



# Prayer Book

Property  
of  
Brother Valen

## Salutation to the Dawn

Beloved Dawnbringer, I thank you for this  
new day,

filled as ever with Your light and love.

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

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

Grant us the courage and patience to give  
aid,

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

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

Blessed be, oh Morninglord!

Of thee and thy gifts!

## Song of Dawn

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

Praise The Dawnbringer, show your  
love,

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

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



## Praise of High Sun

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

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

## Sunset Prayer

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

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

## Nevermore Night Supplication

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



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





## Prayer for Sun

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

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



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

## Prayer for Birth

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

## Healing

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

## Death Prayer

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

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

- RV

## In Your Name...

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

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

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

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

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

Morninglord.

With my eyes I see your holy sunrise.

Morninglord.

With my hands I sense your merciful  
warmth.

Morninglord.

With my heart I feel your eternal love.

## Prayer against Undead

Morninglord, Watcher of the Dawn,  
Lord of Life,

grant me your beacon of holy Sun  
and turn these wretched abominations  
from your Light!

Demon of darkness! In the name of the  
Morninglord,

I command you to leave this place!

Winter Y355.

Alas, I record these words in haste. I fear  
the dear Abbey will soon fall to the Dark  
Lord, as we are without aid and the  
guidance and protection of Saint Markovia.

The following is a brief timeline of Saint  
Lyvia Markovia, a beloved blessed sister of  
the Abbey who later became the Abbey's  
patron saint.

Let this brief record of her precious  
time in this mortal plane serve as a  
tribute and remembrance.

### The Time of the beloved Saint Markovia!

#### Y323 Lyvia Markovia is born

Not much is known of her early life. An  
old wolf hunter in Krezk found the girl  
roaming the forest when she was knee high  
to a halfling. He raised her as his own  
daughter for twelve years. After his wife  
passed away one winter, he realized that  
Lyvia would soon need proper care,  
education, and the soft touch to guide her  
into womanhood.



### Y335 Sister Markovia

She becomes a sister in training at the Abbey at a very young age and under the care of our most beloved, Sister Constance Lyvia Markovia is well loved and spends her waking moments caring for the fallen knights and troops battling the ongoing engagement with the Terg forces.

### Y341 Blessed Sister

The Abbey administrators realize those whom Sister Markovia cares for in the ward recover quickly and miraculously. She becomes known among the knights as the Blessed Sister.

### Y346 Blessed Count

The most guarded secret of the Abbey, Contessa Sera von Hapsburg is with child and arrives at the Abbey in the cover of darkness with her mother, Countess Tasha. The Contessa is not well. Sister Markovia midwives the birth to a healthy male boy.

Sera christens her baby boy, Julius Vernon von Hapsburg, Count of Barovia, naming the child after her two fallen brothers. He is the last surviving male heir, and she fears terribly for the life of the newborn and entrusts the child to Sister Markovia for protection.



### Y346 The Dark Winter

After Count von Hapsburg falls, a darkness falls over the realm, Prince Strahd arrives with his army to claim the throne and fight the Terg.

Strahd breaks every rule of decorum, slaughtering the noble families of Barovia along with her knights on sight. It was said Strahd was ordained a holy captain to command his troops. He's anything but holy now, slaughtering knights and paladins alongside Terg heathens. Prince Strahd announced that Lord Argynvost and his knights, (brethren to Strahd's own holy order!) are traitors and will be slaughtered!

Undead zombies and skeletons begin to walk the land, wraiths and evil spirits are reported throughout the valley. The Knights of the Silver Dragon and Lord Argynvost continue to battle the Terg, the undead, and Prince Strahd's forces. A young brave female knight, Lugdana is cared for at the Abbey. Sister Constance and Blessed Sister Markovia take great care of Lugdana.

They bless the young knight with the power of light against darkness, to fend off the undead and evil spirits that plague the land.

### Y347 Forbiddance

Prince Strahd von Zarovich declares victory over Barovia and claims the lands his own. He lays forth an edict of forbiddance to the Abbey, for providing aid to the enemy. The monks and sisters are no longer welcome in the villages of Barovia.

Fearing retribution from Strahd, Sister Markovia entrusts the royal infant to Ivan Ivlskovich, a monk of the abbey and a champion winter dog-sled racer. Sister Markovia instructs Ivan to take the child through the dangerous snowy mountain passes in the north, beyond the Baratok mountains and to safety. She entrusts the Count and Countess's royal sigil rings with him, telling him to be certain that no matter what, his father's sigil ring **MUST** stay with him! The tiny Earl is the future Lord of Barovia, the last of the von Hapsburgs, and must be protected at all costs.





### Y350 Shrine of the White Sun Built

A Shrine is constructed near a pool of water in Krezk that was blessed by Blessed Sister Markovia. There is hope the waters of the spring will provide the healing comfort for those who are ill, since the Abbey forbiddance. The shrine becomes a place of pilgrimage among those in Barovia who seek its healing waters.

### Y352 Assault on the Krezk Abbey

Mart 27 of 352 - The Shrine of the White Sun makes Sister Markovia a folk hero to the people of Barovia. One day, a platoon of undead zombies, skeletons and vampire spawn showed up and lay siege upon the Abbey. The undead were hell bent on destroying the Abbey and executing Blessed Sister Markovia. There can be no doubt the Devil Strahd is behind the attack. Blessed Sister Markovia's defiance and the shrine she blessed, creating hope for Barovians, was in violation of the forbiddance and has infuriated the Dark Lord Strahd.

The attack proves Strahd has made pacts with darkness of unimaginable power. The clergy of the Abbey struggled against the onslaught, but Blessed Sister Markovia struck down the undead and vampires one after another, like so many sheaves of wheat. Blessed Sister Markovia has proven that she has become a powerful adversary, indeed.

Shortly after the battle, Blessed Sister Markovia laid out plans to march on Ravenloft, defeat the Dark Lord, and free the valley from this evil.

## Y352 Sister Markovia marches on Ravenloft

April 1 of 352 - Suffused with confidence born of righteous victory, Blessed Sister Markovia advanced on Castle Ravenloft. Villagers and clergy alike flocked to her side, but she forbid anyone from entering the castle with her. A great battle raged from the catacombs to the parapets. It was an epic battle that lasted hours, and there was nothing for us to do, but pray.

At one point, a deathly silence ensued. Eventually, Strahd was seen limping among the ramparts of the castle. That is when we knew, Blessed Sister Markovia would never return. Strahd long afterward walked with a limp and a grimace of pain. It is said that he trapped Sister Markovia in a crypt beneath his castle, and her remains linger there yet.

## Y352 Saint Markovia

The Holy Order of the White Sun has officially declared Blessed Sister Lyvia Markovia to be Saint Markovia of Krezk for all her deeds, selfless acts, and the miracle of the healing waters of the Shrine of the White Sun. The Abbey of Brilliant Worship in Krezk has been renamed the Abbey of Saint Markovia, and her spirit continues to guide us.





### Y353 Strahd Terrorizes Clergy

Word has spread of the deeds and miracles of Saint Markovia, giving the people of Barovia hope. The Dark Lord enforces his edict of forbiddance and to close the Abbey insists that the monks and sisters turn themselves over for mercy, under threat of a siege.

The remaining monks and sisters refuse to relent and have fortified the Abbey and closed it off from the rest of the world. For we have pledged we will continue to aid those who seek the light and will defend against the darkness. Strahd uses underhanded tactics, keeping wolves baying at the Abbey walls all night long, every night, a maddening sound that haunts our dreams. His evil forces lay upon us, so dark, I dare not put them to parchment.

### Y355 Last Vigil, the winter of 355

It has been three years since the Dark Lord has railed against our walls and enforced his edict of forbiddance.

Our last hope fades, our food supplies run down to nothing, and many have died from the cold of an especially bitter winter, the lack of food, and sickness of the body as well as the mind. Those who have left in search of aid have never returned and we fear the worst. Only three of us remain and we wonder if any will last till spring to bury the fallen, for our fallen brethren cannot be buried in the frozen winter ground.

At any rate, the last of us will not have the last rites performed. Not being able to rest in peace could be a horrific thing in today's Barovia, yet I have volunteered for this task.

I see it as an honor to have  
served my fellow man and woman.  
Let our stand against darkness be  
remembered.

Blessed be, o Morninglord! I lay  
down at last to come share in the  
warmth of thy bosom!

- Brother Valen

Winter Y355

