



St ThoMASONtario



**** For Masons in the "St Thomas Ontario" District ****

Volume XX-1

September 2014

Editor's remarks: Welcome to a new Masonic year. Many of the Lodges have new Officers in the chairs. Are we all ready for a busy year? Most of the lodges have degree work waiting, as we set out on the new campaign. Warren Lodge No. 120 in Fingal is putting on 3 (three) first degrees to start their year off right.

I haven't received notification of any 50 or 60 year pins being presented???

Lets get around the District and give all the lodges the support they need and deserve. Enjoy the rest of the newsletter.

Congratulations:

At the 159th Communication of The Grand Lodge of Canada in the Province of Ontario, in Toronto on the 17th July 2014 the below named received their well earned recognition:

R.W.Bro. Wayne Dunn, District Deputy Grand Master;

R.W.Bro. Rick Cadotte, Grand Junior Warden;

R.W.Bro. Robert Cresswell, Board of General Purpose;

V.W.Bro. William (Bill) Lang, Grand Steward.

Congratulations also to **W.Bro. Philip Wood, District Secretary.**

Read the Special Edition 2014-1 to learn more about our G.L. officers.

District Deputy Grand Master's visits:

Prince of Wales No. 171, Thursday October 9th, 8:00 p.m. Iona Station.

St. Thomas Lodge No. 44, Thursday November 6th, 7:30 p.m., St Thomas Masonic Centre. (This is the DDGM's home Lodge).

West Elgin Lodge No. 386, Wednesday November 12th, 7:30 p.m. Rodney.

St. David's Lodge No. 302, Thursday November 20th 7:30 p.m. St. Thomas Mas. Centre.

Cameron Lodge No. 232 December 3rd, 7:30 p.m., Dutton.

Upcoming events:

Wednesday October 29th 2014.

Masters, Past Masters and Wardens Association Meeting.

Masonic Centre, Fruit Ridge Line, St. Thomas.

Happy Hour 6:00p.m. Dinner 7:00 p.m. Meeting to follow.

This is a night to meet old acquaintances and make new ones. **It is an informal occasion where every mason is welcome to attend.**

Come out and enjoy an evening of fellowship..

Ontario Masonic Education Conference.

Saturday September 27th. Registration at 8:00 a.m. Meeting from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

with a lunch at Noon To be held at the Humber College North Campus, 203 Humber College Boulevard, Toronto in Lecture theatre E 135

Masonic Information

For those brethren who are interested in completing the Past Master's course offered by the College of Freemasonry for general Masonic Education or if you have aspirations of becoming DDGM or Grand Registrar, please take note that the course has been reduced to 6 modules from the former requirement of 11. This is also the very same course that is offered to all new IPM's by the Grand Master after they complete their time in the East. If you require further information please contact the College of Freemasonry at masonic.college@gmail.com.

Quote for the Month:**Laugh for the Month:**

A man and a woman were having a quiet, romantic dinner in a fine restaurant. They were gazing lovingly at each other and holding hands.

The waitress, taking another order at a table a few steps away, suddenly noticed the man slowly sliding down his chair and under the table, but the woman stared straight ahead.

The waitress watched as the man slid all the way down his chair and out of sight under the table. Still, the woman stared straight ahead. The waitress, thinking this behavior a bit risqué and that it might offend other diners, went over to the table and, tactfully, began by saying to the woman "Pardon me, ma'am, but I think your husband just slid under the table."

The woman calmly looked up at her and said, "No, he didn't. He just walked in the door."

Masonic Education: A true story by Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle. "I saw the car, Dad Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back.

At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts..... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had revelled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered gruelling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often. The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought out our pastor and explained the situation. The clergyman set up weekly counselling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had proved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog..

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odour of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens, each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly. As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog."

I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said. I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me.. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad !" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me.. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me.. "Did you hear me, Dad ?" I screamed. At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrow and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duellists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp.



He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw. Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently. Then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favourite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church.. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life..

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it."

"I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had read the right article: Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter;his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father; and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood. I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live while you are alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

Submitted by V. Wor. Bro. David Durham

Webmaster: Bro. Greg King of Cameron Lodge No 232, Dutton, is our webmaster. His full information is on the Trestle Board. Please give him as much co-operation as possible when he calls for your input into the website.

Blood Donor Clinic:

Give the Gift of Life!!!!

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Every 3rd Wednesday 3:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m. at the Timken Centre at 2 Third Avenue in St.Thomas. Next clinic: September 17th. Clinics are also held daily at the London Permanent Clinic at 840 Commissioners Road, London, ON. For appointments call 1-888-2-DONATE. (1-888-236-6283).

In Conclusion:

Anything you want to include? To keep the Newsletter interesting and informative I need information. Masters, Secretaries, anyone, please forward any snippets of information you have. Any moans, groans or kudos?

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Always arrive alive

T.T.F.N.

14-08-20

