

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CORNER, BY BROTHER J.J.

Happy Thanksgiving to everyone out there and I hope that you have a great yuletide. For those of you who do not know I have two kids one 6 and one 4, because of this I do spend some time in the children's section of the library at the SALT block and ran across this story one day while strolling around. Later I found the same story in the Lodge in the white Bible on top of the case out side of the secretary's office. It is an old Israeli folk tale but I love the idea of just running across it, once in a while you get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right.

One day a bee flew into King Solomon's Temple and as the staff ran around trying to shoo or kill the insect it fled into the King's private chambers. The bee knowing that the king was the wisest man in the world flew directly to him and said, "Please oh great King spare my life and maybe some day I will be able to repay you in some way."

The King hearing this said, "Go in peace creature of God and I need no repayment" and let the bee out of a window into the great wide world.

The next day with great pomp and ceremony the Queen of Sheba arrived. She had brought with her hundreds of servants and great gifts for the King. Her main reason for the visit was to find out if Solomon was really as wise as everyone said he was, and the King was aware of her motives. All the regular ceremonies were observed as the two rulers met for this game.

The next day the Queen of Sheba, Bathsheba, asked King Solomon to discover which of her servants were male and which were female. She had them all dressed exactly the same, same hair cut, same makeup. The King thought for a while and then ordered that bowls of water and towels be brought into the room. He had each of the servants wash their face. The servants passed down the line and if they splashed their faces they went into line A. If a servant took the towel and dapped the face and then wiped it off was put into line B. Solomon then declared that the people in line A were men and the people in line B were female. Lo and behold the King was right.

The next day the Queen was walking and found a puppy in a well splashing and crying for help. She asked the King what they should do.

"Throw it a stick so the dog will have something to help it stay afloat." The king said. A smile crept across Bathsheba's face. To give the dog something to help it stay afloat would sentence the dog to death from exhaustion. Then the king said something else.

"Bring me enough water to raise the puppy up to were we can get him." The water was brought and the puppy wet, tired, but alive was retrieved from the well only minutes later.

The next day was the last day that Bathsheba would be staying in the kingdom of Solomon. She had something special planned and set her servants to work. The sun coming over the horizon dropped its first rays upon a garden of red roses that had not been there the day before. Astonished King Solomon walked out into the garden.

"All of the roses are fake, except for one. Can you oh wise King tell me which." Bathsheba's voice came from the front of the crowd that had gathered to see the new garden. The King put his hand to his chin in thought and looked carefully around at the flowers. Indeed Bathsheba's servants were very skilled. The King kept looking and the crowd began to get restless. Then the King heard in a small voice, "Follow me, oh great king." And the bee buzzed to one flower and landed on it.

King Solomon walked up and picked up the rose that the bee had landed on, took a sniff of the flower and offered it to Bathsheba. She took the rose and found it to be real.

"You truly are the wisest man in the world of great Kings." Bathsheba said. The day of her leaving was greeted with all of the dignity of that event and the signing of a peace treaty between the two kingdoms making the parting of the two great rulers something that was studied in the histories of those two nations.

No matter how small the contribution may be it can still mean all the difference in the lives of everyone around you. In this season brothers, let us not forget that there for the grace of God I go and try and take that extra second to help, even if it is something small and everyday.

Seasons greetings let the light shine lets make think a verb.

OFFICERS 2010

Worshipful Master	Dan Rolon	493-3543
Senior Warden	Lee Spach	446-1924
Junior Warden	David Brandon	638-1691
Treasurer	Terry Moore	312-1006
Secretary	Kevin Johnson	244-9055
Senior Deacon	James Hope	428-3752
Junior Deacon	Paul Aulbach	514-6994
Sr. Steward	Doug Moore	312-1012
Jr. Steward	Allen Lineberger	704-798-3691
Steward	Daniel Guthrie	310-3560
Steward	Adam Beagles	302-0616
Steward	J.J. Kuba	304-0680
Chaplain	Chris Jarrell	308-7762
Tyler	Robert Bickel	294-6619

LIVING PAST MASTERS

J.N. Cagle	1973	J.W. Davidson	2001
J.L. Johnson	1974	M.D. Hale	2002
E.W. Beckom	1978	W.J. Hunley	2003
J.F. Taylor	1979	J.P. Kuykendall	2004
J.H. Elmore	1981	D.L. Brandon	2006
T.L. Hartman	1984	W.G. Byerly	2007
E.C. Cline	1986	J.D. Abernethy	2008
J.H. Elmore	1987	R.L. Rozzelle	2009
J.E. Vaught	1988		
E.W. Masche	1991		
J.D. Crawley	1993		
J.P. Hilton	1994		
D.L. Reep	1995		
P.C. Wray	1996		
L.D. Huffman	1997		
W.G. Byerly	1998		
D.J. Wallace	1999		
H.W. Wallker	2000		



Caring Report: Darren Cloer's grandfather, The Sossoman family, Doug Moore, Donald Abernethy, Creed Short, Howard Lindsey Simpson, David Foster, Ed Zammarelli's father, Daniel Guthrie, Daniel Guthrie's mother, father and sister, Brent Sigmon's mother, Larry Hale, Wendell Powell DDGM, Rick Jarrell, Calvin Pittman, Henry Holland, John Cansler, Al Swofford, Everette Beckom, Click Truitt, Don Hudson, Dean Brittain, Buz Hunley, Thad Johnson, Betty Burch, Nolan Yount and wife, Greg Conley, Herbert Chilton Jr., Richard Rozzelle's Son, The Richard Borneman Family, A.W. Morris, Rufus Smith, Todd Cline, Joe Teague, Joe Vaught, and Clyde Price all need our prayers and attention.

Our sincere sympathies to the Sossoman family. Companion Sir Knight John Calvin Sossoman was born on December 25th, 1919 and died October 17, 2010. CSK Sossoman was inducted into all three York Rite Bodies on November 20, 1960

SUCCESS

**To laugh often and much;
 To win the respect of intelligent people and affection of children;
 To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends;
 To appreciate beauty, to find the best in others;
 To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child,
 A garden patch
 Or a redeemed social condition;
 To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived
 This is to have succeeded**

Who wrote it??????????????

THE PIN OAK LEAF OF TERROR, BRO. KUBA

It has been a tradition of mine that every time October rolls around I go in search of the scariest book that I can find. Last October being no exception to that rule I went on my yearly search of Spookyville and turned up a doosey. I have read many authors of this genre, King, Barker, Rice. All of the biggies. I don't know the name of the author that I was reading last year but what a great book.

Imagine if you will, a man that has just dropped off his wife at her job, and his kids at school. The rain was coming down in buckets during the drop off of all three, but everyone had gotten to where they needed to be and he/I made my way down stairs to my office to do some work on the novel that I have been working on. It is only three days before Halloween and the costumes were hung in the kids room with care. In the hopes that gobs of candy would soon be theirs.

My office is in a corner of my home that has only a small window that is well curtained to keep the distractions of the world at bay, and that day was no different under the electric lamps and the tapping of the keyboard. After three hours of what I like to think of as good work I emerged from the cocoon of my office to find that it was now 78 degrees and sunny. A perfect fall day in the Carolinas.

One of my favorite things to do is read outside. Knowing that I still had two hours before I had to pick up my wife and daughter I went out onto my patio with book, cigarettes, tall glass of iced tea, and the attitude of go ahead and try and scare me now, I dare you.

The day had turned into one of the top ten of the year. The air had been scrubbed clean by the rain. Leaves fell softly into a great Pollackesque canvas of earth tones in both the front and back yard, stirred by a light breeze that was left to hurry the last of the clouds east and out of my beautiful Carolina blue sky. After whipping down the patio furniture, I sat cigarette in hand iced tea chilled and awaiting my pleasure, book open.

A dead thing had just crawled out of a bog near the house were our hero had just figured out how to rid himself and his community of the dreaded haunting that had plagued the area for generations. The author was really ramping up the tension. The monster ghosted into the house, the smell of things long rotting in water and dead flesh the only evidence that it was once more on the hunt. It got closer to our hero, raising its claw like fingers posed to snatch him unsuspecting back down into hell with it. Stagnate water dripping from it's fingers and wet prints of inhuman feet left on the hard wood floor in its wake. It was now directly behind our hero ready to take it's revenge.

Then a wet leaf falling from the pin oak in my front yard hit my bald spot.

The lit cigarette shot out of my mouth like a pirate ship firing on a ship full of Spanish gold. Following the cigarette, a sonic boom of a scream that would have made any 12 year old girl named Nancy proud. The chair I was sitting in exploded backwards with all the force of a full body slam in a N.F.L. power play. I lifted the table with my knees at least three feet into the air and sent the glass of iced tea and ashtray even further. The book went over my head and landed in the driveway about ten feet away. Now standing with hand on the center of my chest, broken glass from the ashtray and the iced tea still coming to halt, I looked around to see if anyone had seen or heard my outburst. After a couple of moments, to let the heart rate drop back below 300 beats per minute, I thought well played sir, well played. Shaking the warm wetness that was running down my leg I went into the house to clean up and get the broom and dust pan. The book stayed in the drive way until my wife got home and picked it up for me.

Epilogue

I never finished that book, brought it back and don't even like going down that isle in the library. If any one has any suggestions for a good scary book for the season I would love to know about them.

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P.O. Box 451
Hickory, NC 28603
828-322-8016

www.hickorymasoniccenter.org
secretary@hickorymasoniccenter.org

*** Return Service Requested ***

November 2010

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IN GOD WE TRUST

Hickory Masonic Center Events Calendar

Stated Communication	Monday	November 1st	Dinner 6:30 pm Meeting 7:30pm
Chicken Pie PRE-WORK	Thursday	November 4th	5pm—until
Chicken Pie PRE-WORK	Friday	November 5th	7am—until
Chicken Pie & Dinner	Saturday	November 6th	7am—until
Hickory York Rite	Wednesday	November 10th	Dinner 6:30pm Meeting 7:30pm
Stated Communication	Monday	November 15th	Dinner 6:30 pm Meeting 7:30pm
Hickory Lodge Awards Night	Thursday	November 18th	6:30pm
Officer Elections	Monday	December 6th	Dinner 6:30 pm Meeting 7:30pm
Officer Installations for 2011	Monday	December 13th	6:30pm
Stated Communication	Monday	December 20th	Dinner 6:30 pm Meeting 7:30pm

*Annual Hickory Lodge
Hickory York Rite Awards Night*

Thursday—November 18, 2010

6:30pm

Meal \$8:00 per person

**Please contact Secretary Kevin Johnson to RSVP
828-322-8016 or secretary@hickorymasoniccenter.org**

**You don't want to miss the York Rite Christmas Observance
on this great evening**