

# ANCIENT LANDMARK LODGE NO. 5

## Ancient Free and Accepted Masons



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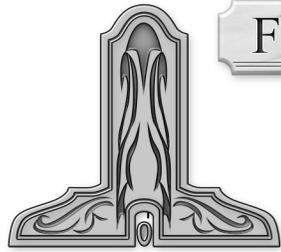
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### FROM THE WEST

#### Travels with Charlie



John Steinbeck once traveled around the country with a dog named Charlie. He wrote a book, with the same title as my own article here, describing his adventures. His book wasn't a book about traveling as much as it was a look into Steinbeck's own views about and insights into the people and things he saw along the way. He made some surprising finds. The thing about traveling is that no matter how much we plan ahead, we always seem to find interesting, unexpected things. To me, this is the true beauty of travel.

I've always embraced the unexpected when it comes to traveling. I'm the kind of guy who will deliberately veer off the beaten path just to see what I'll find there. On a recent trip back from Duluth one evening, I pulled off the road somewhere around Rush City to fill up my gas tank. As I pumped the gas, I looked over and saw an enormous fiberglass fish. The sign in front said it was Paul Bunyan's walleye and was the largest of its kind in the state. Later on this summer, I was taking my aunt on a tour of southern Minnesota when we saw another large fiberglass fish at a gas station just outside of Clark's Grove. I've seen the spoon and cherry, large loons and jolly green giants. I've even seen Paul and Babe a couple of times. It turns out that Minnesota is full of strange roadside creatures!

During that same road trip with my aunt, we drove through New Ulm and stopped at Herman the German. It's an impressively large monument with an interesting symbolism and history, but we found something else there that was even more surprising. As my aunt and I were walking around the statue, we ran into two elderly couples with thick accents. It turns out they were from Germany. My own family emigrated to Texas from Germany well over a hundred years ago, but my aunt still recalled some

of our older relatives speaking German and in particular a certain children's song. Neither my aunt nor I speak much German, but she still remembers the song. She mentioned it and began to sing the first words. To our astonishment, the couples began singing along. They had all been taught that same song as children. What an amazing experience!

Many years ago, my grandfather worked for a small ranching store in my hometown. Part of his job involved traveling to some of the larger towns in the area to pick up supplies. He took me with him many times. Usually on the way home, we would stop at the historical markers that dotted the roadsides and he would read them to me. I learned about cattle trails, Indian raids, and almost-forgotten Spanish missions. More than anything else, though, I learned a love for history that endures with me to this day.

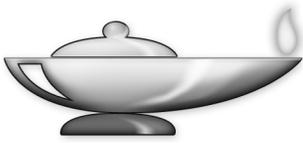
As with life, so also with our Craft. My Masonic journey has been full of surprises and unexpected twists. I've found a love of ritual and made some very good friendships I never would have made otherwise. I continue to learn valuable lessons every time I attend a degree or read through the work. Most of all, I'm continually reminded of the wonder of the journey itself. No matter what I think I'll find with the coming of the next day, I'm always surprised by what I do find. And I'm supremely comforted to know that I'm in the company of my fellow Travelers.

Joe Amos, Senior Warden



#### Dues Notice

It's that time of the year again to address your payment to the Lodge. Remember you can pay by credit card or debit card from our website. Save yourself some postage and time. It's important to know you don't need a Paypal account to use this feature, just choose the option of no account and it will walk you through the steps to pay without having to setting up an account by using just your credit or debit card. It's very secure and a safe way to pay.



## LODGE EDUCATION OFFICER

### The Cabletow

An article from “3-5-7 minute talks on Freemasonry” by Elbert Bede, 33rd degree

I wonder how many of us have given serious consideration to the significance of the Cabletow of Freemasonry, which has both physical and spiritual Symbolism. Its derivation and definition are uncertain and the word probably comes from either a Hebrew or German word meaning “a pledge of the body.” This definition becomes significant as one obligation follows another.

An intriguing definition of the Cabletow is given by Carl Claudy in his Introduction to Freemasonry and I quote:

“It is symbolic of the lifecord by which the embryo receives life from the mother. It is the Masonic cord by which the Masonic infant is attached to his Mother Lodge. As soon as the infant is born the physical cord is severed, but never the knife was ground which can cut the spiritual cord which ties a man to his mother.

“In Masonry the physical restraint of the Cabletow is removed as soon as the spiritual bond of the obligation has been assumed, but never the means has been made by which to cut the obligation which binds a man spiritually to his Mother Lodge and to the Craft. Expulsion does not relieve from the obligation; unaffiliation does not dissolve the tie; demitting to another Lodge cannot make of the new Lodge a Mother Lodge.

“The Fellowcraft wears the Cabletow so that it may be an aid to his journey; an urge to action; a girding up; a strengthening for the Masonic life to come; by it a Brother may assist him on the way. He also learns that the Cabletow is more than a rope; it is at once a tie and a measurement.”

In the Master Mason degree the candidate pledges himself as fully as it is possible for him to do so. He is brought fully to light. Spiritual bonds are completed and physical shackles forever removed; for we do not care to restrain by physical bonds one whom spiritual bonds will not fetter.

What is the length of a Cabletow? Thousands have asked, but few have attempted to answer. Who can define the length of a spiritual tie? Each Brother must decide for himself the length of his Cabletow. Measurement of service should have no physical restraint imposed by others.

What is the length of your cabletow?

## LOOKING AHEAD

### Master Mason Degree

The Third Degree will be conferred on Saturday, December 1st, with coffee and donuts at 8am and the degree beginning promptly at 9pm. Please come down and support the cast and candidates for this degree.

### Big Tent Third Degree & Ceremonial

On Saturday, December 8th, the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Minnesota will be holding its first ever Big Tent Event; a full Third Degree followed by an all-state Shrine, with a holiday party and dinner in the evening. Contact the Grand Secretary or check out the latest edition of Minnesota Mason for more details.

### “A Christmas Carol” Fundraiser

During the weekend of December 27 – 29, 2012, the Minneapolis Scottish Rite will host live theater performances of A Christmas Carol. Proceeds will benefit RiteCare of Minneapolis-St. Paul, which gives children with speech and language disorders the opportunity to reach their full potential by providing financial grants for treatment. Show times and ticket information can be found at [www.ritecaremsp.org](http://www.ritecaremsp.org)

### 2012 Lodge Calendar

(All events are at the St Paul Masonic Center unless specifically stated otherwise)

Thursday, November 8th – 6:00pm- Stated Meeting  
Sunday, November 11th – 10:00am- Grand Lodge Veterans Day event (MN Masonic Home)

Saturday, December 1st – 9:00am- Third Degree  
Saturday, December 8th – 8:00am- Grand Lodge Big Tent 3rd Degree & Shrine Ceremonial (Minneapolis Scottish Rite)

Thursday, December 13th – 6:00pm- Stated Meeting & Annual Election of Officers

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## THE SECRETARY'S DESK

### Friends

I spent the first nine years of my life in Idaho. I still consider it where I am originally from—"born and reared," as they say. In 1958, my family made an eastward trip to Minnesota to visit family. I was to learn this is where most of them came from. What a shock that was--no mountains, no streams, nothing but farms. I recall this trip vividly for a couple of reasons; first, my dad finally got rid of the Studebaker and traded it for a brand new Buick Special. Secondly, I met one of my uncles for the first time, and he would eventually come to mean a lot to me. I do recall that the people of Minnesota talked funny. Being introduced to "Uncle Jim," I was sure they said "dumb," Uncle Dumb. It was a moniker that stuck with him for his life. Jim was a big man, standing 6'3". In fact all my Dads brothers were tall except him, and now I knew why he was called the runt of the family. Jim's voice and presence fit his size. You always knew when he was in the room. He was just plain fun to be around. On that trip, Uncle Jim showed us something I had never seen before, a real boat. It was a handmade fiberglass boat that he and his best friend Fred had built together over the winter. Fred was Jim's neighbor, living just a couple of houses down from him. They worked together at the Post Office and played together fishing, hunting, and enjoying the outdoor life that Minnesota offered. Jim and Fred built this beautiful boat over a cold Minnesota winter in a neighbor's garage. The boat was white with blue accents, with a huge 35hp Johnson on the back. It had a steering wheel, horn, lights, and really nice seats in it. Somewhere on this trip

in '58, I was able to ride in that sleek modern craft. I also experienced something else, a brand new sport called water skiing. I could not believe riding in the boat when Fred was pulling Uncle Jim on skis behind it. What an unbelievable site! I know that left an early impression on my life, as it still is a passion of mine. Uncle Jim skied until he was 69 years old. It's been my goal to make 70.

Fred joined us on many a hunting excursion over the years when we settled back here. He eventually left the Post Office when my uncle became postmaster. He just couldn't have his best friend be his boss. Fred became a cop and served Cottage Grove for many years. They called him "Hooter" because, according to both Jim and my Dad, he spent more time on the radio than patrolling. I had the good fortune to spending a bit of time in the field with both of these great guys and my dad. I learned more than just hunting. I learned about friendship. This time of the year always brings back memories of those wonderful days in the field. Fred eventually retired to Florida and Jim to Indiana. After that, I would hear only an occasional hunting story. Eventually, they ended.

A couple of months back, I received a phone call from Anne, Fred's daughter. She was upset. Anne asked if I would call Jim and let him know that her Dad had passed away while visiting from Florida. The hair on the back on my neck stood as I explained to Anne that I had just spoken to Denny, Jim's son. Jim was in Hospice in Indiana and wasn't expected to make it to the end of the week. On the day before Jim passed, he asked Denny to call me as Jim wanted to chat. We never did have that phone call. Uncle Dumb died three days after his best friend Hooter did. I know this may be odd but, I somehow find great comfort in knowing that these two great friends are still traveling together.

Doug Kuchera, Secretary

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**Please welcome out newest Brethren that participated in the Entered Apprentice Degree**



Bradley Sandvig; Erick Starkson; Cutler Steidel; Alex Wainberg; Carlos Marinani; Isaiah Smock; Mark Poulson; Kevin Morrison

# LODGE of SORROW 2012



*And we shall become immortal by our deeds which will live on after us.*

Name	Birth	Initiated	Passed	Raised	Celestial Lodge
J Robert Collier	12/11/1915	02/22/1945	03/13/1945	04/04/1945	01/08/2012
Larry Cook	12/30/1942	02/17/1976	03/16/1976	05/01/1976	02/19/2012
Edward Paster	8/22/1941	4/19/1966	5/17/1966	6/21/1966	1/20/2012
Robert Wiessner	3/6/1925	1/26/1978	2/23/1978	2/23/1978	4/4/2012
Harold Schenker	5/3/1925	10/29/1953	11/19/1953	12/3/1953	6/5/2012
Austin Harris	1/6/1944	9/28/2000	10/26/2000	11/4/2000	8/20/2012
Charles Fishman	2/16/2025	1/19/1971	2/13/1971	3/6/1971	7/22/2012

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