



THE TRESTLEBOARD



Volume 3, Issue 10

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

May 2011

From the Secretary's Desk!

by Chris Williams Secretary

Greetings to all!!! Last Month was, as usual, a busy one for the Lodge. We conferred several degrees and it looks like soon we will have a few more Davy Crockett Master Masons. There will be 2 FC Degrees and at least 1 Masters Degree that will be conferred this month. The Brothers enjoyed Masonic Education programs presented by Members of the "Light Brigade" Committee. One of them was an excellent program presented by Bro Vic Woodfield on the "History of Texas Masonry" as well as a history of Davy Crockett Lodge. We all learned many things about our Lodge that we did not know.

I want to invite everyone to the Lodge on the 10th for our Mothers Day Program. I can tell you that this will be very special to all the Mothers who attend. Bring yourselves, bring your kids, and heck, bring your Mother!!

Lodge Elections will be on the 21st of June and the Installation of Officers will be on Friday Night the 24th. It's all going to happen real fast so start getting prepared.

On May 24th we will have our annual Pancake Breakfast and Brisket Sale. Come and eat Breakfast between 7:00 AM and 11:30 AM and purchase some fresh BBQ Brisket to take home for Lunch or Dinner. There will be plenty of eggs cooked to order with Bacon or Sausage, Orange Juice and Coffee or (Tea). Oh yeah, Pancakes too!! The Brisket fresh out of the pit will be sold for 8.00 per pound. Hope to see you there.

And Lastly I would encourage all the Brethren to purchase their Masonic License Plates after the 15th of this Month.

Texas Mason License Plates

The approval for the Texas Mason License Plates has been awarded and that the plates are expected to be available for purchase by late May or early June. Contact your local County Automobile Registration Department after the middle of May. The personalized tags will cost you a \$30 amount in addition to your routine tag charges from which the Grand Lodge of Texas will receive about \$22 for each plate purchased or renewed. "In my opinion every Mason should have a set of these plates."

Did You Know?

From the book of the same name by Wes Cook

The world's largest Mason was Brother Miles Darden, who died in Lexington Tennessee in 1857 at the age of 58. He weighed over 1000 lbs, was 7ft 6in tall. He was 6ft 4in around the waist. His coffin took 100 ft of lumber to build and 17 men to lift him into it. His wife weighed 99lbs.

This Months Humor

A preacher was walking down the street when he came upon a group of about a dozen boys, all of them between 10 and 12 years of age.

The group surrounded a dog. Concerned lest the boys were hurting the dog, he went over and asked, "What are you doing with that dog?"

One of the boys replied, "This dog is just an old neighborhood stray. We all want him, but only one of us can take him home. So we've decided that whichever one of us can tell the biggest lie will get to keep the dog."

Of course, the reverend was shocked. "You boys shouldn't be having a contest telling lies!" he exclaimed.

He then launched into a ten minute sermon against lying, beginning, "Don't you boys know it's a sin to lie," and ending with, "Why when I was your age, I never told a lie."

There was dead silence for about a minute. Just as the preacher was beginning to think he'd gotten through to them, the smallest boy gave a deep sigh and said, "All right, give him the dog."

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

Stated Meeting 5-3-11
Program

"Doing a Proper Investigation"
One of your most important duties

By

Dist Inst #39B and PM Bro Keith Reynolds

Stated Meeting 5-17-11
Program

"Seeking Light Across Cultures"
"A Timeless Phenomenon"

By

Junior Warden Bro Wes O'Neill

Stated Meeting 6-7-11
Program

"My Journey So Far"
A new Master's Observations

By

Brother Douglas Montgomery

Indirect Light

A monthly "opinion" by
Brother Bradley Kohanke, 32

So...I was watching this television show on the History Channel the other day called "Who Was Jesus?" I am fascinated with history and have studied religions (both past and present) as a hobby for over 30 years. Anyway, in reading the Bible there are two accounts of what Joseph did for a living. In Matthew and in Mark, the people of Nazareth challenge the importance of Jesus and his teachings by claiming that they know him as the "carpenter's son." Not being able to read ancient Greek, I had no reason to question those statements and have believed all my life that Joseph was in fact, a carpenter.

The Archeologist and the Linguist on the show however, had different ideas of what Joseph's occupation may have actually been. Apparently the Greek word written in both accounts is "Tekton," or something close to that spelling. This literally translates as "craftsman" or "builder." Still, with wood being plentiful in the Galilee, no reason to change my opinion or even think much about it.

The host of the show, an Archeologist, then took the camera crew on a tour of the excavation site at Sepphoris. Now, apparently the people of Sepphoris had rebelled against the power of Rome during the time of Jesus' childhood and Rome being Rome, they completely destroyed the town and all who lived there. Sepphoris was then rebuilt as a Roman-style city. Since it was less than an hour's walk from Nazareth, it is likely that the people of Nazareth (including Joseph) would have worked on the building of the city. It is also likely that Joseph would have taught his sons the family trade.

Something struck me about the archeological dig at Sepphoris. All of the buildings were made of various kinds of stone and brick. The intricacy of the buildings, the amphitheatre, the columns, the porticos of the homes, etc. were exceedingly beautiful. I watched as amateur archeologists dug and brushed away centuries of dirt to uncover mosaics and painted walls...it was fascinating and I felt myself wishing I was there with them.

Then they went to Nazareth and showed the archeological digs going on in the old city. Again, the homes and buildings were made mostly of stone. Obviously it was nowhere near as opulent as Sepphoris, but still had stood the test of time because of the building materials used.

Now most you know where I'm going with this but until the host of the show actually said it, I hadn't put it all together yet. What he said was that in a place and a time where almost everything was obviously made of stone, wouldn't the correct translation for "tekton," the occupation of Joseph and presumably the young Jesus, more accurately be defined as a Mason?

Now there is something to think about (or in the words of my generation, "Stick that in your pipe and smoke it!")

Profile of a Brother

(A monthly feature introducing the Brothers of Davy Crockett)



This month's profile is on Brother Bob Cox. Brother Bob was raised on February 2, 1977 at He was born in Pursglove West Virginia and grew up in Morgantown West Virginia and graduated high school in 1955 at the age of 17. After graduation he joined the Army and after being discharged in 1958 he

entered the Air Force in June of 1958. He served at bases all over the US and also in Guam in the Philippines and in Korea. His final station was Randolph AFB where he retired on April 1st 1980 at the rank of Chief Master Sergeant. Bob was selected Airman of the Year at Bergstrom AFB, Texas in the year 1960 and over his career received 3 Air Force Commendations and 2 Meritorious Service Awards. After retirement he worked at Shoemakers Inn and Dillard's. Bob's first wife passed away in 1989 and they had three children. He has been married to Mary Sue for almost 20 years and he has 12 step Grandchildren and 1 Great Grandson. Brother Bob is a Past Master of Davy Crockett Lodge #1225 and was awarded the Golden Trowel in 2010, a Past Most Excellent High Priest of Helotes Chapter #444, the present Thrice Illustrious Master of Helotes Council #362, a member of San Antonio Commandry #7, currently the Guard of Brownwood Commandry #22, a member of the Order of the Knights of the Scottish Rite Bodies and the Scottish Rite, Senior Deacon for Allied Masonic Degree #262. He took the Degree of the Super Most Excellent Master and the Order of the Silver Trowel at the Scottish Rite Temple in Dallas. He is a member of the Alzafar Shrine and belongs to the Sons of Hiram and Hillbilly Clan as well as the Seniors Group Units at the Shrine. He is also VP of the San Antonio High Twelve. When asked who has been influential in his Masonic career he says it is more than one. He lists Bro Bob Stahl who has passed to the Celestial Lodge. Also Bros. Roy Latigo, David Richter, Dan Mason, John Lorch, and Chris Williams. Bob says that he became a Mason primarily because of his Father-In-Law L.M. Mack Sheffield. When he asked Bro Sheffield about Masonry in 1977 he said, "I thought you would never ask." "Masonry has been the highlight of my life," Bob says. "Without it I could not possibly enjoy my life as I do now. It is great to see the Fraternity growing again. I have the support of my entire family in the great endeavor. Masonry has changed me considerably and I am very grateful. So Mote It Be"

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

Stated Meetings -- 1st and 3rd 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 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

The Profound Pontifications of Brother John Deacon

It was a Friday evening right at 6PM and I was locking the door of the shop when I heard a diesel truck pull in behind me. I had heard the sound of that particular motor before and my mind quickly went down the list of everyone I knew who drove a truck with that motor. And John was one of them. Before I could turn around that familiar melodious voice floated across the parking lot to my ears. He growled, "Hey Brother Chris, Where do you think you are going? I've got some serious truck problems." "Well, you are just S.O.L. my Brother," I said. "There's no one here that can fix it until Monday." He got a shocked look on his face and said, "S.O.L.??? Do you know what that stands for?" "Don't look so shocked," I said. "Of course I know. It stands for Sorry, Out of Luck." "That ain't what it means in my neck of the woods," he chuckled. "I guess we are lucky that we aren't in your neck of the woods then," I replied. "What's wrong with your truck? It sounds good to me." "Awww there's nothing wrong with Ol Blackie," he grinned. "I was just giving you a hard time. Actually I have a pretty serious meeting with the owner of my company tomorrow morning and it might not be a good one," he said as his grin turned into a frown. "They are doing a lot of cut backs because of the economy and it might have gotten to be my turn. I will know tomorrow. It's not going to be easy to sleep tonight." I felt bad for him and told him that I had to work that night at the Fiesta in San Antonio at the Night in Old San Antonio. It's a big yearly party and he had never been. I knew it would take his mind off the next day so I loaded him up and we headed downtown to Fiesta. Now Fiesta is a big deal in San Antonio. It is an eleven day and night party of carnivals, parades, picnics, and more kinds of food than you can imagine. I have worked for the past 20 years at what they call Night in Old San Antonio which is four nights of fun, food, and really happy people. Me and my Softball buddies work the souvenir booth in clown alley. People come from all over the world to Fiesta in San Antonio and it's always a lot of fun so I thought John could eat all he wants and be around a lot of happy people some of them slightly to more than slightly inebriated. I figured this would be perfect for John. Little did I know how perfect it would be for him. The night started out calmly enough. I introduced John to the team and he jumped right in selling t-shirts and all kinds of flashing souvenirs. After about 20 minutes I saw him sniffing the air and I could tell his production was going to go down quickly if I didn't feed him so we joined the mass of party – goers who were hopping from food booth to food booth trying as many different things as possible. I told John that we would hit a few places and then go back to our booth and eat. Right around the corner from our booth was what they called "Fat Bread" which was some kind of English Muffin with a layer of cheese topped by a layer of mushrooms and heated up. I told John it was one of my favorites and he got four. I shook my head and told him to moderate because there was a lot of different food to try. He nodded his understanding and we dove back into the crowd to find the next food booth. About 50 feet down we encountered a booth selling Bratwurst and Sauerkraut which I was going to pass up but he nearly jerked me off my feet when he reached out to stop me. "I love German Bratts and Kraut," he exclaimed. "OK get some and let's go", I said. Pretty soon we were back in the flow and by the time we got back to our booth we had stopped at least 10 different food booths and bought three different kinds of meatballs, some nachos, two different kinds of Gorditas, a Turkey Leg, Some Fried Green Tomatoes, a couple of Corn Dogs, something called Matinee Chips which looked like big Fried Jalapenos, and he really got excited about a booth with "Steer on a Stick. Go to next panel.....)

I think he got 4 or 5 of those. I stayed a little ahead of him the whole time so I wouldn't have to foot the bill for the double arm load of gastric distress that he was carrying around. When we finally got back to our booth I laid my stuff out and motioned to a spot for John and he sat down. I looked to see all the food he had bought but all he had in his hands was empty containers and wrappers. "What happened to all your food John," I asked. "Heck Brother Chris," he answered. "I was so hungry I was eating as we were walking. Now I ate all of it and I am hungry again." I said, "If you want to fight that crowd again then have at it but I am going to eat now." "I have to get some more of that Steer on a Stick," he replied, "And some more of those Jalapenos and I saw a couple of other things I wanted, so I will be back in a little while." Before I could reply he was gone. I was pretty happy to just sit there and enjoy some of the tastiest food there is and only available once a year at Fiesta. The only negative was that the booth next to ours was a Karaoke booth and hour after hour was a constant assault to the musical sensibilities of anyone within a 50 ft radius of the booth. I didn't think it was possible to butcher good music this bad. I finished up eating and went back to selling t-shirts and a few minutes later John appeared back in the booth. He seemed like a different person. He was happy and grinning at everyone like a big goofus. He had all the girls in the booth giggling and laughing. I can't swear to it but I think he may have encountered a Margarita or two while he was wandering about all by himself..... even though he denied it. Anyway he finally got back to the counter and selling the souvenirs. All was going good and business was brisk and I never saw John leave the booth but the next thing I know the intro music to one of my favorite songs started up next door at the karaoke booth and I braced myself for the inevitable off key, intoxicated version of a great George Strait song. In the rest of the world George is a darn good country western singer but in San Antonio he is the KING. I said a silent apology to the country music Gods as the music paused and the words came..... "Amarillo by morning.... Up from San Antone..... Everything that I got..... Is just what I've got on"..... Almost immediately I realized that... this guy was good. The voice was a little lower than George's but still real good. "When that sun is high in that Texas sky..... I'll be buckin at the County fair..... Amarillo by morning..... Amarillo I'll be there" Everyone at the booth thought so too because they were all looking to the right trying to get a look at the singer and I could see a lot of the crowd that was passing by had slowed down to hear the song too. I had to walk over to the end of the counter to see up to where the singer was and all the helpers in the booth were blocking me. "They took my saddle in Houston Broke my leg in Santa Fe Lost my wife and a girlfriend..... Somewhere along the way" I finally nudged one of my buddies out of the way and ... I just about fainted ... "I'll be lookin for eight when they pull that gate and I hope that judge ain't blind" it was John**Go to page 5**

My Brothers I am including the following paper that I received from Bro Wayne Anderson who has a weekly publication called the Sunday Masonic Paper. These are well written and very interesting. I have permission from Bro Anderson to share them with all of you so I will have one of his papers in every newsletter going forward. I hope you enjoy them as much as I do. To give you all some background on Brother Anderson I asked him if he would provide some information on his Masonic career.

I was Initiated, Passed and Raised in Markland Lodge No. 99, Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia in Kingston, Nova Scotia in 1988. In 1992 the Canadian Forces moved me to Kingston Ontario where I affiliated with Prince Arthur Lodge in 1994. I am a Past Master of Prince Arthur Lodge No. 228, (2001 – 2002) Odessa, Ontario, now amalgamated with Maple Leaf No. 119, Bath, Ontario.(Demited in 2002). Affiliated with Rideau Lodge No. 460 and Minden No. 253 in 2002. Past Master of Rideau Lodge No. 460, (2005 – 2007) Seeleys Bay, Ontario, and am currently Master of Minden Lodge No. 253, Kingston, Ontario. I am a member of Valley Chapter No. 16, Royal Arch Masons, in Middleton, Nova Scotia. (Side note my Father and both Grand Fathers and many Uncles were/are Masons and Odd Fellows in New Brunswick, Canada) I am currently Presiding Preceptor in Hugh de Payens Premier Preceptory No.1 in Kingston, Ontario –similar to your Commandry. Am a member of the United Council of Craftsmen and Engineers; and a graduate of Masonic Leadership Course from the Masonic Leadership Centre. Graduate of the Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario's College of Freemasonry and holds the title Fellow of the College of Freemasonry (FCF), and a Graduate of the District Deputy Grand Masters college course. Long time member of the Philaethes Society (MPS) and a member of The Phoenix Masonry Masonic Group. I am an avid supporter of Masonic Education and promote research and reading among the members of my lodges. The Sunday Masonic Paper as it is known today started out with seven members, on the Internet, in 1993/94 we had seven members at that time, seven or more make it perfect. Those seven were in the US and Canada and we were Brothers of like mind who seen a need for Masonic Light and Masonic Education. That seven has grown to the current membership of 235 and are spread round the face of our world. On the personal side I am married to Patty and we have been for 41 years, we have two children and four grandchildren. I was 28 years in the Canadian Military (Air Forces) as a Weapons and Explosives Technician, retired from the Forces in 1994 and went to work for Bombardier Mass Transit – produced high speed computer trains – as a Senior Technical Writer and Training Developer. With the down turn after 9/11 as I was middle management I was “retired” again and now work for a Massey Ferguson dealership as Office Manager. Patty and I attend Calvary Baptist Church and are active in that church as well I work, volunteer with the Canadian Blood Services. In my down time at home I am learning and enjoying playing the Mountain (Appalachian) Dulcimer. *Sounds like Bro Anderson is and has been a busy man. **The first Sunday Masonic Paper is on page 6 and titled What Freemasonry Can Do For You.**

The Modern Cowan

By Loren A. Quick

In Scotland, the operative Mason knew cowans to be ignorant builders who put stones together without mortar. They piled rough fieldstones into a wall without hewing them true, or squaring them. They masqueraded as Masters, but they did not have the Word. Now and again, today - fortunately not too often - we find a modern equivalent of the operative imposter. One such is the Mason who manages a place in an officer's line with little or no effect of his own to deserve it. With only that exertion that is necessary to maintain his place, he continues to advance in line until he receives the jewels and honours that he prizes so highly. But he does not know the Constitution, and he does not understand the traditions and dignity of the Craft. As a presiding officer, his vocal ability is more noteworthy than his executive ability; and when his term is ended, he is seldom seen until another honour or prize appears to be within his grasp. He is a contemporary builder who works without the benefit of the mortar of real enthusiasm or accomplishments. His structure is liken unto the rough stone wall, having little beauty of value. He is the cowans of modern speculative Masonry. He is to be pitied, for he is a Masonic failure. His honours are shallow. Bringing no interest to his position, he received little of the satisfaction and respect that belong to the real Master. Masonry has failed to reach him with a clear understanding of those marks of true devotion which she has to offer. He never knows the opportunities that the Craft makes available to those who diligently seek them. He misses the opportunities that the Craft makes available to strive for a just and worthy cause. He misses the opportunity for continuing fellowship and friendship. He misses the opportunity for loyalty and devotion. He misses the opportunity for development of his executive, intellectual and oratorical abilities. And most of all, he misses the opportunity for service - to God - to his community - and to his fellow man. These are the jewels that Masonry has to offer, but in his quest for position and honours, the modern cowan misses them. Like the operative cowan, he does not have the Word.

"Amarillo by morning..... Amarillo is on my mind" By now all of our customers had left our booth as well as all the surrounding booths and along with the crowd that had stopped moving now were all bunched up in front of the karaoke booth. Well I wasn't the only one who was standing there with my mouth hanging open and the crowd that was getting bigger by the minute was really enjoying the performance. And on he went... *"Amarillo by morning..... Up from San Antone..... Everything that I got... is just what I've got on".....* All I could do is shake my head and smile. *"I ain't got a dime, but what I got is mine... I ain't rich but Lord I'm free....."* All my buddies were looking at me like ..Who is this guy? *"Amarillo by morning.....Amarillo's where I'll be"* All I could do is shrug my shoulders and wait for the finish.... *"Amarillo by morning, Amarillo's where I'll be.....* A huge cheer went up right then accompanied by that big goofy John grin. They started chanting more, more, more but I think that was the only song John knew. He came down the stairs to street level and everyone wanted to shake his hand and he had more friends right then than he knew what to do with. He was soaking it all up though, shaking hands with the men and hugging the ladies. The guys in our booth had their arms extended above their heads and were bowing to him.... (I think they all had too much to drink) letting him know how much they enjoyed it. I couldn't believe it when I saw him giving autographs to a couple of "over partied" women. People were trying to hand him any number and all different kinds of adult beverages to which he kept declining. I could see that he was being overwhelmed and was looking for a way out so I waded out in the middle of the throng and grabbed his arm and led him back into our booth where he received hugs and high fives from all the workers in our booth that should have been selling t-shirts. I heard our coach yell for everyone to get back to work and we turned to see people lined up at our booth as far as you could see. They all wanted to buy something and John to sign it. Some wanted to buy only from John and others just wanted to shake his hand. It was absolutely ridiculous and the thought of these people waking up tomorrow morning wondering who the heck wrote on their t-shirts gave me a couple of chuckles but as much as he was enjoying it made it worth it. We sold completely out of all our products within 45 minutes. With nothing to sell we closed the booth and the crowd finally went back to passing by and John flopped down on the bench looking exhausted. "Where the heck did you learn how to sing like that Brother John," I asked. "I wouldn't have thought you had it in you." Well his eyes narrowed as he growled back at me, "Brother Chris there are a multitude of things you don't know about me. I have talents even I don't know about yet." With a totally blank look on my face I responded, "I don't know what to say to that John but you did good." In a softer tone he said, "Apparently all those year of my Mom dragging us kids to church and making us sing in the choir paid off." We all nodded our agreement and he said, I do believe that I have had about as much fun in one night as a man should be allowed to have. Take me home Brother Chris." He shook hands all around and we headed for my truck. He looked awful tired and I said, "If you hadn't had that Margarita or whatever it was that you had would you have had the nerve to get up there and sing?" "I had been thinking about singing after hearing all the bad singing that was going on and I just felt like it," he said defensively. "Yeah right", I replied and he lapsed into silence on the trip to his hotel. We didn't speak on the way to his hotel and I thought he had fallen asleep but he was just thinking about the next day and his meeting I guess. I followed him up to his room just to make sure he got there OK which I thought he would complain about but he didn't and when he asked

(go to next panel)

me to come in so he could tell me something I didn't complain either. He sat down on the edge of the bed and I took the chair across from him and after a minute or so he looked up and said, "You know, I drive around a lot all over the state and I have a lot of time to think. I was thinking the other day about the one topic that you see written about more than anything else is "what is Masonry". Everyone gets all caught up in the definition of Masonry. It gets confusing reading all the dozens and dozens of different definitions of our Fraternity. Everyone is writing about what it is and what it's not and they are all saying pretty much the same dang thing just using different fancy words. Sometimes I spend 15 or 20 minutes looking through the dictionary just to get definitions of the words that are used in the definition of Masonry. It doesn't take much of that to get a simple country boy confused.... and frustrated." He paused and let out a big yawn which as hard as I tried I could help doing the same. "Masonry is not that complicated Brother Chris," he continued. "I know what Masonry is and I realize that my definition doesn't have a lot of fancy smancy words but when you shake off all the hoity-toity-ness, Masonry is just good instead of bad. It is right instead of wrong, happiness instead of sadness. It is love instead of hate, and truth instead of lies. It is light instead of dark. It is caring instead of indifference and it is order instead of confusion. It is beauty in every way possible and Masonry, like the soul within all of us, will never, never, never die." He stopped suddenly just staring ahead. I didn't know if he was through or not but I had known him long enough to not assume that he was. I was thinking so intently about what he had said and realizing what a nice way that was to describe our Gentle Fraternity that I didn't see him lie back on the bed. My concentration was broken when he said, "This is what Masonry is to me Brother Chris and knowing that makes me a better man every day. I want you to know that I decided to become a Mason 35 years ago and the day I did, my life changed very much for the good. I was made a Mason 45 years ago though. Think about that... and thanks for taking me with you tonight. I had a great time." I was smiling and nodding until he said he was made a Mason 45 years ago. Now I was confused... . big time. "Brother John," I replied as he laid his head back on the pillow. "I enjoyed spending time with you tonight too and I John..... John are you asleep???" I stood up to get a better look at his face and sure enough he was out like a light. I grabbed the other end of the bed spread and threw it over him and before I got to the door he was loudly sawing logs. "Pleasant dreams Brother John" I called out as I slid the door shut. "Good luck in your meeting tomorrow." I am not sure but I still think he sneaked a couple of Margaritas before he decided to become a country singer. And darn him anyway! Now I had to figure out what the difference is between being "made" a Mason and "becoming" a Mason. If y'all figure it out please let me know. I'll talk to you next month.

"Memory is the diary that we all carry about with us." Oscar Wilde

The Sunday Masonic Paper

WHAT FREEMASONRY CAN REALLY DO FOR YOU

By Brother Fred Milliken

A friend stopped by to visit with me the other day. He is a non Mason and a man of deep faith. Eventually the topic got around to Freemasonry and he asked me why I needed another church as he knew I was quite active in mine. Now I have been aware for quite some time that there is always this tendency to classify Freemasonry as a religion and then critique or judge it on those grounds. Of course I protested vehemently that Freemasonry was not a religion and didn't pretend to be one.

"Just the same," he said, "even if I grant your point that Freemasonry is not a religion, what can it do for you that your church cannot do or is not already doing?" Now I muddled through with various platitudes spiced with an equal amount of protestations but I felt that I was continually on the defensive.

In the days since I have had time for reflection on the subject and I am now ready to take the offense. What is Freemasonry doing for me?

I started by looking at the tenets of Freemasonry – Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.

Practicing Freemasonry is a pursuit of knowledge in a moral context, always seeking that which was lost, the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Organized religion is likewise in a similar pursuit of truth – revealed truth that will put the seeker in a right relationship with the Grand Architect of the Universe. Freemasonry incorporates religious activity in its practice and most Masons would tell you that religion incorporates Freemasonry in its practice. While Freemasonry concentrates on the here and now, organized religion concentrates more on what's to come. Yet they both offer a pathway to the good life. So it wasn't here that I could find my answer.

Freemasonry preaches charity to all mankind without expecting anything in return. So does organized religion. The missions of my church in relieving pain and suffering and abject poverty are well documented. My answer was not to be found here either.

Freemasonry celebrates the tight bonding that comes from practiced camaraderie and my church offers a similar fellowship in the faith. It seems as if I had struck out. But upon further reflection the camaraderie/fellowship thing just didn't seem to be interchangeable.

In my entire life outside of Freemasonry and excluding my family, I have met one person, one friend who I am so close to that I would die for and he would willingly give up his life for me. Actually to classify that kind of a relationship as friendship is not doing justice to the bond that has been formed. Soulmates might be a better word but it is most often used in a committed male-female relationship. But in this relationship that you would die for, you are close to being one person. You know what each other is thinking, you know what the other wants often before it is asked and you never hesitate to rise to the other's needs. It's a oneness that brings with it much joy and much sharing of life's ups and downs. Within Freemasonry I have six additional friends I would die for and a couple of dozen more, if the association could be more often, would develop into such. But nowhere else has any other organization, society, group, institution or association spawned a kind of closeness that seems to be a vital part of what that organization offers, as Freemasonry has.

Fellowship in church is a shared activity centering on a relationship with God. Personal connections within that faith observance can be strong bonds – but of appreciation of mutual commitment rather than two humans merging or melting into one. There is a difference in being close to someone in the flesh and being close to someone in faith. They are two different experiences. Only the relationship with God transcends either.

But the stronger human to human relationship is that which is found in Freemasonry. As my mother used to say, "The proof is in the pudding." You will find in the great Masonic book, "House Undivided," by Allen Roberts that during the Civil War, the most difficult time in the history of our nation, this ugly conflict sometimes split families into two warring camps; that it split churches into two warring camps but it didn't divide Freemasonry. A Confederate Freemason and a Union Freemason still held that strong bond of camaraderie and love for each other even on the battlefield.

Therefore I conclude that Freemasonry offers to me the most deep rooted relationships, outside that bonding with God and family, which I can obtain nowhere else. And that is something not only to die for but to live life at its fullest for.

Calendar for April and May

May 3th Stated Meeting (The program for this meeting will be “Doing a Proper Investigation. Presented by our District Instructor and PM Brother Keith Reynolds. This program should be mandatory for all Davy Crockett Brothers to see.)

May 10th -- Family Night to celebrate Mothers Day. A special presentation for all the Mothers. Albert Pike Chapter of the DeMolay will give their “Flower Talk”

May 17th – Stated Meeting (The program for this meeting will be "Seeking Light Across Cultures - A Timeless Phenomenon" and will deal with the commonalities of the idea of seeking light in religious, philosophical and cultural movements.) Presented by Bro Wes O’Neill. Don’t miss this one.

May 21st – Annual Pancake Breakfast and BBQ Brisket Sale.

May 23th Practice or Degree

May 31st – Practice or Degree

June 7th– 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 and 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 14th Practice or Degree

June 21st - 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 24th— Installation of Officers

June 28th -- Practice or Degree

“To the world you may be just one person”

But

“To one person you may be the world”

Davy Crockett Lodge

FAMILY NIGHT

Tuesday Night

May 10th

Mothers Day Program

The lodge will furnish the complete meal for this program

There will be a special presentation by the

Albert Pike Chapter of DeMolays

They will do be their famous flower talk.

We will serve dinner at 6:30 and the program will follow

This will be a Mother's Day Program not soon forgotten

DON'T MESS WITH SENIORS..

Learn from your elders

A lawyer and a senior citizen are sitting next to each other on a long flight. The lawyer is thinking that seniors are so dumb that he could get one over on them easy.

So the lawyer asks if the senior would like to play a fun game.

The senior is tired and just wants to take a nap, so he politely declines and tries to catch a few winks.

The lawyer persists saying that the game is a lot of fun. I ask you a question, and if you don't know the answer, you pay me only \$5. Then you ask me one, and if I don't know the answer, I will pay you \$500, he says. This catches the senior's attention and to keep the lawyer quiet, he agrees to play the game.

The lawyer asks the first question. 'What's the distance from the Earth to the Moon?'

The senior doesn't say a word, but reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five-dollar bill, and hands it to the lawyer.

Now it's the senior's turn. He asks the lawyer, 'What goes up a hill with three legs, and comes down with four?'

The lawyer uses his laptop and searches all references he could find on the Net. He sends e-mails to all the smart friends he knows; all to no avail. After an hour of searching, he finally gives up.

He wakes the senior and hands him \$500. The senior pockets the \$500 and goes right back to sleep. The lawyer is going nuts not knowing the answer. He wakes the senior up and asks, 'Well, so what goes up a hill with three legs and comes down with four?'

The senior reaches into his pocket, hands the lawyer \$5 and goes back to sleep.

“In all affairs it's a healthy thing now and then to hang a question mark on the things you have long taken for granted.”

Bertrand Russell, philosopher, mathematician, author, Nobel laureate (1872-1970)

Brethren, Those of you who have been attending Lodge regularly have been the lucky recipients of a Masonic Education or Masonic History Program at every meeting. Those of you who aren't able to attend will not have the background information that I am referring to when I talk about the following paper. I came upon this in a Weekly Newsletter from Rural Lodge AF&AM from Quincy Massachusetts. The two programs that were presented in Davy Crockett Lodge concerning the “secrets” came to mind when I read this. It is a slightly different perspective but ultimately the same basic message. I just thought you might enjoy this.

Chris

If a Tree Falls

OK, now indulge me for a minute and let me pose this question: If you swear an oath in the middle of the woods and no one is around to hear it, did you still make a bona fide oath? It is my opinion, and I think that most good Masons would agree, that a valid oath was still made. On the other hand, if you break your oath in the middle of those proverbial woods (or anywhere else for that matter) and no one witnessed it, was it really violated? I think we can all agree that the answer would be, “yes”.

I present this line of questions because of some disturbing reasoning I have been picking up on lately. I heard or read about a few Masons who divulge our Masonic secrets openly and to the uninitiated. The argument being rationalized is that the oath of secrecy in Masonry, which we all so solemnly and sincerely swore before God and our Lodge, has little value these days because anyone can look up just about all our valuable secrets in a good public library. There is no doubt that anyone who cares to do the research, or even watch the Discovery Chanel for that matter, can find out most of what we hold as “secret”. This completely misses the point of swearing the Oaths of our Obligation. I don’t believe it is so much a question of whether a non-Mason will discover some of our Masonic secrets. Certainly, there is nothing we can, or should do about the content in a public library or a TV documentary. The important thing is, it is a question of whether those secrets were discovered from one of us. Keeping the Oaths of our Obligation is a testimonial about our personal integrity as men and as Masons. We swore an oath before God to keep these secrets, not to “protect” Masonry, but to provide ourselves with a tool to measure our worth a men. And although God may sometimes be our only witness, when we swear an oath, we make a pact not with other Masons, but we make a promise to ourselves. And for anyone who has an ounce of self respect, to violate that promise would be to profoundly let ourselves down. And what would that say about us as men or as Masons?

This ‘From the East’ was written by Wor John Ciccotelli
Master of Blue Hill Lodge
in the Notice for March 2010
and is used with permission

Editor

As Bro Ciccotelli says, “When we swear an oath... we make a promise to ourselves.”
We circumscribe our desires... to ourselves. Masonry does not state where the boundaries are. There is no Masonic dogma. Each man must determine his own boundaries. This is all part of the Masonic self-determination that is the core of our principles.

Maybe we don’t always comprehend the meaning of ‘Temperance’ spoken to us in the Master’s venerable work. The meaning is ‘moderation, self-control or self-restraint’ in what you say and do. We know what moderation should be, and as Masons we are asked to define the boundaries ourselves.

As part of our moral thoughtfulness and rigor, we should all make promises to ourselves, in order that we may improve ourselves. And of course, only you will know if you broke your promise. For keeping a promise to one’s self provides each Brother with a tool to measure his worth as a man and as a Mason.

Why Did You Become A Freemason?

"Steven M. Hudson" November 9, 2000

What inspired me to ask about being made a Mason?

My first exposure to the Masonry was from my Grandfather, and then later, my father. My Grandfather was made a Mason in 1955, and my father entered the Shrine in 1970. When I was younger I certainly intended to follow in their footsteps. However, because of growing up in the South and not having much interaction with other Masons, I had erroneously formed the idea that Masonry was only for 'devout' or 'fundamentalist' Christians like my Grandfather, or else was a social body like the Shrine. I had been somewhat of a fundamentalist myself in my teens. However, I went through a real crisis of faith in my twenties. I abandoned Western religious thought altogether, believing that, if I were to have a relationship with God, I was not likely to find it in 'the faith of my fathers'. About the same time, my father let his membership in the fraternity lapse. He had moved to another town and his home lodge closed so he just drifted out. So, the subject fell off of my radar with him for awhile. I moved away and it never really came up between us. I was sad to be 'breaking the chain', but felt I was showing intellectual integrity, so I just let it go. Besides, I'd never really liked the red hat anyway. Metaphorically and spiritually, I went to the East. I studied Zen and Taoism and began to build a new concept of God based on his 'bigness' and his 'inclusiveness'. I learned and believed that 'the god that can be named is not the true god'. I knew God was real, but learned that my ideas of Him had been very small. I began to feel free of my traditions and began to be free of some of the guilt and shame I had learned as a child. I studied bit of Hinduism, bits of Sufism, bits of paganism. I studied things I had been taught were Western 'heresies' such as Gnosticism, the Kaballah and the Gospel of St. Thomas. I especially liked studies of the history Western religion such as Karen Armstrong's 'The History of God'. These type of books helped me understand that, for the most part, religion was something Man invented to explain the feelings he had about God, rather than something God invented for Man. I also studied psychology -- especially the works of Carl Jung and Alice Miller. I learned the MBTI and read about synchronicity. I was especially captivated by Jung's analysis of speculative alchemy and the transformation of the soul. I saw how the ideas of the subconscious and emotional programming could explain any number of ideas from the 'numinous' to the workings of 'faith' and 'magick'. Still, I felt a great restlessness, as if I wasn't settled. I had a nice theory which explained nearly everything, but I was missing some experience. In my fiction reading, I began to see references to the Masons, but always in such bizarre forms that it was almost unrecognizable. I read 'Foucault's Pendulum' by Eco and the 'Illuminatus trilogy' by Robert Anton Wilson [and Robert Shea -- ed.]. These books were 'romantic' in the sense of the idea that some of the traditional ancient wisdom had been preserved in esoteric orders. But of course, they are highly fictionalized and of no more validity that "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" is a guide for space travel. Then a few years ago I happened to see the Sean Connery/Michael Caine movie "The Man Who Would Be King". It's a great yarn and again has little to do with real Masonry. But there was a scene that, for some reason stuck in my imagination. In an early scene, Rudyard Kipling asks Michael Caine where he comes from and where he's going. Caine replies something to the effect of "I'm coming from the East and heading to the West to find 'That which was lost'." I knew this was something Masonic, but I puzzled over what it could mean. It really stuck with me and seemed to speak directly to me. Certainly I had traveled to the East, and still felt like something had been lost. I ramped up my study of Western 'religious' thought and, given the movie's theme, also included some marginal study of the Masonry. One of the amazing things I discovered was the inclusiveness of the Masonic tradition. I discovered I might still be able to be 'me' and be a Mason. And, I might yet find some spiritual traditions to help me in my quest to be the best man I can be. I studied for a few more years and then I decided. I must find out for myself. I must 'seek that which was lost' -- my Western spiritual traditions, my family connections and my connection to the God of my fathers. I entered my petition and began to interact with Masons on the internet. I spoke with my father and he told me of his nostalgia for the Craft. (He's also now seeking re-affiliation.)

Through this, I have come to have absolute confidence that the Masonry offers me a path towards my goals and a set of supportive traveling companions. I'm ready to travel back to the West.

Steven M. Hudson, Candidate & EA2B Jerusalem Lodge #49

Letter To All Newly Raised Master Mason's Wives

By Donita Papas, wife of Bro. Robert Papas P.G.M. of Minnesota.

I have been advised that your husband has recently become a member of the Masonic Fraternity. As the wife of the current Grand Master of Masons in Minnesota, please allow me to speak to you "Woman to Woman."

With the ever-changing roles of women in today's society, with our newly-found freedoms and opportunities, the place of Masonry can often be misunderstood by many. Male-only organizations are often viewed with suspicion.

Let me assure you that in the 26 years my husband has been a Mason, I have never had cause to doubt its good effects upon his character. The men with whom he has associated in his Lodge work "have been consistently men of honor and good reputation.

The organization attracts men of genuine quality. As such, you should feel great personal pride that your husband is now counted among such an association.

Masonry is founded on the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Masons move quietly to remove human suffering. This is evident in their many benevolent and charitable activities.

I might also assure you that no organization has ever stood so strongly in support of the family unit and all that it stands for. Masons often state that their purpose is to take good men and make them better. As such, each individual member's goal is one of self improvement. As a result, the man who gauges his life in accordance with Masonic moral law will be a happier man, a better citizen and a more loving and understanding husband and father.

The Masonic organization also offers many opportunities for you and the family to participate: in events of the Blue Lodge, in their sponsorship of outstanding youth organizations and in the many appendant organizations for both men and women. Indeed, the Masonic organization is a family in itself.

In the reality of today's world, there are too many things which can lead an individual astray. During my marriage, I have observed that Masonry is one element which has done only good for my husband, myself and my children. As such, my advice to you would be to not only support your husband in his membership, but also to strongly encourage his active participation so that he may well learn the lessons which are taught.

My best wishes and congratulations to you and your husband. May you both find the joy and happiness that has been ours.

Sincerely, Donita Papas

"It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into."

Bro Jonathan Swift, satirist (1667-1745)