

HEMPSTEAD MASONIC LODGE

#749 AF & AM



Worshipful Master Kenneth Harvey Secretary John "Corky" Daut
Hempstead Masonic Lodge Was Chartered June 5, 1893



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Hempstead Masonic Lodge
#749 AF & AM
P.O. Box 1251
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Special points of interest:

- Meetings every second Thursday at 7:30 P.M.
- Family style meals before the meetings at 6:30 P.M.
- Study nights, Degrees and floor work, Mondays 7:00 P.M. at Waller Lodge.
- Waller Lodge meets on the second Tuesday at 7:30 P.M.
- Waller Lodge family style meals before the meetings at 6:30 P.M.

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BROTHER ROY'S DREAM REALIZED

Our new Junior Past Master, Brother Thomas Roy Shields, was born on October 30, 1916. He has been a Master Mason for 63 years. He was initiated as an Entered Apprentice Mason on May 20, 1940, passed to the degree of Fellowcraft on June 20, 1940 and raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason on July 20, 1940 in Mt. Hecia Lodge #701 AF & AM in Bryson, Texas

Working as a salesman most of his life, Brother Roy moved often. He has traveled in every state in the continental United States except the state of Washington.

Because of those many moves he had been a member of four different Lodges. When Brother Roy retired in 1981 he moved to Hempstead and joined the Hempstead Masonic Lodge

Sec. John "Corky" Daut

We have a new slate of officers filling the chairs at Hempstead Masonic Lodge following the installation ceremony on June 24.

The Elected Officers are,
W. M. Kenneth Harvey
S. W. "Jim" Ferguson
J. W. Kelly Cox
Tre. Bill Parham

749 AF & AM.
Brother Roy had starting working through the chairs many times in those different Lodges, but his journey was always interrupted by another job transfer.

He worked his way through the chairs in the Hempstead Lodge and in June 2002, at 85 years old, he realized a 63 year old dream when he was elected Worshipful Master of the Hempstead Masonic Lodge for the 2002/2003 Masonic Year.

Regrettably his Masonic dream was once again interrupted after only 2 months as Worshipful Master. This time by health problems.

Brother Roy was suffering from severe weakness, dizziness and memory loss. Finally after 4 months of tests and numerous stays in the

hospital it was discovered that he was dangerously short of blood. After receiving 2 transfusions for a total of 4 pints of blood, he quickly recovered enough physically and mentally to be able to return to the Lodge as Worshipful Master for the January 2003 meeting.

Just after Brother Roy's year as Worshipful Master begin, Hempstead Masonic Lodge was in the worst financial shape of recent years. By the time his year as Master ended, the Lodge had recovered to where it is now in the best financial shape of recent years.

After having to miss 4 months as the Worshipful Master, due to his illness, Brother Roy said that a big part of his success was because he was lucky enough to have had some good junior officers to assist him

HEMPSTEAD MASONIC LODGE IS NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The Appointed Officers are,

S. D. John Garrett
J. D. Malcolm P. Carter
S. S. Roy Shields
J. S. Malcolm A. Carter
Chaplain Steve York
Tiler Jimmy Zepeda
Past Master Freddie

Zach served as Marshall and Brother Steve York, served as the Installing Officer.

For those who missed it, you shouldn't have, we had a great time and some good eats And, we had a Lodge room full of members and visitors

“Learning The Work” (The Old Tiler Stories)

"It seems to me," began the New Brother, offering a cigar to the Old Tiler, "that we make unnecessary demands on a candidate."

"Thanks," answered the Old Tiler. "Such as what, for instance?"

"A candidate who has received the Entered Apprentice degree must perfect himself in it before he gets his Fellowcraft. After he is a Fellowcraft he must learn that ritual before he can become a Master Mason. I can see the reason why all brethren must understand them and be able to tell about degrees, but I don't see why we must learn word for word and letter for letter. Last meeting we turned back a young fellow because he had not learned his Entered Apprentice degree. If he didn't learn it because he didn't want to he wasn't worth having, but it seems he just couldn't. Refusing him was an injustice. He's only one-third a Mason, and not likely to get any farther."

"You sure think of a lot of things Masonic to find fault with!" countered the Old Tiler. "But we would get along faster if you didn't mix your questions."

"How do you mean, mix them?"

"In one breath you want to know why Masonry requires learning degrees by heart, and don't I think it was an injustice to a certain young fellow because we wouldn't admit him to full membership when he couldn't or didn't, only you don't think it an injustice but a righteousness if he could and didn't. You agree that one of the safeguards of Masonry which keep it pure is what we call the ancient landmarks?"

"I agree."

"And you know one of the landmarks is that Masonry is secret?"

"Of course."

"If we printed the work would it

be secret?"

"Certainly not. But you don't have to print it."

"No? But if we can't print it and won't learn it, how are we to give it to our sons?"

"Oh!" The New Brother saw a great light. "We all learn the work and so know when mistakes are made and correct them in the workers, and our sons hear the same work we did and learn it and transmit it. But wouldn't it be enough if only a few men learned the work- those well qualified and with good memories? How would that do?"

"It is good Masonry and good Americanism that the majority rules. Masonry is not a despotism but a democracy. If a favored few were the custodians of the work would not the favored few soon become the rulers of Masonry, just as the favored few have always ruled the lazy, the ignorant, and the stupid?"

"If that happened we'd just put them out of office."

"And put in men who didn't know the work? Then what becomes of your landmark?"

"You are too many for me," laughed the New Brother. "I guess there is a reason why we have to learn the work. But I still think we might make an occasional exception when a man just can't memorize."

"If you read the Bible, you know that a little leaven leavens the whole lump. One bad egg will spoil an omelet. The man who won't learn is not fit to be a Mason, since he is not willing to tread the path all his brethren have trod. The man who can't learn the work hasn't control enough of his brain to enable him to appreciate Masonic blessings. This is no question of education. A brother of this lodge has had so little education that he barely reads and write. His grammar is fearful and his

knowledge of science so full of things that are not so that it is funny when it isn't pathetic. But he is a good Mason for all that, and bright as a dollar at learning the work. It's only the stupid, the lazy, the indifferent and dull-witted, the selfish and foolish man who can't learn or won't learn Masonry. They add nothing to it; it is better they are kept out. To make an exception merely would be to leaven our lump with sour leaven."

"But, Old Tiler, many who learned it once have forgotten it now."

"Of course they have! You can't do a quadratic equation or tell me the principle cities in Greenland, or bound Poland, or do a Latin declination. You learned it and forgot it. But you had the mental training. If I told you a quadratic was worked with an adding machine, that Poland was in china, or that hocus-pocus meant Caesar's lives, you'd know I was wrong. Same way with ritual; leaning it is Masonic training, and though we often forget it we never lose it entirely, and through the whole of us it is preserved to posterity."

"Oh, all right! I learned mine, any way. Have another cigar, won't you?"

"Thanks," answered the Old Tiler. "You have learned rather well, I'll admit, that I like your cigars!"

Know why they raised the minimum drinking age in Tennessee to 32?

They wanted to keep alcohol out of the high schools.

Why do folks in Arkansas go to R-rated movies in groups of 18 or more?

Because they saw the sign that said 17 and under aren't admitted.

Lets Go to Lodge Tonight

by Unknown

Say, Son, let's go to Lodge tonight;
We haven't been for years.
Let's don our little apron white
And sit among the peers.
—
I feel a kind of longing, Boy,
to climb up those old stairs;
I know we'd get a thrill of joy
and lay aside the cares.
—
I'd like to get out on the floor--
Come on, let's get in the line;
I'd like to face the East once more
And give the same old sign.
—
I want to hear the gavel ring,
To hear the organ play;
I want to hear the Craftsmen sing
That old familiar lay.
—
I think the Tyler'd let us in,
Although he'd hesitate,
And then we'd see that same old grin.
Come on, or we'll be late.
—
Pass up your bridge or picture show,
Your wrestling bout or fight;
Switch off that darned old TV set
Let's go to Lodge tonight.

MASONIC ANNIVERSARIES

Bishop, John Lloyd	7-12-56
Buffington, Bobby	7-29-71
Culberson, Al S.	7-09-59
Moseley, Darryl	7-22-80
Shields, Roy	7-20-40
Smith, Kenneth L.	7-31-65

SAY A PRAYER FOR

'Bob' McWilliam's recent surgery.
Pam York had a bout with Arterial
Bronchitis and Pneumonia
Ted Wren's breathing problem's
Cynthia Cox's Chemo treatments

Going To The Dogs

"If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went."

..... Will Rogers

"We give dogs time we can spare, space we can spare and love we can spare. And in return, dogs give us their all. It's the best deal man has ever made"

..... M. Facklam

Dogs love their friends and bite their enemies, quite unlike people, who are incapable of pure love and always have to mix love and hate."

..... Sigmund Freud

A married couple were asleep when the phone rang at 2 in the morning. The wife (undoubtedly blonde), picked up the phone, listened a moment and said, "How should I know, that's 200 miles from here!" and hung up.

The husband said, "Who was that?" The wife said, "I don't know, some woman wanting to know if the coast is clear."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO

Buffington, Bobby	7-07-43
Culberson, Al S.	7-07-36
Faure, Jimmy L	7-26-35
Lay, Thomas Fox	7-12-28
McWilliams, J.K.	7-21-63
Parker, Monte P	7-13-58
Smith, Lavohn	7-28-21

"The day I worry about cleaning my house is the day Sears comes out with a riding vacuum cleaner."

. . . . Roseanne

"The problem with the designated driver program? It's not a desirable job. But if you ever get sucked into doing it, have fun with it. At the end of the night drop them off at the wrong houses."

. . . . Jeff Foxworthy

Thoughts From The Secretary's Desk

Sometime I get scolded for telling it like it is when things are bad. Actually, I like it a whole lot more telling how it is when things are good.

For everyone who missed the June stated meeting, you shouldn't have. To me it was one of the most enjoyable meetings in a while. Even after 2 or 3 very spirited discussions everyone left the meeting in good spirits and looking forward to a brand new Masonic year together.

As some may know, beside being Secretary for Hempstead Lodge, I will also be Junior Warden at Waller Lodge. Some may wonder why I would be an officer in 2 different Lodges, I'll quote something I heard Brother Roy say one time, **"You can't get more out of Masonry then you are willing to put into it."**

Anyway, I hope you attended the Installation Ceremonies at Waller Lodge on the 28th of June.

The new Officers at Waller are,

Elected Officers

W.M.	John Daut Sr.
S.W.	Mike Risley
J.W.	John "Corky" Daut
Treas.	Jim Faure
Sec.	Bob Scarborough

Appointed Officers

S.D.	Danny Williamson
J.D.	John Garrett
S.S.	Zane Williamson
J.S.	James Magee
Tiler	Jimmy Hooper

Almost P. M. Richard Ventrea was the Marshal and P. M. "Wes" Mersiovsky, the Installing Officer.

Aunt Janet sent thanks for Hempstead Lodge's generous donation and to dual Hempstead/Waller members, Kelly Cox, John Daut Sr., John Garrett, Roy Shields and myself, for volunteering to work Friday night cooking briskets for the Bill Garrett Memorial Scholarship fundraiser on June 21, which earned about \$3,200.

This little guy is sitting at the bar just staring at his drink. He's been sitting there for half an hour when this big trouble-making truck driver sits next to him, grabs his drink and gulps it down in one swig. The poor little guy starts crying.

"Come on man, I was just giving you a hard time," says the truck driver. "I'll buy you another drink. I just can't stand to see a grown man crying."

"This is the worst day of my life," says the little guy between sobs. "I can't do anything right. I overslept and was late to an important meeting, so my boss fired me.

Then when I went to the parking lot, I found my car was stolen and I have no insurance. I grabbed a cab home but, after the cab left, I discovered I had forgotten my wallet in it. At home I found my wife in bed with the gardener, so I came to this bar and was thinking about putting an end to my life.

Then you show up and drink the darn poison !"

***Hempstead
Lodge Is On
The Internet
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