



Prayer Book

Property
of
Brother Valen

Salutation to the Dawn

Beloved Dawnbringer, I thank you for this
new day,

filled as ever with Your light and love.

The sun washes over the Land
And the remainder of the Night is gone
And the song of Hope blends with the
Morning breeze.

Guide me to those who need my help,
whether in word or deed.

Grant us the courage and patience to give
aid,

to end misery and pain
and to seek and stamp out the evil of this
world.

Let each act be undertaken in Your Name
and be the herald of a new beginning.

Blessed be, oh Morninglord!

Of thee and thy gifts!

Song of Dawn

Dawn approaches, lift your eyes,
look abobe to light-streaked skies.
Raise your hands in thanks and praise,
to greet the new day's first sunrays.

Praise The Dawnbringer, show your
love,

gibe your thanks that up abobe
He banishes darkness for our sake,
that we in love His hand will take.

Warming, cheering, cleansing light,
spreading slowly, spreading bright,
we take heart from each new morn,
Thank the Morninglord for this dawn.



Praise of High Sun

Oh Morninglord,
I offer thanks for keeping me safe
throughout the morning hours,
and as the sun rises high at this midday
hour
I thank You for Your unfaltering light
and unwavering love.

Grant me the strength to see the rest of
this day to a safe conclusion,
giving power to my voice that I may sing
Your Praises,
and potency to my weapon that I may
vanquish Our enemies in Your Name.

Sunset Prayer

Oh Morninglord,
hear my thanks at the setting of the
sun,
for you have bathed me in Your
Glorious Light
since the day began,
and given me the will and strength
to do Your bidding.

Forgive me for my shortcomings
as I humbly ask
that You remain with me through
the coming night,
watching over me in the hours of
darkness
that I may wake refreshed with
hope and courage
to begin Your work anew in the
dawn to come.

Nevermore Night Supplication

Grant me, O Morninglord, a mind
to know you,
A heart to seek you,
Wisdom to find you,
Conduct pleasing to you,
Faithful perseverance in toiling for
you,
And a hope of finally embracing you.



I feel my hope fade, yet I remain
strong in your light. - RV



Prayer for Sun

Oh Morninglord,
Shine Your light where my foot will
tread,
to wake me when my eyes take rest,
light the way for sword and heart
to follow where You think is best -

Lend me Your strength in times of need;
in darkness, with my heart in chains -
Your light still shines across the lake
and I forget my earthly pains.



Darkness has come. I continue to pray for the
sun, for the light to cast away the darkness.
I have faith. - RV

Prayer for Birth

Bringer of the Dawn and of Life itself,
bless this new Life as it enters this
World. Guard this new Life as it begins
its journey under your bright Sun.
Guide this Life as it walks in your
Warmth and Light from this day forth.

Healing

Glorious Lord of the Morn, Bringer of
the Dawn,
you shine brightly for your gifts of
warmth and sunlight.
Please give of your warmth to aid this
body
and renew its health.
I humbly ask for you to cure the ills that
afflict this body.

Death Prayer

O Dawn master,
support this soul in her last hour
by the strong arms of Thy Brightness
and
the fragrance of Thy consolations.
Let Thy Shining Mercy pour over her
and let
Thy own body be her food, and
Thy blood her sprinkling; and let
Thy glorious Chanticleer and
our own dear patrons smile on me,
that in and through them all she may die
as we desire to live,
in Thy Arms,
in Thy faith and
in Thy love.

My heart grows heavy as I recite this prayer
over my fellow brothers and sisters of the
Abbey as the hour grows dark.

- RV

In Your Name...

We stretch our hands towards you and pray
May you grant us your goodness, your love,
and your warmth.

Lead us, your people, towards harmony,
beauty and progress as you have always
done.

Let bloom in us love and creativity, hope and
harmony – and let us not be corrupted by
your abundance but take delight in giving.

Give us the ability to see good in evil as
clearly as we now look upon your holy dawn.
Help us to help our likeminded and all who
believe in you.

'In this day I give to you my mind, my heart,
my thought and body and pray that through
me you will bring goodness love and warmth
to all good creatures.

Morninglord.

With my eyes I see your holy sunrise.

Morninglord.

With my hands I sense your merciful
warmth.

Morninglord.

With my heart I feel your eternal love.

Prayer against Undead

Morninglord, Watcher of the Dawn,
Lord of Life,
grant me your beacon of holy Sun
and turn these wretched abominations
from your Light!

Demon of darkness! In the name of the
Morninglord,
I command you to leave this place!

With regret, I inscribe these words
urgently, as our cherished Abbey teeters
on the brink of falling to the Dark Lord.
We are isolated, lacking aid, and deprived
of Saint Markovia's guidance. Here is the
story of our beloved Saint Lyvia Markovia's
life.

Her early years are veiled in mystery.
Found by a seasoned wolf hunter in Krezk,
she was but a child, barely taller than a
halfling's knee. Raised as his daughter,
tragedy struck when his wife perished
during winter. Recognizing her need for
proper care, education, and guidance into
womanhood, she was brought to the
Abbey.

Y335 Sister Markovia

Sister Markovia embarked upon her path
within the Abbey. Under the nurturing
care of the esteemed Sister Constance,
Lyvia Markovia flourished and endeared
herself to all. Her days were dedicated to
the diligent care of the valiant knights
engaged in the Great War.

Y341 Blessed Sister

Sister Markovia's extraordinary abilities became evident, as those under her watch within the infirmary miraculously recovered. Among the knights, she earned the revered title of the Blessed Sister.

Y346 Throne's Hidden Heir

The most guarded secret of the Abbey, Contessa Sera von Hapsburg, the daughter of Count von Hapsburg, Lord of Barovia, was with child. She sought refuge within our hallowed walls under the cloak of darkness, accompanied by her mother, Countess Tasha. Sister Markovia guided her through a safe childbirth. The child, named Julius Vernon von Hapsburg, Earl of Barovia, in honor of her fallen brothers, emerged as the last surviving male descendant. The child was entrusted to the protective embrace of Sister Markovia.

Y 346 Dark Winter

Following the fall of the Lord of Barovia, Count von Hapsburg, and the tragic deaths of Contessa Sera and her mother Countess Tasha, a shroud of darkness blankets the land. With the absence of male heirs, Prince Strahd seizes the throne. Unbeknownst to him, a hidden heir persists—a well-kept secret within the Abbey's walls.

Prince Strahd, once considered a paragon of virtue, forsakes all decorum and without mercy, massacres the noble families of Barovia who do not pledge their fidelity. Prince Strahd goes so far as to declare Lord Argynvost and his knights as traitors deserving of annihilation.

As the land descends further into chaos, the unholy rise. Undead abominations in the form of zombies and skeletons begin to tread upon our soil, while wraiths and malevolent spirits haunt the valleys. Amidst this turmoil, the valiant Knights of the Silver Dragon and Lord Argynvost continue their relentless struggle against the accursed undead, and the forces of Prince Strahd.

Y 347 Forbiddance

Prince Strahd von Zarovich proclaims victory and claims the title of Lord of Barovia. Strahd issues the Edict of Forbiddance, a ban upon the Abbey, accusing it of aiding the enemy. We find ourselves isolated, with apprehensions about both our safety and the safeguarding of our most cherished secret.

Sister Markovia, entrusted with the royal infant, places him into the care of Brother Ivan and instructs him to embark on a perilous journey through the snowy mountain passes to the north, seeking refuge and safety. Sister Markovia bequeaths to Ivan, Contessa's Sera's royal sigil ring, which must remain with the child under all circumstances. The young Earl represents the future Lord of Barovia and the last hope of the von Hapsburg lineage, a legacy that must be safeguarded at any cost.

Y 350 Blessed Spring

The spring water in Krezk is touched by the grace of Blessed Sister Markovia. It is believed that the waters from this spring hold the power to offer solace and healing. Over time, the spring water has grown to become a revered pilgrimage site, drawing the hopeful and afflicted from all corners of Barovia who seek the rejuvenating touch of its miraculous waters.

Y352 Folk Hero

The blessed spring in Krezk has elevated Blessed Sister Markovia to the status of a revered folk hero among the people of Barovia. However, on the fateful day of the 27th of Mart, the undead besieged the Abbey. Their sinister intent was the annihilation of the Abbey and the capture of Blessed Sister Markovia. There exists no doubt that this assault bore the mark of the Devil Strahd. The Abbey valiantly resisted the onslaught, but it was Blessed Sister Markovia who struck down the undead one by one, like a reaper amidst the wheat fields. Her fighting acumen on this day demonstrated her as a formidable adversary. In the aftermath, Blessed Sister Markovia devised plans to march towards Ravenloft, to confront Strahd and liberate the valley from the clutches of this unrelenting evil.

Y352 March on Ravenloft

The 1st day of Avril, Blessed Sister Markovia embarked on the march towards Castle Ravenloft. The villagers and clergy rallied to her side, yet she sternly forbade anyone from accompanying her into the castle. It was an epic confrontation that endured for hours, leaving us with naught but the solace of prayer. Suddenly, a deep and profound silence enveloped the surroundings, shrouded in an eerie stillness.

A grievous sight befell our eyes, Strahd himself was observed, his once-proud demeanor marred by a limp and a visage of agony. In that heart-wrenching moment, it became evident that Blessed Sister Markovia would never return to us. It is whispered that Strahd trapped her within a crypt beneath his accursed castle, and her spirit remains bound there to this day.

Y352 Saint Markovia

The Blessed Sister Lyvia Markovia, renowned for her selflessness, virtuous deeds, and the miraculous healing waters, has been formally declared Saint Markovia of Krezk by our order. To honor her enduring legacy, the Abbey of Brilliant Worship in Krezk has been reborn as the Abbey of Saint Markovia. Her benevolent spirit remains a steadfast and guiding presence among us.



Y353 Siege of the Abbey

The tales of Saint Markovia's benevolent deeds and miracles fill the hearts of the Barovian people, igniting a flame of hope. However, the Dark Lord Strahd, demands that the brothers and sisters of the Abbey surrender themselves to his "mercy" or face the threat of a siege and death.

The Abbey stands resolute, refusing to yield. We have fortified our sacred sanctuary, severing it from the outside world. Our vow remains unwavering against the encroaching darkness. Strahd subjects us to the ceaseless nightly howls of wolves, a haunting symphony that lingers in our dreams. His sinister forces lay siege upon us, their cruelty so profound that I dare not transcribe their horrors onto parchment.

Y355 Winter

It has been two long years since the Dark Lord's relentless siege. Our last flicker of hope wanes as our provisions dwindle to naught in the bitterness of the coldest winter in memory. The afflictions of body and mind have claimed the lives of many. Those who ventured forth in search of aid have vanished without a trace, and we dread the ominous fate that may have befallen them. Only three of us endure, and we question whether any will persevere until the arrival of spring, when we may finally lay our fallen brethren to rest. Alas, the frozen ground of this harsh winter denies us the solace of a proper burial.

Last Vigil

Nonetheless, the final rites shall not be denied to the last of us. Despite the grim prospect of unrest in the afterlife that plagues today's Barovia, I have willingly taken upon myself the solemn duty to ensure that these last rites are performed.

I regard it as a profound honor to have dedicated my service to my fellow brothers and sisters. May our resolute stance against the encroaching darkness remain etched in memory.

Blessed be, oh Morninglord! I now lay myself down, at long last, to find solace in the comforting embrace of your warmth.

In devotion,

Brother Valen

Winter of the year 355