



EDCom News

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Masonic Home Lodge # 1904

Masonic Home Lodge #1904 was granted a warrant at the semi-annual meeting of Grand Lodge in November 2008. Charter memberships are available until the semi-annual meeting in November 2009. The cost is \$150.00 and will be used by the Masonic Home to raise awareness of the Masonic Home to the Brethren and outside of the Fraternity, since the Home is open to all as an assisted living facility. Funds will also be used to help stabilize and rebuild the Endowment Fund. This is Grand Lodge's Masonic Charity that is ours and it needs your help, aid, and assistance to continue.

Your Grand Master, M.W.. Robert G. Hatfield dedicated a Lodge Room at the Masonic Home so that your Lodges may hold meetings there without a dispensation and to also meet the needs of the Masonic Brethren living at the Home.

What's New Inside

Cover - Masonic Home Lodge

Pages 2 - Will It Be Too Late by Don Crete DEO # 2

Pages 3 - Ashlars by Steve Blake, DEO #3

Page 4 - Story on Attendance by Don Crete DEO #2

Page 5 - Web Sites & Book Titles

Page 6,7 - My Mentor by Steve Blake, DEO # 3

Page 8 - DEO Contacts throughout the State

Will It Be Too Late For You ?

**Submitted By Donald A. Crete
DEO District # 2**

Being raised to the Sublime Degree of a Master Mason is a great experience for any Mason. A Brother, just Raised, in his reply to the Toast told this story.

"There is one person whom I must particularly thank - my father. He joined the Masonic Lodge in Kelowna in 1977. I was 21 years old at the time and never heard of the Masons. A year later we moved to Calgary and, within a short time, Dad was raised to a Master Mason. I still knew nothing of the Masons. A couple of years later, Dad joined the Shrine. This time I saw something because it is hard to hide a fez and a marching patrol uniform! But I still knew nothing of the Shrine or the Masons. My father died in 1993 and I still knew nothing about the Masons, but the next morning my step-mother came downstairs to me with a watch and a Masonic ring. She told me that the ring had belonged to both my grandfather and my dad and now it was mine. I still knew nothing about the Masons.

The funeral was a few days later and the Shrine Marching Patrol Honor Guard was there. Standing at the top of the church aisle, I found I was looking down to where my father's casket lay between two rows of both familiar and unfamiliar faces. These were the Honor Guard formed in two ranks to pay their respect - it was then, when I knew what Masonry was all about. It was about friendship, comradeship, fellowship and loyalty. The common bond of these things joined all these men and, at that moment, I knew I wanted to be a part of it.

So the one person I want to thank most is not here to hear me say, "Thank you Dad -thank you for giving me the opportunity."

After the Festive Board was over, the newly raised Brother said that one of the Brethren came to him and told him that he had a son and after hearing this story, thought he should talk to him about Masonry. He said it was hard to do, because he came from the 'old school' where nothing was said. The Newly Raised Brother walked away smiling because one part of his comments, that he had been unable to make because of his emotions, had already borne fruit. He had written in his notes, "It's too late for my father and I to share this night together but maybe, just maybe, it won't be too late for YOU."

From the April, 1995, Grand Lodge of Alberta (Canada) Bulletin

Ashlars

**By Stephen A. Blake
DEO District # 3**

As you know every Lodge has a Rough and Perfect Ashlar. These are placed in our Lodges in the East end of the room. The Rough Ashlar is said to represent a stone in it's rough and natural state, while the Perfect Ashlar is a stone which has been fully worked to it's nearly perfect state. Does anyone know why the Rough Ashlar is placed in the Northeast corner of the Lodge?

We like to consider the new Candidate as a Rough Ashlar, a stone which has the potential to be worked into a Perfect Ashlar.

To make a Perfect Ashlar we must chip away the excess of the imperfect parts of the stone. We can easily see the lesson here, for as speculative Masons we must make ourselves better men by subduing our irregular passions, improving our tolerance of our brothers. And by brothers we mean men of all mankind, because if we take the volume of the sacred law as our rule and guide, then all men are our brothers.

Of course we know that we can never hope to reach a Masonically perfect ashler but we can most assuredly remove a great many imperfections. To do this it is necessary to have good men who are good material to work with, just as the operative Mason must have a sound piece of stone to start his work.

Here is a poem which I think illustrates what we have been talking about: "Isn't it strange that princes and kings and clowns that caper in sawdust rings and common folks like you and me are builders for eternity? Each of us is given a kit of tools, a shapeless mass and a book of rules, and each must make ere life is flown, a stumbling block or a stepping stone."

The kit of tools are those talents which the great architect has given to us to help us through this life of ours. We start out as a shapeless mass and each of us is his own architect, builder, and material. Each of us must show our craftsmanship in working from that "Rough Ashler" a "Perfect Ashler" which can be tried by the square of our conscience.

Taken from MSA Short Talk Bulletin written by J. Fairbrain Smith

A Story for Those Brothers Who Have Not Attended Lodge in Some Time

**By Donald A. Crete
DEO District # 2**

A member of a certain Lodge, who previously attended meetings regularly, stopped going. After a few months, the Worshipful Master decided to visit him. It was a chilly evening, and the Worshipful Master found his brother at home alone, sitting before a blazing fire. Guessing the reason for the Worshipful Master's visit, the brother welcomed him, led him to a comfortable chair near the fireplace and waited.

The Worshipful Master made himself comfortable, but said nothing. In the grave silence, he contemplated the dance of the flames around the burning logs. After several minutes, the Worshipful Master took the fire tongs, carefully picked up a brightly burning ember and placed it to one side of the hearth, all alone. Then he sat back in his chair, still silent.

His host watched all of this in quiet contemplation. As the one, lone ember's flame flickered and diminished, there was a momentary glow, and its fire was no more.

Soon, it was cold and dead. Not a word had been spoken since the initial greeting. The Worshipful Master glanced at his watch and chose this time to leave. He slowly stood up, picked up the cold, dead ember, and placed it back in the middle of the fire. Immediately, it began to glow once more, with all the light and warmth of the burning coals around it.

As the Worshipful Master reached the door to leave, his host said, with a tear running down his cheek, "Thank you so much for your fiery summons, my brother. I'll be back in our Lodge next meeting."

Web Sites of Interest

Grand Lodge of NH: www.nhgrandlodge.org

Masonic Services Association: www.msana.com

Anniversary Lodge of Research: www.anniversarylodge.org

NH Eastern Star: www.nhoes.org

NH York Rite: www.yorkrite.com/nh

Scottish Rite: www.supremecouncil.org

Demolay: www.demolay.org

Rainbow Girls: www.nhrainbow.org

New Book Titles Available

NH Lodge Travel Guide SALE PRICE \$ 2.00

The Everything Freemason Book by John Young \$ 12.00

Masonic Humor by Jack Bright \$ 14.00

The Magus of Freemasons by Tobias Churton \$14.00

My Dad is a Freemason by Richard Vang \$16.00

Freemasons for Dummies by Christopher Hodapp \$ 14.00

The Complete Idiots Guide to Freemasonry by S. Morris \$13.00

Out of the Shadows by Roundtree \$ 32.00

Custodians of Truth: The Continuance of Rex Deus

by—Tim Wallis-Murphy \$19.00

Solomon's Builders - Freemasons, Founding Fathers and the Secrets of Washington, D. C. by Christopher Hodapp \$ 11.00

My Mentor

**By Stephen A. Blake
DEO District # 3**

Much has been written about the many famous Masons throughout time. They range from world leaders to our national heroes, and everywhere in between.

A Mentor is defined as—a wise, loyal advisor.

Such was the life of Gilman Oliver Ellis, my mentor. We came from a small town of about eight hundred residents. I knew Gilman long before I knew of Masons or that he even was a Mason. He was the man down over the hill from my house. He was Pete's and Joyce's dad. He was involved in our town affairs and our church. And Gilman was also the Boy Scout leader, a place where he first influenced my life.

The Boy Scout troop consisted of only eight of us but I can remember those days so well when we met in the loft above the local fire station. He was a leader and a teacher, taking us through the ranks from tenderfoot through to eagle. He taught us not only those skills required by the book to obtain the next level but by his example and how one man should live his life with his fellow man. He spent many hours with us hiking, camping out, and when it came time for us to work on that complicated task he kept it interesting. He would take the seeming unattainable task and make it fun and interesting, showing us we could accomplish anything if we worked on it.

An example: Did you ever make one of those very complicated stick framed large flying airplanes? They seem so extremely complicated, but not under the direction of Gilman Ellis. It started one Saturday afternoon on his porch. I remember opening up the box and unfolding the plans. It didn't look so hard until you started reading the directions.

Well we were not undeterred and undertook the task.. So many hours of work, much more than we realized, but in the end we learned more about life than of building planes. By the end of the summer we had wrapped and glued the last of the thin tissue paper around our frame, mounted the engine, and were ready to fly. I can still feel the excitement that we all felt as we headed towards the green to watch her fly. We gassed her up and connected the battery. The prop began to spin with roars and puffs of smoke, and we let her go. In an instant she was climbing and shooting upwards into the air as our eyes watched. There was unbelievable joy for fifteen seconds when then the plane landed in a high tree, and the paper wings ripped sending the fragile stick frame back to earth. Our hearts sunk, all that work for only a few seconds of joy. Gilman seeing our disappointment, told us to remember that the time we spent together the build the plane was much more important than flying the plane itself. At a young age that comment seemed wrong but many years later I now understand what he meant.

After high school I went to college then directly into the Army where I made it my career for the next twenty years. While stationed in Paris, France a buddy of mine was joining the Masons and the thought of an old friend came back to me. I wanted to join then but something told me to wait. After retiring I returned home and settled down with my family. I couldn't help to pass through town and see the Square and Compasses, and soon I knew it was time. I found my old mentor Gilman and he took me under his wing. He was still the same man and he did for me what he had done for many others. I fondly remember those evenings in his cellar by the wood furnace sitting on sap buckets with my lesson book open before me. He was still the same old teacher, insisting you got it right, each and every word from memory. When you went for your examination before the Lodge you knew you were ready and proud of it.

So it is Gilman Oliver Ellis my mentor. Entered, January 20, 1942; Passed February 26, 1942; Raised March 26, 1942; called home to the supreme lodge above April 22, 1997. I lift up to stand with all those Mentors of Men.

Who is your DEO and How to Contact Him?

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