

ANCIENT LANDMARK LODGE NO. 5

Ancient Free and Accepted Masons



Online: www.ancientlandmark5.com
Email: lodge@ancientlandmark5.com

Volume 12, Number 5
September/October, 2014



© copyright 2003-2014 Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5. All rights reserved.



FROM THE EAST

Variations

Spring and autumn are my favorite times of the year. In the spring, the awakening of the natural world around us, from its deep winter slumber, is beautiful and fragrant and full of hope and wonder. And autumn brings, for me, a relief from the heat and humidity of summer; a wonderful crispness to the air; and the beauty of the leaves turning. I have pontificated about these marvels in the past, so I will dispense with further rhetoric on that subject and simply address the matter of change in general. I have always said (and this is no way profound or unique) that the only true constant in life is change. These transitional times of the year always remind me of that fact.

For myself, there has been quite a bit of change recently. Thankfully, nothing catastrophic, and in the grand scheme of things, mostly quite innocuous, but change nonetheless. I've seen changes in my company and in my specific job, as well several co-workers moving on and new folks hired in their stead. One such co-worker, also a dear and true friend, has pulled up stakes and moved to North Carolina. I shall miss her immensely. I've seen my kids move from college life to the everyday grind of work life, and have watched as they adjust to an adult world. My family has suffered some recent losses, as has our Lodge. The passing of those we love is a change that often leaves a mark for years. Some of the changes in my life were deliberate and calculated; after 12 years driving the same car, I recently moved on to a new one; and I've started a new hobby and have decided to try my hand again at a neglected one (I won't bore you with the specifics of these).

In my experience, all of these changes are precisely that: experience. We cannot grow without experience, and we rarely experience anything without change. And of course, growth itself is just another form of change. I like to think that I'm getting wiser as I get older – or at least that I am learning from my many mistakes (oh, so many mistakes). But the irony in all of this is that the older I get (and I don't think I'm alone in this), the less amenable I become to change.

As much as I try to embrace the newest in technology, and accept the changes in my environment, and no matter how often I remind myself that things cannot and will not remain the same, I find that making the necessary adjustments becomes increasingly difficult, and often suffer the melancholy of reminiscence.

Perhaps this resistance to change is what makes the tradition and ritual of Masonry so attractive to me (and maybe to every Mason, as he ages). Even as the world flies by us, the words and the lessons in Masonry remain constant. Yes, even in Lodge there is bound to be change to contend with; Brothers tend to come and go, by-laws change (and sometimes they don't), and costs rise. But the core of Masonry remains static and that is a comfort to me. Somehow over time, the word "ritual" has gotten a bad rep; many people apply a negative connotation to it. But if you look at the first sentence in this paragraph, I'm actually being redundant, because ritual and tradition are effectively synonymous. By ritual, we simply mean those parts of Masonry that we do the same every time. And it is the ritual of Masonry that I lean on as my rock of stability these days.

So as change comes your way (and it will), try to find the courage and flexibility to accept it and learn from it. And if the blur of too many changes becomes difficult to bear, come to Lodge and be reminded that some things do not, and should not, change.

Danny Baker
Worshipful Master



NEXT STATED MEETING

October 9th

Dinner: 6:00PM

Meeting: 7:00PM





FROM THE WEST

Predictability

Normally when one hears something is predictable or a person is predictable, the term takes on a certain, negative, connotation. Overtime we have started to consider the words predictable and boring as synonymous, at least when it comes to our usual avocations and friendships. We start to dread the routine of our daily lives, from the manic Mondays, to Wednesday hump days, to “thank goodness its” Fridays. We often want things to be fresher, filled with diversity, and excitement. As a Principal Officer at Ancient Landmark, I can tell you that we struggle with the worry of predictability. We spend large portions of our regular meetings discussing how to get new men to become brothers, how to get more brothers to come to Lodge, and how to keep brothers coming back time and again to participate in our labors and privileges. We have arranged bowling and card nights, golf and shooting outings, and of course events for both brothers and their significant others.

Recently, I have examined the concept of predictability with a fresh set of eyes. As some brothers already know, I lost my job at the end of last spring. I had been teaching at a local community college as a professor for six years and, much to the consternation to my fellow faculty and students, my employer chose not to renew my existing three year contract. I had spent much of the past 15 years getting my doctorate and learning what it meant to be an educator. Over the summer I took some solace in self discovery, traveled, and sought employment - finding little in the way of short term employment as a teacher, but luckily able to fall back on my previous job as an archaeologist.

It was difficult for me to socially engage with my friends and family. I was often upset, or quick to anger, and always concerned over finances. Essentially I had lost something I thought was predictable in my life, and it threw me for a loop. I am happy to report that I have lots of irons in the fire these days and I have high hopes for future employment in one form or another, and I am deeply appreciative of the fellowship I have received from my brothers at dinners, events, etc. It has meant a great deal to me.

My own worries about the lodge and predictability were similarly alleviated when I attended our first regularly stated meeting of the Fall. The dining hall and lodge were filled with faces I had not seen all Summer, and some I had never met before. There were several candidates present, past masters, and even a visitor from Texas all coming together for an evening of predictability.

We knew our places and stations, we enjoyed one another’s company, and finished the evening more fully cemented together than we had been at the start.

In some ways, we crave predictability, we want stability, and we need familiarity. We know that Summer will fade to Fall, that we will have a fresh harvest of men joining the lodge as new brothers, four or five at last count, and we will once again be able to spend at least one evening with friends that come together as brothers in common cause.

Maybe predictability is not so bad after all.

Jeremy Nienow
Senior Warden



FROM THE SOUTH



Master for a Day

It has become almost cliché for a brother to write a newsletter article about his experience and reflections after his first time sitting in the East. I have no plans to break from that mold. Certainly I will always remember the feeling of awe sitting in the oriental chair looking out over my brothers in my lodge feeling the pressure of Ancient Landmark’s reputation for ritual work weighing heavy on my shoulders. The degree team performed to our lodge’s high standards, and our new Fellow Crafts were treated to a wonderful introduction to more light. However, I have come to realize that while the ritual is a very important part of our work, it is just the tip of the iceberg of the responsibilities of the Master.

The opportunity to temporarily take the reins to prepare and perform a degree gave me a glimpse into what goes into being the leader of our fraternity and appreciate that which I have already seen. Beyond the public face of prescribed duties to bring candidates to light by ancient ceremonies, he has a laundry list of other obligations. The “back office” tasks are those time-consuming jobs that few of us, except those directly involved, ever notice unless they do not happen. The charge of ambassador is relished by some who have worn the top hat, hated by others, but expected of all. The undertaking of determining the yearly budget and other fiscal matters is sure to raise voices of contention relative to how we can best work.

More than the commitments expected from whomever takes the most easterly station in the lodge any given year are the burdens that each individual has voluntarily added to the already long list.

...continued on page 3...

Master for a Day... cont. from page 2

In recent memory, our lodge has seen our leaders work to add recurring elements to our experience in lodge, impart knowledge about our fraternity to the open lodge that members may not be inclined to seek out on their own, and strive to make sure we know the accepted practices of the officers. We have also witnessed efforts to improve communication to the body of the lodge utilizing new and old media, outreach programs to bring brothers back into the fray, and outside activities to have fellowship in venues other than Plato Blvd.

To me, what is most awe inspiring about the business of the Master is not the amount of responsibilities but the support system that is in place year after year to actually execute all of them. Even in the short period where I took on a small subset of these duties, I had people offering to help and assuming roles they had performed previously before I had a chance to ask. This sort of behavior is what makes a Mason a Mason and what makes our lodge successful.

Terry Mallberg
Junior Warden



Forget Me Not

In early 1934, soon after Hitler's rise to power, it became evident that Freemasonry was in danger.

He issued two decrees on the same day: all local control over schools, colleges and universities was at an end; all the educational processes in Germany would henceforth be controlled by the Nazi Party and centralized in Berlin. The other decree was to proscribe Freemasonry and make membership and/or activity in Freemasonry a crime. Thus members of the Fraternity were to be regarded in the same category of common criminals or traitors. Hitler had long viewed Freemasonry as a part of "the Jewish conspiracy" and he lost little time in trying to eradicate Freemasonry. German Masonic lodges went dark; the organized Craft was broken; the Working Tools were either seized by Storm Troopers or secreted before their arrival; the Great Lights were extinguished. Freemasonry, as an organization, was no more in Germany.

In that same year, the "Grand Lodge of the Sun" (one of the pre-war German Grand Lodges, located in Bayreuth), realizing the grave dangers involved, adopted the little blue Forget-Me-Not flower as a substitute for the traditional square and compasses. It was felt the flower would provide brethren with an outward means of identification - in public, in cities and in concentration camps throughout Europe - while lessening the risk of possible recognition in public by the Nazis, who were engaged in wholesale confiscation of all Masonic Lodge properties.

Hitler never quite understood that though he could desecrate or destroy Masonic Temples and disperse Masonic gatherings and imprison Freemasons that he was unable to invade the Temple that is in man and which is invulnerable except to God.

Freemasonry went undercover, and this delicate flower assumed its role as a symbol of Masonry surviving throughout the reign of darkness.

At no time did the Nazis ever detect this or learn of it having a special significance. And so did Freemasonry survive this great holocaust.

During the ensuing decade of Nazi power a little blue Forget-Me-Not flower worn in a Brother's lapel served as one method whereby brethren could identify each other. The Forget-Me-Not distinguished the lapels of countless brethren who staunchly refused to allow the symbolic Light of Masonry to be completely extinguished.

When the "Grand Lodge of the Sun" was reopened in Bayreuth in 1947, by Past Grand Master Beyer, a little pin in the shape of a Forget-Me-Not was officially adopted as the emblem of that first annual convention of the brethren who had survived the bitter years of semi-darkness to rekindle the Masonic Light.

At the first Annual Convent of the new United Grand Lodge of Germany AF&AM (VGLvD), in 1948, the pin was adopted as an official Masonic emblem in honour of the thousands of valiant Brethren who carried on their masonic work under adverse conditions. The following year, each delegate to the Conference of Grand Masters in Washington, D.C., received one from Dr Theodor Vogel, Grand Master of the VGLvD.

Thus did a simple flower blossom forth into a symbol of the fraternity, and become perhaps the most widely worn emblem among Freemasons in Germany; a pin presented ceremoniously to newly-made Masons in most of the Lodges of the American-Canadian Grand Lodge, AF&AM within the United Grand Lodges of Germany. In the years since adoption, its significance world-wide has been attested to by the tens of thousands of brethren who now display it with meaningful pride.

Earl Wolford
Lodge Education Officer

LODGE of SORROW 2014



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

Name	Birth	Initiated	Passed	Raised	Celestial Lodge
William Struve	10/25/1922	10/3/1968	11/7/1968	3/6/1969	5/24/2014
Oscar Loeffler	10/26/1923	9/19/1974	10/24/1974	11/30/1974	9/25/2014



PRST.STD.
 U.S. Postage
PAID
 TWIN CITIES, MN
 PERMIT No. 4170

Ancient Landmark Lodge No. 5
 A.F. & A.M. of Minnesota
 200 Plato Boulevard East
 Saint Paul, Minnesota 55107-1618