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JUNE 16, 2009
MASONIC EDUCATION

The Old Masters Wages

I Met a Dear Old Man Today
Who Wore a Masonic Pin
It Was Old and Faded like the Man
Its Edges Were Worn and Thin

I Approached the Park Bench Where He Sat
To Give the Old Brother His Due
I Said, "I See You've Traveled East
He Said, "I Have, Have You"?

I Said, I Have
And in My Day Before the All Seeing Sun
I Played in the Rubble
With Jubela Jubelo and Jubelum.

He Shouted, Don't Laugh at the Work My Son
It's Good and Sweet and True.
And If You've Traveled as You Said
You Should Give These Things a Due.

The Work, the Sign, the Token,
The Sweet Masonic Prayer.
The Vow That You Have Taken
You Have Climbed the Inner Stair.

The Wages of a Mason
Are Never Paid in Gold
But the Gain Comes from Contentment
When You're Weak and Growing Old.

You See I've Carried My Obligations
For Almost 50 Years
It Has Helped Me Through the Hardships
And the Failures Full of Tears.

Now I'm Losing My Mind and Body -
Death Is near but I Don't Despair
I've Lived My Life upon the Level
And I'm Dying on the Square.

Sometimes the Greatest Lessons
Are Those That Are Learned Anew
And the Old Man in the Park Today
Has Changed My Point of View.

To All My Masonic Brothers
The Only Secret Is to Care
May You Live upon the Level
And Part upon the Square.

From an email received from
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L.E.O.