January 2014

 What Do You Bring To The Table?

Our search for direction in our lives inevitably forces us to look at our ever changing culture

which we live in. Our progress is affected by the way we are able to accomplish our daily goals that we have set for ourselves. What we are able to learn and share with others calls on us to be better Masons.

Then, how can we define this ever changing culture that we live in? We could say that it describes our civilization. Or, maybe our place in society. Possibly the influence we have on those around us.

In our attempt to describe it lets pretend our culture as being a large room filled with people. And these people are milling about as we enter .They are talking and gesturing. Laughing and crying, communicating in many different ways. We listen. We learn their languages and their gestures. We read their facial expressions and we exchange ideas. We also express our feelings and concerns with them.

As we talk with people we learn new ideas as they also learn new ideas from us. Some will attempt to convince us of their views and we will respond and try to persuade them of our views. The conversations continue, as we move slowly through the room. We influence a few here and a few there, and as a result things have changed. But, only a little. All in all, we each have changed some. We hope that our influence on those who we have come in contact with has been greater than their influence on us.

We grow tired of the interchange that has taken place during this journey called life, so we quietly slip

out through a door at the other end of the room. We take one last glimpse into the room and see that the room is again full, and the conversations continue among those present.

A slow but steadily change has come about in our culture, changing it in a way that it is expressed. Thus, changing the culture itself. And we as Masons are called upon to express an even greater influence on those around us as we try to leave this place, In a little better condition than when we entered it.

Fraternally,

Bob