



# THE LODESTAR



Richmond Lodge A.F. & A.M. № 23 G.R.C.

194th Year

January 2018

## LODESTAR...

- A star that shows the way
- Polaris
- Something that serves as a guide

## From the Editor

Brethren,

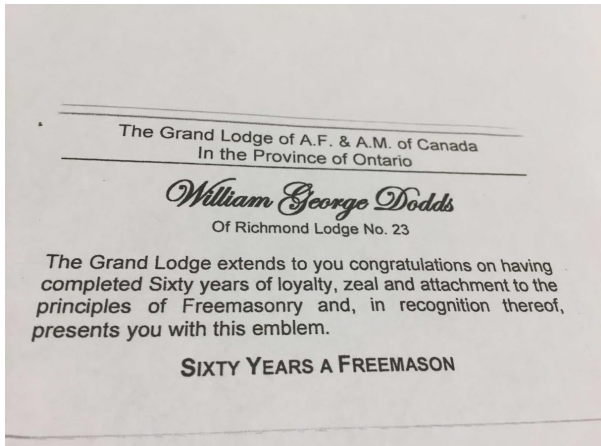
*At the beginning of another New Year, this poem by Margaret H. Dixon is particularly apt:*

*If New Year wishes could come true,  
How many things I'd like to do:  
Fly to far-off distant places,  
Watch the smile on dark brown faces,  
Climb the steeps of each tall mountain,  
Quench my thirst within a fountain,  
Whose sparkling bubbles curl and twist,  
Shot through with purest amethyst:  
But these are dreams that may not be  
Worked out into reality.  
Yet, there are lovely things that may  
Fill with deep joy our every day:  
Laughter that's innocent and clear,  
Carols to greet the new-born year,  
The scent of grasses after rain,  
And honeysuckle in the lane,  
The taste of muffins, warm for tea,  
The calm, sweet, dear serenity  
Of being loved and loving, too,  
All of God's world, my friend – and you.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

*Enjoy.*

*Joe Galati*



Congratulations to Bill Dodds from Grand Lodge

## Sixty Years A Mason

Article By Bill Dodds



My sixty year membership in our distinguished Craft has given me many associations and much satisfaction. In recalling these highlights, I will begin in York Township, just west of Toronto. My beginning was June 9th, 1933, at Grace Hospital, Toronto.

I attended Humbercrest Public School and Runnymede Collegiate. I was a Cub and later a Boy Scout as a member of the 26th Troup which had an outstanding marching band. One year the band took part in the Armistice Day Ceremony here in Richmond Hill. Five years later, I returned with my family to become residents at 26 Harding Blvd. I attended Richmond Hill High School and worked for the Ontario Hydro during my summer vacations for a number of years. At that time, many of my co-workers were members of Richmond Lodge. This included W. Bros. Taylor, Manol, Stewart, Gemmill, Mock, Flagler and Mabley. After high school, I attended Toronto Teachers' College, and on graduation, began to teach at Walter Scott Public School. One highlight of this time was teaching one of Richmond's distinguished Past Masters V. Wor. Bro. Stapley.

On December 11th, 1957, my father and I were initiated into Richmond Lodge #23 in the former "old" Masonic Hall on Yonge Street in Richmond Hill. This property was sold and we held our meetings in Newmarket while the present Temple was being built. My father and I were given four years to attend Lodge together. My reference to "four years", was the fact that my father died in 1961 after a year's illness. Doreen and I were married three weeks before my father's death and we moved to Weston. This resulted in my neglecting my Masonic duties and not attending Lodge. We moved to Richmond Hill in 1962 and I thought I still had reasons for not

attending Lodge.

One Saturday morning, in the Richmond Heights Plaza, I met the gentleman who had initiated my father and I into masonry. He was affectionately called – Jimmy Hamilton – and more formally – the Very Worshipful James Hamilton. He greeted me, put his hands on my shoulders and told me he missed me at Lodge – and the Lodge needed me. He didn't fool me, I realized the Lodge was doing fine, but I took to heart the fact that he missed me at Lodge, and I am sure I didn't want to disappoint one of the finest men I have known. Some of my actions today, are part of a legacy given to me by Jimmy Hamilton.

Doreen, like most Masonic wives has had an important part in my Masonic life. She has made sure that I have a clean shirt, socks, etc., and I was relieved of dishwashing duties on the third Wednesday of the month for over fifty-six years – and more recently, on the fourth Tuesday as well – when I affiliated with the Lodge of Fellowship. Our daughter, Susan, has had an interest in my Masonic life as well. I found it difficult to explain to Susan where Daddy was going on a Wednesday night – dressed up and carrying his little black satchel! She understood why we went to Church and Sunday School all dressed up but it was difficult to explain to a five year old what Masonry was all about. The short answer I gave her - it was similar to “hodge-podge-lodge” – a place she was familiar with in her children's story books and on T.V. When I affiliated with the Lodge of Fellowship, her reference was - “are you going to hodge-podge-lodge – or are you going to Mr. Sinclair's Lodge?”

The presentations to me are a part of the satisfaction I have received over these many years. Becoming a Life Member of Richmond Lodge #23 in 1997; receiving my 40 year pin in 1997; receiving the Veteran Jubilee Medal in 2009; receiving the William Mercer Wilson Award in 2010; receiving my 60 year pin in 2018.

It has been an honour and a privilege to be a member of this distinguished Order for over 60 years. It has been a further source of pride to be a member of Richmond Lodge #23 with its long and respected history and tradition. Likewise, it is an honour to be a member of the Lodge of Fellowship #702. We often think, I believe mistakenly, of only the present and the future, and we don't look to the past. I would suggest we take time and be reminded of our history. Celebrate and be proud of the privilege it is to be called a “Mason”. It is up to us to ensure this glorious Institution continues until – “time is no more”.

Many Brothers, in the past and in the present, have inspired, motivated and influenced me in positive ways. The following list is in no way complete but includes: V.W.Bro. Jimmy Hamilton, V.W.Bro. Cec. Mabley, V.W.Bro. Bob Jordan, W.Bro. Cal. Harper, R.W.Bro. Sam Hall, R.W.Bro. Ian Sinclair, V.W.Bro. Brian Stapley, W.Bro. Ross Trumphour, W.Bro. Paul Natale, R.W.Bro. Ross Guerrero, and the late distinguished V.W.Bro. Bob Whitmarsh.

It has been my honour and pleasure to be welcomed into this exclusive Fraternity of Brothers.

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## A Smile...

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Candidate for Initiation was to be picked up and driven to the Lodge, but before this could happen the car broke down. The Candidate said as no great distance was involved he would go on his bicycle. Just when he reached the top of the hill, his bicycle chain broke. As the Lodge was at the bottom of the other side and all he needed was a backpedal brake, he repaired the chain with a cord he had in his pocket and free-wheeled downhill to the Lodge.

Later that evening, in reply to a toast in his honour, he said how proud he was to be a Freemason but could not understand, as he had told no one, how the WM knew that he had come on his own free wheel and a cord

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## The Cable Tow

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As far back as we can go in the history of initiation, we find the Cable Tow, or something like it, used very much as it is used in Masonry. Its meaning seems to have been some kind of vow in which a man pledged his life. In I Kings 20:31–32, the King of Syria, after being defeated in battle, was spared his life after his servants approached his captor “with rope upon their heads” and pleaded for his life. The cable tow seemed to be an outward and visible symbol of a vow in which a man pledged himself to save another at the risk of his own life. In Masonry, an Initiate pledges, symbolically, himself to the Craft. Later, he agrees to answer all signs and summonses if “within the length of his cable tow”, that is, if within the reach of his power.

If the Lodge is a symbol of the world, and initiation is our birth into the world of Masonry, the Cable Tow is not unlike the cord that unites the child to its mother at birth. Just as the physical cord, when cut, is replaced by a tie of love and obligation between mother and child, so the removal of the Cable Tow is a symbol of the new initiate being tied to the Craft by his new Obligation.

(Contributed by Nazar Shamoan)

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