

The Lore of a Lonely Knight

Sit down around the bonfire, boys and girls. We have a good old story to tell you. Ourselves, we aren't so young anymore, and heard it from our elders. It is being passed down from generation to generation. It is a story of the loneliest knight who fought for the common folks.

Long time ago, in a strange land called America, there was this powerful man named Donald. He lived in a kingdom with a big town at its heart, full of people. The town was on an island, abutted by a big river on the East and the mighty ocean elsewhere; was famous for its many castles, trades and crafts; and the power it spread around the land and even the entire world. They say the town still exists, but nobody remembers its name. His dad made his fortune building castles and homes for everyone who lived there, both rich and poor. It was hard work. Unlike today, when a house is up in a couple of days, it took months and even years to gather the now-forgotten paper money and to fight the enemies to complete the job. The rich and powerful people subservient to the local lord ruled the town and didn't want anyone to equal them in prestige and influence. So doing anything was not easy.

As he grew up, Donald learned the craft and inherited the trade empire his dad left him. He lived in a large beautiful house on a major street. Many liked him and just as many envied him and tried to take away his fortunes. But he was tough; he knew when to unsheathe his sword; he fought off the nasty dragons that wanted to swallow him. And he did many a spectacular battles in places they called "courts" in those days. Oftentimes he won, but he also lost here and there. He was young, rich and good-looking. Women liked him a lot. He was married three different times and each wife was a beautiful lady. They bore him three sons and two daughters. In those olden days, they had something they called "books", used to spread the knowledge. As he learned about the ways of the world, they say he published about twenty such "books" about what he discovered. His prestige grew even further; he became well known. They admitted him into the knighthood of the town, when only the rich and famous enjoyed that right. Adored by many, he was disliked by just as many. He grew up to be a tough fighter, an unyielding warrior, generous to friends and vengeful to enemies. His treasure was vast, and even though they said he owed much money to others, he could have lived without a care in the world for the rest of his days.

Instead, he decided he wanted to be the ruler of that entire America land, to make it a better place to live; to right the wrongs he saw. In those days of

yore they referred to the ruler as "President", and we'll use that name also. He wasn't so young by then. But he was rich, healthy, wise, smart and adventurous. To win the kingdom was hard. Every four years there would be a contest, a tournament like you would never see nowadays. People from all over would do battles with each other and the winners would get to fight the other winners. By the end, only two contenders would be standing to do one final scuffle. It's not done now, but in those times the common folks would gather to say who won, to be their next ruler. So they had to like him. And liked him they did. Donald's enemies tried to stop him; by spreading rumors about his bad habits; how he loved other women while being married. Saying he wasn't honest about his business and conspired with America's enemies and many other things. Much to the dismay of his adversaries, the majority of the commoners still said "yea" and he became their leader.

Being crowned as a President in those days bestowed much honor and laid a heavy burden on Donald's shoulders. He had to find the right helpers, who carry out his orders and not betray him to his foes. He misjudged some of the people he ushered into his inner circle. And others liked him in the beginning but left him because he was a stern ruler, demanded perfection and wouldn't take "no" for an answer. In many ways he was very lonely in his new white house; a real a palace at a fortress with a strange "Dee-Cee" name. Surrounded by the courtiers who minded their own benefits and profits; they made demands so to force the President to share authority with them. The powerful and the mighty all over resisted the new edicts he put in place and have arisen against him when he abolished some of the aged ones.

Donald was hard on some, but he also had a soft spot in his heart for the people that put their trust in him. He wanted them to live better lives, in peace. That's why he didn't start new wars and ended some warfare previous rulers carelessly started but abandoned, to drag on indefinitely. He destroyed America's enemies without hesitation and made them very angry. He successfully negotiated trade deals and gave work to the suffering folks. When the country was in distress, he gave everyone some money, without asking for anything in return. Donald built up the kingdom's might, took care of his soldiers and lawmen, and they loved him for it. He even sent his son-in-law, a noble young man, to bring about peace to a far-away friendly nation, and he succeeded. Several countries ended their hostilities and made peace.

When his foreign adversaries spread great plague around the world and people were dying, it was his quick thinking and demand upon his men to find the wondrous potion against the malady; to bring it out. This was done with a speed unheard of before, and must have save countless lives in his country and

elsewhere.

As the story goes, boys and girls, Donald, the American President, wanted to continue serving his land and his people. But his many enemies were very crafty. They bought support of his party and shut the voices of the people who wanted him to be their leader. The enemies stole the choice of the people and proclaimed another man, without an ounce of honor in his body, to take over the land. Donald, who had enormous powers at his disposal, ruled in accordance with the law. He did not destroy his adversaries when he could. He knew that common folks would suffer and he didn't want that. So they overpowered him in battle. Another man, who was Donald's right hand, callously betrayed him. At the pivotal moment, this traitor by the name of Pence (his name shall forever live in infamy), cast his allegiance lot with the fiends of the Donald and all was lost.

Lost with him were some of his good deeds the enemies quickly unraveled. Some of his friends got in trouble. Many a people felt sad about how it all turned out. We share their sorrow even today. But his misfortune gave rise to many other legends, yet to be told.

The story we just told you didn't carry over to how he lived thereafter. The fog of times obscured the conclusion. We don't want to come up with the ending when we don't know the truth. We imagined he lived at least safely, somewhere in his own land. But we cannot be sure. As we are about to leave you, think about Donald, the lonely knight who erred at times, but fought for his country all the same, prayed for it, loved it – and his land loved him back. We'll surely tell you more once we learn what happened to him.

Is there a moral here? We think so. There is no higher calling in anyone's life than to serve the people who put their trust in you. Even if it means giving up what you have.

May the story of the lonely knight who fought for truth and freedom guide you as you grow older; facing the hard choices down the road.

Amen