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*The Dunadin*

**A Monthly Reflection on Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings***

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**In Helm's Deep, at the very brink of the Hornburg, Aragorn, the brave Dunedain, the direct descendant and heir of Isildur, meets face-to-face with his Nemesis' minions: the fighting Uruk-hai. He meets them with the courage and majesty befitting a great and noble king. A majesty that - when I first read this passage - made me shed tears of joy and wonder. Why? It is perhaps because - by analogy and like an Old Covenant prophet - he points to a much greater king: the eternal King of Kings, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The majesty of Aragorn is but a faint shadow of the ineffable majesty of Christ.**

At last Aragorn stood above the great gates, heedless of the arrows of the enemy. As he looked forth he saw the eastern sky grow pale. Then he raised his empty hand, palm outward in a token of parley.

The Orcs yelled and jeered, 'Come down! Come down!' they cried. 'If you wish to speak to us,' come down. Bring out your king [King Theoden]! We are the fighting Uruk-hai. We will fetch him from his hole, if he does not come. Bring out your skulking king!'

'The king stays or comes at his own will,' said Aragorn.

'Then what are you doing here?' they answered. 'Why do you look out? Do you wish to see the greatness of our army? We are the fighting Uruk-hai.'

'I looked out to see the dawn,' said Aragorn.

'What of the dawn?' they jeered. 'We are the fighting Uruk-hai: we do not stop the fight for night or day, for fair weather or for storm. We come to kill, by sun or moon. What of the dawn?'

'No one knows what the new day shall bring him,' said Aragorn. Get you gone, ere it turn to your evil.'

'Get down or we will shoot you from the wall,' they cried. 'This is no parley. You have nothing to say.'

**'I still have this to say,'** answered Aragorn. "No enemy has yet taken the Hornburg. Depart, or not one of you will be spared. Not one will be left alive to take back tidings to the North. **You do not know your peril.'**

So great a power and royalty was revealed in Aragorn, as he stood there alone above the ruined gates before the host of his

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enemies, that many of the wild men paused, and looked back over their shoulders to the valley, and some looked up doubtfully at the sky. But the Orcs laughed with loud voices; and a hail of darts and arrows whistled over the wall, as Aragorn leaped down. (*The Two Towers*, Ballantine ed.156-157)

*"No one knows what the new day shall bring him." -Aragorn*