

Who's To Blame?

My lodge, Acacia #357 installed officers the other night. Dave Bliss, Bill Warren, Addison Long, and I were asked to do the installing. W. Brother Long did a fine job as installing officer, and I did my usual job as marshal.

We've got a very good line of officers coming up, and if the other past masters and I do all we can to support them, it will likely be a good year for our lodge. The new master is sharp, and I think he has good leadership potential.

One of our senior past masters is Truett Bledsoe. Truett means well, but sometimes he says some things that are destructive. Truett had to stand up right before the meeting closed and point out that the work of the lodge had a long way to go, that he would be happy to help with practices, as they would certainly be needed. He didn't mean to sound pushy, but he did — it was sort of like “You're doing sloppy work, call me, and I'll show you how to straighten it out!”

My old mentor and coach always told me to criticize someone in private and brag on them in public — I think we should all try to do that.

We ought to give a new master and new officers the credit for having the good sense to do what they need to do to be the best they can be. They don't need pushy past masters, they need strong support.

Brother Bledsoe has always had a knack for saying the wrong thing, and back in 1999, I was at his farm as he and the wife were slopping the pigs.

Gladys, Truett's wife, remarked as how they would celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary the following week, and how they should throw a party. “Truett,” she said, “we ought to kill this here pig and have a big barbecue.”

Truett responded, “Gladys, I don't see why that there pig ought to suffer over something that happened almost 50 years ago!”

Truett may still be sleeping in the barn!