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Merry Christmas One and All

Christmas means to the Christian many things, but still it embodies the parental service of nurture and faith in children. We look to our children to create something better, more than we have, more than we could ask for, so they do not have to suffer the same trials and tribulations. This is a universal truth, so it does not matter which Religion you follow, belief in a better tomorrow is one which we can all take part in.



It is at this time of year we should invite all to come together and ask, in the Masonic way, our Gods to bring peace on Earth and create Goodwill for all Men, Women and Children, wherever they may reside, and whatever their circumstance may be.





Between The Pillars

'I may not agree with what you say,

but I will defend to the death your right to say it'

Merry Christmas to All

Giovanni and Myself would like to wish everyone a Terrific Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

I have asked the members of the forums to add their names and hope you will receive this issue as a personal Christmas Card from us all.

You will find the list of names and the greetings on page 5.

continued page 5

This has been a difficult year for us at Lodgeroom International, we have lost one of the finest Freemasons I ever had the pleasure call a friend, W. Bro Theron Dunn.

It was such a shock to loose a friend so quickly and without warning.

This time of year I would like us to think of Theron's Family and send them our prayers, hoping it will make the New Year more pleasant than the last few months.



The Lodgeroom Magazine International

Questions or Comments: admin@lodgeroomuk.com

Letters to the Editor



The staff at the Lodgeroom International would like to invite you to send your comments in for inclusion in the magazine. This magazine is for you, and we would like to hear what you think about

the articles and about the magazine. If you have any questions about the articles, or would like to ask the author a question, please feel free to send them in as well.

Send your comments to:

admin@lodgeroominternational.com

We will run your letters in the magazine and on the Lodgeroom US Lodgeroom International Magazine forum. We look forward to hearing from you!

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Christmas Day in the Workhouse !

by : Bill McElligott

When I was a child at Christmas time I remember my Dad would come out with this little poem. It had only a couple of verses but the part I remembered was :-

It was Christmas day in the workhouse
The snow was pouring fast
I don't want your Christmas pudding
Stick it up your Jumper.

Well you can imagine my surprise when 50 years later I am sitting at a Masonic Festive board and the Tyler says a 'Christmas Poem' which ends with

It was Christmas day in the workhouse
The snow was pouring fast
I don't want your Christmas pudding
Stick it up your Jumper.

So I just had to find out where this festive, or so I thought it was a festive poem, originated.

It is a very sinister poem by George R. Sims.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE
(A Poem by George R. Sims, 1847-1922)

It is Christmas Day in the workhouse,
And the cold, bare walls are bright
With garlands of green and holly,
And the place is a pleasant sight;
For with clean-washed hands and faces,
In a long and hungry line
The paupers sit at the table,
For this is the hour they dine.

And the guardians and their ladies,
Although the wind is east,
Have come in their furs and wrappers,
To watch their charges feast;
To smile and be condescending,
Put pudding on pauper plates.
To be hosts at the workhouse banquet
They've paid for — with the rates.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly



With their "Thank'ee kindly, mum's!"
So long as they fill their stomachs,
What matter it whence it comes!
But one of the old men mutters,
And pushes his plate aside:
"Great God!" he cries, "but it chokes me!
For this is the day she died!"

The guardians gazed in horror,
The master's face went white;
"Did a pauper refuse the pudding?"
"Could their ears believe aright?"
Then the ladies clutched their husbands,
Thinking the man would die,
Struck by a bolt, or something,
By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment,
Then rose 'mid silence grim,
For the others had ceased to chatter
And trembled in every limb.
He looked at the guardians' ladies,
Then, eyeing their lords, he said,
"I eat not the food of villains
Whose hands are foul and red:

"Whose victims cry for vengeance
From their dark, unhallowed graves."
"He's drunk!" said the workhouse master,
"Or else he's mad and raves."
"Not drunk or mad," cried the pauper,
"But only a haunted beast,
Who, torn by the hounds and mangled,
Declines the vulture's feast.

"I care not a curse for the guardians,
And I won't be dragged away;
Just let me have the fit out,
It's only on Christmas Day

'Keep your hands off me, curse you!
Hear me right out to the end.
You come here to see how the paupers
The season of Christmas spend.
You come here to watch us feeding,
As they watch the captured beast.
Hear why a penniless pauper
Spits on your paltry feast.

Christmas Day in the Workhouse !

'Do you think I will take your bounty,
And let you smile and think
You're doing a noble action
With the parish's meat and drink?
Where is my wife, you traitors -
The poor old wife you slew?
Yes, by the God above us
My Nance was killed by you!

'Last winter my wife lay dying,
Starved in a filthy den;
I had never been to the parish, -
I came to the parish then.
I swallowed my pride in coming,
For, ere the ruin came,
I held up my head as a trader,
And I bore a spotless name.

'I came to the parish, craving
Bread for a starving wife,
Bread for a woman who'd loved me
Through fifty years of my life;
And what do you think they told me,
Mocking my awful grief?
That "the House" was open to us,
But they wouldn't give "out relief".

I slunk to the filthy alley -
'Twas a cold, raw Christmas eve -
And the bakers' shops were open
Tempting a man to thieve;
But I clenched my fists together
Holding my head awry,
So I came home empty-handed,
And mournfully told her why.

Then I told her "the House" was open;
She had heard of the ways of that,
For her bloodless cheeks went crimson,
And up in her rags she sat,
Crying, "Bide the Christmas here, John,
We've never had one apart;
I think I can bear the hunger, -
The other would break my heart."

'All through that ever I watched her,

Holding her hand in mine,
Praying the Lord, and weeping
Till my lips were salt as brine.
I asked her once if she hungered
And as she answered "No,"
The moon shone in at the wondow
Set in a wreath of snow

'Then the room was bathed in glory,
And I saw in my darling's eyes
The far-away look of wonder
That comes when the spirit flies;
And her lips were parched and parted,
And her reason came and went,
For she raved of her home in Devon,
Where her happiest days were spent.

'And the accents, long forgotten,
Came back to the tongue once more,
For she talked like the country lassie
I woo'd by the Devon shore.
Then she rose to her feet and trembled,
And fell on the rags and moaned,
And, "Give me a crust - I'm famished -
For the love of God!" she groaned.

I rushed from the room like a madman,
And flew to the workhouse gate,
Crying "Food for a dying woman!"
And came the answer, "Too late."
They drove me away with curses;
Then I fought with a dog in the street,
And tore from the mongrel's clutches
A crust he was trying to eat.

'Back, through the filthy by-lanes!
Back, through the trampled slush!
Up to the crazy garret,
Wrapped in an awful hush.
My heart sank down at the threshold,
And I paused with a sudden thrill,
For there in the silv'ry moonlight
My Nancy lay, cold and still.

'Up to the blackened ceiling
The sunken eyes were cast -
I knew on those lips all bloodless
My name had been the last;
She'd called for her absent husband -
O God! had I but known! -

Christmas Day in the Workhouse !

Had called in vain and in anguish
Had died in that den - alone.

'Yes, there in a land of plenty
Lay a loving woman dead,
Cruelly starved and murdered
For a loaf of parish bread.
At yonder gate, last Christmas
I craved for a human life.
You, who would feast us paupers,
What of my murdered wife!

'There, get ye gone to your dinners;
Don't mind me in the least;
Think of your happy paupers
Eating your Christmas feast;
And when you recount their blessings
In your smug parochial way,
Say what you did for me, too,
Only last Christmas Day.'

So I suspect this Dad learned in the Army, it would certainly fit the odd jaunty way the British Tommy would change things and at the same time make a point to anyone that was listening.

Of course some clever Tyler changed it into a Tylers ditty:

This is the closest I have been able to find to the one I remember at that Festive board, anyone of a nervous disposition should not read further.

Twas Christmas Day

'Twas Christmas Day in the Workhouse,
The merriest Day of the Year.
The Paupers and the Prisoners,
Were all assembled there.

In came the Christmas Pudding,
And with a voice that shattered glass.
They said "We don't want your Christmas Pudding"
You can stick it up... There on the shelf with the rest of
the presents.

The Workhouse Master then arose,
And began to carve the Duck.
He said "Who wants the Parson's Nose"?
And the prisoners shouted... "You have it yourself,
Sir".

The Vicar brought his Bible,
And read out little bits.
Said one old Crone at the back of the Hall,
"This man gets on... Very well with everybody".

The Workhouse Mistress then began,
To hand out Christmas Parcels.
The Paupers tore the wrapping off,
And began to wipe their... Eyes, which were full of
tears.

The Master rose to make a speech,
But just before he started.
The Mistress who was 15 stone,
Gave three loud cheers and... Nearly choked herself on
a glass of wine.

All the Paupers then began,
To pull their Christmas Crackers.
One Pauper held his too low down,
And blew off both his... Paper hat, and the mans next
to him.

A steaming bowl of White Bread Sauce,
Was handed round to some.
An ancient Gourmet called aloud,
"This Bread sauce tastes like... It was made by a
Continental Chef".

Mince Pie with Custard was served next,
And each received a bit.
One Pauper said "This Mince Pie is nice",
"But the custard tastes like... The Bread Sauce we had
in the last verse".

The Mistress dishing out the food,
Dropped custard down her front.
She cried "Aren't I a silly girl"!
And they all answered "You're a... Perfect picture as
always, Ma'am".

continued on next page



Christmas Day in the Workhouse !

"This Pudding" said the Master,
 "Is solid, hard and thick!"
 "What will I use to cut it?"
 And the inmates shouted "Your... Penknife, Sir. The
 one with the Pearl handle".

The Mistress asked the Vicar,
 To entertain his flock.
 "What would you like to see"? he said.
 And they all replied "Your... Conjuring tricks, they're
 always worth watching".

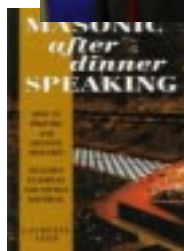
"Your Reverence, may I be excused"?
 Said one benign old Chap.
 "I really don't like conjuring tricks",
 "I'd sooner have a... Carol or two around the fire".

So then they all began to sing,
 Which shook the Workhouse walls.
 "Merry Christmas" cried the Master,
 And the inmates shouted... "Best of luck to you as well,
 Sir".

I can actually here a chorus of British Tommy's
 blasting this one out.?



Lodgeroom
 Store



The Shivering Beggar by Robert Graves

Near Clapham village, where fields began,
 Saint Edward met a beggar man.
 It was Christmas morning, the church bells tolled,
 The old man trembled for the fierce cold.

Saint Edward cried, "It is monstrous sin
 A beggar to lie in rags so thin!
 An old gray-beard and the frost so keen:
 I shall give him my fur-lined gaberdine."

He stripped off his gaberdine of scarlet
 And wrapped it round the aged varlet,
 Who clutched at the folds with a muttered curse,
 Quaking and chattering seven times worse.

Said Edward, "Sir, it would seem you freeze
 Most bitter at your extremities.
 Here are gloves and shoes and stockings also,
 That warm upon your way you may go."

The man took stocking and shoe and glove,
 Blaspheming Christ our Saviour's love,
 Yet seemed to find but little relief,
 Shaking and shivering like a leaf.

Said the saint again, "I have no great riches,
 Yet take this tunic, take these breeches,
 My shirt and my vest, take everything,
 And give due thanks to Jesus the King."

The saint stood naked upon the snow
 Long miles from where he was lodged at Bowe,
 Praying, "O God! my faith, it grows faint!
 This would try the temper of any saint.

"Make clean my heart, Almighty, I pray,
 And drive these sinful thoughts away.
 Make clean my heart if it be Thy will,
 This damned old rascal's shivering still!"

He stooped, he touched the beggar man's shoulder;
 He asked him did the frost nip colder?
 "Frost!" said the beggar, "no, stupid lad!
 'Tis the palsy makes me shiver so bad."

Xmas Greetings



Merry Xmas to all - Bill McElligott

A very Merry Xmas and a Happy, Prosperous and Healthy New Year to all Bretheren and their familes - Brian Thomson

Wishing you all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New year - John Gordon

Nollaig Chridheil dhuibh - A hearty Christmas to you - Stewart Deary (sedasta)

Wishing you all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous New year. Bernie Docherty

Buon Natale e Felice Anno Nuovo! - Giovanni

Have a Great Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Anthony Woods.

Nadolig Llawen a Blwyddyn Newydd Dda - Wayne Cowley

With best wishes for an excellent Christmas and a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year - Jeremy Newman

A very Merry Christmas to all my Brothers and their good ladies. Lloyd Wiebe

With all best wishes to Lodgeroom members and their loved ones for a very Merry Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year. Peter Moir

A Merry Christmas to all at LRUUK! Best wishes to all their families and loved ones, for the coming season and all the very best of Health and Prosperity for 2009 - Peter Taylor

A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and yours , from me and mine ! - Keith Jeffrey

A very Merry Christmas to all of you at home! - Anthony Williams

A Merry Christmas to all and their families and a peacefull New Year - John Hulme

May the closing of your year be met with warm thoughts and good cheer for all that you have wrought on this earth and for yourself and those you love. May your upcoming year be blessed with excitement and vigor, maintained with the spirit of fellowship and Brotherly love for all you meet and all you care for most. - Prometheus

SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, OR AN ESOTERIC KEY TO READ BRO. DISNEY'S STORIES

By Giovanni Lombardo

Life is a dream To dream is to live
Calderòn de la Barca) Luigi
Pirandello)

When I learned that Walt Disney belonged to our Family I confess I felt sense of amazement and of joy: I had finally found the justification of the feeling of satisfaction which I experimented when I was boy - and which never disappeared - when I read his stories, whose characters I have always considered as true beings, real and near to me. From adult, with my children, I have often seen his movies again, such movies I today consider real "pieces of architecture", it being accidental, and of secondary importance, the circumstance that they are disclosed in a 'mythical' language by the cartoon.

His most famous work is Snow-white and the seven Dwarfs, but also the others, such as Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Dumbo, Little Mermaid, to quote only the most famous, are developed through a common thread conductor: the defeat of Evil and the triumph of Love. The protagonist achieves this aim through a real initiation, by entry in an esoteric community followed by self-transformation that brings him to a new, spiritual rebirth.

The story of Snow-white is paradigmatic: the young woman is forced from the wicked stepmother to abandon the fatherly house, symbol of the values relevant to the life lived until then, and to find shelter in a dense and dark wood,

that reminds us the cabinet of reflection. After having overcome a course of water, withstood a gale of wind and defeated finally the fear aroused by the vision of the eyes of the animals, phosphorescent eyes similar to flashing flames, the young woman comes near a hut the house of the dwarfs.

I remember that in the German language "hütte" means both shelter and lodge, and this is not casual: let us reflect how many times in History the Masonic lodge was the last shelter for idealists, heretical or schismatic, disparate and desperate, all persecuted by the Power.

Freemasonry generously opened the doors of its temples, always asking them where they wanted to go, rather than from where they came. In this hut happens something seemingly trivial but really important: Snow-white wins the fear of a new and probably hostile environment and therefore explores it with her new friends, the animals of the wood, that she sees now, in the daylight, in a new dimension. Si parva licet...1 this episode reminds me the teaching of Plato, who stated the initiate must be, first of all, "desirous to know", and of Dante, who exalted the curiosity of Ulysses, who crosses the border of the unknown to satisfy his want of "virtue and knowledge". But it is not enough. In a rush of generosity the young woman cleans the house of the dwarfs with the help of the little animals. I underline this episode because it exalts the value of the friendship among the different ones as well as the job in common. Bro Disney loved these themes, since they are present in all his works.



The story of the elephantine Dumbo is exemplary. It was mocked by his same similar because tormented by two abnormal, monstrous ears: a mouse - this beast is hated by the elephants - will reassure it and will give it the necessary courage to face the difficulties of the life. The figures from which the protagonist receives help are nearly always the humblest creatures, so to underline the everlasting antinomy between Being and Becoming: the values of the Manifestation are deeply different from those of the Being and who is 'last' in the one is often 'first' in the other. The ability to accept the other, even different and therefore far from one's own paradigmatic models, to review one's own ideas, is a necessary precondition but yet not quite sufficient to achieve a catharsis. Man needs to overcome various tests, that recall the initiatory ones that every of us passed through before being proclaimed "brother." Impudently similar to those Masonic are the tests that faces the young Arthur in the Sword in the Stone: with the Magician Merlin, he will be turned first into a squirrel, then in a fish, therefore in a bird. It will overcome so the tests of earth, of water and of air before facing the last, the most aground. Many knights failed and he is therefore judged fool: but, sometimes, only a "sheer fool" can reach those heights which are instead forbidden to the conformist and pharisaic rationality.

The sword is an 'axial' symbol, the axis mundi, the plumb line which joints the manifold states of the Being, microcosm and macrocosm, but it is also a solar symbol because it reflects the Light: let me recall the

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SNOW-WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, OR AN ESOTERIC KEY TO READ BRO. DISNEY'S STORIES

By Giovanni Lombardo

scene of the fight between the prince and the dragon in Sleeping Beauty. The fairies, three as the Pillars, have just freed the young prince from the fetters, so he can free Aurora from the sorcery of the witch. Trying to stop the young man the witch turns herself into a flaming dragon. For the psychoanalysts the reference is quite clear: "to win the dragon" equal to "to dig dark and deep jails to the vice", i. e. to fight in one's inner to free ego from the tensions and from the passions that anchor it to the materiality, causing frustrations and sufferings. The fairies can no longer actively help the prince, only aid him in a totemic form; nevertheless they offer him, before the fight, one "sword of truth" and one "shield of virtue". Just before the final strike the sword reflects a dazzling light, then, once the dragon is killed, it exhausts its role and so finishes to shine. It is now just a simple object, with no value. Personally I recognized in this scene an urging to consider the 'metals' for what they are: a tool, a help for the man, of which however he should get rid if he realizes that they obstacle his spiritual growth. Do you remember the "Sermon on the Plain"? "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven". But what means "poor in spirit"? Does it mean a lack of spirituality? Not at all, otherwise they could not gain the kingdom of heaven. I notice that in the Greek text the locution "in spirit" is translated to pneumati, which is dative-ablative, the case matching to the

complement of efficient cause. I believe then man should translate: blessed those people that deliberately opted for the simplicity, that privileged "to be" rather than "to have", and still, that if called to high rank positions, shall work for bettering their subordinates.

This theme is clearly developed in the Little Mermaid. The old King of the Sea was forced to give the witch his golden trident - symbol of the royalty, of the power tied up to the wisdom, to the light - thus sparing the life of her daughter, who had been previously captured by the witch. In that instant all the sea creatures are turned into worms. After the death of the witch, killed by the prince Erik, the human being who loved Ariel, the trident falls at the feet of the old king who grasps it. In that moment all the sea creatures find the old feature again. I think that the hidden teaching of this episode is the following: the Light, meant also as royal power, must not be delivered to unworthy people, and of this we should remember in all the occasions of the life, also and especially in the 'profane' ones. Eventually the king himself, at first so mistrustful toward human beings, will turn into woman his daughter and grant her in bride to the prince, reminding us that to love a creature doesn't mean to hold it endlessly tied up to oneself, but to favour the harmonious development of his personality so that it can choose in full conscience and knowledge. A last consideration, on the magick. The matter would deserve a deep study, but this topic doesn't allow it. I will confine myself, therefore, to a brief hint on the theme, hoping the following reflections are of stimulus to deepen it. From the Latin magis -

more - magus is, in esoteric circle, he who works to transform the inner, and not who uses some secret powers of the Nature to turn canes into snakes, thus arousing admiration among the disbelievers, as Simon Magus did. For the alchemists, the change of the lead in gold was essentially symbolic: in reality they aimed at another metamorphosis, well more binding but so much more fruitful: the revealing the divine that is within us. Who achieves this result he gains the archetypical Beauty. So Little Mermaid or Snow-white feels a new joy, never felt before, while the Beauty surrounds her, while Grimilde, the wicked queen that, blinded by the envy, had prepared the poisoned apple, is forced to lose her own external beauty and to become an old deformed and disgusting witch with no certainty to perform her crime.

We are so come at the end of the film and, with it, of our reflections. We must still briefly examine the theme of the transformation, or better, specifically, of the rebirth, eloquently described in Snow-white. The young woman, deeply sleeping, therefore in condition of profanity, is abandoned in a coffin of crystal and gold, alchemical symbols, respectively, of purity and of eternity. Dwarfs and beasts cry her, in common pain. The Prince will awake her again, with a kiss of True Love, then they will go to 'east' where hacks a construction, confused among the clouds, not welldefined and therefore 'defective', but which attracts every spectator, wondering him by its splendour of Light.





Practising Brotherly Love by Theron Dunn

From time to time we come across true stories that tell more about the meaning of living Freemasonry than any degree lecture or visiting speaker can ever do.

The following story was originally published in October 2003, about a year after the telling of the story to a California Mason. This story deserves to be shared with a wider audience.

A group of Masons were sitting around a hotel pool in following a banquet. They were discussing the various talks they had heard during the day's conference.

It was when I saw tears forming in his eyes barely visible in the dim light and heard a tremor in his voice that I began to pay closer attention to Mike. I'd never met him before this day. He seemed about to open his soul and had selected me to be his attentive ear.

"I was a car salesman then," he said. "Wasn't a great salesman but earned enough to provide for my wife and children. My wife was unable to work because of her health condition."

"One day Julius, my manager, handed me a commission check. I read the check and said I could not accept it because I had not sold the car indicated in the paper accompanying the check. Julius said the company made this kind of



mistake occasionally and they'd never find out about it. Again I refused. He asked why I could not take it. The check was good and made out in my name. Besides my family could probably use the extra money. I said we could but I could not receive wages for work not done. He asked where I had come up with such a notion. I told him it came from my Masonic teaching and also from the Holy Scriptures. He walked away shaking his head in disbelief. Clearly he did not understand."

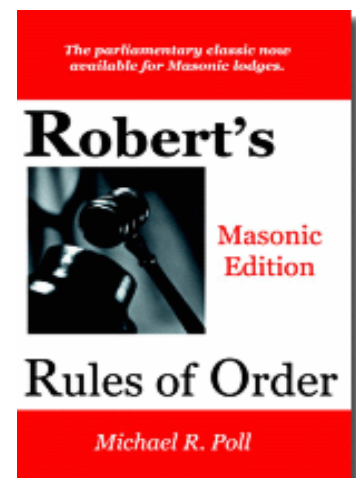
"Even though our discussion was supposed to remain private, word of my decision spread quickly throughout the office. Salesmen with whom I had established good relations became cold and distant. Joe, our head mechanic, was different. He became friendlier. He asked about my decision and the reasons behind it. After giving him the story he said he'd heard about the Masons. He said if the organization taught such moral lessons he'd like to become a member. For a long time he was afraid to ask believing that as a native American Indian he would be disqualified. I assured him he wouldn't be. The next day I handed him a petition. I was happy to be his first line signer. As a Past Master I was able to give him a better understanding of Freemasonry and my enjoyable experience in the Lodge."

"Over the next few years his family and mine became close. We enjoyed many day trips and evening dinners together."

"A couple of years later the dealership went through difficult financial times. I was not the only one to be let go. Finding a job was nearly impossible. My savings were nearly depleted. After searching for several months there were no options and no job. There was no way I could afford to keep my house."

"Joe remained close and knew my situation. He came to my house one day and suggested my family move in with his. He said that they had room to spare. I tried to refuse but he insisted. He asked what kind of a Mason would he be if he could not aid and friend and worthy Brother in need. My family stayed with Joe's for nearly five months. During this time I was able to secure a job and move my family back into a decent home. There was no way I could ever repay Joe and his family for their kindness."

"One day my daughter's car needed an oil change. I suggested she take it to Joe's son Jake. He was a mechanic following in his Dad's



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Practising Brotherly Love by Theron Dunn

footsteps. Late in the afternoon Joe came by for a chat. I asked if he had seen my daughter. He said that Jake had finished the job early, after which the two of them decided to spend an enjoyable drive in the country. Joe asked if I knew the two of them were seeing a lot of each other. I hadn't. Three months later Jake asked permission for my daughter's hand in marriage. Jake is a fine young man. I could not have been more proud and happy when the wedding day arrived."

"It was not long after the wedding that Jake petitioned the Lodge. As a Past Master I felt privileged to take part in his degree. When it came to the part in the ritual where the candidate is destitute I got rather emotional delivering the ritual."

"A year later Jake wanted to join the Royal Arch Chapter. I was High Priest that year and was able to confer upon him the Royal Arch degree. Once more I got a little emotional when Jake again found himself in a destitute condition. To symbolically give him a monetary token, no matter how small, was a confirmation of my personal pledge to assist him whenever he had need of my assistance."

"God only knows where I would be today had Joe not extended a helping hand to raise a brother who had fallen on difficult times."

This is the Freemasonry we are taught by the ritual to apply to our every day lives. One man extends the helping hand of friendship and brotherly love to another in a demonstration of natural respect, no questions asked or motives questioned. Joe was practicing applied Freemasonry.

And recall how Joe came to become

a Mason—by observing Mike's practice of honesty and good dealings with other men in the business world. Joe came to the Fraternity after forming a favorable opinion of the institution. In turn, his son Jake became a Mason surely because of what he learned from his father and from Mike by precept and example. Jake was a boy when Mike and his family came to live with Joe's family. Jake learned by example from his father what it meant instinctively to do the right thing.

This story also contains an important lesson about how it is the internal and not the external qualifications which make a Mason. Because Joe was a native American Indian he did not think he was qualified to become a Mason. Mike, a practicing Mason, knew otherwise, and opened the door of Freemasonry to a man who might otherwise never have thought to join. And his Lodge would have been the poorer if he had not joined. It is by our exemplary conduct as Masons in raising our families and in our business and professional relationships, that we will attract new men to our Fraternity. When we speak of the moral and ethical principles of Freemasonry only within the Lodge, they can become stale and routine recitations of ritual. But when we begin to live by these precepts and apply them in our dealings with our families, friends, and the society at large, not only will we have an effect on those around us, but also we will attract new members and Masons to our Lodges.

Actions have always spoken louder than words. It is by our deeds that people will know us. And when we practice true Brotherhood, as Mike



Mother Lodge

by Rudtard Kipling

THERE was Rundle, Station
Master,
An' Beazeley of the Rail,
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With im that kept the Europe-shop,
Old Framjee Edu ljee.

***Outside - Sergeant! Sir!
Salute! Salaam!'***

***Inside- Brother," an' it
doesn't do no 'arm.***

***We met upon the Level an' we
parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in
my Mother-Lodge out there!***

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

We 'adn't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient
Landmarks,
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
An' lookin' on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep', per'aps, it's us.
For monthly, after Labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquets,
Lest a Brother's caete were broke),
An' man on man got talkin'
Religion an' the rest,

An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'c knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird.
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east an' west,
Accordin' as commanded.
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother-Lodge once more!
I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the hog-darn passin' down;
An' the old khansamah snorin'
On the bottle-khana floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother-Lodge once more.

***Outside - Sergeant! Sir!
Salute! Salaam!'***

***Inside- Brother," an' it
doesn't do no 'arm.***

***We met upon the Level an' we
parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in
my Mother-Lodge out there!***



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Auld Lang Syne

by Robert Burns 1788

Should auld acquaintance be
forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be
forgot,
And auld lang syne!

*Chorus.-For auld lang syne, my
dear,
For auld lang syne.
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint
stowp!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness
yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, & chorus.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a
weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, & chorus.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae
roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, & chorus.

And there's a hand, my trusty
fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie
waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, & chorus.



The Lost Christmas Poem sent in by Tim Bryce

A LOST CHRISTMAS POEM

One of the benefits of being a Lodge Secretary is every now and then you uncover some history. Let me give you an example; late one night recently I was at my Lodge doing some administrative paperwork. While there, I pondered what to write for this Christmas issue of the LODGEROOM INTERNATIONAL. As it was the end of the year, I was cleaning up some old minute books when a small slip of paper fell out of one and literally into my lap. It was written by one of my Secretarial predecessors who served the Lodge from 1959 - 1976 and was well known for his Masonic poetry. Evidently, the following piece was written for one of our Lodge meetings close to Christmas time and from what I can tell, it has been lost since then. I hope you will enjoy it.

CHRISTMAS

- by R.:W.:James F. Sullivan, PM,
PDDGM
Dunedin Lodge No. 192 F.& A.M.,
Florida

'Tis a time of love and laughter,
With a smile on every face,
When you seem to hear the angels
As they sing from outer space.

There are kids awaiting Santa,
As his reindeer cleave the skies.
For they cannot hide the longing,
That's gleam in youthful eyes.

There's Mom and Pop, God bless
'em,
As they dig into their fund,
Just to make their youngsters happy,
Like the Day, when they were
young.

For this indeed is Christmas
When the world is all aglow.
With the tinsel and the ribbons,
And lights that are for show.

Let the sun arise each morning,
With a prayer upon our mind,
To make us as we're meant to be,
With love for all mankind.

'Tis sad indeed, that Christmas,
Has such a meager time.
For were it much, much longer,
We might become more kind!



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Merry Christmas

Shakti and Shâkta

by Arthur Avalon (Sir John Woodroffe),
[1918]



Chapter Two
Shakti: The World as Power

There is no word of wider content in any language than this Sanskrit term meaning 'Power'. For Shakti in the highest causal sense is God as Mother, and in another sense it is the universe which issues from Her Womb. And what is there which is neither one nor the other?

Therefore, the Yoginirhridaya Tantra thus salutes Her who conceives, bears, produces and thereafter nourishes all worlds: "Obeisance be to Her who is pure Being-Consciousness-Bliss, as Power, who exists in the form of Time and Space and all that is therein, and who is the radiant Illuminatrix in all beings."

It is therefore possible only to outline here in a very general way a few of the more important principles of the Shakti-doctrine, omitting its deeply interesting practice (Sadhana) in its forms as ritual worship and Yoga.

Today Western science speaks of Energy as the physical ultimate of all forms of Matter. So has it been for ages to the Shaktas, as the worshippers of Shakti are called. But they add that such Energy is only a limited manifestation (as Mind and Matter) of the almighty infinite Supreme Power (Maha-Shakti) of Becoming in 'That' (Tat), which is unitary Being (Sat) itself.

Their doctrine is to be found in the traditions, oral and written, which are contained in the Agamas, which (with Purana, Smriti and Veda) constitute one of the four great classes of Scripture of the Hindus. The Tantras are Scriptures of the Agama. The notion that they are some queer bye-product of Hinduism and not an integral part of it, is erroneous. The three chief divisions of the Agama are locally named Bengal (Gauda), Kashmira and Kerala. That Bengal is a home of Tantra-shastra is well known. It is, however, little known that Kashmir was in the past a land where Tantrik doctrine and practice were widely followed.

The communities of so-called 'Tantrik' worshippers are five-fold according as the cult is of the Sun, Ganesha, Vishnu, Shiva or Shakti. To the Knower, however, the five named are not distinct Divinities, but different aspects of the one Power or Shakti. An instructed Shakti-worshipper is one of the least sectarian of men. He can worship in all temples, as the saying is. Thus the Sammohana Tantra says that "he is a fool who sees any difference between Rama (an Avatara of Vishnu) and Shiva'. "What matters the name," says the Commentator of the Satcakranirupana, after running through the gamut of them.

The Shakta is so called because the chosen Deity of his worship (Ishta-devata) is Shakti. In his cult, both in doctrine and practice, emphasis is laid on that aspect of the One in which It is the Source of Change and, in the form of Time and Space and all objects therein, Change itself. The word Shakti is grammatically feminine. For this

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reason an American Orientalist critic of the doctrine has described it as a worthless system, a mere feminization of orthodox (whatever that be) Vedanta -- a doctrine teaching the primacy of the Female and thus fit only for "suffragette monists". It is absurd criticism of this kind which makes the Hindu sometimes wonder whether the Western psyche has even the capacity to understand his beliefs. It is said of the Mother (in the Hymn to Her in the Mahakala-Samhita): "Thou art neither girl, nor maid, nor old. Indeed Thou art neither female nor male, nor neuter. Thou art inconceivable, immeasurable Power, the Being of all which exists, void of all duality, the Supreme Brahman, attainable in Illumination alone." Those who cannot understand lofty ideas when presented in ritual and symbolic garb will serve their reputation best by not speaking of them.

The Shaiva is so called because his chosen Divinity is Shiva, the name for the changeless aspect of the One whose power of action and activity is Shakti. But as the two are necessarily associated, all communities acknowledge Shakti. It is, for the above reason, a mistake to suppose that a 'Tantrik,' or follower of the Agama, is necessarily a Shakta, and that the 'Tantra' is a Shakta Scripture only. Not at all. The Shakta is only one branch of the Agamik school. And so we find the Scriptures of Saivism, whether of North or South, called Tantras, as also those of that ancient form of Vaishnavism

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Shakti and Shâkta

which is called the Pancaratra. The doctrine of these communities, which share certain common ideas, varies from the monism of the Shaktas and Northern Shaivas to the more or less dualistic systems of others. The ritual is to a large extent common in all communities, though there are necessarily variations, due both to the nature of the divine aspect worshipped and to the particular form of theology taught. Shakta doctrine and practice are contained primarily in the Shakta Tantras and the oral traditions, some of which are secret. As the Tantras are mainly Scriptures of Worship such doctrine is contained by implication in the ritual. For reasons above stated recourse may be had to other Scriptures in so far as they share with those of the Shakta certain common doctrines and practices. The Tantras proper are the Word of Shiva and Shakti. But there are also valuable Tantrik works in the nature of compendia and commentaries which are not of divine authorship.

The concept 'Shakti' is not however peculiar to the Shaktas. Every Hindu believes in Shakti as God's Power, though he may differ as to the nature of the universe created by it. Shakta doctrine is a special presentment of so-called monism (Advaita: lit. 'not-two') and Shakta ritual, even in those condemned forms which have given rise to the abuses by which this Scripture is most generally known, is a practical application of it. Whatever may have been the case at the origin of these Agamic cults, all, now and for

ages past, recognize and claim to base themselves on the Vedas. With these are coupled the Word of Shiva-Shakti as revealed in the Tantras. Shakta-doctrine is (like the Vedanta in general) what in Western parlance would be called a theology based on revelation that is, so-called 'spiritual' or supersensual experience, in its primary or secondary sense. For Veda is that.

This leads to a consideration of the measure of man's knowing and of the basis of Vedantik knowledge. It is a fundamental error to regard the Vedanta as simply a speculative metaphysic in the modern Western sense. It is not so; if it were, it would have no greater right to acceptance than any other of the many systems which jostle one another for our custom in the Philosophical Fair. It claims that its supersensual teachings can be established with certainty by the practice of its methods. Theorizing alone is insufficient. The Shakta, above all, is a practical and active man, worshipping the Divine Activity; his watchword is Kriya or Action. Taught that he is Power, he desires fully to realize himself in fact as such. A Tantrik poem (Anandastotra) speaks with amused disdain of the learned chatterers who pass their time in futile debate around the shores of the 'Lake of Doubt'.

The basis of knowing, whether in super-sense or sense-knowledge, is actual experience. Experience is of two kinds: the whole or full experience; and incomplete experience -- that is, of parts, not of, but in, the whole. In the first experience, Consciousness is said to be 'upward-looking' (Unmukhi) -- that is, 'not looking to another'. In

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the second experience it is 'outward-looking' (Bahirmukhi) The first is not an experience of the whole, but the Experience-whole. The second is an experience not of parts of the whole, for the latter is partless, but of parts in the whole, and issuing from its infinite Power to know itself in and as the finite centers, as the many. The works of an Indian philosopher, my friend Professor Pramatha Natha Mukhyopadhyaya, aptly call the first the Fact, and the second the Fact-section. The Isha Upanishad calls the Supreme Experience -- Purna, the Full or Whole.



It is not, be it noted, a residue of the abstracting intellect, which is itself only a limited stress in Consciousness, but a Plenum, in which the Existent All is as one Whole. Theologically this full experience is Shiva, with Shakti at rest or as Potency. The second experience is that of the finite centers, the numerous Purushas or Jivas, which are also Shiva-Shakti as Potency actualized. Both experiences are real. In fact there is nothing unreal anywhere. All is the Mother and She is reality itself. "Sa'ham" ("She I am"), the Shakta says, and all that he senses is She in the form in which he perceives Her. It is She who in, and as, he drinks the consecrated wine, and She is the wine. All is manifested Power, which has the reality of Being from which it is put forth. But the reality of the manifestation is of something which appears and disappears, while that of Causal Power to appear is enduring. But this disappearance is only the ceasing to

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Shakti and Shâkta

be for a limited consciousness. The seed of Power, which appears as a thing for such consciousness, remains as the potency in infinite Being itself. The infinite Experience is real as the Full (Purna); that is, its reality is fullness. The finite experience is real, as such. There is, perhaps, no subject in Vedanta, which is more misunderstood than that of the so-called 'Unreality' of the World. Every School admits the reality of all finite experience (even of 'illusive' experience strictly so-called) while such experience lasts. But Shamkaracarya, defines the truly Real as that which is changeless. In this sense, the World as a changing thing has relative reality only. Shamkara so defines Reality because he sets forth his doctrine from the standpoint of transcendent Being. The Shakta Shastra, on the other hand, is a practical Scripture of Worship, delivered from the world-standpoint, according to which the world is necessarily real. According to this view a thing may be real and yet be the subject of change. But its reality as a thing ceases with the passing of the finite experiencer to whom it is real. The supreme Shiva-Shakti is, on the other hand, a real, full Experience which ever endures. A worshipper must, as such, believe in the reality of himself, of the world as his field of action and instrument, in its causation by God, and in God Himself as the object of worship. Moreover to him the world is real because Shiva-Shakti, which is its material cause, is real. That cause, without ceasing to be what it is, becomes the effect. Further the World is the Lord's Experience. He

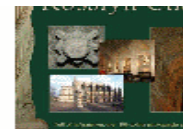
as Lord (Pati) is the whole Experience, and as creature (Pashu) he is the experiencer of parts in it. The Experience of the Lord is never unreal. The reality, however, which changelessly endures may (if we so choose) be said to be Reality in its fullest sense.

Real however as all experience is, the knowing differs according as the experience is infinite or finite, and in the latter case according to various grades of knowing. Full experience, as its name implies, is full in every way. Assume that there is at any 'time' no universe at all, that there is then a complete dissolution of all universes, and not of any particular universe -- even then the Power which produced past, and will produce future universes, is one with the Supreme Consciousness whose Shakti it is. When again this Power actualizes as a universe, the Lord-Consciousness from and in Whom it issues is the All-knower. As Sarvajña He knows

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Shakti and Shâkta

all generals, and as Sarvavit, all particulars. But all is known by Him as the Supreme Self, and not, as in the case of the finite center, as objects other than the limited self.

Finite experience is by its definition a limited thing. As the experience is of a sectional character, it is obvious that the knowing can only be of parts, and not of the whole, as the part cannot know the whole of which it is a part. But the finite is not always so. It may expand into the infinite by processes which bridge the one to the other. The essential of Partial Experience is knowing in Time and Space; the Supreme Experience, being changeless, is beyond both Time and Space as aspects of change. The latter is the alteration of parts relative to one another in the changeless Whole. Full experience is not sense-knowledge. The latter is worldly knowledge (Laukika Jñana), by a limited knowing center, of material objects, whether gross or subtle. Full Experience is the Supreme Knowing Self which is not an object at all. This is unworldly knowledge (Alaukika Jñana) or Veda. Sense-knowledge varies according to the capacity and attainments of the experiencer. But the normal experience may be enhanced in two ways: either physically by scientific instruments such as the telescope and microscope which enhance the natural capacity to see; or psychically by the attainment of what are called psychic powers. Everything is Shakti; but psychic power denotes that enhancement of

normal capacity which gives knowledge of matter in its subtle form, while the normal man can perceive it only in the gross form as a compound of sensible matter (the Bhutas). Psychic power is thus an extension of natural faculty. There is nothing 'supernatural' about it. All is natural, all is real. It is simply a power above the normal. Thus the clairvoyant can see what the normal sense-experiencer cannot. He does so by the mind. The gross sense-organs are not, according to Vedanta, the senses (Indriya.) The sense is the mind, which normally works through the appropriate physical organs, but which, as the real factor in sensation, may do without them, as is seen both in hypnotic and yogic states. The area of knowledge is thus very widely increased. Knowledge may be gained of subtle chemistry, subtle physiology (as of the cakras or subtle bodily centers), of various powers, of the 'world of Spirits,' and so forth. But though we are here dealing with subtle things, they are still things and thus part of the sense-world of objects -- that is, of the world of Maya. Maya, as later explained, is, not 'illusion,' but Experience in time and space of Self and Not-Self. This is by no means necessarily illusion. The Whole therefore cannot be known



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by sense-knowledge. In short, sense or worldly knowledge cannot establish, that is, prove, what is super-sensual, such as the Whole, its nature and the 'other side' of its processes taken as a collectivity. Reasoning, whether working in metaphysic or science, is based on the data of sense and governed by those forms of understanding which constitute the nature of finite mind. It may establish a conclusion of probability, but not of certainty. Grounds of probability may be made out for Idealism, Realism, Pluralism and Monism, or any other philosophical system. In fact, from what we see, the balance of probability perhaps favors Realism and Pluralism. Reason may thus establish that an effect must have a cause, but not that the cause is one, For all that we can say, there may be as many causes as effects. Therefore it is said in Vedanta that "nothing (in these matters) is established by argument." All Western systems which do not possess actual spiritual experience as their basis are systems which can claim no certainty as regards any matter not verifiable by sense-knowledge and reasoning thereon.

Shakta, and indeed all Vedantik teaching, holds that the only source and authority (Pramana) as regards supersensual matters, such as the nature of Being in itself, and the like, is Veda. Veda, which comes from the root vid, to know, is knowledge par excellence, that is super-sensual experience, which according to the Monist (to use the nearest English term) is the

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Shakti and Shâkta

Experience-Whole. It may be primary or secondary. As the first it is actual experience (Sakshatkara) which in English is called 'spiritual' experience.

The Shakta, as a 'monist,' says that Veda is full experience as the One. This is not an object of knowledge. This knowing is Being. "To know Brahman is to be Brahman." He is a "monist," not because of rational argument only (though he can adduce reasoning in his support), but because he, or those whom he follows, have had in fact such 'monistic' experience, and therefore (in the light of such experience) interpret the Vedantik texts.

But 'spiritual' experience (to use that English term) may be incomplete both as to duration and nature. Thus from the imperfect ecstasy (Savikalpa-Samadhi), even when of a 'monistic' character, there is a return to world-experience. Again it may not be completely 'monistic' in form, or may be even of a distinctly dualistic character. This only means that the realization has stopped short of the final goal. This being the case, that goal is still perceived through the forms of duality which linger as part of the constitution of the experiencer. Thus there are Vedantik and other schools which are not 'monistic'. The spiritual experiences of all are real experiences, whatever be their character, and they are true according to the truth of the stage in which the experience is had. Do they contradict one another? The

experience which a man has of a mountain at fifty miles distance, is not false because it is at variance with that of the man who has climbed it. What he sees is the thing from where he sees it. The first question then is: Is there a 'monistic' experience in fact? Not whether 'monism' is rational or not, and shown to be probable to the intellect. But how can we know this ~ With certainty only by having the experience oneself. The validity of the experience for the experiencer cannot be assailed otherwise than by alleging fraud or self-deception. But how can this be proved? To the experiencer his experience is real, and nothing else is of any account. But the spiritual experience of one is no proof to another who refuses to accept it. A man may, however, accept what another says, having faith in the latter's alleged experience. Here we have the secondary meaning of Veda, that is secondary knowledge of super-sensual truth, not based on actual experience of the believer, but on the experience of some other which the former accepts. In this sense Veda is recorded for Brahmanism in the Scriptures called Vedas, which contain the standard experience of those whom Brahmanism recognizes as its Rishis or Seers. But the interpretation of the Vaidik record is in question, just as that of the Bible is. Why accept one interpretation rather than another? This is a lengthy matter. Suffice to say here that each chooses the spiritual food which his spiritual body needs, and which it is capable of eating and assimilating. This is the doctrine of Adhikara. Here, as elsewhere, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Nature works in all who are not altogether beyond her workings. What is called the 'will to believe'

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involves the affirmation that the form of a man's faith is the expression of his nature; the faith is the man. It is not man's reason only which leads to the adoption of a particular religious belief. It is the whole man as evolved at that particular time which does so. His affirmation of faith is an affirmation of his self in terms of it. The Shakta is therefore a 'monist,' either because he has had himself spiritual experiences of this character, or because he accepts the teaching of those who claim to have had such experience. This is Apta knowledge, that is received from a source of authority, just as knowledge of the scientific or other expert is received. It is true that the latter may be verified. But so in its own way can the former be. Revelation to the Hindu is not something stated 'from above,' incapable of verification 'below'. He who accepts revelation as teaching the

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unity of the many in the One, may himself verify it in his own experience. How? If the disciple is what is called not fit to receive truth in this 'monistic' form, he will probably declare it to be untrue and, adhering to what he thinks is true, will not further trouble himself in the matter. If he is disposed to accept the teachings of 'monistic' religion-philosophy, it is because his own spiritual and psychical nature is at a stage which leads directly (though in a longer or shorter time as may be the case) to actual 'monistic' experience. A particular form of 'spiritual' knowledge like a particular psychic power can be developed only in him who has the capacity for it. To such an one asking, with desire for the fruit, how he may gather it, the Guru says: Follow the path of those who have achieved (Siddha) and you will gain what they gained. This is the 'Path of the Great' who are those whom we esteem to be such. We esteem them because they have achieved that which we believe to be both worthy and possible. If a would-be disciple refuses to follow the method (Sadhana) he cannot complain that he has not had its result. Though reason by itself cannot establish more than a probability, yet when the supersensual truth has been learnt by Veda, it may be shown to be conformable to reason. And this must be so, for all realities are of one piece. Reason is a limited manifestation of the same Shakti, who is fully known in ecstasy (Samadhi) which transcends all reasoning. What, therefore, is

irrational can never be spiritually true. With the aid of the light of Revelation the path is made clear, and all that is seen tells of the Unseen. Facts of daily life give auxiliary proof. So many miss the truth which lies under their eyes, because to find it they look away or upwards to some fancied 'Heaven'. The sophisticated mind fears the obvious. "It is here; it is here," the Shakta and others say. For he and every other being is a microcosm, and so the Vishvasara Tantra says: "What is here, is elsewhere. What is not here, is nowhere." The unseen is the seen, which is not some alien disguise behind which it lurks. Experience of the seen is the experience of the unseen in time and space. The life of the individual is an expression of the same laws which govern the universe. Thus the Hindu knows, from his own daily rest, that the Power which projects the universe rests. His dreamless slumber when only Bliss is known tells him, in some fashion, of the causal state of universal rest. From the mode of his awakening and other psychological processes he divines the nature of creative thinking. To the Shakta the thrill of union with his Shakti is a faint reflection of the infinite Shiva-Shakti Bliss in and with which all universes are born. All matter is a relatively stable form of Energy. It lasts awhile and disappears into Energy. The universe is maintained awhile. This is Shakti as Vaishnavi, the Maintainer. At every moment creation, as rejuvenascent molecular activity, is going on as the Shakti Brahmani. At every moment there is molecular death and loosening of the forms, the work of Rudrani Shakti. Creation did not take place only at some past time, nor is dissolution only in the future. At

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every moment of time there is both. As it is now and before us here, so it was 'in the beginning'.

In short the world is real. It is a true experience. Observation and reason are here the guide. Even Veda is no authority in matters falling within sense-knowledge. If Veda were to contradict such knowledge, it would, as Shamkara says, be in this respect no Veda at all. The Hindu is not troubled by 'biblical science'. Here and now the existence of the many is established for the sense-experiencer. But there is another and Full Experience which also may be had here and now and is in any case also a fact, -- that is, when the Self 'stands out' (ekstasis) from mind and body and sense-experience. This Full Experience is attained in ecstasy (Samadhi). Both experiences may be had by the same experiencer. It is thus the same One who became many. "He said: May I be many," as Veda tells. The 'will to be many' is Power or Shakti which operates as Maya.

In the preceding portion of this paper it was pointed out that the Power whereby the One gives effect to Its Will to be Many is Maya Shakti.

What are called the 36 Tattvas (accepted by both Shaktas and Shaivas) are the stages of evolution of the One into the Many as mind and matter.

Again with what warrant is this affirmed? The secondary proof is



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Shakti and Shâkta

the Word of Shiva and Shakti. Revealers of the Tantra-shastra, as such Word is expounded in the teachings of the Masters (Acaryas) in the Agama.

Corroboration of their teaching may be had by observation of psychological stages in normal life and reasoning thereon. These psychological states again are the individual representation of the collective cosmic processes. "As here, so elsewhere." Primary evidence is actual experience of the surrounding and supreme states. Man does not leap at one bound from ordinary finite sense-experience to the Full Experience. By stages he advances thereto, and by stages he retraces his steps to the world, unless the fullness of experience has been such as to burn up in the fire of Self-knowledge the seed of desire which is the germ of the world. Man's consciousness has no fixed boundary. On the contrary, it is at root the Infinite Consciousness, which appears in the form of a contraction (Shamkoca), due to limitation as Shakti in the form of mind and matter. This contraction may be greater or less. As it is gradually loosened, consciousness expands by degrees until, all bonds being gone, it becomes one with the Full Consciousness or Purna. Thus there are, according to common teaching, seven ascending light planes of experience, called Lokas, that is 'what are seen' (lokyante) or experienced; and seven dark descending planes, or Talas, that is 'places'. It will be observed that one

name is given from the subjective and the other from the objective standpoint. The center of these planes is the 'Earth-plane' (Bhurloka). This is not the same as experience on earth, for every experience, including the highest and lowest, can be had here. The planes are not like geological strata, though necessity may picture them thus. The Earth-plane is the normal experience. The ascending planes are states of super-normal, and the descending planes of sub-normal experience. The highest of the planes is the Truth-plane (Satya-loka). Beyond this is the Supreme Experience, which is above all planes, which is Light itself, and the love of Shiva and Shakti, the 'Heart of the Supreme Lord' (Hridayam parameshituh). The lowest Tala on the dark side is described in the Puranas with wonderful symbolic imagery as a Place of Darkness where monster serpents, crowned with dim light, live in perpetual anger. Below this is the Shakti of the Lord called Tamomayi Shakti -- that is, the Veiling Power of Being in all its infinite intensity.

What then is the Reality -- Whole or Purna? It is certainly not a bare abstraction of intellect, for the intellect is only a fractional Power or Shakti in it. Such an abstraction has no worth for man. In the Supreme Reality, which is the Whole, there is everything which is of worth to men, and which proceeds from it. In fact, as a Kashmir Scripture says: "The 'without' appears without only because it is within." Unworthy also proceeds from it, not in the sense that it is there as unworthy, but because the experience of duality, to which evil is attached, arises in the Blissful Whole. The Full is not

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merely the collectively (Samashti) of all which exists, for it is both immanent in and transcends the universe. It is a commonplace that it is unknowable except to Itself. Shiva in the Yoginihridaya Tantra, says: "Who knows the heart of a woman? Only Shiva knows the Heart of Yogini (the Supreme Shakti)." For this reason the Buddhist Tantrik schools call it Shunya or the Void. This is not 'nothing' but nothing known to mind and senses. Both Shaktas and some Vaishnavas use the term Shunya, and no one suspects them of being 'Nihilists'.

Relatively, however, the One is said to be Being (Sat), Bliss (Ananda)



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and Cit -- an untranslatable term which has been most accurately defined as the Changeless Principle of all changing experience, a Principle of which sensation, perception, conception, self-consciousness, feeling, memory, will, and all other psychic states are limited modes. It is not therefore Consciousness or Feeling as we understand these words, for these are directed and limited. It is the infinite root of which they are the finite flower. But Consciousness and possibly (according to the more ancient views) Feeling approach the most nearly to a definition, provided that we do not understand thereby Consciousness and Feeling in man's sense. We may thus (to distinguish it) call Cit, Pure Consciousness or Pure Feeling as Bliss (Ananda) knowing and enjoying its own full Reality. This, as such Pure Consciousness or Feeling, endures even when finite centers of Consciousness or Feeling arise in It. If (as this system assumes) there is a real causal nexus between the two, then Being, as Shiva, is also a Power, or Shakti, which is the source of all Becoming. The fully Real, therefore, has two aspects: one called Shiva, the static aspect of Consciousness, and the other called Shakti, the kinetic aspect of the same. For this reason Kali Shakti, dark as a thundercloud, is represented standing and moving on the white inert body of Shiva. He is white as Illumination (Prakasha). He is inert, for Pure Consciousness is without action and at rest. It is She, His Power, who moves. Dark is She here because, as Kali, She

dissolves all in darkness, that is vacuity of existence, which is the Light of Being Itself. Again She is Creatrix. Five corpse-like Shivas form the support of Her throne, set in the wish-granting groves of the Isle of Gems (Manidvipa), the golden sands of which are laved by the still waters of the Ocean of Nectar (Amrita), which is Immortality. In both cases we have a pictorial presentment in theological form of the scientific doctrine that to every form of activity there is a static background.

But until there is in fact Change, Shakti is merely the Potency of Becoming in Being and, as such, is wholly one with it. The Power (Shakti) and the possessor of Power (Shaktiman) are one. As therefore He is Being-Bliss-Consciousness, so is She. She is also the Full (Purna), which is no mere abstraction from its evolved manifestations. On the contrary, of Her the Mahakali Stotra says: "Though without feet, Thou movest more quickly than air. Though without ears, Thou dost hear. Though without nostrils, Thou dost smell. Though without eyes, Thou dost see. Though without tongue, Thou dost taste all tastes." Those who talk of the 'bloodless abstractions' of Vedanta, have not understood it. The ground of Man's Being is the Supreme 'I' (Purnosham) which, though in Itself beyond finite personality, is yet ever finitely personalizing as the beings of the universe. "Sa'ham," -- "She I am."

This is the Supreme Shakti, the ultimate object of the Shaktas' adoration, though worshipped in several forms, some gentle, some formidable.

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But Potency is actualized as the universe, and this also is Shakti, for the effect is the cause modified. Monistic Vedanta teaches that God is the material cause of the world. The statement that the Supreme Shakti also exists as the Forms evolved from It, may seem to conflict with the doctrine that Power is ultimately one with Shiva who is changeless Being. Shamkara answers that the existence of a causal nexus is Maya, and that there is (from the transcendental standpoint) only a seeming cause and seeming modification or effect. The Shakta, who from his world-standpoint posits the reality of God as the Cause of the universe, replies that, while it is true that the effect (as effect) is the cause modified, the cause (as cause) remains what it was and is and will be. Creative evolution of the universe thus differs from the evolution in it. In the latter case the material cause when producing an effect ceases to be what it was. Thus milk turned into curd ceases to be milk. But the simile given of the other evolutionary process is that of 'Light from Light'. There is a similarity between the 'conventional' standpoint of Shamkara and the explanation of the Shakta; the difference being that, while to the former the effect is (from the transcendental standpoint) 'unreal,' it is from the Shakta's immanent standpoint 'real'.

It will have been observed that cosmic evolution is in the nature of a polarization in Being into static and kinetic aspects. This is symbolized in the Shakta Tantras by

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their comparison of Shiva-Shakti to a grain of gram (Canaka). This has two seeds which are so close together as to seem one, and which are surrounded by a single sheath. The seeds are Shiva and Shakti and the sheath is Maya. When the sheath is unpeeled, that is when Maya Shakti operates, the two seeds come apart. The sheath unrolls when the seeds are ready to germinate, that is when in the dreamless slumber (Sushupti) of the World-Consciousness the remembrance of past enjoyment in Form gives rise to that divine creative 'thinking' of 'imagining' (Srishtikalpana) which is 'creation'. As the universe in dissolution sinks into a Memory which is lost, so it is born again from the germ of recalled Memory or Shakti. Why? Such a question may be answered when we are dealing with facts in the whole; but the latter itself is uncaused, and what is caused is not the whole. Manifestation is of the nature of Being-Power, just as it is Its nature to return to Itself after the actualization of Power. To the devotee who speaks in theological language, "It is His Will". As the Yoginihridaya says: "He painted the World-Picture on Himself with the Brush which is His Will and was pleased therewith."

Again the World is called a Prapañca, that is an extension of the five forms of sensible matter (Bhuta.) Where does it go at dissolution? It collapses into a Point (Bindu). We may regard it as a metaphysical point which is the complete 'subjectification' of the

divine or full 'I' (Purnahanta), or objectively as a mathematical point without magnitude. Round that Point is coiled a mathematical Line which, being in touch with every part of the surface of the Point, makes one Point with it. What then is meant by these symbols of the Point and Line? It is said that the Supreme Shiva sees Himself in and as His own Power or Shakti. He is the 'White Point' or 'Moon' (Candra), which is Illumination and in the completed process, the 'I' (Aham), side of experience, She is the 'Red Point'. Both colors are seen in the microcosmic generation of the child. Red too is the color of Desire. She is 'Fire' which is the object of experience or 'This' (Idam), the objective side of experience. The 'This' here is nothing but a mass of Shiva's own illuminating rays. These are reflected in Himself as Shakti, who, in the Kamakalavilasa, is called the 'Pure Mirror' of Shiva. The Self sees the Self, the rays being thrown back on their source. The 'This' is the germ of what we call 'Otherness,' but here the 'Other' is and is known as the Self. The relation and fusion of these two Points, White and Red, is called the Mixed Point or 'Sun'. These are the three Supreme Lights. A = Shiva, Ha = Shakti, which united spell 'Aham' or 'I'. This 'Sun' is thus the state of full 'I-ness' (Purnaham-bhava). This is the Point into which the World at dissolution lapses, and from which in due time it comes forth again. In the latter case it is the Lord-Consciousness as the Supreme 'I' and Power about to create. For this reason Bindu is called a condensed or massive form of Shakti. It is the tense state of Power immediately prior to its first actualization. That form of Shakti, again by which the actualization

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takes place is Maya; and this is the Line round the Point. As coiled round the Point, it is the Supreme Serpent-Power (Mahakundalini) encircling the Shiva-Linga. From out of this Power comes the whisper to enjoy, in worlds of form, as the memory of past universes arises therein. Shakti then 'sees'. Shakti opens Her eyes as She reawakens from the Cosmic Sleep (Nimesha), which is dissolution. The Line is at first coiled and one with the Point, for Power is then at rest. Creation is movement, an uncoiling of Maya-Shakti. Hence is the world called Jagat, which means 'what moves'. The nature of this Power is circular or spiralline; hence the roundness and 'curvature' of things of which we now hear. Nothing moves in a really straight line. Hence again the universe is also called a spheroid (Brahmanda). The gross worlds are circular universal movements in space, in which, is the Ether (Akasha), Consciousness, as the Full (Purna), is never dichotomized, but the finite centers which arise in it, are so. The Point, or Bindu, then divides into three, in various ways, the chief of which is Knower, Knowing and Known, which constitute the duality of the world-experience by Mind of Matter.

Unsurpassed for its profound analysis is the account of the thirty-six Tattvas or stages of Cosmic Evolution (accepted by both Shaivas and Shaktas) given by the Northern Shaiva School of the Agama, which flourished after the date which Western Orientalists assign to Shamkaracarya, and which was therefore in a position to criticize him. According to this

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account (which I greatly condense) Subject and Object in Pure Being are in indistinguishable union as the Supreme Shiva-Shakti. We have then to see how this unity is broken up into Subject and Object. This does not take place all at once. There is an intermediate stage of transition, in which there is a Subject and Object, but both are part of the Self, which knows its Object to be Itself. In man's experience they are wholly separate, the Object then being perceived as outside the Self, the plurality of Selves being mutually exclusive centers. The process and the result are the work of Shakti, whose special function is to negate, that is to negate Her own fullness, so that it becomes the finite center contracted as a limited Subject perceiving a limited Object, both being aspects of the one Divine Self.

The first stage after the Supreme is that in which Shakti withdraws Herself and leaves, as it were, standing by itself the 'I' side (Aham) of what, when completed, is the 'I-This' (Aham-Idam) experience. But simultaneously (for the 'I' must have its content) She presents Herself as a 'This' (Idam), at first faintly and then clearly; the emphasis being at first laid on the 'I' and then on the 'This'. This last is the stage of Ishvara Tattva or Bindu, as the Mantra Shastra, dealing with the causal state of 'Sound' (Shabda), calls it. In the second and third stage, as also in the fourth which follows, though there is an 'I' and a 'This' and therefore not the

indistinguishable 'I - This' of the Supreme Experience, yet both the 'I' and the 'This' are experienced as aspects of and in the Self. Then as a preliminary to the division which follows, the emphasis is laid equally on the 'I' and the 'This'. At this point Maya-Shakti intervenes and completely separates the two. For that Power is the Sense of Difference (Bheda-Buddhi). We have now the finite centers mutually exclusive one of the other, each seeing, to the extent of its power, finite centers as objects outside of and different from the self. Consciousness thus becomes contracted. In lieu of being All-knowing, it is a 'Little Knower,' and in lieu of being Almighty Power, it is a 'Little Doer'.

Maya is not rightly rendered 'Illusion'. In the first place it is conceived as a real Power of Being and as such is one with the Full Reality. The Full, free of all illusion, experiences the engendering of the finite centers and the centers themselves in and as Its own changeless partless Self. It is these individual centers produced from out of Power as Maya-Shakti which are 'Ignorance' or Avidya Shakti. They are so called because they are not a full experience but an experience of parts in the Whole. In another sense this 'Ignorance' is a knowing, namely, that which a finite center alone has. Even God cannot have man's mode of knowledge and enjoyment without becoming man. He by and as His Power does become man and yet remains Himself. Man is Power in limited form as Avidya. The Lord is unlimited Power as Maya. In whom then is the 'Illusion'? Not (all will admit) in the Lord. Nor is it in fact (whatever be the talk of it) in man

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whose nature it is to regard his limitations as real. For these limitations are he. His experience as man provides no standard whereby it may be adjudged 'Illusion'. The latter is non-conformity with normal experience, and here it is the normal experience which is said to be Illusion. If there were no Avidya Shakti, there would be no man. In short the knowing which is Full Experience is one thing and the knowing of the limited experience is another. The latter is Avidya and the Power to produce it is Maya. Both are eternal aspects of Reality, though the forms which are Avidya Shakti come and go. If we seek to relate the one to the other, where and by whom is the comparison made? Not in and by the Full Experience beyond all relations, where no questions are asked or answers given, but on the standing ground of present finite experience where all subjectivity and objectivity are real and where therefore, ipso facto, Illusion is negative. The two aspects are never present at one and the same time for comparison. The universe is real as a limited thing to the limited experiencer who is himself a part of it. But the experience of the Supreme Person (Parahanta) is necessarily different, otherwise it would not be the Supreme Experience at all. A God who experiences just as man does is no God but man. There is, therefore, no experiencer to whom the World is Illusion. He who sees the world in the normal waking state, loses it in that form in ecstasy (Samadhi). It may, however, (with the Shakta) be said that the Supreme Experience is entire and unchanging and thus the

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fully Real; and that, though the limited experience is also real in its own way, it is yet an experience of change in its twin aspects of Time and Space. Maya, therefore, is the Power which engenders in Itself finite centers in Time and Space, and Avidya is such experience in fact of the finite experiencer in Time and Space. So much is this so, that the Time-theorists (Kalavadins) give the name 'Supreme Time' (Parakala) to the Creator, who is also called by the Shakta 'Great Time' (Mahakala). So in the Bhairavayamala it is said that Mahadeva (Shiva) distributes His Rays of Power in the form of the Year. That is, Timeless Experience appears in the finite centers as broken up into periods of time. This is the 'Lesser Time' which comes in with the Sun, Moon, Six Seasons and so forth, which are all Shaktis of the Lord, the existence and movements of which give rise, in the limited observer, to the notion of Time and Space.

That observer is essentially the Self or 'Spirit' vehicled by Its own Shakti in the form of Mind and Matter. These two are Its Body, the first subtle, the second gross. Both have a common origin, namely the Supreme Power. Each is a real mode of It. One therefore does not produce the other. Both are produced by, and exist as modes of, the same Cause. There is a necessary parallelism between the Perceived and the Perceiver and, because Mind and Matter are at base one as modes of the same Power, one can act on the other.

Mind is the subjective and Matter the objective aspect of the one polarized Consciousness.

With the unimportant exception of the Lokayatas, the Hindus have never shared what Sir William Jones called "the vulgar notions of matter," according to which it is regarded as some gross, lasting and independently existing outside thing.

Modern Western Science now also dematerializes the ponderable matter of the universe into Energy. This and the forms in which it is displayed is the Power of the Self to appear as the object of a limited center of knowing. Mind again is the Self as 'Consciousness,' limited by Its Power into such a center. By such contraction there is in lieu of an 'All-knower' a 'Little Knower,' and in lieu of an 'All-doer' a 'Little Doer'. Those, however, to whom this way of looking at things is naturally difficult, may regard the Supreme Shakti from the objective aspect as holding within Itself the germ of all Matter which develops in It.

Both Mind and Matter exist in every particle of the universe though not explicitly displayed in the same way in all. There is no corner of the universe which contains anything either potential or actual, which is not to be found elsewhere. Some aspect of Matter or Mind, however, may be more or less explicit or implicit. So in the Mantra Scripture it is said that each letter of the alphabet contains all sound. The sound of a particular letter is explicit and the other sounds are implicit. The sound of a particular letter is a particular physical audible mode of the Shabdabrahman

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(Brahman as the cause of Shabda or 'Sound'), in Whom is all sound, actual and potential. Pure Consciousness is fully involved in the densest forms of gross or organic matter, which is not 'inert' but full of 'movement' (Spanda), for there is naught but the Supreme Consciousness which does not move. Immanent in Mind and Matter is Consciousness (Cit Shakti). Inorganic matter is thus Consciousness in full subjection to the Power of Ignorance. It is thus Consciousness identifying Itself with such inorganic matter. Matter in all its five forms of density is present in everything. Mind too is there, though, owing to its imprisonment in Matter, undeveloped. "The Brahman sleeps in the stone." Life too which displays itself with the organization

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of matter is potentially contained in Being, of which such inorganic matter is, to some, a 'lifeless' form. From this deeply involved state Shakti enters into higher and higher organized forms. Prana or vitality is a Shakti -- the Mantra form of which is 'Hangsah'. With the Mantra 'Hang' the breath goes forth, with 'Sah' it is indrawn, a fact which anyone can verify for himself if he will attempt to inspire after putting the mouth in the way it is placed in order to pronounce the letter 'H'. The Rhythm of Creative Power as of breathing (a microcosmic form of it) is two-fold -- an outgoing (Pravritti) or involution as universe, and an evolution or return (Nivritti) of Supreme Power to Itself. Shakti as the Great Heart of the universe pulses forth and back in cosmic systole and diastole. So much for the nature of the Power as an evolutionary process. It is displayed in the Forms evolved as an increasing exhibition of Consciousness from apparently, though not truly, unconscious matter, through the slight consciousness of the plant and the greater consciousness of the animal, to the more highly developed consciousness of man, who in the completeness of his own individual evolution becomes freed of Mind and Matter which constitute the Form, and thus is one with the Supreme Consciousness Itself. There are no gaps in the process. In existence there are no rigid partitions. The vital phenomena, to which we give the name of 'Life', appear, it is true, with organized Matter. But Life is not then

something entirely new which had no sort of being before. For such Life is only a limited mode of Being, which itself is no dead thing but the Infinite Life of all lives. To the Hindu the difference between plant and animal, and between the latter and man, has always been one rather of degree than of kind. There is one Consciousness and one Mind and Matter throughout, though the Matter is organized and the Mind is exhibited in various ways. The one Shakti is the Self as the 'String' (Sutratma) on which all the Beads of Form are strung, and these Beads again are limited modes of Herself as the 'String'. Evolution is thus the loosening of the bonds in which Consciousness (itself unchanging) is held, such loosening being increased and Consciousness more fully exhibited as the process is carried forward. At length is gained that human state which the Scripture calls so 'hard to get'. For it has been won by much striving and through suffering. Therefore the Scripture warns man not to neglect the opportunities of a stage which is the necessary preliminary to the attainment of the Full Experience. Man by his striving must seek to become fully humane, and then to pass yet further into the Divine Fullness which is beyond all Forms with their good and evil. This is the work of Sadhana (a word which comes from the root sadh 'to exert'), which is discipline, ritual, worship and Yoga. It is that by which any result (Siddhi) is attained. The Tantrik Shastra is a Sadhana Scripture. As Powers are many, so may be Sadhana, which is of various kinds and degrees. Man may seek to realize the Mother-Power in Her limited forms as health, strength, long life, wealth, magic powers and so forth. The so-

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called 'New Thought' and kindred literature which bids men to think Power and thus to become power, is very ancient, going back at least to the Upanishad which says: "What a man thinks, that he becomes."

Those who have need for the Infinite Mother as She is, not in any Form but in Herself, seek directly the Adorable One in whom is the essence of all which is of finite worth. The gist of a high form of Kulasadhana is given in the following verse from the Hymn of Mahakalarudra Himself to Mahakali:

"I torture not my body with penances." (Is not his body Hers? If man be God in human guise why torment him?) "I lame not my feet in pilgrimage to Holy Places." (The body is the Devalaya or Temple of Divinity. Therein are all the spiritual Tirthas or Holy Places. Why then trouble to go elsewhere?) "I spend not my time in reading the Vedas." (The Vedas, which he has already studied, are the record of the standard spiritual experience of others. He seeks now to have that experience himself directly. What is the use of merely reading about it? The Kularnava Tantra enjoins the mastering of the essence of all Scriptures which should then be put aside, just as he who has threshed out the grain throws away the husks and straw.) "But I strive to attain Thy two sacred Feet."



The Man who would be King

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“I am telling you as straight as I can, but my head isn’t as good as it might be. They drove nails through it to make me hear better how Dravot died. The country was mountaneous and the mules were most contrary, and the inhabitants was dispersed and solitary. They went up and up, and down and down, and that other party, Carnehan, was imploring of Dravot not to sing and whistle so loud, for fear of bringing down the tremenjus avalanches. But Dravot says that if a King couldn’t sing it wasn’t worth being King, and whacked the mules over the rump, and never took no heed for ten cold days. We came to a big level valley all among the mountains, and the mules were near dead, so we killed them, not having anything in special for them or us to eat. We sat upon the boxes, and played odd and even with the cartridges that was jolted out.

“Then ten men with bows and arrows ran down that valley, chasing twenty men with bows and arrows, and the row was tremenjus. They was fair men—fairer than you or me—with yellow hair and remarkable well built. Says Dravot, unpacking the guns, ‘This is the beginning of the business. We’ll fight for the ten men,’ and with that he fires two rifles at the twenty men, and drops one of them at two hundred yards from the rock where he was sitting. The other men began to run, but Carnehan and Dravot sits on the boxes picking them off at all ranges, up and down the valley.

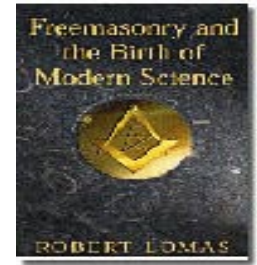
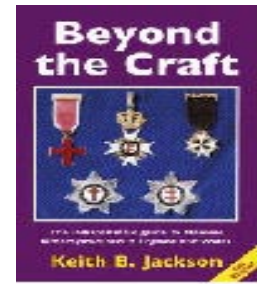
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Then we goes up to the ten men that had run across the snow too, and they fires a footy little arrow at us. Dravot he shoots above their heads, and they all falls down flat. Then he walks over them and kicks them, and then he lifts them up and shakes hands all round to make them friendly like. He calls them and gives them the boxes to carry, and waves his hand for all the world as though he was King already.

They takes the boxes and him across the valley and up the hill into a pine wood on the top, where there was half a dozen big stone idols. Dravot he goes to the biggest—a fellow they call Imbra—and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectfully with his own nose, patting him on the head, and nods his head, and says, ‘That’s all right. I’m in the know too, and these old jimjams are my friends.’ Then he opens his mouth and points down it, and when the first man brings him food, he says, ‘No;’ and when the second man brings him food, he says ‘no;’ but when one of the old priests and the boss of the village brings him food, he says, ‘Yes;’ very haughty, and eats it slow. That was how he came to our first village without any trouble, just as though we had tumbled from the skies. But we tumbled from one of those damned rope-bridges, you see, and—you couldn’t expect a man to laugh much after that?”

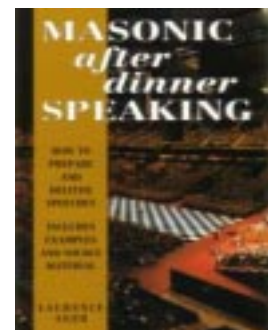
“Take some more whisky and go on,” I said. “That was the first village you came into. How did you get to be King?”
 “I wasn’t King,” said Carnehan.

“Dravot he was the King, and a handsome man he looked with the gold crown on his head and all. Him and the other party stayed in that village, and every morning Dravot sat by the side of old Imbra, and the people came and worshipped. That was Dravot’s order.

Then a lot of men came into the valley, and Carnehan Dravot picks them off with the rifles before they knew where they was, and runs down into the valley and up again the other side, and finds another village, same as the first one, and the people all falls down flat on their faces, and Dravot says, ‘Now what is the trouble between you two villages?’ and the people points to a woman, as fair as you or me, that was carried off, and Dravot takes her back to the first village and counts up the dead—eight there was. For each dead man Dravot pours a little milk on the ground and waves his arms like a whirligig, and ‘That’s all right,’ says he. Then he and Carnehan takes the big boss of each village by the arm, and walks them down the valley, and shows them how to scratch a line with a spear right down the valley, and gives each a sod of turf from both sides of the line. Then all the people comes down and shouts like the devil and all, and Dravot says, ‘Go and dig the land, and be fruitful and multiply,’ which they did, though they didn’t understand. Then we asks the names of things in their lingo—bread and water and fire and idols and such; and Dravot leads the priest of each village up to the idol, and says he must sit there and judge the people, and if anything goes wrong heis to be shot.

“Next week they was all turning up the land in the valley as quiet as bees and much prettier, and the priests heard all the complaints and told Dravot in dumb-show what it was about. ‘That’s just the beginning,’ says Dravot. ‘They think we’re Gods.’ He and Carnehan picks out twenty good men and shows them how to click off a rifle and form fours and advance in line; and they was very pleased to do so, and clever to see the hang of it. Then he takes out his pipe and his baccypouch, and leaves one at one village and one at the other, and off we two goes to see what was to be done in the next valley. That was all rock, and there was a little village there, and Carnehan says, ‘Send ‘em to the old valley to plant,’ and takes ‘em there and gives ‘em some land that wasn’t took before.

They were a poor lot, and we blooded ‘em with a kid before letting ‘em into the new Kingdom. That was to impress the people, and then they settled down quiet, and Carnehan went back to Dravot, who had got into another valley, all snow and ice and most mountaineous. There was no people there, and the Army got afraid; so Dravot shoots one of them, and goes on till he finds some people in a village, and the Army explains that unless the



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The Man who would be King

people wants to be killed they had better not shoot their little matchlocks, for they had matchlocks. We makes friends with the priest, and I stays there alone with two of the Army, teaching the men how to drill; and a thundering big Chief comes across the snow with kettledrums and horns twanging, because he heard there was a new God kicking about. Carnehan sights for the brown of the men half a mile across the snow and wings one of them.

Then he sends a message to the Chief that, unless he wished to be killed, he must come and shake hands with me and leave his arms behind. The Chief comes alone first, and Carnehan shakes hands with him and whirls his arms about, same as Dravot used, and very much surprised that Chief was, and strokes my eyebrows. Then Carnehan goes alone to the Chief, and asks him in dumb-show if he had an enemy he hated. 'I have,' says the chief. So Carnehan weeds out the pick of his men, and sets the two of the Army to show them drill, and at the end of two weeks the men can manoeuvre about as well as Volunteers. So he marches with the Chief to a great big plain on the top of a mountain, and the Chief's men rushes into a village and takes it; we three Martinis firing into the brown of the enemy. So we took that village too, and I gives the Chief a rag from my coat, and says, 'Occupy till I come;' which was scriptural. By way of a reminder, when me and the Army was eighteen hundred yards away, I drops a bullet near him standing on the snow, and all the people falls

flat on their faces. Then I sends a letter to Dravot wherever he be by land or by sea."

At the risk of throwing the creature out of train I interrupted: "How could you write a letter up yonder?" "The letter?—oh!—the letter! Keep looking at me between the eyes, please. It was a string-talk letter, that we'd learned the way of it from a blind beggar in the Punjab."

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Tim Bryce On...

By W. Tim Bryce, PM, MPS
timb001@phmainstreet.com
Palm Harbor, Florida, USA
"A Foot Soldier for Freemasonry"

MASONIC TOASTS

by W.: Tim Bryce, PM, MPS
timb001@phmainstreet.com
Palm Harbor, Florida, USA
"A Foot Soldier for Freemasonry"

We are now approaching the holiday season where we typically enjoy several year-end parties. For many Grand jurisdictions, it marks the end of the Masonic Year, and the birth of a new one. Knowing the festive atmosphere of such occasions I posted a request on the Internet soliciting favorite Masonic toasts. As usual, the Brethren responded generously. Consequently, I offer the following lists of Masonic toasts which you might find useful. Thanks to all of the Brothers for their contributions.

SCOTTISH GRACE

Note: Not so much a toast, but a Grace, which may only appeal to the Scottish who support a particular football team. Origin unknown.

God bless the meat and God bless the stovies,
God bless the Jews, the Muslims and Jehovies.
God bless the Catholics and God

bless the strangers,
And if you've any Blessing left
Lord,
God bless the Rangers!

- courtesy of Bro. Peter Taylor
petertaylor@lodgeroomuk.com
Worshipful Senior Warden, Lodge
Albert No. 448, Lochee, Scotland
<http://www.lodgealbert448.org.uk/>
Secretary, Lodge Discovery
No.1789, Dundee, Scotland
[http://](http://lodgediscovery1789.bravehost.com/)

A FELLOW CRAFT TOAST FROM ISRAEL

A toast on the occasion of a Brother
being passed to Fellow Craft.

Worshipful Master, Brethren,

It is my pleasure, I say a few words
about the star of tonight's work,
Brother (Name).
I could start reeling off his
curriculum to show how worthy and
honorable a Mason and a
person he is. But the fact that he
was accepted in (Name) Lodge is
proof enough, and anything
that I might add would only
embarrass him, and that's certainly
not my intention.

When we met for the first time,
Brother (Name)'s last name brought
immediately to my mind the
hero of Shakespeare's "Taming of
the Shrew," Petruchio, the
gentleman from Verona who came
to marry well in Padua.

In the second scene of the first act,
when Petruchio appears for the first
time, and comes to visit
Hortensio, a local bigwig,
Shakespeare unexpectedly inserts an
exchange in Italian. Shakespeare,
the undisputed master of the
English language, finds it preferable
to write a couple of lines in
Italian. Why? I don't know. Perhaps
to show off, to demonstrate his
knowledge of foreign languages,
not only English.

For whatever reason, this is what
William Shakespeare wrote:

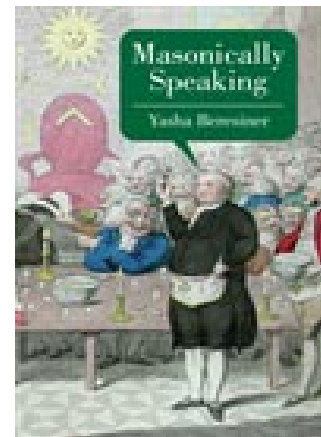
Petruccio speaks:

Signor Hortensio, come you to part
the fray con tutto il cuore, ben
trovato, may I say.

And Hortensio replies:

Alla nostra casa ben venutto, molto
honorato signor mio Petruchio.

continued on next page



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Tim Bryce On...

By Wt. Tim Bryce, PM, MPS
tim001@phmainstreet.com
Palm Harbor, Florida, USA
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MASONIC TOASTS

In other words, welcome to our home, most honored master Petruccio, as I can say, welcome to our home, Brother (Name).

Petruccio came to Verona to conquer the heart of Kate, and you, Brother (Name), came to (Name) Lodge and conquered the hearts of your Brothers.

So let us all rise and lift our glasses. Brethren, a toast to our Brother (Name)!

Alla salute!

- Courtesy of W.:Leon Zeldis, PM
Tel Aviv, Israel
lzeldis@netvision.net.il

AUSTRALIAN HONORS

Author comment: I do not know of any special toasts but I have often felt the need for a collection of Masonic honors which go with the toasts, such as this one for Lodge Irrigation:

Down the channel and over the wheel (with suitable gestures), flow back to Irrigation (three times, hand and foot etc.), and for Lodge Ibis (the Ibis is a medium sized water bird): Dip your beak (hand outstretched fingers in a beak pointing down), spread your wings (arms outstretched),

fly back to Ibis (hands flapping) three times, apron heart and hands.

Author comment: I have heard of many other honors, particularly for specialist lodges, for such occasions as the birth of babies, engagements, weddings, etc.

- courtesy of Bro. Ian Alexander
blanerne1@bigpond.com
Lodge Leeton-Yanco 313, UGL
NSW & ACT
Australia

SEQUENCE OF TOASTS IN ONTARIO, CANADA

Toast to Grand Lodge
Toast to Queen and the Craft
Toast to the Office of President of the U.S.A (if American Brethren present)
Grace
Toast to the candidate
Response by the candidate
Toast to Visitors
Response by a visitor
Junior Warden's Toast - Happy to Meet, Sorry to Part, Happy to Meet Again

- courtesy of W.:Marty Brokman,
PM
grlagma@yahoo.ca
Bedford Lodge 638, A.F.& A.M.,
GRC
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

PAX, CARITAS ET CONCORDIA
This, in Latin, is the motto of Caliburn Lodge.

Translated it means, "Peace, Love

and Harmony."

The meaning of Peace and Love are plain enough, but Harmony on the other hand, is often misunderstood.

Is it merely the absence of conflict, and if so, is this a desirable goal?

Imagine a world where everyone is always in agreement with each other. Can you? Of course not! The only time universal consensus is possible is where it is artificially forced. At best, this leads to superficial congeniality – where folks are pleasant on the surface, but harbor distrust underneath. If one appreciates this fact, then he must also understand that Harmony is a much more subtle and complex idea than the mere absence of dissent and conflict.

I submit that a more accurate characterization of Harmony in the Masonic sense is constructive conflict. Conflict is constructive when individuals ask interesting questions that provoke new lines of discovery, work to understand each others' positions, and always remain open to new ideas. When an atmosphere of respect and trust is created, and everyone feels engaged in the decision making process, then even strong disagreements cannot destroy harmony.

Isn't this a more apt understanding of what we, as Masons, mean by Harmony? Yes, we may from time to time disagree with one another, but we are still brothers, and at the end of the day, as long as we continue to respect and trust each other, mere disagreements can

[continued on next page](#)

MASONIC TOASTS

never stand in the way of true brotherhood and friendship.

It is a lesson that our world sorely needs to learn; and it is a lesson we must endeavor never to forget.

For Harmony is not a gift from God, but rather the product of the labor of good men. We must work each and every day, and work hard, to create Harmony.

So Brethren, I raise a toast to Caliburn Lodge, and to Peace, Love . . . and Harmony.

- W.:Richard A. Graeter, PM
rgraeter@fuse.net

Caliburn Lodge No. 785 F.& A.M.
Cincinnati, OH, USA
At our Festive Board on October 5, 2006.

FROM AUSTRALIA

The toast is in the form of a poem called, "The Toast to the Vistors."

Tonight I have the pleasure
To all I must confess
To give to you this toast
To our Visitors and our Guests

The fellowship that you bring tonight
Is something that can't compare
You know we like to see you
And glad that your always there

The harmony, the chat and jokes we have...
With our old and new found friends
We wish it could last for hours
And somehow never end.

But... all good things must come to an end

And we go our separate way
We hope you enjoyed yourself tonight
And return again someday

And now I ask the members to stand
To raise a glass in cheer
To toast to all our visitors
Who supported us this year
Our Visitors

I understand that this poem is quite old and comes from England.

- Lord Peter Wright Lodge No. 156
lordpeterwright@yahoo.com.au
Alice Springs, Australia

THANKS TO R.:W.:RONALD M GOLDWYN FOR THIS EXTENSIVE LIST

To...

1. Our most Worshipful Grand Master. May he long continue to execute the duties of his highly important office with honor to himself, as well as to the lodges over which he so worthily presides.

2. All grand officers around the globe. May they square their lives by the strictest regard to the rules of morality, and regulate their conduct by the plumb line of equity, so that when any of them shall be consigned to the silent grave, it may be inscribed on his tomb "here lies a good man."

3. Health, happiness, and unanimity

to all the fraternity of free and accepted masons, around the globe.

4. To all the members of the ancient and honorable craft. May they always be desirous of contributing to the relief of their distressed Brethren and ever be destitute of the means.

5. May every Mason entertain that ardent and generous good will to his Brother, which makes his Brother's situation his own, and do to all as he would they should do to him.

6. To all ancient Masons, wherever dispersed and oppressed. May they soon find friends able and willing to relieve them.

7. May every Mason, who Is desirous of assisting a distressed Brother or his family, be always possessed of the means.

8. All regularly constituted lodges throughout the globe. May peace, harmony and love predominate in all their meetings and happiness be the portion of every member, in his individual capacity.

9. May the funds of all lodges be managed in such a manner, that the distressed widows and orphans of deceased members may never have the mortification of applying for that relief of which they stand in need, but cannot obtain.

10. May we be more studious to correct our own faults, than to promulgate

continued on next page

MASONIC TOASTS

the errors of our Brethren.

11. May no honest heart ever know distress.

12. May the fragrance of a good report, like a sprig of acacia bloom over the head of every departed brother.

13. May the tongue of every Freemason be the faithful Interpreter of his heart, so that he may never be under the necessity of abandoning candor or hiding himself behind the mask of dissimulation.

14. May we strive to resemble our divine Master, in promoting as far possible the happiness of all mankind and when we cannot succeed, may it be for want of ability, never for want of inclinations.

15. May we enter apprentices to virtue; be fellow-crafts with charity; and always masters of our passions.

16. The heart that conceals, and the tongue which never reveals.

17. The immortal memory of the Widow's Son.

18. The good Samaritan. May masons, when they meet a fellow mortal in distress be actuated by such motives, as those which influenced this benevolent man, and endeavor as far as possible to contribute to his relief, whatever may be his political

creed or religious tenets.

19. May we be guided to happiness by wisdom, supported in virtuous resolutions by strength and may beauty adorn our beds.

20. Sincerity! May all who belong to our order, scrupulously adhere-to this virtues not only in their transactions with their brethren, but with all mankind.

21. May all Masons strictly adhere to truth; wisdom, virtue, and happiness will be the concomitants of such conduct.

22. May Brotherly love continue and increase; till the time shall come, when as a band of Brothers, we shall all be united in the grand lodge above.

23. Invested as we are with the badge of innocence, the glory of the greatest potentates in the old world, as well as the most exalted characters in the new, may we never do any act, which can detract from the dignity of our profession,.

24. May every Mason be obedient to all lawful orders of his superiors, friendly to his equals, and condescending to his inferiors.

25. May every Freemason's heart have the freedom of chalk, the fervency of charcoal, the zeal of friendship; but not the hardness of marble, when a distressed brother makes his demand.

26. May universal benevolence be

the plumb line of all our actions

27. May every Mason endeavor to attain a thorough knowledge of himself.

28. May the square form our conduct through life; the level and plumb line remind us of our condition, and teach us to walk perpendicularly and act uprightly.

29. May our wisdom be as conspicuous to our sisters, as the wisdom of our grand master Solomon was to the queen of Sheba.

30. May every free and accepted Mason rise in the East, find refreshment in the South, and when he rests in the West, may he enjoy the same reward as was bestowed on our patron St. John, that of being the disciple, whom the savior. of mankind loved.

31. The American fair. May virtue, modesty, grace and love, endear them to the affections of their husbands.

32. Success to every Mason, who stands plumb to his principles, yet on a level with his Brethren.

33. The President and constituted authorities of the United States. Though in the lodge, we can have nothing to do with political disputes, we must all

continued on next page

MASONIC TOASTS

unite in wishing health and prosperity to the magistrates of our country.

34. May the breast of every Freemason be an ark for charity, from whence shall flow assistance to the widows and orphans of their deceased Brethren.

35. May the rays of celestial light dart from the east. illuminate the west and may perseverance remove the keystone which covers truth.

36. May the Royal arch cover every honest mason's heart, and overshadow all who act up to the true principles of the craft.

37. May the conduct of every Mason be such through life, that his Brethren may hear him when he makes his demand, see and recognize him at a distance, and by the strongest ties feel him and know him in the dark.

38. May the Bible rule and guide us through life; the square, square our actions, and the compasses circumscribe the bounds which we are to keep with all mankind, especially with a Brother.

39. May Masonry flourish till nature expire. And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

40. The Craft. Philanthropy its foundation; may wisdom erect the pillars,

strength support the arch, beauty finish the building, and may charity ever find a habitation there.

41. The immortal memory of our late most Worshipful brother, general George Washington, the father of his country, and the friend of man.

42. Our Sisters. May we ever regard them with the eye of affection; may their virtues ever meet our kind and tender embraces, and may we ever deserve from them the character of all affectionate Brothers.

43. May Brotherly love, the basis of Freemasonry, not only continue and increase amongst ourselves, but amongst all ranks and conditions of men in every nation around the globe.

44. May secrecy, good fellowship, morality, and an ardent desire to promote the happiness of each other be the polar star of every Mason.

45. May Masonry flourish and vice decay.

46. May the two great parallels be our guide to the grand lodge above.

47. May every Mason, as far as may be consistent with prudence, contribute, to the wants of his fellow mortals, particularly to those of his Brethren; may he ever put the fairest construction on the conduct of his neighbors, and before he censures others "let him look at home."

48. May Masonry continue to flourish till time shall be no more.

49. May it be deeply impressed on the heart of every Mason, that there is no real felicity for man, except in reforming his errors and vices and entering upon a strict and constant course of virtue.

50. Religion! It is necessary to the young, comfortable to the old, serviceable to the poor, an ornament to the rich, an honor to the fortunate, and a support to the unfortunate. May every Freemason ever be actuated by its divine precepts.

51. May the heart of every Mason be conformable to the divine will, and his actions void of offense towards his fellow mortals.

52. May we as Masons be affectionate to our friends, faithful to our Brethren, obedient to the laws, and just even to our enemies; and may it ever be a maxim of our creed, to fear death less than the least reproach of our conscience.

53. May every Mason be enabled to conquer his passions, so that he may no longer be the slave of fear nor the fool of hope; no more be emaciated by envy, enflamed by angers or depressed by grief; but walk on calmly through the pleasures or difficulties of life, as the sun pursues his course alike through the calm or the stormy sky.

continued on next page

MASONIC TOASTS

54. The great Masonic virtues faith, hope and charity. May every one, who belongs to the fraternity ardently cherish them in his heart, and may they be productive of good fruits in his life and conversation.

55. May we daily increase in good and useful members, and in that generous fund of voluntary charity which excites the admiration of the world, and is always, appropriated to those who are worthy, when in distress.

56. May the whole Brotherhood continue constant in good works, and adorn their profession, whilst arts and learning flourish amongst men, even to the end of the world.

57. The secret and silent.

58. All mankind.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS

1. To SOLOMON, the luminary of the EAST, and WASHINGTON the glory of the West.

2. To all those who steer their course by the three great Lights of Masonry.

3. May every Mason who stands in need of Friendship be able to say EUREKA!

3. May the Tuscan order support us; the Ionic guide us, and the

Corinthian reward us.

4. May we never feel want, nor never want feeling.

5. The Brother who stands plumb to his principles, yet is level to his Brethren.

6. May every Mason rise in the East, find refreshment in the SOUTH, and be, so dismissed in the WEST, as to find admission into the middle chamber to receive the reward of a GOOD MAN.

7. May the altitude of our virtues, ever be at high twelve.

8. To each faithful Brother, both ancient and young, Who governs his passions and bridles his tongue.

9. The heart that conceals, and the tongue that never reveals.

10. May we learn to be frugal, before we are obliged to be so.

11. Pleasures that please on reflection.

12. May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

13. The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

14. May the single be married, and the married be happy.

15. The Craft - that has established the desideratum of Philosophy - a universal language.

16. May we never be unmindful of

Judas's fate.

17. May each Mason revere, the book, compass and square.

18. To those whom we love, and to those who love us.

19. May we correct our own faults, before we publish those of our Brethren.

20. Great men Honest, and honest men Great.

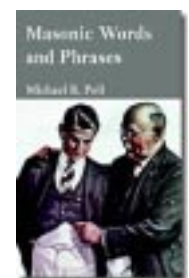
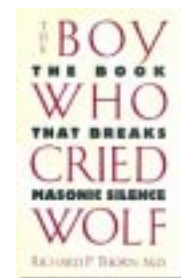
21. Riches to the Generous, and power to the Merciful.

22. Love to ONE, friendship to a FEW, and good will to ALL.

To HIM who all things understood,
To HIM, who furnished stone and wood,
To HIM, who nobly spilt his blood—
In doing of his duty;
We hail the day! we hail the morn!
On which those three great men were born!
Who did the TEMPLE thus adorn
With WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY.

- courtesy of R.:W.:Ronald M Goldwyn, LMPS
cleanwake@optonline.net
GLNY & GLCT

Keep the Faith!



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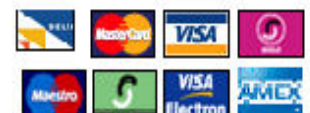


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A MASON'S CHRISTMAS

by Carl Claudy, from "Old Past Master"

"A Masonic Christmas"

"I don't believe in a Christmas celebration by the lodge. I don't think we ought to have one, or be asked to contribute to one or in any way engage in Christmas festivities."

"The Junior Mason spoke emphatically and with marked disapproval of the little ante-room group nearby, making happy plans for Yule-tide.

"That's very interesting," commented the Old Past Master. I like to hear points of view unfamiliar to me. Would you mind telling me why?"

"Of course not. It's very simple. Masonry is not Christian. King Solomon, of course, wasn't a Christian, nor were either of the Hiram's. Masonry admits to her ranks any good man of faith; Christian, Jewish, Mohammedan, Buddhist... it makes no difference, so he has a Faith. Then, as a lodge, we celebrate a holiday belonging to one faith. Now I personally am a Christian, and of course I celebrate Christmas. But my brother across the way is a Jew, who does not recognize Christianity. To ask him to spend his proportion of lodge funds in celebrating the birth of a Leader in Whom he does not believe would be exactly like asking me to celebrate, with my proportion of lodge money, the birth of Confucius. Of course, I have only one vote and the majority rules, but when it comes to personal



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contributions to a Masonic Christmas celebration, my hands will never come out of my pockets."

He shoved them deeper in as he spoke to emphasize his intention not to spend.

"Hm!" answered the Old Past Master. "So you think your Jewish brother across the way doesn't recognize Christianity? Don't you mean he doesn't recognize Christ as the Son of God? Wait a minute... Oh, Brother Samuels." The Old Past Master called across the ante-room. "Here a minute, will you?"

The Jewish brother rose and came forward.

"I just wanted to ask you if you are in favor or against the lodge Christmas celebration?" asked the Old Past Master.

"Me? I am in favor of it, of course, both for the lodge appropriation and the individual contribution."

"Thank you," nodded the Old Past Master. Then as the Jewish brother went back to his seat, he turned to the Junior Mason.

"You see, my son, our Jewish friend is not narrow. He does not believe in Christ as the Redeemer, but he recognizes that he lives in a country

continued on next page



A MASON'S CHRISTMAS

by Carl Claudy, from "Old Past Master"

largely Christian, and belongs to a lodge largely Christian. To him the Christmas celebration is not one of His birthday, but of the spirit of joyousness and love which we mean when we sing, at Christmas time 'Peace on earth, good will towards men!' If you argue that 'peace' is only a Christian word, he might even quote to you the words of One who said 'I bring you not Peace, but a Sword.'

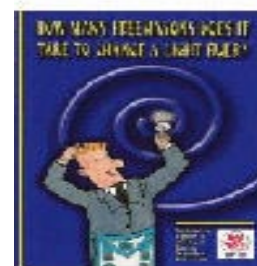
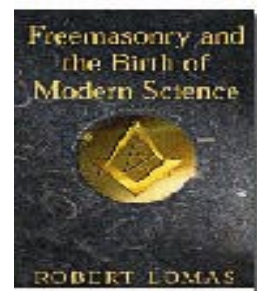
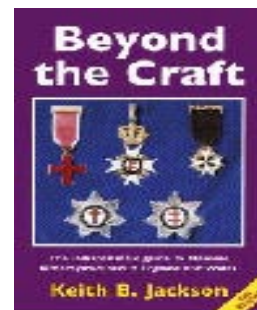
"Now let me explain something to you. The Jew has just as much right to refuse to recognize Christ as the Son of God, as you have to refuse to consider Mohammed the Prophet the followers of Allah say he is. But as an educated man, you must know that Mohammed was a good man, a devout leader, a wise teacher. As an educated man, you admit that the religion founded by Buddha has much in it that is good, and you admit that Confucius was a wise and just leader. Were you in the land where the birthdays of any of these were celebrated, would you refuse your part in the people's joy in their Leader, simply because you followed another? I trust not. Well, neither do our Jewish brethren or our Mohammedan brethren, desire to be left out of our celebration. They may not believe in the Divinity of Him we, as Christians, follow, but if they are good men and good Masons... they are perfectly willing to admit that the religion we follow is as good for us as theirs is for them, and to join with us in celebrating the day which is to us the glad day of all the year.

"Believe me, boy, Christmas doesn't

mean Christ's birthday to many a man who calls himself Christian. It is not because of joy the He was born that many a good man celebrates Christmas. It is because his neighbor celebrates it, because it is a time of joy for little ones, because it is a day when he can express his thanks to his God that he is allowed to have a wife and family and children and friends and a lodge, because of that very 'peace on earth' spirit which is no more the property of the Gentile than the Jew, the Chinese or the Mohammedan.

"It is such a spirit that Masons join, all, in celebrating Christmas. It is on the Masonic side of the tree we dance, not the Christian side. When this lodge erects its Christmas tree in the basement and throws it open to the little ones of the poor of this town, you will find children of all kinds there; black, white, yellow, and brown, Jew and Gentile, Christian and Mohammedan. And you will find a Jew at the door, and among the biggest subscriptions will be those from some Jewish brethren, and there is a Jew who rents cars for a living who will supply us a dozen free to take baskets to those who cannot come. And when the Jewish Orphan Asylum has its fair, in the Spring, you will find many a Christian Mason attending to spend his money and help along the cause dear to his Jewish brethren, never remembering that they are of a different faith. That, my son, is Masonry."

"For Charity is neither Christian nor Jewish, nor Chinese nor Buddhist. And celebrations which create joy in little hearts and feed the hungry and make the poor think that Masons do not forget the lessons in



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continued on next page

lodge, are not Christian alone, though they be held at Christmas, and are not for Christians alone, though the celebration be in His honor. Recall the ritual: 'By the exercise of brotherly love we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family, the high and low, the rich and poor, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support and protect each other'.

"It is with this thought that we, as Masons, celebrate Christmas, to bring joy to our brethren and their little ones, and truly observe the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God, whether we be Jew or Gentile, Mohammedan or Buddhist."

The Old Past Master ceased and stood musing, his old eyes looking back along a long line of lodge Christmas trees about which eager little faces danced. Then he turned to the Junior Mason.

"Well," he said smiling, "Do you understand?"

"I thank you for my Christmas present," came the answer. "Please tell me to which brother I should make my Christmas contribution?"

* * *



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A MASONIC CHRISTMAS STORY

A Masonic Christmas Story
Posted December, 1997

By Wor. Bro. C.S.L. (Laurie) Lund
& V.W.Bro. R.G. (Ron) Dixon
(With Apologies to Clement C. Moore)

'Twas nigh afore Christmas at the
Freemason's Hall
(Civil Services' regular), the order
was tall;
Reams from Grand Lodge, a notice
of motion,
A ballot or two and a pause for
devotion
To brethren departed of the year '94,
Plus a candidate who would soon
walk the floor.

Our own Junior Warden, when faced
with the crunch
Said, "Let's all call off and go
upstairs for lunch."
The Master replied, as Masters all
do,
Intoned in a voice reserved for the
few,
"Before we partake of the fellowship
there
Is the summons to read and a ballot
to clear.
Not to mention the candidate, he's
quaking with dread
At the stories of whether the goat has
been fed."

The Master, exhorting the brethren
to work,
A firm grip on the gavel, he turned
with a jerk
To the Secretary, putting a shine to
each lens,
Polished both to a lustre and reached
for his pens.

"It's half past the hour," the Master
then winced



At the stuff left to do and remained
unconvinced
That the evening would go as
smooth as he'd hoped
Since he'd gone to the trouble of
feeding the goat.
"Though the ballot's behind us, the
notice is gone,
Grand Lodge is finished, the work
still goes on."

The Inner Guard knew as the Tyler
did too
That knock, knock and knock was
the right thing to do.
Sidebenchers slept soundly and
were only stirred
When the crack of the candidate's
knuckles was heard
The slight groan that penetrated
lips that were pursed
Appeared to the Deacon as just a
light curse.

Onward they travel, the guide and
the man
Seeking truth and enlightenment
wherever they can
The secrets were given, the grip
and the token,
Obligation was offered, the words
then were spoken.
Though never, not once, was one
heard to gloat
As the Entered Apprentice never
did meet the goat.

The evening now ended, the
candidate clear
Junior Warden entreats from the
South us to hear
The oath we look forward to right
from the start,
"Happy to meet and sorry to part."

continued on next page

A MASONIC CHRISTMAS STORY

Christmas had come to Civil Service that night
As men came together under the light
Giving freely of time as a labour of love
As we bent to the task of the Most High above.

To Stewards, to Deacons, the Tyler, the 'Guard
The Wardens, the Master, who all work so hard,
To Past Masters steady, Sidebenchers too
To Treasurer, Chaplain, the D. of C. who
Help carry the Lodge, year in and year out
To your family extended, a warm Christmas time.
Thank the G.A.O.T.U. we've run out of rhyme!

“The Symbolic Card for Christmas, 1897” by Sydney T. Klein, published in *Ars Quatuor Cornatorum* Volume XI (1898)

On the opposite page is a print of the Card which was sent to all our members on the close of the last year, and in conformity with my promise I now give a few words explanatory to its meaning.

In my Yuletide Greeting Printed in the St. John's Card for 1897, I shewed that that year was the most important Jubilee of the Craft since Grand Lodge was first instituted in 1717.

On the Card will be noticed a Serpent, the great Ancient Symbol for Time, and we have, thereby

depicted, time divided into two Epochs, that which went before 1717 and comprised the Operative period symbolized by a [* | In-line.WMF *], the Great Operative Symbol; and the other which from 1717 to the present date comprises Speculative Freemasonry, represented by the Great Speculative Symbol, the Pythagorean Theorem, which Dr. Anderson in his Constitutions, drawn up in 1723 by command of the Grand Lodge, designates “that amazing proposition which is the Foundation of all Masonry.” Between the two extremities of the Serpent was placed the proof, given by Euclid (Book I., xxxii) of one the greatest mysteries in Medieval times: that in every triangle the three interior angles must always be exactly equal to 180 degrees; and this is one of the figures depicted on the old print which accompanied the St. John's Card. The whole fabric of Masonry being based on the form of a triangle, the most important Jubilee of the Craft must be exactly 180 years after the time of the great revival, and the year 1897 fulfils that condition. In the Greeting I pointed out the Wonderful coincidence that this was also Her Majesty the Queen's 60 years' Jubilee.

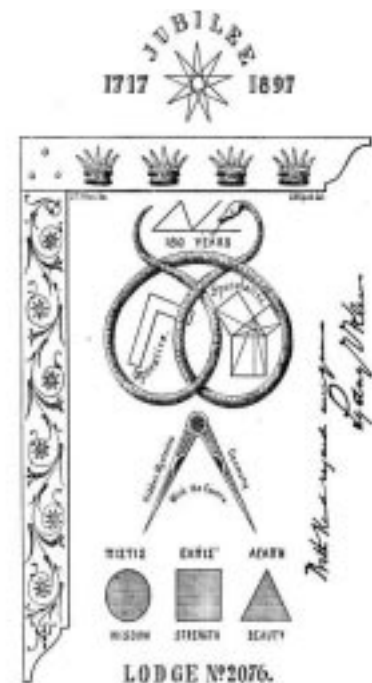
It will be noticed that one leg of the Compasses bears “Hidden Mysteries” and the other “Geometry”. These are the two great pivots round which Freemasonry must work to keep up its glorious traditions, and it is only by bearing them steadfastly in mind, and working “with the centre” that we can hope to discover the Genuine Secrets of our Forefathers and to fulfill in the future the noble destine which awaits the human



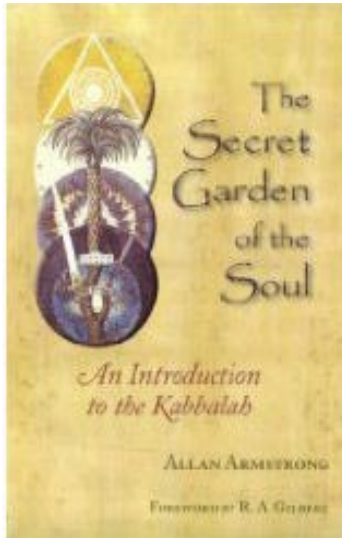
race when, for all of us, Time and Space shall be no more.

Below are depicted Wisdom, Strength and Beauty which we know are the true supports of the Lodge and, Masonry being synonymous with Geometry, these are symbolized by the Circle, Square and Triangle, the three figures upon which the whole Science of Geometry rests; and we meet them again in the higher sphere of thought as Faith, Hope and Love, the last and greatest of which is the goal of our highest and noblest aspirations.

The Great Square enclosing the design is emblematic of the True conscientious work for which this Lodge is justly noted, and the four Crowns of course represent the Sacred Memory of the Patron Saints of the Craft, the Quatuor Coronati Martyres, under whose banner we are endeavoring to win the Truth from the shadowy past.



The Secret Garden of the Soul



by: Allan Armstrong

Publisher: Lewis Publishing
ISBN: 978-0955841507

The Secret Garden of the Soul began its life in the mid 1980's as a collection of notes intended for students with a serious interest in studying Kabbalah. Over the years its shape has evolved through countless discussions with such students. As an introductory work this book sheds light upon the perplexing world of the Kabbalah and will guide you through its origins and history; throwing light on its obscure terms and mysterious language; explaining and interpreting its symbolism, doctrine and practices."

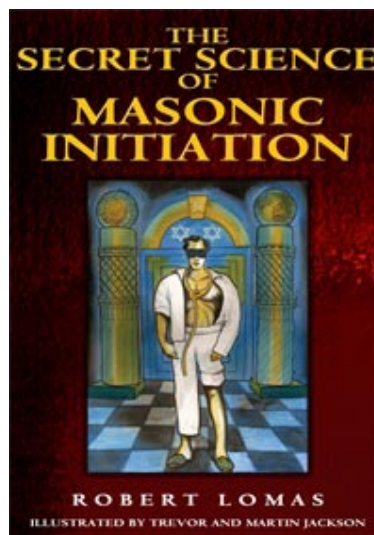
"A lucid and informative introduction to the metaphysical system at the heart of Western spirituality commonly known as the Kabbalah. With unparalleled clarity, Allan Armstrong, an experienced Kabbalist, who has devoted more than thirty years to the study of Kabbalah, shows how through studying the symbolism and engaging in the disciplines of the Kabbalah it is possible to enter the Secret Garden of the Soul garden and become aware of the spiritual reality within it.

In this concise volume you will find a comprehensive overview of the origins of Kabbalah, the Tree of Life, the significance and use of letters and numbers in Numerology and Gematria; and different methods and techniques of meditation and relaxation that are necessary for exploring the secret garden of your own soul

The Secret Science in Masonic Initiation

Freemasonry has a deep purpose which can be overlooked in the rush of the modern world. Its ritual says it is a high and serious subject. But how can an individual discover the truths it outlines? How do you become an Initiate and a Master? A new, spiritually-aware generation is asking this question and demanding answers. This book responds in an unexpectedly visual way. Using words and images it leads you through the spiritual stages of Masonic knowledge.

The Craft teaches that each new Apprentice shall find a teacher to gain instruction. The open Lodge is not the place for instruction but a place for living out truths which should be taught privately by contemplation of symbols. Robert Lomas has spent thirty

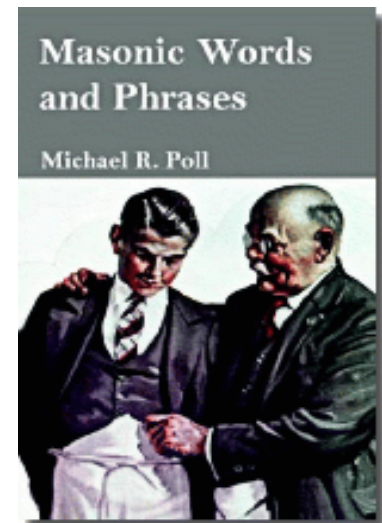


years as a University teacher, and twenty years studying Freemasonry and its ritual. In this book he shares his personal insight into the Craft, explains his understanding of its ritual and outlines the steps a Mason must take to find self-knowledge. His words are illuminated by the unique symbolic drawings of two masters of Masonic Tracing board design.

The purpose of Freemasonry is to help its members become Initiates in the science of Life. If you want to know yourself, then Freemasonry offers a path to that knowledge. It is a spiritual adventure, fit for the athletic and adventurous mind. The Secret Science of Masonic Initiation reveals that path.

Book Review

Masonic Words and Phrases



Review

"Many of the words and phrases used in Masonry were borrowed from the craft guilds, from other languages, or from the philosophical vocabularies of the day. This book (which makes a fine companion book to "Masonic Questions and Answers," shown above, provides brief but clear explanations of many of the terms used in Masonic tradition and ritual. Often, Brother Poll goes beyond a surface meaning to show the history of the word, which makes it a richer experience. For an example, consider the entry for "Token." This is from the Greek "deigma," meaning "example" or "proof" - the origin of the word "teach", and in its original sense had much the same meaning as sign or symbol, for it was an object used as a sign of something else. It is generally used, however, in the sense of a pledge or of an object which proves something. In our usage, a token is something that exhibits, or shows, or proves that we are Masons the grip of recognition, for example.

This is one of those basic books that belongs in every Lodge library."

Jim Tresner
Book Review Editor
The Scottish Rite Journal

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Jokes and Humor Factoids



The only bone not broken so far during any ski accident is the one located in the inner ear.

The original plan for Disneyland included a Lilliputland.

The record for the fastest solver of the Rubic Cube belongs to Minh Thai who took only 22.95 seconds at the World Championships in 1982.

“Mageiricophobia” is the intense fear of having to cook.

Everybody knows that St. Augustine, Florida is the oldest city in the U.S., but not everybody knows that St. Mary’s, Georgia is

Cats have over one hundred vocal sounds, while dogs only have about ten.

Mickey Mouse is known as “Topolino” in Italy.

The longest English word that can be typed using the top row of a typewriter (allowing multiple uses of letters) is ‘typewriter.’

The poinsettia flower is named after a 19th-century ambassador to Mexico, Joel R. Poinsett, who first brought the poinsettia plant to America.

No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver and purple.

!Because of the speed at which Earth moves around the Sun, it is impossible for a solar eclipse to last more than 7 minutes and 58 seconds.

The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin during World War II killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.

The letters H I O X in the Latin alphabet is the only ones that look the same if you turn them upside down or see them from behind.

Rabbits love liquorice.

A quarter has 119 grooves around the edge.

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<http://lodgeroomuk.net/wwwserver.net/catalogue.php?shop=1>

