



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 4, Issue 2

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

September 2011

****From The East****

By Patrick Giles Worshipful Master

Brethren,

We are not far into this Masonic year and we are already faced with some important decisions. Some concern the continuity of our lodge. It is imperative we make smart, well informed decisions to ensure we do the right things not only for the present but for the future. Many times we are satisfied with the status quo and let issues stay unresolved. Now is not that time. We must address them and strive to stay the course until they are resolved and implement measures to keep pace with change. In the next few stated meetings we will be working on these issues, your attendance is earnestly solicited. I'd like to thank Bro. Keith Reynolds PM, DI for his work holding the District 39 Lodge of Instruction which has been very well received. And Bro. Chris Williams for his continued work with the newsletter and Bro Brad Kohanke and the Masonic Education Committee. I understand the Light Brigade has many new and interesting presentations coming up. Kudos to all the members and keep up the great work. I hope this message finds each one of you well and hope to see you in lodge soon. May God's 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

On October 1st Davy Crockett will host a Grand Masters Workshop. Most Worshipful T.E. Gene Carnes, Grand Master of Texas Masons is offering this Workshop for our continuing Lodge Education and it is a great Program. This Workshop will be similar to the workshops that were offered in the 60's by the Grand Lodge. The Workshops will deal with certain Lodge situations that are often not handled correctly. This is a hands-on Workshop and is designed for the top three officers of the Lodge however any Master Mason may attend. It will start at 10AM and will last approx 2 hours. I hope you will plan on attending. On page two there is a new addition to the Newsletter called "Symbolism Corner" for your education and enjoyment. It was suggested to me by Rt Worshipful Deputy Grand Master Jim Brumit.

This Months Humor

MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A WOMAN !!

On a transatlantic flight, a plane passes through a severe storm. The turbulence is awful, and things go from bad to worse when one wing is struck by lightning. One woman, in particular, loses it. Screaming, she stands up in the front of the plane. 'I'm too young to die,' she wails. Then she yells, 'If I'm going to die, I want my last minutes on earth to be memorable! Is there anyone on this plane who can make me feel like a WOMAN?'

For a moment there is silence. Everyone has forgotten their own peril. They all stare, eyes riveted, at this desperate woman in the front of the plane.

Then a cowboy from Texas stands up in the rear of the plane, he is handsome, well built, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He starts to walk slowly up the aisle, unbuttoning his shirt, one ... button ... at a ... time ... No one moves. He removes his shirt. Muscles ripple across his chest. She gasps..... He whispers . . .

'Iron this. Then get me a beer!'

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

**Stated Meeting 9-6-11
Program**

**"Symbolism of the Fellowcraft Degree"
"What is the Degree All About?"**

Presented By

PM Brother Chris Williams

**Stated Meeting 9-20-11
Program**

**"Origin & History of the Eastern Star"
"Everything You Didn't Know About It"**

Presented By

Brother Olaf Emblem

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

**"Invoking the Aid of Diety"
"A New Look at the Lords Prayer"**

Presented By

Bros Brad Kohanke and Chris Williams

Light Reflected

A monthly "opinion" by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

Now before you start thinking to yourself "Man, this guy writes a lot about religious stuff; is that ok to do in the Newsletter?" Let me remind you that we kneel at an altar, take a solemn obligation on a Sacred Book, invoke the aid of Deity before any great undertaking, open and close with prayer, pray before meals, bow our heads and pray for sick and distressed members, etc., etc., etc. Besides, I warned you I was planning to tackle some touchy subjects and that these were my "opinions" on said topics. One of my opinions is that the idea of not talking about religion is to prevent proselytizing and arguments over who's organized religious denomination is ultimately correct...not to prevent philosophical discussion. We all believe in Deity...so it's cool, ok?

Now, on to this month's discussion. Back in November of 2008, my dad (a Brother Mason for 37 years) passed away. It was his desire to be buried in his apron, with his 14th Degree Scottish Rite ring, and a Masonic burial service. I contacted Clear Lake Lodge #1417 and requested the service and gave them all the necessary information. It had been some time since my dad had been active, but they had over a dozen members show up for his funeral. It was the first time (and second to last time) I had ever worn my personal apron. Upon arriving at the Chapel, I sought out my Brethren who readily introduced themselves and recounted some of their memories of my dad, my brother, and even me as a child. I was able to sign in and receive a sprig of evergreen. The Worshipful Master even invited me to the Lodge that night for some brotherly love and support as they would be having dinner and conferring a degree. I was touched by their kindness and sentiment. They gathered unobtrusively together while the Lutheran Pastor conducted the formal church burial service in the Chapel and nodded approvingly to me after my eulogy. We then all walked to the graveside for the Masonic Burial service. The Pastor informed my sister that he would not attend that service...so he left from the Chapel.

After they had completed their duties, each Brother filed past my family and passed along their condolences and made a few supportive and touching personal comments. It was beautiful. As a matter of fact, my wife quickly commented that there was more warmth, meaning, and personal connection from the Masonic Service than from that of the church. I had to agree. The church service had been filled with what I would consider mindless reading of a scripted ceremony with the required verbal responses at key points. I was also a little more than upset that the Pastor, a supposed friend of the family, did not remain for the final ceremony and offer a closing prayer and comfort for the grieving family.

Since that time, it has been my sad privilege to attend many more Masonic Burial Services and I am continually amazed at the heartfelt quality of feeling that a true Brother can provide as opposed to a theological professional. I made mention of this to a Funeral Master at a recent service. He thanked me and told me he felt similarly. He also informed me that on numerous occasions, the Pastor or Priest leaves before our service. As a matter of fact, one Funeral Master was told "Don't you dare say a word until I have left the premises!" I was dumbfounded and my friend was thinking out loud when he said, "I don't even know what I would say in a situation like that." Brethren...I know exactly what I would say:

"My Brother requested that we perform a Masonic Burial Service in his honor. I will begin when I am ready. If you are not out of hearing distance, then tough. Oh...and by the way, if your faith in God is so weak that it can't protect you from the words that I am about to say, then maybe you need to go home and re-examine your faith."

Brethren, we may not talk about religion in Lodge, but we are bound together by our belief in Deity, our practice of Brotherly love, and our certainty about the immortality of the soul. To contend that we are not at least spiritual "in nature" would be to deny the truth. And my opinion is that our tolerance, acceptance, and love for one-another far exceeds some of the examples of the so-called "professionals" that I mentioned above.

Once again, I apologize if I have ruffled anyone's feathers...but these are just my opinions. Stay tuned next month as I attempt to tackle the "Lord's Prayer." Until next time..."Food for thought is nourishment for the soul."

50YEAR SERVICE AWARD

Immediately after the opening of the August 2nd Stated Meeting the Master called the Lodge from labor to refreshment and the family and friends of Brother Percy Geise were invited into the Lodgeroom. A 50 Year Service Award was then presented to Brother Geise by the Worshipful Master and PM Brother John Lorch. The Brothers all offered their congratulations and good wishes to their Brother. Brother Geise is currently battling cancer and it was good to have him back in Lodge. He was then escorted to the East to sit next to the Worshipful Master. He thanked the Lodge and the Brother for the Award. Below is a picture of Brother Geise and his family and friends along with Brother John Lorch and wife Lois and the Worshipful Master. God Bless you and good luck Brother Percy!



Symbolism Corner

The Cable Tow

The Cable Tow is a symbol of the cord of bond of Love, which should unite the whole fraternity. Its length or the length of your Cable Tow is the sacrifice you are willing to make on behalf of your Brethren. It is in your heart, not to be measured by miles. It is not gauged by distances, but by deed. It should correspond to the immensity of the monitorial lodge, and to do so should span the earth, touching wherever there is sorrow or distress.

Brethren, there are many different meanings of the Cable Tow and I encourage you to research all of them. This is one of my favorite.

The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

It was Wednesday and I was driving down the freeway heading towards town with a plastic gas can full of diesel in the back of the truck. No I didn't need the extra gas. My truck doesn't run on diesel, I was on the way to rescue my Brother John who had run out of gas AGAIN on his way to have our monthly lunch. I gave him as much grief about not watching the gauge as I could over the phone and then headed out on the rescue mission. Neither he nor the truck was hard to spot and I pulled up behind him and got out to retrieve the gas can. I waited for him to dismount Ol' Blackie as I put the fuel in the tank but he never got out which irritated me a bit. I finished putting in the fuel and as I was on my way to jerk open his door and drag him out of the truck I heard a voice calling my name. It kinda sounded like John but it wasn't coming from the truck. I looked around and you are not going to believe what I saw. My Brother John was across the street sitting at an aluminum table under a canopy at a Sonic Drive In. I could not believe it. I just stood there with a dumb look on my face. "Are you just going to stand there," he yelled over the noise of traffic going by. Come on over and eat with me. I'm buying. That was two unbelievable things. John at a Sonic and offering to buy. This was indeed a strange day. Actually I was thinking about making up somewhere that we ate instead of reporting to you that we ate at a fast food drive in. I am sure your opinion of John has dropped a couple of notches but it is what it is. There he sat in all his rotundness finishing up something that looked like a double decker burger. "What a big surprise," I said, a little out of breath after dodging all the cars trying to get across the busy street. "I am a little shocked at finding you here." I got hungry while I was waiting for you to get here," he said with a sheepish look on his face. "I couldn't help it and heck the food is pretty good here and they play all the songs I like." Are you kidding me," I asked getting another shock. "Sixties rock and roll is YOUR kind of music? What about George Strait?" "Brother Chris," he growled looking at me through narrowed eyes, "I happen to be a connoisseur of many things and music is one of them and George Strait is right up there with Brother John Wayne." "You know that John Wayne was not a singer, don't you," I asked shaking my head?" "Don't confuse the issue, he growled again. "I like the food and the music here and that is that. Sit yourself down and I'll show what else is good here." As I sat down he twisted around in his chair and pressed the big red button on the menu. Immediately a young female voice came over the speaker and said, "Yes sir Mr. John, what can I get you now." "Well the surprises just keep on coming, I said. "They already know you by name here? I wasn't that long getting here." He frowned and motioned me to be quiet while he ordered himself another double jalapeno burger with cheese of course, a big order of tater tots, and a large chocolate shake. As an afterthought he added two corn dogs and a foot long chili dog. Heck my stomach was starting to get a little queasy..... **Next Panel.....**

thinking about all of the food and I actually thought he might be ordering for me too until he turned and motioned for me to tell the box what I wanted. After I finished he slid his credit card through the reader that was mounted just below the voice box and it was immediately approved. "So what you mean is everything here is good?" "No that's not what I was talking about," he said watching the front door as he spoke. "Just wait. It will be happening in just a minute." As if on cue the door burst open and two teenage girls on roller skates were tearing in our direction at a high rate of speed jostling for position which I thought was weird considering they were carrying our lunch. I was starting to worry that they wouldn't be able to stop and I found out quickly that they had no intention of stopping as they roared by us and around our table and headed back the way they came. I was having flashbacks of the 70's and the Bay Area Bombers of the California Roller Derby. They had turned back towards us, giggling and pushing and shoving and skated right up to us before sliding to a stop all out of breath. I looked over at John who was laughing his head off and was giving the girls the thumbs up sign as they placed our well traveled meal in front of us. Then they zipped off back to the kitchen as fast as they could skate, hip checking and elbowing all the way. "Wasn't that great," he exclaimed. "Last time the other one got here first." I just sat there without expression as John dug right in and motioned for me to do the same. Heck I was out of breath and I was just sitting there. Finally I got my breathing under control and began to eat. I knew the conversation was over for the most part until he was finished eating. Before I finished my lunch he had punched the button, ordered another two corn dogs and swiped his card again. Unbelievably both waitresses (each with one corn dog only on her tray) circumambulated around our table again at a high rate of speed giving and taking shots you usually only see in a boxing ring dropped John's corn dogs as they flew by and raced back to the kitchen. I wondered where they got all that energy. "John don't order anything else," I pleaded. "I don't think I can take another lap around our table." He grinned and attacked his corn dogs, devouring both in no time flat and sat back with a contented look on his face. "Yup" he said, "Lunch and entertainment. This was a very good lunch." "I would never have thought you would be caught dead dining here," I replied. "I hope you have some serious profundity to offer the Brothers this month. As it is I am going to have to make up something about where we had lunch or they will never read the column again." "Yup," he said slowly. "I have something to say if you like pain, discomfort, and sadness." "I don't know if I want to hear how you feel after you eat a meal." I said cautiously. **Go to page 5.....**

Profile of a Brother

(A monthly feature introducing the Brothers of Davy Crockett Lodge)

Brother Dan Mason



This Month's profile is on Brother Dan Mason. Brother Dan grew up in Reading, Pennsylvania and worked as an Insurance Salesman. He moved to San Antonio in 1950 and has been here ever since. He was raised in September 12 1961, Passed in November, 28 1961, and Raised in January 12 1962. Brother Dan's first wife Mildred passed in 1993 and he has been married to Ruth since 1995. He has three daughters, Peggy, Karen, and Barbara. Dan was born on August 9th, 1918 and just celebrated his 93rd Birthday. Happy Birthday Brother Dan.

Brother Dan was Master of Davy Crockett in 1974-75 and is a Life Member and an Endowed Member. He is also An endowed member of both Charles Anderson #1413, and Tranquility #2000. He is also holds membership in the Southern California Lodge of Research, the Texas Lodge of Research, and the Maryland Research Society. He is also a member and Past High Priest and Thrice Illustrious Master of San Antonio York Rite Chapter #381 and Council #14; Blue Bonnet Chapter #470 and Council #409; San Antonio Commandry #7; He is also a member of Scottish Rite and the Alzafar Shrine where he is a member of the Sons of Hiram Unit and Past President of the Seniors. Dan is Past Governor and Associate Regent of the York Rite College, Past Monarch of the Grotto, Past Sovereign of the Red Cross of Constantine, a member of the Royal Order of Scotland, and the General Grand Chapter of the York Rite. I guess it would have been easier to list the organizations that Brother Dan doesn't belong to. Brother Dan always has a Masonic Story or Joke to tell and when he tells me that he has been a "Mason" for 93 years I can't argue with him. He relayed a story to me that illustrates his zealously with learning and knowing all of the esoteric work. He said that shortly after he was raised he had stopped going to Lodge meetings because he didn't feel like he belonged because the Brothers at the time were pretty cliquish. Degree that night and asked him to One day he was

out close to Knippa Texas and was talking to a friend of his who was a Brother and a member of the Lodge in Uvalde. He told Dan that they were putting on a Fellowcraft come. He wanted to but it had been so long since he had been to a Lodge meeting he was worried that he couldn't remember enough to gain admission. He did finally go and was duly examined by a couple of the Brethren and although it was a struggle to remember his work, he was finally allowed to come into Lodge. Sometime during the meeting one of the older Brothers who had examined him earlier leaned over and asked him how long it had been since he had been to Lodge and he responded that it had been 3 years. After contemplating that answer for several minutes he leaned back over to Dan told him that he probably ought to go more often. Dan told me that what that old Brother had said and the uncomfortable - ness of not knowing his work made him start attending Lodge regularly again and he got busy and earned his "A" Certificate. Brother Dan was appointed as the District Instructor for District 39B in 1981 and last year was made a "District Instructor at Large". When asked what person most influenced your Masonic career he names Brother Frank Tamsett who was a member of Kelly Lodge and on the Committee on work for 15 years and had a hand in writing our current monitor. Brother Dan says that Masonry is everything to him and that living his life as a Mason and setting a good example for everyone he comes in contact with is the most important thing. Congratulations Brother Dan from all you Brothers at Davy Crockett and we look forward to presenting you with your 60 year Award.

*******Special Night for Brother Dan Mason*******

Dan was 93 years old last month and he is also due to receive his 50 year service award Grand Master of Texas Masons Most Worshipful T.E. "Gene" Carnes will present Brother Dan his service award on Tuesday, September 27th, at Davy Crockett Lodge. Dinner served at 6:30 and presentation to follow. The Lodge will be furnishing the meal for this Family Night.

Come and Celebrate with Bro Dan 50 years in Masonry and 93 years of life

That got me a John Belushi, one eyebrow raised, stern stare and, "That's not what I mean and you know it. I want to tell you a real sad story. You know I was thinking on the way down here about a Brother who just affiliated with our Lodge. He's a real good guy and I was talking to him the other day and I asked him why he affiliated with our Lodge. He got kind of a sad look on his face and I could tell he wasn't very comfortable talking about it and finally he told me that he just got tired of all the same old thing. Well that got me to wondering about the feller a little bit if he was one of those that want to change the ritual and do away with the memory work and all. I was starting to wish I hadn't asked and he must have sensed that so he told me that he had been a Brother for nearly 20 years and was a Past Master of his Lodge. He said that his Lodge was dying. That there were 4 or 5 Brothers all Past Masters that literally ran the Lodge and wouldn't allow anyone to do anything new. They had intimidated the younger members until they refused to even serve as officers anymore and many of those younger members had left the Lodge. He told me that no one could agree on anything and because of that no one even tried any more. Well that brought back a lot of memories..... sad memories from what I have seen over the years. I sure do hate thinking about this stuff but like I heard a guy say on TV the other dayIt Is What It Is. So now I'm all riled up about it and I have to say what I have to say." I knew it was no use trying to stop him and I wasn't sure I really wanted to. My biggest fear was that I couldn't keep his voice down but I was going to try my best. He was almost in high gear by now and the emotion was pouring out at the same time. "It's about PRIDE Brother Chris, We have to regain our pride in the Fraternity somehow. I think we, and I am talking about the Craft, have transitioned into what we are today by little by little losing our identity over time. I hear coaches and managers of sports teams when they are interviewed after losing a game that they should have won saying "we just stopped doing the things that we do well. We went away from the game plan and we stopped being who we are. When I hear that, I know that's what happened to us too. We stopped being proud to be Masons. We started making excuses for who we are and what we do. Then we started trying to change the Craft to fit some ridiculous model of what would make people not say bad things about us or what would get new Brothers in the organization who otherwise would not or could not join. We ran, Brother Chris. We retreated with our tails between our legs instead of holding our heads high and being who we are and what we are supposed to be. We are the ones who should be never changing. Masonry is the good and the right. It should be the guiding light for what is good and what is right in the world. Why would we back away from those who would attack us or through their own ignorance think we are something we aren't? The result is that we have lost our identity and people don't have a clue who and what we really are any more. Is it any wonder that we are losing members? We just don't matter anymore. We have become irrelevant.(next panel)....."

I see our lack of pride in the condition of our Lodge buildings and properties. I see it in the way our Brothers dress for Lodge functions. I see it in the attendance at our meetings. I see it in the lack of respect for the work when we can't open or close a Lodge correctly or perform a Degree the right way. We have lowered our standards throughout the Fraternity to the point that we regularly let in men who are not properly investigated and we find out too late that they are not the kind of men we want in Masonry. Is it any wonder that our Pride in the Craft is all but gone when we allow men to become Masons whose motivations are other than Masonic in nature? The result of this is that men who ARE of the type of character the Craft needs and wants, choose not to seek membership because it's obvious to them that we'll take just "anybody". Our exclusive membership becomes just any old Tom, Dick, or Harry and prospective members can see that. We have "Brothers", and I use the term loosely, after saying that they had no ulterior motives regularly and aggressively use the Craft and their Brothers to promote their businesses and their social status. It's the ultimate in hypocrisy when you say that you only allow a certain type of man for membership and then accept without question those who don't meet your own minimum standards. And the reason these Masonic wannabe's get in is because we don't have enough Pride.... I repeat PRIDE to follow our own rules when investigating potential candidates. It's what our Grand Master calls "being asleep at our West Gate and boy is he right on the money. And if that's not enough we have all but stopped dispensing Masonic Education in the Lodges. There are so many Brothers who don't even know what Masonry really is..... they get no Masonic education, no Masonic history, no Masonic discussion at all. Just eat, shoot the breeze and whine and moan about why no one comes to Lodge any more, open and close the Lodge poorly and go home. That's all it is to many of our Brothers." Now his face was beet red and the veins were sticking out on his face and head. I was wondering when he would take a breath hoping he wouldn't have a heart attack. The people in a few of the closest cars had shocked looks on their faces. He finally paused to take the breath and he was off again. "We have way too many Lodges that are just plain mismanaged Brother," he said. "They don't even deserve to have a Charter. They disgrace the Fraternity and it appears that they just don't care. I hear Brothers all the time saying that their Lodge can't afford to take care of their buildings and I say bull corn to that!! They just need to take some pride and get off their lazy keesters and get it done. There's only about a million different ways to raise money in a fund raiser but it takes energy and a desire to get it done and oh yes, it takes PRIDE! next page....."

. We need to quit swapping dollars with other Masons and do some fund raisers that involve attracting the general public. We would actually address two issues that way. We would make more money for the Lodge number one and number two we would raise our profile and image in the community. Why don't we see these things? And not being able to learn to open and close a Lodge give me a break, will ya.... I could take most any person off the street and have them opening and closing a Lodge in less than a couple of hours perfectly. Like my Daddy used to tell me. Don't pee on my leg and tell me it's raining..... I just ain't buying it." His voice was way too high and too loud and I don't think he even noticed I was giving him the universal "calm down" signal raising and lowering my arms. I thought about using the Grand Hailing Sign to get his attention but I was not in actual distress. I was actually agreeing with everything he was saying. How could I not? After all, he was right. He had tears streaking down both cheeks and he was talking so fast it was hard for me to keep up at times. And then all of a sudden, he stopped. And when he spoke again it was in a low voice just above a whisper. "Why can't we see what we have become, Brother Chris? We've got to get our Pride back before it's too late. Until we get our pride back things will not get better. I don't know what it will take. Maybe it will take some Lodges going out of business before everyone gets the picture. Something needs to be done before we become just a men's social supper club. We need leaders. We need men who care, men who have courage. We need men who have a sense of right and a burning desire to do it right. Where are those men Brother Chris? Do you know where we can find those men?" All I could do is stare at him. I had no answers. "Do you want me to tell you where those men are?" I was still in shock so I gave him a little nod. I thought I could see the smoke coming out of his ears and he continued, "Those men are already in our Lodges, that's where they are. They are being smothered by Brethren who don't even realize that they are destroying their Lodges. We've all heard it before haven't we? You can't do that. That's not the way we've always done it in this Lodge. You can't do that because it won't work. When they say that, it's laziness talking.... and Yup, it's a lack of PRIDE. I heard tell about a Lodge that hadn't updated their law book since 1989 and when asked why, they said that it was because they liked the Law Book that year. When I heard that my head dang near fell off. Brother Chris there are leaders out there. Now mind you, we don't need bosses and we don't need no dictators, we need leaders and I'm telling you there's a big difference. We need these leaders to stop taking no for an answer and step up and lead their Brothers and their Lodges and bring back the PRIDE. And when they do, they will bring back Masonry." As he reached into his pocket for his handkerchief to wipe his eyes a horn honked and when we turned to look we saw a man giving John the thumbs up which we returned. I was wondering how what John had said pertained to him but as he drove away I saw the Masonic license plate on his truck and then I knew. "Brother John," I said. You get me so pumped up sometimes I want to give you a big hug." "Whoa there, my Brother," he said as he threw his arms up in front of himself defensively with a big grin on his face. "You need to sub...due your passions and get a hold of yourself." "Come on, John. You know that's not what that means. Cut it out." He smiled now that he had vented and said, "Are you going to buy me some dessert?" next panel.....

"Come on John," I said. You still owe me for the fuel I brought and if fact I have contributed so much to your support this year that I am considering putting you on my taxes as a dependant." "So," he growled with mock indignation, "That's the thanks I get after I paid for lunch and the entertainment. I guess I'll just have to pay for dessert and we'll just call 'er even." Before I could respond he had pushed the magic red button, ordered two big banana splits, and swiped the card. Then he sat back and waited. I noticed several cars had pulled in and the occupants were enjoying their corn dogs and their tater tots. My only thought as the kitchen door flew open wasI sure hoped they all liked Roller Derby. YaaaHooooo!!!

Y'all have a great month. Bye

Remember Me?

It amuses me now to think that your Masonic Lodge spends so much time looking for new members -- when I was there all the time. Do you remember me? I am the fellow who came to every meeting, but nobody paid any attention to me. I tried several times to be friendly, but everyone seemed to have his own friends to sit and talk with. I sat down among some unfamiliar faces several times, but they did not pay much attention to me.

I hoped somebody would ask me to join one of the committees or to somehow participate and contribute.-- no one did. Finally, because of illness, I missed a meeting. The next month no one asked me where I had been. I guess it did not matter very much whether I was there or not. On the next meeting date I decided to stay home and watch a good program on television. When I attended the next meeting, no one asked me where I was the month before.

You might say that I am a good guy, a good family man, that I hold a responsible job and love my community. You know what else I am? I am the member who never came back. I guess you didn't need a Brother, just the check for my Lodge dues.

Calendar for September and October

September 6th -- Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting symbolism of the Fellowcraft Degree. Presented by PM Bro Chris Williams. The symbols and meanings of the middle degree.)

September 13th -- Practice or Degree

September 20th – Stated Meeting (The program for this meeting will be “The Origin and History of the Order of the Eastern Star presented by Brother Olaf Emblem Worthy Patron of Alamo Heights Eastern Star Chapter # 768)

September 27th – Family Night to honor Brother Dan Mason on his 93rd Birthday. The Grand Master of Texas Masons Most Worshipful T.E. Gene Carnes will present Brother Dan with his 50 Year Service Award. Let’s fill the Lodge this night Brethren and Friends to give Brother Dan his due for his many years of service to our Lodge and to Masonry. The Lodge will furnish the meal.

September 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.

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 Diety” 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.

September Birthdays

Roy Latigo	Loren Thomas	Roger Wells	Billie Burl Hopper	Glen Seale
Michael Pepper	Laurence Moore	Kenneth Skinner	Kent Guilliams	Charles Davenport
Charles Rogers	I.W. Jones	Leighton Kemp	Charles Payne	Emelio Villarreal

Happy Birthday Brothers!!!

Masonic Did You Know?

By W. Bro. Dwight Seals

Camden Lodge #159, Camden, Ohio

Cornelius Vernon "Neal" Coldwell was born in 1844 in Dadeville, Missouri and passed away in 1925. He spent nearly 10 years in service, scouring across the unforgiving land in search of Indians, outlaws, cattle thieves and desperadoes. At best, most average Rangers lasted in service for six months or a year or two. He is buried near his home place, at Center Point Cemetery, Center Point, Texas. Captain Coldwell, along with 32 other Texas Rangers, was instrumental in shaping the peace, heading three companies and working his way up the ranks the hard way. The early roots of the Coldwells go back to the British Isles. A family coat of arms belonging to a William Coldwell of Wisbeech (1673-1706) are on a mural dated 1706 at St. Mary's Church in Hertfordshire, and it apparently is one of many variations. Brother Joseph E. Bennett wrote "Six Guns and Masons," which had a long chapter on Neal Coldwell. Bennett mentioned that "(the Coldwells) were a part of a distinguished and accomplished family line that traces its roots to Oliver Cromwell in England. When Oliver died, political difficulties made it advisable for the remaining Cromwells to take up residence elsewhere. The family moved to America, settling in Hawkins County, Tennessee. Neal's father, Thomas Alfred Coldwell, was a veteran of the War of 1812 and served alongside Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans. The family came to Texas, arriving in Kerr County in 1860. Neal was 16 years old when they settled on a 700acre tract of land north of Center Point, Tx. where they raised sheep. As the Civil War raged, he was ready, willing and able to enlist, which he did in 1862. Traveling to San Antonio, he joined the ranks of 32nd Texas Cavalry's Company of Capt. Eugene B. Millett, commanded by Col. P.C. Wood. The company's field of operations was in Louisiana, and they faced Union troops under General Banks. Neal Coldwell took part in 32 battles and skirmishes, with the last at Yellow Bayou and rose to Captain in the Cavalry. After the war, Neal returned home and settled down to farming and raising stock. Neal may have had no idea what lay ahead, but he would become part of history once more, as a new and different force took shape. In March, 1877, the officers of the Texas Rangers were instructed to make no more scouts westward in search of Indians unless they were following a trail or acting upon definite information ... Thus did the governor, adjutant general, and Major Jones cause the Texas Rangers, who had so long faced westward and fought Indians, to face about and direct their guns for the future against the white outlaws, thieves, feudists, highwaymen, murderers, and mobsters. This changed policy resulted in the death of scores, the arrest of hundreds, and the flight of thousands. Coldwell was named Company F Captain. Their scouting territory embraced the country from the mouth of the Pulliam Prong of the Nueces to the mouth of the South Fork of the Llano, where Junction City now is. Much scouting was done and with such energy that the Indians were kept in check without any fights, but they came near getting one band. Company F was disbanded six months into its tenure, for economic reasons. However, on May 19, 1875, Jones recalled Neal, and within a week, the company was replenished and stationed on Johnson Creek, making raids between early May and June.Next Panel.....

In his book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," Ranger James B. Gillett wrote that Company F's patrol was grueling, stretching down the Guadalupe, Nueces, Llano and Devil's rivers. Gillett was often in their company, so he knew first-hand many of their feats. He said that in the winter of 1876-77, Neal broke up a band of thieves in northern Atascosa County. Near Junction, Neal's men and Major Jones brought in 50-60 outlaw suspects. Many were freed, but they nabbed two escaped convicts at Copperas Creek. "We bagged several men wanted for murder and some horse and cattle thieves. Old Kimble County never had such a clean-up of bandits in her history," Gillett said. More sweeps flared out across the San Saba River in Menard County, with similar results. In late 1877, Neal was reassigned to Company A, and sent to the Rio Grande, near Eagle Pass. There, he and his men arrested 50 "filibusterers" under a Mexican general named Winkler who was preparing to invade Mexico. In Bandera County, Neal's company rounded up a dozen fugitives; then Neal and Gillett surprised a heinous murderer in his bed at dawn, as his irate wife hurled inflammatory remarks. In 1879, after many forays, and thousands of miles in the saddle, Neal was promoted quartermaster of the Frontier Battalion. It was his responsibility to make inspection tours, furnish rations and assign men or companies where needed. After retiring in 1883, Neal settled into his Fairlands Stock Farm, raising Jersey cattle, horses and mules, and expanding his holdings.

He served as Worshipful Master of Rising Star Lodge #429, Center Point, Texas for many years.



Max and Ernie coming to Lodge

Before man can be free, and equal, and truly wise, he must cast aside the chains of habit and superstition; he must strip sensuality of its pomp, and selfishness of its excuses, and contemplate actions and objects as they really are.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792 – 1822

REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

Past Grand Master Menge, Grand Lodge of Rhode Island

Freemasonry, is it the same as yesteryear? Are our accomplishments as great? Is our work as meaningful? Are Masons as charitable as they once were?

There are many beautiful faces to Masonry: the child who walks through life instead of crawling; the child who goes to sleep minus the pangs of hunger; the child who wakes up to see that Santa did not pass him or her by; the child who at least for a moment escapes the ghetto and sees nature in full bloom; the young people who can further their education because scholarship money is available; the Masonic Widow who is given support to face life after her loss; the fallen Brother who ever so gently is lifted back to his feet; the Masonic Homes for the elderly where care and love abound.

An organization thrives when it is needed and wanted, much as a person thrives when he or she is needed and wanted. Take away the need, take away the want and it or they weaken and become ineffectual.

Is the Masonry of today growing by taking in members based on the same ideals and motivation as yesterday, or is it taking in bodies merely to perpetuate itself? Are we losing our identity and becoming a social club rather than the benevolent Fraternity that we started as?

How often do we hear the phrase that we are living in a time of change? Ask a person who is one hundred years old and he or she will tell you they've been hearing it for as long as they can remember. Yes, we are living in a time of change and will continue to do so for as long as we live; but the basic foundation of life, the concepts of Freemasonry never change, nor, God willing, will they ever.

Much has been said in our recent past about members of our Fraternity, who upon completion of their degrees, step forth from their symbolic lodge room to return no more. Maybe we failed in our degree work to light the flame. There are a number, who for reasons known only to themselves, do join our Fraternity with no intention of ever being active; do pay their monetary dues, stay on the rolls and in due time receive their twenty-five year medal. So mote it be.

Then there are those Brothers who take their Third Degree, pause momentarily, then move on to end up workers in Scottish Rite, York Rite or Shrinedom. No criticism here for they simply found their own Masonic niche in life and the opportunity to work and live their Masonic teachings, possibly with an opportunity not offered in their Blue Lodge.

There can be little controversy when it is said that Masonry is not as prominent in the community as it was years ago; but what organization is? Times and people change as do many of the human needs and wants. In the not too distant past the social needs of the destitute, the handicapped and the elderly without family were taken care of in any community by people within the various religious bodies, veterans groups and the fraternal organizations, with the local Masonic lodge playing a low key but prominent part. Masonry was known, respected and membership in it was sought after. Times changed and what was once a major reason for our growth and very existence, became a responsibility of the state and federal governments. Agencies and departments were formed on both the state and federal levels, programs initiated to make the lives of our senior citizens more secure. All well and good; a commendable project on the part of farsighted planners in our state and federal legislatures. Unfortunately, however, in many instances, the human, personal touch was gone.

While Masons took on new ways in which to give of themselves, the hospitals, the eye banks, the kidney foundations, scholarships, all to our credit; the mystique, and much of the personal aspects took a back seat. Apologies are not necessary, for we still stand tall. We can continue to be proud that our Craft does not fail in works of charity. No organization is richer in benevolence. However, is it possible that to a great extent we, like the government, have lost the personal touch? Maybe for too long we have thought of charity and money as being synonymous. Money has its place, is needed and provides for untold acts of charity; but it is not all, and does not fulfill our obligation. Indeed maybe we have for so long linked charity with the giving of money that the word has all but lost its meaning. A notable exception is in the great benevolent work of the M.S.A. Hospital Visitation Program, which indeed does "reach out and touches someone."

In his sublime hymn in praise of charity, in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, St. Paul does not mention money at all, except to say, "And although I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. "

There is a Russian story in which a poor man asked aid of another who was as poor as himself: "Brother, I have no money to give you, but let me give you my hand" was the reply. "Yes, give me your hand for that also is a gift more needed than all others," said the first.

We do stand tall, but we can stand taller still if we answer but one of the most pressing challenges to confront our nation today, - that of our elderly citizens. Here is a challenge to Masonry that staggers the imagination.

In 1900, four percent of our total population was 65 years or older. Now we are rapidly approaching a figure of fifteen percent, and the percentage figure will continue to rise.

In the early history of this land, generation after generation of a family lived side by side in the same community, worked and played and were in daily contact. Even today, contrary to a common notion, many elderly persons still have daily or at least frequent contact with their children. A recent nationwide survey indicates that most older people live relatively close to at least one of their children and that contacts with the children are frequent. But, what about those elderly who do not fall into this category?

When children lose their parents and become orphans, adoption often follows. Might Masons and Masonry consider adopting an elderly person or couple who have lost their children or whose children are miles away? An interesting concept, a charitable and loving concept, and possibly a challenge to Masonry.

There are many ways in which Masons and Masonry can help. When we say Masonry, we include all of the bodies of Scottish Rite and York Rite, Eastern Star, Amaranth, White Shrine, Rainbow, DeMolay, Job's Daughters--not one body is excluded. Here is a true story that was related to us recently: A woman in her nineties, a widow for many years, living in her own third floor apartment with a mentally retarded son who is in his sixties. Up until now she has managed to take care of her home, doing all of the cooking, cleaning and shopping. Her son helps her to the best of his mental ability. He is now bothered with bursitis in both shoulders and will not go shopping with her and absolutely refuses to carry the grocery bundles up the stairs. She contacted the Department of Elderly Affairs with the request, "Can someone come to help me carry my groceries up the stairs? I live on the third floor, you know, and it takes me ever-so-long to make those stairs. I have to go real slow 'cause my heart is not that good any more."

A whisper for help, a whisper for charity, a whisper for love. Brethren, here is a challenge for Masonry that staggers the mind. Here is an opportunity to put Masonry back in the community as in yesteryear. Very simply put, we in the Masonic family can enable isolated and home-bound older people to live more comfortably and decently within their own homes by providing assistance with some of their daily needs, Just a little love, just a little understanding. Through our lodges, chapters and assemblies, we can enable the isolated and home-bound people to participate in community life through activities, socialization and communication. Their lives will be enriched, the communities will benefit, and last but certainly not the least, our Masonic family will become richer in spirit knowing that we are living the creed that forms the foundation of our Fraternity.

The state agencies along with the federal help provide many of the desperately needed aids for our senior citizens, but there are just not enough people or dollars to do all that is needed.

President Reagan has indicated to the people of this nation that there are many facets of federal help that should and could be taken over by the private sector. We in the Masonic family are now being presented with the opportunity to put into practice those ideals which we profess to hold so dear.

A program could be instituted whereby referrals through the elderly state agencies could be made to a committee chairman in each lodge, when the personal touch, the truly "I do care" was needed.

A simple phone call once a day just to show someone cares that they are alive and well can serve as a life-line.

Those of us in the Masonic family who have special gifts, like the know-how of caning chairs, cake decoration, quilting, flower arrangement, might hold get-togethers with our elderly at housing for the elderly units, elderly meal sites, Nursing Homes, or our lodge buildings, and give of our talents.

Might there not be an "around the house project" for the younger set in our Masonic family, the young men and women of DeMolay and Rainbow and Job's Daughters? Those daily phone calls could include the question, "Can I pick up anything at the store for you today? "

Holidays are usually a time of gladness and family get-togethers. They can also be a time of sadness when there is no family to join. If they are adopted then they would have the family and the happiness that goes with it.

It takes little imagination to see what this could do for Masonry. Better still, think what a program such as this would do for those who participate. They would truly experience the inner warmth that has permeated our Fraternity since the very beginning.

You may recall reading an essay written by Washington Irving in which he stated that, "He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its

shelter, but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty tree and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread this earth."

Our Masonic forefathers planted an acorn many centuries ago which has grown into a lofty monument and as the mighty oak, provides a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defense for the defenseless, as does our Fraternity provide Faith, Hope and Charity for our needy Brothers. Once again, we in Masonry have an opportunity to flourish in our communities giving to our elderly citizens that life blood which has surged through our root system. Faith that there can be a bright tomorrow; Hope when the burdens of life seem to bear down too hard; and the Charity of Love.

How often have you been asked the question, "What Is Masonry?" How often have you heard or been a part of a discussion involving the need of Masonic exposure? Much has been said and written about "public relations" and the need to publicize the many charitable deeds performed by our Masonic bodies. The picture in the paper of the check being presented, the list of students receiving the Masonic scholarships is fine, but the grass roots approach of "Reach Out and Touch Somebody".... Are we what we claim to be? Can we meet the challenge?

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

The Baal's Bridge Square

Everything points to the fact that the Craft was flourishing in Ireland in the sixteenth century. It is impossible, however, to be dogmatic about the point, whether or not it possessed any esoteric ceremonies. With most of us that will be a matter of faith rather than evidence. Yet if we may trust the testimony of a certain old relic of antiquity, some measure of ethical symbolism was associated on occasion with the implements of masonry, as is shown by what is usually known as the "Baal's Bridge Square," carefully preserved by Union Lodge No. 13, Limerick, warranted November, 1732, and probably "time immemorial" like others of our ancient Lodges.

This ancient brass square "was discovered in excavating the foundations of Baal's Bridge, in the City of Limerick, in November, 1830. It was dug out of the eastern corner of the foundation of the northern land pier

on the King's Island or English Town side of the river Shannon, where the abutment of the new bridge now [1850] stands." The position in which the square was found indicates that one of our Masonic customs, still in

vogue, was practiced in Ireland over 400 years ago. The annexed sketch of the square is an exact facsimile

(full size) reproduced from a rubbing, a matter of some difficulty owing to the metal being much corroded, made for us by Brother James Le Gear, the courteous Secretary of Triune Masonic Lodge, No. 333, Limerick.

It would be easy to give earlier instances of this implement being invested with a moral meaning, but this is the first definite Irish example. It is suggestive of much.*

The Jewels of the Lodge

(from page 29 of the Monitor of the Lodge – under the Entered Apprentice Mason's Degree)

There are six Jewels belonging to the Lodge, three *immovable* and three *movable*. The immovable Jewels are the Square, Level, and Plumb; the Square teaches morality, the Level equality, and the Plumb rectitude of conduct. They are termed *immovable*, because they belong at fixed stations in the Lodge –the Square in the East, the Level in the West, and the Plumb in the South, and are the jewels of the officers filling those respective stations.

The movable jewels are the *Rough Ashlar*, *Perfect Ashlar*, and the *Trestle-Board*.

The Rough Ashlar is a stone as taken from the quarry, in its rude and natural state. The Perfect Ashlar is a stone made ready by the hands of workmen, to be adjusted by the working-tools of the Fellow-Craft. The Trestle-Board is for the Master workman to draw his designs upon.

By the Rough Ashlar we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; by the Perfect Ashlar, of that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive by a virtuous education, our own endeavors, and the blessing of God; and, by the Trestle-Board, we are also reminded that, as the operative workman erects his temporal building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Master on his Trestle-Board, so should we, as Speculative Masons, endeavor to erect our spiritual building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in the great books of nature and revelation, which are our spiritual, moral, and Masonic Trestle-Board.

(How many of us knew this? Makes me want to read the Monitor from beginning to end – there is a lot of interesting stuff in there! - Brad

RETIRED HUSBAND

After I retired, my wife insisted that I accompany her on her trips to Target.

Unfortunately, like most men, I found shopping boring and preferred to get in and get out.

Equally unfortunate, my wife is like most women - she loves to browse.

Yesterday my dear wife received the following letter from the local Target:

Dear Mrs. Harris,

Over the past six months, your husband has caused quite a commotion in our store. We cannot tolerate this behavior and have been forced to ban both of you from the store. Our complaints against your husband, Mr. Harris, are listed below and are documented by our video surveillance cameras:

1. June 15: He took 24 boxes of condoms and randomly put them in other people's carts when they weren't looking.
2. July 2: Set all the alarm clocks in House wares to go off at 5-minute intervals.
3. July 7: He made a trail of tomato juice on the floor leading to the women's restroom.

4. July 19: Walked up to an employee and told her in an official voice, 'Code 3 in Housewares. Get on it right away'. This caused the employee to leave her assigned station and receive a reprimand from her Supervisor that in turn resulted with a union grievance, causing management to lose time and costing the company money.
 5. August 4: Went to the Service Desk and tried to put a bag of M&Ms on layaway.
 6. August 14: Moved a 'CAUTION - WET FLOOR' sign to a carpeted area.
 7. August 15: Set up a tent in the camping department and told the children shoppers he'd invite them in if they would bring pillows and blankets from the bedding department to which twenty children obliged.
 8. August 23: When a clerk asked if they could help him he began crying and screamed, 'Why can't you people just leave me alone?' EMTs were called.
 - 9.. September 4: Looked right into the security camera and used it as a mirror while he picked his nose.
 10. September 10: While handling guns in the hunting department, he asked the clerk where the antidepressants were.
 11. October 3: Darted around the store suspiciously while loudly humming the 'Mission Impossible' theme.
 12. October 6: In the auto department, he practiced his 'Madonna look' by using different sizes of funnels.
 13. October 18: Hid in a clothing rack and when people browsed through, yelled 'PICK ME! PICK ME!'
 14. October 22: When an announcement came over the loud speaker, he assumed a fetal position and screamed 'OH NO! IT'S THOSE VOICES AGAIN!'
 15. Took a box of condoms to the checkout clerk and asked where is the fitting room?
- And last, but not least:
16. October 23: Went into a fitting room, shut the door, waited awhile, and then yelled very loudly, 'Hey! There's no toilet paper in here.' One of the clerks passed out.
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Brethren When Learning in Lodge Don't Forget

To

“Practice Without What You Learn Within”