

## Whither Goest Thou?

“Last bout Bruno, this is one Sunday we really can’t be late.”

Bruno assumed an overhead stance with his wooden stick, left foot forward and right foot back, his faux blade was entirely raised like an executioner. Directly across from him, his brother Werner hunched over, his stick pointed forward ready for a quick thrust. Werner rushed under his brother’s overhead strike, jabbing him before Bruno’s stick could complete its movement. When fully outstretched in his thrust, it was revealed Werner stood at least a head taller than his younger brother.

“Treffer! I never see you use that one Bruno, and for good reason. Don’t forget grandfather always said that overhead strikes like that only land true when you are taller than the opponent. Save it for when you are older and hopefully taller, the men from Damascus use sharper instruments than sticks.”

Bruno hunched over to catch his breath from the jab while his brother lectured. Standing back up straight he smiled.

“Well, if you didn’t get the best of me in these matches so often, I never would have taken up medicine with Father Rudolf in the first place, and you would still have that rash” Bruno chuckled.

“That rash was nothing, just from some plant and this family did not get where it is by healing anyway, now let’s be off to church before they leave without us.”

The young brothers seemingly walked straight into the thick forest that surrounded the small clearing they used for practice. They had actually left by a path, but one invisible to the untrained eye unfamiliar with the thick forests of central Germany. Following the path, almost entirely overgrown with moss, dead wood and flanked by shrubs the brothers continued on as if they were on no less than an immaculate roman road.

“This will finally be our chance Bruno, Crusades only happen once a lifetime, and the Emperor himself is going on this one. All it will take is one act of heroism. He needn’t even see it himself, just one of his sworn men, and our family can finally be made Imperial Knights. Our children might even become landed or truly titled.”

“I don’t know Werner; didn’t you ever pay attention in church? It is a sin to murder, and what good did our grandfather’s crusade even do? He almost died helping take Jerusalem and now its lost again. Why do we have to go to the ends of the earth to be good Christians?”

“Firstly, this isn’t about being good Christians Bruno, there will be plenty of time for that once we are landed, have a title and break into high society. You can spend the rest of your days picking plants and reading the bible for all I care at that point; it might not sound nice but one of us has to have vision on what really matters here. Grandfather did not fight to take Jerusalem for Jerusalem’s sake, he did it to advance our father, and then eventually us.”

“But Werner don’t you like our life already as it is? Everyone in the village knows us, Father Rudolf looks out for us, and we can go fishing whenever we want since the church owns that land. Is Jerusalem really better than this? I have never even met a knight.”

Suddenly the forest line broke and revealed a small stone church perched on a slope overlooking a river, which led north towards a village. The pathway on the ground was now clear, and revealed just how well trodden it was. The boys arrived just on time, as everyone was already inside the church. Pushing open the door, they entered, walked to the front row of benches where a place of honor was reserved for them and sat down.

The interior of the church was humble, without ornamentation except at the far end of the entrance, beyond the altar, where many stone plaques and gravestones marked past notable people from the village. In the center of this area, however, was a pedestal upon which a thick coat of mail was draped. Off the side of the pedestal hung a sheathed sword on its belt.

The entire village, some 100 people, waited patiently for Father Rudolf to begin. When he did, his trained cacophonous voice shook everyone awake.

“Late last year, the new Roman Pontiff announced to the clerics and great men of Christendom that Jerusalem had fallen to the Saracens. His predecessor had been struck down by God himself upon hearing the news. His successor Gregory correctly pointed to this disaster as just another sign from God regarding the great sins of our age. Despite this diagnosis however, after being your shepherd here for 30 years, looking into each of your eyes every week, sharing in your burdens and relishing in your triumphs, like the new stone bridge we christened just last week, I do not see the sins of this age that Gregory speaks of. It is therefore fitting that our righteous Landgrave, who immediately took up the cross upon the declaration of the pope, has looked to this village to provide 2 fighting men to join him in the quest to reclaim the holy land.”

Father Rudolf opened his hand towards the brothers, who stood in response.

“And who else could we send but the legendary blood of this village? Who else but the sons of a great crusader whose bones are sanctified by lying in the Holy Land itself? Who else but the grandsons of another great crusader who saw the gates of Jerusalem itself with King Baldwin, and lived to return to us? Who else could wear his blessed coat of mail, or wield his terrible sword but his own blood?”

The cleric gestured for the brothers to approach him up at the altar. They kneeled side by side and looked up at the man who had raised them

“Our Savior told his disciples to sell their cloak and buy a sword. He said that he came to make war and not peace. His war was a spiritual war and so is ours. The great sins Gregory speaks of are those committed when Christians fight each other, this is why our Emperor, like our Landgrave has likewise taken up the cross to transfigure his sin of war between brothers, into the virtue of spiritual warfare against the Saracen. A thing of beauty. Werner, Bruno... are you ready to make the same oath? Take up the same cross? And not lay it down again until you have beheld Jerusalem?”

Werner's stern eyes burned a gaze into the ceiling as Bruno stuttered alongside him "I do, This I swear."

"You will not make this journey alone, not only will I be going with you, but the village has gathered today to bestow upon you the fruits of their labor, tools and supplies to help us in our journey."

The villagers made a line, each giving the brothers what they could. Hans the poacher gave Bruno his biggest sturdiest leather waterskin.

"I hear they have no water in the holy land, guess it got cursed after they killed Christ, so it all dried up or something. Carry as much as you can!"

Matilda, an eccentric old widow who kept bees gave a few jars of honey.

"This can make even that dry flat bread they give you tasty. This honey is from my favorite queen bee Beatrice."

A number of other villagers provided more staple goods, dried meat, unleavened bread for the road, and a bag to carry it all from the village tanner. Lastly a short man whose hands outgrew his face approached the brothers. Henrik the village blacksmith.

"Been working on this a few weeks now, long enough that I could only make one. It's a stiletto, it might look thin, but it will punch through anything and not break. Its nasty business but use this to finish them off when they are down." Werner quickly took the weapon, clearly seeing himself as the most benefited by such a tool.

After spending some time saying their goodbyes to everyone, properly distributing the supplies, there was only one last duo to distribute. With little protest from Bruno, Werner reasoned he should get his grandfather's coat of mail, being the older brother, and the most likely to be in the thick of fighting. "Someone has to make it back after all to be made the knight" as he said. This left their grandfather's longsword with Bruno, who slung it around his waist.

Father Rudolf had procured horses from his bishop so as to make it to Venice in time to sail with the Landgrave. The early part of the ride went well until the Alps were in sight. Neither Bruno nor Werner had ever seen a mountain before. Bruno in particular was quite startled. So was Werner but this only made him angry. Father Rudolf had them stop early that day and spend the night under the mountain. That night he told them about Moses and Mount Sinai. The brothers had heard this story before, but Werner had forgotten it.

"The Israelites were lucky God didn't give up on them then and there. It also makes me wonder why God even let the Saracens take the holy land in the first place." Werner responded.

"I guess everything happens for a reason Werner, and anyway, if the Saracens convert then it will be a good thing they hold that land. Sometimes I am worried that fighting them will make them never see the truth."

"You boys are cleverer than you look sometimes" Father Rudolf chuckled "You are right Bruno, that violence never makes good converts, but Werner is also right, evil must be confronted and

acknowledged. Sometimes these duties can contradict but God gives us the mind and the heart in his own image as tools to overcome these contradictions.”

The next morning the brothers were thinking too intently about the conversation the night before to worry much about the mountains. They were going around them anyway.

They finally reached the swamps of Venice, with no time to spare to see the city itself. The same day they arrived, all three were assigned to a galley. One of 10 the Landgrave had hired. Bruno tried to talk to the sailors, but they did not speak Saxon. Werner warned him these Italians were known for being arrogant and that they should keep to themselves.

The brothers had never been on a ship before, and the first meal they ate at sea was the only one for at least a week. After their second vomited meal the Shipmaster stopped giving them rations as they would be wasted. They slept openly on the deck, as the hold was filled with the armies’ supplies. Werner spent most of his time trying to keep his coat of mail dry. Henrik had cleaned up both it and the sword of any lingering rust, so he didn’t want it to be compromised before it had to perform. On one particularly stormy night, to take his mind off his churning stomach, Bruno asked Father Rudolf how Christianity had come to Germany over such a large river. Bruno was mostly poking fun by calling the ocean a large river, but he had never seen a body of water other than rivers before this adventure and so the joke came from a kernel of truth. Werner sat nearby scrubbing his mail.

Father Rudolf told him about the many journeys of the apostles, how Thomas had reached even the mythical Ganges River where they worship animals. Where even now because of Thomas’ great journey a great and powerful Christian king ruled the east and may even someday save the holy land himself. He told him about Paul who himself survived a great shipwreck and spread the Word across the world.

“Jesus did not die just to save the holy land Bruno, but the whole earth. His kingdom is not of this world yet encompasses all of it. One can be a Christian anywhere.”

Werner piped up, having been listening to the conversation.

“Of course, father, but one can only be an imperial knight in the Empire.”

The fleet finally made port in Tyre, where the rest of the armies gathered. Within an hour of landing both brothers wondered what occurred in the mind of God when he made this land. The only trees were those in carefully curated orchards, their trunks thin and short. Werner remembered what Hans the poacher had told him about water, what he did not mention is that the air itself seemed to draw any moisture out of the body.

“Bruno, surely this is the Holy land only because of its proximity to Hades! There isn’t even grass!”

“Is this really what the land of Jerusalem is like? Is this really where Christ made his home? Is this a trick? I suppose if I can learn to love God here, then I can do it anywhere, but I think I love him most when I am fishing back home.”

“Trick or not, the Emperor believes it to be the Holy Land, and that’s all that matters, he is who we are here to impress, not God, and where is he anyway? I did not see his standard.” At that moment Father Rudolf returned from meeting with his bishop and the Landgrave to hear Werner’s question.

“The Emperor has decided to take the overland route so he might bring the full weight of his terrible host. The Landgrave and the other nobles here have decided to march on Acre so we can secure another port to receive more reinforcements and supply the Emperor when he arrives.”

“Acre, perfect. A warmup before the Emperor arrives. Father make sure you tell the Landgrave about our heroics so the emperor knows to watch us when he arrives and we head towards Jerusalem.”

Father Rudolf frowned, he began to speak but stopped, something he almost never did. He then began to say something other than what he had almost uttered.

“Be careful Werner, this is not a game. Acre has claimed many lives, both Christian and Saracen. It is no easy thing.”

As the army set off for Acre, it was difficult for Werner to meet anyone outside the Thuringian contingent. A modern-day Tower of Babel, seemingly each group of more than 20 men spoke their own tongue. For some it took a chain of 3 clerics to translate between just two groups, and Father Rudolf, who spoke Latin, Greek and French was often busy doing exactly this. One group, however, stood out more than any of the others. They dressed in much the same way as the Saracens, to such a degree that a fight had broken out after the first day of marching due to a misunderstanding. Father Rudolf told Bruno and Werner that despite their appearance they were indeed Christians. Specifically, Armenians from Cilicia. Father Rudolf told the brothers that these men had been Christian before a single German had heard Christ’s name. Bruno, wishing to learn more about these people began working in the hospital tents tending to broken bones, strange rashes and exhausted men.

It did not take long to reach Acre, and the city was quickly surrounded. But the pretender King of Jerusalem and leader of the expedition, Guy of Lusignan attempted to immediately assault the city early in the morning. Werner struggled to put on his coat of mail in time to join the assault, but it was for nought, as the assault was immediately rebuffed at the cost of many knights. Bruno worked all day in the hospital, doing his best to set bones, control bleeding and comfort the dying while his brother seethed outside.

Soon enough Saladin arrived with his army and besieged the besiegers. Food began to run low, water became contaminated, and disease spread. The Landgrave attempted to flee to Cyprus but died of sickness before he could escape. Guy died in another ill-conceived assault, the pretext for the Crusade, to re-enthone the King of Jerusalem, was now obviated. But this throne declared vacant by men, had been filled by God long before even Baldwin pretended at the title. The remaining lords began to bicker and fight amongst themselves, their camps more and more isolated from each other despite being surrounded, except for Father Rudolf and

Bruno's hospital. The only thing keeping the army together, keeping Werner together, was the hope that the Emperor would soon arrive with his army.

Seeing the desperate state of the Crusader Army, Saladin sought to press them until they broke. Werner took up a common spear and joined with a company of similar spearmen that remained from the Saxon contingent. He stayed in formation, waiting for his chance to make his name known. The landed knights quickly broke the Saracen center, and foolishly dismounted to collect loot. This was only a feigned retreat however, and the light cavalry was unleashed to exhaust and run them down.

Arabian hooves trampled a hundred titles weighed down by plunder. Those not immediately killed were impaled by long Berber lances. Werner's unit was ordered forward, to form a schiltron around the few survivors. Many refused to follow this order and broke ranks, but this was finally Werner's chance and he would not let it pass. Enough of his unit retained to complete the schiltron. The lances of the horsemen were longer than the simple spears Werner's unit held. One such lance finally struck true but was turned by Werner's mail coat. The wind was still knocked out of him, and his knees nearly buckled. They had to remain in this formation for hours until help arrived.

Exhausted and angry, Werner burst into the hospital tent. Bruno was tending a screaming Templar, one of the many wounded defending the medical tent after some of Saladin's army had made it all the way to the tent. His legs were broken and mangled, likely trampled by a horse. Bruno set the legs the best he could, but the Templar was running a fever that would kill him long before his legs. Bruno took the last of his water, from the poacher's waterskin, and poured the rest of it over the Templar's head while he said a prayer.

Werner then pulled Bruno around by his shoulder, infuriated.

"Have you been here the whole time? Do you have ANY idea what is going on out there?"

"These men need help! Someone has to be looking to put things back together as they fall apart!"

Behind Werner, the man Bruno had just been treating stumbled out of the tent into the blazing sun, on once broken legs.

"Why did we even give you that sword if you aren't going to use it? I haven't even seen you take it out of its sheath ONCE! What did you even come here to do?"

"I came here to find Jerusalem, Werner, just like our grandfather did. I came here because I couldn't let you go alone!"

"Well, when I stand out in this forgotten corner of hell till the sun goes down it feels like I am alone anyway. So, I hope you find Jerusalem, because like I said SOMEONE has to have the vision here on what actually matters."

The army barely survived that day, but a little bit more of it survived because of both Werner and Bruno. Saladin took advantage of the chaos to resupply the garrison at Acre. That night Bruno stayed in the hospital tent where he shared some of his honey with an old peasant

crusader from Italy. Bruno helped him spread it on his bread, and then the man devoured the morsel with his remaining hand, crying because it reminded him of a home 500 miles away from where the honey was actually created. Werner meanwhile had the damage to his coat repaired from the lance thrust earlier. He hit the anvil himself a few times to exhaust his anger.

A few days later, however a great fleet was visible by both armies on the horizon. Great red banners emblazoned by triple lions forced Saladin to not contest the fleet's landing. Thousands of knights and longbowmen disembarked, but they paled before the mounted King. His horse was a head taller than all the others, so he was visible anywhere in the army, covered in heraldic tabard that awed the beleaguered crusader army despite its impracticality in the desert environment. Seeing the sorry state of the Crusaders, Richard drew his sword and pointed to Acre. Clearly having spoke to groups of men before, his voice boomed.

“This city will share the same fate as those in Gascony, Poitou, Aquitaine, Brittany, York and all others held by rebels against God and his servants! First Acre, then Jerusalem!”

The army cheered; its morale instantly restored. Werner, standing with his brother pointed and said to him.

“That is who this crusade is for Bruno, men like that. Jerusalem is where they point, and where boys like us go. Do you think he has ever even set foot in a hospital tent?”

Richard brought with him two great trebuchets to reduce the walls. They were set up next to the hospital tent and would fire at all hours. Despite the language barrier, they were so ubiquitous that they earned the names “God's Own Catapult” and “Bad Neighbor”. Soon enough they would destroy the walls of Acre, and so Saladin now was restricted by time. That night he staged an attack on the Christian camp, hoping to break the army before Richard's forces had time to settle in and fortify.

Bruno was up late sitting with a recovering Italian, when cries and clashes could be heard outside the hospital tent. 3 Saracens, with an armored Sergeant entered the tent. Bruno attempted to tell them this was a place for the wounded, but his words were not understood. When it became clear the men intended to kill the wounded, Bruno drew his grandfather's blade.

He hunched over, pointing the blade towards the nearest Saracen, and rushed at him. He lunged a perfect 2 feet in front of him, driving the blade through his leather jerkin and chest with both his hands. In one movement he drew the blade out. He quickly leaped back and held his blade out at full arm's length in a right-side guard to intercept the scimitar of the next Saracen. After swatting his blade away and keeping him at length, he was struck by the third footman as the sergeant watched on. This blow cut his shoulder but only barely as he jerked it back. Feeling no pain, Bruno regained control over his blade with both hands, and thrust again after a feint sideways. The second Saracen who he had parried stumbled out of the tent holding his stomach which had been stabbed, adding to the river of blood already begun by Bruno's first kill.

Escaping the battle in the tent, the Templar with a fever who Bruno had healed before found Werner and shook him awake. Pointing desperately to the tent he said “Frere! Frere!” over and over. Werner ran to the tent without putting his coat of mail on, grabbing his stiletto. When

he approached the threshold, the Saracen sergeant, with conical helmet and gilded rings emerged. Werner tried to rush the veteran with his knife but was punched straight in the face with his mailed glove, knocking him unconscious immediately. Meanwhile inside, Father Rudolf entered by the back entrance, having just been fighting alongside his bishop. His bloody steel club was almost entirely crimson. Inside the tent, another Saracen body lay by Bruno, but the boy himself lay in a pool of his own blood. Overcome with rage, when another straggling Saracen not as astute as the Sergeant who had retired entered the tent, Father Rudolf tackled him down into the now slurry of blood and dirt that made itself the floor of this hospital and straddled over him. He caved that man's skull in with his already bloodied steel club.

He turned Bruno over onto his back and beheld the body long gash across him left by the sergeant's scimitar. His body was so bloody he slipped out of Father Rudolf's hands, back face down in the bloody mud. The Saracens had failed to kill any of the wounded. News soon reached camp that the Emperor had drowned in a river in Turkey. No reinforcements would be arriving, no knighthood would be gained.

The next morning, Father Rudolf held a service on a small hill overlooking the sea and Acre itself. Hundreds of men, from 100 nations attended, making short work digging the grave. Richard himself might have attended the service as Bruno was so popular but he was too busy feuding with the recently arrived French king, who insisted he should lead the siege by rank.

But Bruno's was not the only grave on that hill, Father Rudolf buried him next to another grave, whose driftwood cross was already rotting. Rudolf had given a homily, but Werner was too deafened by tragedy to remember any of it other than one verse. "These things I have spoken to you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you shall have distress: but have confidence, I have overcome the world." Werner was overcome.

After everyone had left, Werner remained, defeated and on his knees weeping at the grave of his last family. Father Rudolf gently rested his hand on his shoulder in prayer.

"Why didn't I give him the coat! He needed it more than me, it was my job to protect him. It was my job to make us Knights, to make it all WORTH it, and now he will NEVER see Jerusalem!"

Werner slammed his face on his brother's grave ground. Baptizing it with his tears. Father Rudolf spoke up.

"Werner what are you talking about? Did you hear anything of what I said before we left, back at the church? This is a spiritual war, and this is the manner in which your brother fought it. Where do you think he is right now?"

Werner sat up and wiped his eyes, blubbering.

"He is right in front of me, mutilated and covered in the sands of this God forsaken land!"

"No land is God forsaken Werner, and Bruno is beholding Jerusalem as we speak. He loved God and he loved his fellow man. No title, no city, no earthly land will ever bring him closer to Jerusalem than he is now."

“But what does it matter if we lose Father, this all can’t just be for nothing.” Werner continued to sob, the overgrown nails of his hands digging into his hungry palms.

“For nothing? Don’t you see that old grave next to your brother’s? Do you think I picked this place for nothing? That is your father’s grave Werner. He died of an infected wound on the retreat from Damascus. He died because we didn’t have enough men like Bruno. Did he die for nothing? Are you nothing? Is Bruno nothing? Look at what still hangs from his cross.”

On the rotting cross hung a string with an iron ring. Rudolf continued.

“That ring was his wedding ring Werner. I buried him here myself, alone. It was here that I swore to raise you boys, and so his death was not for nothing, because even though Jerusalem fell to the Saracens shortly after your father died, he is beholding it as we speak.”

Father Rudolf removed a sheath from his belt. He drew the sword within, he drew Bruno’s grandfather’s sword.

“This is yours now Werner, finally the coat and the sword are reunited. Are you ready to do them justice as a knight of faith? As your grandfather? And your father? And Bruno?”

Werner did not explode in anger, frustration or confusion, but kneeled defeated in silence for an immaculate eternity. He finally stood and took the sword held out to him.

“Yes Father.”

Soon Richard’s siege engines had finally made a clear breach in the city’s walls. Seeking the glory of being the one to take the city, both Richard and the King of France’s contingents rushed to assault. Meanwhile Saladin saw his chance to destroy these engines for good and attacked the Christian camp. If they were destroyed, the walls could be easily rebuilt, and the siege would surely fail. Together with the feverish Templar and other formerly wounded, Werner stood guard over the engines and the hospital to hold off exactly this attack led by the Saracen sergeant who had killed Bruno.

These 100 men soon had 500 Saracens descend upon them. Luckily in the dense environs of the camp, battle could be had in an atomized format which suited the highly trained knights Bruno had saved.

Werner drew a sword that was now truly his and parried one Saracens blade far to the left, he then swung back to the right, severing his arm at the elbow. Immediately drawing back, he impaled this amputated Saracen through the chest before quickly raising his leg to kick his body off his sword. Just as quickly as he did this another Saracen struck his shoulder across with his blade, turned by the mail coat. Werner punched him hard in the face with his off hand, then again with his sword hand still gripping the hilt, breaking the Saracens nose. Werner straddled the Saracen sent to the ground, drew his stiletto with one hand, and drove it into his foes neck where his mail did not cover. He quickly shot up, breathing heavily.

Werner took the seconds of respite to control his breathing. He couldn’t get exhausted. He looked over as the feverish templar throttled a Saracen choking him to death on the ground

with both hands. As he saw this, another Saracen, knocked over the feverish templar with his shoulder. Before he could finish the Templar, Werner rushed forward and performed a wide sweep with his blade, breaking the mail of the Saracen and spilling his intestines out on the ground as he fell face first. Werner stood over him and stomped his boot on the back of his neck so he might die now rather than suffer for hours from such a wound.

The Saracen Sergeant himself now joined the fray. He ordered his men to take up torches and try to burn the siege engines. Werner glared at the feverish Templar, who nodded, gathered himself and led the other knights to stop these arsonists. The Sergeant would be Werner's responsibility.

Standing just under 6 feet tall, this Arab in shining lamellar scales, and gilded helmet began circling Werner, waiting for him to make a mistake. Werner took an overhead stance, left foot forward and right foot back, with blade entirely raised like an executioner. The Sergeant rushed forward with an underhand stance, planning to slash upwards across the chest as he had done to Bruno.

Werner's blade crashed down swiftly, right leg moving forward in a fluid movement, with gravity and reach on its side, directly onto the helmet of the Saracen before he could perform his upward slash. Visibly concussed and dazed, Werner turned his blade around, half-swording it by gripping the blade backwards to use the hilt and pommel as a club. He then performed a heavy sidewise swing directly at the Sergeant's head. The pointed hilt ruptured the helmet causing it to fly off and concussing the Saracen further. With a final blow Werner swung the pommel of his grandfather's sword down caving in the skull of the Sergeant. The strength of this blow made Werner break the blade where he was holding it as a fulcrum, leaving the pommel imbedded in the Sergeant's brain. He braced himself with his leg and managed to pull the other half of the sword from the Saracen's skull.

With the attack on the engines defeated, Werner held up his shattered sword upside down in the sign of a cross and the wounded knights cheered. The assault on Acre would succeed.

Werner's heroism would reach even the ear of Richard himself. After Richard took Acre and thousands of prisoners, he decided to execute them within vision of Saladin's army. He asked Werner to be a part of this supposedly glorious detail of servants to prove his loyalty in line to earn an official knighthood. Werner refused, but this did not stop the massacre from happening. Thousands of Saracen prisoners being executed was met with Saladin massacring all of his Christian prisoners.

This display inspired Werner to take the next boat back to Europe. He returned to his village in Thuringia, where he donated his broken blade and coat of mail back to the church. In future generations many miracles would be assigned to the Broken Blade of Bruno, mostly around healing and lost causes. Werner himself would get married soon after returning home. He had 5 children, the first of which he named after Bruno and had 26 grandchildren. He never drew a sword again for the rest of his life. He never became an Imperial Knight. The crusade failed to reclaim Jerusalem after Richard abandoned it due to political issues back home.

Werner never got to see Jerusalem like his grandfather did, but he beheld it every time he looked into the eyes of his children and grandchildren, and he beholds it to this day alongside his brother.