

Ashlar Lodge No. 98 Free and Accepted Masons

St. Augustine, FL

Chartered January 18, A.D. 1888, A.L. 5888

904-826-4086



December 2017

STATED COMMUNICATIONS

Masonic Temple

105 King Street

St. Augustine, FL

1ST & 3RD Thursdays

Meal – 6:30 p.m.

Stated Communication — 7:30 p.m.

DEGREE WORK AND PRACTICE

2ND & 4TH Thursdays

CHARITY OF THE QUARTER

Council on Aging

FROM THE EAST

Brethren:

This is my last “From the East.” It is difficult to believe that my year as your Worshipful Master is now drawing to a close. It has been a wonderful year that has gone far to quickly.

I hereby express my sincere appreciation to all the Officers and Brethren of Ashlar Lodge No. 98 who have worked together to make this an outstanding year for our Lodge. Your support and encouragement is critical to our continued success.

We began the year on two deeply sad notes: the untimely passing of W. James Davis and, in the same week, the passing of our oldest member, Bro. Bill Tatel. The attendance at Masonic Services for these two illustrious Freemasons demonstrated our support for our Members and their families.

During the year, we have been deeply involved with actions that will provide security for our Lodge for the foreseeable future. This activity has focused on finding a suitable tenant for our property. By the time you receive this Trestleboard, the endeavor will have reached fruition.

On February 18, Bro. Bo Bozard, our Senior

Warden, hosted our annual Sweetheart’s Luncheon assisted by Rainbow Assembly No. 42. Attendance at the event exceeded 40.

In February Ashlar recognized two outstanding Explorer Scouts and an Explorer leader from Explorer Post No. 911 sponsored by the St. Johns County Sheriff’s Office.

On February 25, 2017, the Fred H. Bozard III Memorial Outdoor Degree was held. Three FC Brothers—Charles Golden, Christopher Martone, and Thomas Marshall was raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason on a beautiful evening.

On February 28, 2017, nine Brothers from Ashlar visited Ribault Lodge No. 272 and brought to St. Augustine Ribault’s Traveling Gavel.

In April Rainbow Assembly No. 42 visited the Lodge and demonstrated their work for the Brethren present.

In May 2017 Ashlar Lodge No. 98 hosted a Family and Friends Night and a presentation was made about The Order of the Eastern Star. And on May 13th, Rainbow Assembly No. 42 “initiated” R.W. Randy Bolen into their Order.

May is also the month in which our Senior Warden welcomed the newest addition to his family—James Woodrow Bozard.

On June 13, 2017, Brethren from Ashlar returned to Ribault No. 272 to reclaim our Traveling Ashlar. And on June 15th, we recognized five outstanding public school teachers from St. John County.

In August 2017 Ashlar Lodge presented scholarships to five new recipients and renewed five scholarships for another year.

Also in August we recognized and honored our Oldest Living Past Master—Harry Waldron—as well as all members of the Lodge who were 80 years of age or more.

And on August 9th, Ashlar Lodge presented a U.S. flag flown over the U.S. Capitol as well as a set of Braille U.S. flags to The Florida School for the Deaf and the Blind.

(continued below)

December 2017

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4 OES	5	6 RAIN- BOW District Inst. Palatka 34	7 STATED COMMU- NICATION 6:30 PM	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16 Masonic Ed Seminar 9:00 AM
17	18 OES	19 York Rite Chapter/ Council 6:30	20 DIS- RICT ASSN. ASHLAR 6:30 PM	22 FAMILY NIGHT 6:30 PM	22	23
24/31 Christmas Eve	25 Christmas Day	26 York Rite Command- ery 6:30 pm	27 INSTAL- LATION 6:00 PM	28	29	30

(From the East, continued)

In August, Ashlar No. 98 made its annual pilgrimage to Pineland Lodge No. 86 with 17 Brothers from Ashlar attending.

In September we began recognizing Outstanding Law Enforcement Officers but Hurricane Irma intervened. We completed those recognitions on November 2nd. The Lodge did sustain damage during the hurricane with a significant portion of vinyl siding lost. Repairs are underway and the upper floor's wall will be better than ever.

October 19, 2017, is a night that will long be remember at Ashlar Lodge No. 98. On that evening one-hundred and twenty-four (124) Master Masons gathered for fellowship, good food, and Masonic Education. The number who signed our register totaled 128, but several Brothers had to leave before the official headcount was taken. Ashlar received the "100 Master Mason" traveling plaque to commemorate this event and will retain it until another Lodge in Florida attains this milestone.

We will close Masonic Year 2017 with the election of Officers for 2018 on Thursday, December 7th. Open Installation will be on St. Johns Night, Wednesday, December 27th.

On Thursday, December 21st, we will host friends and family for a special Family Night and to celebrate all the wonderful things our Lodge has done during the year. Please mark that date on your calendar and join us.

My Brothers, it has been an honor and a privilege to serve as your Worshipful Master for 2017. I will never forget my Year in the East. But no one person makes a Lodge. It takes all of its members—and their families. We have the strongest, most dedicated, most Masonic group of Brothers I have had the profound privilege to meet and get to know. Thank you again for allowing me to lead you this year.

Fraternally,

Oscar Patterson III

Worshipful Master.

January 2017

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3 RAIN-BOW District	4 STATED COMMU-	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 OES	17 York Rite Chapter/	17 RAIN-BOW	18 STATED COMMUNICATION	19	20
21	22	23 York Rite Commandery 6:30 pm	24 District Association CABUL	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

From the West

Brethren:

What an amazing year! Thank you for your confidence in our Officer Line for 2017. We feel certain that the Lodge will be delivered to the 2018 Line in better condition that we found it, both in health of the Craft itself and state of the building (which is really saying something!!!). We have enjoyed incredible attendance and great fellowship; welcomed new Brothers into the Fraternity; and continued, with excellence, one of the great aims of Freemasonry, to make good men great.

We will have an Open Installation at the end of the month and, I speak for the whole Officer Line, encourage your families to join us on one of these rare opportunities.

If I do not get a chance to see you beforehand, have a Merry Christmas and a Happy Holiday season!

God Bless and I look forward to 2018.

Fraternally,
Bro. Bo

OUTSTANDING LAW ENFORCEMENT FOR 2017

Ashlar Lodge No. 98 F. & A.M. recognized four law enforcement officers in St. Johns County as Outstanding Law Enforcement Officers for 2017. The presentations were made at the Lodge on September 7th and November 2nd.

The four officers recognized were Sgt. Natalie Gillespie, St. Augustine Beach Police Department; Det. Jennifer Burres, St. Johns County Sheriff's Office; Officer Patrick Harvey, St. Augustine Police Department; and Trooper Dennis Shorter, Florida Highway Patrol. Each officer received a framed Grand Lodge of Florida certificating designing them as an Outstanding Law Enforcement Officer for 2017 and an honorarium from the Lodge.

Sgt. Natalie Gillespie distinguished herself by saving the lives of two citizens through the proper and quick application of her AED. She is a shift leader and is on the executive board of the Clandestine Laboratory Investigators Association. She attended Medical Technician (EMT) school at First Coast Technical College.

Det. Jennifer Burres is the Law Enforcement Deputy of the Year at the St. Johns County Sheriff's Office and recipient of the Guy White award. She is currently assigned in the special victims' unit and focuses on child exploitation. Her diligence has resulted in an almost 100% conviction rate.

Officer Patrick Harvey is the Outstanding Officer for 2017 at the St. Augustine Police Department. He is assigned to the traffic unit where he takes the lead in traffic enforcement and traffic incident investigations. Officer Harvey is one of two Motor Officers Instructors in the area. He has completed more than 130 hours in traffic-related courses.

Trooper Shorter is known for his caring nature, his dedication to duty, and his exemplary behavior. In March 2016, Trooper Shorter's neighbor underwent brain surgery. During her recovery, Trooper Shorter mowed her yard, edged her walk, and trimmed her roses. He provided her and her family invaluable assistance. The neighbor's mother wrote of Trooper Shorter: "Living next door to Dennis Shorter gives here comfort; she trusts has a neighbor and a friend."

The presentations were made by Oscar Patterson III, Worshipful Master of Ashlar Lodge No. 98. Numerous family members, supervisors, and friends attended the event.



Left to Right

Det. Jennifer Burres
Sgt. Natalie Gillespie
Officer Patrick Harvey
Oscar Patterson III

Left to Right:
Trooper Dennis Shorter
Oscar Patterson III





Outstanding Law Enforcement Officers for 2017, friends, family and supervisors. This was as special night at Ashlar Lodge when we honored those dedicated to protecting and serving.

Lord, I ask for courage;
Courage to face and conquer my own fears...
Courage to take me where others will not go.
I ask for strength;
Strength of body to protect others...
Strength of spirit to lead others.
I ask dedication;
Dedication to my job to do it well...
Dedication to my community to keep it safe.
Give me, Lord, concern;
For all those who trust me...
And compassion for those who need me
And, please, Lord, through it all; be at my side.

Entertainment for a Winter's Evening

Boston, 1744

Oh Muse, renowned for story-telling, Fair Clio, leave thy airy dwelling.
Now while the streams like marble stand held fast by winter's hand;
Now, while the hills are clothed in snow;
Now while the keen north west winds blow from the bleak fields and chilling air
Unto the warmer hearth repair;
Where friends in cheerful circle meet, in social conversation sit.

Come, Goddess, and our ears regale with a diverting Christmas tale.
Oh come, and in thy verse declare who were the men, and what they were,
And what their names, and their fame, and what the cause for which they came
To the House of God from house of ale, and ow the parson told his tale;
How they returned, in manner odd, to the house of ale from the House of God.

Free Masons, as the story goes, have two saints for their patrons chose,
And both Saint Johns, one the Baptist, the other the Evangelist.
The Baptist had the Lodge which stood whilom by Jordon's ancient flood.
But for what secret cause the other has been adopted for a Brother,
The Cannot, and I will not say,
Nec scire fas est omnia.

The Masons by procession having already honored one,
(Thou, to perpetuate their glory, Clio, did'st then relate the story.)
To show the world they mean fair play,
And that each Saint should have his day, now ordered store of belly-timber
'Gainst twenty-seventh of December.
For that's the day of St. John's feat first by the holy Roman priest,
They then in mode religious chose their brother of the roll and rose
The sermon to commence:
He from the sacred eminence must first explain and then apply
The duties of Free Masonry.

At length in scarlet apron drest, forth rushed the morning of the fest,
And now the bells in steeple play, Hark, ding, dong, bell they chime away,
Until, with solemn toll and steady, the great bell tolls—the parson's ready.

Masons at church! Strange auditory!
And yet we have as strange a story.

For Saints, as history attests, have preached to fishes, birds and beasts
Yes stones so hard: tho' strange, 'tis true, have sometimes been their hearers, too,
So good Saint Francis, man of grace, himself preached to the braying race,
And further, as the story passes, addressed them thus—"My brother asses."

Just so old British Wereburga as ecclesiastic writers say,
Harangued the geese, both fair and wide; just so the geese were edified.
The crows attended gaze around, and awful silence reigns profound,
Till from the seat which he's sat uprose and thus began the parson.
Right Worshipful, at your command obedient I in Rostra stand;
It is proper and fit to show unto the crowds that gape below,
And wonder much, and well they say, what on this occasion I can say,
Why in the church met together, especially in such cold weather,
Such folk as never did appear so over found of being there.

Know then, my friends, without more bother,
That these are Masons and I'm a Brother.
Mason's did I?—Yes, Masons Free.
Their deeds and title both agree, while other sects fall out and fight
About trifling mode or rite, we firm on love cemented stand,
'Tis love unites us heart and hand, love to a party not confined,
A love embracing all mankind, both Catholic and Protestant,
The Scots and eke New England saint,
Antonio's followers and those who have Crispin for their patron chose,
And they who to their idol goose oft sacrifice the blood of louse.

Oh Pine Salubrious! From thy veins distills the cure of human pains.
Hail Sacred Tree! To thee I owe this freedom from the world of woe.
My heart through grateful, weak my strain, to show thy work I strive in vain.
Could Thracian Orpheus but impart his tuneful lyre and matchless art,
And would propitious fates decree Old Nestor's lengthy of days to me,
That lyre, that art, that length of days I'd spend in sounding forth thy praise.
Still thou shalt never want my blessing, but to return from this digressing.

Those who have razor bright and keen, and careful hand, each morn are seen
Devoting to Stint Nicholas the manly honors of the face.
Him too who works, ah! Cruel deed, the fatal, tough Muscovian weed.
And twists the suffocating string in which devoted wretches swing,
And, oh my gracious Heaven defend the brethren from dishonest end.
Here cauldron's smoke with juice of Pine, and offering to Saint Catherine.

Rhode-Island's differing, motley tribes, far more than Alec, Ross describes,
And light that's new and light's that old, we in our friendly arms enfold,
Free, generous and unconfined, to outward shape or inward mind.
The high and the low and great and small.
The short and the tall, or as bulky as a house or smaller than a louse,
The grave and merry, dully and witty;
The fair and brown, deformed and pretty, we all agree, both wet and dry,
From drunken lush to sober I, but hark, methinks I hear
A whisper in my ear.

“Pray, parson, don’t affirm bur prove; Do they all meet and part in love?
Quarrels ofttimes don’t they delight in, and now and then a little fighting?
Did there not, for the Secret’s out, in the last Lodge arise a rout?
Mr. _____ with a fist of brass, laid T_____’s nose level with his face.
And scarcely had he let his hand go when he received from T_____ a dammed blow.

Now parson, when a nose is broken, Pray, is it friendly sign or token?”

“Tis true, but trifling in the objection.

Oft from themselves the best men vary

Humanun enim est errae.

But what I’ve said I’ll say again, and what I say I will maintain,
‘Tis Love, pure Love cements the whole, Love of the bottle and the bowl.

But ‘tis nigh time to let you to where you had rather be, I know;
And by proceeding I delay the weightier business of the day;
For it solid sense affords, whiles nonsense lurks in many words.
Doubting does oft arise from thinking inking, but truth is only found in drinking.
Thus having said, the reverend vicar dismissed them to their food and liquor.

From church to Stones they go to eat, in order walking through the streets,
But no Right Worshipful was there, Pallas forbade him to appear,
For, foreseeing that the job would from all parts collect a mob,
He wisely caught a cold and stayed at home, at least, if not in bed.
So when the Greeks against the Trojans went, Achilles tarry’d in his tent;
Ashamed he hides himself, nor draws a conquering sword in a harlot’s cause.
So Ronald before the aproned thong marches with sword and book along;
The stately ram with courage bold, so stalks before the fleecy fold,
And so the gander, on the brink of river leads his geese to drink,
And so geese descend, from babbling on the dry land, to stream to dabble.

Three with their white sticks next are seen, one on each side and one between
Plumb Lewis marshes on the right, round as a hoop, as bottle tight,
With face full orbed and rose too;
So ruddy Cynthia oft we view, when she, from tipping eastern streams,
First throws about here evening beams, ‘Tis he the brethren all admire,
Him for their Steward they require.
‘Tis he they view with wondering eyes, ‘Tis he their utmost art defies,
For through with nicest skill they work all, none of ‘em could square his circle.

Next, Brother Malcom paces, though Brothers, how unlike their faces!
So limmers better representing by artful contrast what they paint.
Who comes Next, “Tis Brother Pue by Name, by his nose well known to fame,
These, when the generous choose recruits
Around the brighter radiance shoots.

So, on some promontory's height for Neptune's sons the signal light
Shines fair, and fed by unctuous stream, sends off to see a livelier beam.

But see the crowd, which what amaze, that on apothecary gaze!
‘Tis he, when belly suffers twitch, caused by too retentive breech,
Adjust with finger nice and thumb, the ivory tube to patient's bun.
Dr. Ashton high rising o'er the rest with tall head and ample chest;
So towering stand the tree of Jove and proud o'erlooks the neighboring grove.
Where's hones Luke, that cook from London, for without Luke
The Lodge is undone 'Twas he who oft dispelled their sadness,
And filled the Brothers' hearts with gladness,
For when his ample bowels o'erflowed, he table groaned beneath its load,
For them he stretched his utmost art, their honors grateful they impart,
Luke is reborn is made a Brother as good and true as any other,
And still, tho' broke with age and wine, preserves the token and the sign.

But still I see a numerous train; shall they, alas, unsung remain?
Sage Hal of public soul, and laughing Francis, friend to the bowl,
Meek Ronald half smothered in the crowd, and Ralph, who sings
In church too loud,
Tall de la Rue of Gaelic city, Short Benny who trips along so pretty,
Brandon, so truss, with gut well fed, he to the hungry deals out bread.
And twenty more crowd on may fancy, all Brothers and that's all you can say.

Whenever, for aiding nature frail, poor bawd must follow the cart's tail,
As through fair London's streets she goes, the mob, like fame, by moving grows,
They shouldering close, press, stink, and shove,
Scarcely can the procession move.
Just such a street-collected thong guarded the Brotherhood along;
Just such a noise, just such a roar, heard behind and from before,
Till lodged at Stones nor from pursued, the mob with thee huzzas conclude.

And now, withdrawn from public view, what did the Brethren say and do?
Had I the force of Stentor's lungs, a voice of brass, a hundred tongues,
My tongues and voice and lungs would fail 'ere I had finished half my tale.
E're I had told their names and nations, their virtues, arts, and occupations,
Or in fit strains and half make known what words were spoke what deeds were done,
Clio, 'tis thou alone canst show 'em, for thou are a goddess and must know 'em.

But now suppress they further rhyme, and tell the rest another time.
One more, perhaps, the aproned train hereafter may invite thy strain;
Then Clio, with descending wing,
Shall downward fly again and sing.