



# EDCom News

**A Quarterly Publication of the  
Grand Lodge of New Hampshire  
Education Committee**

**Volume III Issue I**

**February 2009**

## **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."

