S & D

When we experience that time in our lives when a “loved one” may be called “home”, we may feel that we are prepared for what has suddenly overtaken us.

Many will ask the obvious question. “Why me Lord?’

Not fully realizing the fate that will someday overtake us all. We were saddened to hear of the recent passing of W.. Paul Walker Jr. His Masonic journey began

June 6th 1971, when he was raised to the sublime Degree of a Master Mason, at Hialeah Lodge No. 320. He was dedicated to his family and fellowman, and continued to serve them until his passing.

We are also saddened to hear of the passing of Brother Andrew J. Parker. Brother Parker was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason on April 28, 1955 at Pioneer Lodge No 311, affiliating with Village lodge November 4, 1994.

Brother Parker served his fellowman for 57 years before passing on at the age of 95 years.

Our thoughts and our prayers are with these families as they celebrate their life of service.

 THOUGHT

When walking through the

“Valley of Shadow’s” remember that a shadow is cast by light.

INSTALLATION

It was a special evening on Saturday, January 19th at Village lodge. Following a catered dinner, provided by the incoming Worshipful Master, the sixty plus in attendance retired to the Lodge Room for the Open Installation of Officers of Village Lodge 315.

We were fortunate to have R..W.. Joseph Fleitis PDDGM as our Installing Officer. He was assisted by R..W.. Joseph Basler PDDGM as the Installing Marshal, and R..W.. Harry Futch PDDGM as Installing Chaplain..Then, Worshipful Jim Gregory, the newly installed Worshipful Master, presented his thoughts regarding our attitude toward our fellowman.

Those, knowing themselves not to be Master Masons retired to the Refreshment area, and labor was resumed in the Master Mason Degree.

All Master Masons present followed R..W.. Joseph Fleites lead in rendering Grand Honors to our newly installed Worshipful Master.

With no other business to be brought before the lodge, Village Lodge No 315 F&AM was closed in due form. And all joined the others in the Fellowship Hall.

THE MASONS RING

The Masons Ring I wear today, is simply worn by me

Reminding me of who I am

And what I ought to be.

Worn quietly on my finger there feels like a lifelong friend, Who’ll catch me if my ways should err and guide me back again.

For this old ring means much to me to you it’s only gold, with several emblems, plain to see, their stories rarely told.

For me it holds the lessons that it’s taken time to know,

Taught mouth to ear, as others have and contemplated so.

The square thereon will help me act according to God’s plan, Reminding me to hold my life as perfect as I can.

The Compasses guide straight and true in times when I might stray, and help me stay the perfect path while travelling life’s highway.

The “G” reminds me of our God and sits within the two, Between the square and compasses and everything I do.

The Ring is nothing special, then without me, just a ring,

But worn upon my finger there, to me, means everything.