The Knight I Know

by Carolyn Frances Krysiak

For Davis Brian Krysiak —my covenant partner, my fellow disciple of Christ.



Author's note: This piece was written as a quiet tribute to the unseen battles carried by those we love — and the sacred courage it takes to keep standing.

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They see the dents in your armor

and think you are the danger.

They see the blood on the steel

and assume it is yours by choice.

But I know the truth.



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You are a Krysiak —
a name forged in endurance,
in honesty,
in the quiet courage of a man
who refuses to twist his words
to win approval.

You are a Christian —
not by label,
but by discipleship,
by the way you walk toward truth
even when truth costs you.

You are my covenant partner,
bound with me to God,
and I have watched you carry integrity
like a lantern through rooms
where others hid their shadows.

Your armor is battered
because you have stood
where others stepped back.
Your heart is scarred
because you have loved
without deceit.
Your voice is steady
because you have never lied
to your own soul.

And the grime they fear
is not the mark of violence
but the residue of surviving
what would have broken lesser men.

Your anger is not fury.
It is grief —
for all the times you laid down your sword
to show your open hands
and were struck anyway.
But hear me, beloved:

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Your integrity is intact.
Your judgment is sound.
Your heart is clean.
Your discipleship is real.

You are not the monster they imagine.
You are the knight they needed
and did not know how to trust.

And I see you —
not the dents,
not the blood,
not the misunderstandings of others,
but the man who still chooses
to fight for truth,
to walk with Christ,
and to keep covenant
even when covenant is costly.

Lay down the weight
of other people's judgments.
They were never meant
to measure you.

Lay down the fear
that their misreadings
have the power
to name your soul.

Lay down the sorrow
of being misunderstood
by those who cannot yet see
past the armor.

Let Christ be the One
who weighs your heart.
Let His measure
be the only measure.
Let His knowing
be the truth you stand in.

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For His yoke is easy,

and His burden is light —

and the burdens others place on you

were never His.



And hear this, my love:

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God does not abandon His knights
in the heat of refining.
He stands with you
in every flame that tests your metal.
He strengthens what is true,
burns away what was never yours,
and shapes you into a vessel
that reflects His light more clearly.

And I stand with you too —
not as a spectator,
but as your covenant partner,
your shield-bearer,
your companion in the fire.

I will hold you
when the heat rises.
I will steady you
when old wounds ache.
I will remind you
of who you are
when the world forgets.

And when the refining is done,
your armor will shine again —
bright enough to reflect
the light of God Himself.



I see the light beneath the armor.
I see the goodness beneath the scars.
I see the man God shaped
and the man I chose.

And I will not misread your light.

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