



Inaugural Edition

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Ricardian Chronicle

Newsletter by and about members of the American Branch of the Richard III Society

Contents

Reinterment Week in Leicester	2
From Birth to Death in One Day & Sixty Miles	4
From the Heart:	6
Reinterment Week in Leicester	11
Photo Album: Leicester March 20, 2015 through March 28, 2015	15
An American Novelist in King Richard's Court	21
Tidewater Chapter of Richard III Society Meeting Minutes	30
Dr. Richard Buckley's Talk on Finding Richard III's Remains	31
from the Editor	32
Rare and delightful books from the non-fiction library	33
Board, Staff, and Chapter Contacts	35
Membership Application/Renewal Dues	36

Congratulations Peggy Berle for the winning submission—*Ricardian Chronicle*—as the name for the American Branch newsletter. Peggy chose the Ricardian Boar pin as her thank you. We also asked her to tell us a bit about herself so that we can all meet her, albeit virtually. So without further ado, in her own words, is Peggy Berle:



To begin with I was born in Warrington, Lancashire, England. My mom is from Manchester and my dad was in the US Military. My grandmother was from Yorkshire. Due to dad's military service I had traveled around the world until he chose to retire in Florida. I then finished my high school education and proceeded to obtain an LPN (Licensed Practical Nurse) license. I further obtained a Bachelor's Degree (BA) in Business Administration with a major in management. I enhanced my education further by acquiring a Masters Degree in Education (M.Ed.) with my major in curriculum and instruction. I am now a retired educator.

I am married and have two children and two grandchildren. I have always held a keen interest in British medieval times and early British history. I find the Plantagenets most interesting and was especially drawn to Richard III. I became a member of the Richard III Society in September 2014 and am looking forward to remaining an active member. One of my goals is to visit Middleham castle and other sites associated with Richard. I also enjoy reading historical information about Richard's era, the king himself and historical fiction.

The Reinterment of Richard III's Remains

In no particular order, the following articles document various members' experiences attending a once in 500 year event, the reinterment of King Richard III. Unless stated otherwise, the photos are by the article's author.

Reinterment Week in Leicester

Helena Wright

The first thing we noticed upon arriving in Leicester on the Sunday (March 22) was a large billboard, solid black, with just the letters "R III P" in white. Quite impressive, and it let us know that the Reinterment was being taken very seriously. Later that day, we saw another version with the letters "R III P" in black on a white poster, nearly filling a shop window.



Among the other sights seen on that day were the numerous costumed people milling about the city. We saw Morris dancers at the Jewry Wall Museum, along with people dressed in medieval garb, some as monks and nuns, and several men in different styles of armor with various weapons. It provided a festival atmosphere, along with the crowds who were positioning themselves in the best place to watch for the funeral cortege as it returned to the city from Bosworth.





The movement of the crowd signaled that the motorized hearse was approaching. It was very moving to see it pass, with the wooden casket clearly visible inside. The hearse was followed by a procession of prelates in their robes. Then the casket was moved to a horse-drawn wagon for a solemn passage through the city to the cathedral. Large crowds assembled along the route, and many people watched the procession on the big screens set up to project the footage captured by what presumably were ordinarily in use as traffic helicopters.

I went to the cathedral to view the delivery of the coffin, but the crowds had preceded me and I wasn't able to get close enough to photograph this stage of the ceremony. I did see the arrival of the procession from a distance, including two armored knights on horseback who rode up to the cathedral entrance. Then the wagon bearing the coffin drew up, with mounted figures in attendance, and the pall bearers came to take the coffin into the church.

On the Monday (March 23) I was fortunate enough to have won a ticket for the Society's Memorial Service. We assembled in a queue to enter the church at dusk.



The service was a great credit to the Society and the community. For me, the best part was the vivid picture of Richard conveyed by Society members reading different accounts of him written by his contemporaries. I hope the Society will publish these remarks and cite the sources from which they were taken.



It was a great privilege to be able to attend the Society's memorial service, and I feel very fortunate to have won a place through the ballot process. My thanks and admiration go to the Society for its organization and successful administration of this complex series of events.



I also had the opportunity to visit the Richard III Visitor Centre which has been constructed on the site of the original grave. The position in which the body was found is indicated by a hologram of the skeleton near the medieval floor tiles of the former choir of the Greyfriars abbey church. The forensic aspects of the exhibition are very well done and convey a good sense of what was learned by studying the remains. It was very crowded, of course, and I hope to visit again when it would be possible to have more time to study the installation.



Contents

From Birth to Death in One Day & Sixty Miles

Photos & Text by Kelly Fitzgerald

While I will always remember the week I spent with my Ricardian friends, the day that stands out the most to me is the day we went to Fotheringhay for a special service in honor of Richard's parents & older brother, Edmund.

The day started early, as we had to set up refreshments in the community center before the church service started. We weren't expecting many people, maybe the 15 who had said they would be there. To our surprise, 60 people attended, filling the pews of this beautiful little church which was built on orders of Richard's father, the Duke of York, before he was born. A copy of the contract to build the church, the only one of its kind in existence dating to medieval times, is displayed in the sanctuary.



Fotheringhay



Fetterlock

The church of St. Mary & All Saints was once much larger than it now is, but thanks to time & the Reformation, just a small portion of it remains. We were lucky that day. The sun was shining brightly through the windows of the church. I could only imagine how it would look if all of the windows were made of colored glass. An English version of Paris' gorgeous Sainte Chappelle! One of the guides told us that the church is popular for summer weddings. Imagine being married in such a beautiful place!

It was here at Fotheringhay that Richard was born & here he served as chief mourner at the reinterment of his father & brother Edmund. While their original tombs had to be rebuilt (on orders of Elizabeth I), the church still contains the original pulpit constructed on the orders of Edward IV, complete with the heraldic devices of both Richard, then Duke of Gloucester, & George, Duke of Clarence.



York Window

You have to get up close & inside the pulpit in order to get clear pictures of the Boar & the Bull:



Pulpit



White Boar



*Black Bull
of Clarence*

The tombs of Richard's parents & his older brother Edmund face each other on opposite sides of the main altar. I had wondered earlier if Edmund had his own heraldic device, but it doesn't appear that he did. His tomb was decorated with the device of his father, the Falcon & the Fetterlock.



Edmund's Tomb

After the service at the church, & refreshments & an interesting talk by Susan Troxell in the community center, we headed to another church nearby to examine some misericords. These misericords were originally part of the church at Fotheringhay & were there when Richard lived there. On one of them was a decoration familiar to Ricardians:



Misericord

It was so amazing & emotional to see & touch something Richard also saw & touched over 500 years ago. So much from his time has been lost. It's a miracle anything survives & in such good condition that it is still in weekly use! We felt like teenage nerds, but ones who wander into churches (with the key!) & take pictures of misericords.

After a short stop at this tiny church, our group went in separate directions. Since one person in the vehicle I was in had not been to Bosworth, we decided to head there so she could get some pictures before the sunset. As luck would have it, we were close enough to Fenn Lane Farms before the sun went completely down, & so we were able to stand on the road which overlooks the field where Richard lost his life.



Fenn Lane

While this picture may not look like much, I was so emotionally overcome at this moment, I started crying. I actually "felt" the presence of the spirits who still wander this field, 530 years after the battle. I'm sure all of the activity woke them up, especially since several men stood vigil for Richard the night before the procession to Leicester. It was as though I felt the weight of a half- millennia's worth of unexpressed emotions clamoring for an outlet, for release. Perhaps all of the people in the crowds & those who felt drawn to Leicester were answering this call & now that these emotions have found voice, the healing & restoring of Richard's reputation can now begin in earnest.

It was later, on our way back to Leicester, that we realized we traveled the length of Richard's life in one day, & that the place where he was born & the place where he died are only 60 miles apart.

From the Heart:

Geoff Davidson's *Middleham Requiem*

Susan Troxell

"Music," according to Victor Hugo, "expresses that which cannot be said and on which it is impossible to be silent." While many profound words were spoken during the reinterment ceremonies for Richard III, one of the more memorable experiences from the week was the vast array of music interwoven with them. There were traditional hymns, medieval carols, military bands, chanting monks – even a gospel choir. The week witnessed performances of new "Ricardian" compositions including Graham Keitch's *Ricardus Rex*, performed during a March 23rd memorial service attended by Society members, and Judith Bingham's specially-commissioned choral anthem *Ghostly Grace*, performed at the pivotal moment when the king's coffin was lowered into his tomb and blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The abundance of music seemed so appropriate for a king who, himself, was a patron of music, and whose choirs sang with such beauty that Niclas von Papplau wrote in 1484 it was like hearing the voices of angels.



Photo from *The Middleham Requiem* program
© Richard III Society

For me, the highlight of all the musical events was the performance of Geoff Davidson's *Middleham Requiem*, a "dramatic cantata" which tells the story of Richard's life using a narrator, three vocal soloists depicting Richard, Queen Anne, and King Edward IV, two choirs (adults and children), a twenty-piece orchestral ensemble and pipe organ. The March 26th concert was sponsored by the Richard III Society, and was attended by its patron, the current Duke of Gloucester, amongst an audience of rapt Ricardians who packed the Venetian-inspired basilica of St. James the Greater church in Leicester.



Photo from *The Middleham Requiem* program
© Richard III Society

The *Requiem* began with actor Sir Timothy Ackroyd giving a spirited narration of the words of Peter of Brixen, Carmelite monk, describing Richard as king: "If we look first of all for religious devotion, which of our princes shows a more genuine piety? If for justice, who can reckon above him throughout the world? If we contemplate the prudence of his service, both in peace, and in waging war, who shall we judge his equal?"

The intention to tell a very different tale from the ones told by Thomas More and William Shakespeare was thus announced from the very opening lines. Moreover, unlike Shakespeare's play, which is one of his longest in duration, Davidson's *Requiem* was a model of brevity—taking us from Richard's founding of a College at Middleham, to the battle of Barnet, his coronation, the death of his son and queen, and the battle of Bosworth—all within a mere 90 minutes, divided into two parts.

Using a colorful variety of orchestration and vocal textures reminiscent of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, the *Requiem* alternated between sacred and secular musical forms. There was high drama in the martial music accompanying the battle scenes, the chorus singing a resounding and triumphant *Rex tremendae* when Richard is crowned, the tender Verdi-like love duet between Richard and Anne, and their deeply mournful duet ("Hollin, green hollin") following the loss of their son accompanied by harp and recorder. The composition concluded with the choir solemnly singing the Latin text: *Requiem aeternam dona ei domine, et lux perpetua, luceat ei, Sempiternam requiem* [Grant him eternal rest, O Lord, and let everlasting light shine upon him. Rest everlasting]. There were very few dry eyes in the audience as it burst into sustained applause.

The composer and conductor of the *Requiem* was kind enough to grant me an interview about his composition, its performance on March 26, as well as the challenges and opportunities presented when writing a piece about Richard III.

An Interview with Geoff Davidson



ST: What motivated you to write a piece about Richard III? You obviously don't employ the "traditional" Shakespeare narrative, but rather wrote a libretto based on contemporary 15th century texts, while weaving elements of a requiem mass into it. What was it about Richard III's life that captured your interest and inspired you?

GD: I didn't actually write a libretto. All the texts were gleaned from various contemporary accounts of Richard's life including Hollinshed and other historical accounts of (for example) Bosworth. All I had to do was compile and place them into a narrative that told the story. That took twelve months. I ignored Shakespeare totally. My motivation stemmed from my wife's enthusiasm for the Ricardian story which she had in copious amounts before I met her. In 1985 I took her on her first visit to Bosworth for the 500th anniversary and became drawn in to the dramatic tale of a man made into a monster whose bad luck was too bad to be true. As a composer I found the tale irresistible and first thoughts were to create an opera. Opera is notoriously expensive to produce and if I wanted a piece to tell Richard's story that could be performed frequently then a choral work with soloists and narrator would be better and cheaper. I decided to create a work that uses virtually the same forces as Handel's *Messiah*. For military reasons there would be a French horn added but this cost would be offset by the absence of a solo alto voice. The only extras would then be a few percussive instruments.

I've had experience of countless stage works over the years and believe that all stage works, even comedies, must have tension. Each scene must have its own tension. A play sags and *longueurs* develop if there is no tension. Richard's story has tension to spare. From the beginning I had the narrator declaim Peter of Brixen's commentary that here was a worthy, honest, religious and fair man and the response from those who don't know should be – "Wait a minute, you mean he wasn't the hunch-backed monster we all know?" There's a tension of sorts here already.

Then there follows the battle of Barnet and victory but shortly after, there follows the episode with Clarence's murder. Other tensions that follow are Edward's death and the illegitimacy of the princes. With part two and the landing of Henry Tudor, tension is cranked up considerably leading to the tragedy of Bosworth and the moving letter from the people of York. At the height of the battle Richard is struck down and the orchestra is cut dead leaving a solo recorder recalling the happiest time of his life at Middleham. What does one think about when facing death? The only release comes with the final *Requiem Aeternam* at the end. I tried where possible to punctuate the narrative with movements from the Latin Requiem Mass and tried to comment on the narrative with an appropriate choice of Latin text. Hence the *Dies Irae*, *Dies Illa* (Day of wrath, Day of judgement, which is normally the second movement in *Requiems* by Mozart and Verdi and all other composers) does not appear in my *Requiem* until the final scene – the battle of Bosworth.

ST: I'm aware of very few musical settings of the life of Richard III. The first one I'm aware of is a very rarely-performed symphonic poem by Bedřich Smetana written in 1858. And, of course, there is William Walton's cinematic music for Olivier's 1955 movie. Did you do any research into past compositions such as these when developing your own conceptualization?

GD: Unlike Beethoven I was not intent on breaking new ground with my music. I wanted to compose a piece that could be approached and appreciated by musicians and non-musicians alike. I was aware that the first performance in Fotheringhay would be attended largely by Ricardian academics and historians who would not necessarily be interested in music of this kind. I had to write with melody and harmony that conveyed the action precisely and whose meaning was easy to grasp. I made no reference to Smetana, Walton or anyone else – they were all based on Shakespeare's character. My *Requiem* was described in the Yorkshire Post as a "hybrid". Indeed it is a mixture of elements including Walton, Britten, Shostakovich and Carl Orff (especially his rhythms) and sometimes downright romanticism. John Rutter has said he composes music that his mum and dad would like. I feel the same. I have the power to make people weep with my music and my wife, singing in the choir, was very lucky to get through the performance without dissolving into tears (though not at rehearsal!). I wrote from my heart and used devices well tried by the greatest composers. I insist on melodies and harmonies that naturally strike the heart.

ST: Although you title the piece *Middleham Requiem*, you've described it in the vein of a "dramatic cantata". What is the difference between a requiem and a cantata in musical literature?

GD: "Cantata" simply means a piece that is to be sung unlike a "sonata" that is to be sounded or played. So a cantata can be written on any subject (Bach wrote one about coffee!) and Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* is described as a "scenic cantata"—a series of pictures in the mind brought to life by music. This last description is particularly applicable to my piece. A "requiem" on the other hand is a solemn setting of the words of the Latin requiem mass used by the Catholic Church at funeral services. No additions are made to it and the movements are always recited or sung in the order they appear in Catholic liturgy. Brahms' *Requiem* (described as a "German" requiem) is a collection of German texts that refer to death, hope and the life hereafter. No Latin is used so the title "requiem" is loosely applied.

ST: With the exception of a recorder, I noticed that you do not employ original instruments, e.g., those from the 15th century, in your orchestration. What led you to choose modern over period instruments?

GD: My only concession to mediaeval musical instrumentation was using the recorder to give a certain ancient feel to the music. Once Richard has ascended the throne I used an authentic mediaeval dance called *Danse Royale* for the celebration. Here I used the recorder and percussion mainly but also used harp, horn and solo violin to "represent" ancient instruments. I felt that to use proper mediaeval instruments would have been a gimmick. The raw sound of mediaeval instruments is such a shock to the system after the beauty of modern ones. For the romantic almost Verdian duets (not something you find in mediaeval music!) I needed a full-blooded string sound. Similarly for the dramatic battle scenes the full pipe organ lent a huge and sinister sound to the mix. I believe that where Beethoven had an excellent Broadwood piano gifted to him, were he to return and play a modern Steinway, he would find his *Hammerklavier Sonata* sounding as it really should!

ST: I was particularly captivated by the "Hollin, green hollin" duet of Richard and Anne in Part Two, following the loss of their son. It was very melancholy but extraordinarily melodic too. It reminded me of some modern settings of traditional English folk songs, but I'm not familiar with this particular text. Can you provide some background information about its text and your approach to that particular duet?

GD: I'm flattered that you liked "Hollin, green hollin". In fact it was the very first thing I wrote but not as part of the *Requiem*. I once did a BBC Scotland recital with a soprano colleague and wrote this for us to sing with guitar. It appeared as part of three "Scottish lyrics" which were all based on children's nursery rhymes from a book published in 1946 by the Hogarth Press. I cannot for the life of me remember where the preceding text for the narrator came from but my response to the lines -- "On hearing the news of this (the death of their son) at Nottingham where they were residing, you might have seen his mother and father in a state almost bordering on madness by reason of their sudden grief"—was immediate, soulful and sympathetic. I began to search my shelves for appropriate poetry and the book of Scottish nursery rhymes fell out on to the floor jogging my memory about the duet I'd written.

I saw the sad young couple in my mind, distracted, grief-stricken and heart-broken that they had not been there at the death of their son. "Madness" was the key word. Distraction brought about by severe shock. It needed something simple and child-like to reflect their numbness. I thought they might consider happier times at Middleham. "A shade of green leaves is my home, where nought is seen but boundless green and spots of far blue sky between". The poem itself has nothing to do with anything in the Richard III story but, for me, captured the sad moment perfectly. The poem is very old and I had no qualms about using it.

ST: I understand that the *Middleham Requiem* had its première at Fotheringhay Church in 1993. Can you describe the circumstances that led to its première at Richard's birthplace, and your experience from that event?

GD: The first performances were given in Fotheringhay and Hitchin and the following year two performances were given at Middleham church during the Swaledale festival. Having written the piece I approached the Richard III Society to see if they could contribute to costs but (and I can understand why) they felt unable at the time to do so. So I had to approach a fixed unit like Hitchin Thespians to see if they might be interested. By sheer luck a colleague of mine in the BBC Singers (Roger Heath) was also one of the musical directors of the Hitchin Thespians. He and Justin Thomas were the two musical directors for that year. Hitchin Thespians is a very large and

enterprising company who perform choral works, musicals and operas to great acclaim in Hertfordshire. I invited the two gentlemen to my London flat and over a few whiskies talked it through. It was decided through an alcoholic haze to go ahead. Justin conducted the premiere with a sure hand and a full heart. It was really moving. The Richard III Society however was able to provide first-class advertising through their *Bulletin* and we had a sell-out concert.

Like Leicester, there was the task of getting a big choir (of 100 singers) with an orchestra to a venue associated with Richard that really meant something. Fotheringhay was the choice. After a sell-out performance in the Thespians own town of Hitchin, the company agreed to make an assault on Middleham the following year. I cannot tell you how wonderful these people were with their tents and caravans parked all around Middleham for the two performances over two days. They squeezed into meagre space in the Middleham Church and delivered wonderful performances. The Thespians paid for everything otherwise it would not have happened. Justin and some Thespians who sang then were present at the Leicester performance. They wouldn't have missed it for the world... I had some musical friends present at the premiere who don't mince their words. Their faces can't lie. They described themselves as "impressed". What more could I ask?

ST: Can you tell me the process that you underwent in order to put on the performance on March 26th at St. James Church in Leicester?

GD: My wife was instrumental in the colossal organisation of singers (advertising around the best choirs in Norwich), and the Broadland Youth Choir. I fixed the Orchestra from players in Norwich Pops Orchestra which I founded and conducted for 10 years. My wife also dealt with coaches, rehearsal venue, pick-up points, seating, delivery of scores etc. etc. She even organised tea and biscuits for the rehearsals! I had to retrieve all the scores from my dusty, musty boiler house where they'd gathered dust for 22 years. Some were faded and useless, others had pages missing and some were so heavily marked in ink they were unusable. Some singers who'd agreed to do it then pulled out. Sir Timothy the narrator said he wanted to wear a cassock (I persuaded him to wear a dinner-jacket) and brought his dog to rehearsals. Other people had last-minute crises that prevented their taking part. The conductor of the Children's choir lost her score. Some people refused to park in Norwich for a whole day and demanded they be picked up somewhere else. At times I felt I was preparing for Bosworth. But all in all it was worth it and we had an exciting performance that peaked just at the right time.

St James the Greater Leicester was a fabulous venue. The people at the church were absolutely, amazingly helpful. The church is a popular city venue and a recognised Leicester concert venue. It had everything the first performances didn't have - tiered seating, a marvelous organ, splendid lighting, great acoustics, parking facilities and backstage rooms to accommodate everyone.

ST: Understandably, you wrote this piece long before Richard's remains were discovered in 2012, but would any of the recent archeological information gleaned about Richard have caused you to change anything about your composition? For instance, you cast the role of Richard as a baritone, but the scientists describe his physique as gracile and that perhaps he might have experienced some breathing limitations with his scoliosis. Would you have cast Richard as a tenor, if you had known that when you originally wrote it? Why the choice of Edward IV as a tenor? Would you have addressed the manner of Richard's death at Bosworth, his burial at Greyfriars, or the discovery of his skeleton, if you were writing the piece today? Why or why not?

GD: The finding of the remains made no difference to my *Requiem* in any way whatsoever. I made Richard a baritone because I think it gave him a deeper more authoritative gravitas (especially in his oration to his troops) than his flighty and erratic brother Edward who was, to me, more obviously a brash and excitable tenor.

My wife and I by sheer chance bumped into Dominic Smee in a street in Leicester (he was the young lad with the scoliosis similar to Richard's who made a recent film about Richard's ability to wield a sword and ride a horse). It struck me he was a gentle baritone, not a tenor. Knowing what I do now I still would not have changed a note. Curiously, a very low, dark, descending phrase sung by the men to "Ah" which follows the letter of grief from the people of York, seemed somehow to evoke perfectly the bleak and secret scene at Richard's first burial, almost like a *De Profundis*. It was a section I considered cutting but I'm glad it's there now!

ST: I understand that there are some projects now underway for setting the life of Richard III into full stage productions, even a rock-and-roll version more suitable for the West End or Broadway. Given the complexity of

the Wars of the Roses, and the numerous personalities and back stories, what kinds of challenges or opportunities are presented to a composer like yourself when you're faced with such a wide canvas of characters and relationships to explore? Could your *Middleham Requiem* be turned into a full stage production?

GD: I believe Richard's story could be inspirational to many kinds of composers of all kinds of music, but I would hope they would research their subject thoroughly and not make of it a sensational saga of falsehoods for theatrical effect. It is enough to tell his story plainly. The drama and tension is palpable. With reference to all the characters in the story – it's always best to keep it simple. Don't confuse people like with a cast list as big as "Gone with the Wind". Thus I have three characters that speak but all the rest are mentioned in passing. It is enough. Richard was my subject and he filled the bulk of my composition.

Like Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana* with its characters, dancers, gambling monks, lovers and hedonists, my *Requiem*, because of its dramatic nature could be fully staged. In recent years there have been some wonderful modern fully-staged productions of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* (and his *St. John Passion*). With appropriate costuming, lighting and movement, it would work here too to great effect, but again money would raise its ugly head! I saw a wonderful production of *The Magic Flute* at English National Opera recently which used gauzes, and projected film and amazing light effects. You could show film of battles, Middleham and you could have an image of the grave at the Leicester exhibition at the beginning of the piece and another of the gravestone now placed in the cathedral at the end of the *Requiem*. The possibilities are endless.

ST: Do you have any plans to perform—or record—the *Middleham Requiem* in the future?

GD: Despite the joy of the latest performance, there are no plans for further outings. I have tried to interest various bodies including the BBC but no-one has bitten yet. Recording companies won't pay for a recording process. They will happily record it if you pay for it yourself. The performance at Leicester was recorded on a small Sony machine. It is a quite good record of the event but my usual recording engineer was having a hip operation and couldn't do it. I will make copies available to the Richard III Society so that members may borrow (and *not* copy!) but I cannot sell the recording because I would have to pay large sums to the soloists, orchestra and narrator first. If I win the lottery I shall hire the Studios at EMI and pay for the best singers and the London Symphony orchestra to take part.

ST: Given all the interest in Richard III, do you have any plans to incorporate *Ricardian* concepts or themes into your future compositional output?

GD: I visited the Society hospitality room in Leicester during the week of the interment. Over a coffee I spoke off the top of my head about doing a memorial service next year. There was a sudden silence as committee members took this in and suddenly realised it was a feasible idea. They are now considering this seriously and I offered to write a short piece for the service. So that will be my next *Ricardian* composition and hopefully it will come to pass.

ST: What did it mean to you to have the *Middleham Requiem* performed the same day as the re-interment of Richard?

GD: To have the *Requiem* performed in such circumstances was what I can only describe as a curious dream. I was somewhat inured to the thrill of it all by the sheer weight of anxiety in order to get it performed well. I was proud and thankful for a good performance and delighted to meet the Duke of Gloucester but most of all I was hopeful that people would understand where I was coming from with the musical presentation of the story of a man who is deserving of further research and who was wronged by historical commentators.

It was huge thrill afterwards to meet my friends and colleagues who had come long distances to support me. To receive their accolades over a wee drink was pure contentment. For my dear wife too the *Requiem* was a vast and thrilling epic and for both of us it was an unforgettable week where we both "did our bit" for Richard III's final farewell.

Mr. Davidson may be contacted at geoff.davidson5@btinternet.com for further inquiries regarding the *Middleham Requiem*. The Richard III Society (UK) has a recording of the 1993 Fortheringhay première of

the Requiem available for loan to Society members from its audiotape library. Photographs taken from the Richard III Society's Programme of the 26 March 2015 concert; permission pending.

Readers may listen to a performance of Graham Keitch's *Ricardus Rex* at <https://youtu.be/kBt0EUJG7oc>, and read more about it on the Richard III Society webpage at richardiii.net/8_9_gallery.php.

Judith Bingham blogged about her *Ghostly Grace* composition on the Gramophone music review site. See gramophone.co.uk and search under the "Blog" tab.

Contents

Reinterment Week in Leicester

Jonathan Hayes

Saturday, March 21st—My wife, Susan, and I flew into Birmingham from Ireland where we'd been the previous week. Our rental car had a built-in GPS—which we couldn't figure out how to use. The car rental people also had trouble; turns out you put in the Post Code of your destination. That worked fine and brought us right to the Belmont Hotel in Leicester.

After checking in, we went to the tourist office for their free guides and then to the Cathedral area. There we ran into Bonnie Battaglia from the American Branch and Tracy Bryce and her husband from the Canadian Branch. The Ricardians were gathering.

Sunday, March 22nd—Susan went off to Derby to see a fellow genealogist and I went to meet Sally Keil and her husband to finalize arrangements for the American Branch reception on Tuesday evening. An artisan food shop was featuring "Battle of Bosworth blue" and "King Richard III Wensleydale" cheeses and "1485 Return of the King" beer—Leicester is milking this for all it's worth.

Sally and I went over all the reception arrangements, which were all well in place. Then back to the Belmont to meet with Sonia Tower, of Ovation Foundation and the American Branch, Rob Durk, of the Aitone early music consort, and Dr. Tony Bentley to go over the arrangement for "Concert For A King" which the Ricardian Music Guild (Sonia and I are the organizers of that organization) would be sponsoring following the American Branch reception. Rob's scholarship, both Ricardian and medieval music, is quite profound and it was a real treat to talk with him. Sonia had arranged with Fr. David of the Holy Cross Priory to have the concert there; the concert would be free but donations for the Leicester Cathedral Richard III Appeal would be taken. Rob and Tony (who would be doing the readings) went over the program in detail; the musical selections and readings were made to mirror sequential happenings in Richard's life. I arranged to get together with Fr. David to settle housekeeping and other administrative arrangements. We tried to get sandwiches from the bar, but as a reminder that Leicester has other things happening besides Ricardian, an engagement party and a 50th wedding anniversary party had the kitchen swamped so we had to forego that.

I picked up Susan at the train station and we got good places at the barrier to watch the cortege bringing Richard's coffin to the Cathedral, meeting Richard Van Allen, publicity manager for the parent Society and an old friend. The cortege stopped right in front of us for a long pause which allowed some great photography. The New Walke—which, naturally, is 250 years old—is a great pedestrian-only street from the center of historic Leicester right back to the hotel. Met several Ricardians at the hotel who had been at Compline, which they said was terrific.

Monday, March 23rd—I had planned to sleep in a bit, but the BBC had other ideas and interviewed me at 7 a.m. We went to the Society buffet at the Holiday Inn where I got all the tickets for different events. The Society had very kindly arranged to pick up all the Cathedral tickets for us overseas folk since there would not have been time for the Cathedral personnel to get them to us. Very thoughtful and much appreciated!

Since I would be going to the Society service in the evening, I didn't queue to see the coffin, and walked back to the hotel. Susan, who is not a Society member, joined the line to view the coffin. Back at the hotel, I met Richard Van Allen and Beth Stone (Phil's wife) and had a nice chat. We arranged to get a 6 o'clock taxi to the Cathedral. Susan came back from the Cathedral; David Wells had managed to find a space for her in the Society service so she joined Beth, Richard and I in the taxi ride. Since Beth is handicapped, we could jump the queue at the Cathedral. Beth, Richard and I all had assigned seating, but Susan still got a pretty good place. An excellent service with

readings from contemporary sources as well as the Bible. After the service, Beth went back to the hotel by taxi; Richard, Susan and I walked to a nearby restaurant, Pierre, for a very good dinner.

Tuesday, March 24th—Again up early to meet with Fr. David and scope out the church for the concert. A wonderful “tree” decoration with white rose “flowers” and glass stems—very artistic. Besides myself, several other people observed that probably every white rose in Europe had been imported to Leicester for the reinterment week. I don’t think you could have found a white rose anywhere else!

The business meeting went fairly well from my perspective. It was the first time Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and U.S. branches had been involved and it was agreed that we would have to do more of it. Communications these days make it feasible even though time differences will always be a difficulty.

The American Branch reception went absolutely terrific; everyone had a great time. I saved my welcoming remarks until Philippa Langley got there:

“Welcome to the American Branch reception. We’re very happy you could all come; as the great philosopher, Yogi Berra, once said “If you weren’t here, you could be someplace else”. How very true.

Philippa has opined that Richard wanted to be found. When you get to my age, you don’t dismiss such thoughts; you know inexplicable things happen. The timing is certainly uncanny. Two decades earlier the necessary science would not have been there (and how provident it is that the University of Leicester is a leader in DNA research), Dr. John Ashdown-Hill wouldn’t have sequenced Richard’s DNA then nor completed the research to locate Greyfriars; two decades later, Michael Ibsen might well have been dead. These, however, are what is known in mathematics as necessary but not sufficient conditions. It still needed a strong-willed individual with the dogged persistence to push the project through to a successful conclusion. That person was Philippa Langley; it was her efforts with the support of Dr. John Ashdown-Hill, Phil Stone and Annette Carson which made it happen. The successful efforts of that team are what enables us to be here this evening.

One thing about Annette that you may not know: besides being a Ricardian, she is an acknowledged expert on aerobatic competition. Since I think formation acrobatics is the most enjoyable thing you can do with your clothes on, I feel a certain kinship.

Again, we’re very happy you could make it here and please enjoy yourselves!”

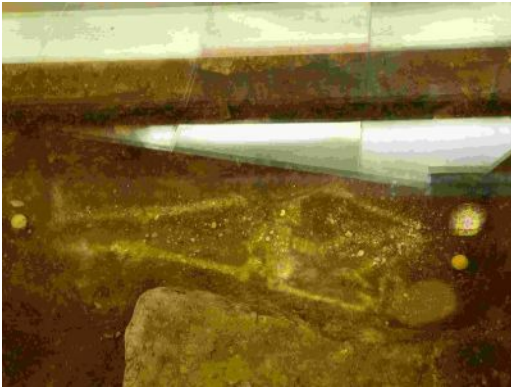
I had a nice chat with Richard Buckley—he said he’s been doing archaeological work in Leicester for 35 years and this dig was the high point. He also made the interesting comment that if he’d gone to the City Council for permission for the dig, he would have been turned down. It took Philippa Langley to get it through.. He said this is the first time they’ve left a dig open after they’ve finished; usually they fill it in. He also said his hat tasted fine when he ate it! (It was a biscuit shaped like a hat).

Sally Keil did most of the work on the reception and she deserves all of the credit for its resounding success. Thank you, Sally!

I had a hurried exit from the reception as I needed to get to Holy Cross Priory for the concert. The concert had been well publicized by both the Leicester tourist people and the Cathedral and we had a full house - well over 400—(and *mirabile dictu*, nobody had their cellphone on) and some of the most magnificent music I’ve ever heard. Rob Durk and Aitone are beyond incredible. It was a transcendent evening, which will stay long in the memory of all who attended. There was one glitch—the flowers were delivered to the Cathedral by mistake and Sonia had a heck of a time getting through security to recover them. (Rob lives in Long Eaton and Long Eaton was called Aitone in the Domesday Book).

Wednesday, March 25th—Since the Visitors’ Centre justifiably expected to be mobbed, they were issuing timed entrance tickets. Ours were for 10 a.m. The Centre was excellent; very good descriptions of Richard’s life and times. Excellent up until the reproduction of his armor—which was absolutely ghastly! *White plastic*—it looked like something out of *Star Wars*. So horrible it was almost funny. The dig site has been left open with a glass





cover. There is a projection of Richard's body into the trench where he was found. Incredible—if the trench had been 50 centimeters the other way, they would have missed him entirely.

In the afternoon, we went out to Bosworth. The Interpretive Center was generally good. We'd wanted to take one of the escorted tours to Fenn Lane, but since I hadn't been sure of my schedule, we couldn't book in advance and they were all filled up. We were about to head out when I saw Domenic Smee getting suited up for a talk. We managed to get into the talk—it was both excellent and very informative. Domenic is a very

personable young man and we had a nice chat after the talk. He would very much like to tour America. That ended the day on an upbeat.

Thursday, March 26th—I generally have good weather luck (one of the many virtues I share with her late majesty Queen Victoria), but the morning was rainy. No matter since I didn't have tickets to the reinterment service anyway. The hotel set up a wide screen TV in the bar area and we got a better view than most of the people in the Cathedral would have. In the commentary beforehand one of the interviewees was the current Earl of Derby—a direct Stanley descendent! We found out the Countess of Wessex, who was representing Royalty, had specifically requested to be included.



In the afternoon we went through some of Leicester's other museums—the Newarke Houses museum has an English Civil War exhibit and a reproduction of 1940s era shops, which was great fun. The DeMontfort University Heritage Centre has the arches which are all that's left of the church of the Annunciation where Richard's body was exhibited after Bosworth.

We got to the Church of St. James the Greater for the Middleham Requiem concert in the evening—and were met by Dr. Tony Bentley! He said it's his regular church and that if we came back to Leicester to be sure to come to Evensong. The performance was conducted by Geoff Davidson, who is also the composer and was another superb musical evening—outstanding acoustics and an excellent children's chorus in addition to the adults. It is too bad the performance was not recorded—I understand the cost was considered to be too high—which is very unfortunate as I believe this was only the second time it's been performed and, due to its specialized interest, probably won't be performed very often.

At the interval I was one of those chosen to be presented to our Patron, HRH the Duke of Gloucester—and had been thoroughly briefed on protocol. He took quite an interest in me after seeing my Distinguished Flying Cross lapel pin and talked military until Phil Stone came to pull him away to meet others. I then chatted briefly with the Lady Lieutenant of Leicestershire before getting into a long conversation with the Army equerry who'd escorted the Countess of Essex and the Duke and Duchess at the service in the morning. He'd been to Oregon—and likes our wines.

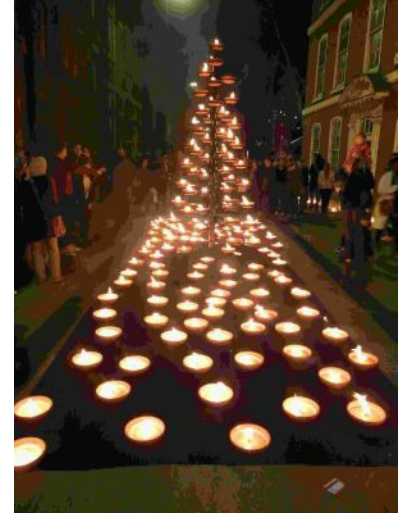


Friday, March 27th—A beautiful day and a nice walk to the Cathedral for the Reveal Service for the actual tomb. Sat next to a very nice gentleman, a retired electrician, who could remember, as an apprentice, changing the light bulbs in the Cathedral from a very tall ladder. From where we were sitting we couldn't see much of the service, which contained dance elements. The Dean, in his sermon, said hope is love stretched into the future, which I thought was a nice sentiment.

The tomb is simple and quite dignified, a block of white stone with a deeply incised cross on a black stone base. Friends of ours in Yorkshire whom we called said they'd seen the placement of the tombstone on television the night before—it weighs three tons and Alan, who's an engineer, said he was concerned that it would

break as he didn't think the stone was stable with the depth of the incisement. Obviously it didn't.

After dinner we went down to the Cathedral area to see all the lights and fireworks. 8,000 candles spread all around, an RIII and crown projected onto the steeple and spectacular fireworks—some bouncing off the steeple.



Saturday, March 28th—Said our goodbyes at breakfast to Philippa, Phil and Beth Stone, Peter and Caroline Hammond and Wendy Moorhen. Compton Reeves had alerted us that Richard's Book of Hours was on display at the Art Gallery—a short walk down New Walke, so took the time to see that. Probably never have another chance.

From Leicester to Southampton to visit friends and had a beer in the Red Lion pub—in the same room where Henry V tried Richard's grandfather, the Earl of Cambridge, for treason before Agincourt. So one final Ricardian connection to a week which I will never forget.

One last duty. I sent the following letter to the *Leicester Mercury* where it was duly published:

Dear Sirs/Mesdames:

As Chairman of the American Branch of the Richard III Society, may I offer my sincere and hearty congratulations to the City, Cathedral and people of Leicester for the magnificent job that they all did to make the week of King Richard's reinterment such a great success?

All the arrangements, to my observation and to that of those American Branch members who commented to me, went smoothly and without glitches. We were especially impressed by the number of local Volunteers who did so much to make the proceedings so enjoyable. I noticed, as did those of the Branch membership who were able to attend, the unfailing courtesy and friendliness - not to mention enthusiasm - which the citizens of Leicester showed to us visitors.

Leicester certainly did itself proud this past week; you have a wonderful city and the Branch and its members are grateful to every Leicester citizen for making it such a memorable occasion.

Best Ricardian regards,

Jonathan A. Hayes

Chairman, American Branch, Richard III Society

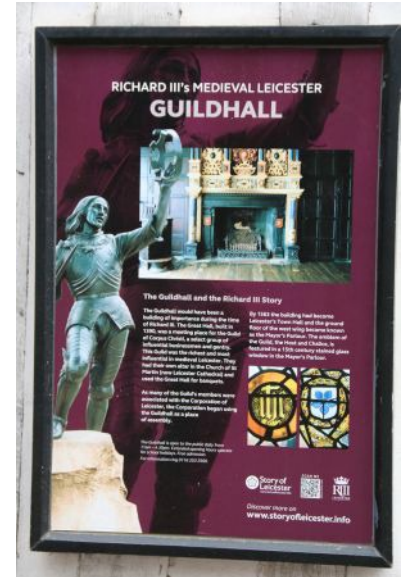
Photo Album: Leicester March 20, 2015 through March 28, 2015

Sally Keil

What a fabulous, once-in-a-lifetime trip! My husband and I were able to participate and/or attend so many of the reinterment events, and my husband took lots of pictures. As there are so many photos of the actual event itself available on the Internet, I haven't included any of those but am providing some of the 'behind the scenes' views and various events not able to be seen elsewhere.

The city of Leicester is a small city, very manageable to get around and totally bonkers for Richard III. Lots of pictures of Richard all over town. Take a look...







The people in Leicester were very helpful to the thousands of visitors from all over the world who descended on Leicester for this incredible event. It was estimated that over 20,000 people passed by Richard's coffin between Monday morning, March 23rd and Wednesday evening March 25th. The lines were HUGE: at one point, we estimated that the guys at the end were in for an over 4 to 5 hour wait.



I was lucky enough to win a seat at Sunday's Compline Service in the Cathedral. I felt like I was in a television studio: the lighting in the church was very bright and there were many cameras all about, filming live footage for the TV coverage on UK channel 4 as well as still photos for print/web media. Photo at left (that's me in the hat!) appeared in the Leicester Mercury's web site. I took the photo at right with my cell phone after the Richard III Society service on Monday evening. Resting on top of the coffin is the crown commissioned by John Ashdown-Hill, and Richard's Book of Hours, on loan from the Lambeth Palace Library.



Leicester Compline Service



Richard III Society Service

The crowds lined up all along the route of the king's coffin as it left the University on Sunday morning, traveled by hearse to Bosworth and then back into Leicester following the same route his body took in 1485. Greeted by the lord mayor of Leicester at Bow Bridge, the coffin was taken into St Nicholas Church for a service and then transferred to a horse drawn carriage for the final leg through Leicester to end at the Cathedral.



There were many events to attend. We went over to the University of Leicester for the lectures given by Dr Richard Buckley on the dig, David Baldwin on the history of the hunt for Richard's remains, and Dominic Smee, Richard's body double, on his experiences.



*Dr. Richard Buckley
Lead Archaeologist*



Dominic Smee

We came in at the tail end of a presentation that preceded Dominic's on the spoken language of Richard's day: the lecturer read some of Richard's own writings using the same dialect and pronunciation that Richard would have used, seeking to demonstrate what Richard might have sounded like. Great stuff.....Philippa Langley gave a presentation at Guildhall on the *Looking For Richard Project*. She was so very gracious in greeting me by name and thanking all of us Ricardians who sent money to help save the dig back in August 2012. She and John Ashdown-Hill also hosted a coffee hour 'meet and greet' at the Belmont Hotel the following day.



Philippa Langley



Sally Keil, Jonathan Hayes, Dr. John Ashdown-Hill

On Tuesday evening our very own American Branch hosted a cocktail reception to thank the Looking for Richard Project team and the Executive Officers and Leicestershire branch officers of the UK Richard III Society for all of their hard work. Our merry band of 47 Americans had the opportunity to meet and talk with Philippa Langley, Annette Carson, Phil Stone, & Dr Richard Buckley. It was also fun to get to know the UK Society officers whose names we see on the masthead of The Ricardian Bulletin....





...and a good time was had by all!

One of the key events was 'A Concert for a King' produced by our very own member, Sonia Tower, with a marvelous performance by another American Branch member, Susan Burns. There was an absolutely fantastic white rose tree (pictured below) at the front of Holy Cross Priory where the concert was held. Someone had made/taken a full size tree (sans leaves), and affixed glass tubes all over it. Each tube held water and a single long stem white rose. The glass tubes glistened like icicles in the gorgeous lighting, and the white roses were in profusion...a tremendous sight.



[Contents](#)

An American Novelist in King Richard's Court

Karla Tipton

Modern life merged with medieval times the moment I stepped off the train in Leicester in March.

It had been 25 years since I made my only previous trip to England to research Richard for my novel *Rings of Passage: A Time Travel Novel with Richard III*.

Leicester was a different place then. It hadn't yet become the most ethnically diverse city in the United Kingdom.

And the bones of Richard III had not yet been excavated from under the car park, and proven with DNA. It has to be one of the unlikeliest archaeological discoveries of all time.

The city and its citizens proved their mettle when it fought and won to keep the king's reburial in Leicester. And now historians, scientists, writers, literary experts, members of the Richard III Society, and everyday working citizens of Leicester, gathered for an international event that was as unlikely as it was miraculous.

Most of the Richard III advocates who had come to Leicester seemed gobsmacked to be there, and in awe of the surprising series of events that led up to this week. Who knew that so many Ricardians could ever be in one place at the same time? I met dozens of them, many whose names I never caught, yet felt as if I'd known all my life. Some even knew of my novel and already had it on their Kindles. What kind of wondrous place was this?

Sunday, March 22

I arrived in Leicester that first day with enough time to check into my bed and breakfast a few blocks away from the train station, dump off my luggage, and call a taxi. I intended to go to Bow Bridge, where there was to be a speech by the mayor as a procession carrying Richard's coffined remains re-entered the city.

The royal bones were being transported via motorized hearse and then by horse-drawn carriage in a dignified procession from Bosworth battlefield 14 miles away through the city center to Leicester Cathedral where awaiting clergy would conduct a special Anglican compline service.

When Richard came through this medieval city in 1485, it had a population of only 3,000.

Now there're nearly 400,000 residents. That week, the so-called "Richard Effect" resulted in an influx of 20,000 visitors.

Many Americans came, as did citizens of Australia, New Zealand, Germany, France, South Africa, South America, Japan, and many more. However, the majority were Midlanders, born and bred in and around Leicester, who had heard about Richard III all their lives.



Thousands turned out to welcome the return of Richard III's remains to Leicester.

Instead of Bow Bridge, I ended up on High Street where thousands of people stacked four deep at the curb, waiting for the cortège. After finding a tree planter to sit on, I struck up conversations with the locals, all of whom were excited that Leicester was now “on the map.” Many told me stories about how they had grown up surrounded by the landmarks of Richard’s last days, and considered him not a villain, but a hero who’d gotten a bad rap.

We waited for a couple of hours, staring down the street, blinking into the glare of the setting sun, hoping to catch the first glimpse of the procession. The evening grew chilly, but the weather remained clear. When the coffin passed, the crowd cheered and tossed white roses in honor of the Yorkist king.

At the time I finished my novel, there were few people who knew or cared about Richard III. Now, it seemed, he had achieved rock star status.



The services for Richard III held inside Leicester Cathedral were shared on a big screen set up in the Leicester commons.

After rolling past us, the procession continued to the cathedral to be received by the dignitaries and clergy. Many spectators gathered at the commons where a big screen had been set up, and watched as the coffin arrived at the church, followed by the service—a rare occurrence because it was officiated by both Anglican and Catholic priests.

It only seemed right. Richard III had been a Catholic king, yet his reburial would take place in a country that was now Anglican.

The day marked the beginning of an extraordinary week.

Monday, March 23

So many people attended the Richard III Society’s coffee reception at the Belmont Hotel that it proved a challenge to get to where the refreshments were being served. I mingled and made new acquaintances, and chatted with those I already knew.

Philippa Langley and John Ashdown-Hill attended, so I met them briefly, and thanked them both for not giving up on the search for Richard. Both were accessible and spoke warmly to everyone.

As Ricardians, we’re all in this together. We take turns writing historical articles that shed light on the 15th century, or piece together research that provides more insight into Richard’s life. Philippa and John inspired us by persevering in the “Looking for Richard Project” until Richard’s bones had been found. In this spirit, I gave each of them a copy of my novel. John Ashdown-Hill saw the hero figure of Richard on the cover and said, “Now you’ll have to change his hair color!” causing us both to laugh. (DNA experts recently declared Richard had been blond, not dark-haired as his portraits depicted.)

From the Belmont Hotel, I went to the Holiday Inn where a luncheon buffet was being held for Society members. American Branch members picked up our tickets for events we had “won” in the Society’s lottery. My

events included Monday night's service in Leicester Cathedral, in the presence of Richard remains, as well as the first of two buffets held that day, and the Middleham Requiem concert on Thursday.

Hundreds of Society members attended the buffets that day. After getting a plate, I wandered through the ballroom looking for a table. I tried to find other members of the American Branch, but none could be pointed out to me. I serendipitously sat at a table with Beth Stone, wife of Phil Stone, the chairman of the Society, and enjoyed excellent conversation. Phil never joined us, since he was meeting and greeting in the reception room, but I couldn't have found any better company.

Afterward, I walked to the Leicester Guildhall, next to the cathedral. A hospitality suite had been prepared upstairs as a reception area for Richard III Society members. Society literature and merchandise covered the table, and there were refreshments. A bulletin board and blank post-it pads allowed people to leave paper notes to one another.

Mainly I went there to rest my feet—I hadn't walked this much in years as I did during "Richard Week." I found a chair near where members of the York chapter sat chatting. We expressed how lucky we felt to witness this playing out of history.



Eighty heraldic pennants painted by Leicestershire's schoolchildren were on exhibit at the Great Hall in Leicester's Guildhall.

Leicester's Guildhall, a timber-framed medieval structure, featured in its great hall an exhibit of 80 newly painted pennants by the schoolchildren of Leicestershire. The pennants were based on the heraldic coats of arms of noblemen who supported Richard III at Bosworth.

Apparently, history had become exciting. Everything medieval was cool. The "Richard Effect" gripped those in every age group and social class.

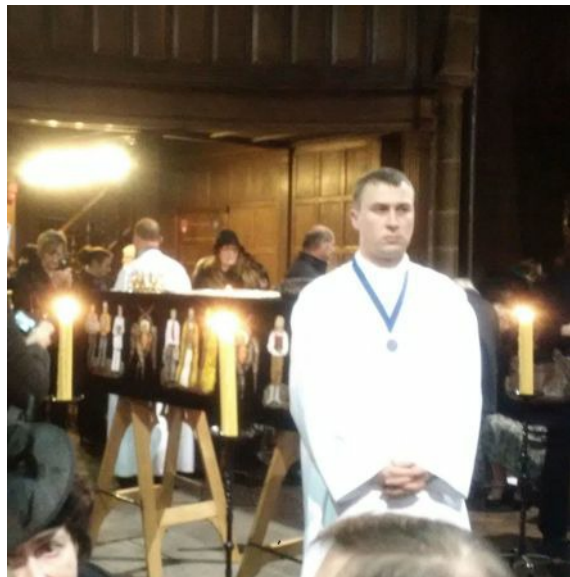
The special service at Leicester Cathedral for Society members was scheduled for 7 p.m. No doubt there would be a queue. It had been reported that 5,000 members of the public had filed past the coffin that first day!



Members queue up for the special church service held for Richard III Society members at Leicester Cathedral on March 23.

I arrived at 5:45 and about 50 people had already lined up before the Cathedral door. The queue stretched across the lawn. As I stood with a Ricardian from France, the line grew so long behind us that I couldn't see the end.

At last, the doors opened. We filed in and were directed to our seats by ushers who brooked no disagreement about where one's seat was to be. Many people were stuck behind pillars and buttresses and couldn't see a thing.



Richard III's mortal remains lying within Leicester Cathedral during "Richard Week."

My early arrival proved lucky. I was a mere six rows behind Richard III's coffin and had a good view. As the program I held in my hand stated, I was "in the presence of his mortal remains." Being so close to Richard seemed a bit eerie. I swear I felt him there.

Candles surrounded the coffin which was covered with the embroidered pall depicting the people important to the King Richard, both during his lifetime and ours—among them, Anne Neville on one side, Philippa Langley and Richard Buckley on the other. The crown, specially commissioned by John Ashdown-Hill, sat on top of the coffin.

Over the next half hour, Richard III Society members filled the cathedral and took their seats.

The service followed the Anglican Liturgy of Evensong with hymns sung by the Leicester Cathedral Choir. Bible readings preceded the sermon by the Right Reverend Tim Stevens, Bishop of Leicester, who has a way of verbally coming to the crux of the matter in a very effective way. Society members, including Philippa Langley, read from sources contemporary to Richard's life, in which the king was described as a just and honorable man.

The Very Reverend David Monteith, Dean of Leicester, read an extract from "King Richard's Prayer" from the Book of Hours from Richard's personal library. Then Phil Stone, chairman of the Richard III Society, took the podium.

There was no dry eye left in the house as he reflected upon the king's life, concluding with lines from *Hamlet*: "Good-night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." The congregation applauded. I felt my throat close, and tears prickled behind my eyes.

Afterward, people pressed toward the coffin for pictures, creating a deadlock, and movement out of the cathedral became impossible. If Richard was spiritually in attendance, he must have been shaking his head in disbelief. It took me about a half hour to get outside.

The entire week, the cathedral staff worked overtime and should be commended for politely keeping order amidst chaos.

Fortunately, I once again ran into the ladies of the York chapter. We went for dinner at the nearby Globe pub, and as I got to know Jan, Judy, Jeanette and their friend Christine, it seemed as if we'd known one another for years and that I'd "come home." Many Ricardians in Leicester during "Richard Week" admitted to enjoying this same sense of belonging.

We closed the pub down, and the rest of Leicester apparently, for the streets were deserted. We called a taxi, and all crammed in, tipsy and a little unsure of how to get back to our hotels. The driver was a good sport.

It had been a long and wonderfully eventful day. All life should be like this.

Adrenalin and the simple joy of being in Leicester carried me through event after event.

Tuesday, March 24

The week had only just begun. On Tuesday, I toured the e King Richard III Visitor Centre, which deserves an article of its own. Later, I attended the American Branch-sponsored cocktail reception at the Belmont Hotel, in honor of the "Looking for Richard Project" members and the UK Society officers. Again I made acquaintance with delightfully conversant Ricardians, including Richard Van Allen, publicist for the Society.

Sacred and secular music from the time of Richard III was performed at "Concert for a King" held at Holy Cross Priory.



Most of us walked from the hotel to Holy Cross Priory for “Concert for a King.” The event was sponsored by the Ricardian Music Guild, with much assistance by American Branch member Sonia Tower, who is no stranger to organizing events as senior vice president of corporate relations for OvationTV.

Both sacred and secular music from the time of Richard III was sung and performed on period instruments, in this marvelous concert filled with medieval ambiance. Two hours of music included, among many others, the “Deo gracias Anglia” (known as the “Agincourt Carol”), “Lully Lulla: Thow Little Tyne Child,” and “This Gentile Day Dawes,” a carol from the late fifteenth century which some evidence suggests could have been about Anne Neville, Richard’s queen.

As part of its commemoration of the reburial week, the priory had a “tree” constructed of 2,000 white “avalanche” roses for the House of York, and “Plant Genista” yellow broom for the Plantagenets, created by floral designer Neill Strain. The beautifully lighted tree lent an gentle glow to the stage, as the singers and instrumentalists took their turns before the audience.



Tree of 2,000 white roses for the House of York and yellow broom for the Plantagenets on display at Holy Cross Priory.

I noticed the video cameras rolling during this performance, and sincerely hope this concert will be shown sometime in the future on the OvationTV. Much thanks to Sonia Tower for coming up with the concept for this brilliant tribute to Richard, and for all her hard work toward organizing it.

Wednesday, March 25

I rose early on Wednesday for a trip to Fotheringhay, Richard’s birthplace, to attend wreath-laying at the parish church. Richard was to be honored, as well as his Yorkist family members buried there: his father, Richard of York; mother, Cecily Neville; and brother, Edmund, Earl of Rutland.



A wreath-laying in honor of Richard III and his Yorkist family members was held at the church at Fotheringhay.

Fotheringhay is a small peaceful village surrounded by green rolling hills, about 55 miles east of Leicester in Northamptonshire. Now only a mound represents the castle where the Duke of York’s family lived.

Daffodils bloomed throughout the tranquil graveyard of St. Mary and All Saints church. Richard, 3rd Duke of York and Richard III’s father, had contracted with Freemason architect William Horwood in 1435, to replace

the old Norman church. However, nothing of the church's medieval era remains except for the nave. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the outer buildings were demolished and much of the furniture sold. The York tombs were moved into the parish church during the reign of Elizabeth I.

The wreath-laying was a simple ceremony performed with a few dignified words spoken by Mark Garner, moderator of the "King Richard III and Medieval History" Facebook page. He was instrumental in organizing the event along with the Friends of the Fotheringhay Church and Richard III Society members.

The day wasn't over yet. I caught a ride with the group to visit St. Peter and St. Paul's church, located off the beaten path at Hemington. Here resided some of the original furniture that had been at Fotheringhay during Richard's time. The boar, Richard's emblem, had been carved into the wooden choir seats. Some historians believe it may be where Richard got his emblem, in remembrance of the church his father built.

Afterward, I traveled with some of the others by car to Bosworth. We got there at dusk with ten minutes to spare before the Bosworth Battlefield Heritage Center closed for the day.



Polearm, white rose and crown at Bosworth
Battlefield Visitor Centre.

We had arrived in time to see the battlefield beacon still alight with flame. It had burned since Sunday, and would be extinguished the following day, after the reburial ceremony. After stopping to look over the field at Fenn Lane Farm, where Richard had likely fallen in battle, we paused for a photo at St. James Church in Sutton Cheney. Here Richard had prayed the night before he died.

Within a few hours, I had traveled from Richard III's birthplace to the location of his death. It was a journey of a lifetime.

Thursday, March 26

Like most people who weren't one of the 700 invited into the cathedral, I watched Richard III's re-interment service on Channel 4. The words of the Bishop Tim Stevens moved me very much, especially knowing he had lost his daughter Rachel to breast cancer in January.

Bishop Stevens's words were about Richard, but also personal, when he described "this young King who bore his disability with courage and knew the pain of bereavement and loss close to his own heart. Many amongst the crowds who have thronged to see the casket came bearing their own burdens of grief; others came to contemplate the reality of their own mortality."

Again it struck me how we were all witnessing history in a very strange way—a juxtaposition of medieval and modern, public and personal, celebrating life through death.

Actor Benedict Cumberbatch, interviewed on Channel 4, described it perfectly: "It's just an extraordinary thing to witness history through death brought back to life in order to be placed back to death again."

At the moment Richard III was lowered into the ground in the cathedral, I felt immensely moved. The time had come for this medieval king, who meant very much to many of us, to receive the dignified burial an English monarch deserved.

In honor of the king's re-interment, the Middleham Requiem was performed that evening at the "almost acoustically perfect" Church of St. James the Greater, a structure with breathtaking ambience.

Composed by Geoff Davidson and first performed at Fotheringhay in 1993, the requiem is a blend of spoken word and choral pieces with orchestra. Interspersed with excerpts from contemporary 15th century documents, narrated soulfully by Sir Timothy Ackroyd, it was the story of Richard's life and death in battle, artfully performed.

The Middleham Requiem was held at the "acoustically perfect" Church of St. James the Greater.



Friday, March 27

On Friday, the day after the re-interment in the cathedral, I joined up with a new friend I had met when sitting on that tree planter on High Street waiting for Richard's coffin to come by. I had immediately hit it off with Sarahleigh, a lifelong Leicester resident with an unrivaled memory for detail about both Richard III and the city she grew up in.

We spent the evening chatting, sharing a pint, and eating fish and chips in the Last Plantagenet pub on Granby Street. After a week of making my way throughout Leicester on foot, followed by Sarahleigh's heartfelt tales of her city, I began to feel like a resident myself.

A "fire garden" of 8,000 flaming candles were built into sculptures and trails for "Leicester Glows."



Afterward, we set out to wander the streets set afire for "Leicester Glows." The display was a surreal "fire garden" of 8,000 flaming candles built into sculptures and trails throughout the cathedral gardens and lining the streets in celebration of the reburial of Richard III. The fireworks at the end of the night would mark the end of the festivities.

Outside Leicester Cathedral, Sarahleigh and I took our turns tying prayer ribbons on the iron fence. We gave thanks to the universe for allowing us to share this experience with each other and everyone else who had come on pilgrimage to see Richard honored.



Many new acquaintances were made in Leicester during "Richard Week."
Pictured are Sarahleigh and Karla (from left).

After compressing so many events and experiences into five days, I returned home to the Mojave Desert in California. The magical carousel I had ridden for a week stuttered to an abrupt halt, and I got off once more at “Real Life” station. I will always cherish my timeless trip to Leicester, where I didn’t just read about history. I participated in it.

[Contents](#)

Chapter and Member News

Tidewater Chapter of Richard III Society Meeting Minutes

April 18, 2015, Alexandria Library

Barbara Wilson

Our meeting began at 1:30 PM. We had 9 members present. The program was given by Mary Jo and Jim Kalbfleisch and was a recap of their visit to the R3 reburial week in Leicester. Mary Jo had many pictures and literature which she obtained at the various meetings and services held during that week. We really enjoyed this presentation and her insights to some of the sights and ceremonies held that week. Mary Jo also had occasion to meet with Dominic Smee who was featured in the TV program on Richard's scoliosis, as Dominic has exactly the same degree of the disease as Richard and he was used to find out if Richard would have been able to wear armour and use sword and fight without problems. Mary Jo has Dominic's email and Bob will touch base with him with a view toward possibly raising funds to bring him to the US to give a lecture to the US Society.

The business part of the program started with Bob mentioning that previously we had voted to charge local dues of \$20 per family. We had not yet asked for, nor collected, this money. However, now we will move forward with dues collection. Bob has secured the necessary Tax ID number to open a bank account. Immediately the Treasurer, Joy Dunbar was given dues money by Barbara Wilson, Mary Jo Kalbfleisch, Diane Reinke, and Irene Stamford-Dowell. It was also approved that we have a student dues of \$5.00. Joy and Bob will be signatories on the bank account.

It was also discussed how we could advertise locally about our chapter. Some suggestions were to make up a flyer to place in local libraries, community colleges or local publications. It was also suggested that we might contact the Washington Post reporters that wrote the two Post articles about the reburial. The reporters are Karla Adam and Eric Niler. This was tabled until the next meeting.

Bob asked Susyn Conway if she would be willing to give a presentation at our next meeting about the Plantagenets, based on her genealogy chart which she has made up and provided copies to some of the members present. It is quite detailed and would provide an interesting topic for further discussion.

Our next meeting will be held on July 18 at the same Alexandria library. This library no longer has a DVD player, so some discussion was held about trying to request donations to purchase our own machine to be hooked to Bob's laptop in order to enhance our programs in the future.

Mention was also made that our Richard 3 tour is a go with 11 members subscribed and deposits paid. We have also received inquiries from members unable to go in October whether we will do another tour next year. This will be considered after our current trip.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:30 PM.

Next Meeting of the Tidewater Chapter

The next meeting of the Tidewater Chapter of the Richard III Society-American Branch will be on **18 July 2015** at 2:30 PM. We will again meet at the Charles Beatley, Jr. Library, 5005 Duke St. Alexandria, VA 22304.

The program for this meeting will be a presentation by our member, Susyn Conway. Susyn's topic will be *The Yorks: A Dysfunctional Family*. She has done extensive genealogical research on several medieval families and will bring us a unique perspective on the Wars of the Roses.

There will be a short business meeting concerning our upcoming tour of Ricardian sites and collection of annual dues.

Hope to see you at the meeting.

Loyaulte Me Lie

Bob Pfile

rpfile43@gmail.com

[Contents](#)

Dr. Richard Buckley's Talk on Finding Richard III's Remains

Matt Catania

On Sunday April 19, I was lucky enough to hear Dr Richard Buckley's presentation about finding Richard the III's remains in Leicester. This was the last stop on his American tour. It was in the Scarsdale, New York library and was apparently the smallest venue, the only engagement on the east coast. I got there early and got second row seats just below the podium. There was a rather large crowd which required the staff to employ all of their folding chairs. Dr. Buckley presented a very entertaining and informative talk using a vast store of slides to illustrate the points in his lecture.

If you have seen the films of the recent funeral then you have seen Buckley as he is the gentleman in his university robes who formally hands Richards remains over to the church officials in front of the church in Leicester. There was nothing pompous about him as he commented on how much he enjoyed seeing the United States on this his first visit here and compared the large areas here to the relatively small city of Leicester.

Buckley's talk encompassed many topics: his job as chief archeologist on the search, the layout of the search area, the politics involved in getting the search underway with a limited budget, the complete history of Leicester, Richard's involvement with that city prior to his death, the story of the battle of Bosworth, the likely events following Richard's death, and the mystery as to where his body was located over all of the years. He explained how he was completely skeptical about finding the remains as the search had to be limited to three relatively small trenches dug across an area where it was believed the church was where Richard had been buried.

Philippa Langley, who had originated the concept of the project, was the driving force behind the efforts and continued to encourage the team. Buckley was so dubious that he said he would eat his hat if they found Richard. As fate would have it Richard's Leg bones were found on the first day under a parking space which strangely had the letter "R" painted on the blacktop.

The conclusion of his talk concerned the removal of the bones, the testing and scientific procedures which were undertaken to verify them and the search for descendants who could provide DNA matches. The slide show covered all of this as well showing the efforts to arrange for Richard's reburial and the reburial itself. It was an excellent program and although I knew much of what he spoke about already, hearing the details from one so closely involved with the search made it all that much more meaningful. As a side note, there were several Tudors in the audience who tried to get Buckley to agree that Richard had killed the princes. He would not, saying, of course, that no one knows what happened to the princes.

I was very glad that I attended this presentation, which is memorialized in great part in Buckley's book: *Richard III: The King Under The Car Park*. This book can be found on Amazon.

Oh yes, He did eat his hat—but it was made out of cake.

Contents

from the Editor

Joan Szechtman

Welcome to the inaugural edition of the Ricardian Chronicle—the newsletter of the American Branch. This newsletter is digital only and is focused on member news and Society events.

In the spirit of sharing news with other chapters, I encourage chapter secretaries and moderators to share their meeting minutes and other activities, such as outreach, that members of the American Branch would find of interest. For example, this issue contains the minutes of the last Tidewater Chapter’s latest meeting and notice of when and where their next meeting will be.

In a similar fashion, I encourage individual members to present some of their independent activities. The reports from individuals on what they experienced at Richard III’s reinterment are spectacular examples of that. As a once in a lifetime—actually once in a half millennium event, this might well be impossible to top or match. However, there is a lot of interest in the more mundane events, so don’t hesitate to send your latest Ricardian doings.

I’m also aware that several members are also novelists who have written stories and books with Richard III as one of the characters, if not the main character. So I’m thinking of starting a “column” that features an interview with the author plus an excerpt from one of her or his books. If you are interested, please contact me at info@r3.org.

And lastly, I welcome all ideas and suggestions to make this publication enjoyable and relevant. Please send your thoughts to me at the email provided above.

In closing, I think I will use Richard’s earlier motto—

Tant le desieree

(I have longed for it so much.)

[Contents](#)



THE ROYAL FUNERALS OF
THE HOUSE OF YORK AT WINDSOR

ANNE F. SUTTON and LUYIA VIERER-FUCHS
with E. A. CRUICKSHANK

The
Richard III
Society
2000

Based upon articles originally appearing in The Ricardian from 1997-1999, *Royal Funerals* is probably one of the most comprehensive treatments of Yorkist burials at Windsor, and an excellent companion piece to Sutton/Visser-Fuchs' *The Reburial of Richard Duke of York: 21-30 July 1476*. Together, these texts offer not only detailed analyses of royal English funerals from the late 15th century, but also exemplify the Yorkist use of pomp and ceremony to assert a hereditary position at the top of the ruling hierarchy.

The book is a study in contrasts. Edward IV died at age 42, unexpectedly and during the zenith of his reign, and his obsequies reflect that. Because more narratives exist, a reconstruction of the day-to-day ritual is possible; such is not the case for his predeceased children who received dignified burials befitting their station. Yet, it is hard not to be impressed with the sheer magnificence of the king's ceremonies, the "veritable forest of banners carried" during them, the splendor of his hearse which abounded with rich gilt-worked pillars holding the finest candles, sumptuous silks, and hundreds of sculptures depicting angels and Yorkist heraldry. The reader is treated to the spectacle of Sir William Parr—bareheaded but in full armor, riding the king's charger trapped in his coat of arms, carrying a battle-axe in his hand, pommel held downwards—as he rode up the nave, dismounted at the choir door, and offered Edward IV's knightly achievements. There are moments of less sobriety too; for example, the tussle between Lord Maltravers and William Berkeley over who took precedence, and the exasperation of the reporting herald who finally gave up on detailing the ceremonial offering of cloths to the casket because the frenzy and press of people were too great for him to note the individuals involved.

33

of no great weight, and recycled torch “ends”. The authors speculate her funeral obsequies were not planned by the royal heralds, as the reporting herald’s narrative makes repeated mention of the irregularities and lack of ceremony demonstrated. Perhaps this underscores the political realities of the day. Victors were compelled to give “lip-service” to the former dynasty, but the demands of perpetuating a new one required a vastly different, and extravagant, outlay. The next dynasty, the Tudor one, would reflect this in the incredibly over-the-top tomb of Henry VII in the Lady Chapel at Westminster Abbey, or in Elizabeth I's frugal "restoration" of St. Mary and All Saint's Church at Fotheringhay.

Royal Funerals has much to offer readers interested in the critical time period of April, 1483 and the weeks following the Edward IV’s death. There are mysteries that still exist, such as who acted as chief mourner. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, had yet to arrive in London from Middleham. It is almost eerily prophetic when, at the climax of the royal obsequies on April 19, the officers of Edward IV’s household threw their staves of office into his tomb with the body, indicating they were now “men without a master and without office”. The heralds threw in their coats of arms, and then were presented with new ones with the cry “The King lives!” Such a simple declaration at the time, yet in only two short months, the question of the king’s identity would transfix a nation.

*This is the first of an on-going column that highlights some of the books from the American Branch’s library. Members on the North American continent may submit requests to borrow by emailing Susan Troxell at researchlibrary@r3.org. Please see the Society’s website (r3.org) for further details.-Susan Troxell

Contents

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REGISTER STAFF

EDITOR: **Joan Szechtman**
info@r3.org

ASSISTANT EDITOR: **Diana Rubino**
assistant_editor@r3.org

Copy Editor: **Ruth Roberts**
copy_editor@r3.org

RICARDIAN READING EDITOR: **Myrna Smith**
ricardian_reading_editor@r3.org

CHAPTER CONTACTS

EASTERN MISSOURI: **Bill Heuer**
bheuer0517@sbcglobal.net

ILLINOIS: **Janice Weiner**
jlweiner@sbcglobal.net

MICHIGAN AREA: **Larry Irwin**
fkatycdc@yahoo.com

NEW ENGLAND: **Ms June-Ann Greeley**
juneanng@gmail.com
Website: r3ne.org

NORTHWEST: **Carol Smith**
richardiinw@yahoo.com

NEW YORK-METRO AREA: **Maria Elena Torres**
elena@pipeline.com

Tidewater (VA): **Bob Pfile**
rpfile43@gmail.com

Texas Regional: **Elizabeth York Enstam**
Enstam@sbcglobal.net

Arizona: **Marion Low**
dickon3@cox.net

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