

Marion Lodge No. 6 A.F. & A.M.

# The Trestleboard

April 2020: April Stated Meeting, 4/21, is "to-be-determined."

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## A Message from the Worshipful Master

Quarantine is no fun! I pray that we all will get relief soon from this pandemic. But I also steel myself for a long period of physical distancing and disruption. In these times, a question for Masons is, "How can I be helpful to my fellow creatures?" Think in terms of rings. You and your family are the first ring, attend first to that ring. The second ring is close friends and neighbors. The third ring is your community. The fourth and fifth rings are your nation and world respectively. Pay attention to your rings, and together our interlocking rings will create a garment like fine chainmail to withstand the blows of this plague.

<http://marion6.org/>  
Stated Meetings: 3rd Tuesday

## Beauty for the mind and soul, a poem



### ***“LAST NIGHT I KNELT WHERE HIRAM KNELT”***

Last night I knelt where Hiram knelt  
And took an obligation,  
Today I'm closer to my God,  
And I'm a Master Mason.  
Tho' heretofore my fellow men  
seemed each one like the other,  
Today I search each one apart;  
I'm looking for "My Brother."  
And, as I feel his friendly grip,  
It fills my heart with pride;  
I know that while I'm on the square  
That he is on my side.  
His footsteps on my errand go  
If I should such require;  
His prayers will plead in my behalf  
If I should so desire.  
My words are safe, within his breast  
As though within my own;  
His hand forever at my back  
To help me safely Home.  
Good counsel whispers in my ear  
And warns of any danger;  
By square and compass, Brother now  
Who once would call me stranger.  
I might have lived a moral life  
And risen to distinctions  
Without my Brother's helping hand  
And fellowship of Masons.  
But God, who knows how hard it is  
To resist life's temptations,  
Knows why I knelt where Hiram knelt  
And took that obligation.

**Author Unknown**

### **“Last Night I Knelt...”**

I found this poem, it was printed like a bookmark, in my father's effects. The poem got me wondering about how much time and isolation it took the author to craft this work.

If you need a challenge, then here it is: what would your poem be for our current state of affairs through the eyes of a Mason? I will share mine at our next gathering, you are invited to share yours.

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Brother Mike M. has been keeping our website and Facebook pages up-to-date: check them out!

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