



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 4, Issue 8

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

March 2012

****From The East****

By Patrick Giles Worshipful Master

Looking Forward:

Brethren, we have had a busy past couple of months and the upcoming months show no signs of letting up. First, I'd like give special thanks to Bro. Olaf Emblem for his hard work running the Crock Pot Cook-Off and for taking the lead on organizing our Pancake Breakfast and Brisket sale coming up in May, and to Bro. Doug Montgomery for his hard work. Congratulations to our members on receiving their 25 year service awards. Brother Steve Parks and Brother Frank Toback were presented their 25 year Service Lapel Pins and Certificates signifying their service to Masonry. Our District Instructor Brother Keith Reynolds who was Brother Toback's instructor gave remarks about his zeal for learning the work as a new Mason and also talked about the connections he and Terri had with Brother Parks and his family. March starts off with the Alamo Observance and Grand Master's Conference followed by our usual stated meetings and probably a degree or two thrown in for good measure, culminating in the Lamar Award on the 27th. We have our Past Master's dinner / Knife & Fork degree on April 10th and our second "Bring A Friend" night on the 24. If you missed our first one in January this is your opportunity to bring a friend and have their questions about our organization answered and maybe, as I did, learn something you didn't know. I'm pretty sure this one will be even better than the first as our presenters, who did a fantastic job the first round, now have a better idea of what they want to put forth. Don't forget we host the District 39 Lodge of Instruction the 4th Wednesday of the month and trains on ritualistic opening and closing of all 4 lodges, balloting and lodge protocol. One last note, if you have had a change of address, phone number change, email or anything like that please contact the secretary to update our records.

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

Stated Meetings— 1st & 3rd Tuesdays, Meal at 6:30;

Open Lodge at 7:30 for Business Meeting Masonic

Philosophy and History during meeting.

Ritual Practice and Instruction 2nd&4th Tuesdays.

Lodge of Instruction 4th Wed. 6:30 to 8PM

Upon the Secretary's Desk!

By Chris Williams

Greetings Brothers, I want to report on a great Masters, Wardens, & Secretaries meeting last month. The speaker for the evening was PGM Rt Wor T.E. Gene Carnes who gave a very interesting talk on his travels from the Grand South to his year as Grand Master. The ups and downs of his four year trek was enjoyed by all. There are still a few Brothers who have not paid their dues yet for this year. Remember, they have to be paid before June 23rd to avoid suspension. I also want to remind everyone to attend the Grand Masters Conference at 2PM on March 3rd at the Shrine Center on Loop 1604. If you can, try to come to the Alamo at 8:30 that morning for the Annual Alamo Commemoration and then to the Shrine Center at noon for DeMolay Brunch. I would also like to thank PM Brother Burt Reynolds for helping me out with Secretary's duties while I am fulfilling my Grand Lodge duties this year. He is doing a great job and I am afraid that I might find myself replaced when I come back. *** I am making a plea to anyone who might know the whereabouts of the video screen that has disappeared from the Lodge. Please contact myself or The Worshipful Master if you know where it is. A note to all Brethren: Davy Crockett Lodge will hold a "Bring a Friend to Lodge " night on April 24th. We held one in January and it was a very good success. Check the flyer at the end of this newsletter for all the details. Have a great month.

This Month's Humor

Grandma and Grandpa were visiting their kids overnight. When Grandpa found a bottle of Viagra in his son's medicine cabinet, he asked about using one of the pills.. The son said, "I don't think you should take one Dad; they're very strong and very expensive." "How much?" asked Grandpa. "\$10. a pill," answered the son. "I don't care," said Grandpa, "I'd still like to try one, and before we leave in the morning, I'll put the money under the pillow." Later the next morning, the son found \$110 under the pillow. He called Grandpa and said, "I told you each pill was \$10, not \$110. " "I know," said Grandpa. "The hundred is from Grandma. "

March Birthdays

Bobby Brennen	Percy Giese	Robert Estes	Greg Wetherill	Jesse Summerlin	Jerry Day	Chris Williams	Ricky Skeen
Billie Brewer	Charles Moss	Randy Gray	Lee Powell	Tom Cusick	John Wood	Henry Bartoli	Mark Barrett
Olaf Emblem	Darrell Wilson	Ron Boucher	Warren Ledbetter	Don Inselmann	Frank Drane	Steve Warner	Joe Ramon
Edward Gray	Mike Barnes	John Lorch	James Garrett	Steve Parks	Frank Toback	John Wykoff	Jim Smith
Steve Roundtree							

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BROTHERS

Light Reflected

A monthly “opinion” by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

Last month I wrote about an expanded definition of “charity.” I referenced Proverbs 3:27, which says:

“Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.”

The point I was trying to make was that as Masons, it isn’t enough for us to just meet the minimum standards with regard to charity...or anything else for that matter. We are to be the role models for the community; the men people look to as examples of integrity and high moral character; men to emulate. I ended my article with the admonition, “Be the Light.” I truly believe that our conduct is reflected in those around us. This month I’d like to relay a story that not only supports this notion, but also provides another reason for the title of my monthly article – “Light Reflected.”

A while back I took a job with a construction company. As their new Human Resources Director, one of the first people I met was their Safety Director. As it turns out, she started with the Company at the age of only 19 as an Administrative Assistant. As the years progressed, she was given additional responsibilities and I found her to be one of the most diligent and self-motivated people with whom I’ve ever worked.

Now, at age 26 she is the Safety Director for this Company. She achieved her Bachelor’s degree while working there as well as learning the various duties and responsibilities of each new role she took on. What confused me was that she was grossly underpaid and even more under-appreciated. You know how it goes, when you start somewhere as a kid...you’re always viewed as “the kid.” Anyway, the more I worked with her, the better I got to know her and her husband. I decided to offer to mentor her. I’ve done this a few times in the past and it kinda goes along with my philosophy of helping when given the opportunity.

We met on a regular basis to go over various issues that come up and different ways of dealing with them. I introduced her to four local female executives so she could network with them and pick their brains on how they had become successful. I even had her take a battery of employment development tests to help determine what areas she could improve upon. Armed with that information, she bought several books focusing on these topics. Eventually, she decided to go back to Graduate school and pursue a Master’s Degree in Human Resources at Penn State and was accepted. Then came to coupe de gras...she applied for and was selected as the Director of Environmental Health & Safety at another company with a much higher pay rate, closer to her home, in an environment where she is appreciated.

So that’s it, right? Mission accomplished.

Not by a long shot! A few weeks ago I got a call from this young lady. She and her husband had been out celebrating her new found success and were dancing the night away at a small venue in Lavernia. The singer that night was only 14 years old but was exceptional. When my friend made mention to her husband that this little girl was really going places, her husband got a pained look on his face and said sheepishly, “I don’t think she’s very marketable.” After looking at her more closely, my friend realized that this young lady only had one arm and one leg.

Well...that wasn’t going to stop her from trying to help. She inquired about the young singer and learned that she had recorded a few CD’s and was performing while attending school in order to earn enough money to go to college and pursue a career in music. She’s had a rough life and is currently being raised by her Grandparents...but she has faith and the drive to succeed. So...after coordinating some events and working to try and get this young singer’s name out there, she called me to see if there was anything else that could be done to help.

And you know what? It turns out there is. You see, after reviewing her biography and discussing her with several Brothers from Lodge...it turns out that this young lady has performed for Masons on several occasions, including one very memorable performance at the Shrine. Gentlemen, this young lady is going to be our Lamar Medal recipient this year and will be performing for us on March 27th. She is unaware that she is also the honoree of the evening and I ask that each of you keep this “on the square” so as not to ruin the surprise. She will be even more shocked when she receives the \$500 scholarship certificate that comes with the award.

So...you see? It all comes full-circle. Be the Light and somehow, some way, it gets reflected back to you. In this case, I helped one person who in turn helped another...and the Light is reflected. Isn’t it wonderful to actually see the Great Architect of the Universe in action?

Upcoming Davy Crockett Light Brigade Programs

A little over a year ago at a meeting of the Line Officers, it was suggested that we expand the idea of a Masonic Education Committee and actually form a group that would be willing to prepare and present informative programs at each stated meeting of the Lodge. In addition, the programs would be planned enough in advance to allow for the Newsletter to list upcoming programs for the month. The hope was to generate interest, increase attendance, and provide a break from the “business as usual” routine. The Worshipful Master asked Brad Kohanke to take responsibility for organizing and chairing this committee. He then formed the committee and named it the “Davy Crockett Light Brigade” and it has exceeded all our expectations with its success. This page in the Newsletter will be your program guide to upcoming Light Brigade programs. I hope you will make plans to visit Davy Crockett and hear one of our programs.

Tuesday March 6th – The Program for this meeting will be “The Power of Three” and why is 3 such a prominent number throughout history in both religion and secular society? An exploration of the commonalities of the number 3. "Have you ever wondered how far the 'Power of the Number 3' goes across time, cultures and religions? Here is an exploration of how impactful this number has been throughout history and why it has played such an important role across the centuries. We'll talk Freemasonry, ancient cultures, many religions and more in this closer look at the number 3."

Presented by our Senior Warden Brother Wes O'Neill

Tuesday March 20th – Past Master and District Instructor at Large Brother Dan Mason will do a short talk entitled “Saving Davy Crockett Lodge”. He will be imparting pearls of wisdom from his over fifty years as a Mason.

Tuesday April 3rd – Past Master and our current District Deputy Grand Master Brother Chris Williams will present a program called “Observations”. He will talk about the differences as well as the similarities between different Lodges he has had the pleasure of visiting over the last two years. Most Masons don't take the opportunity to visit other Lodges and to see how others administer their Lodges. You will find this program very interesting. No Lodge names or numbers just the good, the bad, and a little of the ugly.

Tuesday April 17th – This program will focus on the need to reach out to the Widows of Master Masons. I will talk about how badly our help is needed and the many ways we can assist. I will also talk about ways we as a Lodge can begin to raise the funds that will be needed to help these ladies. Presented by Brother Olaf Emblem.

Masonic Did You Know?

By W. Bro. Dwight Seals

Timothy Hutton's career began with parts in several television movies, most notably the 1979 ABC TV film *Friendly Fire*. That year, he also played the son of Donna Reed in the Ross Hunter NBC television film, *The Best Place To Be*. He then made two CBS made-for TV films in 1980: *Young Love*, *First Love* with Valerie Bertinelli and *Father Figure* with Hal Linden. For his first feature film performance, as Conrad Jarrett in *Ordinary People* in 1980, Hutton won both the Academy Award and the Golden Globe Award for Best Supporting Actor. His performance also earned him the Golden Globe Award for New Star of the Year in a motion picture - Male. Immediately following his great success, he starred in the acclaimed 1981 ABC television film, *A Long Way Home* co-starring Brenda Vaccaro. However, Hutton soon fell victim to the "Oscar Jinx." His next feature film, *Taps* (with George C. Scott, Sean Penn, and Tom Cruise), while popular with audiences, received mixed reviews from critics. During the next several years, his motion pictures, such as *Iceman*, *Daniel*, *Turk 182*, *Made In Heaven* and *Q & A*, all flopped at the box office. His only substantial hit was 1985's *The Falcon and the Snowman* which teamed him again with Sean Penn. During the late 1980s and into the 1990s, Hutton began to take featured parts in films, most notably in *Everybody's All-American* with Jessica Lange and Dennis Quaid and *French Kiss* with Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline. In 1989, he made his Broadway stage debut opposite his *Ordinary People* co-star Elizabeth McGovern in the A.R. Gurney play *Love Letters*. He followed this with another Broadway role in the Craig Lucas hit comedy, *Prelude to a Kiss*, which also starred Mary-Louise Parker and Barnard Hughes. Moving on to television, he starred as Nero Wolfe's assistant and leg-man Archie Goodwin in the A&E television series *A Nero Wolfe Mystery* (2001–2002); he also served as an executive producer, and also directed several episodes of the series. His other directing credits include the family film *Digging to China* (1998). In 2001 Hutton starred in the television miniseries *WW3*, and in 2006 he had a lead role in the NBC series *Kidnapped*, playing Conrad Cain, the wealthy father of a kidnapped teenager. He appeared in 15 feature films from 2006 to 2008. Hutton is currently starring in the television series *Leverage*, where he plays former insurance investigator Nate Ford who leads a group of thieves who act as modern-day Robin Hoods. Hutton is one of the owners of the New York City restaurant and bar P.J. Clarke's. In 2003 he became president of the prestigious Players, a New York actors' club, but he resigned in June 2008 due to work keeping him in Los Angeles. He has also made a few forays into directing, the most famous of which includes the music video for The Cars hit single "Drive" in 1984. In 2010, he directed the music video for "The House Rules" by country rocker/Leverage co-star Christian Kane. Hutton starred in a Groupon commercial during the 2011 Super Bowl. Hutton has married twice. His first marriage (1986–1990) was to actress Debra Winger; they have a son, Noah, born April 29, 1987. In 2000, he married illustrator Aurore Giscard d'Estaing, niece of former French President Vale'ry Giscard d'Estaing. Their son Milo was born in Paris on September 11, 2001. In July 2009, *US Weekly* reported that Hutton and his second wife had separated.

Brother Timothy Hutton became a Freemason at Herder Lodge No. 698 in the Borough of Queens, New York City, New York in 2005.

MARCH Family Night Lamar Awards

March 27th

This will be a covered dish dinner. The Lodge will furnish the main course, bread, and coffee and tea. The Lodge will present Lamar Awards to some deserving students.



Symbolism Corner

The article about how to wear your ring reminded me of what one Brother told me some time ago. "A man wears his Masonic ring with the Compasses pointed"out" to tell the world he is a Mason. The Brother who wears it with the Points pointed towards himself is reminding himself that he is a Mason."

*Submitted by Brother Cecil Curry, PM
Ennis Lodge #369*

The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

A Monthly Masonic Educational Column

By

I am a little ashamed to say that I had been so busy that I hadn't even thought about my Brother John Deacon the whole month. But one thing I have found out is that John doesn't let you forget him. I had just left the shop to go pick up a sandwich for lunch when my cell phone rang. I didn't recognize the number but I answered anyway. My mistake.....depending on which way you look at it. "Brother Chris", the animated voice on the other end said. "I just called the shop and they said you left for lunch. You better not be eating yet cause I'm down here a waiting for you to get here." "Nice of you to let me know beforehand John," I replied trying to figure out how much money I had in the bank. Having lunch with my rather expansive Brother is considered in my household a major purchase, especially when I get stuck with the bill. Anyway I changed course and headed to meet John at a place I hadn't been to in a long time. I wondered how he even found out about the Barn Door. They easily have some of the best steaks I have ever had.....and that green garlic salad dressing is fantastic. I got there and all I had to do is follow the sound of his booming voice to his table way back in the corner. He was confused about the large dispensers of several different kinds of salad dressings that were on the table. Our server Shelly was getting a little exasperated with him with all his questions and finally said, "Sir you can use any one you wish and as much as you wish and it doesn't cost any extra." "Oh heck darlin," he said with a smile and a wink as I sat down, "I ain't paying for it anyway so it don't matter to me. What is your biggest and best steak?" "Whoa up there John," I said quickly. "Maybe we ought to get this "I ain't paying for this anyway" thing settled before we start ordering everything on the menu." "We don't need to be holding up Shelly from doing her work," he said calmly as he motioned her to keep writing. She complied and he ordered an appetizer of fried mushrooms and then a huge steak and baked potato with all the fixins. Then just before she turned to get my order he asked her to bring him a salad for each of the three dressing containers. I just shook my head and asked for the medium sirloin. I told her instead of a regular baked potato I wanted one of their specialties called a Tassos potato which is a twice baked potato with jalapenos in it. It is about the best I have ever had. Right away he wanted to know about the potato and proceeded to order one for himself...extra. Shelly was finally able to go turn in our orders and pretty soon we were munching on our salads.Next Panel

John got quiet as he always does when he is concentrating on eating, which for him is truly a spiritual experience. Before he finished all three of his salads our steaks came and he just shifted gears and dug into his plate without missing a beat. Just as he was finishing up he got a phone call and it seemed to sadden him and I asked him, "Are you OK Brother John? You look like you just lost your best friend." "Yup I have had a bad couple of weeks," he replied sadly hanging his head in shame. "I just found out that I am on Granddaughter probation" I was confused already. "What do you mean Granddaughter probation?" "It's just been a nightmare Brother Chris. It started a couple of weeks ago when my daughter dropped off my Granddaughter so she and I could spend some time together while she and my wife went shopping. She brought her school books with her to study for a test. Well she pulled out the study guide with possible questions that might be on the test and asked me if I would help her study. That's when the problems started. She started asking me questions and I answered as best as I could. The day after the test her Mother (my daughter) got a note from the teacher concerning some of my Granddaughters answers on the test. Apparently I gave her some wrong answers on some of the questions and she got a bad grade and now I am not allowed to help her with her school work anymore." "My God John how hard were the questions?" "That's the problem," he whined. "They were really easy and I don't know what the problem is." I asked, "What kind of questions were they?" "Well let's see. One of the questions was *Where was the Declaration of Independence Signed?* "That's not hard," I replied. He said, "I know it's not hard but they said it was wrong. I don't know what is going on but everybody knows it was signed at the bottom of the page. What the heck is the matter with you, why are you looking at me like that?" I don't know what my expression was but it wasn't normal as I was trying really hard to not start laughing. "Uhhhh John I think the correct answer is Philadelphia. What do you mean Phila...ohhh (as the realization hit him) they wanted the place. I couldn't believe what I was hearing but I needed to know more. "What else did she miss?" "Well," he said slowly. "There was this question about what is the main reason for divorce and now that I think about it, maybe *marriage* was probably not the answer they were looking for, huh?"Go to page 6...

Noooooo I don't think so I said on the verge of losing control cause he was still being serious. "Any others," I asked with my voice cracking more out of spite than anything else....man this was getting good. He gave me a serious look and said, "I don't think the answers they wanted were logical. I remember one was *"If you had three apples and four oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have?"* I thought at the time that *"very big hands"* was a great answer....heck she even giggled when I said it." Dear readers, I couldn't help itI started to giggle too and his face turned red and he said indignantly, "Well some of those dad burn questions were trick questions anyway." "What do you mean trick questions, I asked? "Well one was *How do you lift an elephant with one hand.....* (he leaned in towards me real serious like) Brother Chris I ain't never seen an elephant with one hand." That's when I lost it. I was laughing so hard that I hurt and the whole time he just stared at me like I was crazy. All of a sudden he got a look of terror on his face and said "Brother Chris you are not going to put this in your newsletter are you?" I said, "Come on Brother John this is too good not to share." "Bu..bu..but they will never take me seriously after this." "Actually John they will probably agree with your answers," I said as I wiped my eyes. "But let's switch gears. Can you give me something I can pass along to the Brothers. Well that did it because he got all serious and said, "Brother Chris I have something that is bothering me a whole bunch and I have been needing to talk to you about it. We hear all the time that we should "Guard Well Our West Gate" meaning that we need to make sure that we only allow those who are good men of good character to have the opportunity to become Masons. It is one of the most basic requirements of our Fraternity. Masonry cannot help a man whose heart and mind are not good and true. A man such as that would not have the capacity to absorb or even understand our basic tenets and teachings much less be able to grow within the moral structure of Masonry. But while it is true that all Masons are good men it is also true that not all Masons can lead." "What do you mean ...not all Masons can lead," I asked with a puzzled look on my face? "What I am talking about is that while we need to surely guard the West Gate we also need to guard the East as well. Don't looked so confused, he growled. Let me tell you why. It just so happens that we have at times the wrong Brothers sitting in the East." "But John don't you think that every Brother should have an opportunity to be the Master of his Lodge?"
.next panel.....

"I sure do but just because he has the opportunity to seek that position doesn't mean he is qualified to hold that office. "But wait a second John you're not going to get a perfect Master every time because all Brothers are different," I interjected. "Not all are going to do a great job as Master but that doesn't mean that he should not have the opportunity." I agree my Brother, he growled again impatiently, "But just because every American has the opportunity to be the President of our Country doesn't mean that every person is qualified to do the job. What I am saying is that just like the job of President of the United States our Fraternity and our Lodges are hurt badly by poor or weak leadership. And I am surely not saying that they are not good Masons I am just saying that just because he wants to, that certain Brothers should not be allowed to run our Lodges. Any Brother who has a desire to be the Master of his Lodge if his motives are pure and he wants to further the aims and programs of his Lodge and the Grand Lodge and Masonry should be given the opportunity. However there are too many of those Brothers out there whose only motivation to hold the office of Master is to have the honor of being known as a Past Master with all the honors and benefits that go with it. Those are the Brothers that we cannot allow to become Master. Those Brothers do more damage to our Fraternity than almost anything." "Are you saying that those Brothers want to hurt their Lodges?" "No," he said. "I don't think that the harm and in some cases the destruction that they do to their Lodges is intentional but I do believe that they in many cases do not understand what is involved or realize the importance of the position. Our normal system of advancing through the officers positions, what we call "moving up through the chairs" gives the Lodge Brothers the opportunity to gauge a Brothers commitment, his energy, and most importantly his leadership ability. We are our own worst enemies when it comes to selecting and advancing brothers to officer positions in the Lodge. We elect them to a lower office and we find out pretty quickly whether this Brother has what it takes to lead the Lodge and his Brothers and when we find out that a mistake has been made we don't do anything about it. It's crazy Brother Chris. I have seen it many times. We don't have the intestinal fortitude to remove an obviously bad choice because we are afraid of hurting his feelings or losing him or losing other Brothers and the end result is that he becomes Master and severely harms and in some cases destroys his Lodge and the Lodge loses a lot more than a few Brothers.Go to page 8

March 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1	2	3 Alamo Remembrance DeMolay Brunch Grand Masters Conference
	5	6 <u>Stated Meeting</u> Program: Brother Wes O'Neill	7	8	9	10
	12	13 <u>Practice or</u> <u>Degree</u>	14	15	16	17
	19	20 <u>Stated Meeting</u> Program: Brother Dan Mason	21 Masters Wardens & Secretaries Meeting	22	23	24
	26	27 <u>Lamar Medal</u> <u>Presentation</u> Family Night	28 Davy Crockett Lodge of Instruction	29	30	31

April 2012

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	2	3 Stated Meeting Program: Brother Chris Williams	4	5	6 Good Friday	7
Easter	9	10 Past Masters Dinner Knife and Fork Degree	11	12	13	14
	16	17 Stated Meeting Program: Brother Olaf Emblem	18 Master, Wardens & Secretaries Meeting	19	20	21
	23	24 ****"Bring a Friend to Lodge Night"*****	25 Davy Crockett Lodge of Instruction	26	27	28
	30					

JD From page 6..... It loses the trust and good will of its members, it loses the peace and harmony of the Lodge and because Masons can, they choose to attend a different Lodge or a different Masonic organization. It's just crazy that Masons don't understand the awesome responsibility and effect that the Master has on the Lodge. Being the Master of a Masonic Lodge is not a right. It is a privilege and an honor and a reward for hard work and dedication and commitment to the Lodge and to Masonry. Those self serving Brothers who seek to sit in the East for any other reason than to better their Lodge and serve their Brothers with honor and integrity need to be removed from the line up and not allowed to continue." "Oh man", I said shaking my head. "I would be afraid to be an officer in your Lodge. You are not going to tolerate anything but the best." "Nooooo, that's not what I mean," he shot back. "A Brother does not have to be a professional manager or have a finance degree. Heck, he doesn't have to be a great speaker....but he HAS to have his Lodge and his Brothers best interests foremost in his heart. He has to be serving for them and not for himself. We don't have to have perfection just true intentions. He needs to have a plan and he needs to have the energy and the determination to make that plan happen. Brothers will follow a Brother who is true to himself and true to Masonry. The Brothers aren't looking for perfection but they won't suffer laziness or indifference or a fraud. They will help a Brother who is busting his butt to get things done but they won't lift a finger for one who talks a good game but won't put out the effort to do anything. Words mean nothing when they aren't followed by action." "Heck, I'm with you John," I said. "But how do we turn this around?" "Unfortunately it's a bigger problem than just voting a poor leader out of the line - up. It's poor leadership that causes the problem in the first place. A Lodge just falls into a rut of not doing the work that a Lodge is supposed to do. They don't do any Community or Charitable work, they don't take care of their Widows and Orphans or even their own Brothers. They stop making Masons because they stop attracting good men. When they do get a petitioner they rush him through the process instead of following the proper procedure and doing a proper investigation. Then they rush him through his work without proper instruction and/ or explanation. And when he finds out (and he will) that he has been shortchanged in his Masonic Education he will stop attending Lodge, go to another Lodge, or just quit altogether. And the blame for the failure always gets placed on the candidate not being ready to be a Mason instead of where it truly belongs, on the Lodgenext panel

members themselves. Someday, sometime maybe we will have a set of standards where a Lodge is required to maintain itself at a certain level of proficiency in all the things that a Lodge is supposed to do in order to be able to keep their Charter and if they don't then that Lodge is shut down and merged with another Lodge or the officers are replaced to get the Lodge back on the right track instead of allowing it to give Masonry and all Masons a bad name. I know I am rambling on Brother Chris but I think this is a problem that needs to be addressed because it goes to one of our fundamental maxims in our Lodges which is peace and harmony." I needed to get him calmed down a bit cause people were staring so I reached over and grabbed his arms that he had been flailing about while he was talking and looked in his eyes and said slowly, "How about dessert?" It was almost comical watching his mind trying to shift gears in mid rant. He blinked a couple of times and that goofy grin formed on his rather large round face and he said simply "if you insist." After asking Shelly for a couple of thick slices of Chocolate Cake and of course his had to have a couple of scoops of Ice Cream on the side. Boy that sure did the trick on his attitude. Shelly laid the bill (diplomatically) equal distance between John and I and he promptly slid it towards me. I glanced down at it and slid it over to John who quickly slid it back to me. Shelly's eyes were following side to side back and forth and after several passes across the table she reached out and stopped it in mid pass and said, "I have seen everything now. I have seen people ignore the bill and I have seen people fight for the bill but this is the first time I have seen a couple of guys trying to make the other one pay. You two don't look alike but you act like you are Brothers." Well there we were all three of us with a hand on the bill, John and I staring at each other. I don't know what he was thinking but after she said that it made me feel a little ashamed so I started to pull the bill back towards me and darned if he didn't start trying to do the same. Thirty seconds earlier we were pushing it to the other guy and now we were trying to take it back. Shelly saw what was happening and let out a sigh, shook her head and said, "When you figure it out call me." And turned and left us sitting there looking at each other. Well then we both were trying to pay arguing back and forth until two ladies sitting next to us got up and left laughing and shaking their heads like we were crazy. Long story short we finally got it figured out..... I paid..... what a surprise. When she brought back my receipt John informed her that we were in fact Brothers and offered no further explanation. She just smiled and wished us a nice day. As I watched John drive off I thought with a smile about what the word Brother means to all of us. Yup it means the world, doesn't it? Y'all have a great month.....

More Humor

So after landing my new job as a Wal-Mart greeter, a good find for many retirees, I lasted less than a day.....
About two hours into my first day on the job a very loud, unattractive, mean-acting woman walked into the store with her two kids, yelling obscenities at them all the way through the entrance.
As I had been instructed, I said pleasantly, 'Good morning and welcome to Wal-Mart. Nice children you have there. Are they twins?' The ugly woman stopped yelling long enough to say,
'Hell no, they ain't twins. The oldest one's 9, and the other one's 7. Why the hell would you think they're twins? Are you blind, or just stupid?'
So I replied, 'I'm neither blind nor stupid, Ma'am, I just couldn't believe someone slept with you twice.
Have a good day and thank you for shopping at Wal-Mart.'
My supervisor said I probably wasn't cut out for this line of work.

This brick mason was involved in a on site accident and had to fill out this report for the accident.

Dear Sir: I am writing in response to your request for additional information in Block 3 of the Accident form. I put "poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You asked for fuller explanation, and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I was alone on the roof of the new six-story building. When I completed my work, I found that I had some bricks left over which, when weighed later, were found to be slightly more than 500 lbs. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley that was attached to the side of the building on the sixth floor.

I secured the rope at ground level, climbed to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the bricks into it. Then I climbed back down and untied the rope, holding tightly to ensure a slow descent of the bricks.

You will notice in Block 11 of the accident report from that I weigh 135 lbs. Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at rapid rate up the side of the building.

Somewhere in the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel, which was now proceeding downward at an equally impressive speed. This explains the fractured skull and the broken collar bone, as listed in section 3 of the accident form.

Slowed down slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers on my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley.

Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of beginning to experience a great deal of pain. At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Now devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel weighed approximately 50 lbs.

(I refer you again to my weight.)

As you can imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. Somewhere in the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles, the broken tooth, and the lacerations of my legs and lower body.

Here my luck began to change slightly. The encounter with the barrel seemed to slow me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell on the pile of bricks, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the pile of bricks-in pain and unable to move-I again lost my composure and presence of mind and let go of the rope. I could only lay there watching as the empty barrel begin its journey back down towards me. This explains the two broken legs.

I hope this answers your questions.

The Sunday Masonic Paper

Thanks to W Bro

Wayne Anderson, FCF, MPS

MORE ABOUT BORN IN BLOOD

From Summer 91 edition of the Missouri "The Freemason" More about Born In Blood.

By John C. Allen, Past Master Pleasant Grove Lodge #42 Otterville, MO.

In the summer issue of this year's Freemason appeared a review by Zel Eaton of the book *Born in Blood*, by John J. Robinson. I am prompted to write this article by a conclusion drawn by Mr. Robinson about the origin of Freemasonry. In his review Mr. Eaton alludes to this aspect of the book only vaguely.

I am referring to Mr. Robinson's theory that modern Masonry actually had its origin from the Knights Templar, outlawed in 1312 by Pope Clement V and the French King Philip the Fair. It was Mr. Robinson's conclusion that the Templars not apprehended went under-ground to escape the heavy hand of the Papacy and then resurfaced centuries later as lodges of Freemasons.

Most traditional Masonic researchers, of course, have contended that the Order and its ritual somehow developed from the early crude organizations of the stone mason labor guilds. I, for one, have never been able to accept that view. Several years ago I arrived independently at the same conclusion as Mr. Robinson. Our Masonic ritual, steeped as it is in Kabalistic occultism and mystery ceremonials of the Middle East, could never possibly have been developed out of the crude beginnings of the stone mason guilds. In that era even the skilled artisans and their speculative associates were far too unlettered and unlearned to have been capable of coming up with anything as elaborate and esoteric as even the earliest forms of Masonic ritual. Knowledge of the Hebrew Kabal and the Middle Eastern mystery dramas had been ruthlessly suppressed by the Papacy during the Dark Ages and could have returned to Western Europe only by way of the Crusades. For bringing it back, the Templars became the logical bridge. During their stay in the Holy Land, the Templars had come into close association with a Moslem sect called the Sufi, who previously had adopted many of the beliefs and ritualistic forms of the Gnostic, or primitive Christians. From the Sufi the Templars borrowed many of their own esoteric beliefs and ceremonials. A number of these have made their way into modern Freemasonry. One of these, for example, is the Junior Warden's call of the Craft from labor to refreshment and from refreshment to labor, referring in a symbolic sense to death and rebirth. The Gnostics, the Sufi, and the Templars all believed in reincarnation.

Is this view about Masonic origins borne out by any prestigious Masonic scholars? Yes, it certainly is—by one of our most celebrated scholars, Brother Albert Pike. My readings in Brother Pike's *Morals and Dogma* have convinced me that Mr. Robinson, in his recent book, was on the right track. Jacques B. de Molai, the last Grand Master of the Knights Templar, according to Brother Pike, masterminded the plans for Freemasonry while he was awaiting execution. Before coming in unequivocally to that assertion, Brother Pike cited conclusive evidence that long before the Templars went underground, they considered themselves builders, or masons, and were even called by the English, through careless pronunciation, Freemasons. This is clearly shown by the following extract with reference to de Molai: "The Templars, or Poor Fellow

Soldiery of the Holy House of the Temple intended to be rebuilt, took as their models, in the Bible, the Warrior Masons of Zorabel, who worked, holding the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Therefore, it was that the Sword and the Trowel became the insignia of the Templars, who subsequently concealed themselves under the name of Brethren Masons. The name Freres Macons in the French was corrupted in English into Free Masons. The trowel of the Templars is quadruple, and the triangular plates of it are arranged in the form of a cross, making the Kabalistic pantacle known by the name of the Cross of the East.”

On page 820 of *Morals and Dogma*,

Brother Pike leaves no doubt that he considered Freemasonry the brain child of Jacques de Molai, as this extract will indicate. “But before his execution, the Chief of the doomed Order organized and instituted what afterward came to be called the Occult, Hermetic, or Scottish Masonry. In the gloom of his prison, the Grand Master created four Metropolitan Lodges, at Naples for the East, at Edinburgh for the West, at Stockholm for the North, and at Paris for the South.

The initials of his name, J.B.M., found in the same order in the first three degrees are but one of the many internal and cogent proofs that such was the origin of modern Free Masonry.” Brother Pike’s reference to the initials, of course, is to the words Jachin, Boaz, and the Master’s Word in the third degree. Could this be a mere coincidence?

Brother Pike then went on to say that “The legend of Osiris was revised and adopted as the central theme of the third degree ritual, to symbolize the destruction of the Order, and the resurrection of Khurum, slain in the body of the Temple of Khurum Abai, the Master, as the martyr of fidelity to obligation, of Truth and Conscience.”

According to the legend of Osiris here referred to, as the fragments of the god’s body lay on the ground, a lion reached down with his paw, scooped up the pieces, and lifted them back again to erect and living form. In the new Order succeeding the Templars this served as a symbolism. The Papacy and the King had slain the Grand Master but failed to accomplish their purpose. The grip of the lion’s paw had triumphed again over extinction’ The prostrate corpse of the Knights Templar had been raised from death. Once again it lived in the form of a new Order—Freemasonry. The old Order, vitally obsessed with building, lived on as builders still. The trowel remained still as its principal working tool. The Templars continued their role as “Brethren Masons.”

Why are Freemasons so obsessed with the Holy Saints John? “Oh, the labor guilds were expected to have patron saints, so the stone masons adopted the Holy Saints John.” We have all read that lame explanation. If a labor guild wanted patron saints, why would it choose two saints with contrasting religious beliefs? For the Knights Templar to do so was perfectly logical, as Brother Pike took note in *Morals and Dogma*. From their very inception, the Templars functioned as a dualistic Order. Their avowed and pretended purpose was to protect Christians making pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Their actual and secret objective was to rebuild the Temple of King Solomon to recapture its original splendor and restore Jerusalem to the days of its pristine glory. In their outward aspects they posed as loyal supporters of orthodox Catholicism. This facade they craftily cultivated to gain the approval and sanction of the papacy. For this reason they adopted John the Baptist as one of their patron saints. St. John the Evangelist, however, was the one who had been regarded as the spokesman of the Gnostic religious views to which they adhered and wished to make supreme in their

restored city of Jerusalem, designed by them secretly to displace Rome as the center of Christendom. St. John the Evangelist, therefore, became their most cherished patron saint. If Freemasonry did indeed stem from the Templars, it is only natural that the Masons would also adopt both of these patron saints.

Since the Templars chief objective was the rebuilding of King Solomon's Temple, one would reasonably expect them to continue in that preoccupation when they established a new Order to succeed the Templars. Need there be any mystery, then, as to why Freemasonry is similarly obsessed with the same Temple?

The Templar Connection would also nicely explain the mystery of the "bloody" Masonic obligations. If the Templars had any part in drafting these obligations, we would expect them to be fraught with dire consequences. We say today that the obligations are intended to be only symbolical. To a Templar member of the early guilds or lodges they would not have been considered symbolical. A Templar was a marked man with a price on his head. The long arm of the Papacy could reach him even in non-Catholic Scotland. Wherever he fled, there was always the threat of hired assassins. He could take no chances of having his identity or activities revealed. Many of the other secrets of Freemasonry can be similarly accounted for as safe-guarding the security of the Templars who probably dominated the earliest lodges.

In one respect perhaps the traditionalists were right. Perhaps Freemasonry did develop in and come down to us from the stone mason guilds of Scotland. Its concept and ritual, however, could not have been originated by the stone masons per se. Perhaps the Templars who escaped to Scotland decided to infiltrate the stone mason guilds and there introduce the system of deMolai's new Order. They had very good reasons to do so. The Templars had also been builders, or masons. In their heyday the Templars had exerted complete control over not only the stone masons but also over all other skilled craftsmen throughout Western Europe. That being true, the Templars would obviously have experienced little difficulty trying to infiltrate the guilds.

As a final argument for the Templar Connection, we should not forget the religious element. Freemasonry is regarded as a semi-religious Order. If the Templars did really found Masonry, it would be surprising if they hadn't placed a very strong emphasis on religion, because the Knights Templar was instituted primarily as a religious Order.

***The supreme end of education
is expert discernment in all things -
the power to tell the good from the bad,
the genuine from the counterfeit,
and to prefer the good and the genuine to the bad and the
counterfeit.***

Charles Osgood, 1871 - 1964

David Crockett - The Alamo

Source: *David Crockett: His Life and Adventures* by John S. C. Abbott

Thanks to Rt. Wor T.E. Gene Carnes PGM Grand Lodge of Texas

The fortress of Alamo is just outside of the town of Bexar, on the San Antonio River. The town is about one hundred and forty miles from the coast, and contained, at that time, about twelve hundred inhabitants. Nearly all were Mexicans, though there were a few American families. In the year 1718, the Spanish Government had established a military outpost here; and in the year 1721, a few emigrants from Spain commenced a flourishing settlement at this spot. Its site is beautiful, the air salubrious, the soil highly fertile, and the water of crystal purity.

The town of Bexar subsequently received the name of San Antonio. On the tenth of December, 1835, the Texans captured the town and citadel from the Mexicans. These Texan Rangers were rude men, who had but little regard for the refinements or humanities of civilization. When Crockett with his companions arrived, Colonel Bowie, of Louisiana, one of the most desperate of Western adventurers, was in the fortress. The celebrated bowie-knife was named after this man. There was but a feeble garrison, and it was threatened with an attack by an overwhelming force of Mexicans under Santa Anna. Colonel Travis was in command. He was very glad to receive even so small a reinforcement. The fame of Colonel Crockett, as one of the bravest of men, had already reached his ears.

"While we were conversing," writes Crockett, "Colonel Bowie had occasion to draw his famous knife, and I wish I may be shot if the bare sight of it wasn't enough to give a man of a squeamish stomach the colic. He saw I was admiring it, and said he, 'Colonel, you might tickle a fellow's ribs a long time with this little instrument before you'd make him laugh.'" According to Crockett's account, many shameful orgies took place in the little garrison. They were evidently in considerable trepidation, for a large force was gathering against them, and they could not look for any considerable reinforcements from any quarter. Rumors were continually reaching them of the formidable preparations Santa Anna was making to attack the place. Scouts were long brought in the tidings that Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, at the head of sixteen hundred soldiers, and accompanied by several of his ablest generals, was within six miles of Bexar. It was said that he was doing everything in his power to enlist the warlike Comanches in his favor, but that they remained faithful in their friendship to the United States.

Early in the month of February, 1836, the army of Santa Anna appeared before the town, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry. With military precision they approached, their banners waving, and their bugle-notes bearing defiance to the feeble little garrison. The Texan invaders, seeing that they would soon be surrounded, abandoned the town to the enemy, and fled to the protection of the citadel. They were but one hundred and fifty in number. Almost without exception they were hardy adventurers, and the most fearless and desperate of men. They had previously stored away in the fortress all the provisions, arms, and ammunition, of which they could avail themselves. Over the battlements they unfurled an immense flag of thirteen stripes, and with a large white star of five points, surrounded by the letters "Texas." As they raised their flag, they gave three cheers, while with drums and trumpets they hurled back their challenge to the foe. The Mexicans raised over the town a blood-red banner. It was their significant intimation to the garrison that no quarter was to be expected. Santa Anna, having advantageously posted his troops, in the afternoon sent a summons to Colonel Travis, demanding an unconditional surrender, threatening, in case of refusal, to put every man to the sword. The only reply Colonel Travis made was to throw a cannon-shot into the town. The Mexicans then opened fire from their batteries, but without doing much harm.

In the night, Colonel Travis sent the old pirate on an express to Colonel Fanning, who, with a small military force, was at Goliad, to entreat him to come to his aid. Goliad was about four days' march from Bexar. The next morning the Mexicans renewed their fire from a battery about three hundred and fifty yards from the fort. A three-ounce ball struck the juggler on the breast, inflicting a painful but not a dangerous wound.

Day after day this storm of war continued. The walls of the citadel were strong, and the bombardment inflicted but little injury. The sharpshooters within the fortress struck down many of the assailants at great distances.

"The bee-hunter," writes Crockett, "is about the quickest on the trigger, and the best rifle-shot we have in the fort. I have already seen him bring down eleven of the enemy, and at such a distance that we all thought that it would be a waste of ammunition to attempt it." Provisions were beginning to become scarce, and the citadel was so surrounded that it was impossible for the garrison to cut its way through the lines and escape.

Under date of February 28th, Crockett writes in his Journal:

"Last night our hunters brought in some corn, and had a brush with a scout from the enemy beyond gunshot of the fort. They put the scout to flight, and got in without injury. They bring accounts that the settlers are flying in all quarters, in dismay, leaving their possessions to the mercy of the ruthless invader, who is literally engaged in a war of extermination more brutal than the untutored savage of the desert could be guilty of. Slaughter is indiscriminate, sparing neither sex, age, nor condition. Buildings have been burnt down, farms laid waste, and Santa Anna appears determined to verify his threat, and convert the blooming paradise into a howling wilderness. For just one fair crack at that rascal, even at a hundred yards' distance, I would bargain to break my Betsey, and never pull trigger again. My name's not Crockett if I wouldn't get glory enough to appease my stomach for the remainder of my life.

"The scouts report that a settler by the name of Johnson, flying with his wife and three little children, when they reached the Colorado, left his family on the shore, and waded into the river to see whether it would be safe to ford with his wagon. When about the middle of the river he was seized by an alligator, and after a struggle was dragged under the water, and perished. The helpless woman and her babes were discovered, gazing in agony on the spot, by other fugitives, who happily passed that way, and relieved them. Those who fight the battles experience but a small part of the privation, suffering, and anguish that follow in the train of ruthless war. The cannonading continued at intervals throughout the day, and all hands were kept up to their work."

The next day he writes: "I had a little sport this morning before breakfast. The enemy had planted a piece of ordnance within gunshot of the fort during the night, and the first thing in the morning they commenced a brisk cannonade, point blank against the spot where I was snoring. I turned out pretty smart and mounted the rampart. The gun was charged again; a fellow stepped forth to touch her off, but before he could apply the match, I let him have it, and he keeled over. A second stepped up, snatched the match from the hand of the dying man, but the juggler, who had followed me, handed me his rifle, and the next instant the Mexican was stretched on the earth beside the first. A third came up to the cannon. My companion handed me another gun, and I fixed him off in like manner. A fourth, then a fifth seized the match, who both met with the same fate. Then the whole party gave it up as a bad job, and hurried off to the camp, leaving the cannon ready charged where they had planted it. I came down, took my bitters, and went to breakfast."

In the course of a week the Mexicans lost three hundred men. But still reinforcements were continually arriving, so that their numbers were on the rapid increase. The garrison no longer cherished any hope of receiving aid from abroad.

Under date of March 4th and 5th, 1836, we have the last lines which Crockett ever penned.

"March 4th. Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day, but without effect. About dusk, in the evening, we observed a man running toward the fort, pursued by about half a dozen of the Mexican cavalry. The bee-hunter immediately knew him to be the old pirate, who had gone to Goliad, and, calling to the two hunters, he sallied out of the fort to the relief of the old man, who was hard pressed. I followed close after. Before we reached the spot the Mexicans were close on the heels of the old man, who stopped suddenly, turned short upon his pursuers, discharged his rifle, and one of the enemy fell from his horse. The chase was renewed, but finding that he would be overtaken and cut to pieces, he now turned again, and, to the amazement of the enemy, became the assailant in his turn. He clubbed his gun, and dashed among them like a wounded tiger, and they fled like sparrows. By this time we reached the spot, and, in the ardor of the moment, followed some distance before we saw that our retreat to the fort was cut off by another detachment of cavalry. Nothing was to be done but fight our way through. We were all of the same mind. 'Go ahead!' cried I; and they shouted, 'Go ahead, Colonel!' We dashed among them, and a bloody conflict ensued. They were about twenty in number, and they stood their ground. After the fight had continued about five minutes, a detachment was seen issuing from the fort to our relief, and the Mexicans scampered off, leaving eight of their comrades dead upon the field. But we did not escape unscathed, for both the pirate and the bee-hunter were mortally wounded, and I received a sabre-cut across the forehead. The old man died without speaking, as soon as we entered the fort. We bore my young friend to his bed, dressed his wounds, and I watched beside him. He lay, without complaint or manifesting pain, until about midnight, when he spoke, and I asked him if he wanted anything. 'Nothing,' he replied, but drew a sigh that seemed to rend his heart, as he added, 'Poor Kate of Nacogdoches.' His eyes were filled with tears, as he continued, 'Her words were prophetic, Colonel," and then he sang in a low voice, that resembled the sweet notes of his own devoted Kate:

'But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see, And hame came the steed, but hame never came he.'

He spoke no more, and a few minutes after died. Poor Kate, who will tell this to thee?

The romantic bee-hunter had a sweetheart by the name of Kate in Nacogdoches. She seems to have been a very affectionate and religious girl. In parting, she had presented her lover with a Bible, and in anguish of spirit had expressed her fears that he would never return from his perilous enterprise.

The next day, Crockett simply writes, "March 5th. Pop, pop, pop! Bom, bom, bom! throughout the day. No time for memorandums now. Go ahead! Liberty and Independence forever."

Before daybreak on the 6th of March, the citadel of the Alamo was assaulted by the whole Mexican army, then numbering about three thousand men. Santa Anna in person commanded. The assailants swarmed over the works and into the fortress. The battle was fought with the utmost desperation until daylight. Six only of the Garrison then remained alive. They were surrounded, and they surrendered. Colonel Crockett was one. He at the time stood alone in an angle of the fort, like a lion at bay. His eyes flashed fire, his shattered rifle in his right hand, and in his left a gleaming bowie-knife streaming with blood. His face was covered with blood flowing from a deep gash across his forehead. About twenty Mexicans, dead and dying, were lying at his feet. The juggler was also there dead. With one hand he was clenching the hair of a dead Mexican, while with the other he had driven his knife to the haft in the bosom of his foe. The Mexican General Castrillon, to whom the prisoners had surrendered, wished to spare their lives. He led them to that part of the fort where Santa Anna stood surrounded by his staff. As Castrillon marched his prisoners into the presence of the President, he said:

"Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive. How shall I dispose of them?"

Santa Anna seemed much annoyed, and said, "Have I not told you before how to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?"

Immediately several Mexicans commenced plunging their swords into the bosoms of the captives. Crockett, entirely unarmed, sprang, like a tiger, at the throat of Santa Anna. But before he could reach him, a dozen swords were sheathed in his heart, and he fell without a word or a groan. But there still remained upon his brow the frown of indignation, and his lip was curled with a smile of defiance and scorn.

And thus was terminated the earthly life of this extraordinary man. In this narrative it has been the object of the writer faithfully to record the influences under which Colonel Crockett was reared, and the incidents of his wild and wondrous life, leaving it with the reader to form his own estimate of the character which these exploits indicate. David Crockett has gone to the tribunal of his God, there to be judged for all the deeds done in the body. Beautifully and consolingly the Psalmist has written:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

THE END

There is the story of a pastor who got up one Sunday and announced to his congregation: "I have good news and bad news. The good news is, we have enough money to pay for our new building program. The bad news is, it's still out there in your pockets."

*“God made man before woman so as to give him time
To think of an answer for her first question.”*

Davy Crockett #1225

Is hosting a:

“Bring a Friend To Blue Lodge Night”

April 24th, 2012

519 Alameos, San Antonio, 78213

Dinner SERVED at 6:30

(\$5.00 Donation for the meal paid by Host Brother)

***We will be giving out more information about the
different aspects of
Masonry in 90 minutes than you can possibly imagine.
Most Brother***

Masons in attendance will learn things they did not know before. We will talk Masonic Philosophy, Masonic History, Masonic Philanthropies, and Masonic Ritual.

After dinner the program will begin with introductions of Brothers and Visitors.

There will follow a short video about Masonry and its place in American History.

Next all Brothers and visitors will be invited to each of four stations in The Lodge Room where they will receive a brief presentation on a different Masonic topic and have an opportunity to ask questions of the presenter.

Station #1....

Masonic Philosophy

Presented by

**Junior Warden, Brother Brad Kohanke,
Chairman Davy Crockett Light Brigade**

Station #2...

Masonic History

Presented by

Senior Warden, Brother Wes O'Neill

Station #3...

Masonic Philanthropy

Presented by

PM and Secretary, Brother Chris Williams

Station #4...

Masonic Ritual

Presented by

P M and Treasurer, Brother Burt Reynolds

When everyone returns to their seats there will be 2 short talks followed by a Q & A session. Every visitor will leave with a packet with Masonic Brochures and materials.

RSVP is necessary not later than Friday April 20th to:

c-williams@sbcglobal.net