



Germania Lodge No. 46, F. & A. M.

4415 Bienville Street New Orleans, Louisiana 70119

TRESTLE BOARD



August 2003

LODGE NEWS

The month of July has been very busy. It started off with the first meeting being a joint one with Indivisible Friends #404 at their temple in Gretna. As expected the fellowship was wonderful and the food special.

Because of the joint meetings we got a little backed up on degree work and decided to call a special on Sat. July 19. Starting at 9:00 a.m. we had a FC degree followed by an EA degree and were finished by 12:30. After the degrees we joined our families and friends downstairs and enjoyed delicious barbeque, salads, deserts and liquid refreshments. A great time was had by all. Thanks to Bro. Eldred and Althea Gilmore, W.M. Steele, Ric and Angie Bell, our custodian Kenny Cox and my wife Cindy and myself for the food preparation. It was a magnificent feast!

Of course the second meeting in July was hosted by us. Your W.M. took the day off of work to prepare a special meal. On this night we honored new 50 and 25 year Masons. W. Bro. Andy Mims MC'd the event and said that he was honored to do so. He stated that there were actually 4 brothers raised on the same night 50 years ago and that one, Bro. Ernest Freund, was geographically too far away to be present. Another, Ray Slottness would have loved to be here but already had a trip planned and was in Canada. He said that a week ago he and I traveled to Bayou Lacombe Lodge to present him with his award. W.M. Steele's program was about events that happened in 1953, the year that these brothers were raised. He then had Brothers Albert Rohr, Stanley Schexnayder and Nolan Pansano presented west of the Holy Alter and presented them with their 50 and 25 year certificates respectively. The 50 year members were presented with 50 year pins.

When asked for a few words Bro. Stanley said that it was a very fast 50 years. Bro. Rohr said he didn't think he was going to make it to 50 yrs and Bro. Pansano said he was half way there.

The district meeting was held on July 29 at the new lodge building at 1801 Clearview and was hosted by Union Lodge #172. Albert Pike Lodge won, hands down, the traveling gavel. Twenty members were present from their lodge! Germania had five present and made a good showing. Albert Pike also volunteered to host the next district meeting. It was the first time anyone present could remember a packed house for a district meeting, things discussed were the importance of the 16th district and keeping the ones with membership problems viable

Demolay

Germania Lodge #46 is for now hosting Demolay, the Masonic boy's fraternity for young boys 12 to 21. Concord Chapter has lost most members to college and old age (21) and needed a place in the city so we came to the rescue. They will meet on the 1st and 3rd Sundays at 2:00 p.m. What they really need now are boys who meet the qualifications. Please help revitalize Concord Chapter, if you know a young man interested please contact me or Bro. Dan Mehn at 861-2212.

AUGUST MASONIC BIRTHDAYS

Mike Wills	08/23/1989 - 14 yrs.
Eddie Bopp P.M.	08/27/1994 - 9 yrs.
Shaun Kaufers	08/08/2001 - 2 yr.

THE SPARROW AT STARBUCKS by John Thomas Oaks

It was chilly in Manhattan but warm inside the Starbucks shop on 51st Street and Broadway, just a skip up from Times Square. For a musician, it's the most lucrative Starbucks location in the world, I'm told, and consequently, the tips can be substantial if you play your tunes right. I was playing keyboard and singing backup for my friend who also added rhythm with an arsenal of percussion instruments. During our emotional rendition of "If You Don't Know Me by Now," I noticed a lady sitting in one of the lounge chairs across from me. She was swaying to the beat and singing along. After the tune was over, she approached me. "I apologize for singing along on that song. Did it bother you?" she asked. "No," I replied. "We love it when the audience joins in. Would you like to sing up front on the next selection?" To my delight, she accepted my invitation. "You choose," I said. "What are you in the mood to sing?" "Well ... do you know any hymns?" Hymns? This woman didn't know who she was dealing with. I cut my teeth on hymns. Before I was even born, I was going to church. I gave our guest singer a knowing look. "Name one." "Oh, I don't know. There are so many good ones. You pick one." "Okay," I replied. "How about 'His Eye is on the Sparrow'?" My new friend was silent, her eyes averted. Then she fixed her eyes on mine again and said, "Yeah. Let's do that one." She slowly nodded her head, put down her purse, straightened her jacket and faced the center of the shop. With my two-bar setup, she began to sing.

"Why should I be discouraged? Why should the shadows come?" The audience of coffee drinkers was transfixed. "I sing because I'm happy; I sing because I'm free. For His eye is on the sparrow And I know He watches me."

When the last note was sung, the applause crescendo to a deafening roar. Embarrassed, the woman tried to shout over the din, "Oh, y'all go back to your coffee! I didn't come in here to do a concert! I just came in here to get something to drink, just like you!" But the ovation continued. I embraced my new friend. "You, my dear, have made my whole year! That was beautiful!" "It's funny that you picked that particular hymn," she said. "Why is that?" She hesitated again, "That was my daughter's favorite song." She grabbed my hands. By this time, the applause had subsided and it was business as usual. "She was 16. She died of a brain tumor last week." I said the first thing that found its way through my silence. "Are you going to be okay?" She smiled through tear-filled eyes and squeezed my hands. "I'm gonna be okay. I've just got to keep trusting the Lord and singing his songs, and everything's gonna be just fine." She picked up her bag, gave me her card, and then she was gone. Was it just a coincidence that we happened to be singing in that particular coffee shop on that particular November night? Coincidence that this wonderful lady just happened to walk into that particular shop? Coincidence that of all the hymns to choose from, I just happened to pick the very hymn that was the favorite of her daughter, who had died just the week before? I refuse to believe it. God has been arranging encounters in human history since the beginning of time, and it's no stretch for me to imagine that he could reach into a coffee shop in midtown Manhattan and turn an ordinary gig into a revival. It was a great reminder that if we keep trusting him and singing his songs, everything's gonna be okay.

TRESTLE BOARD

Wednesday, August 13, 7:00 p.m., regular meeting Fellowcraft examination
Wednesday, August 27, 7:00 p.m., regular meeting, Master Mason degree
Saturday, September 6, 9:00 a.m., special communication, double Master Mason degree
Wednesday, September 10, **no meeting, going dark because of special**
Saturday, November 8, 6:00 p.m. Germanfest

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4415 Bienville Street New Orleans, Louisiana 70119

504-482-4080

Chartered: April 18, 1844

Meets: 2nd & 4th Wednesdays 7:00 P.M.

Worshipful Master

Ray Steele

504-433-3946

Senior Warden

Ion Lazar

504-894-8750

Junior Warden

Tom Mason

504-246-1407

Treasurer

Ric Bell

504-828-2574

Secretary

Klaus J. Kueck, P.M.

504 737-6767

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New Orleans, LA 70119



ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

GOLF IN ITS PROPER PERSPECTIVE *thanks Bro. John Wood*

The following is forwarded not to offend tennis, basketball, football or soccer fans. It is, rather, an attempt to put everything in its proper perspective.

Ever wonder why golf is growing in popularity and why people who don't even play go to tournaments or watch it on TV? **These truisms may shed light:**

Golf is an honorable game, with the overwhelming majority of players being honorable people who don't need referees.

Golfers don't have some of their players in jail every week.

Golfers don't scratch their privates on the golf course.

Golfers don't kick dirt on, or throw bottles at, other people.

Professional golfers are compensated in direct proportion to how well they play.

Golfers don't get per diem and two seats on a charter flight when they travel between tournaments.

Golfers don't hold out for more money, or demand new contracts, because of another player's deal.

Professional golfers don't demand that the taxpayers pay for the courses on which they play.

When golfers make a mistake, nobody is there to cover for them or back them up.

The PGA Tour raises more money for charity in one year than the National Football League does in two.

You can watch the best golfers in the world up close, at any tournament, including the majors, all day, every day for \$25 or \$30. The cost for a seat in the nosebleed section at the Super Bowl will cost around \$300 or more. You can bring a picnic lunch to the tournament golf course (*I don't know about this one!*), watch the best in the world and not spend a small fortune on food and drink. Try that at one of the taxpayer funded baseball or football stadiums. If you bring a soft drink into a ballpark, they'll give you two options -- get rid of it or leave.

In golf you cannot fail 70% of the time and make \$9 million a season, like the best baseball hitters (.300 batting average) do.

Golf doesn't change its rules to attract fans.

Golfers have to adapt to an entirely new playing area each week.

Golfers keep their clothes on while they are being interviewed.

Golf doesn't have free agency.

In their prime, Greg Norman, Arnold Palmer and other stars, would shake your hand and say they were happy to meet you. In his prime Jose Canseco wore T-shirts that read "Leave Me Alone."

You can hear birds chirping on the golf course during a tournament.

Ladies are welcome players.

At a golf tournament, (unlike at taxpayer-funded sports stadiums and arenas) you won't hear a steady stream of four letter words and nasty name calling while you're hoping that no one spills beer on you.

Tiger Woods can hit a golf ball three times as far as Barry Bonds can hit a baseball.

Golf courses don't ruin the neighborhood.

Finally, here's a slice of golf history you might enjoy.

Why do full-length golf courses have 18 holes, and not 20, or 10 or an even dozen? During a discussion among the club's membership board at St. Andrews in 1858, one of the members pointed out that it takes exactly 18 shots to polish off a fifth of Scotch. By limiting himself to only one shot of Scotch per hole, the Scot figured a round of golf was finished when the Scotch ran out. Now you know.

Sick and Distressed

Bro. Billy Carter (834-3650) has had back surgery and is laid up, **Bro. Wendel Leibe** (288-6062) is still recovering from the effects of a stroke and a fall and **Bro. Tom Wolfe's** (271-1114) son is gravely ill with cancer. Please keep all in your thoughts and prayers.