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David Dixon Goodwin Grand Master

Jeffrey N. Nelson **Grand Generalissimo and Publisher** 3112 Tyler Parkway Bismarck, ND 58503-0192

Address changes or corrections and all membership activity including deaths should be reported to the Recorder of the local Commandery. Please do not report them to the editor.

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Magazine materials and correspondence to the editor should be sent in electronic form to the managing editor whose contact information is shown above.

Materials and correspondence concerning the Grand Commandery state supplements should be sent to the respective 5 supplement editor.

Lawrence E. Tucker **Grand Recorder**

Grand Encampment Office

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Cover Photo of a building belonging to the Knights of Malta on the Island of Malta taken by the Editor.

Grand Master's Message

t is hard to believe that we have just entered the last year of the 66th triennium! We only have until next August to bring Templary to the new and greater heights for which we have planned.

This fall begins the new round of Department Conferences. It is imperative that the top four Grand Commandery officers and the Grand Recorder be present at these conferences. All Grand Commandery officers, Commandery officers, and Sir Knights are invited and encouraged to attend. There is a great deal of information presented as well as the fraternal socializing time to share and enjoy each other's company. There will be presentations on what is left for the 66th triennium, what is planned for the 67th triennium, law, finance, protocol, membership, Eye Founda-



tion, York Rite Information System, and of course, the reports of the successes of our Grand Commanders. We will also be continuing our Emerging Leadership Training program. All Grand Commanders need to be sure that their new emerging leaders have been preregistered for the program. We hope to see you at these conferences!

Many of our Commanderies go dark over the summer and will begin meeting again this month. It is time to think about basics again. We need to remember that we are Masonic Christian Knights Templar and are dedicated to our faith as well as to Freemasonry. We need to ask ourselves a few questions. Are we helping our Lodges as we should? Are we supporting our faith as we should? Are we supporting and being visible in our communities as we should? If we pay attention to these responsibilities, we won't have to plan a membership program, as our Brothers will want to become a part of Templary because of the fine example that we have displayed. Please help us move Templary forward with your participation and support!

The officers of the Grand Encampment are looking forward to seeing you at the Department Conferences and Annual Conclaves during the next few months. Best fraternal regards to all!

David Dixon Goodwin, GCT

Alle

Grand Master

The future is ours! We must seize the moment! Every Christian Mason should be a Knight Templar.

From the

Grand Recorder's

Office...



Grand Encampment is offering customized address labels to our members for a small donation. These three-line labels are available with the Cross and Crown or in a Christmas design, 36 labels per sheet. Contact the Grand Encampment office for details, 713-349-8700, or by email.

Grand Encampment of Knights Templar



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A Chat With The Managing Editor



Bure-Les-Templiers Templar site, France. Photo by Editor.

You might be a Templar if you spend more time and effort doing something for the benefit of others than worrying about your own welfare.

You might not be a Templar if you criticize your Brethren behind their back instead of being brave enough to offer your help and advice privately and while looking them in the eye.

John

John L. Palmer Managing Editor

Prelate's Chapel

by Rev. William D. Hartman, Right Eminent Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment

t was in September of 1862 that Abraham Lincoln issued his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. The war between the states was in full swing, and in July of the following year, the great battle of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania was fought, which turned the tide of the war for the North, resulting in final victory with the surrender of the South at Appomatax Courthouse between General Grant and General Lee. In the fall of 1863, Lincoln traveled to



Gettysburg to participate in the dedication of the battlefield as a national memorial. His remarks took only a few minutes but have remained a notable address ever since.

In his remarks, he made note of those "honored dead who gave their last full measure of devotion." He also reminded those there that it is for us, the living, to give our full measure of devotion for the cause for which they died. Lincoln was reelected in 1864 and gave his last full measure of devotion in preserving the union of the states, being assassinated in April of 1865.

As Knights Templar, we also honor those who have died in our cause of Templary. Each year, the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania holds a memorial service at the Gettysburg battleground in remembrance of their fallen Sir Knights. Each Commandery in Grand Encampment is encouraged to form a memorial cross during Conclaves to honor those Knights who have passed on to their eternal reward.

As Lincoln said, it is for us, the living, to keep alive the ideals of Templary, so that future generations can be blessed through our ideals and actions. We need to give our last full measure of devotion to the ideals of Templary that they may continue to bless generations to come.

The Daily Battles We Face

By Sir Knight Barry D. Denton

s I look out my office window, I see tall trees, fascinating birds flying in the sky, and of course my beautiful daughter, Callie, playing in the backyard. While listening to the bellowing sounds of the Benedictines of Mary choir, their music touching my heart, I can't help but wonder, out of all this beauty what battles do I face as a Christian, as a Knight Templar. We all took vows, holding our sword, pledging our honor to God, to our family, and to our country. So what battles do we face, and how do we continue to live as Christians in such a secular world?

According to Bill Perkins in his book, Six Battles Every Man Must Win, we must live as if nothing else matters than the glory of God. Now this sounds easy, but in this world of fast paced internet access, Facebook, and even cellular telephones, that is not the case. Therefore, we must remind ourselves daily to take the time to worship our God and retake the vows we cherish so much. Recently I found an application on my phone that provides me a daily devotional which has helped my walk with the Lord, but that is not enough, there must be more.

One battle we all face is the issue of being self-serving. Therefore, we must work to accomplish daily good deeds to all with whom we come in contact. Recently, I decided that at least once a week I would purchase the food for

someone behind me in the drive-thru service of local restaurants, but that is just once a week. So to go a bit further, I have also done things such as take my elderly neighbor's garbage cans into his garage for him, cut his lawn when I cut my grass, and even invite him and his wife over for dinner, but again, that is still not enough. We must take this battle to work where I have taken the time to write notes of appreciation to my employees, offered them half days to go spend time with their families, and even scheduled "mental health days" where I allow them to go and get a massage or manicure (I only have ladies that work for me!).

The next battle we face as Templars is the constant education of getting closer to our God. Therefore, I challenge you, as I have challenged myself, to read at least one page of the *Holy Bible* every day. This is not an easy task; we are all so prone to turn on the television or fix a snack. I'm asking you for one page from a book that has sold more copies than any other book in the world. The *Holy Bible* shall change your life but only if you take the time to read it.

Finally, the largest battle is within. We all have vices, from watching inappropriate movies to alcoholism to even pornography. So I say to you my brothers, fight the good fight, work to improve yourself by reading the *Holy Bible*

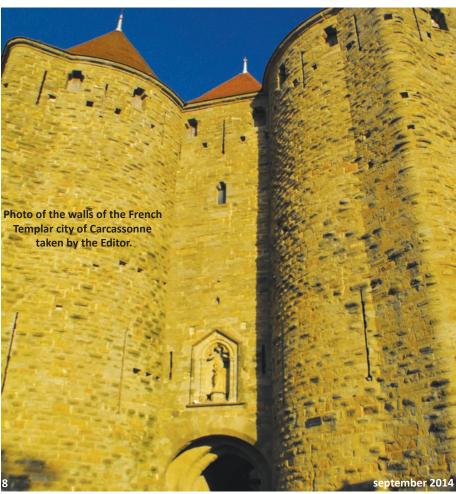
but also by living a life as pure as the vows and oaths we have taken as Knights Templar. Trust in the Lord so that you can defeat those vices. Prepare yourselves for spiritual warfare within your own heart. This is not an easy task, but it can be done with the power of the Holy Spirit. We are Knights Templar, the guardians of helping others, from children and their eye sight to civic involvement in our communities. Be the person who took that vow, be a true Knight.

Sir Knight Barry Denton is a member of Jefferson Commandery No. 52 in Louisville, Kentucky. He is a graduate of the University of Louisville (BS 2004), the American Military University (MS 2008), and Spalding University (Ed. D. 2013). He resides at 1708 Golden Leaf Way, Louisville, KY 40245, and can be contacted at ofcdenton@me.com.



"Finally, be strong in the Lord and in his mighty power. Put on the full armor of God so that you can take your stand against the devil's schemes."

-Ephesians 6:10



Walter A. DeLamater 46th Grand Master of the Grand Encampment

(Fourth in a series on our Grand Masters)

by

George L. Marshall, Jr., PGC, KCT Chairman, Grand Encampment Knights Templar History Committee

ost Eminent Sir Knight DeLamater, founder of the Eye Foundation, has a most interesting history. He was born in New York City, on April 18, 1880, son of Washington Irving (1855-1893) and Clara DeLamater (died 1917), descendants of the DeLamaters who, under the name of DeLamater Iron Works, were the builders of the *Monitor* of the historic *Monitor-Merrimac* battle during the war between the states. DeLamater, Sr. was the first president of the Village of Rhinebeck, New York, founded in 1688.

Walter DeLamater's illustrious career covered a broad range of interests. He was a soldier with a brilliant WWI record in combat and on important

staff assignments; an executive in a broad range of industries and businesses, retiring as an associate with large organizations; and a consultant primarily on matters of organization, management, research and development, sales promotion, and public relations.

Young DeLamater was educated in New York City public schools and St. Mark's private school. In 1901, at the age of 21, he married Marie West who died on March 31, 1940. They had two children, Marie Lillian (Mrs. Herbert Norton) and Walter, Jr. (1906-1967). His second wife was Rosalind Gladys Huies (1905-1999) whom he married on March 4, 1942. To this union was born three daughters; Joanne, Claudette, and Dolores.

His public career began on March 2, 1900, when he enlisted as a Private in the 71st Infantry, New York National Guard. He became the only person in the Regiment's long history, dating back to 1850, to rise from a Private to a Major General. In 1916, he served in the Mexican Border affair for which he received special commendation for action under extremely trying circumstances.

Remaining in the service through

WWI, he was engaged in several difficult campaigns in France; received a number of awards, decorations, and citations for exceptional bravery and distinguished service under heavy shell fire without regard for his personal safety; repaired roads open to traffic; and supervised

the evacuation of wounded under deadly shell fire, remaining exposed at all times without regard for his personal safety.

He had been promoted from Major



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to Lieutenant Colonel in the 106th Infantry. Soon he was transferred to the 79th Division in France and became Assistant Chief of Staff, then to the 77th Division as Chief of Staff, and was promoted to full Colonel by 1920. By the end of the war, he had received numerous awards and citations for exceptional bravery as well as for brilliant staff work, many times performed under deadly shell fire. For this he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. He had been promoted to the rank of Major General.

Then a soldier citizen, upon request by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia and approved by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, although he was a Republican, Major General Walter A. DeLamater, Retired, was appointed Federal Civil Works Administrator of New York City. Several important civilian assignments followed.

He was raised a Master Mason in Halteman Lodge No. 412 at Middletown, New York, on July 26, 1917. As might be expected, this extraordinarily energetic and talented individual joined and rose rapidly in the many degrees, orders, and rites of Masonry. He was Knighted in Yonkers Commandery No. 47 of New York State on March 17, 1921, and moved up rapidly through the lines. He was elected Right Eminent Grand Commander of the State of New York, in 1934

and was elected to the Grand Encampment line in 1937.

It was during the Grand Conclave in 1946 that we first heard the story of Sir Knight DeLamater's vision he had while still anesthetized for an operation, that

heavenly bodies, angels, admonished

him that if he lived he must do something to heal the blind as Jesus had done when on earth and about his miraculous recovery from near death. He firmly believed that his recovery must have been for some divine purpose. He told of being stricken and paralyzed in 1941 for a period of two months from a clot on the brain. During those two months, the doctors attending said it was impossible for him to live and that there wasn't one chance in a million of his doing so. After the physicians gave him up, why then and for what purpose was he saved?

Prior to the September 20-26, 1952 Triennial Conclave in New Orleans, Louisiana, Deputy Grand Master Walter Allen DeLamater began his campaign in earnest. With all the skills of a public relations consultant he launched his campaign promoting Knights Templar Eye Hospitals in connection with existing hospitals throughout the United States, thus fulfilling the admonitions of his vision "to heal the blind."

The idea of a hospital or hospitals for the blind led to many long debates and bitter arguments prior to and during the Grand Encampment meeting. Arguments were still going on in the halls and cloakrooms before the meeting was called to order by Most Eminent Grand Master William Catron Gordon. At the conclusion,

the original resolutions and amendments included, instead of "Eye Hospitals," the words "Eye Foundation." After a vote, the Grand Master declared "the chair rules that the resolution is adopted by the required three-quarters



vote," but following the break, another



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three hours were consumed, resulting in around twenty-five additional proceeding pages, containing resolutions and clarifications which finally resulted in a final and conclusive vote which again passed by three-quarters vote.

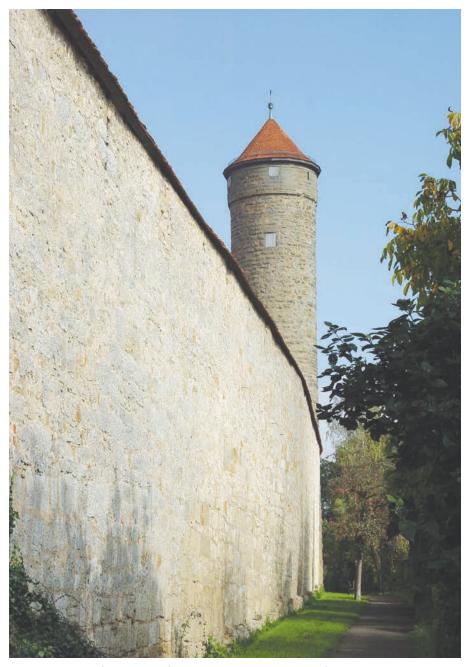
Most Eminent Sir Knight DeLamater passed away on August 25, 1973, and was buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery. On his tombstone (shown at left) is engraved his status as Grand Master and his proudest achievement in Freemasonry, that of founder of the Knights Templar Eye Foundation.

Right Eminent Sir Knight Marshall, KYGCH(3), KCT, 33°, is a Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Alabama. He is a member of the Editorial Review Board of the *Knight Templar* magazine and has published several articles in that magazine as well as in the *Royal Arch Mason* magazine. He can be reached at geomarsh@yahoo.com.

SOURCES USED

- 1. http://www.arlingtoncemetery.net/wadelamater.htm
- 2. "A History of the Founding of the Knights Templar Eye Foundation", written by the late Edmund F. Ball K.G.C., H.P.G.M. and Trustee of the Foundation, in the Knights Templar Eye Foundation informational booklet at http://www.knightstemplar.org/ktef/.

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This photo is of a portion of the old city wall, with one of the watch towers, surrounding Rothenburg ob der Tauber, Germany, and was submitted by Sir Knight Richard Muth.

Chivalry!

By Sir Knight Jeff Hamilton

Note from the Editor

The material our state supplement editors are publishing is getting better with each issue. Every now and then, I come across something that just begs to be shared with those of you who live in other states. This is such an article. It is published with permission of the author and the owners of the source web site.

hile doing some research for this month's Utah Supplement, I came across an article about Chivalry puublished by "The International Fellowship of Chivalry-Now" that I would like to share with you. After all, what is a Knight without chivalry?

The casual reader may wonder what value chivalry could possibly have today. The relevance has to do with the positive contributions of medieval times to our present day culture. By studying these historic roots, we better understand the world we live in. We can start to repair cultural deficits which have been long neglected.

The most important factor centers on male issues. Medieval literature is responsible for fostering our concept of being a gentleman. In our everyday interactions, we see how the idea of gentlemanly behavior has deteriorated.

Chivalry once provided the foundation for our male code of ethics. As an ethical standard in medieval times, it certainly had its failings. Nevertheless, its influence shaped the basic tenets for European gentlemanly behavior. In the 1700s, it was embraced by our visionary forefathers on this side of the Atlantic, who envisioned proper social interac-

tion as an integral part of what America was all about. The freedom they fought for was not an empty concept. It took for granted personal ethics and responsibility. They knew that, without a moral base, freedom easily degenerates into a social liability instead of serving as a prodigious source of personal inspiration. That the freedom they cherished should be used to protect pornographers and scandal mongers was not their intent. As disciples of the Enlightenment, they anticipated that humanity would progress into something better. They knew that freedom without ethics is like a ship without a rudder—unable to reach its destination, which is the personal fulfillment of us all.

Chivalry spells out certain ethical standards that foster the development of manhood. Men are called to be truthful, loyal, courteous, helpmates to women, supporters of justice, and defenders of the weak. They are also expected to avoid scandal. Beautiful ideals!

The virtues of chivalry offer more than pleasantries and politeness. They give purpose and meaning to male strength and therefore support the overall workings of society. They remind us that Camelot is an ideal worth striving for, the reflection of who we are when we are at our best.

Here is a short summary:

Truth provides the foundation of chivalry. A man who lies cannot be esteemed. Truth should always remain our greatest concern.

Loyalty denotes a relationship that is based on truth and commitment. If we are fortunate, we have companions who are loyal to us, but we must be loyal to others as well. Remember, loyalty is a virtue to cultivate, even when it is not reciprocated.

Courtesy provides the means for cordial and meaningful relationships. A society cannot be healthy without courteous interaction. We sometimes admire people who trample on courtesy to get what they want. Unfortunately, the contentious world they create is very disappointing, and we all have to live in it.

Chivalry calls men to **honor women**, and to serve as their helpmates. This precept merely states the natural order of things. Men should honor women not only as individuals but also as conduits and nurturers of life. That certain men commit violence against women or treat them with disrespect is an outrage against nature and a slight against manhood.

Justice involves little more than treating people fairly. It also calls for mercy. We all make mistakes.

We admire men who are strong, but if their strength is not directed to uphold what is good, what value does it have? We are called to use our strength to defend those who cannot defend themselves and to commit ourselves to just causes.

Nothing is more unmanly and corruptive to society than delighting in scandal and gossip. Not only do you harm those who are victims of gossip, you harm yourself as well. How? By becoming a creature who is unloving. It is wrong to delight in the guilt or suffering of others or to feed the flames of scandal, a major occupation of nightly television. No one is perfect. That fact in itself unites us all.

Chivalry also speaks about romantic love. People today often find romantic love disappointing. It promises more than it delivers, especially in regard to permanence. Why? Because we perceive romantic love as something spontaneous, something that does not demand work and a strong moral base. Medieval literature tells us quite the opposite. The very essence of romantic love is commitment. This is where chivalry provides a vital ingredient. Love relationships provide the laboratory where the virtues of chivalry are tested to their fullest and manliness is proved. An added bonus shows that proper love encourages us to do our best in all things.

We often take ourselves for granted as if our beliefs and behaviors are fixed in stone. The truth is that we are creatures constantly in the making. We either move forward in our development, or backward. Staying still is the same as going backward. Why? Because the movement of time never holds still. We either progress with it or are left behind.

Sir Knight Jeff Hamilton is the editor of the Utah supplement of the *Knight Templar* magazine and the Grand Prelate of the Grand Commandery. He can be reached at jham1700@msn.com.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS TO THE KTEF CLUBS

Grand Master's Club

Alvin W. CookTN	Russell F. De Venney, Jr	MO
Terry J. HudsonCO	John A. Johnson	CO
Victor A. OlsonCO	Charles C. Sherrill	SC
Hubert W. KleasenOH	Richard E. Surroz	OR
Scott A. HorstmeierOH	Lee D. Kerber	ОН

Grand Commander's Club

Charles C. SherrillSC	Timothy A. DahlmanNC
David F. OldsTN	•
Hershel M. FinneyAL	Richard E. Surroz OF
Troy FugateOH	James H. PurserTN
M. David MacCallumCA	Edward D. Potter PA
Michael W Rush TY	

Knights Templar Eye Foundation

How to Join the Grand Commander's or the Grand Master's Clubs

Any individual may send a check in the amount of \$100 or more specified for the purpose of beginning a Grand Commander's Club membership and made payable to the Knights Templar Eye Foundation. This initial contribution will begin your Grand Commander's Club membership. In addition, members of the Grand Commander's Club pledge to make annual contributions of \$100 or more. Once contributions total \$1,000, the individual is enrolled in the Grand Master's Club. Membership is open to individuals only, and Commandery credit is given for participation. Information is available from: Knights Templar Eye Foundation, Inc., 1033 Long Prairie Road, Suite 5, Flower Mound, TX 75022-4230, Phone (214) 888-0220, Fax (214) 888-0230.



knight templar

Knights Templar Eye Foundation

The Sword of Merit, honoring the bequest from the Estate of Elsie E. Lathen, Moscow, Idaho, to the Knights Templar Eye Foundation, was presented to Moscow Commandery No. 3 and Lewiston Commandery No. 2, Knights Templar of Idaho. Sir Knight John W. Zeller, Sr., Eminent Grand Generalissimo, Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Idaho and a Past Commander of both Lewiston No. 2 and Moscow No. 3, accepted the award. Sir Knight Cliff Lathen, a member of Lewiston No. 2 and Moscow No. 3, was active in the Knights Templar Eye Foundation in Idaho. After his death, his widow, Elsie, continued to support the Eye Foundation.





Pictured (left to right): Sir Knight Richard L. Rowe, Right Eminent Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Idaho; Sir Knight John W. Zeller, Sr., Eminent Grand Generalissimo; Sir Knight Larry E. Lathrop, Jr., Eminent Grand Senior Warden and Past Commander of Moscow No. 3; Sir Knight James L. Kitchen, Eminent Grand Warder and Past Commander of Lewiston No. 2; Ed Bonham, Jr., Captain General of Lewiston No. 2; and Henry Owens, Prelate of Lewiston No. 2. Behind Sir Knight Lathrop is Ed Bonham, Sr., Lewiston No. 2.

IN MEMORIAM



Herbert H. Harford, Sr. Vermont Grand Commander 1985 Born: March 16, 1928 Died: June 10, 2014

Billy Ausborn McNair Mississippi Grand Commander 1997 Born: December 6, 1936 Died: June 25, 2014

Robert Asbury Colbourn Connecticut Grand Commander 1991 Born: August 2, 1922 Died: July 1, 2014 We publish articles from a variety of sources and points of view. The opinions expressed in these articles do not necessarily reflect the opinions or policy of the Grand Encampment, the *Knight Templar* magazine, or the Editorial Review Board.

Subscriptions to the Knight Templar magazine are available from the Grand Encampment office at a rate of \$15.00 per year. Individual issues in quantities of less than 10 can be obtained for \$1.50 each from the office of the managing editor if available. Inquire via e-mail to the managing editor for quantities in excess of 10. Some past issues are archived on our web site. http://www.knightstemplar.org.





Dates for 2015 Knights Templar Holy Land Pilgrimage: Group 1, February 9 - 19, 2015 Group 2, February 23 - March 5, 2015

All forms from each Grand Commandery Committee on the Holy Land or Grand Recorder (nomination form, certification form, and check) are due to Sir Knight Emmett Mills (Grand Encampment Chairman) no later than October 15, 2014.

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General Supplement

The space on these two pages is provided by the Knight Templar magazine to be used by the Grand Commanderies to communicate with the individual Sir Knights in their jurisdictions on a monthly basis. From time to time and for various reasons, we fail to receive any material from the editor of the state supplement for a given month. When this happens, we take the opportunity to offer you the information below. — The Ed.





Knights Templar Eye Foundation

46th Annual Voluntary Campaign Final Report

July 1, 2013 - May 15, 2014

State	Cumulative Total	Total \$ Rank	Active Members as of Week End 5/15/2014	Active Member Per Capita Average	Per Capita \$ Rank
Total	\$1,548,681.01		99,845		
Knights Templar	\$28,159.70				
Alabama	\$8,566.00	30	1,502	\$5.70	39
Alaska	\$1,866.71	49	492	\$3.79	45
Arizona	\$8,171.00	32	689	\$11.86	14
Arkansas	\$6,037.14	37	1,101	\$5.48	41
California	\$37,553.00	12	3,433	\$10.94	17
Colorado	\$42,545.73	8	1,067	\$39.87	2
Connecticut	\$20,556.00	16	931	\$22.08	5
Croatia	\$0.00		48	\$0.00	
Delaware	\$2,338.00	48	272	\$8.60	26
District of Columb	oia \$8,026.00	33	285	\$28.16	4
Florida	\$21,295.62	14	3,785	\$5.63	40
GE Subordinate	\$2,790.00	45	1,235	\$2.26	51
Georgia	\$32,897.00	13	3,445	\$9.55	21
Hawaii	\$884.00	52	253	\$3.49	48
Idaho	\$507,913.71	1	351	\$1,447.05	1
Illinois	\$42,072.60	9	4,128	\$10.19	19
Indiana	\$41,551.35	10	3,582	\$11.60	15
Iowa	\$11,520.92	23	1,719	\$6.70	32
Italy	\$0.00		349	\$0.00	
Kansas	\$5,989.00	38	1,713	\$3.50	47
Kentucky	\$19,459.00	17	2,963	\$6.57	34
Louisiana	\$10,025.00	28	1,574	\$6.37	35
Maine	\$10,228.00	26	1,777	\$5.76	38
20				septem	ber 2014

			Active		
			Members	Active	Per
		Total	as of	Member	Capita
		\$	Week End	Per Capita	a \$
State	Cumulative Total	Rank	5/15/2014	Average	Rank
				_	
Maryland	\$10,961.88	24	1,286	\$8.52	27
Mass/Rhode Isla	nd \$50,626.34	7	2,541	\$19.92	7
Michigan	\$12,013.00	22	2,074	\$5.79	37
Minnesota	\$10,160.33	27	1,493	\$6.81	31
Mississippi	\$5,507.00	42	2,620	\$2.10	52
Missouri	\$10,537.85	25	2,993	\$3.52	46
Montana	\$7,445.71	35	792	\$9.40	22
Nebraska	\$7,542.00	34	909	\$8.30	28
Nevada	\$8,555.71	31	477	\$17.94	9
New Hampshire	\$5,768.00	40	442	\$13.05	12
New Jersey	\$5,640.00	41	849	\$6.64	33
New Mexico	\$4,283.11	43	431	\$9.94	20
New York	\$70,112.00	5	1,786	\$39.26	3
North Carolina	\$20,675.30	15	3,386	\$6.11	36
North Dakota	\$2,636.00	46	282	\$9.35	23
Ohio	\$111,809.32	2	8,682	\$12.88	13
Oklahoma	\$12,492.79	21	1,373	\$9.10	24
Oregon	\$15,362.01	18	760	\$20.21	6
Panama	\$280.00	53	198	\$1.41	53
Pennsylvania	\$56,462.00	6	5,012	\$11.27	16
Philippines	\$1,140.00	51	488	\$2.34	50
Portugal	\$0.00		97	\$0.00	
Romania	\$0.00		402	\$0.00	
South Carolina	\$15,206.77	19	3,761	\$4.04	44
South Dakota	\$1,861.00	50	624	\$2.98	49
Tennessee	\$71,835.44	4	4,054	\$17.72	10
Texas	\$79,685.68	3	7,813	\$10.20	18
Togo	\$0.00		2	\$0.00	
Utah	\$3,182.37	44	361	\$8.82	25
Vermont	\$2,409.00	47	453	\$5.32	42
Virginia	\$38,824.79	11	1,982	\$19.59	8
Washington	\$5,784.06	39	840	\$6.89	30
West Virginia	\$13,077.45	20	2,463	\$5.31	43
Wisconsin	\$7,003.71	36	869	\$8.06	29
Wyoming	\$9,354.91	29	556	\$16.83	11
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To Be A Pilgrim

The 700th Anniversary of the Death of Jacques DeMolay, 23rd Grand Master of the Knights Templar.

By
Sir Knight Benjamin Williams

his year marks the seven hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of our Grand Master, Jacques DeMolay, who was burned at the stake in Paris on March 18, 1314. It's a tragic story of injustice and intrigue, one with which you are undoubtedly familiar.

Grand Master Jacques DeMolay, prosecuted by the Inquisition, had confessed under torture to the crimes of heresy. He had already been absolved of these crimes by Cardinal Berenger Fredoli in 1308, but he was still a prisoner.

Facing lifelong imprisonment and the impious destruction of his order, he recanted his confession in the shadow of Notre Dame Cathedral on the morning of March 18, 1314, in front of a crowd that had gathered to hear him.

We might imagine that King Philip IV had hoped that DeMolay would confess again, this time publicly, and that his self-professed guilt would ring out across the world and exonerate Philip of the misappropriation of the order's properties. Instead, Jacques DeMolay and Geoffrey de Charnay, Preceptor of Normandy, admitted only the crime of acceding to forced confession. They declaimed their innocence and that the order was spotless and accused the prosecutors of malicious lies.

Quickly no doubt, they were shuffled off as fast as Philip's henchmen could

carry them with the crowd cheering.

By sunrise, both Templars would be dead. The fires of orthodoxy were laid at their feet and kindled that very evening. In the early hours, before the sun broke above the river Seine, anonymous admirers swam out to the mudflats where the embers still smoked and collected the bones.

This is a telling tale of medieval greed and corruption, of the abuses of and lusts for power, yet a shining example of fortitude and principle, of enduring truth. Resplendent from those ashes a phoenix would rise, and seven hundred years later, the name of Jacques DeMolay remains the stuff of legend, but remember that this stuff really happened.

King Philip IV, King of France, called by the moniker "Phillip the Fair," not for any inference of justness on his part but because of his complexion and the color of his hair, had racked up a fair debt to the Templars. His vanity was costly. He'd inherited a debt ridden kingdom after his father's campaigns in Aragon, yet he attempted princely expansion against the English and sustained lordly living above his people. He maintained military pretensions against Flanders. In 1294, he began a war when he deceived his brother-in-law, the English king, Edward I, who was also Duke of Aquitaine, and expropriated English lands in Gascony. He instituted an overweening bureaucracy to control his government between factions of tiered administration. He borrowed from everyone. The debts piled up.

He arrested Jews and seized their assets. He expelled over one-hundredthousand of them from his kingdom in the Great Exile of 1306. He expelled the Lombardi bankers from France when their loans to him came due. He plundered the Church. He married his daughter to the Prince of Wales to smooth things over across the Channel, and he debased his currency to extract more gold from circulation until, confronted with diminishing value in the Parisian medium of exchange, riots broke out in the streets. It was the summer of 1306. one year before the arrest of the Templars, and Philip the Fair was running out of options.

For nine days he hid in the Templars' Commandery at Paris as an angry mob raged across the cobblestones, through the marketplaces, and up to the very walls of the palace. There, in the Commandery, with the consequences of fi-

nancial mismanagement and paucity outside; there, amidst the scintillation of gold within, (the Paris Commandery was a principal drop-off for wealthy merchants and pilgrims en route to the Holy Land) Philip's eyes must have gleamed. There was plenty of money to fund his desires. He had just to lay his hands on it.

Some history is important. Philip had already quarreled with Pope Boniknight templar

face VIII, the Templars lawful sole superior, and in 1296, was condemned by Boniface for his lavish appetites. Threats of excommunication were made. Tensions mounted between Paris and Rome. Across Europe, monarchs were reeling from the weight of the Crusades, and tempers were high. The Pope was unpopular: rumors persisted of his sodomy and simony. Over-expenditure to fund the Crusades had everyone up against each other's borders. The militaristic orders, with their vast networks and vows of fealty to the Church, were falling out of favor. They were symbols of the Crusades, of the recent loss of Acre, of the vast, uncountable expense. They were a state within the state.

Fearing increasing losses from his dioceses across Europe, Boniface VIII issued a bull, *Clericis laicos* on February 5, 1296, forbidding transfer of Church property to the crown. Philip retaliated by royal decree, forbidding the export of goods from France. He banished the Papal tax collectors back to Rome. The divergence between temporal and spiritual dominion had begun, and the Templars were



detracted in the middle of it.

Boniface capitulated. He even Canonized Philip's grandfather, Louis IX, to make a point, but the damage was done.

In March of 1303, Guillaume de Nogaret, Chancellor at the French Royal Court and Philip's favorite confident, set himself up in the Louvre and read a list of charges against the Pope, declaring a trial to depose of the Pontiff. Empowered by the king to do whatever was necessary, Nogaret traveled to Italy and united with the Colonna family, rivals of the Gaetani (Boniface VIII's family). On September 7th they marched sixteen hundred men into Anagni and abducted the Pontiff from his residence there. They mistreated him and prepared to take him to France, but the people rose up to support Boniface VIII (the Colonna had taken to plundering), and Nogaret, suddenly imperiled, released the Pope and fled.

That October, Nogaret was saved when Boniface VIII died, and the head of the Dominicans, Benedict XI, was elected to St. Peter's chair, but Benedict's reign was short. He died suddenly, inexplicably, after a mere eight months in office. Poisoning was alleged, and Guillaume de Nogaret seemed suspiciously close. He happened to be at the Papal palace at the time of Benedict's death, demanding absolution for the King over the feud with Boniface VIII. The absolution had been denied to him.

A conclave ensued for eleven long months. By 1305, Philip's designs were realized when a Frenchman, Bertrand de Got, was elected Pope Clement V. There were riots in Rome.²

By 1306 when the masses compelled him to seek sanctuary in the Temple Commandery, Philip was at a fork in his



quest for temporal power over Europe. On the one hand, he was out of cash. On the other, he had a Pope directly under his control, and avenues to power were opening up if he could just cover his debts, maintain his position, and assure his ascendency. The plans he had set down to unite the military orders into one potent force, to be directed by the French Crown of course (along with their considerable assets), were becoming possible, but the Templars were resistant. They had even refused his solicitation for membership in 1305, and he owed them money, lots of money.

So it was that, with the assistance of Guillaume de Nogaret,³ the conspiracy was hatched, and that fateful day, Friday, October 13th, 1307, dawned. The Templars were simultaneously arrested, and detained so the Inquisition could work their magic and determine if these allegations of heresy including sodomy, witchcraft, worshiping idols, denouncing Christ, and debasing the crucifix among other niceties were true. Friday the 13th would live in infamy evermore.

For seven years, our Grand Master, Jacques DeMolay, was held captive, until that day in March of 1314 (the exact day is disputed), when the famous recantation of his confession was publicly heard and when the fires were prepared on the mudflats in the midst of the Seine to condemn the men on unconsecrated ground where Jacques DeMolay and Geoffrey De Charnay met their fate with a grim determination and stoicism that still echoes through the ages. It is said that DeMolay denounced the King and the Pope for their iniquitous treachery and that they would both join him before the council of Heaven to answer for their crimes within the year. Indeed, both the King and the Pope died within twelve months time.4 Singlehandedly, the greatest order of Medieval times, which had supplied fierce and uncompromising soldiers to shed blood in the Holy Land for nearly two hundred years, was suppressed and destroyed and evidence suggests for no other reason than to sate the appetites of an avaricious monarch and a wily Pope.

Moreover, according to the "Templar origination" theory inspirational to speculative Masonry, the unjust suppression of the order caused the flight to Scotland and elsewhere, engendered a necessity for secrecy, initiated infiltration into the operative Craft, and thus birthed the beginnings of a secret society tasked with works of charity, benevolence, probity, and justice. The magnitude of this moment in the history of our order cannot be overstated.

So it was that, in the latter part of February earlier this year, I had the pleasure of discussing the impending anniversary of this momentous occasion with a well-informed Brother at South Denver Lodge No. 93, off of Broadway, in Denver, Colorado. With a sparkle in his eye and a low voice bristled with wonder, our worthy Brother said he knew of the exact spot where Jacques DeMolay was burned and that he had visited it, many years ago.

My curiosity piqued. You see, the infamous Iles des Juifs, no longer exists. In the time of Jacques DeMolay, the Ile des Juifs which means "Island of the Jews," was a series of shifting mudflats; unconsecrated ground where heretics were burned, it was new land forming in the middle of the Seine, aborted land, unfinished and smelly, just west of the Ile de la Citee, that large island where Notre Dame sits in the center of Medieval Paris. If you wanted to burn people and condemn them to the fires of hell for an eternity, few places were better. It was nearby and everyone could take note. It was surrounded by water (those thatched roofs were flammable). There was a boat ride required like traveling across the river Styx perhaps, to meet Cerberus at the gates of Hades, the mud readily took the upended stake, and it cut a stark and striking image. Bones would surely be visible against the black deposits of the river, birds picking at the charred flesh must leap at your approach and take to the air in a flurry of black wings. Cold and wet, clammy with whorls of mist, it was a perfect scene to instill terror, to meet the Reaper's blade.

In the 16th Century, King Henry III used these mudflats as shoring to bolster Pont Neuf, a new bridge spanned to connect the *Ile de la Citee* with the north and south banks of the Seine. It was quite the feat of engineering, and the *Ile des Juifs* was built up and connected to the western end of the *Ile de la Citee*. The *Ile des*

Juifs disappeared, a grotesque of history readily forgotten had not such injustice been perpetrated there to inspire almost a millennium of speculation.

Armed with this new information, with some quick research online back at home later that evening, I resolved to visit the site, stand there on the 700th anniversary of Jacques DeMolay's death as close to the spot as I could approximate, and contemplate the moment in quiet reflection. I was also curious to see who else might show up.

So I bought a ticket and scheduled four days in Paris. I found a hotel that was relatively affordable and near *Pont Neuf*. When the night of my departure arrived, I bundled my stuff into a cab and went to Denver International Airport with anticipation. I had "Price-lined" my tickets and therefore had been booked on flights with unholy hours and an eight hour layover in Chicago. It was 2:20 a.m. as the minicab departed east down Evans Ave.

Coincidentally, the cab driver's name was Solomon, and he was from Ethiopia. I took this omen with a smile. I was ready to leave the country, the sooner the better I thought.

More than twenty-four hours later, after sundry naps snatched between gates at O'Hare, I arrived in Paris early on Sunday morning. There were some daring dashes through the narrow streets by an enthusiastic Algerian, and despite the considerable language barrier and a few white knuckle turns, I made it to the hotel on *Rue Jean Lantier*, right across from *Pont Neuf*. It was smaller than I expected.

Slinging my bags in the small room (the price began to make sense all of a sudden), I went out into the clear sun-

light of those European latitudes, that golden, low-slung sunlight that has been an inspiration to Renoir, Monet, Gauguin, to many others, and to my favorites of the *Salon des Refuses*. It was a beautiful spring morning with clear skies, and in Paris, blossoms were on the trees.

I took my bearings. I walked down by the river. Even though I grew up in England, it had been a while since I had been in Paris. The history of it all, shining softly in the sun, was made all the more sharp by the newfound purpose I had assumed. I made straight way to *Pont Neuf*.

Close to the juncture with the Ile de la Citee is a large statue of Henry IV astride a large horse. Padlocks have been fastened upon the railing here. Apparently young lovers lock their hearts together by closing padlocks along the railings that gird this part of the bridge. I looked out across the water. The city was awakening. The sounds of Europe were fresh in contradistinction to America. It's strange to contemplate, but it's true. Every country has its sound, every city its melody, and the melody of Paris was muted that day by the flats of water and the softness of the sandstones. The new-green of Spring was vibrant. I was alone in a foreign country. I didn't speak the language well. I felt conspicuous and out of place, and yet somehow. I felt at home.

Behind the statue, a narrow set of stairs descended through the centuries, and opened west to a pair of coffinshaped doors. An idyllic garden came into view; fresh flowers ringed its perimeter. A man was asleep on a bench, but he didn't seem homeless. I descended a series of steps. Behind me a plaque confirmed that this was the place, and to my right, in front of the gates into the garden, a small totem bore a similar mes-

sage. Oddly, the dates commemorated in each were different – one said March 18th, the other March 11th. (There has been some discrepancy among scholars as to the precise date, so perhaps this was oddly fitting.) I believe that the 18th is the most commonly cited, the date preferred by most. It's the one I had selected, and it was just two days away.

I walked the path that bounds the peninsula, sensitive of my feelings. As

corny as it sounds, this was something of a pilgrimage. I had come to pay my respects to the memory of this man, and the scene impressed me. I explored, took a few photos, and left, ready for Tuesday. My plan was to be there at dawn and remain until sunset – the time of his death.

That night I attended mass at Notre Dame. I'm not a Catholic, but I didn't think the Church would mind. (At least not anymore.) The liberal use of frankincense sustained a celestial image. Then to bed for a restful sleep indeed. It had been more than thirty-six hours, since leaving, and I was tired.

Monday was overcast and colder. I spent the day lazily. I walked around the *lle de la Citee*, took a visit to *Saint Chappelle* to see the stained glass my father noted.

I awoke on Tuesday morning early, a couple of hours before sunrise. I had brought with me a replica costume of a Knights Templar tunic from the movie Kingdom of Heaven, made of authentic materials and quite heavy. I had purchased a large sword from Toledo Steel, too, but at the advisement of a Broth-



er, had undertaken to research French laws regarding carrying swords in public spaces and determined it best to leave it behind at home. The French are quite strict, apparently, when it comes to carrying large swords around town.

I bundled up my tunic and walked out into the hour before dawn.

Moving quietly through those medieval streets with purpose, in the quiet of a sleeping city, before that grey halflight of dawn broke beneath the clouds, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of excitement. No one was about except a car or two, perhaps. The hour had come. The city was mine.

I crossed over *Quai de la Megisserie* to *Pont Neuf*. In the recess along the stairway down to those two coffin shaped doors, one for Jacques DeMolay and the other for Geoffrey de Charnay, I thought. I donned the tunic and cloak. I walked out into the early morning silence in the cold damp, down by the river.

At first I stood by the stairs. I closed my eyes, and prayed. I said a few words into the shadowy expanse. I wondered where DeMolay would actually have

knight templar

stood on those last hours. After fifteen or maybe twenty minutes, I walked to the westernmost end of the island. I felt sure Jacques DeMolay would have faced East, toward Notre Dame. I stood there, the line of the island cutting divergent paths above the black Seine, and I prayed. I sang a hymn. I said more words. In my mind's eve I saw a small wooden boat and the men in chains ascend to the mudflats. I saw the vertical stakes against the darkening world. Here, on the mudflats. I heard the chain clangclang-clang like the slow methodic hammer impounding the damned. It was conjured by my imagination, inspired by something I'd read no doubt, but it all seemed quite real.

By 8 a.m. I was feeling the cold, that clammy river cold that drips out of the mist. The air was thick with it, and standing still for several hours is hard work for some reason. I have no idea how those bear-hatted guards at Buckingham Palace do it each day.

Well I thought, there's been enough suffering on this island already. Maybe I'll get some breakfast. I waited another twenty minutes or so, stilling the mind. Then, doffing the costume in the stairway and curling it up under one arm (it really was quite heavy), I made my way to the Cafe de Pont Neuf on the North Bank to reassess my situation and warm up. After all, I had done what I had come here to do. Was there any reason to stand there all day long? The whole thing had been beautiful already. Aside from a riverboat captain, driving one of those long flat barges up and down the Seine, who made knightly gestures at me through the window of his cabin, like fencing or something, no one had seen me.



I wiled away an hour and a half over cafe au lait (numerous cups) and a ham and cheese omelet. It was a ponderous morning. I had resolved to head back to the island for a short time, and then go to the hotel.

Upon my return it was nearing 10 a.m., and by now a few other people had shown up. They were busy fitting a large banner to the stairwell wall, visible from the garden. It said something in Italian, some Christian confraternity of Knights Templar or something. I watched bemused as Italian words rang out, orders rolled against the morning. It was like a whole new world. A number of men and women were wearing the mantles of some other Templar order, this Christian confraternity, so I put back on my costume and stood in silence out of the way. A man came up and shook my hand. He didn't speak English, but I surmised he was in charge of the Italian group. He kissed me on both cheeks. That's right I thought, the Continent.

Sometime later, Americans appeared. The International Order of DeMolay had brought a contingent of youth from around the world to commemorate the event. It was nice to be able to talk to people, American Masons, and to enjoy the moment.

Successively throughout the day, different people ambled by. Some were from Switzerland. A couple were from Mexico. A Marquis from France who in broken English proclaimed direct descendency from the founding families of the order in 1118 and did not want his picture taken.

It was a fun day. The Italians had brought a CD player and periodically played some hymn with the Templar motto prominent. Thirty or maybe fifty people from around the globe had descended to this island in the Seine to commemorate one man, dead but not forgotten. A small pile of flowers was growing on the steps under the plaque on the wall. Hour after hour, people would come down, drop off a rose or a lily, and walk back into anonymity. It was fascinating. There was beauty in it.

To live respected, and to die regretted. It seems fitting to me that some sort of monument be erected here, nothing over-the-top and conspicuous but something. The plaque is too little. I remember this Frenchman, jogging in the afternoon, came up to me, and noticing my perplexity in response to his question, asked in broken English what was going on.

"The music?" he said, pointing at the CD player on the ground. I pointed at the plaque on the wall. "Mon Dieu," he said. "I have run here for ten years – you know, I've never seen this," and away he went.

Some monument would be fitting. It would render the memory of this man in stone and for future generations mark the spot and what he stood for. Among the crowd that gathered that day were three English ex-pats with wine-stained teeth. Each was a professional tour guide. They had to be in their late 40s or

early 50s, and they made a living guiding tours around Paris for English speaking tourists. Since the *Da Vinci Code*, they'd given plenty of "Templar" tours, and of course, this site is one of the stops.

Imagine a small pyramid, unfinished like the one on the back of the dollar bill, maybe with a glass capstone wherein the All Seeing Eye becomes visible and with names of the Grand Commanderies under the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment carved on the sides. On the front a respectful statement, perhaps in Latin (English in Paris would be garish), honoring Jacques DeMolay, or maybe a cross or something else, even a broken column. It doesn't matter what it is, only that it is, like the final dot in the ellipsis, that closure to an unfinished sentence.

Wouldn't that be cool? It wouldn't be hard to do, and there's a perfect spot already prepared, a square break in the cobblestones where, I imagine, a tree was recently removed.

It really wouldn't be hard to do. Obviously the City of Paris would have to be contacted and a request made. Should the City be amenable, and I think they would be amenable, judging by what is already on that island and the objects around the Louvre which bring a steady flow of tourists to the nearby shops. A fundraising initiative could be undertaken among the Grand Commanderies to pay for the monument. The International Order of DeMolay could get involved, and judging from conversations at the site, they would like to.

Perhaps even an installation ceremony could be arranged whereby Knights Templar from around the world, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment, could convene, say, on the island, line *Pont Neuf*, and perform a simple



ceremony marking the occasion in people's memory for years to come?

The aim, to install a small, tasteful, and enduring monument to the memory of Jacques DeMolay who, like our Grand Master Hiram Abiff before him, was slain before the Temple was complete.

As the dusk slowly fell, after various personages had given their comments to the small assembly, we went our separate ways, back to our civilian lives. I returned to the United States and my over-piled desk. Things quickly became the hectic rhythm of contemporary business, but for a day, a spring day in France, a bunch of strangers, unable to communicate with each other, unknown to

each other, from all corners of the world, were united in common humanity by the principles of one man.

Jacques DeMolay would have smiled, I thought. His work was good.



Sir Knight Benjamin Williams is Past Commander of of Montrose-Ouray Commandery No. 16 in Colorado and is currently serving as Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Commandery of Colorado. He resides at 2360 E. Evans Ave., #1044, Denver, CO 80210 and can be contacted at orionsg8@me.com.

End Notes

- ¹ See the *Chinon Parchment*, discovered 2001 in the Vatican Secret Archives by Barbara Frale, translation by A. A. Grishin in *The Knights Templar Absolution, The Chinon Parchment and the History of the Poor Knights of Christ*, pg. 129.
- ² See Clement V, by Sophia Menache, Cambridge University Press, 1998. Pg. 21. Upon Clement's coronation at Lyons, under direction of Philip, a wall swelled with bystanders collapsed killing, among others, John II, Duke of Brittany; to the medieval mind an inauspicious omen regarding the new Papacy. Interestingly, the famous poet Dante Alighieri mentions Clement V in his *Divine Comedy*, saying he

- "has made a sewer of my sepulcher", (*Divine Comedy, Paradise*, c. XXVII, vv.22-7. Cited in Clement V., by Sophia Menache, pg. 20). Incidentally, Dante placed Pope Boniface VIII in the Eighth ring of Hell, as well.
- ³ Of note is the fact that, according to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Nogaret attained the title (and pension) of Keeper of the Seal on September 22, 1307, the same day the Royal Council (of which Nogaret was a member) issued the warrant authorizing the arrest of the Templars (to be effected October 13th). See the "Nogaret" entry in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* at: http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/11089a.htm
- ⁴ Philip the Fair died on November 29, 1307, and Clement V on April 20. *The Trial of the Templars*, by Malcolm Barber, Cambridge University Press. 1978. Third printing, 2010. pg. 282.
- ⁵ See *Born in Blood,* John J. Robinson, 1989, for a cogent example of this theory in originating the Craft.



Photo of the Commanderie of Sainte Eulalie in France taken by the Editor. Knights Templar Cye Foundation, Inc. 1033 Long Prairie Road, Suite 5 Flower Mound, TX 75022-4230 Phone (214) 888-0220 Fax (214) 888-0230.

Greetings Sir Knights,

want to personally thank each of you for your hard work, your dedication, and the amazing results you produced during the 46th Voluntary Campaign. Together we raised \$1,548,681 for the Knights Templar Eye Foundation. When the Grand Master asked me to serve as Chairman, I knew right away I wanted to serve, and the reason I wanted to serve again is each of you. I know your hearts; I know what you can do because you continue to prove it every day.



As I share with you often, we have more to do. The future is before us, we are limited only by our own determination, and Sir Knights, let us be men of intent, men intent on bettering the lives of those who are stricken with diseases of the eye and intent on providing the necessary funding for our researchers to find the cures we are praying for. I believe the future is one in which we will do our very best and accomplish great things. With that, I am excited to announce that the 47th Voluntary Campaign will kick off on October 1, 2014, and continue through April 30, 2015.

I look forward to hearing from you and seeing the results of your hard work and efforts. Sir Knights, never doubt for one minute that you have and will continue to make a difference.

Sir Knights as the 47th Voluntary Campaign begins, dream big, think outside the box. The difference between our dreams and our reality is dependent upon our efforts. We are Christian Knights; as our brethren of old, let us also be at the forefront of the battle. Finally Sir Knights, remember that we are called to this work, I truly believe that God has called us here that we might be His instrument of light in this world of darkness. Join me in lifting His banner high!

Sir Knights, you make me proud. Let us always give thanks to God the Father for everything in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In His Service,

Terry L. Plemons, KGC Chairman, 47th Annual Voluntary Campaign





Severe weather in Missouri caused a rescheduling of St. Joseph Assembly No. 123's Official Visit by almost a month. The Worthy President, Mrs. Billy Andrews, was pleased to welcome Mrs. T. Michael Fegan, Supreme Worthy President, to their meeting along with other Supreme Officers; Mrs. Daryl Price, Supreme Director of Music, and Mrs. Jimmie Jackson, Supreme Daughter of the Household. It was an added bonus to have another member of the Supreme family present, Mrs. Jack Gravatt, Supreme Treasurer Emeritus.



Stillwater Assembly No. 124 hosted a joyous occasion with the initiation of five new members during Mrs. T. Michael Fegan, Supreme Worthy President's, Official Visit. Presiding over the meeting was Worthy President Mrs. Rohn Hall. The initiates were: Ms. Marlene Kincaide, Mrs. Charles Lowe, Mrs. Timothy Israel, Ms. DeeAnn Kester, and Mrs. Ridge Smith. Additional petitions for membership were read during the meeting. Supreme officers present were: Mrs. Richard Brown, Supreme Recorder; Mrs. Leo Magnuson, Supreme Standard Bearer; and Mrs. Jack Gravatt, Supreme Treasurer Emeritus. Supreme Committee member, Mrs. Gene Holbrook, Knights Templar Eye Foundation Advisory Chairman was also present. Congratulations Stillwater Assembly on your membership boom!

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Anights



at the Bookshelf

By Sir Knight David L. Price, III

A Quick Guide to Freemasonry by David Harrison; published by Lewis Masonic © 2013, printed by Ian Allan Ltd, Hersham, Surrey, KT (Kingston upon Thames), UK.

his book is dedicated to "new Freemasons everywhere" and follows a Q&A format with the questions submitted by new Masons and others who are "merely interested in Freemasonry." It is actually written for the British reader; both the questions and answers might be confusing to new American Masons and certainly to American non-masons. It is very interesting to seasoned American Masons, who presumably have some knowledge of the differences in Masonry here and across the pond.

Examples of areas covered that might be puzzling on this side of the Atlantic are discussed after the following questions:

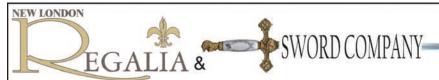
"Why are there so many toasts at the Festive Board?" "Why do Master Masons who have never served as Worshipful Master have to leave during installations?" and "Does the 'figure-of-eight' snake clasp on the aprons signify anything?"

In my own state, many Masons have never heard of a festive board, families and friends as well as all Masons are often invited to installations, and I have no idea what a figure-of-eight snake clasp is after forty-seven years in the Lodge.

On the other hand, there are many subjects discussed which most of us would benefit from reading. Some of these topics are addressed after the following questions: "Is Freemasonry really about the art of Memory?" "What is the difference in an alarm and a report?" and "What is the York Rite?" (explaining the British position on what we Americans call by that name).

In a discussion of Table Lodges, I see: "Table Lodges still occur in the United States of America." I have seen a reenactment of an English Table Lodge of 1745 that was presented at a meeting of the Texas Lodge of Research but have never been present at an actual Table Lodge. Have I been missing out on something? I couldn't help but notice that three of the ten listed as "Famous United States Masons" were men who fought and died at the Alamo, and a fourth (John Wayne) did the deed in the movies. (Do our British brethren still see us as frontiersmen?)

To sum up, the book is a very interesting reference to customs in British Lodges but is not for everyone.



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