

The Benevolent Order of Scurrilious Monks

Abbot's Report

Winter Solstice, 2018

Gracie Manages Kerrville!

Sometime around 1986, our Abbot was sitting in his school bus in the campground of the (first annual?) Tennessee Renaissance Faire when the show's General Manager stopped by for a visit. He was proudly carrying his daughter who was as yet too young to speak. Since his wife, Rosemary, had already raised two daughters, he had agreed to perform most of the motherly duties for the youngest. That's how Al Olson, the first manager of the Tennessee Renaissance Faire, came to be also known as Brother Mutha. Gracie is all grown up now and she has her own daughter. Gracie is the General Manager of another Renaissance Festival in Kerrville, Texas. Both her father, Al,



and her daughter, Roxi, will be performing at the Kerrville Renaissance Festival on January 25 – 27 and on February 2nd and 3rd, 2019. Brother Who (Magical Mystical Michael), Brother Bees (Chris Puente), (John O'Connor) and Amanda Kitchens are also on the long and impressive list of featured performers.

Brother Doctor Almost Got Burned!

Brother Doctor (Danny Lord) often finds himself in or around dangerous situations. For the past year or two, he has been living in Chico, California. Chico is right next to Paradise, California. 46,000 people were evacuated from Paradise in November when wild fires destroyed the town. More than 30 people died and hundreds are still missing. Danny is personally acquainted with several people whose homes were burned to the ground. David Wilcock says that some of those fires were

caused by Directed Energy Weapons. He also says that Paradise was home to a community of Extraterrestrials from Alpha Centauri. He also says that Earth's Star gate address is 753 84 70 24 606. Who knows when that bit of information might



come in handy? Speaking of conflagrations, *The Flaming Idiots* recently reunited upon the occasion of Rob Williams' Mother's birthday. We include this photo for comic relief because the smiles seem highly contagious.

Jennifer Scott's new Saxophone

Brother Jam (Jim Hancock) recently shared a touching story on his Facebook page. We stole it and trimmed it down due to space restrictions: *If we needed any more proof of what a great community we are part of, this should do it: About ten years ago, someone stole Jen Scott's saxophone. A few weeks ago, she and Thomas Neundel were talking, and the subject of C-Melody saxophones came up. Our dear friend, Bob Bielefeld owns several C-Melody saxophones, most of which were made in the 1920s and are fairly valuable. He agreed to bring two of them, both Conn brand, which is a good quality maker, when he drove down last Friday for the last couple of days of the festival. At Monday's Bizarre Bazaar, I took a couple of donations toward Bob's reduced price offered. Yesterday, Thomas and I sent out several texts, including to some people who aren't even at the festival here in Texas (ain't the internet grand?). In a matter of hours, we hit our goal, with enough left over to have the instrument checked over by a pro in Austin and set up as needed. Any extra will go to Bob, because he came down pretty darn far from the price he could get selling it on the open market. Yesterday evening, a bunch of us gathered on Rio Blue's porch, and presented her with her choice of the two that Bob brought. She played them both, immediately being drawn to one of them. Even after ten years, her tone is warm and strong, and her fingers haven't forgotten a thing! I think more*

than a few of us leaked a little from our eyes.... Jennifer Scott wrote a longer version of the same story on [her Facebook page](#). After Bob's Death, she also added: *my greatest and most enduring memory of Bob, will be one of my most recent moments with him as he presented me with the choice between two of his coveted C-melody saxophones. What an honor to be blessed with such a gift from our collective chosen family. I'm so glad that I was able to hug him and tell him "Thank you". I*



told him that I would love it and that I would play it. And I will. And I will think of him every time I do. I can only hope that some of his musical beauty and genius slipped into that horn and will somehow find it's way out through my fumbling fingers.

Marilyn Marzella's GoFundMe

<https://www.gofundme.com/zwxuf-reboot?>

Grateful and blessed, I am, for the friends and those I've never met, who helped with my cancer struggle a couple years ago. I survived and am putting my life back together. I lived for a year with family for better care. Others were to take care of my place and animals but what happened, put me back quite a ways. On

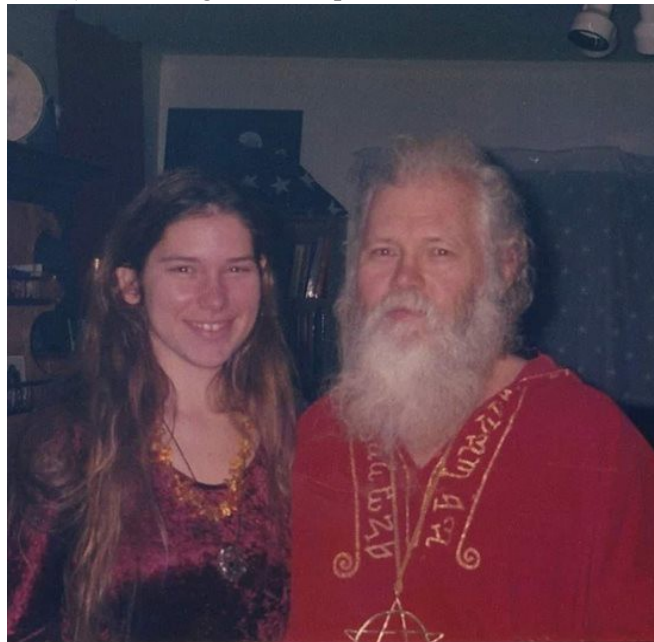


top of this, my YouTube channel was de-monetized, I can't send from my email because of a DMARC, my website is compromised, my computer killed by a company so I lost access to much communications. I had to change phones and

needed to hire people to repair a great deal. Numerous things crashed; like my business, etc. Animals need double food and care now. I have dental issues and I can get my body working again; it's possible with the right treatments. Part of the panic is my propane is less than 20% right now, it just snowed, got colder and I'm on a fixed income. I need an opportunity to change it. I've been hesitating for weeks to say anything but then I found the Black Mold. Working by myself; it's just not happening. I found someone but now must pay for the numerous re-constructions. Much is needed for my 32 years old horse, still too skinny for winter in an unfinished barn that I'm frantically trying to prepare for her. Right now the weather is hoding and work can be done. Love to give but reluctant to ask. Right now, I guess, I'm asking. Even my neighbors are begging me to sign up for GOFUNDME. It's a delicate position. If I can't pay for insurance then I can't get off welfare and it could mess me up. So I have to get beyond that hump. I plan to start offering my services online in a much better way. That is my end goal; to make enough to pay for what is needed. This is very hard for me and embarrassing to ask. I would like to give a free "Word Of Knowledge" Reading to anyone who contributes \$100 or more. Doing the readings again could also help get my site re-set up. I just really want to get off welfare, be productive and give what I learned to the world.

Brother Goddess' (Keridwyn Hershberger's) GoFundMe

<https://www.gofundme.com/the-venerable-hersh?> Thank you so very much to everyone who has been able to pitch in, I can not express my gratitude enough. This year is brutal for me. I feel like I got my legs kicked out from under me. I was doing great but then my summer shows were all very low in sales. I still thought it would be okay, but then we flooded and I had to put 13,000.00 into the house to make it habitable for winter. My insurance company only chipped in for 331.00 :(Still thought I could pull it off but I have missed



every autumn and holiday show taking care of my dying father. I am emotionally wrecked. I have some monastery consultant work in Europe for incense and everything is prepaid for my trip, but it's not until February and given this situation I'm not

sure I can go. Plus, dad has a bill that auto withdraws 500.00 Per WEEK from my account and doesn't care if I have it or not. I'm not sure how to get through until Scarborough in April without a boost. I also have my website www.incense.net where people can help out by ordering incense and soaps.

Dealing with her Father's impending death has inspired Brother Goddess to establish an old folks home in Wisconsin. To that end, she started a Facebook group called [Alternative Adults Assisted Living](#). The group has attracted a good bit of attention. As of this writing, it currently has 238 members.

Obituaries

Brother Babsy (Mary Palmer) died on October 2nd, 2018. Mary had been bedridden in a nursing home in Arlington, Texas. She was the only rennie in that facility. Imagine that. Imagine living out one's final years in the company of people who have no concept of what a life lived at renaissance festivals might have been like. Our Abbot greatly regrets that there was no Scurrilious Monk Monastery where Mary could have lived and died in kindred company. As our rennie population rapidly



ages, the need for monasteries becomes more urgent. Mary is now reunited with her beloved husband, David, who died on September 11th, 2014.

Bob Bielefeld died during the wee hours of the morning on Friday, December 14, 2018. He had been playing Christmas



gigs with Jim Hancock and Amanda Kitchens only two days earlier. He died in a hospital while listening to Beatles music. He had complications from diabetes. The Facebook [Page](#) of the

Dead Wren Singing and Dancing Society is filled with hundreds of tributes, eulogies, stories, comments and posts from hundreds of Bob's many friends, fans and admirers. Our Abbot is proud to have known this legendary renaissance festival musician since the late 1970s.

Mary Victoria (Tori) Johnston died on August 6th, 2018. Some time in the early 80s, she met and fell in love with the Benevolent Order's co founder, Dennis Cooper. They lived together for several years. Tori made and sold beautiful beaded



jewelry at several different renaissance faires. She died of pancreatic cancer. The photo shows Tori holding her J. Sparrow sign at the Texas Renaissance Festival in 1987.

Carl Jackson died on August 12, 2018. He roasted many, many weenies at many Waxahachie Weenie Roasts. Carl worked for Brother Can-You-Spare-a-Dime (Ray St. Louis) for several years as both a push monkey for human powered rides and as an assistant manager. Here he is the night he married Karin Schaefer.



She died in December of 2014.

Joseph Biella, better known as Raven, died on November 6, 2018. At one time or another, he owned and operated Black Dragon Pewter shops at renaissance faires in Wisconsin, New



York, Texas, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. Most days, he could be seen playing chess in front of his shops. He designed and poured the chess pieces himself and patrons who were lucky or skilled enough to beat him could win substantial

discounts on chess sets or anything else they found in his shop. Raven usually posted his win/loss statistics on his Facebook page at the end of every weekend. He won more often than he lost. When he was not working at renaissance faires, Mr. Biella was an art teacher at a public school.



Bill Potter was a metal worker who had a booth close to the front gate at the Texas Renaissance Festival for many years. His copper fountains were the first thing some patrons saw upon entering the festival. He also owned The Copper Rose restaurant and a campground on Renfaire Drive. He died on August 16, 2018 from diabetes.

Brother Costello (David Roe) Sends News From New Orleans

Once a year, I share tubular meat with at least two monks. This year, Amoreena Hunt, Heather Moon, Kevin Hunt, Cindy Wexler and Ranger Ric attended the Carnival festivities, leading to parading the ashes of Kathy Barry, Kevin Hunt's mother, and our friend and music maven, Maggie Marshall, to the river, as well as a box full of paper slips with the names of the year's prodigious Dead Wren deceased, which we lit on fire and sent to the water and wind. <http://rhrphoto.samexhibit.com/sdce-2018>

youtube.com/watch?v=9sSO76HsA3g
youtube.com/watch?v=y28K5oMKTms



Every year at this time, our people come to the river to forget to remember and remember to forget. The river does not care about your troubles. The river does not celebrate your accomplishments. It cares little for goals achieved or dreams denied. The river simply flows past and carries the flotsam and jetsam of our land and our lives. On this day, we bring the ashes of those that have gone before through the town for one last hurrah amidst the glitter and glitz, the pomp and circumstance, the big party. It is our hope that these ashes mingle with the waters and all the remains of our predecessors and ancestors, and that those ashes leave us behind, and flow to the Gulf, out past the Keys and onward to the seas. What remains is memory, and it is up to us gathered here to keep their memory alive. We will tell their tales, sing their songs, chant their good names. We say farewell to those who perished through fire, flood, famine, and flu in houston florida puerto rico, california, and around the globe. We feel the loss of those who found opium preferable to life. Fuck cancer. We say keep on walking, Fats, don't back down Mister Petty. The Dead Wren Singing & Dancing Society lost 30 some this year, and Kevin Hunt lost his mother, Mary. The two women we celebrate now, were women who changed all the lives around them for the better, and who found themselves better people for having traveled to this river bank. Maggie Marshall- lover and wife, first responder, collector of musicians, the rare person who could play bass and sing harmony simultaneously. Kathy Barry- my dear sweet sister, teacher, activist, baker, puppeteer, wife, mother.

The Peace of Wild Things BY WENDELL BERRY

When despair for the world grows in me
 and I wake in the night at the least sound
 in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
 I go and lie down where the wood drake
 rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
 who do not tax their lives with forethought
 of grief. I come into the presence of still water.
 And I feel above me the day-blind stars
 waiting with their light. For a time

I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

"So we see that even when Fortuna spins us downward, the wheel sometimes halts for a moment and we find ourselves in a good, small cycle within the larger bad cycle. The universe, of course, is based upon the principle of the circle within the circle. At the moment, We are in an inner circle. Of course, smaller circles within this circle are also possible."

Oh! Fortuna, You capricious Sprite!

David Roe (504) 525-1973

"Live all you can. It's a mistake not to." -Henry James