

## **The Hollow Log**

I loaded the cartridges into the old Ruger, stepped out of the Jeep, and slowly closed the door so as not to make much of a racket. The morning air was full of water and as I walked the ridge at Kessler's Cove, I knew we were in for a downpour.

I've always enjoyed squirrel hunting when the ground was damp. Without dry leaves crackling underfoot, and a fog laying in the cove, I knew I would get a mess of squirrels and be back to Brance Anderson's house before lunch.

I had moved into the woods about a mile and a half when the rain came. It wasn't like a normal January rain, it came in a burst, and I scrambled to crawl into an old hollow log to get some shelter. I don't know if it was the patter of rain on the log or the sleep I missed the previous night - we had a M.M. Degree at Acacia #357 with three candidates, so by the time I got home, it was almost time to get up. Anyway, in short order I fell sound asleep in the log.

When I awoke, the end of the log had swollen shut except for a tiny hole about an inch wide. I realized I was in a real fix - no way I could get outa that log. It began to soak in that I would likely die there. What a turn of fate - to die inside an old hollow log on Kessler's Cove - I had never considered my demise in that manner.

Lying there, I began to think about all the bad things I had done in my life, the many times I had spoken ill of a Brother Mason, the Brothers whom I failed to visit even when they were faced with terminal illness, the Masons whom I had failed to help emotionally or financially when I had the opportunity, the times I lost my priorities, placing Lodge before family, and my failing to adhere to the tenants of our fraternity. The more I thought about how I had not practiced what I had preached, the smaller I felt. I eventually felt about an inch tall, and crawled right out of the hole!