



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 5, Issue 8

Davy Crockett Lodge #1225 A.F. & A.M.

February 2013

Visit us on the web at: www.davycrockettlodge.com

Stated Meeting 1st & 3rd Tuesdays; Practice 2nd & 4th Tuesdays and every Wednesday

From The East

Wes O'Neill
Worshipful Master

Greetings Brethren, I hope all is well for you and yours and that your New Year is off to a great start. I also hope you have been able to avoid the flu and the multitude of other sicknesses that are going around this time of year. Some of us haven't been so lucky!

Things are picking up at the Lodge and we have many busy months ahead and now is the time to come down and support your Officers and Brothers. So far this year we have already had several meetings, an EA Degree and our first ever raffle drawing. Big thanks to Brothers Olaf, Brad and Burt for putting together a hugely successful event and raising money for our Widows and Orphans. Congratulations to Brother Doug Montgomery for winning the raffle! I know we had a bit of a lull at the Lodge at the close of the year due to the holidays and of course New Year's Day happened to be the night of our first Stated Meeting so we were unable to have it as usual. With that said, the New Year is well under way now and it's time to get back to work. I know many of us have been faced with hardships, sicknesses, operations, vacations, holidays and everything else under the sun, but it's time for a renewed commitment to the Lodge. We have several candidates up for initiation; we have several more getting close to ready to be passed and one ready to be raised. Taking that into consideration along with Service Awards, Community Builder Award (this Saturday at the Scottish Rite Cathedral), Past Masters night coming soon, and much more, we need you at Lodge now more than ever.

We have a unique situation in that we have a great Line up of Officers, plenty of resources and a ton of new interest in Masonry from non-members and members alike, now is the time to get to work and bring Masonry to the forefront of our lives and the lives of those around us. Brethren I hope you stop putting off coming to Lodge for whatever reason might be keeping you away, get out and get back to work with us. We miss you, need you and I'm calling all of you back home. You will be glad to know that the sound system has been overhauled thanks to our Brother Junior Warden and the speakers are working better than ever. It's easier to hear what's going on and participate now, so if that was keeping you from coming it's been rectified! Take care my Brothers and I hope to see you at Lodge.

From the Secretary's Desk

Chris Williams PM

I have several reminders for everyone this month. Those of you who haven't paid your dues are now in arrears and your dues card has expired. Several Brothers I talked to didn't get their dues notice. If you have changed your address and not informed me or the Grand Lodge then yours probably is still out there in post office limbo. Please e-mail me or call me if you require one or just send in your dues. I want to remind you all also about our Valentines Dinner and Dance with the singing of Sierra Cecil who has wonderfully entertained us before. This is an adults night out so pay the babysitter and get dressed up and come and have a relaxing and enjoyable evening. I don't think that there is anything crazy planned. On March 5th Davy Crockett will receive our District Deputy Grand Master of Distinct 39-B, RW Dennis Lafferty for his first official visit. I hope you will all come out to support RW Lafferty and hear the Grand Masters Message. Also on Saturday March 2nd the Grand Master will be in San Antonio for the Alamo Remembrance and following that the Grand Masters Conference at Alzafar.

This Month's Humor

In a dark and hazy room, peering into a crystal ball, the Mystic delivered grave news:
"There's no easy way to tell you this, so I'll just be blunt. Prepare yourself to be a widow. Your husband will die a violent and horrible death this year."
Visibly shaken, Laura stared at the woman's lined face, then at the single flickering candle, then down at her hands.
She took a few deep breaths to compose herself and to stop her mind racing. She simply had to know. She met the Fortune Teller's gaze, steadied her voice and asked, "Will I be acquitted?"

Light Reflected

A monthly "opinion" by

Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

This past Christmas, I received one of the most meaningful gifts I've ever received. Now, before I tell you the story I want to let you know that I define "gifts" differently than "presents." "Presents" are those things that you have asked to receive, were on your wish list, or that people simply knew that you want. "Gifts" on the other hand are things given to you from the heart. They are things that the giver would like for you to have and are typically very personal and sentimental.

Every year, we have our little "Family Christmas" on Christmas morning. Once the dust settles and half the toys are already broken, we pack up and head over to my in-laws for Christmas #2. Once that is done and we've eaten so much that our new clothes don't fit anymore, we head home to pack for our trip to Houston for Christmas #3 the following day with my family. This year, Christmas #2 is a Christmas I will never forget. My father-in-law was born in Minnesota. He lived in a very rural area and was one of 11 children. The area where he grew up was so remote that as a child he can still remember utilizing an outhouse instead of an indoor bathroom. I understand also that theirs was one of the last homes in the area to receive electricity. Needless to say, they did not have a lot of spare cash to go out and buy frivolous things like toys for the kids. In those days you had to make your own fun. There was lots of playing outside, kicking the can, the stick and the barrel hoop, etc. That gives you some idea of his childhood and the drastic differences between then and now. How can those things possible compete with an X-Box game console or Nintendo 3DS. As we entered their home this Christmas, there was the usual tree with the 1960's decorations and light-up pine needles, ornaments made by kids and grandkids, tons of presents, and a spread of food that would make a Roman emperor jealous. However, unobtrusively tucked in a corner was what looked like a treasure chest. It was wrapped in a ribbon with a sign that said, "Family Legacy – Do Not Touch." Ok, that got my attention but I wasn't going to say anything because I'm the son-in-law, so I buried my curiosity while we went through our regular routine. When we were done and everyone was picking up the spent wrapping paper and appetizer plates, I couldn't take it any longer. "Hey dad," I asked, "what's the deal with the treasure chest?" That prompted everyone else to follow suit. With a huge smile on his face, he got up and said, "Ah...I was wondering when you were going to ask. Before we open it however, I want to read you something." From behind the chest he took out what looked like a scroll and began to read us a story. It was the story of his childhood and the story of what he referred to as the family "Legacy." It was this legacy that he now intended to pass down to each of us (yes, me included) with the hope that

as we got older, we would in turn pass it on to our descendants. It was a riveting tale but much too long to include in this article. He then gave each of us an oblong box and told us to open them together. While we were gingerly opening these boxes, he told us that during those cold Minnesota winters, there wasn't much to do inside. However, every year upon turning a particular age, each child in his family would receive a toy made by hand from his father. A toy! A hand-made toy to play with inside the house! It was something that those children relished at the time and remembered all of their lives. Now, my father-in-law had spent an entire year reproducing, in exact detail, the very same hand-made toy for each of us. It's quite a simple machine actually, but even today I marveled at its abilities. I was enthralled with how it moved at the slightest touch. You see, it was a wooden acrobat on a bit of twisted twine strung between two pieces of wood that formed an "H" frame. If you held the bottom of the H and squeezed slightly, the acrobat or trapeze artist would do flips, hang upside down, hold himself in position, all kinds of marvelous maneuvers. The more closely I examined it, the more entranced I became. Each one had been specifically crafted for us. The trapeze artist was made to look like the person receiving the gift. The wood was finely polished and glazed. Burned into the wood was the phrase "Hand crafted with love," with my father-in-laws initials, the year 2012, and my name. I know some of you won't get this or just don't care about stuff like this...but this is right up my alley. He had given me a living bit of history, a tangible piece of joy from his childhood. How could I not be moved to the point of tears. This simple toy that he worked on for a year, crafted specifically to look just like me, conveyed more meaning and more love than any other gift I've ever received. How do you even say "thank you" to someone for that? As I write this, I'm taking time out to play with it as I think of what next to say. All I can think of is, "What kind of 'Legacy' am I leaving? How am I going to be able to convey to the following generations those feelings of joy and love that I've experienced in my life?" I'm sure I'll think of something specific to pass on to my grandchildren when the time comes, but in the mean time I keep coming back to Freemasonry. It is a "Legacy" to be handed down from generation to generation. It conveys the joy and love of friendship and brotherhood. It is worth my time and effort every day to help contribute to that enduring legacy. So, in closing I'd like to ask you to reflect upon the legacy of our beloved Fraternity and ask yourself, "What am I doing to contribute to that Legacy?" The sad truth is that we are losing Brethren daily, and with each we feel the pain and grief of loss. But, for those special few who participated, joked with, talked to, made fun of, teased about the goat, shared stories with the younger generation of Masons, we have those loving and cherished memories. Those things that helped shape us into who we are as Masons. That, my Brethren, is a Legacy. Are you going to contribute to it. or simply observe from the sidelines?

Upcoming Davy Crockett Light Brigade Programs

**The Light Brigade is a Davy Crockett Committee charged
With the duty to present a program of Masonic Education
Or Masonic History at all Davy Crockett Stated Meetings.**

Tuesday February 5th The program at this meeting will be the start of a series entitled “Masonic Symbolism” and will be presented by Brothers Brad Kohanke and Chris Williams. Every program will talk about one or more Masonic Symbols and their origins and meanings. Brother Brad and Chris will at this program tell you about the secret Masonic Symbol unwittingly used by most people when they use e-mail or text.

Tuesday February 19th – The program for this meeting will be the second installment of the Masonic Symbolism series. Brother Brad will address some of the more common of symbols and their many meanings.

Tuesday March 5TH – Our District Deputy Grand Master RW Dennis Lafferty will make his official visit to Davy Crockett and has asked that there be no program this meeting .

Tuesday March 19th -- The program this month will be presented by PM and District Instructor Brother Keith Reynolds. He will talk about Masonic Funeral Services and will demonstrate the mechanics of the ceremony

February Birthdays

Wayne Whitworth	Ector Crisler	Bruce Krahn	Paul Bartles	George Morales
Franklin Scheib	William Martin	David Moore	David Meineke	Charlie Shaw Jr
Dennis Burrer	William Southerly	Ronald Wilson	Tom Foster	John Barlow
Wayne Duncan	Burt Reynolds	Roger Cervera	Glenn Aultman	Craig Duncan

Happy Birthday Brothers!!!

Lodge Calendar

Blue - Stated Meeting

Yellow - Practice Night

Red - Special Events

July 2012						
Su	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

August 2012						
Su	M	Tu	W	Th	F	S
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September 2012						
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October 2012						
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November 2012						
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December 2012						
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January 2013						
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February 2013						
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March 2013						
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April 2013						
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28	29	30				

May 2013						
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June 2013						
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- **** February 12th Valentines Dinner & Dance Special entertainment by Ms Sierra Cecil.
- **** February 27th Davy Crockett Lodge of Instruction. Instruction on opening and closing Lodges and receiving the DDGM.
- **** March 2nd Alamo Observance and Grand Masters Conference This Conference will be Master Masons only and will be tiled.

The Profound Pontifications

of

Brother John Deacon

A Monthly Masonic Educational Column

By

PM Chris Williams

I am almost sure that John must have a locator beacon on my phone or something. Pam and I were having a nice lunch at Mimi's Café. She had gotten a chance to get away and asked me if I wanted to have lunch with her and that was an offer I couldn't refuse. We were sitting there enjoying a steaming bowl of French Onion soup...one of their specialties and sharing a tuna sandwich and a pleasant quiet conversation when I glanced over Pam's shoulder and I saw him.....big....and I do mean big John Deacon. Without thinking I slid down in the booth and laid down on the seat and waited for him to go by. I could hear Pam asking me what the heck I was doing (it should have been obvious, I remember thinking). I waited and waited but I never saw him go by. So I turned my head slightly to peer over the table to see where he went and I was looking straight at a huge belt buckle. I knew I was had and I straightened up and said, "Hey Brother John, I didn't know you were in town. You didn't call me." "Well, my cell phone stopped working so I went by the shop," he said with raised eyebrows. "Roger told me you were having lunch so I figured I would just see you next month. As I was driving down the freeway I glanced over and saw your truck sitting in this parking lot so I came in to give you some company but I didn't know you were having lunch with a beautiful lady. What is your wife going to say?" Of course Pam was grinning at John so I said, "You aren't going to tell her are you?" That got Pam to stop grinning but she slid over and told John to sit down and much to my dismay handed him a menu. He had already been checking my soup out which caused me to move it out of his reach. Marcie, our very capable server came up and John immediately ordered one of everything on the menu. At least it sounded like it. He also hit all the good stuff which is pretty much everything they have. . He ordered the Turkey Club with the guacamole and 2 bowls of the French Onion Soup and the meatloaf....what a combination. It didn't take long for his food to come and he dug in and lapsed into total silence. Pam sat there with a puzzled look on her face and I told her that John's brain stops working when he eats so he can't communicate. She nodded like she understood (go figure) and I think I heard John mumble something about a form of.next...

communication that he couldn't convey in front of my wife. She patted him on the back and said she was going to walk over to the department store next door and do some shopping. He slid out to let her out and she gave him a hug as she walked by him and waved at me (go figure again). I just sat the waiting for him to finish and finally he looked up and said, "Have you ever thought about what the trade off is for being a Mason or what you give up by being a Mason?" "I never thought about it that way John," I replied, a little confused at where this was going. I need to think about that a minute before I answer." "Ok," he said. "While you are thinking about it let me tell you why it is a problem. Before we can talk about the trade off we have to understand that there are Brothers that cannot benefit from Masonry for a variety of reasons. Reasons like time, background, what they expect to receive from being made a Mason, their actual level of interest, preconceived ideas about what Masonry is, and others. These men must be identified in the beginning and honestly told to either wait or to not become a member. Masonry requires a lifelong commitment in time and effort and those men who find that out too late do not end up having a happy and rewarding Masonic career. I heard a Brother the other day complaining that "joining" Masonry put a lot of pressure on his time, and his wife was not happy because he was supposed to go to Lodge twice every month. He said that he just didn't have the time to come to Lodge. Well there are several things that are wrong here. This Brother as well as many other Brothers have come into Masonry unprepared and for the wrong reasons and have failed to understand what he is a part of. First, no one "joins" Masonry. One is made a Mason. One "joins" the Lion's Club or the Rotary Club but no one "joins" Masonry. When I hear a Brother say that he has "joined" Masonry, I know that that there is a better than even chance that he will likely never "be" a Freemason, at least not in the true meaning of the word. He has been made a Mason without being properly educated or prepared. At some point he will realize all of this and will either drop out of Masonry altogether or will leave the Blue Lodge to work in one of the appendent organizations. This is bad for the Lodge, bad for the new Brother, and ultimately bad for Masonry. These organizations should not be used as a substitute for Masonry. The second thing that is at issue here is that we allow men to be made Masons who we know from the beginning cannot and in many cases have no intention of fulfilling their obligation to the Lodge past learning the memory work.....next page

Men who come into the Fraternity only to gain membership into the Shrine, Scottish Rite, or York Rite should not be allowed into the Fraternity. Uh oh, did I say that? Yes I did. Using the degrees of Freemasonry as a stepping stone only to belong to another organization goes against everything that Freemasonry stands for and there is no logical argument to the contrary that can prevail. To argue that it is acceptable to allow a man to do this suggests a total lack of understanding of what Masonry is. These other organizations have their stated purpose and I am a member of most of them but they do not and should not take the place of mine or any Brother Mason's obligations to Masonry and to his Lodge to follow that path of knowledge and enlightenment that Masonry requires. Our obligations are not just words spoken out of the necessity of the moment. They are promises we make to ourselves and to God. It is no secret that quality is much more desirable than quantity. So the debate sets up as: Do we sit back and tell no one anything about the Fraternity and admit only those who take the time to research our organization and decide that they want what Freemasonry offers or.... do we identify good men who might be searching for what we offer without any knowledge of our Fraternity and give them the information necessary that they can make an informed decision whether they would benefit from Masonic membership?" "That's a hard one John," I said as I realized he had stopped and was waiting for an answer. "I guess there is something to be said for both." "No Brother Chris" he shot back. "The answer IS both by using education, communication, and education." "Brother John, you said education twice, you know." The withering stare I got made my spine tingle. "I said education twice for a reason," he growled, obviously aggravated that I disrupted his flow. When he got his composure back he smiled and said, "My dear pain- in- the- rear Brother Chris, education is and always has been the key and the lack of it is the main source of almost every problem we have in Masonry. A man who is asking or who has been identified as a prospective member should be well informed about what Masonry is and what it isn't. Maybe a pre-investigative interview should be done with learned members of the Fraternity to outline what the candidate and new Brother should expect from his membership in Masonry. If that were done, many a prospective candidate might find out that Masonry is not what he is looking for and will save much time, effort, and money spent on a man who will not benefit from Masonic membership. The truth is.... next panel

that men who ask about membership in our Order are told all kinds of different things about Freemasonry... some of which borders on fiction and even though the Brother may have good intentions, his lack of adequate knowledge about the Fraternity or his zeal in adding to membership at any cost is a detriment to our organization." "Brother John, it almost sounds like you are trying to lower membership instead of growing it. We have been declining for years you know." "Actually I am trying to grow membership....but the right membership....Brothers that will be good, productive, and long term members of the Craft. Our membership issue will not be solved by letting just anyone and everyone into the Fraternity. The majority of those who come into Masonry that don't belong usually leave within a short timeafter they realize that it isn't what they expected. However those who don't leave of their own free will do damage to our organization. Being more selective would actually increase interest and ultimately membership and even attendance. Exclusivity is always a draw. And you know there is one large group of men that the Fraternity should have had as members but did not get. A very large percentage of the male family members of our previous two generations who refused to tell anyone anything about the Fraternity unless they asked directly." "You are so right Brother John," I interjected before I realized that doing so might be painful. As he glared at me I continued. "One of my Brothers from here in town told me that he always knew his father was a Mason but he never told him or his Brother or anyone that he knew of about Masonry. He just always thought that if his father thought he should be a Mason that he would have told him. It wasn't until my Brother Robert was in his forties that he, by chance, had a conversation with a man who was a Mason who told him why his Father had never said anything to him. When Robert told me this story I could hear the sadness in his voice that he never had a chance to sit in Lodge with his Father or to share the beauties of the Fraternity with each other." John's look had softened somewhat as I told the story and by the time I finished he was nodding in agreement and said, "Yes, because our own stubbornness and in some cases ignorance Masonry lost out on a large number of men who were raised and influenced by good men....good Masons, all of whom would have been a great benefit to Masonry. The point I am trying to make is that thego to page 8

Masonic "Did You Know"

Thanks to:

W. Bro. Dwight D. Seals

Charles Webb was born approximately 1848. He was killed in 1874 at the age of 25 in Comanche, Texas by John Wesley Hardin, a notorious outlaw wanted for murder, robbery, and cattle rustling. Charles Webb was a Brown County Texas Deputy Sheriff and former Texas Ranger.

On May 26, 1874 John W. Hardin killed Charlie Webb. Ironically, for possibly the only time John Wesley Hardin ever acted in true self defense, Webb allegedly reached for his gun as Hardin turned toward the bar of a saloon in Comanche, Texas. Someone yelled a warning, Hardin turned and instinctively fired as he did so. Webb got a shot off that hit Hardin in the side, Hardin's shot however went clean through Webb's left cheek. Hardin's acquaintances then pumped further bullets into Webb as he was falling. Hardin had trained himself to always go for the headshot if he could, as this always resulted in a guaranteed kill. Hardin was known to have killed many of his victims with a shot right between the eyes. It was said that Hardin was the fastest and most accurate gunfighter in the old west.

It was a band of Texas Rangers led by a Captain John Armstrong that finally caught up with Hardin on 23rd July 1877. The Texas Rangers cornered him in the smoking compartment of a train stopped at Pensacola, Florida. He was rushed by the Rangers from all sides who soon had him pinned to the ground and Hardin was arrested without firing a shot. He was sentenced in a courtroom in Austin County, Texas to a twenty five year stretch in the state penitentiary in Huntsville, Texas for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Charles Webb. This time he didn't escape, as was guarded too well. Although he was sentenced to 25 years, he was pardoned by the Texas Governor after serving only 16 years, despite having murdered a reported 48 people. Following his release he became a lawyer, but was later shot and killed by a constable.

Brother Charles Webb was a member of Brownwood Lodge #279, Brownwood, Texas according to Bro. Joseph Bennett's book, Sixguns and Masons.

Fishermen Killed

Many years ago, a fisherman's wife blessed her husband with twin sons. They loved the children very much, but couldn't think of what to name their children. Finally, after several days, the fisherman said, "Let's not decide on names right now. If we wait a little while, the names will simply occur to us."

After several weeks had passed, the fisherman and his wife noticed a peculiar fact. When left alone, one of the boys would also turn towards the sea, while the other boy would face inland. It didn't matter which way the parents positioned the children, the same child always faced the same direction. "Let's call the boys Towards and Away," suggested the fisherman. His wife agreed, and from that point on, the boys were simply known as Towards and Away.

The years passed and the lads grew tall and strong. The day came when the aging fisherman said to his sons, "Boys, it is time that learned how to make a living from the sea." They provisioned their ship, said their goodbyes, and set sail for a three month voyage.

The three months passed quickly for the fisherman's wife, yet the ship had not returned. Another three months passed, and still no ship. Three whole years passed before the grieving woman saw a lone man walking towards her house. She recognized him as her husband. "My goodness! What has happened to my darling boys?" she cried. The ragged fisherman began to tell his story: "We were just barely one whole day out to see when Towards hooked into a great fish. Towards fought long and hard, but the fish was more than his equal. For a whole week they wrestled upon the waves without either of them letting up. Yet eventually the great fish started to win the battle, and Towards was pulled over the side of our ship. He was swallowed whole, and we never saw either of them again."

"Oh dear, that must have been terrible! What a huge fish that must of been!"

"Yes, it was, but you should have seen the one that got Away...."

J D continued.... Brothers who complain that they have no time for Masonry or to go to Lodge in many cases came into the Fraternity either for the wrong reasons or without the knowledge they needed to make a proper decision. I need to stress here that Masonry is not and I repeat is not a social club. Those looking for a men's social supper club to once or twice a month have dinners, share a few stories and go home can join any number of organizations to achieve that end but Masonry requires certain things from its members and those who won't or can't follow its path become a contradiction to themselves and the Craft. These men are good men and will continue to live a moral life all their days but these are not the "good" men that Masonry is there for. Masonry is for those good men who are looking for something more. Where did I come from....what is my purpose here....where am I going....These are questions that men ask, and Masonry is there to provide those answers. I am not saying that a man should not be a Mason if he is not going to be a student of the deeper philosophical and spiritual teachings and practices of the Craft. A man who is made a Mason and who labors his whole lifetime in the quarries of the ritual and instructing new Masons on the required work and lives his obligations is to me as just an upright Mason as any. I am saying that just because a man may want to be a Mason or a Mason may have a buddy or family member that he wants to offer the mysteries and beauties of a Masonic life to, it just doesn't mean that he CAN be a Mason or that Masonry will be a good fit for him. Now before the Brothers take me out behind the woodshed and try to persuade me that my thinking is wrong on this let me say that I am not suggesting that we bar any man who is legally and financially able to petition a Lodge from being initiated into the Craft, because the Great Architect knows that no Brother can see what is in another man's heart and mind and how he will conform or receive the lessons of Masonry. I am suggesting that every man who desires to petition a Masonic Lodge should be completely informed of the requirements and expectations of his membership as well as given pertinent information about Masonry to make a good decision. So what is the trade off Brother Chris? What did you give up to be a Mason?" "Wow, John," I replied. That is a hard question to answer. I don't think I gave up so much as I made adjustments. As I realized over time the importance of what I was learning and what I was doing, some unproductive and unnecessary things in my life next panel.

got put aside in favor of things that were more important..... to me. I guess Masonry kinda grew on me over the years as I realized slowly and surely how fortunate I was to have been given this opportunity. After hearing what you just said John I remember back when I asked to be made a Mason and was granted that request. I didn't really know what it was all about but I did know the man and a few others who were Masons and going to Lodge to have a meal with all of them showed me the closeness that was there between them. And I could see and feel that there was something more there....something that I couldn't quite explain and of course I now know what it was. And about what you said earlier that not every man even though legally qualified should be a Mason....that our Fraternity is not a good fit for every good man..... I guess it's no secret that I hope beyond all hope that someday before I go to meet the Great Architect of the Universe that I get the opportunity to sit in Lodge next to my Son. I now realize sadly that that day may never come and that Masonry may never be a part of his life." I had been staring ahead as I talked and now looked at John to see an amused smile on his face, "Well well well," he said slowly. "Looks like ol' Big John Deacon ain't the only one who can pontificate and say something important." "Sorry John," I replied. "I just got carried away." "Well it's about time my Brother and you are right about the Craft becoming "the way you live your life". In the end everything you do and say is filtered through that Masonic filter. And most people, except maybe the ones closest to you, don't even realize it. And I sympathize with you about your son but Masonry is in fact not for everyone." I guess that it might have looked a little comical right then, two Brothers sitting there looking at each other just nodding without speaking. Marcie quietly slid the ticket onto the table about halfway between John and I and I watched in amazement as John took it. "Don't get yourself all excited there Brother Chris," he smiled. Like I said to you many times, good Masonic education is expensive and you gave some up today." "Thanks John," I said trying to not grin like goofball. "That's awful nice of you." "Well don't get to used to it," he said as he dropped some cash on the table. "Don't forget who the teacher is and who the teachee is." Before I could ask what the heck was a teachee, he was up and headed out the door. I caught up with him as he climbed in Ol' Blackie and shook his hand and thanked him for lunch. As he disappeared in a cloud of diesel smoke I heard him say, "You're turn next month." Oh well back to reality.

I got this from a Masonic website I was checking out a couple of weeks ago. It is something to think about....
Chris

Hello my Brothers,
I was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason 45 years ago today. I have spent more than 2/3 of my life trying to understand the essence of Freemasonry. At first I was overwhelmed by the mystery of it all. Then I felt that the ritual was what separated us from every other fraternal organization and that was why it has lasted so long. I then went through a phase when I thought that our charities were what held us together. I then came to the conclusion that the Craft's success comes from the fact that it has room for every man with integrity. My opinion changed and changed.

I sought further input from the York and Scottish Rites as well as the Shrine. I became more confused than ever. I studied our history as well as our philosophies. I explored our place in society's network and wondered what we, as a fraternity, want to achieve and how we could achieve it. Along my journey I have been privileged to meet many Brothers who were in the same pursuit. They too were seeking the essence of the Craft. They too had changed their opinions throughout the years. I have now come to perhaps my final conclusions and I feel that I have served my love for the fraternity long enough to be able to state my opinion. Here are my conclusions.....

The real reason for us to prosper is brotherhood. The glue that binds us together consists of two things. The first is the fact that we investigate each applicant as to integrity with no other judgments. The second is our obligations in the 3rd degree and with those obligations of the five points that obligate us to each other. These allow us to instantly trust each other and bring us together. I believe that this trust makes us better men if only through the concept of "group think".

I'm convinced that our ritual, our charities, our histories, and our philosophies help us bind ourselves together, but they fall short of being the true answer. What really matters is that we meet with other Brothers who we can truly trust because of every Brother's promises.

True Masonry is at the individual blue lodge level. Here is where Masonic trust is not only enjoyed, but also practiced. This I believe.....n

Not One Person

Not one person ever joined Masonry because George Washington was a Mason.

Not one person ever joined Masonry because John Diefenbaker was a Mason.

Not one person ever joined because of any of our great Masonic heroes.

Joining doesn't make you any of those people.

Not one person ever joined in order to give a million dollars a day to charity, or homes, or crippled children. You don't have to be a member to give money.

Not one person ever joined because our ritual is outstanding, or our minutes are accurate, or a hundred other things we worry about

They don't know about our ritual.

They joined because someone they knew and admired was a Mason

It could have been a father, a friend, a man down the street, or someone a thousand miles away. Who, it didn't matter.

They admired him and wanted to do the things he did, and they did it by the millions.

Want to help our growth?

Be the kind of man someone admires.

Someone will notice.

Author: Dan Weatherington

From: Publisher: CINOSAM Emagazine 6003

My boss texted me, "Send me one of your funny jokes."

I replied, "I'm working at the moment, I will send you one later."

He replied, "That was fantastic! Send me another one."

Visit A Man's Point Of View at www.facebook.com/WomenAndDating

“The Sunday Masonic Paper”

Thanks to W Bro

Wayne Anderson, FCF, MPS

DINNER FOR ONE HUNDRED PLEASE, JANE **By a Past Mistress**

Madam will not be dining! she will be doing the catering

Sooner or later any woman whose husband has joined his local Lodge or chapter will be confronted with the daunting task of mass catering for an installation dinner. Men are delightfully vague about this. “By the Way,” he will say one evening when you are in the kitchen making the family’s favorite dinner of spaghetti, helped along by various proprietary brand sauces (it is the aroma that reminds *him*). “Remember, I am going into the Chair next month. You’d better have a committee meeting with the wives.”

Translated this means: organize a four course meal for about 100 people, call on my Lodge members’ wives to help you, no I don’t have precise numbers, no I don’t know where the money is coming from, didn’t you do any fund-raising for it, is there really only one small stove in the temple kitchen? Of course, if one has been a conscientious Lodge wife from the start, such an instruction holds no terror. It has taken one’s spouse at least five years to get to this exalted position and by now one should be experienced. The good Lodge wife has, by dint of humbly assisting at such shoe-string extravaganzas, accumulated a network of loyal past mistresses at whose master’s installations she has given her all. It should be quite simple. All one has to do is get bold of the last incumbent’s work-plan and go from there.

For me, somehow, this didn’t work. The last installed master had fled to England six months previously, pushed by a combination of the ANC’s brisk version of democratic demonstration and his own company’s objection to his penchant for uttering unpalatable truths.

The master before him had dropped from dead from overwork, so I had to start from scratch. Armed with a list of Lodge wives, I telephoned to announce a meeting.

“It’s a bit different this time,” I told them. “Bring a bottle of wine and a plate of snacks.”

Twenty people turned up. There are usually seven or eight. The meeting started in the usual way: operations were discussed, recipes exchanged scandal given an airing. It really is no use trying to call a meeting to order before these preliminaries have been satisfied: they will break through in the middle if not allowed free rein at the start.

After the second glass of wine is poured and the chips and dips replenished, one may get down to business. It is a good idea to hand out small notepads and Bic pens before discussion begins. These are cheap at the price because if the committee members don’t write down what they commit themselves to do, you have phone to tell them the next day: the wine has some drawbacks.

These ‘committee’ meetings are not run on the recognized lines of meeting. The chairman, for example, is in a supplicant position: she wants the women there to tell her what they are going to do for “her” dinner. Some are natural leaders, of course, but I am not, so I say, banging on the table with an empty wine bottle, Ladies – what are we going to have for dinner?”

At this point it is important to have before one a large notebook in order to take down suggestions which theoretically will come thick and fast. Usually they come thick like “Let’s order Chinese takeaway for them and we’ll all go to the Keg and Whistle” or “Let’s do a full medieval thing with the whole baby hake and whole baby chickens for starters and a haunch of beef for the main course with a naked Irish Mason’s wife jumping out of an ice-cream cake for dessert”

After the third glass of wine and an Irish coffee, occasioned by the aforementioned dessert, we settle down to serious business. It always ends up the same: either we have cold meat and salads or a hot roast and vegetables. The starter is always pate or grapefruit cocktail and pudding is always trifle or fridge

cake. There is usually a cheese board and biscuits. Unless one starts with soup. It is quite easy after that. One simply asks for volunteers to do whatever has to be done. For the cold meal, detail two for the pate, six for the cold meat, five for the salads, four for the pudding, two for the cheese and biscuits. They all write it down and bring it on the night. We have found it is best to bring the food prepared, but whole: the meat can be sliced in the kitchen, the salad ingredients prepared there, the cheese cut up and arranged on platters and the desserts dished out.

The hot meal presents different challenges. One of the worst nightmares of an amateur mass caterer is the kitchen facilities provided. I have worked in several Lodge temple kitchens and the main feature of them all is their total inadequacy. There is usually a stove with an oven of dubious efficiency and old-fashioned fridge and (mercifully) a double sink. Rarely are there enough power points to accommodate the hot trays, food processors, electric carving knives or microwave ovens anyone may bring along. It is possible to hire a bain marie, although this involves transporting it from the hire shop and back. It is, however, essential for a hot meal. Since my husband's Lodges usually have their installations in the winter, the hot meal is the one most generally used. Given a little organization, it is not that difficult. Roast lamb is the most popular choice, since it does not have to appease the rare or well-done tastes of beef eaters and does not offend the religious or health preferences of non-pork eaters. For 100 people we usually buy 10 large (3kg) legs and detail members to roast them at home to just under the usual cooking time. Gravy is made from the juices and put into thermos flasks. We used to try to make the gravy in the Lodge kitchen, but discovered that making gravy in large quantities is not successful. It is simpler to combine the contents of the flasks in one large pot and reheat it when required. Vegetables are simple: baby new potatoes are cooked in their skins and tossed in butter, parsley and garlic, right in the pot, where they keep warm until serving time. Baby carrots and peas can be microwaved in their bags at home, brought while still hot and plopped into the bain marie. It is usually best to have a prepared ahead pudding, such as trifle or fridge cake which can be dished up and put on trolleys for wheeling out after the main course. However, my husband insisted on crepes suzette, which was not as easy, but a great success. Made in advance at home, they had only to be reheated in electric frying pans and served at the last minute. We had a bottle of cognac to flame them, but the ladies flattened that before the pudding was served. The most difficult part of a dinner like this is not the preliminary meeting, the cooking or the preparation. The crunch comes in the serving. The catering team generally arrives at the same time as the men go into the temple: say about 6.30 pm. They are due to emerge at 9.30. The cooking, table-setting etc is therefore quite leisurely. Of course until 7 pm, one still doesn't know exactly how many people will be sitting down to dinner, since the 'Brethren' never say in advance whether they will be attending or not. We generally set places for 120. After everyone who is coming is in the temple, the Tyler lets us know the numbers. Then we start adding or subtracting place settings. When the men eventually emerge, the panic begins. Somehow we have to serve 100 plates of hot food in 10 minutes. We have become quite adept at a sort of chain and bucket method, co-opting the Lodge stewards to run the trolleys up and down. There is some grief in seeing a lot of uneaten food come back: this seems to be almost simultaneous with it going out. The more experienced Lodge wives bring doggy bags for their hungry hounds. What always amazes the women is the speed of this eating compared to the time spent preparing it. But the best and worst is yet to come. My husband belongs to several Lodges *and* Chapters and it is quite interesting to observe how the men treat their women. In one, the ladies in the kitchen are invited (after dessert) to join their men folk, have a drink and mingle a little. In another, the ladies are formally invited inside, requested to parade around the hall and sit down at a table. At this point a speech of fulsome proportions is made, thanking the wives for a marvelous meal. I really enjoyed that. I looked around for a steward to order a much needed scotch and soda, but the next minute the bagpipes were playing. We were all rising, marching round the hall again, right back into the kitchen to wash the dishes. Viva Freemasonry!!

Brethren and Friends,

From time to time I have included articles from a very good (and an award winning) e-magazine called the Small Town Texas Masons e-Magazine which has an abundance of good information in it. The Editor of this Newsletter is Brother Corky Daut and I have had the pleasure of communicating back and forth over the past few years with him asking if I can use something from his magazine. Brother Corky writes an article in his publication called "Surviving the Big Ones" which is a very interesting walk through life through the eyes of one who is a member of what is called "the greatest generation". Whether you are young or old I think you will enjoy his writings. Here is one:

I am 60 years old and I did not know most of these details presented here. If you are younger than I am you will find this pretty interesting and if you are olderwell it's a walk down memory lane and not necessarily a good one.Chris

The Old Folks Section

Surviving The Big Ones

By John "Corky" Daut

The big ones for me were that 16 year period between the Great Depression and World War II. Being born in 1928, I grew up during the hard times between the stock market crash of 1929 and the end of World War II in 1945. Water often provided enjoyment for the boys in Montgomery, Texas. The small stock tank on some of Mr. T. J. Peel's land by the cotton gin was a young boy's fishing dream when Tootsie and I first started fishing in it. It hadn't been fished in for years. The Peels were one of the more commanding families in Montgomery and I think most of the boys were to scared of T. J. to climb the fence. My grandfather had built T. J's new home up by the high school and when grandpa did repair jobs for Mrs. Betty Peel up at the big house, she always gave me something to drink or a sweet. I didn't know enough to be scared, so I just walked up to Mr. T.J. on the street and said, "Mr. T.J., Tootsie Saunders and I want to fish in your stock tank." He just grinned and said "OK, go ahead." Tootsie and I would dig worms until we were tired, then grab the poles and walk down past the depot and cotton gins (there were 2 gins, across the road from each other) to the stock tank. It's not a fish story to say the bluegills would actually fight for the worm as soon as they touched the water for the first couple of weeks. It had been many years since anyone had fished there. We soon learned that we could do just as good by catching a grasshopper and sticking it on the hook instead of digging. Once, I was too lazy to catch grasshoppers and peeled a wild grape to use as bait. It didn't work as good, but it worked. Swimming in Town Creek was strictly a boy thing. Come to think of it, I don't remember us ever inviting the girls along. I guess we just assumed they would have frowned at swimming with us in the nude. Some of us boys, Leon Hill, "Red" Akins, Charley Harrison and Phil Ottis Berkley and I would walk down to Town Creek and then back into the woods a ways to the swimming hole. We would start stripping before we got there and be stark naked when we arrived at the water's edge. Of course grandma was scared to death of water, so even though I learned to swim in the pool at Stonewall Jackson Junior High in Houston, I had to fib slightly about where I were going. Then I had to wait for my hair to dry before I could go back to the house. Grandma was a whole lot smarter than me though, and she got Mrs. Berkley to keep one eye on the road in front of her house and call grandma when she saw us go by toward the creek. That ended the swimming in the creek. Later I also discovered that Mr. Berkley who owned the pasture had caught us swimming through a small whirlpool in the swimming hole one day after a big rain and he ran us out and tattled big time. Now dad was an avid fisherman as a boy growing up in Montgomery and went fishing at every opportunity. When he was a boy, he fished in Town Creek and Little Lake Creek. He saved his money for months and bought a Dijac Minnow fishing lure with 6

hooks to catch some of the big bass in the creeks. The disadvantages of using such a lure however, was that every time it got hung up under water, he would have to strip off his clothes and swim down to where the lure was hung and unhook it. He couldn't afford to replace it if it ever broke off. During the 1930's after getting married and moving to Houston, he loved to go to Eagle Point at San Leon on Galveston Bay. He and the other anglers who loved fishing enough, would gather at the Eagle Point Bait Camp just before daylight and each one would rent one of the old water soaked wooden row boats. When it got light enough, the bait camp operator would tie all of the rented boats together, end to end like a train with his shrimp boat at the front as the engine. He would then tow all the rented boats out to the Redfish Reef area around daylight and drop them off. Each man then rowed his boat to his choice of spots in the area to fish for the day. The operator would come back in the afternoon with the shrimp boat and tow them back to the Eagle Point Bait Camp. If anyone wanted to quit fishing and come in earlier, he had to row the mile or so back to the camp, on his own. Toward the end of the nineteen thirties dad was able to buy a second hand 1 1/2 horsepower Water Witch outboard motor. After that he was a free soul who could rent a boat and fish anywhere he wanted and anytime he wanted. At least he could if he wasn't in a hurry to get there. Oh yes, you never heard of the Water Witch outboard? It was sold by Sears and Roebuck. I think one of the major events in dad's life occurred in either late 1945 or early 1946. He had made friends with the fishing department manager at Oshmans Sporting Goods store downtown and was able to buy the first five horsepower Johnson outboard that was sold in Houston after the end of World War II. Then he could buzz all over Galveston Bay. By the way, I still have that 67 year old Johnson outboard and it still ran well the last time I started it a couple of years ago.

FREEMASON

Facebook.com/FraternalTies



What my friends think I do



What my mom thinks I do



What society thinks I do



What conspiracy nuts think I do



What I think I do



What I really do

Tuesday Night February 12, 2013

Davy Crockett Family Night

**Valentine's
Dinner & Dance**

**A Romantic dinner will be served at 6:30
Followed by a special appearance by**

Sierra Cecil

2012 Lamar Medal Recipient

**Sierra will be performing some of your favorite tunes
If you haven't heard Sierra sing you are in for a special treat**

Dancing is Encouraged

This is a couples evening only, come and relax and enjoy the evening

**RSVP to Chris Williams so we can prepare enough food
c-williams@sbcglobal.net or 210-872-3291**