

Life in Medieval Times

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INTRODUCTION

The eleventh century was a very active time in Europe; it saw the end of the Roman Empire. In the eleventh century we see a line drawn across the continent. In the western part of Europe we see Medieval times with their knights and lords. In Italy we see the Renaissance taking place at the same time. We have studied the Renaissance because of the great art that came from Italy. All many of us know about Medieval times is King Arthur and his round table. Let us then go back to Medieval France and look at the people that lived at this time.

It is my intention to introduce my students to this study of Medieval society by separating them into groups. Each group will study different aspects of the society. Asking the questions about how that part of society came into existence, how they lived, and what they did in their daily lives. Some of these groups will be required to just research and report back to the class as a whole, while other groups will be given the choice to research and also build or illustrate their findings and present back to the class the books or dioramas that they have made to illustrate their findings.

Each student will have the opportunity to make his or her own costumes of the era and learn some of the speech and mannerisms of the day. These can be as simple as a tunic or as elaborate as a fine dress worn by a lady of the court or even a *hauberk* (a tunic of chain mail). To finish the unit of study, we will have a Medieval festival, inviting the student's parents and the administration of the school to view and experience what the students have learned.

UNIT BACKGROUND

The Medieval world was filled with lords, ladies, kings, queens, knights, serfs, artisans and monks. What must it have been like to live in a time with no TV's, walk-man, or video games? How in the world did they live? What did they find to do? How did they pass the time in any given day?

It is my intent to show some aspects of the life of people in eleventh century medieval France. I want to show their everyday lives and concerns. It is also my intent to show the way that their lives intertwined with each other. Now let us begin, and see into the lives of these people. I will illustrate such Medieval lives with a series of vignettes portraying Medieval life through descriptions of a variety of people at different levels of society.

Gilbert was very excited. He had tossed and turned all night in anticipation of what tomorrow would bring. He was finally seven years old, and for the first time in his life he was going to be able to go work the fields with Henri, his father. All the other times his father only took his two older brothers, Albert and Charles, but now he was old enough to go with them.

*He knew that it was almost time to get up because he heard his mother, Adela, stirring, and now the fire was being tended and the morning meal of **pottage** (thick vegetable stew) was beginning to be warmed. He was hungry as well and anxious for them to get on their way.*

He could hear his mother and father beginning to talk in low whispers about the day's work ahead. Then his father began to wake his brothers. Gilbert was up in a flash with all the enthusiasm of his youth. His father and mother shushed Gilbert because his little sister Bridget was still asleep. She would not be going with them this morning because she still hadn't been weaned from her mother, but she would accompany her mother when she brought the mid-day meal.

When Gilbert's father and brothers had gone to the fields during the month of plowing, he had been still too young to go with them and help, but now during the time of planting, there would be plenty of things that he could do. He had been practicing his ability to throw stones, and now he would be a lot of help in keeping the birds from eating the seeds that are being sown. He could help to cover the seed by kicking or even by raking dirt over them. Yes, he would be a lot of help today, and he would be very proud of being allowed to go with his father.

*Henri, Gilbert's father, was a **coloni** (a free man), and, as such had an obligation to work three to four days out of every week for the land owner. He plowed, planted and harvested the property of his lord. He then paid a yearly tax for the land that was his. Henri got to work his land only after he had completed his **corvéé** (obligation to the lord). Although sometimes it seemed not to be a great life, he knew how hard it could be if he were a slave and had no property of his own as well as no life of his own. At least as a free man he knew that he would always be with the land.*

*The sun still wasn't up when they started out; you could still see the morning star. In the eastern sky he could see the first signs of the rising sun; the clouds took on a golden glow as the sun began to make its way across the sky. Gilbert's two older brothers ran ahead of him and his father. They greeted their friends and their friends' fathers on the way to the fields for work that day. It was a good time, the rain had stopped and the earth was ablaze with new life. Everything smelled fresh and alive. The field they were planting had not been planted last year because they rotated their crops over three years. They would plant one third of their fields in barley or wheat one year, and then, the next year in beans, or oats. The third year the land would rest. Each third of the land was rotated in this way each year, so that in any given year one third of the fields would be planted in wheat or barley, one third in beans, oats or clover, and one third would be **fallow** (unplanted), where the animals would graze. Gilbert didn't understand why. He knew that his father knew why, and one day he would teach him why.*

Everyone had gathered at the side of the field that was being planted that day, and the chief steward was handing out orders of what had to be done. His father, brothers and he would be planting the area near the stream that ran at the edge of the field. That was good because of the water and trees, which made it cooler there. Plus, maybe, just maybe, they would get to play in the water at midday.

Adela had just finished preparing the midday meal and now it was time to go to the Lord of the Manor to pay the taxes for their household. She didn't particularly like paying taxes, there seemed to be so many and they had to work hard just to keep the family fed. Today she must pay the egg, chicken, oven, and wood tax. Lets see now: for the egg tax it was a dozen plus one egg, for the chicken tax it was one fat hen, the oven tax was a penny, and the wood tax was a bundle of sticks gathered from the woods for kindling. Well, the eggs she had an abundance of, and for the fat hen, she did have an older hen that was going into molt and had stopped laying. She would use that one. The oven tax was a penny (and that was harder to come by), but she had saved one back just for the occasion. As for the wood tax, she and Gilbert had gathered a bundle of sticks just the last week, and that would do, she thought. The tax for their house and ground had already been paid last fall at the end of the harvest so she wouldn't have to worry about those.

*After Adela took the taxes to the chief steward of the Lord, she dropped off the eggs and hen in the kitchen where she talked with the cook and the serving girls. Was there gossip today? Yes, there certainly was. The kitchen as well as the manor was all discussing the great news. It was said to Adela by the cooks and serving girls, "in the village just yesterday, there was this monk, and he was dressed in an old tattered thread bare habit, talking about the pilgrimage, the great pilgrimage to free the Holy land and Jerusalem. He was telling how God was calling all Christians to join the pilgrimage and free the land where Christ had walked, taught and died, and his call was for all men not just the nobles, but for all free men. (This pilgrimage, as they called it, would later be known as a **Crusade**).*

All too soon it was time for Adela to go; she needed to get back home to get the mid-day meal out to her family working in the fields. She said her goodbyes and made her way home. On the way she saw and heard the monk still speaking to anyone who would listen; she stood and listened a while and then hurried on her way.

When Adela got home she gathered together the pot of pottage (thick vegetable stew) and bread. Then she headed down the path toward the field where her family was waiting for their meal. When she approached the field, she could see that she was late, because the other families were seated under the trees at the edge of the field already eating. She saw Henri waving his hat in the distance and headed toward him.

As Adela approached the place where her family was, she saw Gilbert knee deep in the water of the stream. He was already soaking wet from playing in the water with his brothers and the other boys who were there. Adela set up the food and they began to eat. Adela began to talk to Henri about all the things that the monk had spoken of and all the gossip that she heard from the women in the kitchen. Henri listened and thought about what she was telling him; he then told her they would speak of this tonight when he got home, but for now they needed to get back to the task at hand which was the planting of this field.

Gilbert had enjoyed throwing rocks at the crows and birds that tried to eat the seeds they were planting, and he had even enjoyed kicking and raking the soil over the seeds, but he was tired and ready to go home. He hoped he would be able to take a nap, but he was worried about all this talk about the pilgrimage and Holy Land. What was a pilgrimage, and where was the Holy Land anyway?

That night when his father and brothers got in from the field and the meal was finished, his father and mother began to talk about what the monk had said.

Adela was excited about the prospects of following the crusade, about all the great adventures that they would have, all that they would see and experience, but his father, on the other hand, looked at what it would cost them. Henri knew that he was a coloni (free man) and that he was bound to the land; he knew that he could not leave the land without permission from the Lord of the Manor, and he might not give it especially if everyone else was going. He knew the dangers of the open road, and he knew that a lot of people would die, either in the pilgrimage or from starvation and disease. He definitely didn't know if he wanted to subject himself let alone his family to that type of life. Adela listened to all Henri's thoughts and could see the way that he was thinking and in the end saw the wisdom of his reasoning. Anyway if everyone left, who would care for this land? Who knows, maybe he would be made an overlord of the farm and that was exciting also.

There was a functioning relationship between the two classes, the peasantry and the aristocracy. The peasantry needed the aristocracy for protection and security, while the aristocracy needed the peasants to produce the food and perform the labor for a variety of tasks (Gorman *Passim*).

Let us look at each class in turn, beginning with the larger base of the population of that time—the serf, the backbone of any society. Without the farmers to till the soil, there would be no food to eat. They broke up the ground and got it ready for planting. They did not have tractors as we have today, but rather had crude plows made of wood. These plows were drawn by other serfs, or if they were lucky, an ox or a team of oxen. Then they had to hoe, rake, and clear the broken earth to make it suitable to receive the seed for planting. Then, tend the seed and fields until the harvest was ready. They watched and protected the field both from man and animal. After the harvest they paid taxes to the Lord of the manor and the tithe to the church (Gorman *Passim*). The serf was left with very little seed to feed his family and to plant next year. The life of the serf was not very appealing. Work occupied most of the serf’s life, from about the age of four until they died. The serfs usually worked the land of the lord for three or four days and then worked his land or did general repairs on the roads or some other general work the rest of the week (Power 21). One very interesting fact about the serfs, whether they were freed men called coloni, or just a serf, both classifications were bound to the land and were sold with the land when it was sold (Power 21).

The next step up the ladder in the population was the artisans. This group usually lived in a town; they were the shopkeepers, blacksmiths, cooks, etc. They were people with a trade. More than likely some worked in the castle for the king and his court or the lord of the manor and his court. A few questions come to mind about this class. Why were they in the position they were in? Did they choose their profession, or was it chosen for them? A shopkeeper’s son would likely be a shopkeeper. Or might he choose an apprenticeship, such as blacksmithing. How was the life of the artisans different from the serfs? Was it a better life, or just different?

The monk began to speak as the crowd gathered around him, wanting to hear what he was saying, and wishing not to miss a word of it. He was speaking about the Holy Land, the holy city of Jerusalem and the pilgrimage.

Who wouldn’t want to hear of the works of God, adventure and the pilgrimages to far off places if all you had ever seen or known in your life was this small village outside the Abbey of St. Germain? Well, that’s all that Charles had ever known.

Charles was the son of a shopkeeper. His father had decided that his son would know a trade and had chosen for him to become an apprentice to the Master Blacksmith of their village. His master was Lawrence of St. Germaine and he was a good man and a great blacksmith. He was patient but firm with Charles. At times it almost felt as though Lawrence treated him like the son that he did not have.

Charles and Lawrence had both been in the village that day when the monk began to speak about the great pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and both of them were moved by the words that the monk spoke to the people who gathered around to hear. They had talked afterward about what had been said. They both felt the call of the adventure. Lawrence had spoken of it first. After a long time of silence and thought, he began to speak of his desire to go. There was an overwhelming sense of excitement in his voice, but there was sadness there also. Charles held his peace for he didn’t quite know what his master might think, say or do, so he just thought on it for a while.

That night after the evening meal, Charles heard Lawrence speaking with his wife about what the monk had spoken of. When he finished, there was silence; then Emma began to speak, not in a scolding way of some wives, but in a knowing way that a mother would speak to her son or daughter. She said, “I know that it is a wonderful thing to want to go and free the blessed Holy Land. Yes, it is a wonderful thing, but if you go who will take care of your children and me, and who will be the smithy for the abbey? Yes, it is important to go, but it is just as important to stay and keep everything the same as it is and to protect the land and property of all those who go.

You are a fine man and I am but your wife. I cannot tell you what is right in this matter, but I for one would miss you.” Charles knew that Lawrence would not go. Now the question is, would he?

Charles wished to go more than anything in his short life. He had to think of a way to approach the subject with Lawrence within the next few days. Charles began to doze and was soon asleep. That night he dreamed of knights, infidels, and battles.

The next morning he awoke excited still thinking about all that he had heard from the monk and all that he and Lawrence had talked of the day before, and all of his dreams last night. He hurried to the blacksmith shop beneath their sleeping quarters and stoked the embers from the day before; he began to add wood to the fire and to pump the bellows to make the fire hot and ready for the day’s work. He had to get all of this ready before the morning meal. This morning he was truly hungry. Last night, he couldn’t eat because his mind was on other things and he had lost his appetite.

After everything had been made ready he headed toward the kitchen and as he rounded the corner of the building he met Lawrence coming to find him. Oh my! What had he done? Lawrence look worried, Lawrence never looked worried unless something was wrong, really wrong.

When Lawrence saw Charles he said, “Charles, I need to speak to you about something very important.” Charles went numb, and his mind raced in every direction at once. What had he done? How could he make it right again? Was it bad enough for him to loose his apprenticeship? Where would he go, what would he do, and how would he face his father?

Lawrence could see how perplexed Charles was and he began to laugh. “Don’t worry,” he said. “Everything is fine; we just need to talk about what the monk was saying yesterday. My wife and I have talked most of the night and have come to this conclusion. I see the need that all who can go to the pilgrimage should, and those who can’t go, should help those who desire to go. Now I desire more than anything to be in the pilgrimage, but I am the blacksmith for the Abbey, and I am married with three children with one more on the way. So, it is expedient that I stay here with my duties, to say nothing of my family, for who knows when, or, if I ever would return.”

“So now the question falls to my trusted friend and apprentice; do you have a desire to follow the call and the take up the Cross?”

Charles looked at Lawrence, not believing his ears. Charles mouth was open and his eyes were wide with surprise. Did he want to follow and take the Cross? Yes! Yes, he wanted to go. He had worried all night about how to bring up the question. The only problem was he had not finished his apprenticeship yet, and how would they handle that problem? He knew that there would be a need for a good blacksmith especially with all the knights who would be going. And with all the swords, knives and arrows that would be needed, he knew there would be plenty of work to do. Did he know enough? Could he do the job? All these were questions that must be addressed, and not by him. He was in the hands of not only Lawrence but also some of the knights and lords who were going.

Lawrence was still looking at him when his mind came back to center. Charles looked at Lawrence and remembered he had asked a question and was waiting for an answer. “Yes, I would love to go on the pilgrimage. Do you think that I would be able to do the job? I mean do you think that I know enough? I mean I’ve only been an apprentice for five years, is that long enough?”

Lawrence stopped him. *“I really don’t know. I do know that you know most of the things it takes to be a blacksmith already, and the next two years will simply be honing your skills. But as far as knowledge goes, you know it now.”*

Then it was settled, he would try to go. Now which lord would they approach? They knew that the knight Hugh the Great would be going and taking his squire Odo.

Now Odo’s father was the Lord of the Manor that stood by the Abbey of St. Germaine. He was the Lord Phillip. He was an old man whose first wife had died over a year ago, and had taken a new wife a few months ago. He definitely would not be going, but his son was going, and he was proud of that.

Lawrence had already decided that they would go to see the Lord of the Manor, the Lord Phillip, and his knight Hugh the Great. Lawrence looked at Charles and said, “We must go see the Lord Phillip.”

They entered the Manor house, and Lawrence asked for an audience with Lord Phillip. They soon were escorted in to the great hall before Lord Phillip. At his side sat Hugh the Great and Lord Phillip’s son Odo. Lawrence approached the Lord with his hat in hand and bowed. Lawrence waited for the Lord to speak. Phillip asked Lawrence the purpose of the audience.

Lawrence then began to speak for his apprentice Charles. He stated the purpose of the audience. Lord Phillip, as well as Hugh and Odo, listened. They each looked at one another. Phillip asked for Lawrence and Charles to step out while they conferred with each other. Lawrence and Charles left not quite knowing what would be decided.

Lord Phillip said to Hugh, “Well, Sir Hugh, I think your problem has been taken care of. It appears that your blacksmith has been found. Are you willing to take this young apprentice with you on the pilgrimage?”

Hugh thought, then looked at Odo and asked him, “Do you know this apprentice smithy? If you do, of what character is he, and do you think he could do the job?”

Odo thought of all the times that he and Charles had spent horse playing in the stream. He knew that Charles was a good man, and he was sure that he knew his profession. He answered his Knight and his father with a strong, “Yes I think that Charles would be a great addition to the pilgrimage.”

Lawrence and Charles were called back in and Lawrence was questioned more about how much Charles knew, and what all he would be able to do as the blacksmith for Hugh and Odo. At last it was decided that Charles would be set up as the blacksmith. After that was settled, Lawrence and Charles left the Hall and headed home.

Lawrence said they would wash up and get ready for the evening meal, and then they would talk. While Lawrence and Charles were washing up, Lawrence told Charles that he no longer was his apprentice, but a full-fledged blacksmith. Lawrence also told him that he should see his father before he left, but as far as he was concerned, if he wished, he could continue working and living with them until he left.

This made Charles happy because he had grown fond of Lawrence, his wife and his children, and he would miss them when he was gone. He knew he needed to continue to work to keep his talents sharp. He wondered how much time he would have before they left.

The next day Charles found out that it would be at least a month or more, so he had plenty of time to gather the things that he would need as a blacksmith on the road. One of first things he would need was, of course, a wagon to carry all of his supplies. The Lord Phillip gladly provided

him one with the stipulation that he must care for Hugh the Great and his son Odo whenever either would require his services.

It was over two months before the small group of pilgrims began their long, arduous trek to the Holy Land. They would undoubtedly join other groups along the way to make a formidable army.

Charles's farewell was hard; not only did he have to leave his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, but he must also leave his master and friend Lawrence and his family who had grown to be more of a family to him in the last five years than even his own flesh and blood. Oh, he would miss them, but that could not be helped for he was on a quest to the Holy Land to set free the city of Jerusalem so that Christians would be able to worship in the land of Christ. He was off!

Amid all the pageantry the small community could muster, the group of knights and freed men began the pilgrimage on a narrow muddy street in France that would lead them to strange lands filled with strange ways. They would never be the same, and some would never pass that way again.

The next social rungs that we must look at are the knights, lords and ladies. We assume that their lives in some ways were better than those that we have looked at before, but were they? They were landowners only because the King had given them land grants. Basically, all serfs belonged to the land, and the land that the lord had belonged to the King. If the knight or lord broke his vow to the King at any time or was even suspect of plotting against his liege, all that he owned or possessed could be taken from him for committing a felony against his lord (Gorman *passim*).

The day had been long. The battle for Constantinople had been raging for weeks now, but this day of all days had been long. It had begun as any of the other days on this long pilgrimage. Squire Odo had helped his knight, Hugh the Great, get ready for the battle as he always had done before, but this time he had been instructed to fight along side his knight.

He, Odo the Squire, fought alongside the mighty Hugh the Great.

The battle was fiercer than he could ever remember it being. The infidels came at them from all sides; they were pelted with rocks from the walls as well as the boiling oil, which was usually poured on them from the ramparts. Arrows came from all sides killing hundreds of valiant knights. He saw men cut down by arrow, sword, and lance, as well as by the oil and rocks that day. Blood ran ankle deep at times.

*Hugh and Odo fought on, hacking, thrusting, blocking killing or maiming all within their reach. At one time during the day Hugh slipped and fell because of the blood as one of the infidels charged toward him. If Odo, had not protected his knight by running the infidel through with his sword, Hugh the Great could very well be one of those poor souls laying in the field dead (Nogent, *The Deeds passim*).*

*After the fight began to subside at dusk, Hugh the Great had Odo kneel before him. He then slapped him on the back of the neck, and he dubbed Odo a knight (Nogent, *The Deeds passim*)--not just a knight, but also a knight with a horse and armor.*

Yes, the day had been long, but now Odo was a knight. Now as he lay on his bed he began to dream of all the great and wonderful adventures he would have because of it. Sleep fell upon him, and he rested from all the excitement and labors of that long day.

*That night, Odo dreamed of the battles of the weeks before, the great war machines like the **catapults, towers, and the battering ram**. He dreamed of how each was made and the time, and all the effort that each one took to make.*

*That night he dreamed the wall of a city was thirty feet high. He knew that in order to build a **tower** machine it had to be at least ten feet taller than the wall to allow the warriors room enough to make ready to charge over the top of the wall; it must also be able to protect the knights and bowmen that it carries into battle. He also had to build stairs or ladders on the inside for protection and also for a way for the men to get to the top to disembark into the battle. The bottom deck or floor of the tower had be built first and it needed to be heavier and stronger than any of the other subsequent floors, it must also be wider than the floors that come after it. Each deck or floor that comes after the base, are built a little smaller, not too much smaller, just a fraction of a bit smaller. This is to help keep the tower from being top heavy and tipping over (McFall 5).*

*The **tower** must also be covered on at least three sides with wood so the men will be protected from the arrows and spears being launched at them. It must also be on wheels so that it could be moved into position in the battle. The most difficult part of using a tower is in the maneuvering of the great machine. A great number of people that have the job of putting it into place end up being wounded or killed. It is one of the most effective of the machines that they use.*

*In his dream Odo saw that the **catapults** were one of the least effective of the machines; the main problem with them was their lack of mobility and getting the counter weight heavy enough to have any accuracy at all. They were required to have a very large base to stand on and a very long pole to be used as the throwing arm. Wood was not a relatively easy commodity to come by in this land of more sand than forest. All of that is not to say that there were not some small groupings of scrub trees in the vicinity of Constantinople, but certainly not enough or large enough to effectively create very many catapults of the size and power they were in need of.*

*Sometimes with the **catapult** they would use bales of hay soaked in oil with these machines to help burn the city (McFall 5). Odo still felt that this was the least effective machine because there was usually a lack of the right material to build the catapult but also the counter weight to make it effective was also missing in this part of the world.*

*In his dream he saw that the quickest machine to build and use was the simple **ladder**. Sometimes you would think that it was just suicide to use one, but they were quick, light and very effective in their ability to get men from one point (the ground) to another (top of the wall). It was a great and wonderful sight to see a great thong of men rushing the wall of a city with ladders. He imagined that the people at the top of the wall dreaded the very sight of the war machines that they had with them. He definitely knew that he would dread the sight if he were in their place.*

*Probably one of his favorite machines was the **battering ram**, mainly because it was used only when they were at the point of entering the city for the final battle, and how he loved that.*

*When he awoke, the one thing that he knew was that it was time for him to get a proper set of armor. Yes, he needed a new **hauberk (a shirt of chain mail)**; he definitely had grown in the year since they had been gone from home. He would be needing the **chausses (leggings)** and the **coif (hood)**, as well. He knew that it would take two or more years to produce a complete new set of **hauberk (chain mail)**; so, as for now, his suit would just be patched to enlarge it (Brewer passim). Tomorrow he would go see the blacksmith Charles from his village back home. The armor that he had started the pilgrimage in was getting too tight. It seemed so strange to have been gone from home for over two years now.*

He knew that now his life would never be the same again; now he was a knight and it would be his duty to protect and serve his lord as soon as this pilgrimage was over. Who would have thought that this pilgrimage would have taken such a long time? When they first started out everyone thought that they would be home in a year, victorious and loaded with wealth for their

troubles, not to say anything about the Holy Land being freed. At first everything went well, but the further they went on the way to the Holy Land the more people that joined them until they were a formidable army. There was no common leader so there was no organization, people went hungry, people were hurt, and there was no one to care for them. At times it seemed that everyone was out for himself, and at times it was like they had forgotten why they were there.

Odo and Hugh had not forgotten; each morning they prayed and sought God's will for that day. They prayed daily for strength, and they fasted, not just because of a lack of food and water, but because they wanted to hear God and do his will.

At this time let us look at the King and his Queen. The King claimed that only God was his overlord, he claimed that he was the vassal of God (*Gorman passim*), and yet the Popes claimed to be the overlords of the Kings. These beliefs did bring on long years of controversy between both parties.

The King owned all lands save those of the church, and everyone living on his lands worked for his benefit because everything belonged to him. He had Lords to watch over his land, serfs to plant and harvest it, knights to make war and protect him, and he charged all of them taxes (*Gorman passim*). Wow, what a life! There was however, one thing that even he feared, the Church (*Taxation*).

Paul the monk had always desired to serve the church and do well for the people. He had grown up in the service of the church since he was ten years old, and his father had died in an accident while working on the road. His mother had too many children to care for so she decided to send him to the abbey to be a monk. He had studied hard and learned all his Latin, and the other studies that he was required. Then he took his vows and became a monk.

All of that was years ago, and now he was an old man. He had come to the abbey of St. Germaine during the beginning of the pilgrimage. He came to the village to call the people to go to take the Cross. There were a few that heeded his call and they went on to the Holy Land, but his call was to stay and become the abbot at this abbey. However, he desired to go to the Holy Land to lead them in the crusade, but that was not what God had in store for him.

His love for the king and his love for the Church were being pitted one against the other, and this he could not tolerate. He could not allow it!

His king had decided to set up one of his lords as a bishop. This man had a wife that he had set aside. This man had then taken his brother's wife, while his brother was still living, and married her only to set her aside while she was pregnant with his child. He was vile and vicious, looking out only for his own desires. He was already selling indulgences and offices in the Church to any and all takers, if the price were right.

Father Paul could not bear it. It must be brought before the Holy Father in Rome. This must not be. No, this could not be. Father Paul had spent many nights praying and wrestling with a decision that he knew he had to make, and now was the time. All of this turmoil must be put to an end.

He made his decision. He would leave the next morning to see a bishop that he knew and respected. He would lay the decision at his feet to see what his wisdom would tell him to do.

The next morning before sunrise Father Paul said his prayers in the small church of St. Germaine, and then made his way to the front gate. One of the brothers, Peter, went with him. They both knew that their pilgrimage and purpose were known to the region, and most assuredly was known to the king and his newly appointed bishop.

Brothers Paul and Peter left the safety of the walls of the abbey of St. Germaine with fear and trepidation, but they knew that they must take this to a higher authority than just themselves.

It was a nice spring day; well, let's just say it was not raining today. The birds were singing and everything was fine. The two monks were definitely glad to just be out and in the fresh air. There was a fresh breeze with just a nip of coolness in it, the wind helped to cool them, even in their heavy woolen robes. As they rounded a small group of brush and trees, there was a clearing that was for travelers. There they saw a group of the king's guard sitting on the grass and stumps.

In their minds they knew that they would have a confrontation with these men; they recognized some. As they drew nearer some of the men stood and saluted them with salutations. When they drew near to the captain, he pulled Brother Paul aside and warned him of the treachery that was in store for them if they continued on the path they were taking to Paris. He did all of this without actually telling Brother Paul what was in store. Paul paid close attention to follow the instructions that the captain told him, so they made a detour and went another way through the forest. They had been instructed not to go by way of Bourges, which lay in the duchy of Guienne, but rather to go to Troyes and from there enter the kingdom of Burgundy where they would be fairly safe to travel.

Their first planned stop would be the small township of Corbel. As they walked, both remained silent, deep in their own thoughts, both wondering what the next few months would bring to them. Brother Paul wondered if he should endanger his friend Brother Peter by allowing him to accompany him on this journey. They both wondered if they would reach their destination and if it were that important for them to go. They both knew that there had always been corruption in the Church as well as the crown, and what made them think that they could ever change that?

Brother Paul had a hard time sleeping that night. He remembered what his friend the captain had told him. He didn't sleep until he decided to ask Brother Peter to return to St. Germaine for his own safety.

The next morning after morning prayers and breakfast, Father Paul approached Brother Peter with the decision that he had made the night before. He told him that he was being vexed to heart about the fact of the danger that he had placed Brother Peter in by allowing him to accompany him on this journey and that it would not please him if Brother Peter would go back to St. Germaine.

To this Brother Peter listened and shook his head in agreement, as if he had also come to the same conclusion during the night. When Father Paul had finished his say, Brother Peter began to speak in his humble but determined, voice, "I also, could not sleep last night and spent time in prayer. I know my king and I love him; he is a just man, but I also know of the anger of the king, and I know of the vileness of his bishop." "If I turn back now, it is saying to all those who know of me that I agree with these men. Yes, I prayed last night until God gave me his answer, and it is this. I must needs accompany you, my brother, for the scripture says, let two or three witnesses come and testify and let it be know as truth, I shall be one of those witnesses."

Father Paul bowed his head and thanked God for such a brother as Brother Peter. They received the blessing of the Abbot at Corbèl and began the second day of their journey.

The day was cold and cloudy, it looked like rain would begin to fall at any minute and it didn't keep them waiting long. For most of the day the rain was very heavy, the lightening flashed, and the thunder rolled on and on. All of this bad weather was good for them. It was hard to see, and the three different times during the day when they did find cover, they would see men on horses searching in the rain. They knew that men were searching for them. At about midnight they reached the abbey at Troyes, but they were warned away by the horses outside the door. They spent that night in a stable. Father Paul stood watch and let Brother Peter sleep for

a few hours, and then he slept while Brother Peter stood watch. They had nothing to eat that night, but fear kept them from thinking about food.

*They left the abbey and town of Troyes without speaking to anyone. The **cock (rooster)** was crowing as they exited the barn. They hurried down the road, but after a while they decided it would be better for them to go cross-country for a day or two, so they headed across a field of barley. Soon they entered into a wooded area where they felt safer. It seemed that no sooner did they feel safe than they began to smell a wood fire. The hair on the back of their necks began to stand up from apprehension. They heard children's voices. They looked into a clearing and saw a small cottage and smelled food cooking.*

They entered the clearing after making sure that there were no horses. The family that lived there was happy to see the monks and welcomed them to eat with them and bless their home. They ate their fill, blessed them all and their house, and left.

*The family in the wooded area had provided them with some **staples (food goods)**, so they felt equipped for the journey, at least for the next few days. They knew that it was important for them to keep to the woods and back roads, at least until they reached the kingdom of Burgundy which was bordered a short distance beyond Dijon. That would take them at least three weeks to get there.*

They walked all day, stopping from time to time to drink from a stream or to rest and eat. The next few days passed quietly. At night they would build a small fire, if it was cold or there was a need for warm food, but otherwise they would just curl up and sleep on the ground. The next morning they would usually wake and say their prayers and be on their way. They talked some of scripture and of politics, but usually, as is the habit of monks, they were silent.

The silence helped Father Paul to consider different ways to broach the subject of the policy of the king to the bishop of Lyon. Father Paul had known Bishop Odo of Bayeux for thirty years. He had been in the abbey of Norent with him when they were both young men. They had remained friends through the long years that they had been apart. Each had chosen a different path to serve the Church and Father Paul had always been proud of all that his friend Odo of Bayeux had done and accomplished in his life. Now their friendship would be put to the test.

Father Paul had written the bishop over six months earlier about his complaint of what his king had been contemplating and finally doing in the case of appointing a bishop over Paris. Now he must leave it to the decision of his trusted friend. He would see if his concerns were founded or not. If they were not, he would leave them alone, but if they were founded he would carry his concerns all the way to the Holy Father at Rome if the need arose.

Time passed more quickly than they had thought possible. They had run into no other soldiers along the way, and they were just a few miles away from the city of Tonnoire. They had just stepped back onto the road when they were greeted by another brother from their order, a Brother Jean-Louis.

Brother Jean-Louis informed them of the spies in the city and that a trap had been laid for them by the abbot, who was sympathetic with the king and the bishop he had appointed. Brother Jean-Louis gave them a sack containing a few loaves of bread, a wheel of cheese, and a few skins of wine. He then bid them God-speed and they were on their way again.

Needless to say, they were down-hearted, and discouraged about the news of the trap. At least now they knew that there were spies. Spies for now, there would probably be assassins before they reached Lyon. It was all in God's hands, but they did need to be extra careful from this point on.

They knew it would take at least two weeks to reach Dijon, and the way would not be easy. They entered the woods on the other side of the road and walked for about five miles. There they decided to spend the night.

Brother Peter went off to set a snare for a rabbit or possibly a pheasant. Father Paul gathered sticks and twigs for a fire. As he made his way back to the place they had chosen to camp, he heard on the wind the sound of men and horses. He crouched low in the bush, and the sounds came closer.

Father Paul knew that if he didn't get their packs out of the way, they would be found. The woods would then be combed, looking for them and they would certainly be found or killed.

He had to move quickly and quietly. Any sound would alert the men of his presence. He moved quietly, all the time keeping his eyes and ears open for any sound or movement of the men looking for them. He reached the campsite where their bags were and after carefully looking over the site, he knew that the men had not found their camp. He quickly gathered their belongings and hid in the underbrush waiting for Brother Peter to return.

He had a foreboding feeling before he even heard the ruckus a distance away. All at once, here were the king's men bringing in Brother Peter bound and bloody. They were asking him who he was, and if had he been with anyone else. He told them his name, and that he was a monk traveling from abbey to abbey and from town to town in the service of the Lord Jesus.

They asked if he had seen Father Paul and he told the truth. He stated that he had, and that they had traveled a distance together but that they had parted ways some time back. They asked him, "Do you know where this Father Paul is now?" To that he answered, "No." They then told him to keep an eye out for the rebel monk and threatened him; they then went on their way.

Brother Peter waited for the men to leave; he heard the scream of the rabbit in the snare. He rushed off toward the sound and soon came back with a wriggling rabbit. He dispatched the rabbit with a quick snap of the neck and began to dress it for the fire.

Father Paul stayed in the underbrush. Brother Peter started the fire and began to cook the rabbit, after a while he spoke quietly, "Why do they think they are treating a shepherd of the flock like a criminal? Are you there, my brother? If you are, stay where you are for they are still about." After the rabbit was cooked, Brother Peter ate his fill and leaned the rest against another stick and laid back to rest.

"Father Paul, I will move the rabbit closer to where you are, and will let the fire go out. You can at least fill your belly tonight. You will need to make your way a few more kilometers before morning. Go toward the east; I will catch up to you on the morrow. Go with God my brother, go with God." The fire soon burned out and Brother Peter fell asleep.

The next morning the rabbit was gone and Brother Peter found himself looking into the eye of one of the men from last evening. Brother Peter sat up slowly. "Good morning, and God bless you. Have you been here all night?"

"Naw," snarled the man, "we was seein' if you was alone, like you said. You musta been hungry to have eaten a whole rabbit. Didn't leave any for brekfas'. Where you headed now?"

Brother Peter told him that he really didn't have any specific plan in mind, but that he thought he would continue traveling toward the rising sun, and if he was a mind to that he was welcome to go with him for as long as it was pleasing to him or even the rest of his fellows.

The man stood and told him, "No," rather gruffly and left.

Brother Peter began to get ready; he said his prayers, gathered his belongings and started his journey through the woods. For a while he walked east, then for a while north, then finally

east again, and then south. He was hoping to come across Father Paul, but praying that he wouldn't for a while. He didn't know if he was being followed or not, and he knew if there was a chance of it he definitely didn't want to chance it. After a while he sat down and listened for any sound of man or beast. Eventually he determined that no one was following. He got up and made ready to continue his journey.

"Are they gone? You are not being followed are you?" father Paul whispered. Brother Peter jumped back with a start. Father Paul had just scared ten years off his life. He grabbed at his heart and took in a breath quickly, then yelled, "Help us Father."

Father Paul also jumped back, because of the actions of Brother Peter. They both began to laugh at the actions of each other.

They both sat down and waited for their hearts to slow down a bit, and they listened for a bit more before they decided it was safe to move on. They knew that the distance from Dijon was not getting any shorter while they were not moving toward it. It seemed that they were making headway after a while. They had both noted that they were walking much faster than they had in previous days. They wanted to put as much distance between the king's men and themselves as they could before nightfall.

As they drew nearer a stream, they began to feel the drop in their anxiety that they had been feeling. When they were on its banks, they sat down and loosened their sandals, slipped them off, and slid their aching feet into the cool clear water. The water was quickly washing their tiredness away. By their figuring, it was getting to be late and they felt that they had gone a good eighteen or nineteen kilometer by now. They might as well stay in this place, since it was made by God to refresh the traveler.

They decided to rest there. Peter again went to set a snare for some animal that the Lord would supply, and Paul went to gather sticks and herbs to eat with the meal. Everything was quiet that night, and they rested well. When they woke the next day they realized that this was the Sabbath, and they could not travel on this day. So they rested after prayers. About midday, they both heard it at the same time, the sound of a horse making his way down to the stream. The closer it got to them the more panicky they got.

Where could they hide? How could they hide their presence there? Oh! God in heaven what could they do? All they could think of was hide, so they did.

Out from the underbrush stepped one of the largest horses they had ever seen and on his back sat a young farmer and his wife who was definitely in the latter stages of pregnancy. They had come there, undoubtedly, to pass the Sabbath in this cool sweet place. When Father Paul and Brother Peter stepped out of the underbrush it startled the horse, the young farmer, and his wife. After they had all calmed down and had made themselves comfortable, the young farmer asked if they would join in on their meal they had brought with them. Of course they said yes.

After they had eaten, the young farmer asked, "Are you the two monks that the king is searching for?" Father Paul and Brother Peter looked at each other and then at the farmer and said nothing.

The farmer then told them, "You know that there is now a reward of a gold chain for whoever tells the king's men where you are." Again Paul and Peter said nothing. The young farmer told them that a lot of people were looking for them and if they were those two monks, that they should leave this very day and go south for the space of a day, and then turn east to finish their journey. Paul thanked the couple for their concern.

The young farmer and his wife got up to leave, and as her husband was starting to help her on to the house she asked them for their blessing and a special blessing on this their first child.

Paul placed his hands on the two of them, and blessed them, and asked God to watch over them and their wonder child.

They took the farmer at his word and headed south at a fast pace. Oh, they did ask God to forgive them for traveling on the Sabbath, but they knew that He had sent the young couple to warn them. They thanked Him for that.

It was dark when they finally stopped for the night. They were so tired, both of them sat down, curled up and went to sleep under a large oak tree; there they passed the night.

After the scare of the last few days, everything just smoothed out, and they reached Dijon after about two weeks of run and hide, hide and run. It felt good to sleep in a bed once more and to have the fellowship of their fellow monks for a while. They spent a week resting, and most of that time they spent in prayer with their other brother at the church in Dijon. Well, a week went fast for them: it was time for them to go.

They knew that their pursuers were closing in on them and that they must leave; not only because their journey had not been finished, but the fact was, they were putting the fine people of this church and community in danger. They knew, even as the brothers of the church knew, the king would not look kindly on the hospitality that had been shown to these two monks on a mission that challenged his authority.

They hurriedly left the next morning before morning prayers. They slipped out of a side entrance and disappeared into the dark of a beautiful morning.

They had made a decision; instead of crossing over the border into Burgundy which would be the logical thing to do since it was but a short distance away, they would instead go by the way of the river Saône. This tactic would throw off their pursuers and confuse them for a while, and possibly give them a few more days' lead on them. So instead of traveling east they went east south east instead. There they rested for a little while.

After their break they followed the river south the rest of the day. That night they slept outside the village of Châlon, not wishing to enter the village or its church. Early the next morning they circled the village to the west. They continued to follow the river and early that afternoon they passed through Mâcon. They crossed over the river at that point.

Strangely they really didn't feel any safer, but they did feel a little further away from the grip of their king and his men. They now were within a week, two at the most of reaching their goal of Lyon, and to see the bishop there, but they knew that this was probably the most dangerous part of their journey.

It seemed that everyone was on the lookout for them; everyone wanted the two chains of gold that the king was offering for their whereabouts. Father Paul thought to himself, "The king must be afraid of what I know; he's afraid I'll bring him down." Suddenly, Father Paul knew that needed to pray, and right now that was not an easy task, because they needed their mind and eyes set on getting through this maze of spies and assassins. They decided it would be prudent for them to keep to the woods.

They decided it would be better to sit on the side of the river for a while and wait for the traffic to die down a little. They sat down and watched the water as it made its way to the sea. As they sat there, they talked and laughed about some of the things that happened on their way there. They noticed a group of men who kept watching them. They knew that these were some of the king's men. They didn't know what to do, for it looked as if capture was imminent. Out of the corner of Father Paul's eye, he saw a soldier quickly approaching them! He turned to face his captor.

“As I live and breathe. My good Father Paul. How are you doing and where have you been for these few months? We have missed you at Mass.” It was his friend the captain of the guard from back at St. Germaine. Paul greeted him with an embrace, and thought that at least it was someone that he knew. The captain whispered in his ear as they embraced, “My friend follow my lead, and do exactly as I instruct you to.” He then took his arm and walked with him along the bank of the river. They all three walked, talked, and laughed like old friends. The captain got them to the edge of the area where the road began to go to Lyon. At the edge of the road, and in full sight of all those who were watching, the captain took his purse and gave them some gold coins, wished them well on their journey, and told them to be careful of strangers. Then he turned and went back to the bridge to join his men.

Everyone looked confused, and no one knew what to say or even ask. He rejoined his men and asked, “You haven’t seen anyone suspicious have you?” He looked them straight in the eye as though nothing strange had happened. His men said nothing, no one could think of anything to say. He began searching looks over the bridge, and they did the same.

Father Paul and Brother Peter hurried away, neither one of them knew exactly what to think, but they did know to thank the Lord for men of courage like the captain. It would seem that the captain did not agree with the king either, and he was fighting him the only way that he could. He was helping them get to their destination so they might be able to right the wrongs that were being done in the name of the church.

Yes, they hurried almost at a run. They slowed when they reached the turn in the road. They looked behind them, and then headed into the woods on the left side of the road. When they got into the wood a good distance, they both crouched down and waited. After about fifteen minutes, and no one pursued, they relaxed a little.

Brother Peter finally stood and said, “Brother, we must be on our way, and be quick about it. We do not know how long that we have before someone begins to pursue us; we need to make haste and leave this place.”

They quickly got up and went on their way, expecting any moment to be overtaken and arrested. No one followed them, everything was quiet, and everything was peaceful. They both chuckled a little then Peter brought out the bread, cheese, and wine, and they ate a small meal to help them on the way.

There were no more surprises on their way to Lyon. The River Saône emptied into the Rhône River at Lyon. Brother Paul could hardly wait to see his old friend Bishop Odo of Bayeux. It seemed as though it had been fifty years since they had last seen one another, when in reality it had only been around twenty years.

*Father Paul wondered what his friend would be like now. He remembered him being a very young, active, and very **staunch (strict)** in his beliefs. He remembered in their discussions on the scripture, how he would not compromise in the least way on any point of the discussion. Oh, how he hoped that he was still that uncompromising in church doctrine and scriptural interpretation as he had been in his youth.*

When they entered the city of Lyon, they felt like they were being watched and followed. They kept watch and headed straight to the cathedral in the center of the city. They knew that it would take them some time to reach there, and that they could be intercepted at any point. At times when they saw groups of men walking toward them, their fear would rise up inside of them. They could feel their hearts beating frantically within their chests, and each time when the men would pass they would breathe a sigh of relief.

When they had walked about half way to the cathedral, they were finally stopped by a group of men who asked them who they were. After they told them, the men said, "In the name of the king you are under arrest." Both of their hearts fell. They were in shock. They were so close to their destination and now it was over. Suddenly the entire group was encircled by another group of soldiers, but these soldiers were from the king of Burgundy. The men who had arrested them were put under arrest and Father Paul and Brother Peter were set free.

As they backed away from the group of soldiers, a young monk from the cathedral greeted them. He greeted them in the name of the Bishop, Odo of Bayeux, and invited them to meet with them immediately. They followed him, but asked if they might refresh themselves first. He told them that the bishop was anxious to see Father Paul first, and then they would be allowed to rest and refresh.

Father Paul and Brother Peter agreed that Father Paul should be the first to see the bishop since they had been friends and it had been such a long time since they had seen one another. So Father Paul was ushered in first. The room was empty when he first went in; within a few minutes the bishop entered and they just stood and looked at one another.

Father Paul extended his arms and embraced his friend. The bishop returned the embrace and kissed his old friend. They each looked at each other, and then embraced once more. They then sat down and tried to catch up with everything that had happened over the past twenty years. When they finally slowed down, it was already late afternoon; they had been talking for hours.

The bishop extended an invitation to Father Paul and Brother Peter to dine with him that evening. He told them that they would speak of the reason for their journey in the next few weeks. He also mentioned that Cardinal Hugo would be visiting him within the next few weeks, and that possibly they could bring the problem before him and get his thoughts on the matter, if it merited his opinion.

Father Paul was elated at this news. Perhaps the long journey was worth it. Perhaps all the problems that they had run into, all of the starvation, hiding from the king's men and all the other dangers they had encountered had been worth it. Just to have arrived at this place at this time.

That night they saw more food than they had seen in the two months they had been on their journey. They had subsisted on stale bread and cheese with a little bit of wine, now what they saw before them was just too much to take in. On the table before them were fresh breads, fowl, fish, pork and beef, as well as venison. There were parsnips, carrots, turnips, salads, fresh raw fruits, as well as cooked fruit (Cosman passim). That night truly their eyes were bigger than their stomachs. The bishop was a good host; he made sure that their every need was taken care of that night.

There were other guests there that night. The bishop had invited some dignitaries of Lyon to share his table that night. Father Paul and Brother Peter listened intently to as much of the conversation as they could, even though a lot of it they could not quite catch what they were talking about. They did catch on to the fact that there was a lot of politics going on here. That worried them.

To be concerned or led by religious matters was understandable, and to be controlled by political matters could be tolerated, but to mix the two was impossible as well as reprehensible. Father Paul prayed that this was not the way things were in the life of his good friend the bishop, but he feared it just might be. Purity of thought and vision was his hope and desire for the Bishop Odo of Bayeux. May it be so.

Father Paul had rested for over a week now and he was getting concerned that the bishop had not yet called for him for an audience. One morning after he had returned to his cell, he

heard a light knocking on the door. When he opened the cell door, there stood the bishop's aide, who informed him that the bishop wished to see him at his earliest convenience.

As he entered the bishop's room he saw his old friend sitting at the small window in the east wall; it looked out onto the small garden in the courtyard of the cathedral. He greeted his old friend by kneeling and kissing the bishop's ring. The bishop pointed to a chair that sat close by and invited him to sit. This meeting was more formal than the one they had enjoyed when they first saw each other more than a week ago. The bishop was in deep thought and Father Paul did not wish to interrupt him. Finally the bishop looked at his old friend, and with a sigh he said, "I have heard of your troubles, and the reason that you are here. Now I need you to tell me your concerns in this matter."

Father Paul took a breath and began to speak.

(While he was speaking his mind raced, "What has he heard? Who has spoken to him? Have I been a fool to have come all this way just to have no chance of being heard?")

"The problem that I have come to see you about is that our king has appointed one of his lords to be the bishop over Paris. And the problem is that this man has a living wife that he has put away and has taken another wife. As the Church we do not condone divorce for any reason but infidelity, and as far as we have been informed there is no infidelity on the wife's part, but on his part yes. The new wife that he has taken is his brother's wife, whom he has stolen from his brother. She became pregnant with his child, and then he has put her away also because of the offer of the king to make him a bishop. These reasons alone are enough for him not to be acceptable as a Bishop, but there is more. It seems that while he has been in the office of bishop, he has begun to sell indulgences and offices in the Church. Now I know that this is not acceptable to the Church. I do not know what the solutions to these problems are except that this man should not be the bishop."

The bishop remained quiet and in thought for a little while. He thought of all the implications and how they might affect the relations that the Church had with the king and of all of the problems that situation would surely cause. He looked at his old friend, and he remembered the young monk that he had known so many years ago, and of the life that he must have had in the monastery. These two things alone were grounds enough for any man to be rejected as a bishop, and then we have the issues of selling the Church. Any of these reasons are enough, not only to be rejected as a bishop, but also to be severely sanctioned by the Church in Rome or even by the Holy Father himself.

But what should he do with Father Paul? Clearly he was upset with his king. That in itself was a problem, for the king could and had been in the past quiet a formidable enemy when he felt threatened, and he defiantly felt threatened by this poor monk. If he didn't why did he send so many men to keep him from getting to his destination? Yes, he did feel threatened and rightly so. This matter had already been the discussion in Rome for some time now. Someday the policy of the king being able to appoint the bishop would be turned over to the Church, possibly soon, but he did not think it would be in his life time.

The bishop thanked his fiend for traveling so far and for going through all the trouble that he had gone through. He dismissed Father Paul, and told him that he would think and pray about the matter and bring it to the cardinal's attention when he arrived the next week. The bishop invited Father Paul and Brother Peter to stay for a while and meet the cardinal the next week because he wished for them to speak to the cardinal together about their problem with the bishop in Paris.

The church's occupation was to help people grow closer to God. The church was filled with monks who had dedicated their lives to draw closer to God, and abbots who were elected by their

peers to oversee and guide them. Then there were priests and nuns to minister to the people in their need. And of course there were cardinals to guide the local church and administer the governing of the local church. The head of the church was the Pope, who interpreted the doctrine of the church to be followed by the faithful.

It must be noted at this time that the church's primary duty was the salvation of the people, and that some of the unlearned people of that time still believed in and practiced remnants of the ancient religions of Rome, so the church at that time was a mixture of Christianity and paganism that drove the priest to distraction.

One of the ways they combated these practices was to preach to the people fear and damnation, for their practices not church approved. This practice helped to some degree, but the people still saw signs and omens in everything in their lives. If a storm came up quickly with rolling clouds, it was demons or the dead moving. Before plowing they would pray a blessing from the gods, etc.

Just as the king required or demanded a tax or tribute from the people, so the church demanded a *tithe*. The *tithe* was ten percent of all that was gained that year. This *tithe* was not if you could pay it, but you must; no choice was given.

The struggles between the king and the Church that resulted in the clericalization of the Western Church began with Gregory VII (1073-1085). The claims to authority of this pontiff, and especially those who followed, showed the secular and imperial nature of the pontifical office. Beginning with Gregory, (although he had predecessors) we see the creation of a Christian commonwealth. Gregory claimed under the *Dictatus Papae* (sayings of the pope):

- The Roman pontiff alone is rightly called universal.
- That he alone has the power to depose and reinstate bishops.
- That he alone may use the imperial insignia.
- All princes shall kiss the foot of the pope alone.
- That he has the power to depose emperors.
- No one shall judge the Roman pontiff.
- That no one can be regarded as catholic who does not agree with the Roman church.
- That he has the power to absolve subjects from their oath of fealty to the wicked rulers.

We see a continuation of the listing of pontifical powers in later years under other papal offices:

- The Roman Church has never erred and will never err till the end of time.
- That Christ alone founded the Roman Church.
- He alone can make new laws, set up new bishoprics, and divide old ones.
- He alone can translate bishops to another see.
- He alone can call general councils and authorize canon law.
- He alone can revise his own judgments
- He can absolve subjects from their allegiance.
- His legates, even though in inferior orders, have precedence over all bishops.
- An appeal to the papal courts inhibits judgment by all inferior courts.
- A duly ordained pope is undoubtedly made a saint by the merits of St. Peter.

It must be duly stated that the popes claimed all of these rights; it by no means says that they had these rights. Now in accordance with the statements, or rights claimed, it is evident that the kings and the Church were at odds with each other because of the claim. It seems that up until this time the kings had certain authority to appoint bishops and to dispose of them at their wills. The Church under Gregory VII, claimed this power from the kings and claimed it solely to the

pope, and further took the authority to dispose of the kings if it saw fit. It took until the year 1122, at the Concordat of Worms for the king and the Church to come to terms on this point. It took more than a century for the papacy to win these rights under Innocent III (c.1200), and then a century later the papacy had lost all these rights forever (c.1300).

LESSON PLANS

Lesson Plan One: Medieval Peasants

I will begin with these questions to the class, for a general discussion:

- What is a peasant?
- Was there more than one kind?
- What kind of houses, clothing, and food did they have?

These are questions that we will answer in this lesson.

We will break up into groups of four to six and examine these questions. Each group will be given one question or project to research for two weeks and report on to the group as a whole by the end of those two weeks.

- Group 1. What was a peasant during the eleventh century in France?
Name the 3 different major groups of peasants at that time.
How were their lives different from each other?
- Group 2. In what kind of houses did the peasants live?
Make a diorama of the houses of the peasants.
- Group 3. What kind of clothing including shoes did they wear?
Make a costume of the peasants.
- Group 4. What was their diet like?
Research what kind of food they had to eat and make a menu of their daily food and meal schedule.

Lesson Plan Two: For Knights

We will begin with these questions for a general discussion:

- What was the life of a knight like?
- How did one become a knight?
- What did they do?

These are all questions that we will answer in this unit.

We will break up into four different groups and research these questions over a two week period then report to the group our findings at the end of the two week period.

- Group 1. In eleventh century France what was a knight?
What was their life like?
- Group 2. How did someone become a knight?
Was there more than just one way of becoming a knight?
Explain the different ways.
- Group 3. What were the different kinds of weapons that a knight used?
Make a chart showing the different kinds of weapons.
Use their proper and common name and how they were used.
- Group 4. Write a narrative story about a knight, or use one that has already been written and illustrate it in comic book form. It must be on folded pages and bound with a hardback cover (using poster board or some other thicker material), and it must be in color.

Lesson Plan Three: For the Crusade

We will begin with a general discussion of these questions:

- What was the Crusade?
- How many were there?
- Where were the Holy Lands?
- What was the cause that created the Crusades?

These are all questions that need to be answered. Let's look and try to find some answers.

We will break into four groups, and work on the following questions for two weeks:

- Group 1. What was a Crusade?
How many were there?
Where did they all go?
Make a map of all of the Crusades, with dates when they occurred.
Write a narrative of a Crusader's experience.
- Group 2. What caused the Crusades?
What were the conditions in the Holy Land in the 11th century?
In Europe?
Why was the Crusade so appealing to Medieval people?
Make a costume of a Crusader
- Group 3. What were the tactics of war and weapons of the Crusade?
Make a model of a tower, catapult, trebuchet, or siege engine.
- Group 4. Who went on the Crusades?
To what kind of people did Crusades appeal?
Did women go? Did children go?
What were the conditions like for them?
Make a model of a Crusader encampment.

Lesson Plan Four: On the Medieval Church

I will begin with these questions:

- What was it like to be a priest, monk, nun, and cleric in medieval times?
- How did they live?
- How did they choose that life over a regular life?
- What did they do in their daily life?
- Have you ever wondered what it would be like?
- Well let's find out.

The class will be divided into groups, and each will be assigned to answer these questions, and to do the suggested activities.

- Group 1. What was monastery life like in the eleventh century?
Replicate an eleventh century monastery on a poster and give us their daily schedule.
- Group 2. Research the lives and show the differences between monks, and clerics then report your finding to the class.
- Group 3. How did a priest become a priest and a nun become a nun during medieval times?
Design a priest's habit and a nun's habit to present to the class with your research on priests and nuns.

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