Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Charlotte, North Carolina

TRESTLEBOARD

DHALANX LODGE NO. 31

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Brethren.

Brothers we are off to a great start this year. While our first meeting of the year was met with a bit of a chill in the air, the heat has been fixed and we were still able to elect the third of three candidates to receive the degrees. We initiated the three new brothers in the last week or so and they are well on their way to becoming our first Master Masons of 2014. I would also like to recognize one of our newest members for stepping up to the plate and chipping in to help with coaching. Brother Peter Varney has decided to take on one of the most challenging and rewarding jobs in the lodge...coaching!

I know he will be a terrific coach and I look forward to him assisting with many candidates in the future. In exciting news for our stewards, the Masonic Temple Association purchased a terrific new stove for the building that looks terrific and will be of great use this year helping prepare awesome meals for our meetings. We had a great group of about 35 brothers in January, and I would love to see 50 brothers in February! If you are a brother that would like to attend, but you need a ride or just don't drive at night please call or email me and I will gladly arrange transportation to and from your home. I look forward to seeing everyone soon.

Fraternally, Jim Lofton - Master





Secretary

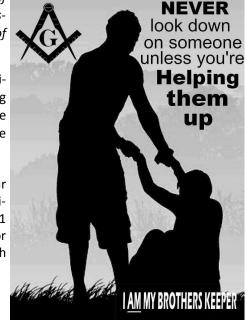
Brothers.

I was privileged to join WB Bob Braswell in presenting to our three newest candidates the first of five sessions of the Lodge System of Masonic Education. This series is intended to provide introduction, guidance and explanations as a candidate progresses through the degrees. The goal is to help make him at home in our society, so that he may take his proper place in the work of his lodge with credit to Mike Hamrick, PM himself and honor to the Fraternity. The conclusion of the first session seemed rather thought provoking to me, so I thought that I might share just a small portion here: There will not be a word spoken or an act performed which can hurt your dignity or your feelings. There is no physical or mental test to de-

grade you or Masonry. Be assured there is nothing of a light or trifling character in any of the degrees. There is a profound significance in every part of the ceremonies. You should try to interpret for yourself all that you experience. If you go through the ritual of Initiation, Passing, and Raising, wondering what is going to happen to you, you will miss the importance of what should be a great and ennobling experience.

Do you recall your EA Degree? Can you see now some of those "profound significances" and do you look upon that period of your life as a "great and ennobling experience?" We would love to see many of you who we've not yet met in the Lodge. Please join us for fellowship, and as we do our work and help guide these men along their Masonic journey.

Brothers, as of this writing, we've received a 2014 dues payment from 180 of our 294 members. If you've misplaced that notice, please contact me as soon as possible. I will get you another. Per CODE, members not making payment by March 1 are deemed delinquent. If you are unable to make payment, please contact me or the Master for what will be considered a confidential conversation. We do not wish to lose members who find themselves in difficulty.



Mike Hamrick, PM



Chris Crump Junior Warden

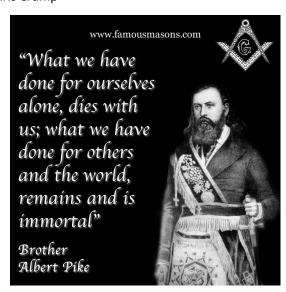
Brothers,

Do you know the origin of the word Allegory? I was curious, so I did a little research and I found this to be interesting...

The Greeks called a place of public assembly 'agora'; from this they built the word 'agoreuein', meaning speak, in the sense of addressing a public. When to this is added 'alias', meaning another, the compound gives us our "allegory," which is the speaking about one thing in the terms of something else.

In Masonry we have the allegory of Solomon's Temple, of a journey, of the legend of a martyr builder, etc., in each case the acting and describing of one thing being intended to refer to some other thing. For example, the building of Solomon's Temple is described, not for the purpose of telling how that structure was erected, but to suggest men may work together in brotherliness at a common task.

Fraternally, Chris Crump





Upcoming Masonic Happenings

Tue, February 11 - Stated Communication 6:30pm Dinner, 7:30pm Lodge Opens

Tue, March 11 - Stated Communication 6:30pm Dinner, 7:30pm Lodge Opens



Many have asked about the Arthritis Relief Formula that WB Caudle discussed at the January Stated:

1-1/2 Tbsp Apple Cider Vinegar, 1-1/2 Tbsp Raw Local Honey, 1/2 Tsp Ground Cinnamon, 1/2 cup warm water Mix all and take once per day. Drink it down quickly (do not sip)

and then rinse mouth with fresh water to clean vinegar off of teeth.

2014 OFFICERS

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BIRTHDAYS

24 - Doug R. Whitaker 11 - Lewis E. Hunt 03 - Thurston D.Thompson 15 - David L. Burris **FEBRUARY** 12 - Vance L. Morris 24 - Gennero Lorusso 03 - Dennis A. Moody 19 - Ed J. Davis 02 - John S. Miller Jr. 12 - C. Michael Mangum 24 - Alan T. Ames 06 - David A. Rose 19 - Anthony Yankowski 02 - Ken R. Morris Sr. 13 - Philip F. Searcey 24 - J. Steven Porter Jr. 07 - Donald A. Gilmore 19 - Eric Wainwright 02 - James H. Beard 15 - George F. Jones Jr. 27 - James E. Stephens 08 - Fred A. Jenkins 20 - Randolph Kiser 04 - Charles E.Henderson 16 - Jesse A. Campbell 28 - Linwood E. Wade 08 - Matthew S. Jordan 20 - Robert K. Braswell 04 - Earl J. Campbell 19 - William O. Manley MARCH 09 - John S. Harder 20 - Daryl W. Kelly 05 - Martin J. Travis 19 - William S. McCall 01 - Alan T. Parker 09 - Robert L. Saye Sr. 21 - George Dizes 07 - Gene R. Melvin 20 - J. Earl Beckham 02 - Walter W. Grahling Jr. 09 - Charles A. Cutlip 27 - Neil F. Crossley 09 - Peter M. Varney 20 - Teddy H. Brooks 10 - Bernard W. Manton 02 - Larry G. Jacobs 29 - Randall E. Baker 10 - David L. Morgan 22 - James D. Monteith 12 - Robert C.Richardson 02 - Eugene A. Corey 10 - Hasan Y. Latif 24 - Robert M. Lloyd 12 - Vernon M. Goode

03 - Jack L. Rimmer



THE OLD DENTED BUCKET

Our house was directly across the street from the clinic entrance of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. We lived down-stairs and rented the upstairs rooms to out-patients a the clinic. One summer evening as I was fixing supper, there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see a truly awful looking man. "Why, he's hardly taller than my 8-year-old,", I thought as I stared at the stooped, shriveled body. But the appalling thing was his face, lopsided from swelling, red and raw. Yet his voice was pleasant as he said, "Good evening. I've come to see if you've a room for just one night. I came for a treatment this morning from the eastern shore, and there's no bus 'til morning." He told me he'd been hunting a room since noon but with no success, no one seemed to have a room. "I guess it's my face ... I know it looks terrible, but my doctor says with a few more treatments..." For a moment I hesitated, but his next words convinced me: "I could sleep in this rocking chair on the porch. My bus leaves early in the morning."

I told him we would find him a bed, but to rest on the porch. I went inside and finished getting supper. When we were ready, I asked the old man if he would join us. "No, thank you. I have plenty." and he held up a brown paper bag. When I had finished the dishes, I went our on the porch to talk with him a few minutes. It didn't take a long time to see that this old man had an oversized heart crowded into that tiny body. He told me he fished for a living to support his daughter, her 5 children, and her husband, who was hopelessly crippled from a back injury. He didn't tell it by way of complaint; in fact every other sentence was preface with a thanks to God for a blessing. He was grateful that no pain accompanied his disease, which was apparently a form of skin cancer. He thanked God for giving him the strength to keep going...At bedtime, we put a camp cot in the children's room for him. When I got up in the morning, the bed linens were neatly folded and the little man was out on the porch. He refused breakfast, but just before he left for his bus, haltingly, as if asking a great favor, he said, "Could I please come back and stay the next time I have a treatment? I won't put you out a bit. I can sleep fine in a chair." He paused a moment and then added, "Your children made me feel at home. Grownups are bothered by my face, but children don't seem to mind." I told him he was welcome to come again. And, on his next trip, he arrived a little after 7 in the morning. As a gift, he brought a big fish and a quart of the largest oysters I had ever seen! He had shucked them that morning before he left so that they'd be nice and fresh. I knew his bus left at 4:00am and I wondered what time he had to get up in order to do this for us.

In the years he came to stay overnight with us, there was never a time that he did not bring us fish and oysters or vegetables from his garden. Other times we received packages in the mail, and oysters packed in a box of fresh young spinach or kale, every leaf carefully washed. Knowing that he must walk 3 miles to mail these, and knowing how little money he had made the gifts doubly precious. When I received these little remembrances, I often thought of a comment our next-door neighbor made after he left that first morning, "Did you keep that awful looking man last night? I turned him away! You can lose roomers putting up such people!" Maybe we did lose roomers once or twice, but, Oh!, if only they could have known him, perhaps their illnesses would have been easier to bear. I know our family always will be grateful to have known him; from him we learned what it was to accept the bad without complaint and the good with gratitude to God. Recently while visiting a friend, who has a greenhouse, as she showed me her flowers, we came to the most beautiful one of all, a golden chrysanthemum, bursting with blooms. But to my great surprise, it was growing in an old dented, rusty bucket. I thought to myself, "If this were by plant, I'd put it in the loveliest container I had!" My friend changed my mind. "I ran short of flower pots", she explained, "and knowing how beautiful this one would be, I thought it wouldn't mind starting out in this old pail. It's just for a little while, till I can put it our in the garden." She must have wondered why I laughed so delightedly, but I was imagining just such a scene in Heaven. "Here's an especially beautiful one," God might have said when He cam e to the soul of the sweet old fisherman, "He won't mind starting in this small body." All this happened long ago. And now, in God's garden, how tall this lovely soul must stand. The Lord does not look at the things man looks at. Man looks at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart. (1 Samuel 16:7)