



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 4, Issue 3

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

October 2011

****From The East****

By Patrick Giles Worshipful Master

Greetings Brethren,

It is my hope that this reaches each of you and you are well. I would like to let everyone know we working hard to prepare for the future of our lodge. Myself and the new officers are starting to get the hang of things and we have been making plans for great things to come. But I also need to point out we have been working on things that have been left out in the past. I would like to have a luncheon for the widows of our brethren who have graduated to the celestial lodge on Saturday, November 12th. I have been going over the records and will be contacting all I can find. If you know of a widow of our lodge please let me know. I also want every brother out there to know that even if you haven't been to lodge or can't make it to the meetings, you are not forgotten. We pray every meeting that all of our members are safe and well. If you would like to come to lodge and can't let us know, perhaps another brother lives nearby you who can give you a ride remember all you have to do is ask. Know we are always here and always will be. May God bless each and everyone.

This Month's Humor

A man walked into the produce section of his local supermarket and asked to buy a half head of lettuce. The boy working in that department told him that they only sold whole heads of lettuce. The man was insistent that the boy ask his manager about the matter. Walking into the back room, the boy said to the manager, "Some moron wants to buy a half head of lettuce." As he finished his sentence, he turned to find the man standing right behind him, so he added, "And this gentleman kindly offered to buy the other half." The manager approved the deal and the man went on his way. Later the manager said to the boy, "I was impressed with the way you got yourself out of that situation earlier. We like people who think on their feet here. Where are you from, son?" "Texas sir." the boy replied. "Well, why did you leave Texas?" the manager asked. The boy said, "Sir, there's nothing but hookers and football players there." Really?" said the manager "My wife is from Texas." "Get outta here!" the boy said. "Who'd she play for?"

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

Brethren, I would like to report on the 50 Year Service Award ceremony held at the Lodge on the night of Sep. 27th for Brother Dan Mason. There were 94 Brothers, Friends and Family members in attendance. The food was great and the program was memorable. Most worshipful T.E. Gene Carnes presented Brother Dan with his award and spoke of his years of dedication and service to Masonry. Many of Dan's Brothers, Friends, and Family Members stood to honor him in their own way. It was a good night for Masonry and for our Brother Dan Mason. A special thanks to Mr. Larry Williams, the one man swing band who provided the excellent entertainment. I also want to give everyone a heads up about the Thanksgiving Program Family Night on Tuesday November 22nd and the Christmas Program Family Night on Tuesday December 13th. More details on the Programs for each will follow next month. I would also like to put in a word for our Stewards, Bros Doug Montgomery and Tim Dellagiacomma who have added pounds to many Brothers this year so far due to the very delicious meals they have prepared for us. Add to that the super salads that Bro Olaf and Toni Emblem make for us the Brothers are better fed than ever. The WM asked me to list the top three officers' names, phone numbers, and e-mail addresses. They are:

Patrick Giles 210-823-8272 patrickgiles1@gmail.com

Wes O'Neill 210-422-9453 wesoneill@live.com

Brad Kohanke 210-789-9653 kohanke@sbcglobal.net



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

**Stated Meeting 10-4-11
Program**

**Stated Meeting 10-18-11
Program**

**Stated Meeting 11-1-11
Program**

"Invoking the Aid of Diety"

"The Parting of the Red Sea"

"A Collection of Masonic Poems"

"A New Look at the Lords Prayer"

"An In Depth Look at the Meaning"

"I Promise You Haven't Heard These"

Presented By

Presented By

Presented By

Bros Brad Kohanke and Chris Williams

PM&DI Br Keith Revnolds

Bro John Root

Light Reflected

A monthly "opinion" by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

In last month's article, I warned you that I was going to try and "tackle the Lord's Prayer." This has been a topic near and dear to me since I began my search for truth and light so many decades ago. It always struck me as so misunderstood and hypocritical when during church services, we were forced to mindlessly repeat words that over time had become meaningless because of the act of sheer repetition. After all, in the New Testament of the Christian Bible, the "Lord's Prayer" when examined in context is an example of how one should speak with God; not instructions of what to mindlessly repeat in some formal ceremony. In Matthew Chapter 6, verses 7, 8, and part of 9 it says:

7 **And when you are praying, do not use meaningless repetition, as the Gentiles do, for they suppose that they will be heard for their many words.**

8 **"Therefore do not be like them; for your Father knows what you need, before you even ask him.**

9 **"Pray then in this way: ...**

Jesus then goes on to perform an example of how to speak with God, praying "from the hip," so to speak. The church then copies down the prayer and to this day requires it (now referred to as the "Lord's Prayer") to be repeated at practically every formal ceremony. To me, this is completely missing the point.

In my research on the topic of prayer, I have run across many superbly written explanations both supporting and arguing against repetitious prayer. So, before I go any further let me remind you once again that what I am writing are merely my opinions on these topics. I respect every individual's belief on how best to communicate with the Great Architect of the Universe. That being said, I have found one writing in particular that I feel sums up my belief on prayer. Titled Why and How to Pray and written by Gyan Rajhans for followers of the Hindu faith, there is a section entitled "7 Techniques of Successful Prayer" which says:

The scriptures indicate that there are seven techniques of successful prayer:

1. *When you pray just talk to God as a little boy would to a father or mother whom he loves and with whom he feels in harmony. Tell Him everything that is on your mind and in your heart.*
2. *Talk to God in simple everyday speech. He understands every language. It is not necessary to use an exaggerated formal speech. You would not talk to your father or mother that way, would you? God is your heavenly father (or mother). Why should you be formal to Him or Her? This will make your relationship with Him more natural.*
3. *Tell God what you want. You might as well be factual. You want something. Tell Him about it. Tell Him you would like to have it if He thinks it is good for you. But also say and mean it that you will leave it to Him to decide and you will accept His decision as best for you. If you do this regularly it will bring to you what you ought to have, and thus fulfill your own destiny. It will be possible for God to give you things that you should have-wonderful things. It is really unfortunate, the marvelous things we miss, things God wants to give us and cannot because we insist upon something else, something only a fraction as fine as He wants to give us.*
4. *Practice praying as many times during the day as possible. For example, when you are driving your car, instead of the aimless thoughts that go through your mind, talk to God as you drive. If you have a companion in the front seat, you would talk to him or her. Would you not? Then, imagine the Lord is there and in fact He is, so just talk to Him about everything. If you are waiting for the subway train or bus, have a little chat with Him. Most importantly say a little prayer before you go to bed. If it is not possible, get into bed, relax and then pray. God will lull you to a wonderful carefree sleep.*
5. *It is not always necessary to say words when you pray. Spend a few moments just thinking about Him. Think how good He is, how kind He is and that He is right by your side guiding and watching over you.*
6. *Don't always pray for yourself. Try helping others by your prayers. Pray for those who are in trouble or are ill. Whether they are your loved ones or your friends or neighbors, your prayer will profoundly affect them. And...*
7. *Last but not the least whatever you do, do not make all prayers into the form of begging God for something. The prayer for thanksgiving is much more powerful. Make your prayer consisting of a listing of all the fine things you possess, or all the wonderful things that have happened to you. Name them over, thank God for them and make that your whole prayer. You will find that these prayers of thanksgiving grow. **Continued on page 4***

The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

I got the call about 11:30 last Thursday and he interrupted me as soon as he heard my voice. "I already know where you are taking me to eat," he said in a gruff voice. "And how are you doing today my Brother John," I asked in a cheery tone. "Please enlighten me as to where we are going so I can call my banker and get a loan to pay for it." "You do realize that's not funny," he growled. "But no matter. You need to meet me at "Olive Garden" because I saw a TV commercial the other day about all you can eat soup and salad and bread sticks." Uh oh, big red flag. "John I don't know if that is a really good idea. You remember we almost got thrown out of the last place that had all you can eat. I don't want to go through that again." "Don't you worry yourself about it Brother Chris," he said happily. "I plan on ordering a bunch of other stuff so they won't get upset." Wow, I thought, shaking my head in disbelief, "I have never known someone who could solve a problem and create a whole new one at exactly the same instant like John could. I wondered if it was his duty in life to run me into bankruptcy. I decided to just go with it hoping we could have lunch without him making a scene. I wanted to be able to eat there again since it was kinda close to my house. But alas.... it was not to be. I told him to go ahead and get there and put our name on the list cause it is almost always a 30 minute wait at least and I only have an hour for lunch and even though Leonard is pretty much ok if it goes every once in a while to an hour and a half we still wouldn't have enough time. I waited for about 20 minutes after he left before I started heading down there and found him, hands on hips with a big scowl on his face standing with a whole bunch of other people waiting for a table. I eased between a couple of ladies who seemed to be as unhappy as John was about waiting and asked him, "How much longer is the wait?" He actually had his lower lip stuck out like a pouting 10 year old kid and said, "Brother Chris, nobody knows nothing. They gave me this little contraption (and he showed me a 6inch square piece of plastic) and said it would start a flashing and a viberating (yes he said vib-er-rating) when we could eat. I ain't never seen anything like this. I am hungry big time." "Well," I said. "They ought to know how much longer we will be. I don't have all day." "Well I'll see if I can find out," he said and I followed him to the hostess station where there were two attractive and pleasant young ladies who were being badgered one by one by the whole room. He asked one of them how much longer we were going to be and she told him it shouldn't be much longer and that is when I did it. Had I known what a big drama it was going to be beforehand I would have kept my mouth shut but I opened my mouth and I asked the hostess, "How do we know that this thing works?" She kind of cocked her head and gave me a serious look and without saying anything punched a code onto her panel which set off John's vi-ber-rator which set off a chain reaction neither I nor anyone else could have predicted.

As soon as that flasher thing **Next Panel.....**

went off in John's hand he let out a roar and yelled HERE WE GO and before anyone could stop him started for the dining room. The hostess yelled, "Sir.... Siiirrrr. You can't.... but he was already gone. She looked back at me with a glare that I could actually feel the heat and took off after John with me right on her heels. By the time we found John he was already sitting at a table and Lynn was taking his...uhh... our drink order. The hostess marched right up to him and told him that HIS table was not ready yet and to come back to the front. He said, "Hold on there little lady. My vi-ber-rator thingy went off so it was our turn." Well she turned around and glared at me again and all I could do was mouth the word SORRY which didn't seem to help her mood at all. As she turned to lay into John again a guy who apparently was one of the managers walked up and said to the hostess, "It's ok. I will take it from here." After she left he turned back to John and I and said, "That was one of the smoothest scams I have ever seen and if it hadn't been so funny I would have let Ana have at you." And when he saw the shocked look on both of our faces he said, "I know you didn't plan it but it was funny just the same. Enjoy your meal." I sat down and gave John the angriest look I could muster and he shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands out and said in a weak voice, "But the thingy went off." I refused to talk to him and we just ordered. Lynn must have wondered why we decided to have lunch together when we obviously had a problem with each other. True to form he ordered all you can eat soup, salad, and breadsticks. Then he ordered the Steak Gorgonzola Alfredo which is a meal and a half for most people and as usual I had to call the waitress back because she thought he was ordering for me too. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed an older couple glaring at us from a couple of tables away and two ladies sitting to our left who were doing the same. I wondered why they were mad at us until I realized that we had probably been behind them in line for a table when John pulled his stunt. He noticed it too because he was trying hard to keep from looking at them. I said, "John, you know why they are mad at us don't you?" He just stared at me so I continued, "When your "thingy" went off we got seated before them and they should have been in front of us." "I never thought about that," he said apologetically. "I don't want them mad at me." "It's too late for that my Brother," I answered. "You are the bad guy right now." "Don't worry, I will fix it," he said. I didn't know how he was going to do it but he needed to do something. Our food finally came and he kept finishing his soup and asking for more. I can't even remember how many times she refilled the salad bowl or how many bowls of soup he consumed but I stopped counting at six. In between bowls of soup and salad he managed to consume the **Go to page 5.....**

“Light Reflected continued”..... Finally, please do not pray to God to run after you to satisfy your selfish desires. You are supposed to do your work as efficiently and skillfully as possible. With faith in God and using the above techniques of prayer you will have success in every walk of life.

I know my article this month is a little longer than usual, but there are just a couple more things I'd like to say before closing. We are indeed blessed this year to have as our Chaplain, Associated Past Master and Past Provincial Assistant Grand Standard Bearer for the Provincial Grand Lodge of Surrey, England - Brother Victor Woodfield. Brother Vic truly speaks from the heart when he prays on our behalf. From giving thanks for our meals, to opening and closing the Lodges, and finally to offering pleas for those in sickness and distress, Brother Vic does so with such sincerity of feeling that I can actually feel the words flow from his mouth, through my soul, and straight to God's ear. Thank you Brother Vic. Like in the "Grinch Who Stole Christmas," my heart grows 10 times each time I hear you speak to The Supreme Grand Master of the Universe.

Finally, be sure and try to make it out to the first stated meeting in October, Tuesday the 4th. I wrote this article as a teaser for the program that the Davy Crockett Light Brigade has prepared for your entertainment and education. Brother Chris Williams and I will try our hand at acting as we perform a two-man play entitled "Invoking the Aid of Diety." It should be fun. I hope to see all of you there.

Symbolism Corner

THE ANCIENT USE OF THE CABLE-TOW

What do we mean, when in our lodges we talk of "the length of their cable tow"?

Many centuries ago any yarn, fiber or string was called "tau".

Sometimes people would use several pieces of "tau" and weave or twist them into a rope.

This process was then known as cabling. The result was a "cabled-tau".

The builders of the great cathedrals used "cabled-tau" for walls of cathedrals where an early form of scaffolding was built. In those days there were, of course, no occupational health standards, and climbing flimsy scaffolding with heavy tools or mortar would not be safe. Lifting tools with a "cabled-tau" would be much safer.

The length of a worker's "cable-tau" determined how high he could climb before hauling up his tools. The length of one's "cabled-tau" limited the height to which a worker could safely climb.

An inexperienced workman would have a very short "cabled-tau" until he learned his trade well and could climb higher. A builder, then, could not work beyond the length of his "cabled-tau" and the length of his "cabled-tau" might serve as a mark of a working man's ability.

Resilience

By Stan Shapiro MD, Grand Lodge Education Officer G.L. of MN

We need to be able to face the stress and losses that life places before us and maintain a sense of emotional steadiness and calm. Masonry can help us to feel better, more alive and more engaged during times of stress.

As Masons we do several things that can help us deal with the inevitable stresses and anxieties in our life and to respond in a skillful and effective way.

- Because of the deep connections and sense of belonging we have with our brothers, we develop the capacity to be open and share our concerns.
 - Masonry gives us an opportunity to understand our own meaning and purpose which can help us through difficult times.
 - Masonry encourages us to cultivate a good heart and to hold ourselves and each other with a greater degree of kindness and compassion.
 - We learn to subdue our passions which can help us to remain emotionally steady when confronted by overwhelming feelings.
 - We increase our self esteem and self acceptance when we help our brothers or the community or when our different opinions are respected by our brothers.
 - We have a regular experience of the sacred and are encouraged to practice our religion.
 - We are taught to divide our time for sleep, activity and service to God and others.
- Other things we need to practice when dealing with stress include:
- Managing our energy with exercise, diet and nutritional supplements.
 - Using breathing, mindfulness meditation and self awareness exercises to calm our mind.

Steak Gorgonzola and kept eyeballing my plate the whole time. I felt like I needed to curl my arm around my plate to keep him from taking it. It sure is hard to eat like that. I feel sorry for Mrs. Deacon. At one point he was carrying on a low conversation with Lynn, no doubt ordering another of the four varieties of soup who did a lot of nodding before she took off for the kitchen. I figured I was going to have to leave her a really good tip for the extra mileage she was putting in for John. Finally he seemed to be getting to a stopping point so I figured it was as good a time as any to see if he had any words of wisdom. He got a real serious look on his face and said, "Brother Chris, there are profound lessons in most everything you see every day. I was at the Barber Shop the other day and an older man came in asked how much for a shampoo and a set. The barber gave him a price and sat him down in the chair. When he took off his hat the Barber said, "But sir, you only have three hairs on your head." The old man said, "I know. Just comb one to the right and one to the left and one straight back." So the Barber started shampooing his hair and after a few seconds he said, "Oops! One of your hairs just broke off and you only have two left." The old man said, "It's OK, when you are done just put one to the right and one to the left." (*I have to tell you that I was really starting to wonder what the "profound lesson" was here.*) John saw the look on my face and shot me a narrow eyed look and went on, "So the Barber resumed his shampooing and a few seconds later he said "Oops. Sir another one of your hairs just broke off and you only have one left. What do you want me to do?" The old man thought for a few seconds and finally said, "Oh Heck with it, just finish the shampoo and leave it messed up. Then, while I sat there with my mouth hanging open in confusion he broke into a way too loud and way too long fit of laughter that sounded like a screeching hyena. After realizing that people were staring at us he quieted down and as he was wiping the tears out of his eyes I asked him what the heck was the lesson there and he replied that "There wasn't one that he knew of but he liked the story so much he wanted to tell it." I told him to cut the comedy act and tell me something worth printing in the newsletter cause there was no way I was going to put that story in there. (*I guess that wasn't exactly true*) He looked around like he was worried that someone might hear him and said, "Brother Chris I had a dream the other night. I don't ever have dreams at least if I do I don't ever remember them. But the other night I dreamed something that seemed so real heck it just might have been real for all I know. You know that I have been aggravated for a long time about some of the things that are going on in Masonry. You know, things like the loss of members and our lackadaisical attitude towards preserving the purity and accuracy of the work, and the general lack of pride in our fraternity. I have been thinking about all of it for a while and I guess that is why maybe I had the dream. I don't think I can ever forget it. Anyway it started out that I was at a Lodge and I realized that I was in the anteroom being prepared to be initiated as an Entered Apprentice Mason. I remember feeling(next panel).....

odd about it since I was already a Master Mason but for some reason I either didn't or I couldn't speak. It was almost like I was watching all that was going on from a few feet away. No one spoke and soon I was at the door knocking for admission and then I was admitted in total darkness. I strained to hear and understand every sound every word spoken. I knelt and I declared my fidelity to God and was then led for what seemed to be the longest time through several passageways and doors with great commotion, with my companion my friend having to vouch for my character and ask that I be allowed to proceed. It struck me that I didn't even know him and yet he was pledging his honor that I was worthy of admission. After every obstacle was cleared I could feel his firm grip on my arm reassuring me that all was well. All of a sudden we turned a corner and I was given a last opportunity to back out but with nervous anticipation and a firm resolve I asked to go on. I then knelt at the altar of Freemasonry and took an oath to God to be the man he wishes me to be. Then with my heart pounding with excitement from the profound lessons I had just learned I was led to another place and then another where more lessons were received and then I was back in the ante room where I was astonished to find myself being prepared for another degree. Brother Chris while all this was going on it occurred to me that I was still in darkness and I was a little confused and I asked why, but no answer was given. Words floated in and out of my memory.... "that my mind might conceive before my eyes beheld"... and I stopped worrying. Soon, still in darkness I found myself traveling again.... in a different place it seemed, until once again I found myself kneeling and promising God to strengthen my mind and body and purifying my character to his satisfaction. I was then told that to complete this part of my journey I would have to pass more tests and be vouched for again. I was told that my ancient Brethren who desired further knowledge had traveled the same path and even though I couldn't see, by the words spoken by my friend who now called me Brother, I could see clearly the path before me. First those sacred columns towering before me and then a stairway to an unknown place where I would find the answers I sought. Slowly and carefully we climbed the winding steps and even in darkness I could feel their pattern under my feet as their lessons and meanings were passed from instructive tongue to my attentive ear. My Brother held me close and guided me with confidence through the narrow passageways where we once again had to prove ourselves worthy in order to pass. Everything was familiar to me yet my understanding was much more vivid. We passed the last test and we were standing alone in what seemed to be a large room. I could hear the tiniest echo in my Brothers voice as he prepared me to... next page...

receive further light. My nervousness had returned as my Brother described our surroundings and I soon realized that we were not alone after all. The Worshipful Master had been there all along. I had heard his voice and others during my travels and none were Brothers that I knew but their voices seemed vaguely familiar somehow. The Master then gave me the answers to the questions I had asked and in the darkness I smiled as his words gave me light. I was then ordered to return whence I came and preparation began for one more journey. Brother Chris, in my subconscious somewhere I knew something big was coming but I couldn't quite get a clear picture in my mind. Before I could figure it out I was off again on another trek. This was by far the longest of the three. As we walked and climbed we passed places where sacred words were being spoken. Some I could hear close by and others farther away but we were never far from their comfort. Again as before new obstacles prevented us from continuing without certain assurances from my Conductor /Brother. Each time he was able to convince the keepers of our sincerity and they allowed us, sometimes grudgingly, to continue our journey. And again we came to a place where I solemnly took my third obligation to God, my Country, my Neighbor and Myself and after prayer for my well being with pride I stood to receive even more of the light that I was promised. I found out to my surprise that I had another and a more dangerous road to travel and was told that I was to follow the footsteps of our ancient patron Hiram and before I could react all hell broke loose and my conductor pulled me along as if trying to escape the commotion. People were yelling at us and they wanted something from me it seemed but I did not have the answer. We fled from place to place trying to get away but in the end there would be no escape. Suddenly my life passed before my eyes. I felt my spirit being carried away as I silently asked the Great architect of the Universe for strength and forgiveness. A cold and empty feeling came over me that all was lost, a feeling of being totally alone. I felt that my journey was over and that somehow I had failed. So many emotions were going through my mind. I was confused and honestly a little bit scared. I strained to hear what was going on. Everyone was looking for something and I realized it was me, but somehow they couldn't find me. I wanted to call out to them but I couldn't. I could hear my Brothers praying for guidance and strength. Then they were trying to reach me. My heart was pounding in my chest as I willed them to succeed and all at once a strong grip pulled me free and gave me new life. I was overcome with happiness and relief as I held on tightly to my Brother as he gave me those last lessons that would last an eternity. I heard the Worshipful Master order my Brother/Conductor who took my arm again to lead me to the East and upon arriving there my veil of darkness was lifted and below a brightly lit letter "G" his Masters jewel around his neck stood Brother George Washington who smiled and nodded his head at me . next panel.....

I just stood there with my mouth open in shock as he proceeded to welcome me and introduce the Brethren in the room. As my eyes followed his around the room my disbelief was overwhelming. Brother Ben Franklin nodded to me from the West and Brother Sam Houston waved and smiled from the South. Brother Will Rogers was sitting in the Junior Deacons chair and that familiar voice I kept hearing in the ante room, now that I could see, belonged to Brother John Wayne our Master of Ceremonies. Now I knew why he kept calling me "Pilgrim". As I circled the room my eyes pausing on every Brother I recognized Jim Bowie, Anson Jones, and Stephen Austin. On the opposite side of the room Brothers Winston Churchill and Douglas McArthur sat together. I was really struggling with all the emotions of everything that had happened but more importantly I wondered WHY all of this happened. As I turned back to the East I glanced over to finally see who had been my Friend/ Brother/ Conductor, the one who had brought me through all my journeys and made sure I arrived safely and there smiling at me and offering me a warm Brotherly grip and hug was Brother David Crockett. I can tell you Brother Chris my knees were pretty weak and shaking by this time and then Brother George spoke to me. He said, "My Brother, I know that you have been troubled lately with all the problems that Masonry seems to have. I want to tell you and reassure you that Masonry has survived every kind of trial and calamity imaginable and still lives today. The Craft and her members have been persecuted, harassed, imprisoned and even slaughtered over the many centuries and still she lives today. Her principals and teachings are perfect and pure and will withstand any and all tests. Masonry, my Brother, is like a soft and gentle breeze. Not something that you can see but always present and always residing in the hearts and minds of good and true men, giving strength and direction according to the will of the Supreme Architect of the Universe. Masonry, like the immortal soul of man will never, never, never die. These Brothers have heard your concerns and have come together at this time and this place to reassure you and re-demonstrate to you the power and wonder of the teachings of our Gentle Craft that you may go forward and help reassure other Brethren that their labors are not in vain and that Masonry is and always will be a force for what is good and what is right. Do not despair My Brother and know that countless Brothers before you have struggled as you and your Brothers have and because of those struggles Masonry is as strong as ever no matter how few or how many the membership. " Before I could thank him and the other Brothers he said, Go now and forever keep Masonry and your Brothers in your heart. Go now and continue to live by the teachings of our Great Fraternity until we shall meet again in the Celestial Lodge above " And as I watched, the whole scene faded out and the next thing I remember is my wife shaking me awake. She was asking, "Are you all right John?" ... (go to page 8....

Calendar for October and November

October 1 – Grand Masters Workshop at Davy Crockett from 10AM to Noon (approx) This workshop is mainly for the top three officers of Lodges in Districts 39A, 39B, 39C, and 42 but any Master Mason can attend. This program will cover several specific Lodge situations and their solutions.

October 4th – Davy Crockett Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting will be “Invoking the Aid of Deity” presented by Brothers Brad Kohanke and Chris Williams. You have probably never heard the Lord’s Prayer like this before.)

October 11th – Practice or Degree

October 18th -- Davy Crockett Stated Meeting (The program for this meeting will be “The Parting of the Red Sea” presented by PM and District Instructor Bro Keith Reynolds.)

October 25th – Practice or Degree

October 28th -- Lodge of Instruction. Hosted by Davy Crockett Lodge and put on by District Instructor for District 39 B Brother Keith Reynolds. This Monthly Lodge of Instruction will primarily address opening and closing all four Lodges and is open to any Master Mason who wishes to attend.

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

November 15th – Stated Meeting—(the program for this meeting will be “The Building of King Solomon’s Temple” presented by APM Brother Vic Woodfield.)

November 22nd – Davy Crockett Thanksgiving Family Night! Let’s celebrate together.

November 23rd – Davy Crockett Lodge of Instruction. Hosted by Davy Crockett Lodge and put on by District Instructor for District 39 B Brother Keith Reynolds. This Monthly Lodge of Instruction will primarily address opening and closing all four Lodges and is open to any Master Mason who wishes to attend.

November 30th—Practice or Degree

October Birthdays

Frank Arbizu	Donald Frazier	Tom Fulcher	Ralph Gonzalez	James Hays	Gary Jordan	Ralph Gonzalez Jr
Douglas Henry	Stephen Rossman	James Land	Kenneth Menn	Robert Miller	Clayton Moulds	Toby Smith
John Roberson	Lary Roberson	Alfred Rothe	Rodney Sanders	Dan Medina	Tom Shannon	James Hicks
Richard Smith	Donn Sorrells	Don Tedder	Billy Ray Wallace	Ron Kayser	Tony Perez	Tom Beckley
Brian Langford	Fernando Gomez	Phillip Knight-Sheen	William Klingaman	Douglas Montgomery		

Happy Birthday Brothers!!!

Masonic Did You Know?

By W. Bro. Dwight Seals

Camden Lodge #159, Camden, Ohio Brethren,

W. Bro. Ray Jones gave me his program yesterday from Salyersville Lodge # 769, Salyersville, Kentucky. This poem was on the back of the program and it is so good I wanted to pass it on. It is a keeper. It would make for a great Lodge education program, a nice poem to put on a Lodge website home page, a bookmark for new candidates among other ideas I'm sure you can think of.

Thank you W. Bro. Ray for sharing this.

REMEMBER YOU'RE A MASON

**When the pressures of recession
Make us concentrate on greed,
Take heed, a worthy Mason
Cares about another's needs;**

**Don't let pressures of the moment
Make your obligation sway,
Stop and help a fallen brother
Or another by the way;**

**What you give is like a bubble
Whenever you assist,
What it costs in time and trouble
Is, soon after, never missed;**

**Brother, bear that obligation
You accepted on your knee,
It's in direct relation
To your own security;**

**Never hesitate, my brother
Square your actions now and say,
"I'll remember I'm a Mason,
"And behave like that today;"**

It has always seemed strange to me that in our endless discussions about education so little stress is laid on the pleasure of becoming an educated person, the enormous interest it adds to life To be able to be caught up into the world of thought — that is to be educated.

Edith Hamilton, 1867 – 1963

(John Deacon from page 6)..... It took me a minute to get my head clear and I finally answered, "Yes, I am OK. Why?" "Well you woke me up," she said. "You were talking in your sleep. You were saying Thank you Thank you and there were tears rolling down your cheeks. Are you sure you are ok?" It took me a few minutes to reassure her that I was Ok. She still thinks I am losing my mind. Heck, she may be right. It was the most awesome thing that has ever happened to me and I don't think I will ever forget it. So that's it. Do you think I am crazy?" "Crazy?" I almost yelled. "Heck John, I don't think you are crazy, I think you are the luckiest Brother I know. I got chills just listening to you." I looked up and the older couple we butted in front of were leaving and they were headed straight for us. Here we go, I thought, we're going to get an earful from these guys. But to my total surprise they walked up to John and the man stuck out his hand and shook John's and the lady gave him a hug. They both said thanks to John and smiled at me as they walked away. I don't know when I have been more confused. Lynn walked up and asked John if he wanted anything else and his reply was, "Young lady, that last bite totally ruined my appetite. I think we are ready for the bill and my Brother here is going to take care of it." She looked at me and smiled as I handed her my credit card and all I could do is shrug. Off she went and when she returned the two ladies who were mad at us had come over and they too gave John.... not me of course..... hugs and thanked him. He said he had to make a trip to the "facilities".... I always wondered why some people call it the facilities.... and said he would wait for me outside and off he went. Lynn laid the charge slip down for me to add a tip and sign and thanked me. I apologized to her for all the trouble with John and when I looked down at the charge slip I nearly fainted. I knew it was going to be a lot because he eats as much as four people. I started taking inventory and it seemed like I was paying for somebody else's lunch too so I waved at Lynn and she hurried over. I told her there was a mistake on my bill and she smiled sweetly and told me that John had told her to put the bills from two other tables on our bill. That's when it hit me. No wonder those other people were so nice to him as they left. I was paying for their lunches. That's how he "fixed" it. What could I do? I signed the darn thing and made a beeline for the door..... and John. As I cleared the door he roared past me in Ol Blackie waving. Well I was waving too and it wasn't exactly a friendly wave, if you know what I mean. I heard him yell out as he went by, "Thanks for lunch, Brother Chris. I'll see you next month. I continued to wave at him until an older lady walked by and gave me a dirty look. I will get even with him. You know what they say about paybacks. Hope to see you next month.

THE LADDER

The rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon, but only to hold a man's foot long enough to enable him to put his other foot somewhat higher. (Thomas Huxley)

An Inconvenient Truth About Freemasonry.

R.W.Bro. Nelson King

Before I tell you the Inconvenient Truth About Freemasonry, let me first tell you that I confess that I am a Born Again, Fundamentalist, Freemason. Now before you have a cardiac arrest, or a stroke, let me explain what a Born Again, Fundamentalist, Freemason is. I used to be a very [for want of a better word] liberal Mason. I am now a very Conservative or Traditionalist, Freemason. Therefore, I am Born Again. By Fundamentalist, I mean that:

- I believe that no one has a right to be a Freemason.
- I believe those who want to be Freemasons must be good and true men, free born and of a mature and discreet age and sound judgment, no bondsmen, no women, no immoral or scandalous men, only men of good report.
- I believe that a man who wants to be a Freemason must believe in the existence of God, and take his Obligation on Volume of The Sacred Law of his choice and that he owes a duty to that God and to his fellow man no matter what their creed, color, or religion.
- I believe that a Freemason is obliged to obey the moral and civil law.
- I believe that a man's religion or mode of worship should not exclude him from the Order of Freemasonry, provided he also believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, and that Supreme Being will punish vice and reward virtue.
- I believe that a Freemason is bound never to act against the dictates of his conscience.
- I believe that Freemasonry is the center of union between honest men and the happy means of conciliating friendship amongst those who must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.
- I believe a Freemason's Lodge is the temple of peace, harmony, and brotherly love; nothing is allowed to enter this Lodge which has the remotest tendency to disturb the quietude of its pursuits.
- I believe all preferment among Masons is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only, therefore no Brother should be passed chair to chair, whether it is in a Lodge or a Grand Lodge, just because he knows the right people or has held the previous office for one year, no Grand Master, Master or Warden is chosen by seniority, but only for his merit.
- I believe that there is nothing wrong with Freemasonry, as laid down for our instruction in our Ancient Charges.
- I am a Born Again Fundamentalist, Freemason.

Now having got that out of the way let us proceed to the Inconvenient Truth About Freemasonry, in the English Speaking world, which is your father's Freemasonry is in its death throes, it is lying on the floor in front of us writhing in pain, grasping its last breath, waiting for someone to put it out of its misery.

While I could spend hours telling you about the decline in North American Freemasonry, or what has caused this decline I would be just wasting your time. You all know about the loss of membership, the lack of new members, the lack of Masonic Knowledge or Education of our members, and even the lack of leadership in our beloved Craft. Also, from a perusal of Grand Lodge Proceedings of various jurisdictions, there is a disturbing thread that appears to weave its way through many of them. There is a higher incidence of Masonic trials than that which may be considered normal for an institution professing to be so selective in accepting petitions. In many cases, the type of activity, which give rise to the trial, is such that the integrity of the Masonic structure may be at stake. Murder, rape, child molestation, armed robbery, wife beating, fraud and forgery are no longer uncommon charges giving rise to Masonic trials. There are too many members and not enough Masons. We have let every Tom, Dick and Harry into our gentle craft; we have not guarded the west gate. And somewhere along the way we let the Ritualists take over our Lodges. The performance of the Ritual became more important than what the Ritual teaches.

However, the other Inconvenient Truth About Freemasonry, which is our Forefathers Freemasonry, is alive and well and growing. In most cases they are growing at a rate of at a rate of 10 percent a year. And candidates are lining up to get in. I am talking about Traditional Freemasonry.

First we must agree that Freemasonry is not for everyone. I become disturbed from time to time when I see the eroding of quality in leadership at the level of a Grand Lodge. Yet, I am well aware that a Grand Lodge can only reflect the quality of its constituent Lodges. If there is poor quality in the Lodge, poor quality at Grand Lodge level cannot be avoided. It is inescapable--quality in Lodges cannot be improved without proper scrutiny of the rude material brought to our Lodge doors. We need make no apology to anyone who would offer himself for membership. The accepted candidate will prize his membership more highly if he is aware that all his Lodge brothers have passed the quality test as he has done. An accepted candidate will have a low regard for his membership if he has not been investigated to reveal serious flaws he knows he possesses. He will assume all his

Lodge brothers have equally serious character flaws. Let us do proper investigations, complete with police checks and credit checks. Let us look at my Grand Lodge the Gran Logia de Costa Rica:

- When you apply, you provide a color picture of yourself, curriculum vitae, a written Police Report, and a written credit report.
- The GL then make up a notice containing your picture etc, which is then placed in every Lodge Building in the Country for ONE YEAR.
- If this form is taken down and given to the Master of a Lodge with an explanation, the process stops.
- If the form is not removed an investigation committee is formed.

This committee will take up to a year.

Therefore the time from when you apply to when you get your EA is 2 years. There is at least a year between degrees. Here it is what the ritual teaches, not the performance of the ritual that counts.

Secondly, lodges should be kept small, [no larger than 65 members] the dues structure should be such that the Lodge is self-sustaining. For example, the cost of join should be \$1000.00 and yearly dues of \$300.00 - \$400.00 a dollar a day. Now before you say that this means that a good man who has not the financial resources cannot be made a Mason, or that those elderly Brethren on fixed incomes would have to drop out. Let me make it perfectly clear, that any good man who should be a Mason, but cannot afford it, or any Brother that cannot pay the dues, their dues are then paid by their Brethren. After all is this not one of our Tenets [Relief] and in these Lodges it is practiced.

Thirdly, Brethren should be expected to attend Lodge. If you are going to be absent, you should have written the Secretary or at least phoned him and told him why you are missing the meeting. Most Traditional Style Lodges average 85 - 90% attendance at every meeting. This far cry from a Lodge that has 500 members and some nights there are not enough bodies to even open the Lodge.

The Festive Board is an integral part of this Freemasonry; here fellowship that was started in the Lodge Room has a chance to grow and to prosper. The sense of community is once again fostered. And yes in most Traditional Grand Lodges liquor is allowed, but never to excess. Once again the Ancient Charges which state. "You may enjoy yourself with innocent mirth, treating one another according to ability, but avoid excess, or forcing any brother to eat or drink beyond his inclination," give us direction on how Masons should act and can be found in the Section entitled "Behaviour After The Lodge Is Over and The Brethren Not Gone."

My Brethren we have forgotten just how basic our fraternity is. Maybe it is time we once again read those Ancient Charges. Maybe it is time we stopped trying to improve Freemasonry, stop trying to find quick fixes and got back to our roots. Brethren I have closed every talk I have given in the last 15 years this way and tonight will not be any different.

I would like all of you to stand--now I would like you to turn to the Brother beside you and grasp his hand with the Grip of a Mason.

Now I want you to ask yourself how many Masons would you trust with your life savings, your home, your family's well being, and even your life, on that Grip.

If you are honest, the answers will be "not many" or "very few" or even "I can count on one hand the number that I would trust." Why even some of you, will say to yourself "not one."

Well my Brethren, it never used to be like this. What a shame that Freemasonry has sunk so low. It is up to each and every one of you to bring our Gentle Craft back to its former glory.

In Mt. Vernon TX, Drummond's Bar began construction on an expansion of their building in order to increase their business.

In response, the local Baptist Church started a campaign to block the bar from expanding, and used petitions and prayers.

Work progressed right up until the week before the grand reopening when lightning struck the bar and it burned to the ground! Afterwards the church folks were rather smug in their outlook, bragging about "the power of prayer," until the bar owner sued the church on the grounds that the church was ultimately responsible for the demise of his building, either through direct or indirect actions or means."

In its reply to the court, the church vehemently denied all responsibility or any connection to the building's demise. The judge read through the plaintiff's complaint and the defendant's reply, and at the opening hearing he commented

"I don't know how I'm going to decide this, but it appears that we have a bar owner who believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that does not."

Food for Thought

A man and his dog were walking along a road. The man was enjoying the scenery, when it suddenly occurred to him that he was dead. He remembered dying, and that the dog walking beside him had been dead for years. He wondered where the road was leading them. After a while, they came to a high, white stone wall along one side of the road. It looked like fine marble. At the top of a long hill, it was broken by a tall arch that glowed in the sunlight. When he was standing before it, he saw a magnificent gate in the arch that looked like mother-of-pearl, and the street that led to the gate looked like pure gold. He and the dog walked toward the gate, and as he got closer, he saw a man at a desk to one side. When he was close enough, he called out, 'Excuse me, where are we?'

'This is Heaven, sir,' the man answered.

'Wow! Would you happen to have some water?' the man asked.

'Of course, sir. Come right in, and I'll have some ice water brought right up.'

The man gestured, and the gate began to open. 'Can my friend,' gesturing toward his dog, 'come in, too?' the traveler asked. 'I'm sorry; sir, but we don't accept pets.'

The man thought a moment and then turned back toward the road and continued the way he had been going with his dog.

After another long walk, and at the top of another long hill, he came to a dirt road leading through a farm gate that looked as if it had never been closed. There was no fence. As he approached the gate, he saw a man inside, leaning against a tree and reading a book....

'Excuse me!' he called to the man. 'Do you have any water?'

'Yeah, sure, there's a pump over there, come on in.'

'How about my friend here?' the traveler gestured to the dog.

'There should be a bowl by the pump,' said the man.

They went through the gate, and sure enough, there was an old-fashioned hand pump with a bowl beside it. The traveler filled the water bowl and took a long drink himself, and then he gave some to the dog. When they were full, he and the dog walked back toward the man who was standing by the tree.

'What do you call this place?' the traveler asked.

'This is Heaven,' he answered.

'Well, that's confusing,' the traveler said.

'The man down the road said that was Heaven, too.'

'Oh, you mean the place with the gold street and pearly gates? Nope. That's hell.'

'Doesn't it make you angry for them to use your name like that?'

'No, we're just happy that they screen out the folks who would leave their best friends behind.'

*Education is the great engine of personal development.
It is through education that the daughter of a peasant can become a doctor,
that the son of a mineworker can become the head of the mine,
that a child of farm workers can become the president of a great nation.
It is what we make out of what we have,
not what we are given, that separates one person from another.
"Nelson Mandel"*

***Life is not a matter of holding good cards,
but of playing a poor hand well.***

“Robert Louis Stevenson”

Discrimination

By Bob Dixon, MPS

I belong to a Freemasonry mailing list available over the Internet. There's a wealth of available information and opinion on Masonic subjects, and I can't imagine being a Mason without access to this list.

On the list, a discussion went on over a period of days about a particular elementary school which refused the offer of a Masonic Cornerstone for their new building. Among their concerns was that Freemasonry discriminated

against women and atheists, and they felt it inappropriate for a public school to be associated with such a group.

As a result of the discussion, I was forced to conclude, sadly, that Freemasonry "does" discriminate on the basis of sex and religion.

Because of this, I decided that I should leave Freemasonry, find an organization that "does not" practice any form of discrimination, and join it.

I first thought of the Girl Scouts. I was raised by my mother, and I appreciate women and the cultivation of domestic skills. But I am not a girl and I am too old.

Maybe the Boy Scouts. I was a Scout once, and I am sure they would take me back. I peaked out at First Class, and I would like to start over as a Tenderfoot and see if I can get my Eagle this time. Unfortunately, I am still too old.

Maybe one of the churches in my community. But, no, these churches will only allow me to be a member if I adhere to their particular doctrine and standards of behavior. This is clearly discriminating on the basis of religious belief.

Maybe I could go to college again and join a sorority. After all, I do feel more comfortable among women than men. But sororities don't accept men, and colleges don't accept those that are too stupid to pass the courses

and too poor to pay the tuition.

Possibly the elementary school whose leaders felt that Masons discriminate. Surely they wouldn't discriminate,

and I always did enjoy naps and coloring. Haven't had a good glass of chocolate milk in ages. But alas, I am still too old and have too much education.

After this, I resolved to go home to my sweet family and forget the whole thing. Except that my family discriminates

against people who are not my blood relatives or friends of the existing members. Not just anyone off the street can join us at the dinner table, and this is clearly exclusionary.

Perhaps I could live in a vacant lot, not bothering anyone. But, again, my community discriminates against those who can't afford housing. People are just not allowed to live in the open. Stores refuse to serve those who can't pay. Certainly an intolerable situation.

Still, I resolved to give up "all" organizations who discriminate, no matter how difficult this is. A matter of principle, after all. I will live in the woods, by myself, where my pure standards can be best appreciated.

But,

alas, "even nature" discriminates, against the sick and the weak. When I get old or sick I will quickly be eaten

by some animal stronger than I am.

Oh my! Maybe the Masons aren't so bad after all.

...the suppers are pretty good and they don't eat you when you get old.



**When visiting other lodges it's interesting
to see slight variations of the ritual**

The Wit and Wisdom of Henny Youngman

I told the doctor I broke my leg in two places.
He told me to quit going to those places.

I've got all the money I'll ever need
-if I die by four o'clock this afternoon.

A doctor gave a man six months to live.
The man couldn't pay his bill, so he gave him another six months.

“Henny Youngman”

The Transformative Power of Masonry

From the Small Town Texas Lodge Newsletter, Thanks to Brother Corky

By Fred Milliken "The Beehive"

Where were you first made a Mason?

In your heart

And in your heart shall Masonry always be.

Brother Harmon Weston recently posted this on the Blue Lite Forum.

In The Farmers Almanac for 1823 published at Andover, Mass., 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 principal.

The sentiments expressed go a long way in explaining what makes Masonry so special. Masonry has much to offer, its camaraderie, its helping others in need expecting nothing in return, its pursuit of the truth and knowledge in a moral-ethical setting. But these are only the manifestations of what underscores the entire underpinnings

of the Craft. And that is the transformative power of Masonry to influence the heart. Once you pass through that door of your own free will and accord you are born again into a new way of life, a life whereby your thoughts and actions are always on the square. Your mind is no longer in control of you. Your heart, your spirit, your essence is the source from which all instructions will govern the overall systems of your body. Once you give yourself over to the transformative power that Masonry has to offer, you live a life that plays itself out in paths and choices guided by the spirit within you that has been reprogrammed.

No other organization, society or group can offer that if you chose to accept it. That means that you cannot be a superficial Mason but must study and assimilate those teachings that have been passed down from one generation to the next from time immemorial. Once you have allowed Masonry to influence your spirit you will be a new, reborn person. Instead of rules to alter your behavior Masonry offers a state of being whereby rules, codes and creeds are not needed. As a Mason you instinctively know how to govern yourself and you govern yourself accordingly.

The only other transformative group that can match Masonry is your House of Worship. Sometimes, however, the message is so fraught with regulations and so wrought with promises to come that the earthy message gets lost in the shuffle. But not with Masonry. In reality it is the hand of the GAOTU that spreads Light.

It is His interpretation not ours which shapes things to come. The GAOTU works through Masonry also which is why a belief in Deity is essential to the practice of the Craft. Furthermore, you don't change hearts and spiritual essences without a belief in such.

In 2005 I wrote and delivered a rather lengthy paper titled "World Peace Through Brotherhood." In it I proposed that if we made a majority of the population Masons, then there would be no more war. Peace and harmony would prevail around the globe. As a student of history I have already read about what Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism, to name a few, have done with their chance to insure world peace. But I have not yet seen what Masonry can do. It is my firm belief that if we are truly all one, than if we all really become one that which divides us will have disappeared.

Is that not how our Masonic Lodges operate? All political, religious, cultural, racial and philosophical differences are left outside the door to the Lodge room. Every Masonic Lodge is an oasis of peace. All of us meet on the level and part on the square. So let us entice the rest of mankind to do the same.