

The Discoverer

Greetings Brethren,

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YOUTH AND MATURITY

It is the laudable ambition of every initiate to become Worshipful Master of his Lodge.

Numerically the Craft is stronger among recruits who have the precious gifts of youth and energy. What is the position of prospects of those who embrace Masonry in their mid-forties or fifties?

The main difference appears to be in comparative youth associated with the inflow. It is to maturity we turn when the wants of counsel and experience are needed.

Certainly in the younger generation there is propelling power, the will to solve problems the preceding years have left unsettled. In the more elderly there is the realisation that time is not to be jostled too rudely. The pace may be increased for a while, but the speed cannot be kept up without the restraining hand of men who understand hastening slowly.

So long as there is sympathetic coordination of the forces—a giving and taking attitude—all will be well and steady progress made towards accomplishment.

Some young men join a Lodge, but after a while, apparently seeking more rapid advancement look around, draw their remit, or affiliate with another Lodge. By so doing they deny themselves of one of the sweetest sentiments in Masonry and never have the abiding satisfaction and veneration which comes from a Mother Lodge in which they were made and learned their first lessons.

Recently, a Brother was installed as Worshipful Master in the Lodge in which he saw the light when he was well over forty, much older than the average. The chair of King Solomon then seemed almost unattainable, although ardently desired. During his apprenticeship, when visiting another Lodge, he was inspired by witnessing a Brother who had not been installed in the East until reaching the age of sixty-five. From that moment he never faltered in continued efforts to tailor his services in all offices and his Lodge affairs to ultimately reach his objective several years later, without which, it would have been an empty thing.

All this connotes a natural and mutually beneficial partnership between youth and maturity.

W. Bro. Gwynnant Owen 1926—2011—a Eulogy



Gwyn was born in North Wales on 26th February 1926 and for some reasons, which can only be apparent to persons of his Nationality, was always proud to be a Welshman. He died, in accordance with his wishes, in a Hospice near his home in Farnborough, Hampshire, UK on 13th June 2011. We were able to visit Gwyn at his home in late April this year and ascertain the extent of the chest infection, contracted in late 2010 and which the medics had been unable to identify except to decide that it was terminal, something Gwyn was entirely aware of and was, typically, prepared for with copious notes for Liz to follow after he left her. It was also typical of the man that he told me he would know the time when he must attend the Hospice in order to make things easier for Liz. He did just that. The staff at the Hospice got it right, by asking Liz if they could

attend the funeral on 28th June because he was a 'true gentleman'. He was also my friend of long standing and I feel privileged greatly, regardless of his being a Welshman, to have known him.

I know little of his early life except that he mentioned being in the army in India, during the war. Whether that was the Indian Army or the British army in India I do not know. Post war he married Liz and my recollection is that he had several jobs in UK. Eventually he joined the Colonial Police Force and spent some time in Kenya, attending to the Mau Mau problem. From Kenya the family emigrated to Australia and settled in The Brisbane area. The family then moved to the Solomon Islands in 1965 returning to work within the Colonial Service. Children Amanda (Mandy) and Penelope (Penny) had arrived by then. In 1975 the family moved to the New Hebrides as it then was and Gwyn moved into a situation where the Welsh took on the French so to speak. I would like you to imagine a tall, well built man striding across the lawn which separated our house in Vila to that of the Owens, our next door neighbours. The look on the face said it all – a very bad day with the French but one in which solace and redemption could be achieved by emptying the bottle of wine (or Brandy !!!) under his arm along with his mate next door. It worked!!! Edna would often say to me – look out, another bad day with the French, knowing there would be two semi inebriated men before long. Perhaps it was one of the aspects of this Welshman, integrating (or otherwise) with his French counterparts which earned him the Order of the British Empire. I prefer to think the bottle under the arm was an impressive Welsh show. The family left Vila for Perth, Australia following independence but only stayed a year as Gwyn found it difficult to find suitable work. They ultimately went back to UK and Gwyn was able to obtain employment as Bursar in a Further Education College in Surrey from which he eventually retired.

We invited him to join our UK Company in 1993 as a Director where he was able to utilise his accountancy skills which he had enhanced by further study in UK before taking up his College appointment. He was instrumental in drawing up and developing monthly management accounts which were the envy of many people and businesses. They remain his legacy. He remained closely tied to us as a consultant through the various changes which took place as our business interests grew and he wore a path for himself by constant travel from his home in Farnborough to the NW of England where we were situated. He also sat in as Chairman of the Board on our absences from UK. He was still active in this semi retirement activity until the end of 2010 when his terminal illness began and was no longer able to give things the 'nitty gritty' research he always applied. Gwyn was a true Mason, integrated and in tune with the Craft. He contributed greatly to the early years of Lodge of Discovery in Vila and was of considerable assistance to myself and the late Brother Hans Mol when we were setting up the Lodge of Discovery infrastructure. He took his Craft onwards, on return to the UK, both upwards and outwards. At one stage he was the secretary of 4 Lodges and was mentioning to me the various arms of Masonry to which he belonged. Lodges and was mentioning to me the various arms of Masonry to which he belonged.

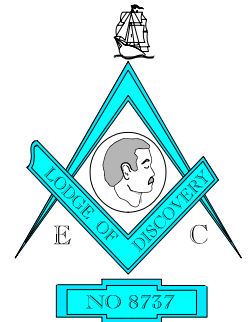
So much enjoyed for his wit and humour, he even took up the electronic organ in the last couple of years in order to keep up with his Granddaughter Defne. My response to this was to call him Chopin and he died, as far as we were both concerned, with that name change, otherwise we had just been 'Hello cock' to me and 'Hello son' to him. We were that close!!!!

Rest easy, son !!!! Always having a 'project' to attend to , now let us see how you manage the Supreme Being in the Grand Lodge above. **REQUIESCAT IN PACE**

(With grateful thanks to W. Bro. Derrick Butterfield)

THE MEANING OF WORDS

The following article was presented by V. W. Bro. Norman McEvoy in the September 2010 issue of The Educator:



"With the onset of the new Masonic Year I have decided to attempt to address an issue which, from my personal perspective is all too prevalent in our Fraternity and considering the fact that we all claimed to be **"MATURE"** at our initiation, it is difficult to understand why it exists at all.

The overriding factor in all of this is that we are **"HUMAN"** and have the frailties that go with all that.

THE RIGHT TO AGREE TO DISAGREE

For some time I have been grappling with the interpretation, action taken, by fellow Brethren regarding the "Charge to the Badge" given in the Entered Apprentice Degree, which reads as follows:

Let me add to the observations of the Senior Warden, that you are never to put on that badge should you be about to visit a Lodge in which there is a Brother with whom you are at variance, or against whom you entertain animosity; in such cases it is expected that you will invite him to withdraw, in order amicably to settle your differences, which being happily effected you may then clothe yourselves, enter the Lodge, and work with that love and harmony which should at all times characterise Freemasons. But, if unfortunately, your differences be of such a nature as not to be so easily adjusted, it were better that one or both of you retire, than that the harmony of the Lodge should be disturbed by your presence."

In attempting to come to grips with the impact of the **"Charge"** quoted, I have searched my Masonic library and resources available to me and cannot find anything wherein this subject is discussed. This is possibly because it is a truly sensitive issue and subject to personal interpretation, however, I do believe this is a subject that needs airing and have decided to give that a try.

The first word that caught my attention is **"Variance"** which "Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary" defines as *"The fact or state of being in disagreement"*.

The next word to catch my eye is **"Animosity"** defined as *"ill will or resentment tending towards active hostility"*.

This now seems to make it all very clear. If a Brother has said or done something that you are not in agreement with, don't go to Lodge, because he might be there.

But is that really what this is all about, and if so, does it apply to us as Brothers and Freemasons?

Now let me go to the Junior Warden's Charge in the Fellowcraft Degree which, in part, states the following:

"You are not to palliate or aggravate the offences of your Brethren; but in the decision of every trespass against our rules; judge with candour; admonish with friendship and reprehend with mercy".

The words that catch my attention are as follows:

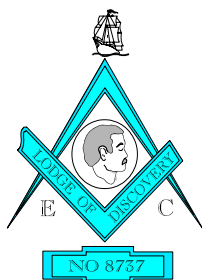
- PALLIATE** defined as *"to cloak or conceal"*
- CANDOUR** defined as *"freedom from prejudice or malice. Unreserved honest or sincere expression".*
- AGGRAVATE** defined as *to make worse, more serious or more severe".*
- ADMONISH** defined as *"to express warning or disapproval in a gentle earnest manner" OR "to give friendly earnest advice or encouragement".*
- REPREHEND** defined as *"to voice disapproval".*

It seems the more I read and re-read these **"Charges"** the more I come to appreciate what **"Freemasonry"** is attempting to trying to teach us, which in my opinion, is that it is **NOT** necessary that we all agree (how boring that would be) but that we respect each other's views and our right **"agree to disagree"**.

The annals of Freemasonry are chock full of situations where we know Brethren of all Faiths and Political views were able to come together as "Freemasons" and in many cases not only changed the course of history but proved that the "Universality of Man" is more than just a dream".

THE TRUE MASON

The real Freemason is distinguished from the rest of mankind by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct. Other men are honest in fear of punishment that the law might inflict; they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil in the next world. A Freemason would be just if there were no laws, human or divine, except those written in the heart by the fingers of his Creator. In every climate, under every system of religion, he is the same. He kneels before the throne of God in gratitude for the blessings he has received; and in humble solicitations for his future protection. He venerates the good men of all religions; he disturbs not the religion of others. He



FRIENDSHIP

Once I sat and thought of what a Friend is to me? and I came to a conclusion which I would like to share with you all.

Is it by chance that we have met? By choice that we have become friends? Friendship is a strange thing!!!!

We find ourselves telling each other the deepest details of our lives, things we don't even share with the families who raised us!!

But what is Friend?? A Confidant? A Fellow? A Companion? A fellow email junkie? A shoulder to cry on? An ear to listen? A heart to feel?

A Friend is all of these things and more. No matter where or how we have met, I call you FRIEND. A word so small, yet so large in feeling. A word filled with emotion. It is true that great things come in small packages, and it is also true that once the package of Friendship has been opened it can never be closed. It is a constant book always being written and waiting to be enjoyed.

We may have disagreements, we may argue and we may concern one another. Friendship is a unique bond that last through it all. A part of me is put into my friends: Some is my humour; to some it is my listening ear; to some it is the real life experiences, but with all it is the friendship.

Friendships forged are a construct stronger than steel built into a foundation— Necessary for Life and Necessary for Love.

Friends, You and Me; you brought another friend and then we were three. We started a group. A Circle of Friends and like a circle there is no beginning & there is no end.

There is no friend like the Old Friend who has shared our morning days. No greeting like his welcome. No homage like his praise.

Fame is like the scentless Sunflower, with a gaudy crown of Gold. But Friendship is the breathing Rose with sweets in every fold.

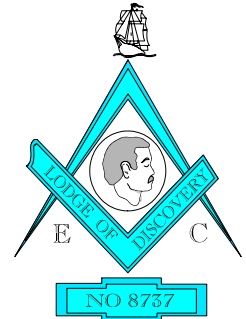
TO ALL MY FRIENDS EVERYWHERE THANK YOU

With acknowledgement to V.W. Bro. Norman McEvoy, The Educator, Volume Number 9, Number 5, May 2011

A Mason is not necessarily a member of a Lodge. In a broad sense, he is any person who daily tries to live the Masonic life, and to serve intelligently the needs of the Great Architect.

YOU MUST NEVER QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest! if you must -- but never quit.



Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out;
Stick to your task though the pace seems slow --
You may succeed with one more blow.

Success is failure turned inside out --
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt --
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit --
It's when things seem worst that YOU MUSTN'T QUIT.

"Why is the Master called Worshipful? Remember, we are talking about an Institution whose roots extend far into antiquity, and which comes to us from the Middle Ages. In medieval English, the term 'Worshipful' meant 'honourable' or 'respected.' To this day, a magistrate in the smallest English village is addressed not as Your Honour, but as Your Worship. Thus, Worshipful is a title of respect for the office of the Brother who presides over the Lodge, and who is, the Brethren believe, possessed of sufficient knowledge, wisdom and integrity to preside over them in the proper manner."

10 GUIDES FOR FREEMASONS

1. I am the representative of my Lodge and of all Free and Accepted Masons. Whatever I do or say reflects directly upon myself and my fellow Freemasons everywhere and our good works.
2. I am responsible for what my Lodge and Freemasonry represent. They can be no more than what my fellow Freemasons and I make them.
3. I should not criticise what my fellow Freemasons do for Freemasonry unless I have a better suggestion and I am prepared to do it myself.
4. I must remember that the fact that I bear the name, Master Mason or Freemason, is not enough. I must continue to be worthy.
5. My fellow members and I are our Lodges and Freemasonry. Without our active support they cease to exist.
6. My Lodge does me a favour by calling upon me. I am not doing the Lodge a favour by serving. It is both an obligation and a privilege to help the Lodge and Freemasonry.
7. I should treat my fellow Freemasons with the same respect, honour, and understanding that I would like to receive from them.
8. It is not a right to be a Freemason, it is an honour. I should respect that honour by abiding by all of the precepts of my Lodge, my Grand Lodge, and Freemasonry as a whole.
9. Whatever differences my fellow Freemasons and I may have, we are all bound together by the bonds of our loyalty to The GAOTU, our families, the Lodge, and Freemasonry.

Humour

A pot-holer decided one day to investigate some above ground caves. He came across a very narrow cave and went down it. When he reached the end he found a skeleton which had a sword in its hand. Turning a corner he passed through a doorway into a large cavern. He found this cavern contained a great many skeletons. Being a mason he realised that the skeletons were positioned as a Masonic Lodge. Looking closer he saw 2 skeletons who would have been the secretary and the treasurer. One of them has a piece of paper in his hand, He removed the paper and read "If someone doesn't prompt the Worshipful Master soon we'll be here all night.

Noah called God; yes god said Noah; I would like you build me and ark; like the last one said Noah; no said God, this one has to have twenty decks; Twenty decks said Noah!; yes twenty decks said God; OK said Noah and do you want it filling with animals like last time; no said God, I want it filling full of fish; Fish said Noah!; Fish said God, in particular Carp; Carp said Noah?; Carp said God; Ok said Noah, just one thing, why do want full of Carp; " I have always fancied a Multi-Story-Carp-Ark said God"