

**REPORT OF THE FIRST ASSEMBLY
OF THE
PRIORY OF THE HOLY TRINITY**



CHICKAMAUGA GA, 14-16 MARCH 2025



FRIDAY



The evening began with Prior Grand Turco Marc warmly welcoming everyone to the inaugural assembly of the Priory of the Holy Trinity. The gathering was a significant milestone, marking the first-ever meeting of the priory. In attendance were 12 members of the priory, along with their wives and children, bringing the total number of attendees to 25. Marshal Clint added a touch of humor and camaraderie to the event by presenting the prior and seneschal each with their own "war horse"—an inflatable

hobby-horse—and a "squire"—a carpentry square (pronounced "skwar" in a deep southern drawl). The playful gifts set a lighthearted tone for the evening.

Dinner featured a delicious lasagna prepared by Marshal Clint's wife, Ginger, who served as the event's chef. The meal was enjoyed by all, providing a warm and satisfying start to the evening's activities.

After dinner, everyone moved outside and gathered around the fire pit to participate in a game hosted by Marshal Clint called "Who's Story is it?"

The game was designed to help everyone get to know each other better by revealing interesting facts about themselves. Despite Sir Michael Dynak's efforts, he was unable to get a fire started in the fire pit, prompting the Seneschal to joke that perhaps they shouldn't have asked a fireman to start the fire. The game fostered a sense of community and connection among the attendees, making the evening both enjoyable and memorable. Following the game, a devotion was held, focusing on the theme of having faith "as a mustard seed." The devotion provided a moment of reflection and spiritual growth for everyone present.



As the evening ended, attendees retired to their rooms, though some chose to stay up later to enjoy the warm evening and continue their conversations. The event was a resounding success, filled with laughter, fellowship, and meaningful interactions.

SATURDAY

One of the biggest reasons for the assembly is the knighting of three sergeants: John Goodwin, Gary McCarthy, and Michael Dynak. The day began with a leisurely late breakfast, allowing everyone to ease into the day's activities.



Chaplain John then led a self-defense class, imparting valuable skills and techniques to the attendees. The class was engaging and informative, equipping participants with practical knowledge for personal safety.

In the afternoon, the accolades ceremony took place, a time of recognition and celebration for the members of the Order.

During the ceremony, Prior GT Marc presented gold spurs to the Priory staff officers, Seneschal, Marshal and Chaplain, symbolizing their esteemed positions and contributions. All other knights received silver spurs, acknowledging their commitment and service. The accolades were

conducted smoothly, with the storm holding off until the ceremony had concluded. Certificates of Appreciation were presented to the Seneschal for their support above and beyond, and especially for the Marshal's incredible efforts to organize and execute this Assembly. One of the highlights was the appointment of young Keegan McCarthy as a Page, a significant honor that marked his dedication and potential within the Order.



As the accolades finished, the sky opened up, and a storm rolled in, adding a dramatic backdrop to the day's events. Despite the weather, spirits remained high, especially with the surprise announcement that Michael Dynak's wife had joined the Order. Her decision to become a member was unexpected but warmly welcomed, further strengthening the bonds within the group.

Overall, the day was a blend of learning, recognition, and pleasant surprises, making it a memorable occasion for all involved.

SUNDAY

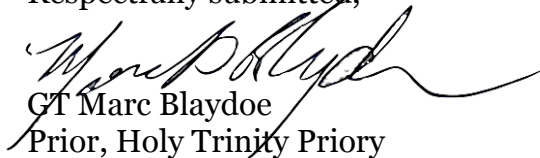
The day began with a delightful breakfast-spread featuring fresh fruit, creamy yogurt, assorted bagels, a variety of juices, and strong, invigorating coffee. The morning meal was a perfect start, energizing everyone for the tasks ahead.

After breakfast, the group came together to clean the kitchen and the lodge. Furniture was moved back to its original positions, and the space was tidied up, reflecting the collaborative spirit of the gathering. The camaraderie was evident as everyone pitched in, making the work light and enjoyable.

Once the cleaning was done, everyone gathered outside, engaging in lively conversations. The reluctance to leave was palpable, as the bonds formed over the weekend made parting difficult. The atmosphere was filled with laughter and shared memories, highlighting the success of the event.

By 10am, the last of the cars were on the road home, marking the end of a memorable gathering. Despite the departure, one thought lingered in everyone's mind: "When can we do this again?"

Respectfully submitted,



GT Marc Blaydoe

Prior, Holy Trinity Priory

Grand Turcopolier, Ordre Militaire Suprême Des Templiers (OMSDT)

Dieu Avec Nous!



TALES FROM THE ASSEMBLY

THE LEGEND OF SKUNK DOG

It was a dark and stormy night, accentuated with occasional unpleasant wafts of a light skunky odor. Flashes of lightning silhouetted the shape of a large dog, perhaps a golden Labrador—motionless—peering intently into the tree line across the green sward. The fierce rain fell mercilessly, but the dog did not seem to notice. A number of us observed this strange sight from a covered wooden porch, gathered together in knightly camaraderie. Occasionally, the dog would come up out of the rain and wander the porch, gently greeting each of us individually, then return to her sentry post, watching the trees. None of us wanted to pet or acknowledge her presence, because her nearness seemed to increase that odious smell.



Suddenly a prolonged lightning flash revealed something to the dog and she launched like a missile locked onto a specific target, disappearing into the woods. Emerging moments later, she appears to be carrying something. Dropping her package in the middle of the sward, she then disappeared into the shadows. Intrigued by her swift and almost ferocious actions, the men stared at the strange bundle through the pouring rain, but were unable to figure out what it was, even with the help of lightning flashes. One man, young and reckless, just sort of individual you would expect to be an Army tank commander, decided to take direct action. He appropriated a flashlight from another member of the group, donned a hooded jacket and walked boldly into the deluge, determined to identify the mysterious object.

As he closed the objective, the flashlight provided certain visual clues. It was an animal. It had black fur with white stripes. The accompanying skunk-like stench convinced him that he did not need to get any closer or seek any further clues. The revealing of bloody entrails in loops around the body told a tale of total evisceration of a skunk by our canine paladin, doing her duty to save us from the evil and odious Mephitidian threat. Her duty done, she went quietly into the night, not to be seen again. As the storm passed, the beautiful sunny dawn revealed, not a bloody corpse, but the complete absence of any evidence of the night's violence.

Other witnesses would later tell about a skunk that was seen earlier, wandering around the outbuildings. Were they one and the same? Was this the enemy of our gallant golden guardian of the stormy night? We may never know, but let us salute this unsung hero, this mysterious golden canine knight, who kept us safe from odious evil. Godspeed, noble friend of man.