

Chapel - Dustin Michel

July 15th 2018

Good morning, I wish to thank all of you for joining me on this odd morning, I call this morning odd because like you the last 24 hours have been a whirlwind of emotion and I know many of you have a lot of different feelings at this point, but we shall persevere nonetheless. As many of you know I am a passionate person, I therefore ask your forgiveness if at any point in the next few minutes my voice waivers or my eyes tear.

Many of you who have been in my cabins know of my appreciation and affinity for history. It is from this subject that I wish to tell you a tale. The year is 1415 (or roughly 600 years ago) and Henry V King of England and Brittany, was faced with disaster. Embroiled in a war with France that had lasted well over 50 years he had been outmaneuvered and now stood across a grass covered field from what would surely be his death and the damnation of the Kingdom of England. Having suffered great losses in previous battles he was left with a small force of roughly 5000 longbow archers and 2000 spearman and a couple hundred dismounted knights. The knights had been forced to eat their horses during the long cold winter. The archers where among the best in the world, they carried warbows that measured nearly 6 feet long made of solid English yew. Unlike the bows at camp a true warbow carried a draw weight of roughly 100 pounds and required years of training to master. Despite their exceptional skill they were nearly useless in a close up fight due to their lack of any feasible armor and the fact that they carried no shield.

Across the field from Henry stood the French army in all its colorful glory, shining in the spring sun was nearly 10,000 French knights in full plate armour mounted on destiters. The solid steel suites where shined to a polish using sand and vinegar by squires the day before. Backing these knights where 10,000 spearman and 5,000 crossbowman. The British faced seemingly insurmountable odds being outnumbered over 3 to 1. Henry knew that the battle was winnable but only if his shield wall held back the tides of french troops well his archers rained death over their heads. If even a single shieldbearer turned his back in fear then his entire army would collapse. This was no easy task as the armored mounted knight was the super weapon of the time, a heavy cavalry charge would cause the earth to rumble underfoot, their lances could pierce even the thickest armor and should an army run in fear they would cut men down like blades of grass. So Henry, knowing that his only hope was if every man on the field of Agincore was willing to die for not just him but for eachother, he gave what in my opinion is the greatest battlecry in history to inspire his men. He said riding up and down his army ranks " We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. For he today that sheds his blood with me shall forever be my brother"

The British, inspired by the passion of their King and knowing the cost of defeat took the field. The shield wall was charged 3 times that day and each time the line held. The French knights broke upon the English shieldwall like waves crashing on rocks. During these charges the French knights were being tormented by volleys of arrows which had a unique ability to find gaps in plate armor or take a horse out from under a rider. The French having suffered massive losses retreated from the field. Henry and the English had done the seemingly impossible.

### Song 1-Let it be

During my first ever conversation with Sandy Tattersall eight summers ago he told me this place was special. I, having worked at other camps, politely nodded my head and said yeah sure ok. Every camp claims to be special, it's how they fill their beds. It is with great regret I never got the chance to tell him how right he was. Not for the reason that you may think. While camp is beautiful, You can topple every tree, burn the barn, fire the field, collapse the cabins and levy the lake till all that remains is a mud puddle and I will still gladly call this place home. For It is not the cabins, the path, the ranges, the lake or the barn that makes this place special it is the people. It is we few, we happy few.

I have met some of the greatest, honorable, resilient, passionate, creative people here and well other places may have archery, they do not have the zen archery of Evan.

While some places have sailing they do not have the dedicated skill and discipline that is possessed by Gugs.

Not everywhere has riflery but those few who do I would wager our marksman's skill versus any who dare challenge it.

While some places go out on camping trips none have a finer group of men that I would willingly trust with my life leading them.

Some places have creative individuals but they do not have Wee Willie Winkie or Vincent who can seemingly create laughter out of thin air.

Many places have CIT or Aides programs however none have the ability to remind myself everyday why we do what we do.

Some may have dress up days but none have a 6 foot orange orangutan that produces the finest juice man has ever known.

They do not have people who wake up every morning with the soul goal of being the best person they can possibly be. To me, Timanous is much more than a place, it is a brotherhood of ideals.

In closing I ask that you stand our ground, trust in our cabinmates, and dedicate yourselves fully to the values and principles this camp stands for. For then, gentlemen we will become much more than a camp, we will be a band of brothers. No charge of heavy horse, no rain of arrows or cold instructional swim will ever break us. For he who spends seven weeks at Timanous shall forever be my brother.

Let's sing Wooded Path for those who wish they were sitting beside you at this very moment.

### Song 2-Wooded Path

Look to this Day Look to this day For it is life, the very life of life.  
In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence:  
The bliss of growth; the glory of action; the splendor of beauty.  
For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision.  
But every today well lived, makes every yesterday a dream of happiness  
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.  
Look well therefore to this day!  
Such is the salutation of the dawn!