future as a maritime power.

It was in 1306 that the Hospitallers, led by their Grand Master, Foulques de Villaret, set their sights on capturing the island of Rhodes from the Byzantine Empire, to use for their next base. Their initial invasion fleet consisted of 2 war galleys and four other ships with some Genoese ships to assist. They were able to subdue most of the island relatively quickly, however, the fortified citadel of Rhodes Town, or the City of Rhodes as it was then known. Was a different prospect. Various campaigns followed, but by the 1310, the island was completely in the hands of the Order. In 1309, the Hospitallers steadfastly refused to transport any members of the rag-tag Crusade of the Poor to the Holy Land, but it was not for want of ships, in 1310, an official Crusader army comprising some two or three hundred Knights and approximately three thousand foot soldiers, originally intended for Outremer were diverted to Rhodes. Their transport was a Hospitaller fleet of some 26 war galleys, and some Genoese vessels, under the direct command of the Grand Master Foulques de Villaret. Some sources claim that the Pope was unaware of the diversion until after the event, however, de Villaret was accompanied throughout by a Papal Legate, one Pierre de Pleine-Chassange. Thus the Rhodes Citadel succumbed to total defeat and to the long term occupation of the Hospitallers. In 1320, The Grand Preceptor, Albert of Schwarzburg defeated a Turkish fleet of 80 vessels, thus preventing an invasion of Rhodes. The Ottomans failed to take the

island in a siege in 1480, and The Hospitallers kept control of the island until 1522, but the Ottomans did not give up, and with a second, and ultimately successful siege they eventually prevailed, with both sides near exhaustion and the Turks also suffering with disease.



Much has been written on the defence and final capitulation, but a negotiated end to the Hospitallers tenure was the outcome. Enough to state that on First of January 1523, the remaining soldiers of the order, Knights and Sergeants all, marched out of the town in full battle armour, and in possession of their personal weapons, and with banners flying, and accompanied by several thousand civilians. They were said to have boarded

50 ships made available to them by Suleiman. We don't know if these were their own ships at harbour, or not, but we do know they had that number of ships as they embarked and departed. Other reports of the Hospitallers, and other orders at earlier, and later times, having only limited numbers of vessels should be considered in the light of this information.

Leaving Rhodes, this undefeated army (navy) and its camp followers sailed to Crete, as we know it today. At that time it was a Venetian colony, existing as the Kingdom or Duchy of Candia. We are told in ritual that the Knights of the Order dispersed to Candia and elsewhere, notably Sicily. My research has provided very little detail of this period, except to say that the Venetians retained very few possessions which could receive the brethren and their adherents.

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**The answer to the Quiz Question on page one is as follows:**

*The sword was presented to the Holy Palestine Preceptory no 502 at its consecration on the 1<sup>st</sup> May 1981 in Swansea By Kt Hayden Edward Jones 2<sup>nd</sup> Constable and Kt Alexander John Edward Hannan 1<sup>st</sup> Herald*

But this begs a further question—which is why and how did the sword get transferred from Holy Palestine Preceptory to the Province? There is a special prize for anyone who can tell me (because I do not know).