



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 4, Issue 4

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

November 2011

****From The East****

By Patrick Giles Worshipful Master

Brethren,

Thanksgiving, traditionally a time of year for reflecting and being thankful for the good things that have come to pass. I for one am thankful for the support all of you have shown me. I have had some rough spots to get through myself lately and many brothers have been there to help. Bro. David Richter lent me a vehicle to get back and forth to work a few days, Bros. Doug Montgomery and Tim Delagiacamo came over to help me repair my truck. Bro. Chris Williams helped me locate the parts I needed. Bro. Chris even came to pick me up for a meeting and Bro. Keith Reynolds gave me a ride home afterwards. I owe each of these brothers a great deal of thanks and count myself very blessed to call them friends and brothers. So many things to be thankful for, but I think the main reason is to be thankful to God for your family and friends. Let's also remember and be thankful for those whose sacrifice themselves to keep us safe, our military, fire and police. And thanks be to God for each and every blessing he bestows upon us. May his blessings be upon each and everyone of us.

-Patrick

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

Join Us For Exceptional Fellowship and Instruction!!

Upon the Secretary's Desk!

by Chris Williams Secretary

Last month we presented two 50 year service awards. Most Worshipful T.E. Gene Carnes presented Bro Dan Mason with his and Rt Worshipful Elliott B. Samuels DDGM of Dist 39B presented Bro Harold Gavitt with his. Congratulations Brothers and thanks from all of us for your service to Masonry. Our Christmas Program will be on December 13th. Our designated charity will be "the Children's Shelter" and we will present the a donation that night as well as all the items that we can collect in donations of needed items for these children. On page 10 you will find the wish list for the Children's Shelter. We ask that anything on this list that you can bring to Lodge to help these children would be appreciated. There is a box at Lodge and we will be collecting items all the way until the week before the Christmas Party. They have asked that we not bring toys as they always get more than enough. Let's help the "The Children's Shelter" have a great Christmas and a good start for the New Year. Have a great month Brothers!

This Month's Humor

I was in my back yard trying to launch a kite. I threw the kite up in the air, the wind would catch it for a few seconds, then it would come crashing back down to earth. I tried this a few more times with no success. All the while, my wife Nancy is watching from the kitchen window, muttering to herself how men need to be told how to do everything. She opens the window and yelled to me, 'You need a piece of tail.'

I turned with a confused look on my face and yelled back, 'Make up your mind. Last night, you told me to go fly a kite.'

*******STATED MEETING PROGRAMS *******

Stated Meeting 11-1-11
Program

"A Collection of Masonic Poems"
"Some You Haven't Heard"

Presented By
Bro John Root

Stated Meeting 11-15-11
Program

"The Building of King Solomon's Temple"

Presented By
Bro Vic Woodfield

Stated Meeting 12-6-11
Program

"The Generation Gap"
"What a Bunch a B.S"

Presented By
Bro Brad Kohanke

Light Reflected

A monthly “opinion” by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

Surprise! I’ve decided to give you a break this month and write about something other than a religious or spiritual topic. I know, I know...you’re thinking “But Brad, we love it when you force your opinionated belief system on us.” But alas, this month you will have to make do with a description of an actual learning experience I had.

A few months ago, I obtained a new job as the head of Human Resources for a security construction company. A few weeks into my new role, one of my key people resigned without notice, leaving me in somewhat of a bind. I quickly contacted a well-known recruiting firm and asked them to source candidates for me so I could fill the position as quickly as possible. They were eager and ready to work with me. In just 2 days I had 3 candidates to interview. Although this position technically reports to me, it is also required to perform some monthly duties for the Controller of the Company. With that in mind, I took copies of the resumes to the Controller and asked if he would be available to talk to them to determine if their skill set met his needs. He gladly agreed and then asked me where I had gotten the candidates. I told him the name of the recruiting firm and his response was, “Well, whatever you do...don’t tell the CFO.” Naturally I asked why and he informed me that the CFO had a bad experience with them and no longer worked with them. I was hesitant, but my first candidate was already here so I went in to the interview.

Upon completing the interview, I was called into the CFO’s office where he and the Controller were waiting and asked how the interview went. I told them she was not what I was looking for. The CFO then responded “Good, because I was going to have to tell you that you couldn’t hire her anyway.” Apparently, after telling me not to tell the CFO where the candidates came from, the first thing the Controller did was run to the CFO and tell him himself.

Ok...now I’m not easily perturbed. I’ve been involved in some of the most cut-throat corporate politics you can imagine. So...I didn’t say anything. An old boss once told me that “Soup is best served after it has cooled down a little.” But I was already plotting my revenge. I spent the rest of the day fuming and scheming. He was not going to get away with this and he was going to learn who he was messing with. That evening I picked up my 8 year old son and took him for his weekly Dr. visit. He wanted to play a game on the way, but I told him I was too upset and too lost in thought to be able to do it right now. But he kept insisting. Finally I relented, but I told him I wanted to ask what he would do in a particular situation first.

I told him, “Imagine you were at recess and you had brought two toys to school. You then asked your friend if he would like to play with you. He told you yes, but not to tell the teacher because you aren’t supposed to bring toys to school. You then played together and upon returning to the classroom, the first thing your friend did was tell the teacher you brought toys to school. What would you do?”

Gentlemen, without a moment’s hesitation he said, “The first thing I would do would be to apologize to the teacher.” Uhhhh.....I don’t know how to adequately convey in words the conflicting emotions that surged through me at that time. Let me just say I was overcome with pride and shame at the same time. Pride in my little boy for knowing the right thing to do, and shame in myself for being so petty and not practicing what I obviously preach. The next day I went to the CFO and explained what happened. I told him that the first thing I needed to do was apologize because I had allowed myself to believe that keeping information from him was not the same thing as lying. By the end of the conversation, he was apologizing to me for not having informed me beforehand.

So...here I sit. Humbled before the world; reminded of the basic tenets of Freemasonry by my 8 year old son. Then, I get the following email out of the blue from a dear friend who will remain nameless (Chris Williams) which says:

A writer -- and, I believe, generally all persons --
must think that whatever happens to him or her is a resource.

All things have been given to us for a purpose,
and an artist must feel this more intensely.

All that happens to us,
including our humiliations, our misfortunes, our embarrassments,
all is given to us as raw material, as clay, so that we may shape our art.

Jorge Luis Borges, writer (1899-1986)

That’s my reflected light for this month. Happy Thanksgiving everyone! And thank you Chris and Ian.

The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

I'll be honest with you dear readers..... I was not looking forward to seeing my Brother John this month. In fact after what he did to me last month I kinda expected him to not come by this time. Heh, I should be so lucky. I had my head down working on the computer and didn't see him drive in. The whole front of the shop is all big windows, even the doors. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something walk up to the front door and it actually blocked the light coming in there..... (hummm, there has to be something symbolic in that) but I looked up to see John standing there, still outside the door, with a sheepish smile on his face waving at me. I thought seriously about just ignoring him but he's real big and heck, he is my Brother after all. I waved him in with a frown and he came over to the desk with his head hanging low. He said, "I now appear before you in white gloves and apron and implore your pardon," the symbolism of which he knew I would understand. I just gritted my teeth and counted to five so I wouldn't say what was trying to force its way out of my mouth. Finally I swallowed my sarcasm and said, "I can't believe you would treat a Brother that way. "I am powerful sorry about that Brother Chris," he said. "But I will make it up to you. Heck, all those people had was salads anyway" I fixed him with as hard a stare as I could muster and said, "That may be true, but when I buy you lunch I am buying lunch for a family of four including the dog and the cat and last month it was the neighbors too." "But I take you to higher class and more expensive places," he whined. When I asked where Sonic fit in to that definition, he said, "Well ...OK You got me on that one..... I guess I need to buy lunch for a few times in a row." I didn't hesitate a second and replied, "Sounds good to me then I love you again, My Brother where are we going?" "My niece told me about a place that she goes all the time," he said. "It's all you can eat Mexican Food." Uh Oh, It's not Pancho's is it? Yup he said and I hear it is awful good. "Well it's not my favorite but I hear that you can eat until you fall out of your chair. Seems to fit you perfectly I would say." As long as he was buying I wasn't going to worry about it though. We walked in the door and were greeted with smiles (they had no idea what was coming) and escorted to the serving line. John grabbed two trays and proceeded to order two of everything. There was every type and description of enchiladas, chalupas, and tacos all with beef or chicken or just cheese. There was all kinds of beans and Spanish rice and all the tortillas you wanted. There was guacamole and several different salsas and hot sauce and plenty of pico de gallo andNext Panel.....

fresh jalapenos. There was a variety of tamales and beef and chicken fajitas and sopapillas for dessert. Yup they all kept smiling as John filled those trays with two mountains of food and even helped him carry them to our table. I followed along with my plate and a half of enchiladas. We had to sit at a table for four just to hold all the food. Sure enough we had, as always, quite a few diners checking us out and immediately John noticed the flag on the table and realized that you could raise it or lower it and looked over at me with a questioning look and before I could explain it to him Janie our server who had delivered our drinks told him that if he wanted any more of anything all he had to do is raise the flag and she would bring it to him. I told her that I doubted that we would be raising the flag considering how much he already had in front of him and she nodded her agreement. Oh how wrong I can be sometimes. He went into deep silence and as I ate I could only marvel at how fast that man could eat. He wasn't messy or sloppy or anything, he was just efficient..... with no wasted motion and no talking. Heck, the fact that he wasn't talking didn't mean that "I" couldn't so I began to talk to him about some of the things that was going on at the Lodge and some of the proposals that were going to be voted on at Grand Lodge this year. He just nodded and grunted every once in a while..... I don't know if he really heard me or not. I noticed that he had raised the flag. Janie appeared and John told her he wanted more enchiladas and tortillas. She seemed a little surprised as she glanced at all the empty plates but pulled the flag down and hurried off to get the food. By the time she got back John had the flag up again and asked for some more fajitas and pico de gallo. Janie's expression had changed from amusement to puzzled as she delivered John his order and pulled the flag down again. After she walked away I saw her out of the corner of my eye talking to the manager who was shaking his head in disbelief and laughing as Janie told him what John had eaten so far and as she talked John raised the flag again and she gave an exasperated shake of her head and came over. She wasn't smiling this time as John asked for a couple more enchiladas. As she left, John commented that she seemed to be a little tense. I told him that he was working her to death back and forth and back and forth. She came back and set the plate down in front of him and when she left she took the flag with her and that's when I started laughing. ...Go to page 5...

Brothers: I got this from the Grand Lodge Website....enjoy

In the Farmer's Almanac of 1823 the following was printed under the heading, "**Definition of a Freemason**".

The real Freemason is distinguished from the rest of Mankind by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct.

Other men are honest in fear of punishment which the law might inflict, they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil in the next world.

A Freemason would be just if there were no laws, human or divine except those written in his heart by the finger of his Creator.

In every climate, under every system of religion he is the same. He kneels before the universal Throne of God in gratitude for the blessings he has received and humble solicitation for his future protection. He venerates the good men of all religions. He disturbs not the religion of others.

He restrains his passions, because they cannot be indulged without injuring his neighbor or himself.

He gives no offense, because he does not choose to be offended.

He contracts no debts which he is certain he cannot discharge, because he is honest upon principle.

Symbolism Corner

"Rough and Perfect Ashlar"

Rough Ashlar

In operative Freemasonry, the rough ashlar represents a rough, unprepared or undressed stone. In speculative Freemasonry, a rough ashlar is an allegory to the uninitiated Freemason prior to his discovering enlightenment.

Perfect Ashlar

Operatively, the Perfect ashlar represents the dressed stone (after it has been made uniform and smoothed) by use of the working tools, the common gavel, (mallet) and chisel. (The chisel may be found in English Freemasonry, but is not used in the United States as a Freemason symbol.)

Only after the stone has been dressed by an experienced stonemason, can it be suitable to be placed into the architectural structure or building.

Speculatively, a Perfect Ashlar is an allegory to a Freemason who, through Masonic education, works to achieve an upstanding life and diligently strives to obtain enlightenment

Masonic Did You Know?

*By W. Bro. Dwight Seals
Camden Lodge #159, Camden, Ohio*

The 34th Degree by Paul V. Marshall, Sr.

Your time on Earth, spent in service.
A shining example of a Man to be.
But, you're now needed in the Heavenly Lodge.
Time has come for your 34th Degree.

Leaving behind the ones you Love.
Are the dues that you must pay.
From afar, you can watch over them.
A part of your obligation this day.

This is the farthest you can go.
The highest point of Masonic Life.
No higher an honor can be sown.
In God's Lodge, you must now stride.

God in the East, King Solomon, the West.
They open the Lodge for you this day.
You go the way as Masons before.
To sit with Pride, and stand with Praise.

The Alter shows the Love you felt.
Brotherhood of Man, One and All.
Your deeds reflect like shining Gold.
The jewel you wear is none too small.

You now stand, before this Alter.
Deserving of the rest you now seek.
No longer to toil the labors of life.
Grand Masters' wages are yours to keep.

Those of us you've left behind.
Will carry on the work for you.
Your dedication will shine for all.
A memorial you leave for all to view.

So, gather your wages, rest for now.
Lay back in the shade of Gods' great tree.
You've earned the honor, now bestowed.
MASONS in HEAVEN, THE 34th DEGREE.

He just sat there with a lost look on his face. I knew what he was thinking. He was worried that he wouldn't be able to order anything else and that scared the bejeezus out of him. He was still eating and I was done and it didn't look like he was gonna get finished any time soon and rather than just sit there and watch him eat I said, "I have a couple of things to tell you about, OK? He nodded (because that was all he could do) "My nephew is going to get his third degree in a couple of weeks and his Lodge is allowing me to be the one who raises him to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason. It is really a great feeling to be a part of the beginning of his Masonic journey." (his eyebrows raised questioningly) "Yes , my Brother, I do mean the beginning. Do you remember the night you were raised?" (mouth full and nodding) "Was it not the beginning of the rest of your life? Was it not a turning point in your life? Looking back was it not the night that the world as you knew it changed?" (nodding more intently now) "Mine too Brother John..... and I changed too. Not drastically right at first but it started out slowly like a snowball rolling down a hill getting bigger and bigger the faster it goes." (smiling now and nodding) "I know that I am a very different person now than I was before that night. The same on the outside and a little older looking, but very different on the inside. The change was so gradual that my wife didn't even see it until one day she just seemed to realize it and told me about it. Heck I hadn't really thought about it but after she pointed out what her observations were I began to think about them and after rolling it over in my mind for a couple of days I realized how different I really was inside. Absorbing the principles and lessons of our Craft over the years had made me a much better man than I was before. I could feel it. I always really thought I was a good man but my thinking had changed and the way I looked at other people and other things had changed." (thoughtful look on his face) "Heck, me and the big guy have become pretty close over the years." (quizzical look again mumbling something unintelligible) "What did you say John?..... no I don't mean the Grand Master although he's a great man. I mean the Supreme Architect of the Universe. The biggest big guy." (relaxed again smiling....still chewing) "We talk all the time, especially going to and from work and on the road. I don't even have time for the radio. Between our conversations and going over the esoteric work while I am driving, I don't have time to listen anymore. My Grandfather once told my Mother that if she ever saw a man driving down the road and he was talking to himself he was either crazy or he was a Mason. I now know what he meant by that. And this Masonry has brought out things in me that I never knew existed, things I never knew I could do, (next panel).....

things I never would have attempted what about you John?" (vigorous nodding now) "I thought so. I figure it does it to most of us. And you know what? Doing those things makes me very happy." (mouthing "me too" saw food in his mouth yukkk) "Hey John I am sorry, this is supposed to be your time to talk and me to listen." (shaking his head taking another bite giving me the rolling sign to go on) "OK John, thanks. We were talking at Lodge last week about how Masonry affects us and one of the Brothers told about taking a trip quite a few years ago with his wife and kids to Washington and New York. Their car had broken down and they had to use all the rest of the money they had for the trip to get the car fixed. They had no credit cards and had no way to get any money and were in a desperate situation. He called a Masonic Lodge in the Virginia town they were in and a Brother whom he had never met came and met him and after establishing that he was a Brother Mason, asked him what he needed. He said he only needed 50 or 60 dollars to get enough gas to get back home and to get some bread and bologna to eat on the way. The Brother gave him \$200.00 and told him to send it back to him when he could afford it. He told me that it was one of the most moving moments of his life and he and that Brother who he had never met until that day have been friends since that day." (not sure but looks like a little tear at the corner of his eye... stopped chewing.... mouth still full though) "Another Brother told me the other day that when he gets home from work he is so tired he doesn't want to do anything including coming to Lodge on meeting nights but as soon as he walks through the door of the Lodge all of the tired goes away. These are things that all of us as Masons can relate to because this is how it is" I was probably talking too much and too fast but I had some stuff to get off my chest so I rolled on. "On the bad side as a Mason I see some of the things that are going on in our country and in the world and I am dumbfounded. We have people who are supposed to be Godly and Spiritual who are leaders and members of different Religious Organizations who cannot even tolerate one another. They can't even mind their own house. Instead they have to attack others as if that makes them superior to who they are attacking. One group accuses another of being a cult and another says that no one except those that believe as they do will meet God in Heaven. And others are calling for the death and destruction next page...

of all who believe differently than they... all in the name of God. What the hell are they thinking Brother John? All of them thinking that only “they” are right, and are totally convinced of their moral and spiritual superiority.” (a sad look on his face shaking his head slightly) “Are they so blinded by their attempts at exclusivity that they can’t see their ignorance? Heck they even attack us because we don’t take sides. And yet we Masons meet in Lodge and in public, all different ages, races, backgrounds, interests, and spiritual beliefs and not one antagonistic word, not one sarcastic remark, not one harsh or hurtful thought or deed is exchanged between Brothers about anyone’s Religious beliefs because no one cares what you believe..... only that you DO believe. This is the specialness of Masonry. Ever since the very moment when man has known right from wrong there have been men who stand up for honor and integrity and who stand up for what is right no matter what. As long as there has been evil in the world there have been good men who fight for what is right, for mans freedom to choose, to worship, to express himself. They have been known by many different names throughout the centuries but their actions and deeds have all been consistently the same. At this particular period in history they are called Masons. This is why I love this Fraternity and what it stands for.” I paused to take a much needed breath and he was grinning from ear to ear. I looked around and realized that several people were watching us. “John, why didn’t you tell me I was too loud?” I asked as I lowered my voice to almost a whisper. “Heck Brother Chris,” he said as he reached over to the empty table next to us and grabbed the flag and hoisted it on our table. “You were so wound up I don’t think I could have slowed you down. Besides I had my mouth full and I couldn’t talk.” “I appreciate you not trying to Brother John. Anyway I started out telling you about being a part of my Nephew’s Masters Degree and I got kinda carried away but I am sure excited to go up there and do it. Every time I get to work in a new Brothers Degrees it’s like living mine all over again. I am sorry I went on so long, I’m pretty much talked out except to say how happy I am for my Nephew for getting right to his work and getting it all done. It’s an extra measure of good feeling when it’s a family member who is beginning his travels. I am looking forward to a lot of years of Masonic communication between us and I sure am proud to call him my Brother.” Before John could say anything Janie appeared and apologized to John for taking his flag and asked him what she could get him. He said, “I just wanted to tell younext panel.....

what a great job you did and to thank you.” Her expression went from mildly irritated to puzzled to a big smile and while she was enjoying his praise he got a sad puppy dog look on his face and asked, “Could I have a couple more of those enchiladas? I really like them.” She laughed out loud and slapped him playfully on the arm and headed towards the kitchen and when she got back she had a plate with at least six enchiladas on it. She set it in front of him, gave him a little hug and said, “You just raise that flag if you need anything else.” I was shaking my head in disbelief as he sat there chewing on his enchiladas with a self absorbed contented smile on his face. “I will never understand how you can make someone mad at you and then get a hug from the same person. It blows my mind.” “It’s my charisma,” he said with a grin between bites of enchilada.” I just shook my head and raised the flag. “Aha,” he said. “You talked so much you got hungry again, right?” Janie had seen the flag again and had come over expecting to talk to John who pointed at me instead. I asked her what kinds of desserts they had and she told me they had Sopapillas, Mexican Custard, Cheesecake, and Mexican Sweetbreads. “OK,” I said. “Give me three orders of Sopapillas and plenty of honey to go with them, four slices of Cheesecake, a couple of cups of the Mexican Custard, and about a half dozen of the Sweetbreads. Oh and all of it to go except one slice of Cheesecake.” I heard John choking and sputtering and before he could say anything I wrote the word “PAYBACK” on my napkin and slid it across the table in front of him and fixed him with a stern stare. When he looked up from the napkin I said, “You’re buying dessert for the guys at the shop because you are such a charismatic guy and they really appreciate it.” Well he threw back his head and laughed out loud. “That’s what I like about you Brother Chris,” he chuckled as he paid our bill. “The payback is almost as much fun as the prank itself.” We walked out together with Janie beside us where she thanked John with a big smile..... apparently he made up for being a pain in the rear with some rather larger than normal tip. And that’s the way it ended. Janie was happy with her tip, my guys were happy with dessert, I was happy cause I didn’t have to pay, and of course John was happy cause his belly was full. Ain’t it great when a plan comes together? Happy Thanksgiving to all. Talk to you next month.

“Silence in the face of evil is itself evil. God will not hold us guiltless. Not to speak is to speak. Not to act is to act.” Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Calendar for November and December

November 1st Stated Meeting – (The program for this meeting will be “A Collection of Masonic Poems” presented by Bro John Root.)

November 8th – Practice or Degree

November 12th—Widows Luncheon (Canceled until after the New Year.

November 15th – Stated Meeting—(the program for this meeting will be “The Building of King Solomon’s Temple” presented by APM Brother Vic Woodfield. “It is universally agreed that King Solomon's Temple was the Grandest , most costly and wonderful structure ever erected to the worship of the True God.”)

November 22nd – Davy Crockett Thanksgiving Family Night! Let’s celebrate together. The Program for the evening will be an address by Victoria M. Garcia – Managing Partner of Bracewell & Giuliani in San Antonio Sharing the story of her family’s escape from Cuba during the Castro revolution, the values that have been passed down from her Grandfather (a Mason), and what is truly important in life. A remarkable story which will remind us all why we have so much to be thankful for during this Thanksgiving Holiday season.

November 29th—Practice or Degree

December 6th-- Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting will be “The Generation Gap.... What a Bunch of B.S.” Presented by Bro Brad Kohanke. Brother Brad will pleasantly surprise you with proof that there really isn’t a generation gap. This will focus on the central ideals that unite us and do away with the appearance of differences. You are going to love this one.)

December 13th – Davy Crockett Christmas Program ... Family Night. This is a covered dish dinner and the Lodge will furnish the meat and bread and drinks.

December 20th – Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting will be “The History and Purpose of the Order of DeMolay” presented by Brother Aaron Gonzalez. Brother Aaron is the sitting Master Councilor of Albert Pike Chapter.)

December 27th -- Dark---- Happy New Year.

November Birthdays

Charles Lenz	Charlie Barnett	Wayne Owen	Bill Gulick	Joe Ackerman
Guy Cox	Joe Seekamp	Arnold English	Marvin Wells	Patrick Brown
Edgar Mitchell	David Titus	Jack Smith Jr.	Joe Salinas	Jim Griffin
Fred Sartor Jr.	David Foster	John Badders	Phillip Robberson	

Happy Birthday Brothers!!!

*******The Sunday Masonic Paper*******

IS IGNORANCE IN MASONRY A CRIME?

by John Edwin Mason, M.D.
NATIONAL FREEMASON – 1872

All Masons naturally seek for "more light." If they love the principles of Freemasonry, they cherish a desire to learn more of the history and literature of such a noble Order, and become acquainted with the law, usages, and jurisprudence governing Freemasonry at the present day. They desire to give information to their less informed brethren, who have just been obligated on its holy altars.

As "education makes the man," so it also makes the Mason. The obligation taken on the holy altar does not virtually make a man a Mason. The Masonic world acknowledges him as such, but if he has no knowledge of Masonry, and does not seek to obtain any, he is simply a fraud upon the Craft, and has no rights that Masons are bound to respect. He is a living monument of the folly, so common at the present day, of making Masons of all applicants, without regarding their mental qualifications. A wide distinction should be made between candidates for Masonry and the idiotic asylum.

Mr. Pointless makes application to be made a Mason, because he finds that Masonry is very popular, and he thinks he will be able to sell more cabbages in the market. A correct prognosis would make very little difference between his head and the cabbage heads he sells in the market. Both are harmless specimens of verdancy, unequalled in the vegetable kingdom.

Mr. Pointless never had an idea above an oyster in all his life. Two distinct ideas never crept into that head at the same time, because it would cause an explosion. The boiler would burst, like any other boiler. It was a wise provision of nature that such boilers should burst.

He fully realizes that "The wise are happy, nature to explore; The fool is happy that he knows no more." The committee call upon Mr. Pointless, and find him an honest, truthful, upright man, with no bad habits, and an exemplary member of Rev. Mr. Blowhard's church. The committee make a favorable report, and Mr. Pointless is made a Mason in due and ancient form.

No one could measure his appreciation of the degrees by the quart or gallon. As years roll by, his knowledge of Masonry is just about the same as that he possesses of the differential calculus, of Socrates, or Hippocrates. He cannot be stimulated to learn anything, because he invariably says he "has no larnin'." He dies in good standing, without ever having been able to prove himself a Mason, or even give the passwords.

The question arises, when Mr. Pointless dies, did Masonry make him a better man, or make him serve his fellow-men as the Bible teaches? All must reply in the negative. Mr. Pointless did not profit by the valuable lessons taught in Masonry, because he knew nothing about them, and was too ignorant to learn them. But can he be blamed for his ignorance? Most assuredly; for in this country schools are free, and education flows like the mountain streamlet, and he who refuses to drink at its fountain is a criminal.

The ignorance of such a man casts a stain upon Masonry. No such person can be considered a worthy candidate. His life was not only a blank to Masonry, but an actual disgrace. The dangerous classes are always ignorant men. Mobs and riots originate among these classes. Ignorant men are dangerous to Masonry. They must be kept out. In the dark days of anti-masonry, it was the ignorant men in the Craft who rose up and took the life of our beloved Order. If dark days come again, the same class will do the same thing. We can only judge the future by the past. Anti-masonic conventions have been held the past year in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Syracuse, New York; Worcester, Massachusetts; and in various other places. The cloud is now no larger than a man's hand, but

it may increase, until it bursts into a storm that will sweep all before; it, as it did forty years ago. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

There are too many drones in the Masonic hive, whose negligence is only surpassed by their ignorance. They have passed through all the degrees, but never visit their Lodges, Chapters, Councils, or Commandereries (Preceptory). They howl once a year, when they pay their dues to the secretary, otherwise they do not disturb the harmony of the Craft. As they joined Masonry in order to benefit themselves, they never give a dollar for charity. They look upon Masonry as a popular Order, but should a storm arise and its popularity be shaken, these men would be the first to leave the ship. Then they would declare that they never had a good opinion of it. Such hypocrites are always ignorant men, and their ignorance is a crime in Masonry.

We have also a class of sincere and enthusiastic Masons, who are not ignorant in one sense, yet they are in another. They have committed to memory the ritual, so they can confer almost any degree, and yet they know so little of the history, literature, and jurisprudence of Masonry, that any profane would make them blush for shame if he asked them very common questions. Their senseless gabble over the ritual makes the Craft call them "Parrot Masons," because they learn Masonry as the parrot learns a language. Darwin would say that their origin could be traced back to a parrot. With contracted and narrow ideas about Masonry, they oppose the publication of anything on Masonry in newspapers or periodicals, and have a cold chill whenever they see a word in print about Masonry. They have an idea that Masonry is something like a black coal-hole, in which no light should enter. They foster ignorance, by opposing everybody in the Order whose ideas are not as narrow as their own. They oppose Masonic books and papers, because they educate Masons to know more than they ever hope to possess. All their long lives they have been "Dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up."

Some of the most ignorant even go so far as to oppose the calling of Masonic meetings through the daily newspapers, or the simple announcements what degrees would be worked. They can give no reason for such foolish and ridiculous assurances, and only refer to the fact, that King Solomon did not publish such notices, as no newspapers then existed! If they followed King Solomon in other things as closely as in this, they would each possess more wives than Brigham Young. Would that be Masonic also? "Where ignorance is bliss 'Tis folly to be wise." All the above-named classes need -more light," in accordance with the strict meaning of that term in Masonry. This light is simply more knowledge. The great question to meet now, face to face, is how this Masonic information can be imparted. It is, perhaps, the most important question now discussed by learned Masons all over the world.

A diagnosis of this disease in Masonry has been made, the prognosis given, and now the remedy must be applied. There is a specific that stands ready to cure ignorance in any form, no matter how virulent. It is reading, study, and thinking. If Masons will only do their own thinking, and not hire it, done by the job, there will be a radical change. If they will study Masonry as a science, they will glean rich gems from her precious mines. If they will read the history and literature of Masonry, they will be astonished to find so rich a harvest. Well-informed Masons often say that Masonry has no literature. The proceedings of Grand Lodges, Chapters, Councils, and Commandereries (Preceptory) all over the world, the different Masonic events that are celebrated by addresses, orations, poems, &c., all furnish a rich current literature of Freemasonry.

The reports on foreign correspondence, in all the Grand Bodies in the United States, compare favorably with our best magazine literature. Here is a rich field, in which to gather information, and to obtain all the Masonic news in every State. And yet how few Masons carefully peruse them! The writer reads annually over three thousand pages of proceedings of Grand Bodies, and two thousand pages of Masonic addresses, poems, and newly-published books on Masonry, and yet feels ashamed that he only has time to read these five thousand pages.

The other sources of Masonic information are all good, but cannot compare with a monthly magazine. This is unquestionably the best. Such varied information is obtained, that any Mason who takes a monthly or weekly Masonic publication, and reads it carefully, is generally the best educated on all Masonic subjects, and knows also what is being done by his fraters abroad. He finds answers to all the questions that naturally occur to an inquiring mind, and finds it is his best Masonic companion.

Thanks to: W. Bro. Wayne Anderson, FCF, MPS



Wish List

Children's clothing:

Infant wear (newborn-24 months)
Baby Socks
Sleepwear for toddler boys and girls
Toddler clothing (2T-5T)
Shoes
Boys & Girls clothing (5-14 years)
Collared white knit shirts
Khaki pants
Dresses
Pants
Shorts
Tee shirts
Jeans
Underwear
Socks
Shoes

Personal Hygiene Items:

Liquid soap
Lotion
Shampoo and conditioner for normal hair
Hairbrushes for all sizes
Deodorant (small travel size)
Hair gel
BB Hair conditioner
Hair barrettes, bows, ponytail holders
Toothbrushes

Diapers:

Huggies, Luvs or Pampers brand--Size 3/4/5/6
Pull-ups

Arts and Crafts:

play dooh
crayolas
markers
colored construction paper
feathers
scissors
glue
butcher block paper

individual set of 6-7 water colors
paint brushes
stickers

In/outdoor:

Board games
Jump ropes
Frisbees
Basketballs
Volleyball set & volleyballs
Soccer balls
Nurf footballs
Sidewalk chalk
Ping pong table
DVD's (G rated)
Swim goggles

Baby Items

Baby Wipes
Baby Juice
Baby Jar Food
Cereal
Baby Bottles
Bottle nipples
Bottle brushes
Pedialyte
Formula (Enfamil with iron, Similac Advance or Sensitive)
Teethers
Baby wash
Baby shampoo
Baby lotion
Bibs
Crib sheets
Diaper bags
Double Strollers

Gift Certificates:

Babies R Us
Target
Payless Shoes
Walmart

Please no stuffed animals as they may be an allergy issue for many of our children.

June 24, 2011

Subject: TRUE STORY

Back in the 50's there was a well known radio host/comedian/song writer in Hollywood named Stuart Hamblen who was noted for his drinking, womanizing, partying, etc. One of his bigger hits at the time was "I won't go hunting with you Jake, but I'll go chasing women."

One day, along came a young preacher holding a tent revival . Hamblen had him on his radio show presumably to poke fun at him. In order to gather more material for his show, Hamblen showed up at one of the revival meetings . Early in the service the preacher announced, "There is one man in this audience who is a big fake." There were probably others who thought the same thing, but Hamblen was convinced that he was the one the preacher was talking about (some would call that conviction) but he was having none of that.

Still the words continued to haunt him until a couple of nights later he showed up drunk at the preacher's hotel door around 2AM demanding that the preacher pray for him!

But the preacher refused, saying, "This is between you and God And I'm not going to get in the middle of it."

But he did invite Stuart in and they talked until about 5 AM at which point Stuart dropped to his knees and with tears, cried out to God.

But that is not the end of the story. Stuart quit drinking, quit chasing women, quit everything that was 'fun.' Soon he began to lose favour with the Hollywood crowd. He was ultimately fired by the radio station when he refused to accept a beer company as a sponsor.

Hard times were upon him. He tried writing a couple of "Christian" songs but the only one that had much success was "This Old House", Written for his friend Rosemary Clooney. As he continued to struggle, a long time friend Named John took him aside and told him, "All your troubles started when you 'got religion,' Was it worth it all?" Stuart answered simply, "Yes." Then his friend asked, "You liked your booze so much, don't you ever miss it?" And his answer was, "No." John then said, "I don't understand how you could give it up so easily." And Stuart's response was, "It's no big secret. All things are possible with God." To this John said, "That's a catchy phrase. You should write a song about it." And as they say, "The rest is history."

The song Carl Stuart Hamblen wrote was "It Is No Secret." "It is no secret what God can do. What He's done for others, He'll do for you. With arms wide open, He'll welcome you. It is no secret, what God can do...."

By the way... The friend was John Wayne . And the young preacher who refused to pray for Stuart Hamblen?

...That was Billy Graham .

Share this with your friends ... I did!

A B C D E F G H I J K

After being married for thirty years, a wife asked her husband to describe her.

He looked at her slowly then said, "You're A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K."

She asks..... "What does that mean?"

He said, "Adorable, Beautiful, Cute, Delightful, Elegant, Foxy, Gorgeous, Hot.

She smiled happily and said, "Oh, that's so lovely. What about I, J, K?"

He said, "I'm Just Kidding!"

His left eye is still swollen, but the doctor has informed him that he is likely to see things much clearer in the future.

Darkness to the Mason

Perhaps one of the most familiar phrases is “And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep”. This phrase points to there being darkness before there was Light and carries deep meaning within the Craft. In most cultures and peoples, darkness is associated with death and the cold of winter, whereas light is associated with life and the warmth of spring and summer. Depending upon the times, each of these states was feared or revered.

But the Freemason has attached a deeper and more instructive meaning to these stages. Darkness is defined as the absence of light, and as such, represents ignorance, while Light represents knowledge and truth. In darkness, one wanders helpless and at the mercy of all about him, but with light, the eye can see clearly the path with its good and evil.

There is no question that in darkness, the eye is blind and the other senses must perceive so that the mind may conceive. Thus it is that the hoodwink is used to cause each of us to recall the state of darkness which existed before our seeing the Light. It is not an idle charge that the mind and heart should behold first, before the eye. Recognizing our ignorance and deprivation of understanding are important lessons in our journey toward Truth and knowledge.

But it is important to remember that just as day and night alternate, so do the choices which we encounter in our lives. To gain knowledge requires continual attention and effort. “The face of the deep” is exactly that, deep! The lessons contained in the Holy Works represent a compilation of the Works of the Great Architect through the ages and while it lies open in our Lodge room; its contents radiate the Light to guide our lives. To overcome the Darkness of the North requires careful thought and reflection.

Like the lessons of the Ritual, the lectures, and memory work, the Light of Freemasonry through its symbols, Brotherly Love, and Spiritual values places a higher standard upon its members. To move from the World of Darkness to the World of Light is a lifetime goal and a true spiritual journey requiring a trust in God, faith in a hereafter, and a commitment to moral conduct and Brotherly Love.

The next time we witness a new candidate being initiated, regardless of level, we should close our eyes and recall the Darkness which surrounded us as we began our journey and reflect upon our state of progress and how much we owe to the Great Architect and those about us.

And when we open our eyes, having listened carefully to the lessons being given, and look to the East, may we renew and increase our efforts to construct our Temple, serve our Brothers, and discover more Light.

Final Funny

A woman was having a daytime affair while her husband was at work. One rainy day she was in bed with her boyfriend when, to her horror, she heard her husband's car pull into the driveway.

'Oh my God - Hurry! Grab your clothes and jump out the window. My husband's home early!'

'I can't jump out the window. It's raining out there!'

'If my husband catches us in here, he'll kill us both!' she replied.. 'He's got a hot temper and a gun, so the rain is the least of your problems!'

So the boyfriend scoots out of bed, grabs his clothes and jumps out the window! As he ran down the street in the pouring rain, he quickly discovered he had run right into the middle of the town's annual marathon, so he started running along beside the others, about 300 of them.

Being naked, with his clothes tucked under his arm, he tried to blend in as best he could. After a little while a small group of runners who had been watching him with some curiosity, jogged closer.

Do you always run in the nude?' one asked.

'Oh yes!' he replied, gasping in air. 'It feels so wonderfully free!'

Another runner moved a long side. 'Do you always run carrying your clothes with you under your arm?'

'Oh, yes' our friend answered breathlessly. 'That way I can get dressed right at the end of the run and get in my car to go home!'

Then a third runner cast his eyes a little lower and asked, 'Do you always wear a condom when you run?'

'Nope..just when it's raining.' 🇩🇪

Lord that's funny!!!.....