

The Waller Mason Lodge #808 Online Newsletter



The Waller Masonic Lodge Buildings From December 30, 1897 To The Present

Study Nights Mondays 6:30pm - April 2015 Issue - Meetings 2nd Tuesday 7:30pm
Worshipful Master Jason Tones – Secretary – Bart Harvey – Editor John “Corky” Daut

Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren,

This is just a reminder, Waller Lodge will be having a Garage Sale as a fundraiser on Saturday May 16. That is the Saturday after the May stated meeting.

This will be a much more important event this year, then fundraisers have been in the past.

The members voted unanimously to not participate in the annual Liendo Civil War Reenactment, at the April stated meeting. This was a hard decision, but after Hempstead Lodge voting not to join us any longer in the Liendo fundraiser event at their March stated meeting.

This step was necessary due to the fact that the Liendo officials no longer gave us the exclusive right to sell food at the event and there was too much competition with many other vendors and the bad weather the last few years to make it practical any longer. Our Chili Supper and Silent Auction brought in four time as much profit in one evening as Liendo did in three full days of sales and a couple of days of preparation and closing the operation.

Please bring your items for the garage sale by the May stated meeting night so we can be prepared by Saturday for the sale.

And don't forget to come by Saturday and buy some great bargains.



Judge By The Internal Not The External

Thanks to W. Bro. Gary Mosmeyer for this submission.

A lady in a faded gingham dress and her husband, dressed in a homespun threadbare suit, stepped off the train in Boston, and walked timidly, without an appointment into the president's outer office at Harvard University.

The secretary could tell in a moment that such Backwoods, country hicks had no business at Harvard and probably didn't even deserve to be in Cambridge. She frowned.

We want to see the president, the man said softly.

He'll be busy all day, the secretary snapped.

We'll wait the lady replied.

For hours, the secretary ignored them, hoping that the couple would finally become discouraged and go away.

They didn't and the secretary grew frustrated and finally decided to disturb the president, even though it was a chore she always regretted to do.

Maybe if they just see you for a few minutes, they'll leave, she told him. And he sighed in exasperation and nodded.

Someone of his importance obviously didn't have the time to spend with them, but he detested gingham dresses and homespun suits cluttering up his outer office.

The president, stern-faced with dignity, strutted toward the couple.

The lady told him, we had a son that attended Harvard for one year. He loved Harvard. He was happy here. But, about a year ago, he was accidentally killed. Now my husband and I would like to erect a memorial to him, somewhere on campus.

The president wasn't touched he was shocked. Madam, he said gruffly, we can't put up a statue for every person who attended Harvard and died. If we did, this place would look like a cemetery.

Oh, no, the lady explained quickly, we don't want to erect a statue. We thought we would like to give a building to Harvard.

The president rolled his eyes. He glanced at the gingham dress and homespun suit, then exclaimed; A building! Do you have any earthly idea how much a building costs? We have over seven and a half million dollars in the physical plant at Harvard.

For a moment the lady was silent.

The president was pleased. He could get rid of them now.

The lady turned to her husband and said quietly, is that all it costs to start a University? Why don't we just start our own?

Her husband nodded. The president's face wilted in confusion and bewilderment.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford walked away from the president of Harvard and traveled to Palo Alto, California where they established the Stanford University that bears their name as a memorial to a son that Harvard no longer cared about!

The Year Is 1914

Submitted By W. B. Paul Weathers

The year is 1914 --- One hundred years ago.

What a difference a century makes!

Here are some statistics for the Year 1914:

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The average life expectancy for men was 47 years.

Only 14 percent of the homes had a bathtub.

Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone.

There were only 8,000 cars and only 144 miles of paved roads.

Fuel for this car was sold in drug stores only.

The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph.

The tallest structure in the world was the Eiffel Tower.

The average US wage in 1910 was 22 cents per hour.

The average US worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year ...

A competent accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year,

A dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year.

More than 95 percent of all births took place at home.

Ninety percent of all doctors had no college education! Instead, they attended so-called medical schools, many of which were condemned in the press and the government as "substandard."

Sugar cost four cents a pound.

Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen.

Coffee was fifteen cents a pound.

Most women only washed their hair once a month, and used Borax or egg yolks for shampoo.

Canada passed a law that prohibited poor people from entering into their country for any reason.

The Five leading causes of death were:

1. Pneumonia and influenza
2. Tuberculosis
3. Diarrhea
4. Heart disease
5. Stroke

The American flag had 45 stars...

The population of Las Vegas, Nevada, was only 30!

Crossword puzzles, canned beer, and iced tea hadn't been invented yet.

There was neither a Mother's Day nor a Father's Day.

Two out of every 10 adults couldn't read or write and only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school.

Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstores.

Back then pharmacists said, "Heroin clears the complexion, gives buoyancy to the mind, Regulates the stomach and bowels, and is, in fact, a perfect guardian of health!"

(Shocking?)

Eighteen percent of households had at least one full-time servant or domestic help.

There were about 230 reported murders in the ENTIRE U.S.A.!

Now, 100 years later, I am now going to forward this to a number of people without typing it myself. From here, it will be sent to them all over the WORLD - all in a matter of seconds!

Try to imagine what it may be like in another 100 years. Scary



Happy Birthday Brothers

Name	Age
Bart C. Harvey	51
Thomas Reagan Rape	49
Paul B. Cox	48
Michael Ruby	43
Jason K. Tones	38
Brack Whitehead	37

Masonic Anniversaries

Name	Years
John L. Thompson	66
Odell Hyden	55
L C. White	52
Leslie Kit Scruggs	39
Richard J. Ventrca	18
James ‘Micky’ Mantle	15
Jerry R. Schjel	05

*W. Brother Fred Loofs Will Be Hosting His
Famous Annual Fish Fry*

On April 25 at 3:00pm

At Home At 46,656 Business Hwy 290

Hempstead, Texas

Friends & Brothers Welcome

(Bring your own bottle or cans of adult beverages)



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One fall day Bill was out raking leaves when he noticed a hearse slowly driving by. Following the first hearse was a second hearse, which was followed by a man walking solemnly along, followed by a dog, and then about 200 men walking in single file.

Intrigued, Bill went up to the man following the second hearse and asked him who was in the first hearse. “My wife,” the man replied.

“I’m sorry,” said Bill, “what happened to her?”

“My dog bit her and she died.”

Bill then asked the man who was in the second hearse.

The man replied, “My mother-in-law. My dog bit her and she died as well.”

Bill thought about this for a while. He finally asked the man, "Can I borrow your dog?" To which the man replied, "Sure, but you'll have to go back to the end of the line."

Riding The Goat

Many older Masons think that talking about riding the goat in front of a candidate for initiation into a Masonic Lodge is a really funny joke, but it had its real origin in the superstition of antiquity and was anything but a joke.

The old Greeks and Romans portrayed their mystical god Pan in horns and hoof and shaggy hide and called him goat-footed.

When the demonology of the classics was adopted and modified by the early Christians, Pan gave way to Satan, who naturally inherited his attributes; so to the common people's mind the Devil was represented by a he-goat, and his best known marks were the horns, the beard, and the cloven hoofs.

Then came the witch stories of the Middle Ages, and the belief in the witch orgies, where, it was said, the Devil appeared riding on a goat. These orgies of the witches, where, amid fearfully blasphemous ceremonies, they practiced initiation into their Satanic Rites, became, to the vulgar and illiterate, the type of the Masonic Mysteries; for, as Doctor Oliver says, in England it was a common belief that the Freemasons were accustomed in their Lodges "to raise the Devil." So the riding of the goat, which was believed to be practiced by the witches, was transferred to the Freemasons; and the jokes about it remain to this day, although the belief has long since died out.

Maybe Masons should think about it at an initiation and ask ourselves, should we rid Masonry of its association with the devil and the idea that Masons are devil worshipers, or enforce the idea for a laugh?

I totally agree (about failing memberships). At one time, there were many fraternal organizations like the Woodsmen of the World. I even have an old, old photo of the WOW gathering.

At one time, The International Order of The Red Men, The Odd Fellows, The Eagles and many other fraternal organizations were thriving. They have all died out or are dwindling away.

I've seen so many Lodges and Eastern Star chapters - and churches - that have had to fold up and close their doors due to the lack of members. They had to go in together with several lodges/chapters form a new lodge/chapter in order to survive.

I've seen many men join the lodge, who in years past, wouldn't even been thought of allowing to join the lodge. And, if they did gotten that far, they would have been blackballed.

Many men have joined the lodge only as a passage to the Shrine and never returned to the lodge. You can bet they were at every free drink party at the Shrine Club.

We have to be able to offer the young men (and women) something -something that will make them want to leave their computer, cable TV and the comfort of their home.

But what can we offer them?

How about true fraternity and brotherly love, almost like second family, a true band of brothers that watches out for and help each other.

That's what lures many of the gang members into gangs.

They don't join a gang so that they can pay dues and go to a gang meeting just to open the meeting, listen to the minutes and business then close the meeting and go home. They have a sense of belonging to something. Something special.

After all, we have to compete with computers, cable TV, bass boats, ball games and everything else the modern world has to offer.

The Waller Lodge Electronic Newsletter Subscriber's Extra Features

A Real Masonic Did You Know "My Grandfather Was A Mason"

Editor's Note; WOW, this is my favorite Masonic writer, W. Bro. Chris Williams' personal story submitted to me by my favorite Masonic story sources, "A Masonic Did You Know" from W. Bro. Dwight Seals, emailed directly to my computer. Didn't have to hunt for it. My poor grandfather was only an E.A. but he lived his life as much like a Master Mason should as any Brother I know. So, I didn't get his ring but I did get my dad's ring. Corky

My Grandfather who was a Mason died when I was 6 years old. Just before he passed he made my Mother promise to make sure that I became a Mason someday. I barely knew my Grandfather as my family lived quite a distance from him. A couple of days after his funeral my Mom gave me a box of books and a Bible, a sword and cocked hat. Everything had strange symbols on them. My Mom told me that they were from my Grandfather and that he belonged to a group called the Masons and that he wanted me to become a Mason someday.



I took the box to my room and packed in my closet where it stayed for the next 16 years. When I moved out on my own I took the box with me and after I got married my wife commented on it a couple of times and I told her about my Mom's promise to my Grandfather.

I hadn't thought about the box or the promise for years when I met a man who called on the company I worked for who happened to be wearing a ring that had the same symbol on it that I had remembered was on some of the books in the old box. Remembering the promise I asked about the Masons and that began a process that led me to petition a Lodge. A few years after being Raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason I began my journey through the chairs and became Master of my Lodge.

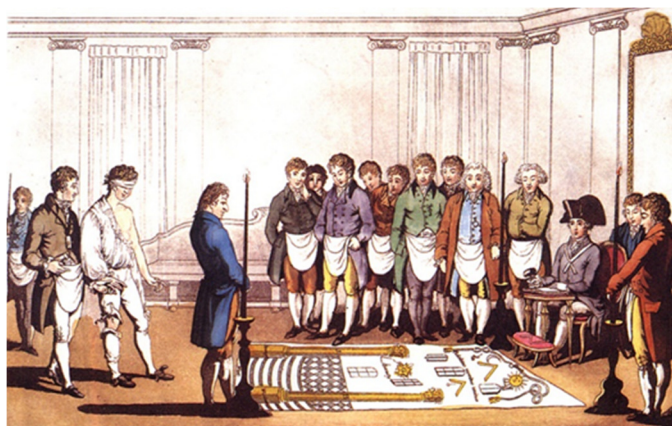
A year after serving in the East I began to think about my Grandfather and since I hadn't known him very well I wanted to learn more about him, so I called his Lodge and talked to the Secretary who told me that he had served as Master of the Lodge and was the Secretary when he died. He invited me to come to the Lodge sometime to see the picture hanging on the wall. Several months later I did travel the 300 miles to visit the Lodge he had served. It was a pretty emotional experience as I saw minutes of Lodge meetings signed by my Grandfather over 70 years ago and I saw his picture hanging in the center

of the North wall of the Lodge room. I was pretty much overwhelmed at all I found out and grateful for the hospitality shown me by the Secretary of the Lodge. He and I stayed in touch and developed a Masonic Friendship that continues years later.

It was just about a year after my visit to the Lodge when the Secretary emailed me with the question... "what would you say if I told you that I know where your Grandfather's Masonic ring is."

I had always wondered what had happened to his ring after his death. I had searched the old box and it was not there. I had asked my Mom but she didn't know. I had long ago stopped thinking about it. I theorized that it had gone with him to the grave, still on the finger it had occupied during his 25 years as a Mason.

It was all I could do to control my emotions at this unexpected news. I answered him back that "I had no words to express my thoughts or emotions." And I will never forget as long as I live what he told me. He said, "My Brother, if you have ever wondered if the Great Architect is truly guiding our way through this middle chamber of life... then you had better call me because I am about to dispel any doubts."



My hand was shaking and my throat tightening as I dialed the Secretary's number and he answered on the first ring. I could hear the excitement in his voice as he told me the story. He told me that two days before on a Saturday, the Lodge had held a BBQ fundraiser and it had just ended for the day. The Brothers were in the process of cleaning up after the event. He said that he was at his Secretary's desk in the Lodge and the only other people in the Lodge were the Worshipful Master and his wife. They were talking to each other standing next to the JW station in the South directly opposite

where my Grandfather's picture was hanging in the North. He said that as he was working on Lodge paperwork he heard the wife ask her husband, the Worshipful Master, if he had ever known Blaine Price? The Secretary, realizing that she had just used my Grandfather's name and that the question seemingly came out of nowhere ...looked up quickly, just in time to see the completely confused look on the Worshipful Master's face, who, had no clue who she was talking about nor where the question came from.

The Master shook his head and told her that he had never met him. She then told him that her Father had been Brother Price's mentor in Masonry and that they had worked together at the Fire Dept. She said that after Brother Price's death, his widow had given his Masonic ring to her father....who had bequeathed it to her... and that after all those years...she still had it. She said that she remembered Brother Price, and the times he would come to her house to talk to her father.

The Secretary told me when he heard this he sprang out of his chair and covered the few feet between his desk and the South station at almost a run. He confronted the surprised woman and asked her what had made her ask that question about Brother Price? She thought for a second or two and replied that, she really didn't know... that it had just popped into her mind right at that moment. The Secretary proceeded to tell her the story of when I had contacted the Lodge and of my visit. He said at that moment she got a funny look on her face and turned to look at the North wall and that he and the WM, having the same thought... looked around to where the picture was hanging in the North....half expecting, to see Brother Price standing there.

The Secretary said that he was, at that moment, as the hair on the back of his neck was standing up, convinced that this long departed Brother had somehow picked the right time.....with the right people... in the right place... to make sure that his most treasured Masonic possession... his Masonic ring... could find its way to the person he wanted to have it.

Not long after that day, the Worshipful Master, his wife, and the Secretary presented me with my Grandfather's ring. And to this day I completely believe that my Grandfather ...working through the guiding influence of the Great Architect of the Universe found a way to connect with me... through the shared love and understanding of the true meaning of our Masonic Fraternity... our Brotherly love and affection of one another... and the spreading of that love to our families and friends and all of mankind.

This experience, this connection with my Grandfather, has helped to frame my impression of this Fraternity and has made me see things I never saw before.

There is no doubt in my mind that what happened was meant to happen... that it was written a long time ago... and that it may be part of a larger plan... a plan that has yet to reveal itself.

I'll bet that you too have had moments or instances that cannot be explained any other way but that the hands of God had lifted a veil, revealing something ...that before was hidden.

I do not believe in luck... or coincidence anymore... I now know that wherever I am is where I am supposed to be and whatever happens is what is supposed to happen... and when I stopped looking at what was right in front of me... and instead stepped back and broadened my view I can now see beyond what is readily apparent... I can see much more than I did before and understand much more than I did before. Our Great Architect is always guiding us... the choice we all have is to fight his guidance or relax and go with him. It does not mean that we should sit back and wait for him to show us what to do. We alone are responsible for our lives and how we live them. He leads us to a fork in the road every day....and sometimes several times a day... where we have to make a decision... right... or wrong. We know what the right decision is almost every time... and yet we still many times make the wrong one... but he never gives up on us... he always has confidence in us... and he leads us back to that fork and gives us another chance. Our Moms told us all that the right decision was not always going to be the easiest one. So I ask you all to... step back... take a larger look around and see what you have been missing. Allow those good things to come to you.

Surviving the Big Ones

By John "Corky" Daut

The big ones for me were that 16 year period between the Great Depression and World War II. Being born in 1928, I grew up during the hard times between the stock market crash of 1929 and the end of World War II in 1945.

We were eating breakfast this morning and I opened a new jar of Smuckers peach preserves and spread some on my toast. "You know," I commented to Nellie, "I was just thinking about when I was a kid. I remember when mama used to open a new jar of preserves. Every time she opened a new jar she always scraped a quarter inch or so off the top and threw it in the garbage can. When I would ask her why she always did that, she always said that part of the preserves wasn't any good."

"Sure," Nellie said, "but you have to remember that in the old days when preserves were home canned they almost always had a kind of scum form across the top of the preserves. Back then they always scraped the scum off the top and your mother was probably just doing it from force of habit."

That reminded me of my favorite cooking story with a young married couple. The young wife usually cooked a baked ham for special occasions. Her husband was watching her preparing a ham to bake one day, when she reached under the sink and pulled out a hack saw. Then she used the hack saw to cut about 5 or 6 inches of the bone off at the small end of the ham. Curious, the husband asked, why do



you always cut the end of the bone off? She told him that it was because she learned to cook from her mother and that's the way her mother had always done it.

A few weeks later when they were having dinner at her mother's home the husband ask, "Mom, I am curious, why did you always saw a piece of the bone off when you baked a ham?"

"Well you see," She answered, "I had this old stove that had a very small oven. I always had to saw some of the bone off so the ham would fit inside."

Speaking of cooking, I guess most of you don't remember when people during the thirties would often eat "dog food" and "cat food" for supper. In my neighborhood people would often ask the butcher at the neighborhood grocery store if he had any bones left over for their dog. Others would ask him if he had any liver for their cat. In those days, bones and liver were usually thrown away because no one would buy them. The butcher would usually say sure and wrap a few bones or a hunk of liver in the white butcher paper and hand it over the counter so it would look like you had really bought something.

Walking down Garrow Street through our old Settegast Park neighborhood around 5:00 PM in the summertime was like reading a supper menu for the neighborhood. There wasn't any such thing as air conditioning and everyone had all their windows open to keep as cool as possible. Of course when the breeze came in one window it always drifted out the other side of the house with all the cooking smells added. You could particularly pick out the odor of liver and onions frying. Not as noticeable, but still detectable, was the odor of a big pot of vegetable soup simmering on the stove with a big soup bone or two added for flavor. Hey, it was a lot better then "Stone Soup".

A old hobo stopped at a farm house one day and ask if the housewife could spare a little food. "Sorry," she said, "we are out of everything and hungry ourselves."

"That's all right," he said, "I understand how it is. But, do you think you could loan me a pot for a couple of hours?"

She said she guessed so, but what was he going to do? He took a small round polished stone out of his pocket and said he had a soup stone and wanted to make some stone soup. He took the pot and half filled it with water at the pump, then gathered some twigs and built a small fire under the big umbrella Chinaberry tree by the yard fence. The farmer's wife watched as the hobo put the pot on the fire and dropped the stone in the water. After a little while he took a spoon from his pack and tasted the water.

Well, the farmer's wife ask, how is it? Pretty good, but it would be better with a little salt. She hurried in the house and came back with the salt box. The old hobo sprinkled some salt over the water and tasted it again. Well? You know if I only had a couple of carrots for flavor this soup would be delicious. Wait a minute, she told him, and raced off to the storm cellar. She came back with 3 carrots and the old hobo chopped them up with his pocket knife and dropped them in the pot. After a few minutes he took the spoon and tasted.

"This is really good, I don't know anything that could improve it except maybe a piece of sausage or a potato." She told him to hold on a minute and hurried back to the storm cellar for a couple of potatoes, and stopped by the smoke house for a link of sausage. The old hobo added them to the pot and kept the little twig fire going while the pot simmered. After a while he turned to the farmer's wife and said if you could get a couple of bowls, I would ask you to have some stone soup with me.

When the farmer walked up and demanded to know what was going on, she answered, "Why this gentleman just taught me how to make soup from a soup stone and it's delicious."

The Old Tiler Talks

On Being Asked to Join

By Carl Claudy

"I think it's an outrage," announced the New Brother with great emphasis, talking to the Old Tiler

"Sure it is!" answered the Old Tiler.

"Why don't you have it stopped, then?"

"I dunno, what is it?"

"You just agreed with me it was an outrage. And now you don't know what it is!"

"No, I do not. But I am wise enough to agree with out-of-temper brethren. Then they don't get out of temper with me. So suppose you tell me what is an outrage?"

"All these brethren who try to get me to join things! Ever since I was raised they have been after me. Jones wants me to join his Chapter and Smith says as soon as I do I must come in his Council, and Robinson wants me in his Commandery and Jackson says I mustn't think of going York but must go Scottish Rite, and Brown tells of what he is going to have done to me when I join the Shrine, and Peters wants me to become a I mustn't forget the Tall Cedars, and old Jerry tells me he'll never let up on me until I join the Eastern Star... it makes me ill."

"You sure do get sick easily," answered the Old Tiler.

"But I'll attend to it. Tomorrow I will see to it that at least ten brethren tell you you are not good enough for the Chapter, not wise enough to join the council, not brainy enough for the Rite, not sincere enough for the Commandery, not a good enough sport to stand the Grotto, Tall Cedars or Shrine initiation and not decent enough to join the woman's organization. That'll fix it all right and you can be well again."

"Hey, wait a minute! What do you mean, I am not decent enough for the women or good enough sport to stand the Shrine? I'm perfectly decent and as good a sport as-"

"Gently, gently! I did not say you were not- I said I'd arrange with a lot of brethren to tell you you were not."

"But why?"

"You get peeved when they tell you the other thing- I thought that was what you wanted."

"Our wires are crossed somewhere!"

"No, it is you who are cross and therefore not able to see straight," snapped the Old Tiler. You say it's an outrage that many brethren invite you to join with them. What is there outrageous about it? The brother who wants you in his Chapter sees in you good material out of which to make a Companion. The Knight who wants you in his Commandery thinks you will grace its uniform, live up to its high standards, conform to its usages. The brother who would like to have you in the Scottish Rite thinks you have brains enough to appreciate its philosophic degrees and believes that Albert Pike had such as you in mind when he wrote 'Morals and Dogma.' The Noble or the Veiled Prophet who asks you to come with him thinks you are a good sport, able to be the butt of a joke for a while that others may laugh, and that you may, in turn, enjoy the antics of others. They all take you for a regular fellow.

When you are asked to join the Eastern Star a great compliment is paid you- you are selected as a man fit to associate with fine women; you are accepted as a gentleman as well as a Mason, a man women will be proud to know. That is your outrage!"

"I never looked at it in that way. Masons do not ask others to join with Masons in Masonry and I suppose I thought- I felt-"

"You didn't think; you just thought you thought." The Old Tiler was smiling now. "Think again. There is every reason why Masonry should not ask the profane to be of it. Masonry is bigger than any



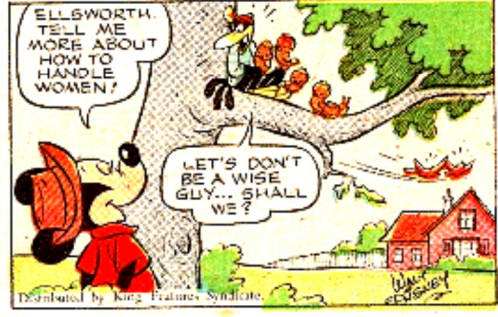
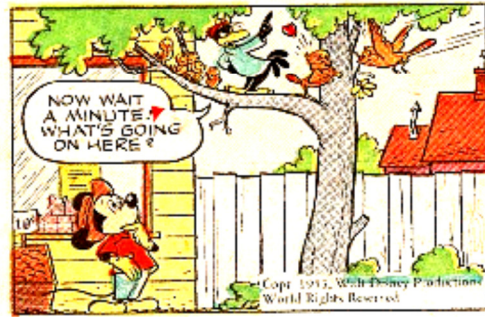
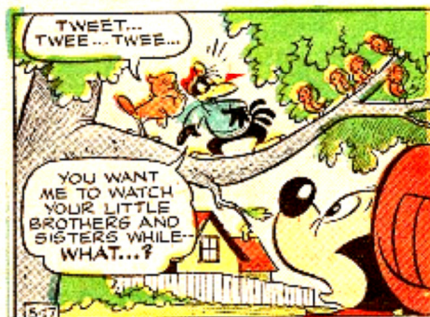
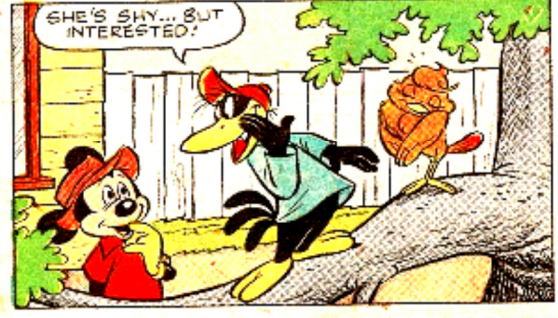
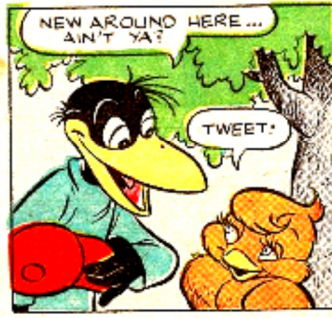
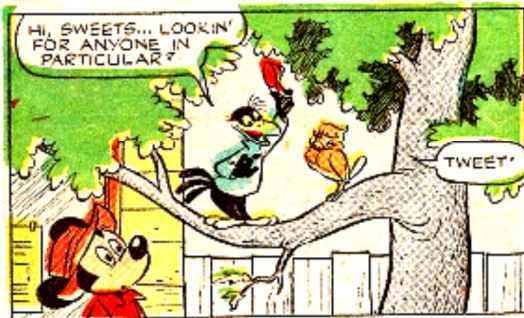
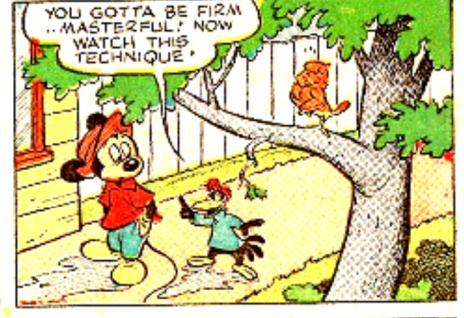
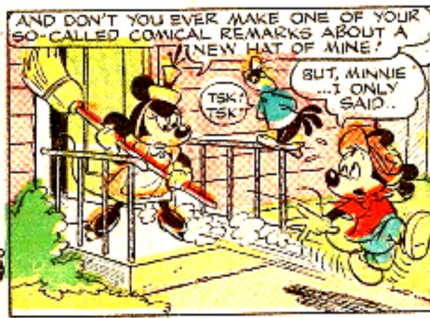
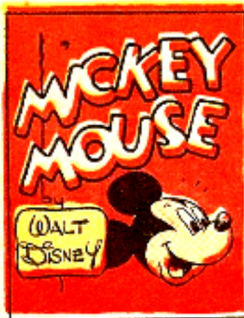
Carl Claudy 's





THE LONDON FREE PRESS, LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1943

PAGE THREE



Actually, I remember reading some of these comic strips myself.
But then, come to think of it, I'm a great grandfather. *Lorky*

THE UNEVEN BATTLE

We deplore the inequalities of life, and especially do we dwell on the disadvantages that honesty suffers at the hands of dishonesty, and truth at the hands of falsehood.

If the avowed enemies of Masonry expound a system of propaganda which foundation is falsehood, by what means can Masonry carry the struggle to a successful end?

"Hitlerism" arrogantly disclosed its fiendish disregard for Truth, and boasted of its plan to make falsehood become "Accepted Truth" through constant repetition.

Is not here the answer to our question- more clearly written into the pages of history than the strongest words?

There was the temporary victory of evil and of falsehood. There is always the temporary victory of evil. It thus feeds the vanity of villainy and instills an intoxicated confidence which results in destruction.

Masonry must fight the evils of our day just as it has fought through the centuries. Our only weapon is the Mason trained in the art of Masonry who lives, who speaks, who writes the Truth.

The final victory will be through a force unknown to despots, the moral force of the individual, his great faith, his sacrificial deeds, his unwaning hope

The Road Of Masonry

By Bro. Douglas Malloch

Men build a Road of Masonry
Across the hills and dales;
Unite the prairie and the sea,
The mountains and the vales
They cross the chasm, bridge the stream
They point to where the turrets gleam,
And many men for many a day
Who seek the heights shall find the way

Men build a Road of Masonry
But not for self they build
With footsteps of humility
The hearts of men are thrilled.
This music makes their labors sweet;
The endless tramp of other feet
The thought that men shall travel thus
An easier road because of us.

We build the Road of Masonry
With other men in mind;
We do not build for you and me,
We build for all mankind.
We build a road, remember, men
Build not for Now, but build for when,
And other men who walk the way
Shall find the road we build today.

Who builds the Road of Masonry,
Though small or great his part,
However hard the task may be
May toil with singing heart.
For it is something, after all,
When muscles tire and shadows fall,
To know that other men shall bless
The BUILDER for his faithfulness

Friday 13 And The Knights Templar

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

In 1305, the new Pope Clement V, based in Avignon, France, sent letters to both the Templar Grand Master Jacques de Molay and the Hospitaller Grand Master Fulk de Villaret to discuss the possibility of merging the two Orders. Neither was amenable to the idea, but Pope Clement persisted, and in 1306 he invited both Grand Masters to France to discuss the matter. De Molay arrived first in early 1307, but de Villaret was delayed for several months. While waiting, De Molay and Clement discussed criminal charges that had been made two years earlier by an ousted Templar and were being discussed by King Philip IV of France and his ministers. It was generally agreed that the charges were false, but Clement sent the king a written request for assistance in the investigation. According to some historians, King Philip, who was already deeply in debt to the Templars from his war with the English, decided to seize upon



the rumors for his own purposes. He began pressuring the Church to take action against the Order, as a way of freeing himself from his debts.[28] The French king's motivations went beyond merely financial though. By charging the Templars with heresy, the monarchy was also claiming for itself a charisma proper to the papacy. The Templar case was another step in a process of appropriating these foundations, which had begun with the Franco-papal rift at the time of Boniface VIII.



At dawn on Friday, 13 October 1307 (a date sometimes spuriously linked with the origin of the Friday the 13th superstition) King Philip IV ordered de Molay and scores of other French Templars to be simultaneously arrested. The arrest warrant started with the phrase : "Dieu n'est pas content, nous avons des ennemis de la foi dans le Royaume" ["God is not pleased. We have enemies of the faith in the kingdom"]. Claims were made that during Templar admissions ceremonies, recruits were forced to spit on the cross, deny Christ, and engage in indecent kissing; brethren were also accused of worshipping idols, and the order was said to have encouraged homosexual practices.[33] The Templars were charged with numerous other offences, financial corruption and fraud, and secrecy.[34] Many of the accused confessed to these charges under torture, and these confessions, even though obtained under duress, caused a scandal in Paris. The

prisoners were coerced to confess that they had spat on the Cross : "Moi Raymond de La Fère, 21 ans, reconnais que (J'ai) craché trois fois sur la Croix, mais de bouche et pas de coeur" (free translation : "I, Raymond de La Fère, 21 years old, admit that I have spat three times on the Cross, but only from my mouth and not from my heart"). The Templars were accused of idolatry and were suspected of worshipping either a figure known as Baphomet or a mummified severed head they recovered, amongst other artifacts, at their original headquarters on the Temple Mount that many scholars theorize might have been that of John the Baptist, among other things.

Relenting to Phillip's demands, Pope Clement then issued the papal bull *Pastoralis Praeeminentiae* on 22 November 1307, which instructed all Christian monarchs in Europe to arrest all Templars and seize their assets.[36] Pope Clement called for papal hearings to determine the Templars' guilt or innocence, and once freed of the Inquisitors' torture, many Templars recanted their confessions. Some had sufficient legal experience to defend themselves in the trials, but in 1310, having appointed the archbishop of Sens, Philippe de Marigny, to lead the investigation, Philip blocked this attempt, using the previously forced confessions to have dozens of Templars burned at the stake in Paris.

With Philip threatening military action unless the pope complied with his wishes, Pope Clement finally agreed to disband the Order, citing the public scandal that had been generated by the confessions. At the Council of Vienne in 1312, he issued a series of papal bulls, including *Vox in excelso*, which officially dissolved the Order, and *Ad providam*, which turned over most Templar assets to the Hospitallers.

As for the leaders of the Order, the elderly Grand Master Jacques de Molay, who had confessed under torture, retracted his confession. Geoffroi de Charney, Preceptor of Normandy, also retracted his confession and insisted on his innocence. Both men were declared guilty of being relapsed heretics, and they were sentenced to burn alive at the stake in Paris on 18 March 1314. De Molay reportedly remained defiant to the end, asking to be tied in such a way that he could face the Notre Dame Cathedral and hold his hands together in prayer. According to legend, he called out from the

flames that both Pope Clement and King Philip would soon meet him before God. His actual words were recorded on the parchment as follows: "Dieu sait qui a tort et a péché. Il va bientôt arriver malheur à ceux qui nous ont condamnés à mort" (free translation "God knows who is wrong and has sinned. Soon a calamity will occur to those who have condemned us to death"). Pope Clement died only a month later, and King Philip died in a hunting accident before the end of the year.

With the last of the Order's leaders gone, the remaining Templars around Europe were either arrested and tried under the Papal investigation (with virtually none convicted), absorbed into other military orders such as the Knights Hospitaller, or pensioned off and allowed to live out their days peacefully. By papal decree, the property of the Templars was transferred to the Order of Hospitallers, which also absorbed many of the Templars' members. In effect, the dissolution of the Templars could be seen as the merger of the two rival orders. Some may have fled to other territories outside Papal control, such as excommunicated Scotland or to Switzerland. Templar organizations in Portugal simply changed their name, from Knights Templar to Knights of Christ.

Dwight Seals

Mar 25 at 5:18 PM



A Masonic Did You Know

From W. Brother Dwight Seals; Continuing with our 'true stories', in the exact words of a Texas Mason on our list. There was a statement made below that I had never heard before about Masonry. Maybe it is just the difference between Texas and Ohio Masonry. I will tell you what it was that caught my eye at the bottom. This is another story of coincidence or the hand of the G.A.O.T.U. at work.

Did U Know?

My father was a Master Mason, 32 degree Scottish Rite. My brothers (3) and I asked him a couple of times about his ring and how to become a mason. He didn't say much and as it were, we didn't know, we were supposed to ask a third time.

My father passed away about 15 years ago, and at his funeral were these weird guys chanting prayers. I wasn't sure what that was all about, but I mourned him in my own way. I found out, my older brother had asked for his Scottish Rite ring and our mother gave it to him. He being the oldest it only seemed right. A few years later he called and said he was a Master Mason. He had also joined the Scottish Rite and York Rite.

I was out of work a few years ago, so I went down to the local lodge, visited with the men and asked for a petition. I was quickly raised through all three degree's and asked to be an officer. I made it as far as the Jr. Warden when, for personal reasons, I stepped down. In the meantime I had gone with some of our Masons to the Dallas Scottish Rite and joined that night.

My mother had bought me a Masonic Ring, which I wear proudly. But I wanted a Scottish Rite ring. I looked for some nice ones, but the ones I found were too expensive, mostly in the thousand to 3 thousand dollar range. I finally ran across one on EBay. I watched it, and on the last minute jumped in and bought it for three hundred dollars. When it arrived I found that it fit my middle finger



perfectly. I now wear my Masonic Ring on my right hand middle finger and my Scottish Rite ring on my left hand middle finger right beside my wedding band.

A year or so went by and my older brother came to town and wanted to have dinner with the family. We sat at the restaurant and talked for a while. After a few minutes my brother noticed my ring. He asked to see it. I took it off, and he held it beside our fathers' ring. They were identical, down to the centered diamond. I didn't really remember what the ring looked like and to purchase one just like his made me proud. I don't have any son's. But I hope to be able to leave this one with someone special. If now I could just get 3 of my 4 daughters married...

Comment from Brother Dwight; One man's opinion: "we didn't know, we were supposed to ask a third time". In my 31 years of Masonry, I have never heard that you were supposed to ask three times to petition a Lodge. In Ohio, asking three times is not a requirement that I am aware of. I love hearing or reading things that make me say, I didn't know that. I thoroughly enjoy hearing how other states or countries do things differently than what I am accustomed to. If you have a true story to tell, please send it to me. If you have an inspiring or memorable evening story, I would love to hear it, as I would like to take a break from what has been horror stories in my opinion. Maybe I will intermingle them from time to time.

Editor's Note; As an 87 year old native born Texan, I have never heard of the "3 Requests before receiving a petition rule." either, but I've only been a Mason 23 years. However, I have heard from many old timers that petitioners were often blackballed the first time they petitioned a Lodge and then accepted if they petitioned the second time because that proved they were serious about wanting to be a Mason. Corky

May We Meet Upon The _ _ Act By The ! And Part Upon The _ _

W. Bro. Dwight D. Seals - Camden Lodge #159 – Camden, Ohio

THE WAGES OF A MASTER

From The Masonic Trowel Website

There is a saying which you have heard in Masonry many times: "You get out of Masonry only what you put in it." There may be a great deal of truth in such a statement, but it is a rather conservative estimate.

You get far more out of Masonry than you ever can put into it. There is no work or study that pays greater spiritual dividends than the work of Masonry. There is no time better spent and which fields more happiness and satisfaction than time spent in the work of Masonry.

If one is looking for a purely material or financial reward, then his time in Masonry is only a waste of effort. From the time you evidenced a desire to become a Mason, it was made plain to you that Masonry offered an opportunity for spiritual and mental growth, and did not offer or promise the least financial reward. The Wages of a Master are in keeping with the thing sought through Mastership.

Then is this work of Masonry confined to the lodge room? No. It is important that every Mason attend as many meetings of his lodge as he possibly can, and it is important that the Mason participate in as many activities of the lodge as he possibly can, according to his talents, large or small. Yet, the work of Masonry calls for an examination of self to determine how our own lives reflect the teachings of Masonry. If we are honest in this, then other fields of work in the interest of humanity will be opened, and we will enter into them with joy and enthusiasm because we are Master Masons and cannot do otherwise.

Try it! You will find a harvest of happiness.

