

# The Discoverer

The Monthly Newsletter of The Lodge of Discovery

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**Greetings Brethren,**

Another mixed bag of articles this month for you to ponder or reflect on.

The article on Page 13 is well-thought out giving reasons why you shouldn't be a Freemason.

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**Membership e-mail address list**

A list of current members and their e-mail addresses is available on request.



## Masonic Criticism

We know that in the character of a Master Mason, you are authorised to correct the errors and irregularities of your uninformed Brethren, and to guard them against a breach of fidelity. But, before criticising a Brother, take heed of that old adage and never criticise another until you have walked a mile in his shoes. There are two good reasons for this. Firstly if he gets mad at your criticism, you'll be a mile away. And secondly, you've got his shoes!

## Did You Know?

### Why do the Officers leave their Chairs from the right side and return to their left side?

Masonry is usually operated in a clockwise direction. For example, one of the working tools in the First Degree, the 24- inch Gauge, represents the 24 hours of the day, in a clockwise direction. The WM opens the Lodge in the East, depicting the Sun rising in the East and the SW, on instruction from the WM, closes the Lodge in the West, depicting the setting Sun. So the Lodge is opened and closed in a clockwise direction. Perambulations around the Lodge Room at the beginning and end of ceremonies, installation and candidates passing in view of the Brethren, are all carried out in a clockwise direction. Therefore, Officers of the Lodge leave and return to their chairs in a clockwise direction.

## When the man's put together right

Father wished a little relief from answering questions while he read his Sunday paper. The paper contained a full-page map of the world. A brilliant idea was born. Dad took the map to the dining room table, cut it into zigzag pieces and told his little bunch of questions that she couldn't ask another until she had put the map together. He figured on a peaceful two hours, but in a few minutes the little tot called dad to see the completed work. "How did you get it together so quickly?" dad wished to know. "As you started to cut the map up I noticed there was a picture of a man on the other side. I turned the pieces over, put the man together, and when the man was put together right the whole world was all right." I need not point out the moral in that story. Have we ever had a calamity, have we ever had a crisis, have we ever been in any kind of mess that wasn't due to men not being put together right? When men are put together right, the whole World will be all right. It is Masonry's job to see that men are put together right.

## MY GPS IN MASONRY

About a year ago I broke down and bought myself a GPS device for my car. What a Godsend. You see I am terrible at directions. You would not believe the number of hours that I have spent in various cities and towns throughout our state trying to get to a Lodge building, church, community centre, or some other building where I needed to be.

Although I would never dream of setting out on one of these journeys without directions, which were usually a map and turn-by-turn directions from Map Quest, invariably there would be a street sign that wasn't clearly marked, or a fork in the road that I was not expecting. When one of these happened (and they always did) I would have to make a decision about which way to turn, whether I had gone too far or not far enough, and at what point was I going to admit that I was LOST.

Now when I am going somewhere, not only do I have the map and directions, but they are located where I can clearly see them, AND there is a nice lady that tells me where to turn, how far to go, and when I have arrived at my destination. Even more amazing, when I do make a mistake, she tells me something is wrong and helps me get back on track, so I am once again headed in the right direction and the effect of my error is minimized. This like I said, it's a Godsend. Life is a journey. We start off with a destination we hope to arrive at. Although the specific destination to which each of us is traveling is individual and personal, there are a few points that are pretty common.

We want to be happy, we want to make a positive difference in our communities, and at the end of our lives we want to be embraced by the Great Architect of the Universe and given a seat of honour in his Grand Lodge. But our journey is not very simple.

The road we are on is not straight and will not take us directly to our destination. We need to make many turns along the way and we will encounter several forks in the road. Having a map and good directions are critical. We receive these from our families, our education, and our faith in God.

We, as Masons, have another advantage, a GPS, if you will, provided in part by the Three Great Lights in Masonry. But the most effective component of that GPS is our Brethren. They stand at every corner, intersection, and fork in the road to point us in the right direction. If we should make a wrong turn, they are there to whisper in our ear, reminding us of where we are trying to go, and guiding us back to the correct route. And while we are making those corrections, they defend our character if anyone should question it.

You see, the most important benefit we have as Freemasons is the Love & Fellowship of our Brethren.

Our various rituals, ceremonies and symbols, as powerful and effective as they are at imprinting on our minds all of the moral lessons of our Craft, are not nearly as significant to our successful journey through life as the love of our Brethren, working together to strengthen each other, their families, and their community.

That is truly a **GODSEND**.

*With acknowledgement to R.W. Bro. Michael Sanders*

## CAUGHT RED-HANDED

A woman preparing to entertain dinner guests went to the local supermarket to buy food. She stopped at the meat counter and asked the attendant for a large chicken. He reached down into the cold storage compartment and took out the last chicken he had, and placed it on the scale. "This one weighs four pounds, ma'am" he said. Pausing a moment the woman said "Well I am not sure that will be big enough. So you have any that are bigger?"

The attendant took the chicken off the scale and placed it back in the storage compartment. He then pretended to search for another one, and then brought out the same bird, discreetly applying some finger pressure on the scale. "Ah" he said with a smile "This one weighs six pounds" "Well I'm not too sure" said the woman with a frown. "I'll tell you what, wrap them up for me, I'll take them both".

Honesty is the hinge on which our relationships with others swings. It is not merely honesty in action, but honesty in intention. It is being fair and truthful with others. The foundation for a successful life is built on being honest & trustworthy at our job, in our relationships and in our business. It requires and demands much less effort to go through life each day as someone who is truthful than one who is deceitful. We can go far in life with personal integrity and nowhere without it.

At one place in our Masonic Ritual we have heard the words "and to your neighbour in living by the square that you would do unto him as you would wish that he would do unto you" Not bad advice. For as the old Proverb advises "When you never feel shame, you never have to explain"

I ask the Question????? Can you think of a situation where the END justifies the MEANS.

The answer is PRIVATE and need not be shared with others!!!!!!

*by W.Bro. Wally Zink*

## WORSHIPFUL

The adjective 'worshipful' is a term of courtesy and respect, being used to describe persons who are worthy of honour in certain areas of life.

In Freemasonry it is used to denote brethren who have risen from the rank of Master Mason and been installed as Master in the chair of King Solomon in a lodge. A past Master retains the title 'worshipful' permanently. As brethren are promoted in Masonic rank for meritorious service to the order, an additional prefix is given at particular levels to give the titles, Very Worshipful, Right Worshipful and Most Worshipful in ascending order.

It is reported that the operative Masons company in London called itself 'The Worshipful Company of Masons' in the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century and it could well be that the title entered the speculative order from that source.

## The Compass of his Attainment

I've told you the tale of his Lordship  
And the tramp he took home to his wife,  
To show what could happen to some-one  
Who never had sinned in his life.

It turned out the tramp's name was 'Enery,  
And his father had been on the square  
And he was conceived on the Friday  
When his father was put in the chair.

"A Lewis, by gad" said his Lordship,  
"And how did you come to be there  
On the pavement outside of the Temple  
With nothing half decent to wears"

Said 'Enery, "I talked with me mother  
Before she was took to her bed,  
She talked of one thing and another,  
And here's what the old lady said:"

"I can't tell you much of your father,  
Except he was some kind of gent  
Who I met in the 'all in Great Queen Street,  
-The one where the Masons all went".

"So when the old lady departed  
And left me to fend for meself,  
I took to the road broken hearted,  
And thought of me father's great wealf."

Now 'Enery 'ad 'eard about Masons,  
How they were responsive and kind,  
So he parked himself there on the pavement  
And waited until they had dined.

At this his Lordship looked pensive,  
And started to work out the dates  
Since the time of his own installation  
When he went to the call with his mates.

You know how his Lordship had found him  
And taken him home in the car,  
But the Lady refused to receive him.  
Well, you know what Ladyships are!

So his Lordship made his arrangements,  
And set him up nice, in a flat,  
With a pension to feed and to clothe him,  
And you couldn't want better than that.

Now 'Enery began to get restive  
When he thought what his life could be like,  
And he started to take driving lessons  
So his Lordship bought him a bike.

But soon he was asking the questions,  
Being free, and at least twenty-one  
And he rode off to tackle his Lordship,  
Who told him what had to be done.

Well, the time came for 'Enery's acceptance  
The date had been fixed in advance  
The secretary did all the homework,  
And the Master left nothing to chance.

But when 'Enery got on his cycle,  
-All dressed in his best quite a swell,  
He found that the chain had departed  
And the brakes were asunder, as well.

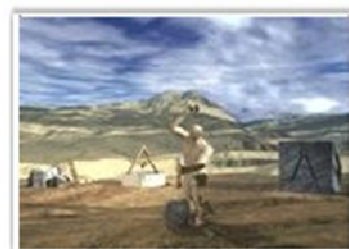
Now the road to the Temple was easy,  
It ran down the side of the slope,  
They tied up the brakes with some sisal,  
I And coasted off down full of hope.

Well he got there in time for the ritual  
But he asked at the festive board  
How the Master had known that he entered  
Of his own free wheel and a cord!

## THE ENTERED APPRENTICE

They made me an Entered Apprentice; they gave me my first degree;  
 They gave me a base for an honest pride, and took some conceit from me.  
 I thought I should have attendants whose station and rank were high,  
 That they who should give me instructions would cater to such as I-  
 So they made me an Entered Apprentice; and good were the words they said;  
 Their speech was the speech of wisdom, the lore of the heart and head.

And one was a humble person, a man of the everyday,  
 Whom oft I had passed by proudly on meeting him in my way.  
 He spoke, and my bigness dwindled, and out of the circling sky  
 There seemed to come down a message for me to be measured by.  
 I got me a newer learning, an inkling of some great plan-  
 They made me an Entered Apprentice in the building of a man.



And one was a kindly scholar whom many a day I'd seen,  
 With speech that was firm, yet gentle, and a countenance all serene;  
 He taught me a wealth of learning that never yet was in schools  
 And showed me the grief they garner that walk in the way of fools.  
 The simple, eternal precepts they put in my mind and heart-  
 They made me an Entered Apprentice and bade me to do my part.

They made me an Entered Apprentice- I was not so proud a man,  
 A pride that was deeper, newer, that all meaner things must ban  
 Took place of the old vainglory, and all for my soul's own good,  
 As dimly the patient teachings began to be understood.  
 They made me an Entered Apprentice; they gave me my first degree;  
 They gave me the base for a decent pride, and took some conceit from me.

*by Bro. Wilbur D. Nesbit*

### News from the South

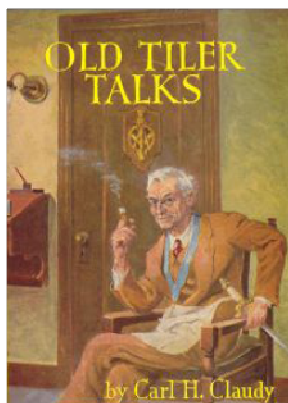
#### Lodge Birthday

<b>Tony Owen</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>David Blackwell</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Stuart Jamieson</b>	<b>10 (J)</b>
<b>John Warmington</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Mark Raffles</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Garry Jordan</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Brenton Terry</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Scott Manley</b>	<b>1</b>

In our June meeting we welcomed a Joining Member—W. Bro. Russell Chilton who is a member of Lodges in London, Wellington and is the IPM of a Lodge in Pretoria, South Africa. Russell is the husband of the recently-appointed New Zealand High Commissioner.

We also conducted an initiation ceremony for Owen Drew whom, many of you will know, runs the famous Coongoola cruises from Havannah Harbour.

On a very sad note we have news that Bro. David Barrett (our Inner Guard) passed to the Grand Lodge above on Thursday 26th June. David contracted a serious infection on a previously-injured foot which necessitated being medivaced out to Brisbane where he unfortunately passed away..



## Old Tiler Talks— On Knowing Names

"I've been watching you for half an hour and you haven't missed calling a brother by name," said the New Brother to the Old Tiler. "How do you do it?"

"Remembering names is my business. As Tiler I am supposed to know all the brethren of this lodge. I get paid for being a Tiler. If I didn't know my job I would be taking money under false pretenses." "How did you learn names? I have been a member of this lodge for nearly a year. And I don't know more than a dozen men by name. How do you do it?"

"How do you not do it?" countered the Old Tiler. "Don't you ever know anyone by name in any organization you belong to?"

"Well, er- I- " "I visited in one lodge once," interrupted the Old Tiler, "where they used the scheme developed in so many luncheon clubs. The Master started an automatic roll call, in which each brother stood, gave his name, address and business and sat down. It smacked a little of the commercial to me. To hear a chap say, 'My name is Bill Jones, agent for the Speedemup car, in business at 1567 Main Street,' may be very informing to the brother who doesn't know it, but it seems like advertising. I presume the scheme worked; everyone in that lodge got to know everyone else by name in time.

"In another lodge every brother wears a big, round celluloid name plate with his name printed on it in big letters. The Tiler, poor chap, has charge of a rack and is supposed to see that every brother entering the room has his button on and that none wears it home! This scheme works; you can read a brother's name and call him by it, and probably remember it next time.

"Ready-made brotherhood is the dream of the professional Mason; ready-made acquaintance is the thing he strives for with his announcements and his celluloid buttons.

"I don't regard the use of a name as essential. It is pleasant to be called by name, and nice to be able to remember them. But a name, after all, is an artificial distinction, conferred on us by our parents as a matter of convenience. A rose smells just as sweet if you call it a sunflower, and a man is the same whether you call him Jim or Jones. Not very long ago a man said to me: 'I don't know your name but you are Tiler of my lodge. My uncle in the country has just sent me a crate of strawberries. I can't see 'em all and I'd like to give you some. Will you write your name and address on a card so I can send them?'

If he had known my name he could have sent them without asking for the card. But would they have tasted any better? I had a warm feeling at my heart; my brother had remembered my face and who I was, and wanted me to share his good luck. That he didn't know my name didn't seem to matter. He knew me.

"It's friendly to call a man by his name. We are all more or less egocentric. (Doc Palmer tells me that the word means that we revolve about ourselves!) When people remember our names we think we have made an impression. It tickles our vanity. Half a dozen members in this lodge come only once a year. When I call them by name they swell up like poisoned pups. But they wouldn't if they knew my system. One of them has prominent ears; so has a jackass. A jackass eats thistles. This man's name is Nettleton. Another chap has a nose that looks as if it grew on a Brobdingnagian face. His name is Beekman. It's no trick to remember them, because of the impression they make of ugliness. I remember your name as an earnest young brother trying to learn. I remember the Past Masters by remembering their services,.

I know John and Jim and George and Elly and Harry and Joe and Frank and the rest because I know the men, know what they do, how they do it, what they stand for in the lodge and in Masonry; in other words, it's the brother I know first, and in my mind I tack a name to him. To remember a name and tack a face to it is the trick accomplished by the celluloid button, the automatic roll call, by all schemes to make men know each other's names with the idea that the name and not the man is important.

"You have been here nearly a year and know a dozen men by name. If you know a hundred by sight to speak to, you have accomplished something more important than filling your memory with names. But if you know only your dozen by sight and name, and no others either by sight or name, then there is something the matter with your idea of fellowship.

"In lodge, brothers learn to know each other; if they learn each other's names in the process, well and good. But if they learn to know each other as human beings with friendly faces, it does make little difference whether they have good or poor memories for names.

"Our Master is a fine, lovable man. Every dog he meets on the street wags its tail and speaks to him, and he speaks to them all. I doubt if he knows their names. He has a poor memory for names, yet he never forgets a face. I know names and faces because it's my job, but I'd make a poor Master."  
"I'm not so sure about your being a poor Master!"

"Well, I am! Don't confuse a good memory, a good Mason and a good Master. I try to have the first and be the second!"

### GRACE

Originating from the Latin word 'Gratias', meaning 'thanks', grace has always been attached to the Latin 'Deo', 'to God', therefore blessing the Creator for the divine provision of food. The sincere offering of grace can be a necessary and helpful introduction to sharing and being thankful that we have food to eat when so many are hungry. It is an act that binds us to share, not least the Freemasons belief and trust in a Supreme Being, private to each one of us, but yet forming a shared conviction.



*Several Brethren have asked me the significance of the regalia worn by the Grand Officers in the Lodge—I trust the following helps answer those queries:*

## Grand Lodge Officers

There are two kinds of Grand Officers, active and past, although the ranks are equivalent. Most Past Masters appointed (or elected) to an active Grand Lodge Office serve only one year, although this varies - often depending on the nature of the office held and the responsibilities attached to it. No Grand Office is a sinecure. Generally, those holding more senior offices tend to serve more than one year.

It must be noted that the word 'past' in a Masonic sense does not refer to members who have deceased, but simply to those who are Past Masters or who hold Past Grand Rank.

Past Grand Officers fall into two distinct groups:

- a. Masons who served in active Office in the Grand Lodge, and who have completed their terms, now retain their title with the additional word 'Past' attached to it. For example, a Grand Standard Bearer becomes a Past Grand Standard Bearer, and a Junior Grand Warden becomes a Past Junior Grand Warden.
- b. As it is impossible to provide active Grand Lodge appointment to all Masons who might qualify for it, it has long been the custom for the Grand Master to confer Past Grand Rank on the vast majority of Grand Officers that have received preferment. They hold Grand Rank in recognition of their general services to Freemasonry, but they have not actually served in any office within Grand Lodge.

## Grand Rank Officers in our Lodge

### Grand Inspector



Where lodges exist overseas but are directly linked to UGLE they are normally grouped into a District. Where this is not possible, usually where there are too few, a Grand Inspector is appointed to oversee them instead of a District Grand Master. His regalia is the same as the Grand Officers and does not have the additional embroidery of the other rulers.

## Grand Standard Bearer or Grand Banner Bearer



The Grand Master and Grand Lodge have an official standard which is carried behind the Grand Master in formal processions. In such cases a 'Grand Standard Bearer' or 'Grand Banner Bearer' is appointed.

This office was established 1882. Two Grand Standard Bearers carry the standards of The United Grand Lodge of England and of the person presiding over the Grand Lodge. The jewel bears the standard with the arms of the current Grand Master crossed with that of Grand Lodge.

There is a difference between the collar jewels worn by acting and past Grand Officers. Past rank can be awarded on retirement after a period acting in a rank or as an honour. The jewels for acting officers are circular and the device is cut out while for past ranks the jewel is oval with the device on a blue enamel or glass background. The apron is not changed for past ranks but collar chains are not worn, a collar embroidered with corn and acacia is substituted for Past Grand Officers and one edged in gold lace for Past Metropolitan, Provincial and District Grand Officers.

## Overseas Grand Rank



Currently we have two Brethren who have been awarded Overseas Grand Rank in honour of their long and industrious service to their Lodge and to Freemasonry in general.

## Overseas Grand Rank Jewel

**QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION - 11 JUNE 2014**  
**AN ADDRESS BY THE MW THE PRO GRAND MASTER PETER LOWNDES**



Brethren, over the last year or two there has been a certain amount of correspondence in the various Masonic magazines regarding the pros and cons of reading rather than reciting our ritual.

One correspondent suggested that as ritual was read throughout European Grand Lodges, we should follow. I am not sure all our politicians would agree with that! Certainly it is true that reading ritual is prevalent in many European Grand Lodges, however it is not universally so, and, in any event, there surely is no good reason for us to follow their example. Indeed, I have many friends in European Lodges who envy the way we deliver our ritual.

You will note, brethren, that I said that they are envious of the way we 'deliver' our ritual and, in my experience, ritual that is recited has much greater meaning to the candidate than ritual that is read, although I am pleased to say I have not been present on many occasions that it has been read.

I entirely accept that learning ritual is time consuming and time is at a premium in today's hectic schedule of life. But how often is it true that the busiest people are those who find the time to learn it. I am not going to pretend that I have ever found ritual learning easy, and, as time goes by, dare I say, I find learning new ritual more difficult, but, nonetheless, I shall never forget the satisfaction of carrying out a second degree ceremony at the first meeting that I was in the chair of my mother lodge. To be told by an extremely demanding DC that it had been adequate was as good as it gets! I should add that this was a great deal more complimentary than anything he ever said to me during the year that he taught me classics.

By definition reading means looking at the book and, if the deliverer is looking at the book, he is not looking at the candidate or the brethren to whom he is speaking. To read a text well is in itself a skill that not everyone has. Good reading needs preparation and unless our ritual is understood by the deliverer, what chance is there that it will be understood by the recipient. For the reader to have a good understanding of what he is saying he will have had to have read through the text on several occasions and it is most certainly not a case of turning up, opening a book and reading.

Our ritual is to be treasured and there are few better experiences than seeing and hearing a really well conducted Masonic ceremony.

One of the prime reasons that lodges are being encouraged to share the workload is so that members should spend time really learning and understanding what they are delivering and not just reciting ritual parrot fashion. It is inevitable that some members will find ritual easier than others and it is incumbent on all of us to ensure that as much help as possible is given to those who need it, thus giving everyone the opportunity to take pride in their delivery, however short a piece it may be.

I don't expect what I have said today to be universally accepted, but I would be surprised if the majority do not agree with at least part of it.

## Take my hand; follow me

When I was a young man, a long time ago,  
The secrets of Masonry I wanted to know.  
Of a Mason I asked what those secrets might be.  
He replied, "First, we talk, then we will see."

A petition he granted and ordered it filled  
To be read at a meeting and a judgment be willed.  
Then questions I answered about God and home;  
Of habits and friends; a wife or alone.

In time I was summoned - a date to appear  
Before an assembly of men gathered near.  
I entered the building and looked up the stair;  
Does pleasure or pain await me up there?

A hazing by paddle, taunting by joke?  
My petition accepted or maybe revoked?  
Introductions and handshakes welcomed me there  
And lessons symbolic, an aid to prepare

For a journey in darkness, a predestined plight  
To a Holy of Holies, the source of all light.  
How well I remember what I heard someone say,  
"To enter God's Kingdom there is but one way;

Be ye naked and blind, penniless and poor;  
These you must suffer 'fore entering that door.  
The journey ahead is not yours to know,  
But trust in your God wherever you go."

Then assurance from the darkness whispered tenderly,  
"My Friend, be not afraid;  
TAKE MY HAND; FOLLOW ME."

With nervous attention a path I then trod;  
A pathway in darkness to the altar of God.  
With cable-tow and hoodwink, on bare bended knee,  
A covenant was made there between God and me.

Charges and promises were made there that night.  
Dispelling the darkness and bringing me light.  
Mid lightening and thunder and Brethren on row!  
Cast off the darkness! And cast off the tow!

In the company of men, a man you must be,  
Moral in character, the whole world to see.  
Trust in your God, promise daily anew  
To be honest

*Brethren, the following article was sent to by Worshipful Brother Sitiveni "Steve" Yaqona Of the Fiji Lodge which you might find interesting.*

## Why you shouldn't become a Freemason

Freemasonry is shrouded in a pop-culture mystique of danger and intrigue. Now I won't comment on if any of those intrigues are true (hint), but one thing is for sure, Freemasonry has gotten a reputation as an organization in decline. This is very much not true.

Freemasonry is growing almost everywhere in exciting ways. Lodges are bringing in young, vibrant members, eager to learn traditions and add their own modern perspective. What is true, however, is that Freemasonry, along with every other fraternal club, saw huge booms in the twentieth century, and those boom times are gone. Frankly, those boom times were probably not that great for Freemasonry. They drew the focus away from self-improvement and brotherhood, and into more publicly-focused areas. Rather than helping each other grow better, many used their brotherhood to help each other grow richer. Charity became an industry, rather than a personal offer of relief, and to the receiver an acceptance of responsibility.

When membership declined from these lofty heights, some Masonic lodges moved toward an any-and-all-comers view of membership. But Freemasonry is not for everyone. Sadly, it's not even for most people. And joining a Masonic lodge when you shouldn't isn't good for you, or your lodge. Here's why you shouldn't join Freemasonry.

### You're looking for business contacts?

I can't say you won't find them in a lodge. You can't help meet potential business contacts when you meet new people. But frankly you're probably not going to have much luck. Masons come from every walk of life. Going to a lodge for networking is like going to a ball park for networking. No one is there to listen to your pitch, the person you're talking to is as likely to be out of work as he is to be able to do anything for your business interests, and frankly, you're a giant distraction.

There are networking benefits. If you meet a brother who is a mechanic, then you're a pretty good chance he'll give you a square deal (there's no Masonic discount, sorry) and treat you right. Not because you're both Masons, but because he's probably just a good guy. If you're looking for help expanding your client base, however, look elsewhere.

### Who you should join - The Rotary Club?



Rotary International is a worldwide service club for both men and women, dedicated to bringing together businessmen and professionals, conducting business in an ethical manner, and coming together to serve their communities and provide humanitarian efforts. Their motto: *Service above Self*.

### You're looking for a place to serve pancakes?

Masonry has been called the world's greatest charity, and though we do affiliate ourselves with several charitable groups, and believe that relief is a core tenet of being a better man, Freemasonry isn't a service club, it's a brotherhood.

Community service—raising money for your town, or youth groups, park amenities—is a beautiful, noble thing. Plenty of Masonic Lodges do this. In some of these cases the pancake breakfasts, spaghetti dinners, corn roasts, etc. are more to keep a lodge's doors open than for the community at large, but most are to raise money for Masonic youth clubs and educational scholarships.

But in all honesty, if your focus is on community service, there are clubs that just plain do it better than we ever will.

### Who you should join - The Lions Club?



Lions Club International does community service probably better than anyone in the world. I frequently see them out in my community, getting involved and getting their hands dirty. They are also very active in charity work. Their motto: We Serve.

### You're looking for a social club?

A great Masonic lodge will have great fraternity, and that fraternity is part of a package of dedication, ritual, education, and self-discipline. Freemasons aren't friends, we're brothers. Members just looking for pals and drinking buddies, without being willing to give that extra part of themselves will ultimately find Freemasonry a very lonely, unfulfilling pursuit. It can be said of any group that you get what you give, and that's especially true in Freemasonry.

### Who you should join - The Elks Lodge?



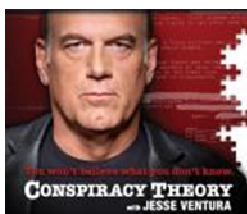
The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks began in much the same way as the Shriners began as an excuse to drink. The organization has since expanded from these modest goals into a larger service organization, doing charity and community work, but still greatly remain a social fraternity.

They are open to men and women, and include some light ritual and regalia, originally borrowed from the Freemasons but have long since been adapted to their own purposes. Much like Freemasonry, they are enjoying a youthful resurgence in places across the country, by young men and women looking for fraternity and people of good character with which to befriend.

### You believe Freemasons are a secret cabal here to bring about a New World Order?

Yeah, we did that already. It's called Western Democracy. The representative republic you're enjoying if you live anywhere in North America or Europe is what we were working toward. We weren't the only ones, but we looked the best doing it! You're welcome, Earth!

### Who you should join - This Guy?



He needs friends.

Adults don't often have a lot of time on their hands, and we're all looking for different things in life. I've interviewed plenty of petitioners who try to convince me what a great Mason they'll make, but when they get that great honor, they discover they should have done more listening than talking, and that Freemasonry is definitely not for everyone. Don't settle for it. If you're exploring the Craft and you find you're turned off by aspects of it, don't limit yourself to Freemasonry. There are many opportunities for you.

But if you find yourself interested in not just friendship, but brotherhood; if you believe you need to improve yourself rather than just your community; if you believe that charity begins with a hand up, not a hand out, then absolutely knock on our doors. We'll be there to answer.

***About the Author:** Matt Gallagher is a Master Mason at Braden Lodge, and father of four. He has been a member of the Craft since 2010, blogs at Braden 160 each Thursday, and regularly at his own blog at **Stones 'n' Bones**. His opinions are his own, and do not necessarily represent the thoughts or opinions of Braden Lodge No. 168.*

## TYLER

The Tyler is the lodge outer guard whose duty it is to see that none but Freemasons enter lodge meetings and to ensure that candidates are properly prepared. He is armed with a sword which is to be used, symbolically, in preventing the approach of unworthy thoughts and in maintaining a clear conscience.

It is difficult to ascertain how the Tyler got his title. In particular, some authorities have tried to relate the name to the tiler who covered roofs to protect buildings; they use this analogy to support the role of Tyler as being the protector of the lodge. This, however, and other propositions do not seem over-convincing and the matter must be left to conjecture.

In some jurisdictions the Tyler is elected by the brethren in open lodge but, it is the practice in our lodge, for the Tyler to be appointed by the Master. The election of a Tyler could possibly be related to the fact that many lodges in the past did not have any of their members available and had to appoint a Tyler from outside; election by the whole lodge would then seem a wise precaution. Alternatively, the election requirement may have stemmed from the importance, with which the post has always been viewed, remembering, in particular, that the Tyler is the first lodge officer with whom candidates make formal contact.

It has become practice, in our Lodge, to have a Past Master appointed as Tyler.

## Lodge of Discovery comes out.....



ProMedical (VEMSA) is a non-government organization incorporated in Vanuatu as a charitable association operating a paramedical service providing 24-hour international standard intensive care paramedic medical services in both Port Vila and Luganville.

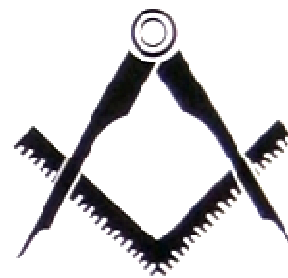
Core values of the ambulance service include adhering to international standards for equipment and patient care, professionalism of staff, responding to all calls for assistance on a 24-hour basis, and accessibility for all.

ProMedical provides additional services which include local and overseas aero medical evacuations (commercial flight and charter aircraft / air ambulance, pre-hospital medical assistance, mortal remains repatriation and first aid training. ProMedical also operates Vanuatu's only hyperbaric chamber.

ProMedical is highly respected throughout the country, as well as internationally, and caters to local Ni-Vanuatu and expatriate residents as well as tourists. Funding is entirely via sponsorship from local businesses and through subscriptions from Ni-Vanuatu, expatriate residents and businesses within the local community. ProMedical is one of the few charities that can genuinely claim to serve the whole community.

ProMedical has trained and employs 9 Ni-Vanuatu staff members—7 paramedics and 2 administrative covering Port Vila and Luganville..

The Lodge of Discovery 'comes out' —well, we are proud to be openly supporting ProMedical by a substantial charity donation to assist the acquisition of a new ambulance (see below) together with a pledged annual donation. We are thus pleased to have our efforts made visible to the local community by a strategically-placed logo on the new ambulance.



Supported by  
**FREEMASONS**



## Puns for those with a slightly higher IQ...

**Those who jump off a bridge in Paris are in Seine...**

**A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.**

**Dijon vu - the same mustard as before.**

**Practice safe eating - always use condiments.**

**Shotgun wedding - A case of wife or death.**

**A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.**

**A hangover is the wrath of grapes.**

**Dancing cheek-to-cheek is really a form of floor play.**

**Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?**

**Condoms should be used on every conceivable occasion.**

**Reading while sunbathing makes you well red.**

**When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.**

**A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two-tired.**

**What's the definition of a will? (It's a dead give-away.)**

**Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.**

**In democracy your vote counts. In feudalism your count votes.**

**She was engaged to a boyfriend with a wooden leg but broke it off.**

**A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.**

**If you don't pay your exorcist, You get repossessed**

**With her marriage, He got a new name and a dress.**

**The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.**

**You feel stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.**

**Local Area Network in Australia - the LAN down under.**

**Every calendar's days are numbered.**

**A lot of money is tainted - Taint yours and taint mine.**

**A boiled egg in the morning is hard to beat.**

**He had a photographic memory that was never developed.**

**A midget fortune-teller who escapes from prison is a small medium at large.**

**Once you've seen one shopping centre, You've seen a mall.**

**Acupuncture is a jab well done.**