

# Tuckahoe Memorial Service

Brother Secretary, read the names of the Brethren to be honored in this, our time of memorial:

Bro. John Terrance Gaywood 3/20/20  
Rt. Wor. James Howard Crowder 5/26/20  
Bro. Alfred Edwin Wood 8/2/20  
Wor. William Alden Edmonds 9/4/20

My Brethren, for nearly 100 years it has been the custom of this Lodge to assemble each December, and for a brief time set aside the business of the Lodge to pay our last tribute of respect to those Brethren whose span of mortal years came to an end during the past year, and to honor the memory of all those who have entered into the joy of their creator. In keeping with this custom, we assemble tonight as Brothers, to console one another in this hour of remembrance, and to ponder within our hearts the true significance of this occasion. Thus, this evening we give ourselves to a time of memorial for those brethren who have laid down the working tools of life, and are now in the presence and safekeeping of their God.

See how quickly the sands of time flow through the hourglass. Thus wastes man. Today, he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; tomorrow he will blossom and bear blushing honors for all to see; and then comes a chilling frost which nips the shoot, and while he thinks his greatness is still aspiring to even greater heights, he falls, like autumn leaves, to enrich his mother earth. One by one they pass away, the Brothers of our gentle Craft that we have adopted; they are our Companions of Choice. Four Brethren have passed from our sight. Tonight we remember our departed brethren for the strong grip of friendship, for their pledge of our defense, and their vow of aid and wise counsel. Those whom we honor tonight are now ready for their final degree.

These, our brothers, have reached the end of the level of time  
That ultimately leads us to that Grand Lodge sublime.  
To that place from whence borne none will ever return,  
But, 'more light' in Masonry they surely will learn.

With the gauge of an Apprentice they've divided their time  
Into three equal parts since their life's early prime.  
They have found amidst life's great strife and weary toil,  
Their wages are due them, in Corn, Wine and Oil.

Every day in life's quarry, they'd cut and shape a new stone,  
With their gavel they'd hew each ashlar, alone.  
To help build that house in that great, far off land,  
A spiritual mansion not made by their hand.

At last from their hands life's working tools must fall  
And with blue prints now folded, they've answered His call.  
They've proven beyond a doubt they can best work and agree  
And truly are ready to receive their final degree.

On the table before you, are two of the symbolic emblems of Freemasons. A *lambskin*, or white leather Apron represents innocence and is acknowledged the world over as the time-honored badge of a Freemason. By it we are reminded of the universal dominion of Death...death from which no one can escape. The arm of Friendship cannot prevent his coming, nor can the wealth of this world purchase our release.

To a Mason, *the evergreen* is an emblem of our faith in the immortality of the Soul. The evergreen leaves are symbolic of our conviction that life will continue to flourish even after death, and that one day we will be united in the house with many mansions, eternal in the heavens. As a token of remembrance and our heartfelt thanks, this evergreen is offered tonight in memory of all members of the US military who have served and paid the ultimate price in the ongoing efforts to protect and preserve the freedoms that we all enjoy. May they rest in peace. Brother Chaplain, offer our evening devotion.

*The Chaplain offers the following prayer*

Almighty God, in whom we live and move and have our being, and unto whom we ultimately return, we thank Thee for the gift of life; for its wonders and mysteries; for its friendships and fellowships. We thank Thee for the ties which bind us to each other; for the meaning which lies hidden even in the heart of sorrow and grief....And for Thy guiding hand along the way of our earthly journey.

We offer our thanks to Thee for these, Thy servants. We thank Thee for the good and gracious influence in their home and training; for all the goodness and truth that have passed from their lives into the lives of others. We are thankful that our paths in life have crossed, for we are left richer for that experience.

We pray for those whose hearts are heaviest and who in this moment need Thee more than ever. Guide them and bless them and lead them into that unfaltering trust that life does not end with death; that the Father who made us all will indeed care for us beyond the bounds of our vision, just as He cares for us in this earthly world. We pray for a renewal of the gifts of faith, patience, and enduring love in all of us. Help us to walk among the things of this world with eyes wide open to the beauty and glory of all things eternal. So mote it be. Amen.

*The Speaker then offers this benediction.*

Tonight, when we mix again with the world, take with you in your heart the memory of those whom we remembered tonight. May the *light* of God surround you, may the *love* of God enfold you, the *power* of God protect you, and the *presence* of God watch over you. Peace be with you, now and forever more. So mote it be. Amen.



...Another 'nugget from the quarry of Freemasonry'. © TM

Lodge Memorial Service written and presented by Douglas Messimer, PM, 12/3/20  
Musical accompaniment by Bro. Richard Turochy, Lodge Musician.  
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