

## It is Lodge Night

by Wayne Anderson

Well, my Brethren, it is once again September, and where did our Summer go, (for the Brothers down under the winter). It seems not that very long ago I was wishing all on the Sunday Masonic Paper a very safe and happy Summer period. Well for myself and my good lady Patricia (Patty) it was a whirl wind of activity. House renovations, daughter and her family posted (Military) from Ontario to Alberta and of course attending the 160th session of the Grand Lodge of A.F. and A.M. of Canada in the Province of Ontario. At that session the Brethren of my District, Frontenac, seen fit to elect me, and our Grand Master M.W.Bro. John C. Green, agreed and Installed me as the District Deputy Grand Master for Frontenac District 2015-2016, it is an honour and a privilege to serve our Grand Master, and the Brethren of Frontenac District.

Had my first official visit, and was to my own Lodge Rideau Minden No. 253 in Seeley's Bay, and was so pleased to have in attendance that night our ladies who joined us for the banquet. Also in attendance were two of my Brother District Deputy Grand Master and the Grand Senior Warden. When the Brethren retired to the Lodge room for the meeting our Ladies were very well entertained by two singer song writers from the local area and all had a great time. As this was the first of my Official Visits when I responded to the Toast from Grand Lodge I had, at that time, the privilege and honour to present a 50 year pin and certificate. After that I spoke out the District Project to furnish an assessable kitchen facility at the Child Development Centre at Hotel Dieu Hospital, where young people with disabilities can go and learn to work safely in a kitchen environment. And, the Grand Master's project - Project Prostate Hope - this is a two year project to raise funds for Prostate Cancer research.

This is the rest of the talk I gave at the Official Visit this Sunday Masonic Paper is a request from one of our members:

In the mid 1990s I was working for Bombardier North America and my assignment was in Vancouver working on the Sky Train Project. If you have ever had occasion to visit Vancouver you will find the Sky Train system is very quick and very efficient. One day as I visited one of the newly opened and operational stations on the line, a train pulls in and the passengers moved forward. An older man, somehow missed the warning about the gap between the train and the platform, and his foot slipped into the gap trapping him between the train car and the steel edge of the platform.

Knowing that the train could not move out of the station until all of the doors on the cars were closed and locked, and then only go the large magnets that hold the vehicle in place could be lifted off of the steel rail and the train could move off. My partner and I quickly moved to prevent the doors from closing and the crowd on the platform and in the car seeing the issue came around and pushed on the outside of the car, tipping it away from the platform and releasing the man's trapped foot. Everyone pitched in. It was people power that saved this man from a possible serious injury. So to can we, "pitch in" and make both of these charitable projects successful for 2015-2016.

Permit me to end with these few thoughts:

He slowly opened the door to his locker. He hung his police uniform on the hooks and took out his suit. It was Lodge night.

He watched as the last employee left his business, locked the building and made the evening bank drop. He then headed off with a whistle on his lips and a spring in his step. It was Lodge night.

The young man helped his wife clear the table. He then said good night to his children and snuck into his room to change his clothes. Upon leaving he smiled at his wife and kissed her. It was Lodge night.

It had been a hard day. Navigating through the complexities of the legal system was rewarding work. It was all so tiring. Normally he would have been headed home for a relaxing evening. But tonight was not normal and he felt none of the usual fatigue as tonight was Lodge night.

Life had not been pleasant since his wife died. His family lived far away and with each passing year it became harder and harder to do the simple things in life. And most of all he missed his life long partner. Tonight he felt a little less pain and life didn't seem nearly as bad. It was Lodge night.

The accident had been terrible. But there was some consolation that his skills as a doctor had saved a life. Still it would not be easy and there were possibilities of complications. But for a while he could place his worries in the hands of others as tonight was Lodge night.

It is hard looking for work when the job market is scarce. Each day he faced the nameless horde of people who continue to tell him that he was not needed. He faced rejection and the possibility of hardship at every turn. Tonight he knew he was wanted and needed, it was Lodge night.

He sat alone in the small room wearing clothes that were not his. He had received warm welcomes from a number of men he didn't know and a few he did. Now with an ancient relic of a bygone age they told him to wait patiently, yet he looked forward to it with anticipation. It was his first Lodge night.

From all walks of life we come. We donate our time to an age honoured tradition. We donate our money to help those who cannot help themselves. We gather in fellowship and part in peace. For a while we can lay aside our differences and worries to bask in our shared experiences. We can talk with men who are our equals, men who work to better themselves.

Tonight is Lodge night and I am glad I am a Mason.