



Grand Lodge Bulletin

Editor: SAM HARRIS, P.G.M.

An Easter Message - "The Christian Hope"

All the founders of other religions are dead. Their tombs are pilgrimage centres. Caravans of pilgrims cross the desert to Mohammed's tomb at Medina. By doing so they show their loyalty to their dead Prophet, but no one supposes that he is going to meet the Prophet there. The bones of the Buddha are buried in ten different places in India, and thousands of pilgrims visit each of these shrines. But no one expects to meet the Buddha alive at any of his tombs. The tomb of Jesus is still shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. But there are no bones there. It is wide open and empty. Jesus is not there. But millions of Christians, when they go to their Easter Communion, go to meet the living Christ, who said, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world". Thanks to Easter our song is:

"Jesus lives! Our hearts know well,
Naught from us His love shall sever."

Easter accounts for the existence of the Christian Church. Apart from the fact of Easter Day there would be no church today.

At first it looked as if Christianity would fizzle out. On Easter afternoon two disciples were going to Emmaus: "We hoped, they said, that He would have redeemed Israel, but He is slain." Then something happened that gave the movement a new lease of life. His disciples were making hundreds of converts in Jerusalem. The tremendous something that brought the Church to life again, just when we should have expected it to die, was the discovery that Jesus was still alive.

People who look on at the Church today often wonder why we give Sunday such a central place. The disciples of Jesus were all brought up to observe Saturday as their day of worship. One of the commandments specifically ordered the seventh day to be kept holy. Yet from Acts onward we find Christians making the first day their day of worship. There is no explanation for a change like that, except the one the disciples themselves gave, that it

was on Sunday that they had discovered that Jesus was not dead. So every Sunday is a little Easter and proclaims our faith in a living Christ.

Doubters there are — doubters there always will be — this being so I think I might fairly put before you the arguments they use. The first one, which was advanced immediately after the great event, was this — "His disciples came by night and stole the body away." To this it is sufficient to say that men do not lay down their lives for what they know to be a lie, and the Apostles proved that they believed their message by dying for it.

Next came the theory that Jesus was not dead when He was taken down from the Cross. In the cool cave He recovered consciousness, and rolled away the stone and came out. Can one imagine anyone who tottered half dead from a tomb, whose feet and hands needed bandages, who must have eventually have died, giving the impression that He was the triumphant conqueror of death? Yet this was the impression the Risen Christ gave to all, who saw him.

Modern doubters have produced the "honest mistake" theory. They say the women went on Easter morning to the wrong grave. They went to an empty grave and the whole story sprang from that. But if the women went to the wrong grave, Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus and all who helped in the burial knew which the right grave was; so did the High Priests who had sealed it, so did the soldiers who had guarded it. The priests could have killed the Resurrection story as soon as it started, by opening the right grave and producing the body.

Let us frankly admit that the Easter story is not easy to believe. If we heard it for the first time our impulse would be to reject it. This was actually the impulse of the Apostles themselves. "These words appeared to them as idle tales and they believed them not." But every attempt to explain it away proves even more incredible.

Easter has a special message to our generation. A grey cold mist has descended upon our world. The atheistic communist tells us that there is nothing to be hoped for, nothing to be expected and nothing to be done save to wait our turn to bid farewell to this colossal blunder — world without meaning — or purpose. Easter comes to us with a message of hope. Life is not a disaster — the world is not a torture chamber, a furnace of senseless affliction, but there is an exit from the dark tunnel, and there is a light at the end of it. Only those who can say with St. Peter — "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who has begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" — only those — can travel with endurance, resolution, heroism and confidence.

The strongest evidence of all is personal experience. Ask any believer why he believes and he will tell you — "Because I speak to Him every day, and He speaks to me."

— Bro. The Most Reverend W. F. Barfoot, M.A., D.D.,
Primate of All Canada,
Member Empire Lodge, No. 63, Alberta.

Members of Lodges that did not hold special Memorial Services will find the address of M.W. Brother, The Ven. Archdeacon S. H. Middleton, P.G.M., very interesting and worthwhile reading. This address was given by him at Spitzie Lodge No. 6, at Pincher Creek, Alberta, at a Memorial Meeting convened by R.W. Brother C. Reach, District Deputy Grand Master. S.H.

Rt. Worshipful Sir and Brethren:

I esteem it a great privilege to be invited to deliver the Memorial Address on this historic occasion.

Before really commencing the subject matter, I have prepared, I would rather give you a slight background of His Majesty, the late King George the Sixth. Casting aside his Kingly sceptre, he was first and foremost just one of us — a Master Mason.

"As a Freemason, he had the kindest thoughts in promoting the best interests of the Craft everywhere. He was a Past Grand Master Mason of Scotland and an Honorary Past Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England. He Installed his brother the Duke of Kent in the Grand East of the United Grand Lodge of England on March 1st, 1939. Following the death of his brother he Installed his brother-in-law the Earl of Harwood, as Grand Master on June 1st, 1943. Following the death of the Earl, he Installed His Grace the late Duke of Devonshire on March 23rd, 1948. It had been his intention to Install the Earl of Scarborough on November 6th last, but due to failing health was unable to do so. His message to the United Grand Lodge of England on that occasion was one of love and affection and a heartfelt prayer that the Ancient Craft would prosper.

"Now he has gone and the whole world everywhere mourns his passing. We, as Free-

masons have a double duty, to respect his memory as King and revere his example as a Freemason. We are proud that he was a member of the great Masonic family to which we all belong."

"And all the People Shouted — 'God Save the King' "

"A Tower Is Fallen, a Star Is Set,
Alas — Alas — for Celin."

The words of lamentation, from the old Moorish ballad, must surely have risen to many lips, when the world was told that His Majesty, King George 6th, was dead. But, whatever the phrase and thought, it was instant and everywhere.

Variouly expressed, you heard it in the crowds, and passed to the man in the street; to stranger on the train and bus, and from the farmer in his home. The pulpit found in his life a text for many sermons. The newspapers pushed aside the absorbing reports of the events of the fateful days, and gave pages to the man who had died.

Flashed beneath the ocean, and through the air, went the announcement of his death, and back came a world wide response from the Courts and Cabinets, Press and people in other and far distant lands. Through it all ran a golden thread of personal feeling, which gleams so rarely in the sombre formalism of public grief. Everywhere, the people felt in their hearts that — "A power was passing from the earth, to breathless nature's dark abyss."

We have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. This is no exaggeration.

There is mourning in Britain, in the many islands and continents which form the Commonwealth of Nations and Empire, over which extended the sovereignty of King George the 6th.

There is heartfelt sympathy in the mansions of the great, in the cottages of the poor, for to all his subjects, whether high or low, the King, during his reign of fifteen years, had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unexpected regret in all of the Nations of Europe, for all those peoples had learned to appreciate and admire the many qualities of King George — those many public and domestic virtues, which were the pride of his subjects.

There is a genuine grief throughout our great neighbor country to the south — kinsmen of his own people — where his name has been held in high esteem and reverence.

There is wailing and lamentation among his Barbarian peoples in the far east — in the wigwams and teepees of our own Indian Tribes — and in the hearts of the colored races of Africa and India — to whom he was at all times — "The Great Father" — the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence.

The King came to the throne by destiny of fate. He became Sovereign, December 11, 1936,

owing to the abdication of his brother, the Duke of Windsor. During the historic fifteen years he reigned as Monarch, the world has undergone cataclysmic changes never equalled.

We have been privileged, during the past few years, to hear the King's gentle, cultured voice reaching out to the farthest fastness of Burma and Australia, and the lonely Islands of the Sea. And we have realised the difference. For here is no vaunting of a great authority, but a simple man who has done justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly all his days; speaking in friendly, intimate terms to his friends and subjects the world over, about the problems that were his as well as theirs.

And so, in these days, we have just cause for pride; but we have cause also for gratitude. For gratitude, that the gentle guidance of one man has spared us from so many tribulations that might well have been ours. For they have been great years — eventful and thrilling years — a world changing and an Empire moving out of its swaddling clothes.

It is to his credit that these great changes could have come with no breach of friendliness between the sections of our far flung Empire.

It is, indeed, no small thing that in these troubled days of waning loyalties toward old-time forms and institutions, that the British Crown should have remained a symbol unassailed. And, perhaps, that might not have been, but for the fact that this symbol took on the habiliments of honour, and kindness, and dignity of that quiet Gentleman Master Mason, who typifies in all his sympathy and integrity, the growing spirit of our race.

As Walter Scott wrote:

"Ours is no sapling, chance sown by
a fountain, blooming at Beltane in
winter to fade."

We, therefore, take our stand as citizens of a worthy heritage — one that has stood the test of Time.

Britain is an old nation — like an oak tree, disciplined by the blast of a thousand years. There was a time when she was capable of doing much evil.

Today, there are many young nations, some only a century old, endowed with all the recklessness, and conceit, and perversity of undisciplined youth. We trust God is more patient with young nations.

Britain began her civilization almost two thousand years ago. And all down the centuries she has had her Kings and Queens, Saints and Martyrs, and hosts of humble citizens to leaven her national life.

The old Mother of the Empire can look back over many centuries — over much discipline — over some honest efforts after right — over fierce, determined efforts for freedom and fair play for all. That was her national ideal wrought by Christianity, Freemasonry, and the Volume of the Sacred Law.

King George the Sixth was the embodiment of these truly Masonic attributes.

The long line of British history fires our imagination. It was a famous Frenchman who said:—

"Britain has two books, one which she made — and one which made her — Shakespeare and the Holy Bible."

Winston Churchill said of him:—

"The King was greatly loved by all his peoples. He was respected as a man and as a prince, far beyond the many realms over which he reigned. The simple dignity of his life, his manly virtues, his sense of duty, alike as ruler and servant of the vast spheres and communities for which he bore responsibility, his gay charm and happy nature, his example as father in his own family circle, his courage in war and peace — all these were aspects of his character, which won a glint of admiration — now here — now there — from innumerable eyes, whose gaze fell upon the Throne. We thought of him, so faithful in his study and discharge of state affairs; so strong in his devotion to the enduring honour of his people 'what matters and what does not.' He was sustained, not only by his natural buoyancy, but by the sincerity of his Christian faith."

Worshipful Master and Brethren:

In a life in which there is so much to be admired, perhaps the one thing most to be admired, is that naturalness, that simplicity in the character of the King, which showed itself in his daily actions of state and family life.

From the first day of his reign, when he was literally enforced to accept the kingly sceptre, even to the last he conquered and kept the affections of his people — simply because, under all circumstances and on all occasions, whether important or trivial, he did the one thing that ought to be done — and did it the way most natural and simple. And then:—

"While London slept, and all its lights were gleaming," the tyled recesses of the Grand Lodge above, bade him welcome — while a Voice rang out —

"Well done, thou good and faithful Servant, enter thou into the Presence of thy Lord."

He is now no more — no more. Yea, I boldly say: "He lives — lives in the hearts of his subjects — lives in the pages of history, and adds lustre to annals of Freemasonry."

And — as the ages revolve — as his manly and strong profile stands more marked against the "Horizon of Time" — the verdict of posterity will ratify the judgment of those who were his subjects.

King George the 6th. ennobled mankind — he exalted Royalty — he lived Freemasonry — the world is better for his life.

Worshipful Sir — The King is no more. Let us with one heart say:—

"The King is Dead — Long Live the Queen!"
— God Bless Her!



Between the Pillars



WASHINGTON CONFERENCES

The Masonic Service Association, the Grand Masters and Masons of North America, and the Grand Secretaries of North America, held their Annual Conferences at the Hotel Statler, Washington, D.C., on February 19th to 22nd last.

Delegates were there from each of the forty-nine Grand Lodges in the U.S.A. From Canada six Jurisdictions were represented and delegates were also present from Mexico, Cuba, Philippines and Puerto Rico.

Official representatives from the Grand Lodge of Alberta were, our Grand Master, M.W. Bro. Waldo F. Empey and the Grand Secretary, M.W. Bro. George Moore. Also attending by special invitation, were the D.G.M., R.W. Bro. Harry E. Howard, and the Editor of the Bulletin, M.W. Bro. Sam Harris.

It is interesting to note the Grand Secretary and R.W. Bro. Harry E. Howard, D.G.M. left Calgary on the same plane and later by another line to Minneapolis where their paths diverged. Brother Howard and Mrs. Howard took the North West line to Washington via Chicago and the Grand Secretary taking the Capital Airline by way of Milwaukee and Cleveland. It is a great tribute to the close timing of the Trans-Continental Air Lines that in spite of the 1,500 mile diversion by different routes and by different planes, Bro. Moore and Brother Howard found themselves on arrival in Washington, in the same taxi going to the same hotel. Believe it or not.

Much as we would like to review all that transpired, time and space will not permit. Sufficient to say, many things of vital interest to the Craft were discussed. Such, for instance, as the continental coverage by Grand Lodges of Public Liability Insurance covering every phase of Masonic activities. Apparently this matter is rapidly becoming a No. 1 headache in many places.

To the Canadians the high-light of the Conference was a Breakfast given by Brother Frank Land of Kansas City in honor of the President of the United States, to which all delegates were invited. This was held on the morning of Thursday, February 21st. Having passed the scrutiny of the many Security Officials, we found ourselves seated at the "Canada" table in the magnificent Presidential Ballroom in the Statler Hotel at 7:45 a.m. Then came a number of pressmen and photographers, etc. — playing soft music was the 150 year old Marine Band

who entertained us until the President arrived, assisted by Shrine chanters.

In due course, the President, accompanied by his personal staff, the Cabinet and all Government heads in Washington entered — the National Anthem thundered forth followed by the invocation by that great Mason, the Rev. Thomas Roy, G.M., of Massachusetts, after which breakfast was partaken, interrupted only by the constant flicker of pressmen's flash lights, who were busily engaged recording the event.

Accompanying the President was the Masonic Welcoming Committee which included our own M.W. Bro. Sam Harris — a graceful tribute to Alberta. Following the Breakfast short talks were given by many of the distinguished leaders in the U.S. Finally the President brought the meeting to a close with a very interesting address on some of the problems which beset a President in these days. It was a heavy job, but he liked it. After this he graciously stood near the entrance and greeted each man there with a hand shake, the well known "Truman" smile and a few words.

Back to our respective Conferences where, later in the day business being finished, the Conferences adjourned. We all felt we had learned much of what was going on Masonically in North America and I feel sure much of this information will be brought to your attention from time to time.

On Friday morning busses took the delegates out to the George Washington Masonic National Memorial at Alexandria, Va., where the George Washington Memorial Association was holding its Annual Meeting. We all joined them in the large auditorium and participated in the proceedings.

As most of the Grand Lodges in the U.S. donate \$1.00 for each Initiate to the Building Fund of this Memorial, there was some large cheques handed in. Many millions have been spent in the building of this magnificent Masonic Memorial to George Washington and much more will be required before it is completed. Nevertheless one could easily get lost in the huge colonnaded halls and marble corridors of this vast building. Later, their ladies dressed in old Virginia costumes, provided a very appetizing meal for all those in attendance.

Saturday morning saw us all packing for home. The Grand Master and Mrs. Empey for New York and Toronto, the D.G.M., R.W. Bro. Howard and Mrs. Howard taking the plane for New York and other points East, M.W. Bro. Sam Harris staying for a couple of days longer to attend a meeting of the "Allied Masonic Degrees." He was honored with the rank and title of Past Senior Grand Deacon of the Grand Council, later to go on to New York, and your Grand Secretary taking the plane for Calgary where he arrived seventeen hours later.

— M.W. Bro. George Moore, P.G.M., Grand Secretary, Alberta