

Kingdom of the Rising Winds

Kingdom Newsletter

March 10, 2005

Coronation VI Of Queen Kizmit



*J passed through the gates
Of that old familiar place
All the people turned around
To see their lost brother found*

*Tears came to my eyes
J was foolish then not to realize
This land is my home, this land is my pride
This is where i was born, this is where i will die*

*J'm going back home to the
Valley of the Rising Winds*

*There's a place in my heart for the
Valley of the Rising Winds*

Contents

Officers	2
Coronation Schedule	2
A Brief History of Peter La Grue And the Founding of Amtgard	3
Prelude to a Kingdom	4
Where Are They Now	7

Kingdom Officers

Kingdom of the Rising Winds Monarchy

- Queen** Kizmit Bastet
- kizmitbastet@yahoo.com
- Prince Regent** Baronet D'Gar McGlean
- quadrick@hotmail.com
- Champion** Lord Rigor Stormblade
- darclord69@yahoo.com
- Prime Minister** Abigail Windsong
- phnxfire99@yahoo.com
- Weapon Master** Markosias
- markosias@yahoo.com
- Dragon Master** Kaesha Nikovana
- kaesha_nikovana@yahoo.com
-

AmtSchedule

<http://www.therisingwinds.com/events>

March

17-20 Spring War
<http://www.thewaygate.com/springwar.htm>

31-Apr 3 SKBC
<http://skbc.naropa.edu/>

May

13-15 Discord

20-22 Pelennor Fields
<http://www.alonatwotrees.com/pf2005/index.html>

June

9-12 Olympiad/RW Midreign
<http://www.amtgard-olympiad.com>

Note: Gryphon's Perch will be holding monthly Juggling Days. All are invited. For dates visit <http://www.therisinwinds.com/parks/GP/>

Coronation Schedule

Friday

Noon: Gate Opens

4pm: Full Class 7.0 battle game begins-All elements of the game will be in accordance with 7.0 rules, weapons armor, garb etc.

Dusk: Beginning of the End night Quest begins

Saturday

10am: Circle of Monarchs Meeting in feast area

11am: 7.0 Battle Game recap and Q&A in feast area

Noon: Tournament- Three events will be featured: Sword & Board; Florentine; and Open Weapon (3 item max-example sword, board, and down sword).

2pm: The Last War Quest Begins

5:30pm: Feast begins serving. Due to the many options you will have this will be served buffet style. We will do everything we can to keep things moving as quickly as possible.

Menu

- ▶ Cheese and crackers
- ▶ Chili and fixings for the chili (shredded cheese, sour cream, onions and chili powder). Vegetarian Chili will be provided.
- ▶ Pasta if you want your chili on top of it.
- ▶ Cornbread (with butter if you want)
- ▶ Carrot and Celery sticks
- ▶ Dessert
- ▶ Bottled water

6:00pm: Court Opens

A Brief History of Peter La Grue and the Founding of Amtgard

By Matthew Amt

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My sister Katy and I got our start in reenacting back in the 80s with Markland, the local medieval group. Not long afterwards, we also discovered Dagorhir, a fantasy-medieval padded-weapon organization, which was a blast. One of the group leaders in that was Jim Haren, then known as Musashi, and I fell in with his band, along with a few other folks, mostly teenagers. We had a great time! Musashi always had incredible stories to tell, both war stories from past battles and real life experiences. He was a bit of an odd duck, always changing (or losing) jobs and living in various peoples' basements and closets.

And there was quite a rapid turnover of members in his group, and he kept declaring the group dead and then reincarnating it with a new name. If I remember correctly, the succession of groups went like this: Kagehiri and Clan Kykushin (he was Kykushin Musashi, and I think Kagehiri was supposed to supplant Dagorhir in general), Warriors of the Golden Dawn, The Sons of the Black Death Jungle Combo and Storm Door Company ("A Division of Elyss Industries") (hey, it was made up by a committee!), then one or two battles calling ourselves simply "Us". Then he discovered another padded weapon group called Emarthnguarth, and we got into that as the nation of Zem-tuo. When that organization came apart due to politics among those in charge, we went with the larger splinter organization, Ealdgestreon, as the nation of Vandlung (Danish for "Aqualung", Jim's favorite Jethro Tull song).

Somewhere along the line we started hearing the strangest stories about him, though he was always puzzled and aggrieved that such-and-such a person should have taken a disliking to him! Then it began to dawn on us that his version of a particular event could be wildly different from that of other people involved. Hmm... Well, to make a long story short, we eventually got it through our thick skulls that he was a jerk and a liar, and, in real life, a total loser! He decided to have his character Musashi commit public suicide (as some sort of apology to the world), then reappeared minutes later as Peter la Grue. Things didn't really change much. It couldn't have been more than 3 or 4 years that this all went on, but it seems like more.

On several occasions Jim went travelling or moved back to El Paso (his family's home), and my sister and I kept our little group together and battling. He had appointed me Warlord and I was in charge while he (being King) was away. After one of his returns from Texas he told us he had started a new group and named it Amtgard in honor of us, his best friends. We gagged a bit, said "Uh, gee, that's great, Grue", and thought, Gads, he's done it again, and lured yet another band of kids to their doom! Eventually we ALL got sick of him, and he threw a tantrum and left for good.

It must have been not long after, at one of my last Dagorhir battles, one of the guys in charge was showing us a letter he'd gotten from someone in Texas. The name was different, but it was Jim Haren's handwrit-

ing!! He had, he said, just learned about Dagorhir and was surprised to find that the rules were so similar to those of his own group, Amtgard! "Of course!" crowed I, "it's because he photocopied the Dagorhir rulebook!" We all had a great laugh.

A couple years ago I was put in touch with another Amtgard member (some question about costuming, I think), and discovered the group's website. It was quite startling to see how large and far-flung it had become. Reading through the archives, I found references to the exact same kind of troubles with la Grue that we had had—eventually Amtgard had thrown him out, too. I like to believe that Amtgard has flourished not because of him, but in spite of him.

It's clear now that however it got started, Amtgard's rules are much more involved and complex than Dagorhir's, particularly the character classes. Lots of D&D there, which is great.

So that's the history of Amtgard as I know it, seen from afar. For a closer look, check the archives on the Amtgard site, or consult one of your elders. Like I said, I wish I had time to fight again, but I'm so heavily into several living history periods that there just isn't time. (And at 38, I'm not sure I could keep up with the younger warriors, either.) Now I am Quintus, guru to Romans all over the world, while the medieval world knows me as Aelfric, Authenticity Nazi of Markland. In the American Revolution I have been many things but am currently happy as a grunt with a musket in the ranks. (Though they tried to promote me to corporal at my last event...) I expect Jim Haren/Peter la Grue is still sleeping on park benches, selling blood plasma to survive, and scrounging foam and duct tape for a new sword.

Who knows what he'll do next? But really, who cares?

Additional Information:

This information is found on the history page of the Dagorhir website (<http://www.dagorhir.com/dagorhir/history.htm>):

"Dagorhir survived an attempt to splinter it by a disgruntled and power-hungry member. (Some time later, this same disgruntled former Dagorhir moved to Texas and started a group based on Dagorhir rules. Eventually, they kicked him out too, so we should regard Amtgard as our long-lost siblings.)"

To see what the Great Namesakes are up to these days, here are some links:

Legio XX—The Twentieth Legion
<http://www.larp.com/legioxx/>

Matthew Amt's Greek Hoplite Site
<http://www.larp.com/hoplite/>

Midgard
<http://www.larp.com/midgard/>

Katy Amt's Merchant Adventurers
<http://www.merchantadventurers.com>

Prelude to a Kingdom History of the Rising Winds

By Areth Nar

The following is a written history of Amtgardia in the Midwest, and more specifically the Lands of the Rising Winds, as written from the perspective of one man, Chris Brooke (AKA Areth Nar and/or Spencer). I say this because I do not want it to be perceived that this document is to be interpreted as the entire truth behind the Foundation of the Rising Winds. The reality is that many people have put their blood sweat and tears into this fine land we now call the Rising Winds and it was not the intention of the author to claim any credit beyond that warranted. It was determined that, due to my length of Amtgard service, that it should be I that would compile the written history of these lands.

I begin the story in the late summer of 1983. It was an August evening in the basement of my parents (in O'Fallon, Ill) home that this where it all started. About a dozen of us had been playing a well-known role-playing game when there was a knock on the back door. To my surprise it was my best friend Clifford Kinder, who had moved to El Paso, Texas just a few months before. In his hands were a number of curious items. The first was a small photocopied rulebook and in the other there were two, what appeared to be an overstuffed cut-off jean legs. As I am sure you can imagine our curiosity was peaked almost instantly. Cliff quickly explained that in Texas there was this small group of people who made padded swords and would "reenact D&D type stuff". Well within about 10 minutes our role-play group had put the dice and papers away and were in the back yard beating each other. Within 2 hours several members had run out and gotten PVC and carpet padding and had already made crude swords. Then what, I assume was the first battlegame in the Midwest, ensued. It was a simple capture the flag battlegame that would not be the last.

Weeks would pass and the number of weapons would increase. People would explore the wide variety of classes. Warrior, Wizard, Scout and Healer (yes that was all there was). There wasn't much point to worry about levels as there was none, (with the only exception of wizard who could either be an Apprentice or after 12 weeks a Master). Soon we had managed to recruit all of the other RP players in my high school and a number of the football team members. Almost from the start we would have battlegames that would range from a few to a couple of dozen. We would hold the first 24-hour battlegames, weekend games, etc. Unfortunately this group would be disbanded almost as quickly as it started. For many of us 1983-1984 was our senior year and although we came to love Amtgard the following June '84 was dealt a killing blow, I would move from O'Fallon to Indianapolis, IN. With the departure of many of the key players the group would never hold another Amtgard event.

When I moved to Indianapolis, I was a stranger in a strange town, with a closet full of duct taped spears, swords, maces, flails, etc. It would not be long before I would find other role players and perform the ceremony

of presenting the "jean swords". I would form a lifelong friendship with Lee Van (AKA Glavas Zorrollo) in the summer of 1984 and together we would hold a number of small battlegames during that summer. In the fall, Indiana Amtgard would come to a halt for a while, as Lee and I would go off to College, where we would spend more time carousing rather than Amtgarding. However the summer of 1985 would see another resurgence of Amtgard activity. Small skirmishes and one on one fights would be the primary activity.

The following fall 1985 would lead to my moving from a School in Illinois to a more localized University where we would begin the foundations of a larger and more active Amtgard group. We would recruit a number of people who would be notable figures for many years to come. Fred Winter (Beldareth), Steve Jacobs (Jake the Wise), Kevin Vieth (the social Tyrannosaur), just to name a few. We found a small park where we would attempt to avoid contact with any mundanes (after all we didn't want people to think we were weird, right?). Our Amtgard group would play, hidden from view, for the next few years (until about 1988) when most of us would graduate and find careers or move off to explore other opportunities in life. Amtgard it seemed was dead. After all we were probably the only ones in the world who even had a surviving copy of the rule book (which Glavas maintains to this day!).

By 1990 we felt that certainly Amtgard existed only in our memories now and my contact with Clifford Kinder had been completely severed. The weapons would sit idle in a shed for months on end, only being brought out occasionally (perhaps half a dozen times during a year) to do battle in the occasional 24 hour battlegames, Saturday capture the flag, or the like. We would recount the good old days, while sitting around the role-playing table. Like old warriors from forgotten wars, Glavas and I would bring forth the weapons and show them to our role-playing groups, hoping that in some way we could relive our previous glories. We would spark interest in the hearts of a few Steve Schuh (Rigel Orionis), Steve Wells (Soskus), John Givens (Borokotor), etc but dream it seemed was not to be rekindled. Years would pass without even the slightest sound of clashing swords..UNTIL.

October 16th 1997, a day I will remember well. I was in my office surfing the Internet for a project, completely unrelated to Amtgard. Suddenly, as if some higher power determined my soul needed to be refilled, there was the word AMTGARD at the top of my search results. Dumbfounded, I quickly thought; "this can't be the same Amtgard I am thinking of". Yet it was. Amtgard had not died in 1985 as we had come to assume. In fact it had thrived and blossomed to encompass the entire country, in fact the world. Strangely enough one of the few places it had failed to even get a foothold was the place where it's first Battles had been fought 14 years before. Within minutes I had fired off an email to Sir Ivar to request info about getting info about becoming part of "Official" Amtgard.

Within a couple of days Sir Ivar introduced me to Sir Bag'em who helped us form the Shire of Windmoor Crossing under the Golden Plains. Steve Schuh (Rigel Orionis), Jason Alexander (Moonstalker), Fred Winter (Beldafred) and I quickly formed the first Monarchy and

began the task of assembling every role-player and former Amtgardian we could find. We took Amtnames (the first time any of our group had ever done so); quickly we adopted garb, armor, improved weapons, etc. We immediately began weekly events and by spring of 1998 our group had already grown to several dozen members and quickly our weekly numbers rose to over 20. By Spring we would have brought on some more notable names; Eric Carpenter (Friar Telamacus), Eric Barnes (Shandril), Stan Barnes (Soram the Elder), and of course Dave Roby (Brock), just to name a few. The summer of 1998 was the greatest Amtgard I had, to date, been involved in. Finally this was what Amtgard was SUPPOSED to be. But lurking around the corner was a surprise, which would change Amtgard in the Midwest FOREVER.

In July of 1998, John Givens (Borokotor), received an unusual email one day from a Dan Patterson (Hobbit) who had just moved to Indianapolis from Texas and had formed a small Shire he was calling the Rising Winds, hailing from the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills. We became even more excited than we had in the past; now, finally we would meet real Amtgardians. We scheduled a time to meet at our park and we determined this would be a great time to make new friends, so we would hold a cookout to honor our neighbors. Well we were completely unprepared for what was about to happen. We had about 12-13 people playing when suddenly the invaders arrived, in mass. With full garb, face paint, a war chant and 20 or so screaming Rising Winds warriors they took position in our park and gave us 10 minutes to ready ourselves. Needless to say this was completely foreign to us. So of course we got our heads handed to us. Afterwards we would talk with Shelby Williams (Talthyr) and Dan Patterson (Hobbit) about Amtgard and how things worked in the "real" Amtgard world. Our eyes were now opening to a whole new understanding. Now we would have to repay these invaders. After all I wasn't about to let these upstarts tell me what to do.

So the following week we would assemble every member of the Shire of Windmoor Crossing to invade the Shire of the Rising Winds. And this time we thought it would be different. But as the fates would have it, we were once again smitten. Afterwards feelings had been hurt, ego's bruised and the real world reality was that no one on either side respected or liked each other. Yet the proposal to for a new land was broached. It was proposed that both parks would become part of The Shire of the Rising Winds. At the time I was the unfortunate Sheriff who made the proclamation that we would indeed merge and be one park under the banner of the Rising Winds and would swear allegiance to the Emerald Hills. (Note: The park that had bore the Rising Winds would now be renamed the Shire of Lyon's Tomb while Windmoor Crossing would maintain its name as a park under the Baronial Banner.) This decision would in the short-term lead to a huge rift. The two parks would have a hard time relating to each other and would inevitably lead to the loss of many fine members of both parks. Under the leadership of Talthyr (Monarch) and Rigel (Regent) the Rising Winds would suffer several significant set backs, not as a result of their actions but simply as the result of two very different groups coming together. But as time would pass the two groups would lose the members who had held

grudges and maintain the members with the greatest commitment to making the Rising Winds great.

During all of the Turmoil in Indianapolis, one brave soul would venture off to College to start what would become The Shire of Crusaders Cove, which was founded in the fall of 1998. Jalen Nathaniel Corbin would form the third park of the Rising Winds in Valparaiso Indiana. His populace would explode almost from the very beginning. He would attract many key people; Mark Sievers (Xugx), Joe McFadden (Morgoth), Ben Kliemek (Gregor and many others).

Meanwhile back in Indianapolis The Shire of the Rising Winds would be granted Baronial status by King Corbin of the Emerald Hills. Personality conflict and egocentric behavior, mostly on the part of this author, would slow the process of integrating these two populaces. It would not be until early 1999 that most of the personality conflicts would slowly wane and finally the business of running the Rising Winds, as a club, would begin. During March of 1999 our first elected Monarch would turn out to be a huge boost for the Barony of the Rising Winds. Brock Argenta would ascend to the Baronial seat and with him would be ushered in a new and profound era of prosperity for this infant Barony. This growth would begin immediately with the fourth park, known as Ashen Hills (Haslett Michigan), swearing themselves to the Rising Winds during Baron Brock's coronation. Within a month a fifth park, Fireoak Hold (Findlay Ohio), would also join the growing list of Rising Winds parks. This growth Barony wide would not end here. But the next few months would see trying times for the two original Shires that had propagated the Rising Winds.

In Indianapolis, the spring would not be so kind to the attendance of Windmoor Crossing and Lyons tomb. Each park had seen a decimation of their numbers to such an extent as by early summer both parks could barely provide double-digit attendance. All that was left were the die hards of both parks. Finally it was determined, by the urging of Baron Brock that both parks should be disbanded and a single park be reformed with all citizens from Windmoor Crossing and Lyons Tomb being brought under this new park, Gryphons Perch. Most of the animosities and old hatreds from the previous year had been weeded out and squashed. It was to be that Gryphons Perch would now see unprecedented growth. By now the Barony had 4 parks under its banner and as a unit they would march off to the Gathering of Clans in July of 1999.

Our First Clan as a united Barony would be an experience to help harden and bind the members of the Rising Winds. We would eat, fight and drink together. Once and for all any distrust, disloyalty or other petty infighting would be gone for good. Glavas as Prime minister would see to it that we as a group would help in any number of volunteer positions that we could, so as to get the name of the Rising Winds out and into the world of Amtgardia. A fact that by the end of our first clan the Rising Winds would be honored by Queen Kat of the Burning Lands (at the urging of Sir Ivar); with the bestowment of an Order of the Zodiac. An honor I assure you are most treasured to this day by members of the Rising Winds. We would in fact be the only group so honored at Clan that year. This would only be the be-

ginning of our jubilation.

Within a matter of weeks after the Gathering of the Clans our Empress, Shaylen from our Mother Kingdom, the Emerald Hills, would elevate the Barony of the Rising Winds to the Duchy of the Rising Winds. This event would coincide with Brocks reelection as Duke of the Duchy of the Rising Winds. Furthermore we would see Glavas and Brock bestowed with the Noble titles of Lord.

As fall of 1999 led into winter it might have been expected that in the frozen wastes of the north, the Rising Winds would lay dormant. Quite to the contrary, Brock would now go on an offensive to unite Amtgardia in the Midwest. In December of 1999 Brock would lead the forces of the Rising Winds on a conquest of Griffons Ridge in Dayton Ohio. The Sheriff Gothic Sinclair would swear fealty to the Rising Winds, bringing the park count to 5. The reality had been that Griffons Ridge had submitted a petition to the Kingdom of the Emerald Hills to sponsor them. It was at the urging of our mother Kingdom that we aid this new group and provides the support that they would be unable to, due to distances involved.

After the first of the year Brock would now seek to gain friends on our borders and would start by raiding the Land of Black Rock Hills in West Virginia. This event although would prove too much a match for the forces of the Rising Winds but would indeed lead to an improved relationship with the Kingdom of Goldenvale, who was the parent of Blackrock Hills. Quickly following the eastern visit we would head west to another Goldenvale hold, known as Western Gate in St Louis. There we would once again be stopped but we would still come away with what I sense will be long term friendships.

Now with 5 parks, each showing some strength and friends on our borders, Brock was planning on concluding his successful reign. But we would receive one last petition from a group in Bellefontaine Ohio, known as Blackfire Pass. Pollux Lightchild would swear his small park to the Duchy and thereby ending Brocks reign with 6 parks. And with the end of a very successful year for the Duchy of the Rising Winds we would hold what was to become our crowning achievement to the date of the penning of this chronicle.

The Coronation of the next Monarch was to be overshadowed, and rightfully so, by the feast of the outgoing Baron Brock Argent. Over 130 people from all over the Amtgard World would attend the Coronation weekend and feast. Most notably would be the presence of Queen Lady Eclipse of the Emerald Hills, Duke Sir Lief of Emerald Hills, King Sir Tombo of Neverwinter, Sir Roger of Neverwinter, Prince Regent Kitirat of Neverwinter, Baron Lorax of Westerngate representing the monarchy of Goldenvale, as well as many other well-known personalities from throughout the Amtgard World. Many of us would be told that the Rising Winds indeed held what was good and true about Amtgard and had failed to be corrupted by it's failing of the past. I will look back for the rest of my life to this event as the turning point of the greatness of the Rising Winds.

Finally the Rising Winds, after all of its trials and tribu-

lations has come of age. We were now recognized by most of the Amtgard world and had made strides that have gained us great support and praise from those who we hold in the highest of esteem. As the current Duke of the Great Land of the Rising Winds I now look into the future with high hopes for, and recall the humble beginnings of, this fine land. I will not forget, as long as I live, those who have sacrificed and the friends won and lost in the pursuit of the greatness, which is surly to become the legacy of the KINGDOM OF THE RISING WINDS.

Penning by
Duke Areth Nar
4th Monarch of the Rising Winds

On June 1st, 2000

Where are they now

Areth Nar

Then:

"I was born a son (only child of course) of a peasant farmer, in the village of Narden (a far away and highly unimpressive place). I had a normal childhood, ya know, workin' from dusk to dawn since the age of 2. But all said and done I really had no complaints, but eventually, I did get tired of the same ol' thing; planting, killin' (being on the frontier ya know), harvesting. So eventually, around the age of 15, I decided to seek my fortune.



Initially, I must admit, my fortunes were measured in rat corpses as I had no skill at anything short of farmin' and killin'. So I had quickly found myself working rather long hours as a Ratter in the town of Guldenford. Ya know it really wasn't that bad a job, the pay was good, I didn't have to dress up, I pretty much called everywhere (in the sewer) my home, and hell I ate all I could catch. But one day I was approached by this guy in fancy green and brown trousers, well I guess they were fancy. This guy actually spent money on patches for the holes in his pants, and man, he must-a been worth quite a bit, as he had hundreds covering all of his clothes. He called himself Rigel Orionis, a scout, from somewhere or another.

Well it turns out he knew of some land just for the takin' not but a few days walk. So Rigel and myself found ourselves wandering in the woods until we had no idea where we were (Some scout he was, hell, he didn't even have a bow when I met him). All I knew was that I was cold and hungry, and couldn't find a good rat anywhere. This place we found was rainy, cold, muddy, and was downright unpleasant place, but as it would turn out, would soon be ours. After foraging a few days we encountered a rather uptight and somewhat arrogant man (but he had armor and sword so we would let him slide) by the name of Borokotor, who hailed from the Society of Carnivorous Arachnids, or some such place. Well he to was looking for the land of milk and honey, but together we found a small crossroads in the middle of a barren and foreboding swamp (called by the few locals as the Windmoors), which was more like cottage cheese and hard tack. But after a brief "discussion" with the local lord he was willing to turn all of the vast lands of the Windmoors over to us for free!! Wow what an opportunity! For all of us this was dream come true, of course within a fortnight we would be served a summons for non payment of back taxes. But none the less this swamp was ours and we had to do the best with it. With in no time at all we began accumulating quite a populace, priests, wizards, warriors and the like (most of which had criminal records, but at Windmoor Crossing new beginnings could be made). And alas that is where we are today. I, Areth Nar, sit as

Monarch of this land and am darn proud of it."

A brief excerpt from the best selling Novel:

"The Ratter and Mayor; Life and Times of Areth Nar"

Now:

There have been reports of Areth Nar sightings sporadically at Gryphon's Perch and even a few at a Kingdom event not too long ago. It is said that he arrives unannounced and leaves almost as suddenly. Sometimes he can be seen with offspring in tow. If you encounter an Areth Nar it is best to swing foam and ask questions later.



The Rising Winds Song

Written by
Tarkington Erevan
Kalig Nos

I'm so far away from home
I've traveled alone through towns unknown
I climbed upon my steed
And rode away, my spirit free

I came upon a man
Who offered me everything I asked
He held the key to dreams
Lost long ago in the age of sleep

He led me to a place of mysteries
I was showered in gold and ecstasies
I thought less and less of home
And drowned myself in thoughts of gold

I was given a place to stay
There was nothing there that would turn me away
I had wealth beyond control
I was given more wives than I could hold

All my desires were fulfilled
But I lacked something I couldn't feel
Through all the women I had embraced
There wasn't a soul, only a face

Will my family all forget
My presence there, shortly spent
I've lost my urge to roam
All of my dreams lead back home

I'm going back home to the
Valley of the Rising Winds
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There's a place in my heart for the
Valley of the Rising Winds

I passed through the gates
Of that old familiar place
All the people turned around
To see their lost brother found

Tears came to my eyes
I was foolish then not to realize
This land is my home, this land is my pride
This is where i was born, this is where i will die

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