



# THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 3, Issue 11

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

June 2011

## From the Secretary's Desk!

by Chris Williams Secretary

Just a reminder of what is coming up this month. Don't forget the elections night on June 21<sup>st</sup>. Come and be part of the process. Also we will have our Installation of Officers three days later on Friday night June 24<sup>th</sup>. Please be prepared for this date. I am shortening my comments this month because I want to share with you something that our SD Bro Brad sent me the day after our Mothers Day program. Any of you who have a son will surely be touched by his words. I sure was. It also relates to anyone and their kids whether son or daughter. All I can say is ..... enjoy.

### A Son's Introduction

By Bro Brad Kohanke

At Family Night to celebrate Mother's Day, each member of the Lodge was asked to stand and introduce the friends and family members they had brought with them. For me, introducing my wife comes easy. Since our marriage in 2000, she has always been the love of my life, my best friend, and an equal partner...so I make sure to introduce her using not only her relationship to me, but her name as well... "This is Crystal, my wife and best friend."

Then it came time to introduce my son. I can't recall having to do that in a formal setting before and all I could think was to introduce him as my son, Ian. Having had time to reflect a little, I would like to expand on this.

As Masons, we are taught there are 3 Great Lights in Masonry...and we all know what they are and how they are explained. But in my life, there is a 4<sup>th</sup> Great Light...and that is my son. How do I explain this? By the following:

First – that by due attention to his behavior, I am constantly reminded to lead by example;

Secondly – that by remaining active in his life, I am reminded to stay young at heart and enjoy life's little pleasures while at the same time trying to let go of life's little irritations;

Lastly – that by seeing him mature into a just and upright man, that I may realize that self-sacrifice is its own reward.

So, from now on when I introduce my son...I will refer to him as "The 4<sup>th</sup> Great Light of my life, Ian Kohanke."

Thank you Brethren for letting me get that off my chest.

## Masonic Did You Know?

*By W. Bro. Dwight Seals*

*Camden Lodge #159, Camden Ohio*

William H Bonney, better known as "Billy The Kid", was taken to Mesilla NM to await a murder trial after surrendering to Pat Garrett. The trial began on 8 April 1881 and ended on 10 April. He was found guilty by Brother Judge Warren Bristol, the presiding judge. Brother Warren Bristol was a member of Montezuma Lodge #1, Santa Fe NM. The prosecutor for the trial was Brother William R Rynerson, also a member of Montezuma Lodge #1. The defense counsel was Brother Albert J Fountain, a member of Aztec Lodge #3, Las Cruces NM.

## This Months Humor

Two guys are bungee-jumping one day. The first guy says to the second. "You know, we could make a lot of money running our own bungee-jumping service in Mexico." The second guy thinks this is a great idea, so the two pool their money and buy everything they'll need - a tower, an elastic cord, insurance, etc. They travel to Mexico and begin to set up on the square. As they are constructing the tower, a crowd begins to assemble. Slowly, more and more people gather to watch them at work. The first guy jumps. He bounces at the end of the cord, but when he comes back up, the second guy notices that he has a few cuts and scratches. Unfortunately, the second guy isn't able to catch him, he falls again, bounces and comes back up again. This time, he is bruised and bleeding. Again, the second guy misses him. The first guy falls again and bounces back up. This time, he comes back pretty messed up - he's got a couple of broken bones and is almost unconscious. Luckily, the second guy finally catches him this time and says, "What happened? Was the cord too long?" The first guy says, "No, the cord was fine, but what the heck is a piñata?"

## **\*\*\*\*\*STATED MEETING PROGRAMS \*\*\*\*\***

**Stated Meeting 6-7-11  
Program**

**"My Journey So Far"  
A new Master's Observation**

**By  
Brother Douglas Montgomery**

**Stated Meeting 6-21-11  
Program**

**"A Treatise on Australian Freemasonry"  
A History of Lodge Army and Navy No. 517**

**By  
PM Brother Bob Cox**

**Stated Meeting 7-5-11  
Program**

**"Inspirational Masonic Stories"  
Two Short Stories**

**By  
PM and DI At Large, Brother Dan Mason**

## Indirect Light

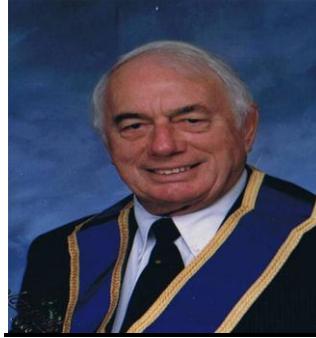
A monthly "opinion" by  
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

The immortality of the soul and football...what does one have to do with the other? Well, hopefully I've grabbed your attention because I am about to relay a very personal story that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt in my mind that the soul is in fact immortal; a belief that is a fundamental tenet of Freemasonry. My dad passed away on November 25, 2008 at the age of 86. He was a great man and Mason and was married to my mom for 65 years. I had two siblings who were both quite a bit older than me...you might say I was a late life "oops," but he loved me dearly and I learned most of life's important lessons from him. He was, to say the least, my "hero." After he had been gone for a couple of months, I found myself feeling angry with him. Not so much because he had left...but because he had done nothing to communicate to me that he was still around and ok. One day, as I was walking through the HEB parking lot telling him exactly how I felt about this lapse on his part, I looked down and saw a dime laying on the parking lot. I picked it up, looked at it and laughed. "You'll have to do better than that, dad!" I said sarcastically. The next day I got a call from my best friend Bill. He was desperately trying to fill the last few remaining squares on his Super Bowl football pool. They were \$10 per square and after having just recently been laid off, I didn't feel right wasting the money. But, he persuaded me to buy one square. Well, he drew the numbers the next day and I got 7 and 7. Not bad numbers. A few days later on February 1, 2009, I was watching the Super Bowl between the Steelers and the Cardinals. At the end of the first quarter, the score was 3 - 0, Pittsburgh. Not a very promising start for my numbers being 7 and 7. Well, both teams went on to score a touchdown in the second quarter, making the score 10 - 7, Pittsburgh. If the Steelers could just score one more touchdown, I might be able to claim \$250 in prize money. Unfortunately, the Cardinals had the ball and had driven down to the Steelers' 1 yard-line. It was first down with 18 seconds left in the half. A touchdown for Arizona seemed inevitable, which would make the score 14 - 10 Cardinals and practically kill my chances of winning anything. So...Warner fades back to pass. Low and behold, the pass is intercepted in the end zone by linebacker James Harrison who then took off down the sideline for the longest play in Super Bowl history, a 100-yard return for a touchdown and with the extra point increasing the Steelers' lead to 17-7 at halftime with no time left on the clock. "If you want to see the play, go to [www.youtube.com](http://www.youtube.com) and type Super Bowl XLII: James Harrison 100 yards Touchdown in the search section and then click on it to play." I swear to you my brethren, I could almost hear my dad's voice say to me..."So a dime wasn't good enough huh? Does \$250 work for ya, smart-ass?" Then I could see him laughing. I was laughing and crying at the same time. I didn't care about the money. My dad was there and I knew it...I could feel it. Brethren, I'm sure many of you have had your own similar experiences...these things happen to all of us. We just need to be in the right frame of mind to see and recognize them.

Thanks dad!

## Profile of a Brother

(A monthly feature introducing the Brothers of Davy Crockett)



This month's profile is on Brother Vic Woodfield. Brother Vic was born in Plymouth England where he spent his first 21 years including the bombings of World War Two. He was initiated into Camberley Lodge 5591 in Surrey England March 1979, passed in 1980, and Raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason in 1981. In England you can only do one degree per year.

Vic first studied Dentistry then at the age of 27 decided to move into sales and ended up as Director for Africa and The Middle East for Johnson's Wax.

His first marriage lasted 36 years and he and his wife had two children, a son Martyn and a daughter Teresa. His first wife and son who was a doctor passed away. He has been married for 12 years to Gretchen who was also a close friend for 34 years.

When asked to divulge one unknown fact he says, "I had a Great -Great-Great Grandfather who was a crew man on The Mayflower who came to America in 1620."

Vic also is a member of The Royal Masonic Hospital in London England.

In his Mother Lodge Camberly 5591 he held every position from Steward to become Master of the Lodge in 1993.

The most influential persons in his Masonic career were Vic's Grandfather, and his Uncle Eric who were not only Free Masons but were also Wor. Masters of their lodges in Devon and Herefordshire and he became a Master in 1993, Another unbelievable fact is that his Grand Father was a Provincial Grand Lodge officer in Devon, his uncle became a Grand Lodge Officer in Hereford shire and now he is a Grand Lodge Officer in the county of Surrey England.

Brother Vic says that he became a Mason because he was told by his uncle at the graveside of his Grand Father's funeral that one day it was the wish of both of these two wonderful men that when I was ready I would follow in their footsteps.

His answer to the question "What is Masonry to You" he states,"It is a place where I meet fellow men of Strong Character- Good Morals in Life and Sincere Friendships.

*Every man possesses three characters:  
that which he exhibits,  
that which he really has,  
and that which he believes he has.*

*Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr, novelist and journalist (1808-1890)*

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

**Stated Meetings -- 1<sup>st</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesdays**

**Meal at 6:30; Open Lodge at 7:30 for Business Meeting Masonic Philosophy and History during meeting.**

**"Receiving Masonic Light" Training and Instruction 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Tuesdays.**

## The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

You know how sometimes you are working or doing chores or ..... whatever and something or someone will pop into your mind and shortly thereafter that person will come walking in the door? Well it's happened to me before and in fact it happened last week. I was at work and all of a sudden John popped into my mind. I tried real hard to put him out of my mind but he wouldn't leave ..... Ha! Kinda like him being here in person. Anyway I was wondering about what had happened between him and his boss last month. I remember he was worried about their meeting. I sure hoped he didn't get laid off because his job was the only reason he came down our way every month. What was I going to do if he didn't show up every month..... hmmm ..... As I was mulling the pluses and the minuses the front door flew open and there he was. "Helloooooooo Fellers", he bellowed with his arms spread wide like he was addressing his subjects. "It is I, your Brother John. I can go no further. I must eat." Roger looked over at me and said, "I think he is looking for you." "Don't yell so loud," I said. "You're scaring all the customers." "Oh man, I'm sorry," he apologized as he looked around quickly, "Hey, wait a minute..... there's no customers in here." I guess that answered my question about his meeting with his boss last month. He was way too happy for a man who had been laid off his job. "So what happened at your meeting last month," I asked. "I was a little worried about you." "Brother Chris, you are not going to believe this," he said. "He wanted to tell me what a good job I was doing and he wanted to ask me about becoming a Mason. He said that when I talk about the Lodge and being a Mason he can tell how proud I that am to be one. He said it seems to be the source of all my energy" "I could have told him that was wrong," I butted in sarcastically. "The source of your energy is all that food you eat." "I am not going to even dignify that with a response," he said giving me a cold stare. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Roger with his head down laughing as silently as he could. "I'm being serious here Brother," he said. "When he said that to me, I told him that the energy actually came from a higher source but that energy along with the principals and teachings in Masonry are what makes me the man that I am. Brother Chris it's a good feeling when someone wants to be a Mason because of who you are." I had lost the sarcasm and I noticed that Roger had stopped laughing and I could tell he had liked what John said. "Brother John, that was good," I said. "I have to agree with your boss." "Well now that you are done being a smart Alec," he demanded. "Take me to eat before I have to get violent. I have a lot to tell you." "OK, Ok calm down," I said, "I am going to take you to the Texas Road House." He said, "I have never been there before so quit talking and let's go. We apparently showed up at a bad time cause the place was packed and several people were waiting for tables. We ended up only having to wait about 10 minutes before we were escorted to a booth. All the way to the table John was checking out all the peanut shells on the floor and made a comment to the hostess as we were sitting down that somebody ought to do some sweeping up. She smiled sweetly and informed him that there were peanuts in the buckets on the table and he was allowed to throw the shells on the floor. I didn't think it was that big of a deal but he was like a kid .....**Go to next**

in a candy store. He grabbed a handful of peanuts out of the bucket and began popping them open and eating them one after another. After each shell was empty he ceremoniously flipped it out and watched its travel path all the way to the floor. He soon realized that having a mouthful of nuts and nothing to wash them down with is not good. He began to frantically look around for a server and finally began waving wildly hoping to attract someone's attention which only served to annoy the two ladies in the booth behind us. I waved at them and apologized as a guy stopped in front of our table and announced he was going to be our server. I noticed that his badge identified him as Tony, the store manager, and I asked him why the manager was going to be taking care of us. He said that it was very busy and two servers had not shown up for their shift so he had to fill in. John was trying unsuccessfully to push out some words but all I heard was gibberish. His face was getting red and he was staring at me with disgust in his eyes. I told Tony, "I think he has had too many nuts and needs something to drink." Immediately John began nodding and grunting in agreement. I ordered two iced teas and Tony went to get them. John was still staring bullets at me when Tony showed up with our drinks and he grabbed his and gulped down about half of the glass before he paused to take a breath. Tony watched him with amused indifference and asked if we were ready to order and I said we were. He asked if it was going to be on 1 or 2 tickets and simultaneously we pointed at each other. Tony rolled his eyes and said, "Figure it out guys. I don't have all day." I was starting to think that I didn't like Tony's attitude much considering he didn't know how much money this table was about to make him. John said, "Wait a minute Brother Chris, I paid for all my stuff last month at the Fiesta." To which I replied, "Yeah but the month before I had to pay the Chinese lady for two extra meals just so she would stop yelling at you. He looked at me for a few seconds then at Tony and said, It ain't fair but I guess I am buying this month. I quickly ordered the T-Bone Steak Salad with extra Ranch Dressing. John was still looking at the menu and finally looked up and said, "I'll have two of them T-Bone Steak Salads and then I will have that Porter House Steak cooked medium well and don't even think about bringing it out here bleeding all over the place. Put a baked potato next to it with all the fixins you can find and you better bring us some of those good smelling rolls before the smell drives me crazy. And one more thing there pardner, can you fill up this here bucket of peanuts? Tony was shaking his head in disbelief as he turned towards the kitchen. "I sure do like these nuts Brother Chris," John said as he grabbed another handful. Tony brought a full bucket and took away the empty one that John had finished. As we were waiting for our lunches we made small talk about the weather and the price of gas and such and I noticed that there was a good sized pile of peanut shells building up next to our table. ....**Go to page 5**

## THE MASONIC RITUAL AS AN EDUCATIONAL TOOL

(by Aubrey L. Burbank PGM, Maine) *This thought-provoking paper presented at the Seventh Annual Northeast Conference on Masonic Education and Libraries in 1962 by Past Grand Master, Aubrey L. Burbank of Maine.*

The subject calls for an appraisal of the place of the Ritual in the program of education, and implies that its future is, in some measure at least, dependent upon its growth and development, past and present. The inference, therefore, is that we begin at the beginning, and that while the intent is to think in terms of the speculative craft, we cannot detach ourselves from antiquity. We must necessarily begin with the operative guild which gave us birth. Masonic ritual, in the broadest sense, incorporates any and all ceremonies or rites from the opening of the lodge to its closing, including the conferring of degrees. To trace the beginning in either particular would be next to impossible, and it is not our intent to DWELL in the past. We can be reasonably certain, however, that the first speculative lodges inherited their modes and customs from the operative guilds and thus began their existence with a ritual sufficient for their needs—a ritual which probably provided for a ceremony of opening and closing and the administering of an oath of allegiance. This is understandable in view of the fact that mediaeval lodges opened with prayer, after which each workman had his daily labor assigned him and received the necessary instruction to complete the work in detail. We further learn that in or near that same period, an investiture with Masonic secrets, the building secrets, that is, was, perhaps, originally conferred in one of the abbey rooms near which the Cathedral, or other sacred edifice was being erected, until the superstructure had so far advanced as to cover the church crypt, and offered a safe asylum for the craft to congregate in, for the purpose of working the rites appurtenant to the several Masonic degrees. With the passing of time, the working tools of the operative craft became the symbols of the speculative, and in order that they might be understood and their significance properly related to the living of a life acceptable to God and in a more perfect relationship with one another, it became necessary to devise a means of instruction which gave rise to ritualistic form. As speculative Masonry grew and spread to other parts of the old world and eventually to America, its ritual became further enriched with allegory and symbols to the point where it became an art in itself, but never losing its original purpose and intent—that of imparting knowledge to the initiate. There have been times in the history of the craft, however, when ritualism became the whole aim and end of Freemasonry. The effects of war, which made its mark upon society and life in general found no exception in the Masonic Fraternity. Lodges became likened to "6 mills" in turning out Masons (or numbers), and the ritual suffered as a result, due partially to haste, and partly to indifference and ineffectiveness on the part of undedicated officers. Then, too, in America, there has been a tendency to lengthen the ritual to accommodate the so-called ritualistic orators, and a further tendency to exploit the ritual, for the amusement of the brethren at the sacrifice of the more important task of imparting knowledge. In more recent years, through various programs of candidate instruction, with the ritual as the foundation and basis of that instruction, there has been a growing tendency to restore the ritual to its proper place in the total program of Masonic education. Newly-raised Masons today have at their disposal a greater understanding and appreciation of the historically and life-molding significance of the ritual, and the emphasis in rendition is gradually changing from the 'I' dotter and the "T" crosser to the more meaningful rendition which causes men to think, to feel, and to act.

This is not to condemn good ritualism. The preservation of ritual in its purest form is most important and imperative. Good ritualism is an honor; poor ritualism is always pernicious. Good ritualism is worth the best efforts and highest aspirations of any Master; poor ritualism is unworthy of any Master. Good ritualism is one of the great assets of a lodge and a potent advertising medium; poor ritualism is an efficient hypnotic. However, our subject does not concern itself with ritualistic rendition, but rather the place of the ritual in an educational program. We have already indicated the tendency on the part of many Grand Jurisdictions to initiate a program of candidate instruction, and it is our opinion that such instruction cannot divorce itself from the ritual as the basis and foundation of that instruction. As for its place in the future, it is our feeling that there are unexplored resources in the symbolism and allegory of our ritual commensurate to, and of about equal magnitude with the space age in which we live, resources which will help mankind to better understand his place in the world as a creature of one Almighty Parent, and endowed with powers beyond his most imaginative dreams. If we are to make men, through our ritualistic teachings, better able to deal with the problems of life in their relations toward the Supreme Architect of the Universe and their fellow man which is our major task in the building of spiritual temples, then we must utilize the resources at hand. To say that we have exhausted this field would be preposterous and indicative of Masonic ignorance, because, as any one of you sufficiently versed in Masonry very well know, there is no end to the great well of information which lies buried in the antiquity of our Order. The potential in space is limitless—so also is the potential in Masonic research. Some of these are so obvious that we hesitate to call them to your attention. WHY CAME YOU HERE? To seek Good that makes us Men, and the love that makes us Brothers. WHAT CAME YOU HERE TO DO? To discover myself, and how to rule and use the strange powers within my nature, that the Rough Ashlar of Youth might be wrought into the Perfect Ashlar of Manhood. WHAT DO YOU MOST DESIRE? To walk in the light, to know the Truth, to live in the glory of an illumined world, to ascend the Winding Stair of knowledge, to enter the Court of the Temple of Imagery where the symbols of God hallow our mortal life. BY WHAT RIGHT OR BENEFIT? By the Right of a man to know the meaning of life, so brief at its longest, so broken at its best; and by the benefit of a need too deep for tears. WORDS? Yes. But meaningful words that can be read into our symbolism and allegory. And what of the even more obvious teachings left unexplored in our Ritual? The search for the Lost Word—the Rite of Destitution—The Altar—The Great Lights, and the Lesser Lights—the letter "G"—the Hiram Legend. We could go on and on, illustrating where we have but scratched the surface in our program of education. But, behind, before and underneath it all lies the ritual, so rich and abundant in life-building, and soul-building resources as to defy the most searching and scholarly mind. What of the place of the ritual in any program of education? It is, as always, past, present and future, the foundation stone upon which we not only MUST build, but through the grace of an Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent God, we are so privileged as men and as Masons.

Thanks to Brother Wayne Anderson, FCF, MPS for supplying the Sunday Masonic Paper

I could actually hear the loud crunching as people passed our booth. Pretty soon our lunch arrived needing three people to carry it all and as usual his plates took up most of the table. John lapsed into his usual silence while he was eating which was OK with me. One of the best things about that T-Bone Steak Salad is that they put two hard boiled eggs cut in half in it. That is one of my favorite parts.....after the steak of course. It always amazes me how fast John can finish off a meal. I was about halfway done with my salad and he had finished both of his and was attacking the other steak and baked potato. He had just asked for three more rolls and was eyeballing something intently behind me over my shoulder. I asked him what he was looking at and he said that there was a strange looking guy sitting at another table. I turned in my seat to look but nobody looked strange to me. When I turned back around I told him so and he just shrugged and continued chewing. I looked down at my salad and ... I had a strange feeling that I was missing one of my eggs. I looked up at John and then back at my plate and then back at John and his face remained expressionless still chewing away. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a lady at the table next to us and I wasn't sure but it looked like she was trying not to laugh. I stared at John again and his expression never changed. I really wasn't sure but I was not going to turn around again. I kept a close eye on him until I finished my salad and shortly thereafter he got done and to my surprise went back to the peanuts. Holy moly, I wonder if he has ever gotten filled up! I waited patiently to hear what important stuff he had to tell me and finally as if he just remembered what it was he started talking. "Brother Chris," he said with a touch of pride in his voice. "I got to do something last weekend that I never thought I would get to do. I went to a different Lodge to confer an EA degree and the candidate was my Nephew." "Wow John, that sounds great," I replied. "How did it go?" "It was really great. It was just a couple of months ago my Nephew told me he wanted to become a Mason and he turned in a petition. As he was going through the process I contacted the Lodge Secretary, Brother Guido, and let him know I wanted to come down for the degree and he had kept me in the loop on what was going on. Once they got all the investigating and voting and all that stuff done they got it scheduled for a Saturday morning which was great because I didn't have to miss any work. I stopped being nervous about working in Degrees a long time ago and I had never conferred a degree in a different Lodge before and the fact that it was my Nephew and at a Lodge that I had never been to made me nervous as heck and excited at the same time. I didn't even sleep the night before. I was worried that the alarm clock in my hotel wouldn't go off on time and I would miss the whole dang thing. That is too much stress for an old guy like me." "So did it go off on time," I asked? "Well Gol Durn it Brother Chris, of course it did," he growled. "I am telling you about it ain't I? Anyway, I picked up Travis (that's my Nephew, the candidate) and we got to the Lodge around 7:30. and ohhhh my gosh Brother Chris, you should see this Lodge. It's an old Lodge which was established in the 1870's. It's got an alley running down one side of it and the local newspaper office on the other side. This building has to be a hundred years old or better. When I opened the door the wonderful smell of bacon and sausage cooking in the fry pan and biscuits baking in the oven and fresh brewed coffee . ( next panel)

hit me like a freight train..... a real good freight train," he said with a big smile. "I know this will be hard for you to believe Brother Chris but I had clean forgot that I hadn't eaten breakfast." I looked at him sideways and said, "Yeah, right, who do you think you are talking to?" "It's the truth," he whined. "Anyway Brother Guido and Brother Paul were in the kitchen and I met them first. Sitting in the dining room waiting to make the gravy for the biscuits was Brother Tom who check to make sure I was who I said I was. I met the other three Brothers Jake, Jeff, and Robert who sitting waiting for Breakfast and also Brother George who was one of their new Entered Apprentice's and his wife and son. I have to tell you he was one of the most energetic Brothers I have ever seen. They were all taking turns chastising Brother Guido and Brother Paul about their cooking skills. I learned a big lesson from my Mother when I was a kid that you don't ever criticize the cook..... if you plan on eating that is, so I just kept my mouth shut. Actually they were giving back as much abuse as they were getting and the friendly ragging on each other was about what you would expect when you get a bunch of Brothers together for work. About that time three really good looking ladies came in." "Ladies," I asked. "Wait a minute John," I asked, obviously irritating him. "What where the ladies doing there?" "There you go, interrupting me all the time," he growled. Well, if you must know Brother Chris, these ladies I happen to be a little partial to. It was my Wife and my two Nieces one of whom was Travis's wife. The Lodge, which I thought was a real nice gesture, had invited them and his kids all to have breakfast with us. We introduced them all around and directly Brother Tom made the gravy and the eggs got finished cooking and we all lined up to fill our plates. I think that was one of the best meals I have ever had at Lodge before. Somebody must have told them that I am a growing boy and I need a lot to keep me going cause they sure made plenty." "After breakfast all the ladies and kids left and I wandered into the Lodge Room to kinda get the lay of the land so to speak and talked with a couple of the other Brothers who were getting the Lodge ready for the degree. Brother Dennis who is the Senior Warden but was proteming for the Master introduced himself and asked me if I was ready to go. I told him I was and went and sat myself down in the South towards the front of the Lodge Room and was just going over the work in my mind. A couple of minutes later I looked up and they were escorting an older Brother into the Lodge and they sat him down next to me. Before I could say anything he turned and held out his hand and introduced himself as Brother Bill. I took his hand and we exchanged that "familiar grip" and I told him who I was, to which he replied, "So you're the one." I asked him what he meant and he said he had heard that a Brother from another Lodge was going to confer the degree. He welcomed me and told me that he hadn't been to Lodge for a while and was glad to be back. He told me that he was almost totally blind, that he could only see shapes but not faces. I told him it was no problem and that. if he needed anything that I was right next to him. ...next page

We both sat back waiting for the officers to get to their places and get ready to open the Lodge and all of a sudden Brother Bill started talking. I turned my head towards him and he was looking straight ahead and talking in a voice low enough that I had to lean in towards him to hear. He said that he was 85 years old and that he was raised when he was 21. He said that some of the greatest times in his life were sitting in Lodge next to his Dad..... and that sometimes when he sits in Lodge he gets a feeling that his Dad is sitting right beside him. Oh my gosh, Brother Chris, when he said that a big ol lump jumped right up in my throat and I was trying my darndest to talk but nothing would come out.” (I knew what he meant because one had just formed in my throat.) He said, “Brother Chris I swallowed a couple of times and without really thinking about it I leaned forward and looked at the empty seat on the other side of him. Then I sat back and leaned over to him and whispered in his ear “I think I do see him sitting right there next to you Brother Bill.” Well he got a big smile on his face, closed his eyes, nodded his head twice, and laid his hand on the armrest of the chair next to him. It was all I could do to keep from getting choked up Brother Chris, but luckily I didn’t have time to think about it too much because the gavel came down and the Worshipful Master began to open the Lodge. As soon as Brother Robert got the door tiled Brother Tom gave us a prayer and we were open and ready to go. The Worshipful Master asked the Degree team to take their places and as I took my place in the East I looked around the room. Brother J.D. was at the Secretary’s desk ready for me to get it going. Brother Dennis had gone to the West and Brother Scott was in the South and my new Buddy Brother Guido was ready to take charge of the candidate as Senior Deacon. Brother John was holding down the Junior Deacons chair and I could see Brother Robert playing with some kind of coin and ready to do his part. I couldn’t see Brother Jeff but I knew he was with Travis outside the door. Well I took a deep breath and dropped the gavel and Brother Chris, we commenced to put on what turned out to be a heck of an Entered Apprentice degree. The guys from the Lodge did an outstanding job and I was awful proud to be there with them. You know you always want the new candidate to get a good degree, but I can tell you for sure that my Nephew got a great degree. Brother Cecil gave an excellent Lecture and Brother Skylar wrapped it all up with the Charge. When I got back to my seat next to Brother Bill he leaned over and told me that we all did a good job. I thanked him and the Worshipful Master congratulated our new Brother Travis and asked Brother Tom to go over the Lodge protocol with him. Brother Dennis then asked the Brothers to all stand and give whatever advice and information they would like to give their new Brother. One by one we all stood and offered congratulations and encouragement as well as helpful advice to Brother Travis. When it was Brother Bill’s turn he stood and faced the new Brother and welcomed him to the Lodge and told him with as much emotion as I have ever seen from a Brother in a Lodge that he had just made the best decision he would ever make and to not waste what he had been given. Then it was my turn and I congratulated Brother Travis and told him that I was proud of him. I then told the Worshipful Master and all the brothers that I was honored to be a part of their degree team and thanked them for their hospitality. The last to speak was the Worshipful Master, Brother Dennis,

but to ask questions and learn what the words meant. Then he gave Brother Travis an opportunity to speak and he thanked the Lodge for the opportunity to become a Mason and to be a member of the Lodge and thanked the Brothers for taking time on a Saturday to work in his degree. The Worshipful Master then promptly closed the Lodge. Everyone came over to congratulate our new Brother and I took a deep breath and suddenly I realized that I was tired, really really tired. I was ready for a nap. But we had to take care of the important stuff first... like lunch. “Sounds like you had a pretty great weekend Brother John,” I said and I meant it. “It sure meant a lot to me to just be there for Brother Travis’s degree, he said. “But to be able to work in his degree, and not just to work, but to have the opportunity to confer the degree is something I will always be proud of and grateful to the Lodge for. I am looking forward to going back for his other degrees.” I had been concentrating on John’s story and didn’t notice that Tony was standing at the edge of our table. He had a different kind of smile on his face and said to John, “I hope you don’t mind but I overheard most of your story and it was a good one.” With that he laid the bill down on the table. John reached for it saying, “How much are all those peanuts I ate?” Tony laughed and told him that they were no charge to customers. While John paid Tony I took a quick trip to the restroom and when I got back John was just sliding out of the booth. As we neared the door a voice called out, “Mr Deacon?” We turned around and Tony held out one of those buckets that holds the peanuts on the tables. He handed it to John and said, “Here’s a bucket to carry all your peanuts.” I looked at John with a puzzled look and with his face turning red he started pulling out handfuls of peanuts out of his pants pockets and his shirt pockets. Heck he even had some in both hip pockets. “Oh my God John,” I said nervously as I looked around to see if people were watching. “What are you doing with all these nuts?” “Well, Tony said I could take all I wanted so I was just taking some to munch on while I was driving down the road,” he stammered. As I watched he darn near filled that bucket with all he pulled out of his pockets. John tried to hand Tony the bucket full of nuts but he said with a smile, “The bucket is yours to carry the nuts in. Come back and eat here again sometime . and good luck with your Nephew. It struck me then that apparently Tony had been standing at our table longer than I realized. He held out his hand and John shook it. John got a big smile on his face and said, “Thank you. We will be back” And then we left. We got to my truck first and I told John I would see him next month and lunch would be on me. As he and his bucket of nuts walked away I commented that the scene at the door was kind of weird. He turned and said, “As it turns out, Tony the Manager is actually Brother Tony.” “How did you know,” I asked? John rolled his eyes and gave me a sideways look. Then it came to me and I said “Ahhhh, it must have been that “special grip.” He smiled and nodded. See you next month my Brother.

# Calendar for June and July

**June 7<sup>th</sup>— Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting will be a short talk by Brother Doug Montgomery. Brother Doug is a new Master Mason and is going to talk about his thoughts and emotions beginning with his initiation as an EA and ending with his Raising to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason. We are going to call this one “My Journey So Far”. You won’t forget this one. It will bring back a lot of memories. )**

**June 14<sup>th</sup> Practice or Degree**

**June 21<sup>st</sup> - Stated Meeting Lodge Elections. (The Program for this meeting will be “A Look at Australian Freemasonry” presented by PM Bro Bob Cox. Be advised: They do it a lot differently that we do.)**

**June 24<sup>th</sup>— Installation of Officers**

**June 28<sup>th</sup> -- Practice or Degree**

**July 5<sup>th</sup>-- Stated Meeting (The program for this meeting will be two short inspirational stories about Masonry, presented by PM and DI at large Brother Dan Mason)**

**July 12<sup>th</sup> -- Practice or Degree**

**July 19<sup>th</sup>-- Stated Meeting (The Program for this meeting will be “Why Square Your Work?”, presented by Bro Patrick Giles. This is an original and fresh look at Masonic Symbolism.)**

**July 23<sup>rd</sup> – Lodge visit to Lonnie Irvin Daylight Lodge**

**July 26<sup>th</sup> -- Practice or Degree**

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\*\*\*\* I am sorry that I forgot to include the Birthdays for May last month. \*\*\*\*

## May Birthdays

Patrick Giles	Garry Tidwell	Ernest Skipper	Jerry Waggoner	Victor Gutierrez	Anthony Garrison
David Essenpreis	T. Jeff Coffey	Roy Smith	Paul Rowles	Orien Bartlett	Wes O’Neill
Terry Westrum	James Markwell	Michael Paxton	James Schoultz	Grady Cowert	Vasser Jones
Charlse Crain III	George Cermin	Edgar Biggers	Reemberto Gonzalez	Bennie Bowers	Bruce Kuemmel

## June Birthdays

Walt Hammons	Chris Drzymala	Baldamar Castro	William Sharp	Harry Greer	Eddie Bowers
Larry Bracken	Robert Swann	Steven Hibdon	Richard Gutierrez	Bart Martinez	Judd DeGroat
Albert Moreno	Eddie Bowers Jr	Gregorio Zamora	Leslie Guilliams	Robert Waggener	John Root
Art Reyna	Thomas Lawhon	David Kass	Gerald Morgner	John Watson	Orville White

**Happy Birthday Brothers!!!**

## Mother's Day Program at Davy Crockett Lodge

On Tuesday, May 10, 2011 Davy Crockett Lodge hosted a very special program in honor of Mother's Day. We were honored and privileged to have representatives from the Order of DeMolay and the Order of the Rainbow present to conduct this beautiful and heart-warming ceremony. After a brief reading of the importance of motherhood in all orders of Masonry, each mother present was asked to approach the alter where they were presented with a red rose as a token of love and gratitude. Then, all those present whose mothers were still living were asked to stand and the Rainbow Girls proceeded to hand out additional red roses for them to either present to their mothers, or keep as a reminder of all that their mothers had done for them, with the admonition that they should contact them and let them know that they loved them and were thinking of them. Finally, in the most touching part of the ceremony, those whose mothers had passed on were asked to stand. Each was then presented with a white rose as a remembrance of the love and support they each held so dear with their mothers. It was a wonderful program and we are so thankful to these young people for their presentation.

**Order of the Rainbow: Katelyn Galbraith and Krissy Galbraith  
Assembly # 377**  
**Order of DeMolay: Dru Bergeron, Albert Pike Chapter and  
Brother Aaron Gonzalez, newly Raised Master Mason**

**Brooke Dellagiacomma is presented with her red rose by her  
son Henry with the help of his daddy, newly Raised Master  
Mason, Tim Dellagiacomma.**



## Masonic Quote

**Brother, I, too own a television set, but that does not keep me home on Lodge night.**

**I have never yet had one of the characters on television come off the screen and shake my hand. They have never offered me the warm friendship that my Lodge Brothers do.**

**They have never handed me a cup of coffee or a doughnut. NO! NEVER!**

**Author Unknown**



### More Humor

*'Mr. Clark, I have reviewed this case very carefully,' the divorce  
Court*

*Judge said, 'And I've decided to give your wife \$775 a week,'*

*'That's very fair, your honor,' the husband said. 'And every now  
and*

*Then I'll try to send her a few bucks myself.'*

# SEEKING THE TRUTH

by Brother Terry Crosby Jr.

Let me open by saying that "bad" publicity is still publicity and that any seed when planted has the "potential" to grow.

I didn't grow up around Freemasons and as far as I know none of my relatives are Freemasons. So, as you can see, my knowledge of Freemasonry wasn't just limited, it was non-existent.

My journey to becoming a Freemason started with "bad" publicity. A co-worker of mine, at the time, was and still is an anti-Mason. There wasn't a night that didn't go by at work without some comment being made about the "evils" of Freemasonry. This constant onslaught of his opinions finally started to get to me. The hard soil (my head) opened up and accepted the seeds. Questions started sprouting up, my curiosity was piqued and I had to find out for myself if this group was as bad as he believed.

First things first, where did someone find information on a secret organization. I do a lot of research on the Internet so I started there. For a "secret" organization I could not believe the wealth of info on the Internet. The more I dug the more I found. Sure there were the anti-Masonic sites as well as the good ones but a new perception was taking hold.

I started to read things about brotherly love, relief and truth. A necessity to believe in a supreme being. The true freedom of religion, nationality and opinion. Compassion for our fellow man. The practice of supporting your community and government. The need to strive for knowledge and wisdom. And I could go on and on but the main thing that really struck home was this simple concept, the practice of the teachings of Freemasonry makes a good man better.

This research was reinforced when I discovered that there were Freemasons right in my plant at work. The answers that I received to the many questions I asked followed what I had already read about on the Internet. I also learned that I had to petition the lodge that I wanted to join and I learned a little about the process of becoming a member.

What a drastic difference this picture was compared to my first introduction to Freemasonry. In my heart, at this point in my journey, I felt that being a Mason was a good thing and that it was something I wanted to do.

From my first phone call to my becoming a Brother in this great fraternity, it has been one of the greatest experiences of my life. I want to thank all the Brothers in the Argus Lodge for their part in helping me on the road to my becoming a Mason. My deepest thanks goes out to my sponsors for opening the door and to my coach for helping me through it.

If you are someone who is looking to find out what Free Masonry is all about, don't do so with the motive of proving something or someone wrong or right. Do so to find the true answers to the questions in your heart and mind. The rewards of truth are immense.



## TEN MASTER MASONS

Ten Master Masons, happy, doing fine;  
One listened to a rumor, then there were nine.  
Nine Master Masons, faithful, never late;  
One didn't like the "Master," then there were eight.  
Eight Master Masons, on their way to heaven;  
One joined too many clubs, then there were seven.

Seven Master Masons, life dealt some hard licks;  
One grew discouraged, then there were six.  
Six Master Masons, all very much alive;  
One lost his interest, then there were five.  
Five Master Masons, wishing there were more;  
Got into a great dispute, then there were four.

Four Master Masons, busy as could be;  
One didn't like the programs, then there were three.  
Three Master Masons, was one of them you?  
One grew tired of all the work, then there were two.  
Two Master Masons with so much to be done;  
One said "What's the use," then there was one.  
One Master Mason, found a brother -- true!  
Brought him to the Lodge, then there were two.  
Two Master Masons didn't find work a bore;  
Each brought another, then there were four.  
Four Master Masons saved their Lodge's fate;  
By showing others kindness, then there were eight.

Eight Master Masons, loving their Lodges bright sheen;  
Talked so much about it, they soon counted sixteen.  
Sixteen Master Masons, to their obligations true;  
Were pleased when their number went to thirty-two.

So we can't put our troubles at the Lodge's door;  
It's our fault for harming the Lodge we adore.

Don't fuss about the programs or the "Master" in the East;  
Keep your obligation by serving even the very least.

Author Unknown

## Warning To Texas Lodges !!!

Brother John Wallace reports that Onion Creek Lodge No. 220 in Austin, Texas recently suffered its fourth vandalism incident in the past year and a half. Its signage has been destroyed, at least two break-in attempts were made, windows have been broken, and the American flag



in the front yard was turned upside down. Most recently, at the end of March, a Molotov cocktail was hurled through a window of the dining hall. Fortunately, the bottle didn't break, and the flames did not spread, but some fire damage did occur, including to a piano. It could have been far worse.

There have also been reports of other Austin-area lodges, as well as some across Tarrant County (the Ft. Worth area) having anti-Masonic material taped to their doors. Because of the previous repeated attacks, the Austin Fire Department installed motion activated cameras and the images are being studied to see if faces and vehicles can be identified. The arson attempt raises the acts from vandalism to a 2nd class felony.

Onion Creek Lodge is an historic building—it's the second-oldest lodge building in Texas still in use today, along with being one of the oldest public school houses in the state. It is a state-designated historic site.

Unfortunately, reports of vandalism and worse activities are increasing against Masonic lodge buildings, as Freemasonry gets greater exposure in the press. And sad to say, not everyone who comes to your open houses has angelic motives. If your lodge doesn't have bright exterior lighting and a decent alarm system, with a monitoring service and an updated contact list of your officers, you need to bring it up at your next lodge meeting. And it never hurts to remind brethren to drive by the lodge on their way home from work, or after a night out. Too many Masonic buildings sit empty 29 days a month, which makes them an easy target for bored miscreants or devious Masonophobes. 

## Al Qaeda Targets Freemasonry

From Stewart Bell, National Post · Apr. 1, 2011

As if it wasn't enough that they want to blow up all the "Crusaders" and "Zionists," now al-Qaeda has apparently chosen a new target: Freemasons. A "secret" Canadian intelligence study newly released to the National Post describes how Islamist conspiracy theorists have seen the enemy and it is Freemasonry.

Islamist extremists and the Freemasons is the actual title of a Canadian Security Intelligence Service intelligence assessment distributed in December 2009. It says extremist ideologues have taken Dan Brown's The Da Vinci Code and the Nicolas Cage film National Treasure as evidence of a conspiracy against Islam.

They have been telling youths that Freemasons are: anti-Muslim; have close ties to Israel; and have been conducting secret paramilitary operations in Europe.

While most rational thinkers can tell fact from fiction, CSIS warns that we should not have such high expectations for the cave-dwelling sages at al-Qaeda HQ.

"It is easy to dismiss belief in an all-powerful Freemasonry movement as akin to conspiracy theories prevalent on the Internet, fed by popular films and literature," it says.

"It is important to underscore, however, that these theories are consistent with the Islamist extremist common narrative: in this light, the Freemasons are believed to be taking part in attacks against Islam.

"This portrayal can serve as a useful contribution to the radicalization process... Freemasons are thus seen as another of 'Islam's enemies' and their actions, real or not, used as justifications to respond with violence."

## Old Guys at Wal-Mart

Two old guys are pushing their carts around Wal-Mart when they collide.

The first old guy says to the second guy, "Sorry about that. I'm looking for my wife, and I guess I wasn't paying attention to where I was going."

The second old guy says, "That's OK, it's a coincidence. I'm looking for my wife, too. I can't find her and I'm getting a little desperate."

The first old guy says, "Well, maybe I can help you find her. What does she look like?"

The second old guy says, "Well, she is 27 yrs old, tall, with long red hair, beautiful green eyes, long legs, and is wearing short shorts. What does your wife look like?"

To which the first old guy says, "Doesn't matter. Let's look for yours."

## ***DIFFERENT KINDS OF MASONS***

### ***Old Tyler Talks by Carl Claudy***

"I'm almost through!" The New Brother displayed a sheaf of cards to the Old Tiler. "Soon I will have joined them all and become every kind of Mason there is."

"What do you know about the kinds of Masons there are?" asked the Old Tiler, interested. "You have not been a Master Mason long enough to gain all that knowledge!"

"That's not hard to gain with all the brethren poking petitions at you."

There are Scottish Rite Masons and York Rite Masons and Templar Masons and Chapter Masons and Council Masons, and."

"Oh!" The Old Tiler said, "I didn't understand. I thought you couldn't have learned yet."

"Learned what? Are there some more kinds of Masons?"

"Indeed, yes! Answered the Old Tiler. "A great many kinds. But, seven you haven't mentioned stand out more prominently than others."

"Do tell me! I thought I had joined most of them..."

"You don't join these. You become one, or are made one, or grow into one of them. For instance, there is the "King Solomon Mason." He thinks that everything that Solomon did as a Mason is right and everything he didn't do is wrong. To him, Masonry was conceived, born and grew up in the shadow of King Solomon and every word of the legend is literally true, much like the man who refuses to believe the earth is round, because a verse in the Bible refers to the 'four corners of the earth!' The King Solomon Mason lives his Masonry according to his light; perhaps it's not his fault it is so dim.

"To the "Ritual Mason," the importance of Masonry is the form of its words.

A good Mason in his belief is one who can repeat a lecture from end to end without a slip. A man may do battle, murder, or cause sudden death, commit arson or run away with a neighbor's wife; but if he

knows his ritual letter perfect, it 'was all a mistake!' The man who doesn't know his ritual letter perfect is not, in this man's eyes, a good Mason; not though he give to charity with both hands and carry love for his fellowman in both head and heart.

"The "Practical Mason" looks at life from a utilitarian standpoint. He prefers electricity to candles for the Lesser Lights because they are simpler and prefers candles to electricity because they are cheaper. He thinks a choir is impractical because it produces nothing permanent and would rather spend the money for printed matter or a new carpet. He is at his best when raising money for a new temple and at his worst when asked to express himself upon the spirit of Masonry. His hand is in his pocket for charity, but never for entertainment. He is usually on the finance committee and recommends a budget in which rent and heat and light are bigger than relief.

"The "Heart Mason" is the opposite. He is full of impractical schemes. He wants to start a new temple which will never be built. He talks much of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but is absent when the hat is passed and the committee on funds needs a few workers to go out and gather in. The heart Mason is the lodge sob-sister; he usually seconds any motion to spend any amount of money for flowers or to send a brother away for his health and always makes a little tear-filled speech about the fatherless loved ones, even if the dear departed died a bachelor.

The "Business Mason" belongs because he thinks it helps his job. He usually sits next to the solid business man in lodge and likes to tell people what he does. If he is a Past Master, he never comes to lodge on time, so that he can get a special welcome at the Altar. His favorite speech is about the man who tried to advertise his business in lodge and how evil this was; in the speech he always mentions his own business. He wears an extra large sized pin and prints squares and compasses on his letterheads.

"We dominate another kind by the expressive term of "Belly Mason." He is most faithful in attendance at lodges where there may be a feed. He will cheerfully spend twenty cents car fare and a long evening to get a fifteen cent sandwich. If there is to be a sit-down meal he will sit up all night to be on time. If the affair is in another lodge and needs tickets, he will take time off from his job to hunt a brother who has a ticket and doesn't want it. He usually manages to

cross the lodge room while the cigars are passed so he can dig into the box twice. If the crowd is small, he is the last man to get a smoke, so he can take all that are left. If the crowd is large, he is among the first, to make sure he doesn't get left.

"And then there is the "Regular Mason," the fellow who does his best with the time and brains he has. He is the great bulk of the fraternity. He pays the dues and fills the chairs and does the work. He is seldom a fine ritualist, but he is usually an earnest one. He is not very practical and would spend more than we have if it wasn't that he is too sentimental to permit the charity fund to be robbed. He passes the sandwiches and coffee, and if there is any left, he gets his; but he doesn't care so long as the evening is a success. He isn't a student, but something in the heart of Masonry has reached deep into his heart, and so he comes to lodge and does his best. He is not learned, but he is not stupid. He is not hidebound and yet he is conservative. He loves his lodge, but not so much he cannot see her faults. He is most of us."

"And what class of Mason am I?" asked the New Brother, uneasily looking at his sheaf of cards.

"You have cards enough to be considered a Mason for almost any reason," answered the Old Tiler. "But I'll take your word for it. What kind of Mason are you?"

"I don't know for sure, but I know what kind I am never going to be!" answered the new Brother, putting his many cards away.

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### **AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE**

**A gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office and said that her body hurt wherever she touched it.**

**'Impossible!' says the doctor.. 'Show me.'**

**The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, then she pushed her elbow and screamed even more. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed. Everywhere she touched made her scream.**

**The doctor said, 'You're not really a redhead, are you?'**

**'Well, no' she said, 'I'm actually a blonde.'**

**'I thought so,' the doctor said, 'Your finger is broken.'**