

These were pretty dark ages, a time without tampons (save the odd gerbil) The year was ~ 1114,



Margrave Leopold the III and his wife Agnes were riding in the Vienna Woods one fine but blustery day to search for a building site for their pet-project: A new monastery was to be build on the outskirts of Vienna. Agnes developed a headache as she found herself bouncing up and down (all for a good cause) riding sidesaddle on her rag. When all of a sudden she was overcome by powerful winds. One of these horrific gusts blew her cloth way; far away from her, out into and over the western hills of Vienna, and the Vienna Woods. Over hill and dale it went and was soon out of sight.

Margrave Leopold tried to save the day by taking charge and charge he did, in an instant he had grasped and assessed the situation and because he was determined to avoid any unnecessary embarrassment he turned the awkward situation to his advantage by yelling: "Whoever can find the missing *vale*" (a clever term in this context) "Whoever can locate this vale shall receive a reward and we shall build a the monastery right on the very spot where it is recovered." This proclamation moved the entourage into action and brought out many bloodhounds. The Margrave himself, as if possessed, took the lead immediately while the scent was fresh and charged ahead with his lance poised in the direction of the veil's disappearance, truth be told, he really wanted to save his money and not pay a reward at all, if that was possible.



Hours passed as he blundered and charged through vineyards and thickets in pursuit of the vale, following the whiff all the while with valor, determination and speed. After a time the scent he pursued did indeed lead him to the landing site, way before his entourage could catch up.

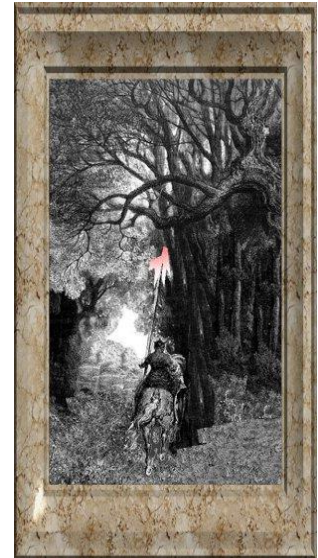
The smell, by this time, was intense but revealed the landing site. On a precipice it hung, unfortunately not at all an ideal spot for building, what to do? Presently resolving that nobody had caught up with his gallop, he found time to change providence, time to alter the course of history. He speared

the cloth with his lance, which afforded him some protection by distance at his lances length and he galloped on further through the woods without much hesitation. Finally when he reached a suitable clearing, a large meadow with a view of the Danube. A much appreciated gentle breeze defrayed things nicely and calmed his nerves.



It is there that he found calming and rest, he dropped the cloth and beamingly awaited his collective. All of his companions and fellow searchers arrived in due time overtly sporting due admiration for the Margrave's feat. He, in turn, declared the feat a miracle and decreed there and then that this is a holy site chosen by god himself.

The site was to be annexed under the laws of eminent domain, much to the current owners dismay. But, as the reasoning went at the time, "What Agnes wanted, Agnes got"; not to imply that Ages had much to say about this in the end. A bishop was soon procured, as there where many roaming in these forests and the required papers and parchments where soon drawn up and issued. Many indulgencies were produced that day as well in an effort to avoid awkward questions and lay persistent criticisms to rest . The late afternoon progressed and the sun broke through the clouds and dried the ink that had flowed so freely that memorable day. A memorable day indeed, because the building process was scheduled to begin the very next day.



The miraculous, blessed cloth, was rescued by a well-meaning abbot who understood little about earthly matters but had a sense about reliquary matters and of course the marketing of such things. The cloth, I mean to say **the vale**, was cleaned and subsequently enshrined to be on display under glass. It can still be viewed for a nominal surcharge to the customary visiting fees. Such admission charges are even now benefitting the abbot's retirement fund and the general fund of several lesser functionaries.

