

*Light from the*  
**GreatLand**

*Summer 2019*

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# Light from the Great Land



**The Most Worshipful Grand  
Lodge of F. & A.M. of Alaska**

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## Submission Guidelines

The following schedule will be followed this year to ensure that everyone has an opportunity to submit their items for the benefit of Masonry in Alaska:

## Submittal Deadline • Publishing Date

September 1, 2019 • October 1, 2019  
December 1, 2019 • January 1, 2020  
March 1, 2020 • April 1, 2020  
June 1, 2020 • July 1, 2020

Submit your articles in 12-point Times New Roman. Use the same typeface, or font, throughout the entire manuscript. Your manuscript should be double-spaced throughout. No columns. All text should be flush left, and do not justify the text. Do not use the space bar to achieve tabs or indents to align text. Do not use the automatic hyphenation feature. The default, or "normal" style should be the only style used in your manuscript.

For capitalization, hyphenation, use of numbers, punctuation, and other matters of style, follow Chicago style guidelines, current edition.

Notes should be placed at the end of the article and double-spaced. The proposed title of the article and the name of the author should appear at the top left of page one. For more information on Chicago style citation guidelines, visit:

<https://owl.english.purdue.edu/owl/resource/717/01/>

Contributions will be considered on the timeliness of their receipt, the amount of editing required, and space available.

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Submit Articles to the Editor:

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# A Mason and A Man



*My Brother, Masonry means much more  
Than the wearing of a pin.  
Or carrying a paid-up dues receipt  
So the Lodge will let you in.*

*You may wear an emblem on your coat,  
From your fingers, flash a ring.  
But if you're not sincere at heart  
This doesn't mean a thing.*

*It's merely an outward sign to show  
The world that you belong  
To this great fraternal brotherhood  
That teaches right from wrong.*

*What really counts lies buried deep  
Within the human breast.  
Till Masonic teaching brings it out  
And puts it to the test.*

*If you practice out of Lodge  
The things you learn within,  
Be just and upright to yourself  
And to your fellow men.*

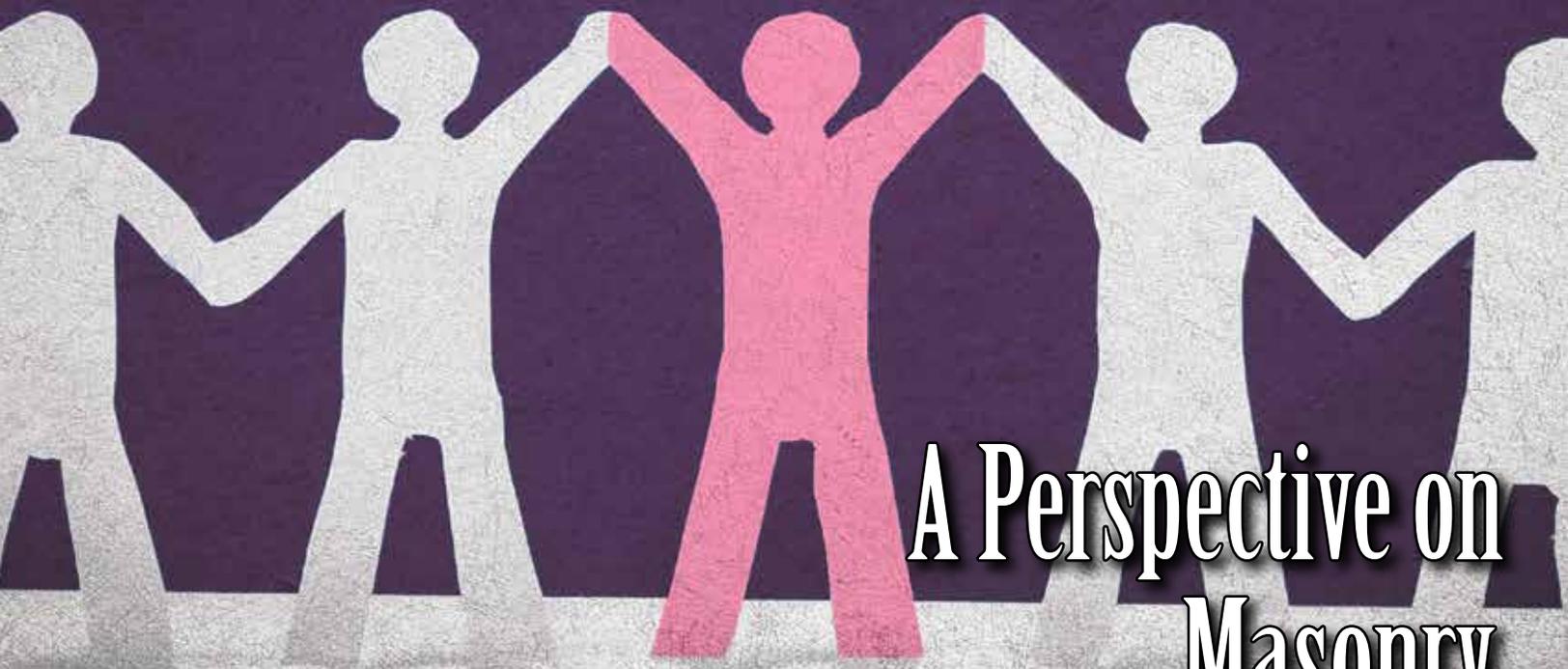
*Console a brother when he's sick  
And assist him when in need.  
Without a thought of personal reward  
For any act or deed.*

*Walk and act in such a way  
That the world without can see  
That only the best can meet the test  
Laid down by Masonry.*

*Be always faithful to your trust  
And do the best you can -  
Then you can proudly tell the world  
You're a Mason and a Man.*

*- C.E. Reynolds  
Secretary Delia Lodge No. 419  
Delia, Kansas*

*I strongly believe Masonry offers the world's most comprehensive leadership development program to those men that engage Masonry as a serious undertaking and make a conscientious effort to study, learn, and apply the lessons of Masonry to their lives.*



# A Perspective on Masonry, Mentoring, & Leadership

*by M.W. John D. May*



The study of our posting lectures and rituals are not merely basic exercises in memorization. Rather, these studies are complex learning exercises for self-reflection and collaboration; both internal and fraternal exercises. The overall goal of this study is not perfection in memorization, but rather it is to learn more about ourselves, each other, and the world. As we grow as Masons, so shall our ability grow to deliver excellent ritual. Corporations, governments, and a host of other organizations invest a significant amount of resources every year to train personnel. A diligent student of Masonry will realize that all this worldly training only scratches the surface of what Masonry provides to its serious adherents. So why do we not see more Masons taking the time to invest in themselves through the practice of Masonry?

I believe as an organization we have allowed some of our traditional approaches to mentoring to slip away. We live in a world where there are so many things that demand our time and attention. It seems that both the mentor and the student rely largely upon ciphers to learn the posting lectures. In addition, our modern culture of instant gratification and the practice of collecting dues exclusively from Master Masons creates an urgency to rush a man through the Three Degrees with almost little concern for the process of learning from the Degrees. This is apparent in our retention of members, as the average length of a Masonic career is less than five years in North

America. Those brethren that retain membership tend to do so because they have bonded with the men in their lodge. I believe mentoring achieves two primary purposes for Masons that are engaged in this process: it provides them with opportunities to learn and develop themselves as men of character through the study, practice, and application of Masonry; and it fosters and strengthens the bonds of brotherhood. This does not mean Masonry has stopped developing men of character; rather, it means serious Masons continue to seek knowledge through their studies despite the lack of more traditional foundations.

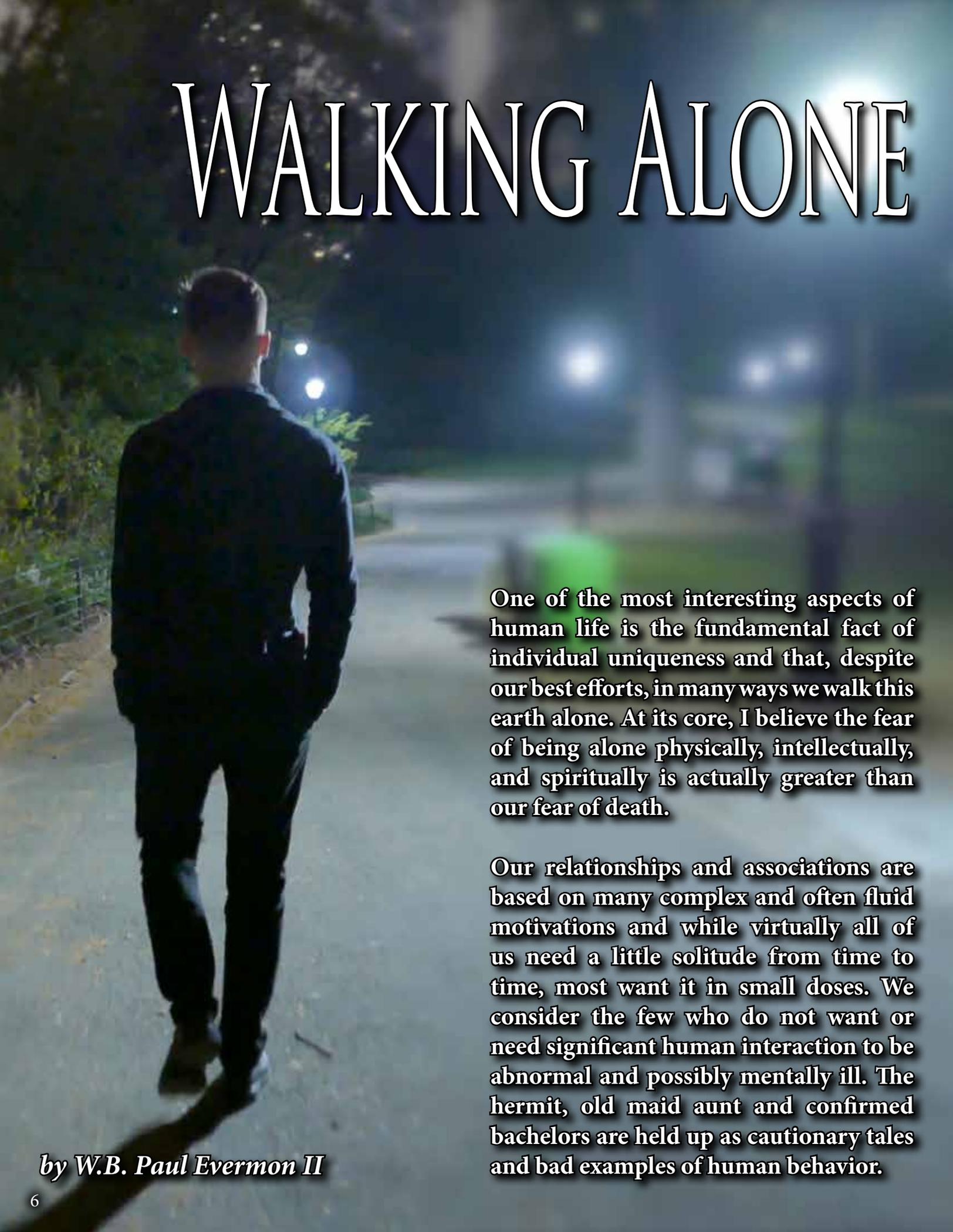
Imagine if we stressed the lessons of an Entered Apprentice Mason's working tools to our brethren, and then brought mentoring back to a place of prominence in our lodges. Would we see an end to apathy as we engaged in meaningful labor? Would we begin to miss lodge more than our favorite television shows? Would we change the dynamic of our lodges? Would our brethren profit from investing in themselves through Masonry? And, would we discover that we are part of an exceptional brotherhood?



**M.W. John D. May**  
*Grand Master*



# WALKING ALONE

A person is walking away from the camera on a paved path at night. The path is illuminated by several bright streetlights, creating a soft glow. The person is wearing dark clothing and their shadow is cast on the path. The background is dark with some blurred lights and foliage.

One of the most interesting aspects of human life is the fundamental fact of individual uniqueness and that, despite our best efforts, in many ways we walk this earth alone. At its core, I believe the fear of being alone physically, intellectually, and spiritually is actually greater than our fear of death.

Our relationships and associations are based on many complex and often fluid motivations and while virtually all of us need a little solitude from time to time, most want it in small doses. We consider the few who do not want or need significant human interaction to be abnormal and possibly mentally ill. The hermit, old maid aunt and confirmed bachelors are held up as cautionary tales and bad examples of human behavior.

*by W.B. Paul Evermon II*



But I believe all of us have an inner hermit which is our true self. He is a painfully honest part of us who doesn't allow self-deception and really understands what we actually believe physically, intellectually, and spiritually in spite of what we tell the outside world or try to tell ourselves.

Many of the beliefs we profess publicly are social lies. We say the "right" things to be accepted in one group or another and be one of the guys. When we say them often enough, only the inner hermit knows we are "going along to be get along."

But I would suggest that, in order to achieve significant spiritual growth as you walk from the West to the East, you need to get in touch with your inner hermit. I do not make this suggestion lightly and must warn you that this level of introspection can be extremely challenging and should be done in small steps for those not deeply experienced in honest self-evaluation.

You have had a lifetime of social lies to others and self-delusion that protects you from that frightening inner hermit and it is highly probable you will find some very disturbing things on the way to meet him. But knowledge is power and you and only you can change who are for the better.

Your inner hermit might not be the best friend you were looking for, but he is the only permanent relationship you ever have. With the notable exception of your relationship with your Creator, all other relationships will be separated from you by their death or by your own death. The question of the permanence of your relationship with the

Creator is one of the primary quests of your journey from the West to the East.

Your path will have many branches and the metaphorical equivalent of many doors as well. When you "knock" there will be no one to vouch for you and if you do not truthfully describe who asks for admittance, it is unlikely that door will open for you and the knowledge behind it will remain hidden from you.

Your inner hermit cannot be your companion on your journey of philosophical/religious exploration. The changes you decide to make to your views on the universe need to be made at the inner hermit level; therefore you need to travel as the inner hermit not the false face you show to the world.

All of us are Shakespearian actors on this side of the veil of tears and we play many roles. Very few people will ever begin to know who you really are but if you don't know who you really are acting won't do you much good on your journey.

While "Know thyself" is one of the 147 Delphic maxims of the ancient Greeks and seemingly self-explanatory, the true application principle was stated by Socrates when he said "the unexamined life is not worth living." Are you just alive or are you actively living your life?



**W.B. Paul Evermon II**  
*Grand Chaplain*



# *First Inaugural Address*

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and the House of Representatives: Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourteenth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my Country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years: a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time.

*by Bro. George Washington*

*April 30, 1789*



On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my Country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualification, could not but overwhelm with dispondence, one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver, is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance, by which it might be affected. All I dare hope, is, that, if in executing this task I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof, of the confidence of my fellow-citizens; and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me; my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my Country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impressions under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station; it would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official Act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the Universe, who presides in the Councils of Nations, and whose providential aids can supply every

human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the People of the United States, a Government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes: and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either. No People can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand, which conducts the Affairs of men more than the People of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their United Government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most Governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me I trust in thinking, that there are none under the influence of which, the proceedings of a new and free Government can more auspiciously commence.



By the article establishing the Executive Department, it is made the duty of the President “to recommend to your consideration, such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.” The circumstances under which I now meet you, will acquit me from entering into that subject, farther than to refer to the Great Constitutional Charter under which you are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances, and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications, I behold the surest pledges, that as on one side, no local prejudices, or attachments; no separate views, nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests: so, on another, that the foundations of our National policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the pre-eminence of a free Government, be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its Citizens, and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my Country can inspire: since there is no

truth more thoroughly established, than that there exists in the oeconomy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity: Since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven, can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained: And since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the Republican model of Government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people.

Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide, how far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the Fifth article of the Constitution is rendered expedient at the present juncture by the nature of objections which have been urged against the System, or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations on this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good: For I assure myself that whilst you carefully avoid every alteration which might endanger the benefits of



an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments, which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive Department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the Station in which I am placed, may, during my continuance in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign parent of the human race, in humble supplication that since he has been pleased to favour the American people, with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparelled unanimity on a form of Government, for the security of their Union, and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this Government must depend.

an United and effective Government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience; a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen, and a regard for the public harmony, will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question how far the former can be more impregnably fortified, or the latter be safely and advantageously promoted.

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addressed to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will therefore be as brief as possible. When I was first honoured with a call into the Service of my Country, then on the eve of



**Bro. George Washington**  
Alexandria Lodge #22  
Fredericksburg, Virginia



Washington was inaugurated 230 years ago on April 30, 1789 in New York City. The Bible he took his oath of office on was the Masonic Bible of the local Lodge. His inaugural address is exemplary of a Mason who truly lived his Masonry. Note how often he refers, prays to, and reflects to the Grand Architect. His understanding of his duty to serve, and his total humility. Take time to read his address slowly and allow time for introspection and personal reflection. Washington truly is a Brother to emulate. For further reflection look up his prayers from the times of war to his leaving office.



**M.W. John K. Bishop**  
Past Grand Master 2017





# A Brother Asks: *When Someone Posts Quoted Ritual?*

**A Brother Asks:** Good Morning Coach. What should a Brother do when another Brother quotes Ritual online?

**Coach:** Great Question! I'd make sure he's actually quoting Ritual and not just putting something up that sounds like ritual.

## **REALITY CHECK**

**Brother:** Whoa! I had not thought about that!

**Coach:** Thought about what?

**Brother:** If what is quoted is actual Ritual.

**Coach:** Yes. Many Brothers react rather than respond to things that look like quoted Ritual.

**Brother:** React rather than respond? What's the difference?

## **REACT v.s. RESPOND**

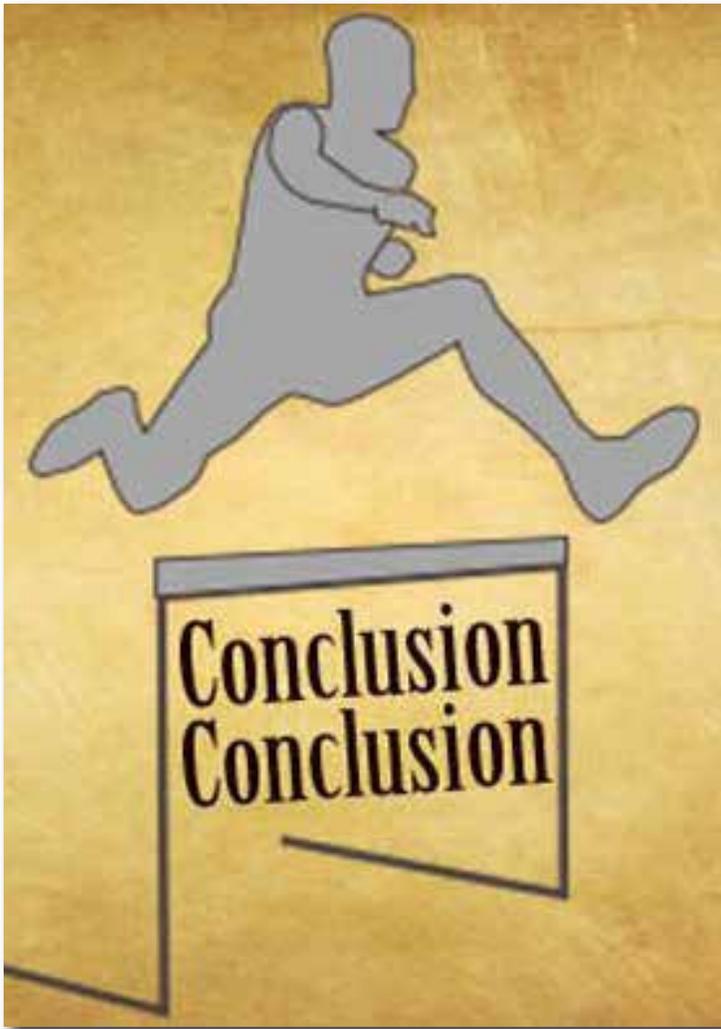
**Coach:** Reacting requires little to no thought about what you have before you and giving even less thought about what you do about it.

**Brother:** And responding?

**Coach:** Responding requires you actually think deeply about what is before you and treat your next actions with equally deep thought.

**Brother:** Would you give an example of reacting please?

*by Bro. John S. Nagy*



## EXAMPLE

**Coach:** Sure. It's when you quickly jump to conclusions about what you think you know about what you think you're seeing or what you think you're being asked. You cause more damage to relationships than you could ever begin to imagine by taking actions that are inappropriate to the real situation rather than the imagined one.

**Brother:** I mean a real-life example.

**Coach:** OK. Here's a case in point. A Brother quoted that we are first made Masons in our hearts.

**Brother:** But we are!

**Coach:** Perhaps, but he quoted it like it this was in Ritual.

**Brother:** Well, isn't it?

**Coach:** It is not.

**Brother:** Wait! I see this claim all the time and one Brother after another responds like it is in Ritual.

**Coach:** Yes. I have seen this as well.

**Brother:** Well, what do you do when you see this?

**Coach:** I let the Brother know that he is not quoting Ritual and recommend he investigate it further.

## TWO PATHS

**Brother:** What happens next?

**Coach:** Usually one of two things.

**Brother:** The first?

**Coach:** He responds by saying he needs to look into it and he then goes away and investigates.

**Brother:** Then?

**Coach:** He eventually comes back, agrees with me and thanks me for giving him the incentive to explore the claim further.

**Brother:** Good times!

**Coach:** For sure!

**Brother:** What about the second?

**Coach:** He reacts by immediately disagreeing, sometimes officiously. He doesn't investigate at all and then tries to bully me and others into accepting his claim, even though I and others know it's false.

**Brother:** This reflects very poorly upon the Craft.

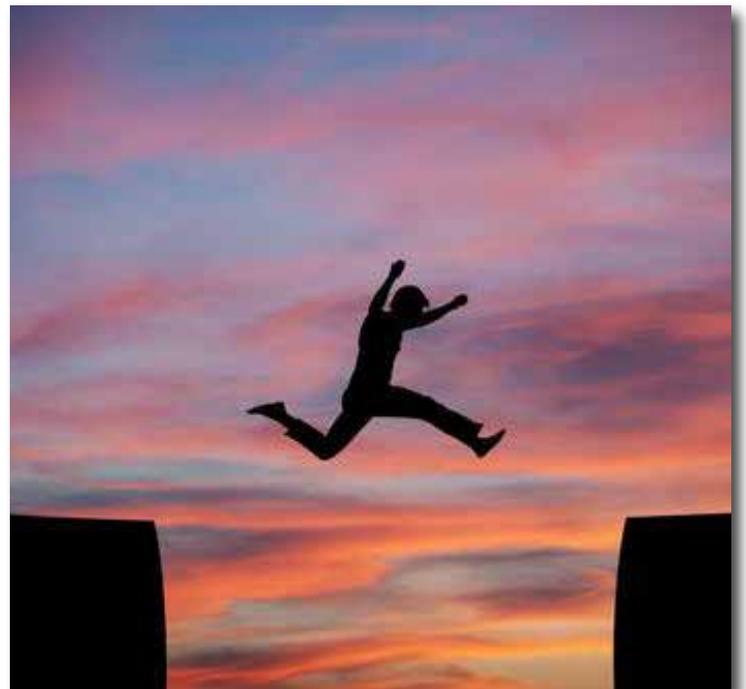
**Coach:** Indeed. However, you'll get this every time you advance anyone who doesn't do even the bare minimum work required to advance properly.

**Brother:** Can you provide another example, one more subtle and not so obvious?

**Coach:** Sure. At first glance a meme I posted recently\*, one of many, appeared to be quoting Ritual.

**Brother:** Yikes! Appeared to but it was not actually a real quote?

**Coach:** Exactly! The operative phrase here is "appeared."



## APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING

**Brother:** What happened?

**Coach:** As you might have guessed, lots of reactions!

**Brother:** I can imagine!

**Coach:** And at first glance, if you think it was quoting Ritual, you'll purposefully mislead yourself into thinking that it was, especially when you don't know your Ritual.

**Brother:** You mean, without actually comparing to Ritual what was quoted, you'll jump to a false conclusion?

**Coach:** Yes!

**Brother:** But what you are saying is that the meme that was posted was **not** quoting any Ritual on the face of this earth or any Ritual known to man?

**Coach:** Exactly! In truth, the quote was made up to purposefully provoke deep thought about what Ritual was actually saying and doing so without actually quoting Ritual.

**Brother:** Are you saying it was "f-a-b-r-i-c-a-t-e-d"!



## CREATING OPPORTUNITIES TO THINK (or not)

**Coach:** Yes! It was created to purposefully give the impression that it was quoting Ritual, even though it was not.

**Brother:** But if you know your Ritual, you'll immediately spot this fabrication and recognize what the meme was really doing, or at least offering.

**Coach:** Yes, you'll know the intent. However, if you truly do not know your Ritual, you'll still believe it was quoting Ritual and jump to false conclusions.

**Brother:** Wouldn't that make a jumper look foolish?

**Coach:** Yes. Well, at least in the eyes of those who know better.

**Brother:** Is this one of the reasons it is SO important to memorize your catechisms?

**Coach:** Yes! Memorization lays the foundation for knowing Ritual and it prevents you from being shown as foolish for assuming people are quoting Ritual, especially when they are not.

**Brother:** And when you don't know your Ritual, you'll jump to falsely supported conclusions that are embarrassingly wrong for and to all involved.

**Coach:** I agree! When you don't know your Ritual, and think you do, you're compelled by a false notion that others are quoting Ritual, or anything that sounds like Ritual. You'll take damaging action on wrong conclusions and do so in wrong directions.



## UGLY AFTERMATH

**Brother:** And you'll be an embarrassment to yourself, to others and to the Craft as a whole.

**Coach:** Yes. Your actions will also destroy the trust of your Brothers and lead others to take damaging action that'll rip the very fabric of what makes this fraternity special.

**Brother:** Wow! I can also see that you'll show yourself to be a person who doesn't think much about your Fraternity, especially when you make effort to correct a Brother in public, rather than private, as is the way of all Brothers who follow our principles.

**Coach:** Sadly, yes. And the shame you bring about by your actions will be upon you and the Craft.

**Brother:** Wow! Thinking twice before you take for granted what is being quoted in any meme and what is really being said or asked helps prevent misunderstandings is sure important.

**Coach:** Yes. It's important to understand that the first time you read the words within any meme may actually be right then and there, where it is posted for you to see.

**Brother:** Are you saying that you may likely **never** have ever heard the meme's quoted phrase stated in Ritual or at any other time before that moment it was revealed to you?

**Coach:** That is exactly what I am saying.

**Brother:** Yikes!

**Coach:** Yes, that's a shocker for sure.

**Brother:** But if the meme did its job, got you to think, you might just pay closer attention the next time you do hear Ritual, especially the part you thought you heard, and remember it the right way and not the way the meme presented it.

**Coach:** One can only hope.

**Brother:** And hopefully, as a result, you'll also be less likely to embarrass yourself and your Brothers when you make effort to correct him for something he didn't do.

**Coach:** Yes.



### **BUT...**

**Brother:** But what about when a Brother actually does quote Ritual?

**Coach:** Good! I'm glad you want us to tackle this part of your question.

**Brother:** Hey! I am paying attention Coach!

**Coach:** Yes, you are. Kudos!

**Brother:** Thanks! Well?

**Coach:** If they are actually quoting Ritual, there are a number of things you do **not** want to do, ever!

**Brother:** Like?

**Coach:** Like stating publically that a person is quoting Ritual!

**Brother:** But why the heck not? Isn't it our duty to tell him or call him out on it?

**Coach:** It is our duty to inform him when we believe he is straying, but only after we have done our due diligence to assure we are not approaching him with righteous indignation that is misdirected and wholly unwarranted.

**Brother:** OK, this goes back to responding rather than reacting.

**Coach:** Yes. And furthermore, you want to do this in private, out of ear- and eyesight of the public to make sure that you give your brother every opportunity to understand why you are approaching him and to verify your suspicions.

**Brother:** But that would mean you'd have to actually practice the principles of Freemasonry.

**Coach:** What good are these principles if you only give them lip service and not apply them in your daily dealings, especially when it comes to possibly accusing your Brother of something you misunderstood?

**Brother:** OK. I see your point.

**Coach:** Good!



### **WRAP-UP**

**Brother:** So, one of the things you don't want to do is publicly confront or accuse. Got it!

**Coach:** Yes... and?

**Brother:** And the other thing you don't want to do is not practice Fraternal principles when you are doing your due diligence. Sure! Whisper counsel, but before you do, make sure it applies!

**Coach:** Exactly!

**Brother:** Anything else?

**Coach:** Yes, if he is actually quoting Ritual, don't assume the Ritual he is quoting is your Ritual.

**Brother:** Huh?

**Coach:** There's a high probability that your Brother is not doing anything wrong and that what is being quoted may actually be Ritual used by a jurisdiction that is publically open about its Ritual or part of an unused Ritual that is in the public domain.

**Brother:** Wait! What?

**Coach:** Yes, there are Rituals throughout the world that are printed in total, (except for specific words).

**Brother:** Really?

**Coach:** Yes. And there are a whole bunch of Rituals that are in the public domain that are not used in recognized jurisdictions.

**Brother:** You mean that they're obsolete?

**Coach:** Yes.

**Brother:** So, quoting things that are Ritual like, from already in print Rituals and unused Rituals is fair game?

**Coach:** Yes. The first is not quoting Ritual. The second is quoting something that is allowed to be quoted since it is both not a secret and publically accessible. The last is quoting something that is publically accessible, no longer in use and not secret.

**Brother:** What about discussing it?

**Coach:** Discussions that don't reveal any secrets are fair game too.

**Brother:** And the things you want to do here when you are still driven to approach a posting Brother on a concern?

**Coach:** Research, investigate, do your due diligence and make sure you approach the Brother in private so that you understand fully rather than assume and accuse in ignorance.

**Brother:** Anything more?



## IRONIC SECRETS

**Coach:** Yes. When Brothers take what is posted into the realm of actually discussing secrets, in your view, caution them in private.

**Brother:** You mean, don't post on the thread conversation words that say to the world, "you are discussing secrets" or "you're quoting Ritual"?

**Coach:** Exactly! Doing so draws the very undue attention about which you're cautioning your Brothers.

**Brother:** In other words, in trying to warn your Brothers about violating their obligations, you're violating your obligations.

**Coach:** Yes. An ironic twist in results that those who are doing the warning never realize that they are themselves doing by pointing things out publically.

**Brother:** Can you provide an example?

**Coach:** Sure. I posted a title of a book years ago. And some well-meaning Brother pointed out immediately that I was posting one of our secret words, that I should never write that word and that I was violating my obligation.

**Brother:** Yes, I can see the irony in this.

**Coach:** Good! Unfortunately, he didn't and had he just not said anything that posted book title would have gone totally unnoticed by anyone who didn't know the connection.

**Brother:** But he pointed it out, stated the connection and anyone reading the thread who didn't know, was therefore informed about something they would have not known had he simply remained quiet.

**Coach:** Yes. Some well-meaning Brothers are worse enemies to the Craft than anti-Masons.

**Brother:** And they take these damaging actions all in the name of virtuously protecting the honor of the Craft.

**Coach:** Ironic, isn't it?

**Brother:** Yes.





## WHAT IFS

**Coach:** So, let's get back to your question.

**Brother:** OK.

**Coach:** What should you do when things are being quoted that are suspiciously ritualistic in nature.

**Brother:** Don't react!

**Coach:** Yeah, that's a good start.

**Brother:** Think it through.

**Coach:** Yes!

**Brother:** Make sure it's actually Ritual that is protected and not something that only sounds like Ritual, is not protected in other jurisdictions or not some unused public domain Ritual that has nothing to do with your Ritual.

**Coach:** Yes!

**Brother:** If I feel what is being shared warrants action, approach the poster, if he is a Brother, through any private means possible first, and, if it's impossible to do so directly, try to get a trusted close Brother to do the same through private means.

**Coach:** And what if the poster is not a Brother?

**Brother:** Ignore it and move on.

**Coach:** Why?

**Brother:** Because it is being posted by a profane individual and that does not warrant further action, unless it is your thread.

**Coach:** What if it is on your thread?

**Brother:** I'd have to think about it... I would probably delete it and block the individual as a Cowan or Eavesdropper, especially when what is being put forth is an attempt to stir the pot and gather undeserved Light.



## DON'T MAKE THINGS WORSE

**Coach:** That makes sense. But what if it is a Brother who is posting?

**Brother:** If I have exhausted all private means, I'd approach the Brother directly in the post and ask him to contact me for a private discussion, giving him every chance to do so in a considerate and timely manner.

**Coach:** And if all avenues are closed to this?

**Brother:** Don't post anything more...

**Coach:** Like?

**Brother:** Like "I'm uncomfortable discussing...", "We shouldn't be discussing..." or "Remember your obligation..."

**Coach:** Why?

**Brother:** Because doing so may lead profane readers to conclusions about what was posted we don't want them to have.

**Coach:** Agree! And your next move?

**Brother:** Just that.. Move on and turn it over to someone who may have more success with him.

**Coach:** Why?

**Brother:** Because making a public scene does far more damage to the Craft than what was posted.

**Coach:** Agreed.

**Brother:** Good Lord! This is some heavy stuff!

**Coach:** Indeed! It separates out the Masters from the Ruffians for sure.

**Brother:** Agreed!



Bro. "Coach" John S. Nagy  
Pearl of the West Lodge No. 146  
New Port Richey, Florida



# Immortality of the Soul

*by an inmate of Folsom Prison*

Sweet memories flash across my mind  
Like dreams of long ago —  
Of friendly faces true and kind  
That once I used to know;  
But when or where I saw them last  
I cannot always tell —  
I know that somewhere in the past  
I knew and loved them well!

For in my dreams I wander far  
Beyond this mortal sphere,  
Perhaps on some far distant star  
Their spirits hovered near!  
And in my sleep my soul returns  
To scenes it knew of yore,  
And step by step my spirit learns  
Of lives I've lived before.

My soul has lived since time began,  
And must live on always —  
Nor can the puny hand of man  
It's onward progress stay!  
Though now I walk the paths of earth,  
My Father's feet have trod —  
Through death my soul shall find rebirth  
In closer touch with God.

He made the glowing universe,  
The sun, the stars, the sky —  
He gave the power to hold converse  
Betwixt my soul and I,  
And only now and then in dreams,  
I scan futurity,  
And see my soul as true it seems  
In all its purity!

And when the years at last shall roll  
The shades of earth away,  
I too shall reach the nearing goal  
For which I watch and pray.  
I too shall see that glorious dawn  
The prophets long fortold,  
That bids my soul to wander on  
Through God's bright gate of gold!



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# *A Tale of* Two Jewels

*W.B. Ken Vaughan*

The trigger for this essay is the Past Master's jewel originally presented to W. Bro. John Henry Leland Duckworth by Gastineaux Lodge No. 124, which made its way back to the Masons in Juneau more than 75 years after his death in 1942 in Arizona.



V.W. Bro Don Hale presented the wayward jewel to Mt. Juneau-Gastineaux Lodge No. 21 in 2016, along with Duckworth's Past High Priest's jewel from Jerome (Ariz.) Chapter No. 11, Royal Arch Masons, for his leadership of that York Rite body in 1927. The jewels travelled to the Grand Lodge of Texas, then to the Grand Lodge of Arizona and eventually to R.W. Bro. Jerry Wasson, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Alaska. Wasson then handed the jewels off to Hale.

One can only speculate on the paths and people who held and treasured the jewels on their journey back to where Duckworth was Worshipful Master of Gastineaux Lodge in 1903 and 1904. It's very likely at least two generations of family passed the jewels on to the next the jewels, along with the Masonic bodies listed above.

The protective case for the Past Master's jewel shows wear and tear consistent with use and travel, with the inner silk lining worn. In contrast, the Past High Priest's jewel case shows little wear. The difference may simply lie in the 23-year difference between the presentations of the devices. I like to think the difference in wear is because Duckworth wore the Past Master's emblem from time to time and kept it in an active place such as a drawer, with other mementos of his Masonic life.

Duckworth was born in 1861 in Iowa. Working back through the grand lodges of Washington and Iowa, we know Duckworth joined Franklin (Iowa) Lodge No. 14 on July 30, 1898 and demitted on Sept. 13, 1902. He likely asked for the demit from Franklin Lodge No. 14 to facilitate his membership in Gastineaux Lodge, which he petitioned on Nov. 15, 1902. Duckworth's Masonic story prior to his joining the now-defunct Franklin Lodge remains unknown.

Shortly after leaving Iowa, Duckworth became the first Worshipful Master of a Masonic Lodge in what is now the City and Borough of Juneau. The Grand Lodge

of Washington provided dispensation for Douglas' Gastineaux Lodge in December, 1902, with Duckworth as Master. He continued in the Oriental Chair when Gastineaux Lodge received its charter in June, 1903.

Oral tradition suggests Duckworth was a Past Master on his arrival in Douglas. The records from Washington and Iowa cited above do not support the tradition, but do not explicitly deny the possibility. It's unlikely, though, that Duckworth served as Master anywhere prior to his arrival in Douglas.

Duckworth demitted from Gastineaux Lodge on Nov. 28, 1911.

And then, for more than 15 years, John Duckworth disappeared.

His story picks back up in the town of Jerome, Ariz. The Past High Priest's jewel from Jerome Chapter connects Duckworth to connection to that boom-and-bust town. Jerome lies approximately an hour's drive northeast of Prescott. In the mid-1920s, it had a population of about 25,000 residents and an active mine. In the 1940s, the ore ran out and the town remains as one of many abandoned or nearly abandoned Western mining towns, currently with about 450 residents. George Weil, Grand Secretary of the Arizona York Rite bodies, said Jerome had sufficient interest in its heyday to have both a blue lodge and a Royal Arch chapter chartered. When the population collapsed, the lodge and chapter closed. Prescott warehouses both sets of records.

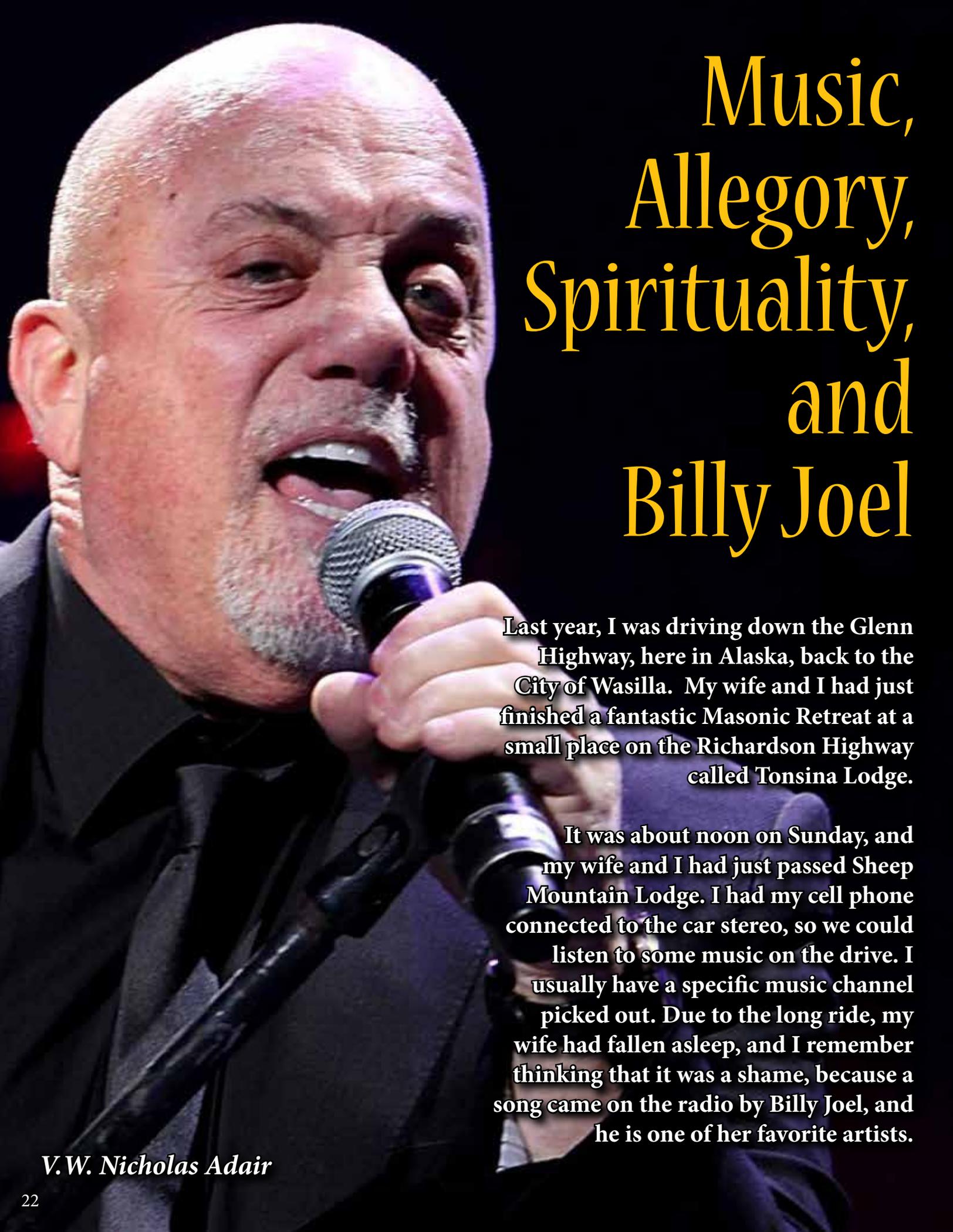
Most of Duckworth's history following his service as High Priest remains unknown. My next steps are to work with the Grand Lodge of Arizona to see what can be learned there. We do know Duckworth laid down his working tools in 1942, at the age of 81. There is every indication that he did so as a faithful Mason.

Future generations will know at least where to find Duckworth's jewels. They have been laid, along with other Masonic artifacts, in the time capsule set into the cornerstone of the Juneau Masonic Center. I will continue to track Duckworth's story, and will endeavor to update it to provide further light to Masons of today and tomorrow.



**W.B. Ken Vaughan**  
*Mt. Juneau Gastineaux Lodge No. 21*





# Music, Allegory, Spirituality, and Billy Joel

Last year, I was driving down the Glenn Highway, here in Alaska, back to the City of Wasilla. My wife and I had just finished a fantastic Masonic Retreat at a small place on the Richardson Highway called Tonsina Lodge.

It was about noon on Sunday, and my wife and I had just passed Sheep Mountain Lodge. I had my cell phone connected to the car stereo, so we could listen to some music on the drive. I usually have a specific music channel picked out. Due to the long ride, my wife had fallen asleep, and I remember thinking that it was a shame, because a song came on the radio by Billy Joel, and he is one of her favorite artists.

*V.W. Nicholas Adair*

The song that came on was called "River of Dreams," from the album of the same name. I was enjoying the song quite a bit, and because my wife was sleeping, I listened closely to the lyrics.

The first bit that really caught my attention was "Mountains of Faith." I thought that to be interesting, as he continued through the song. I realized that this is a four-part song, with three verses per part. When we got to the second part, he said "Valley of Fear." Now, I was starting to hear some congruity to this song that was very personal to me, and poignant to the point of the song.

The third part followed suit with "Jungle of Doubt," and the fourth part with "Desert of Truth." At this point, I had to start the song over, to hear the whole thing again!

If you have this album, cue it up. You can also find it on the internet, more specifically YouTube. Take a moment to listen to this song in its entirety, and read along with the lyrics which are here:

Do yourself one small favor though. If you find the song on YouTube, and it comes in the form of a music video, do not watch the video. Often times, music videos are full of images that are not necessarily associated with the artists original vision when composing a song. So, if you happen to find the music video for "River of Dreams," just listen and follow along with the words.

*In the middle of the night  
I go walking in my sleep  
From the Mountains of Faith  
To a river so deep*

*I must be looking for something  
Something sacred I lost  
But the river is wide  
And it's too hard to cross*

*And even though I know the river is wide  
I walk down every evening and  
I stand on the shore  
And try to cross to the opposite side  
So I can finally find out  
what I've been looking for*

*In the middle of the night  
I go walking in my sleep  
Through the Valley of Fear  
To a river so deep*

*And I've been searching for something  
Taken out of my soul  
Something I would never lose  
Something somebody stole*

*I don't know why I go walking at night  
But now I'm tired and  
I don't want to walk anymore  
I hope it doesn't take the rest of my life  
Until I find what it is  
that I've been looking for*

*In the middle of the night  
I go walking in my sleep  
Through the Jungle of Doubt  
To a river so deep*

*I know I'm searching for something  
Something so undefined  
That it can only be seen  
By the eyes of the blind*

*In the middle of the night*

*I'm not sure about a life after this  
God knows I've never been a spiritual man  
Baptized by the fire, I waded into the river  
That runs to the promised land*

*In the middle of the night  
I go walking in my sleep  
Through the Desert of Truth  
To the river so deep*

*We all end in the ocean  
We all start in the streams  
We're all carried along  
By the River of Dreams*

*In the middle of the night*

Mountains of Faith, Valley of Fear, Jungle of Doubt, and Desert of Truth are all biblical allegories.

When referring to the “Mountains of Faith” within scripture, the word “faith” isn’t always used, but the situation in the story happens on a “mountain.” Some examples of this are: Abraham going up the mountain to kill his son Isaac. Moses climbs mount Sinai and returns with the commandments from God. Jesus was told to jump off of the mountain to prove he was the son of God, by Satan. These are all matters and tests of faith.

The “Valley of Fear” may refer to Psalm 23:4 “Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me;” Isaiah 22, had a vision of the “valley,” which was referred to as a burden. As a side note: The Hebrew name for valley is “bik’ah,” meaning “cleft of the rocks.”

The “Jungle of Doubt” starts in the book of Genesis. “Garden of Eden” Adam and Eve’s “fall from grace” caused doubt and confusion. Jungle is also referred to as wood, wild, and wilderness. The hebrews cast about in the wilderness for 40 years, confused, and doubtful they would ever leave. Jesus went into the wilderness to be “tested” by Satan.

Finally, we come to the “Desert of Truth.” Matthew 24:26 “Behold he is in the desert.” Referring to Jesus as the truth. A desert also falls under the category of wild and wilderness. The Exodus from Egypt was through a “desert” leading the hebrews out of “bondage” and into “truth.”

So, we’ve talked about the other allegories. What then, is a “River of Dreams?”

In Old English “dream” meant “joy, mirth, noisy merriment,” also “music.” Much study has failed to prove that the Old English word for “dream” is the source of the modern word for “sleeping vision,” despite being identical in form. Perhaps the meaning of the word changed dramatically, or “vision” was an unrecorded secondary Old English meaning of dream, or there are two different words here. In either case, this is just a side note, for fun. The use of the word “dream” in the context of this song, undoubtedly means “sleeping vision.”

Every dream he has, he ends up at the river that is “deep and wide.” At first it blocks him, “The river is wide, and it’s too hard to cross.” But he tries to find a way to cross, because he thinks what he is looking for is on the other side. He also never refers to the river as a “River of





Dreams” until the end of the song. After he entered the river and was carried to the “Promised Land.” This first trilogy of verse is all about not having faith. He doesn’t have enough faith that what he is looking for is on the other side of the river. Therefore the river is too wide, and too hard to cross.

Again he comes to the river, and this time he thinks what he is looking for is has been taken from him. “Something I would never lose, something somebody stole.” Now, he may not be sure it was “stolen,” but he knows it belongs to him. Ore more likely, knows that it is a part of him. Suspicion of theft, instead of loss, comes from fear. This is the fear portion. Fear is what stops us from taking a “leap of faith.”

For a third time, he is at the river. With more determination to find what he lost this time. He still isn’t sure what he is looking for, but he knows it exists. This part of himself is hidden. Non-tangible. “It can only be seen by the eyes of the blind.” This is doubt. He doubts that he will find it. It can only be found by something impossible.

However, this time he is “baptized by fire” and wades into the river “that leads into the promised land.” He finally

realizes he can only get what he is looking for at the end of his life. “I’m not sure about life after this, God knows I’ve never been a spiritual man.” At this point, he gives up the fear and doubt, succumbs to his faith, and finds himself swept away by the river, into a whole new area.

Now, he has found the “desert of truth.” And has found his way back to the river. This time understanding what he has lost, and what the river represents. If we “end in the ocean, and start in the stream,” the allegory is from birth to death. And we are all “carried along in the river of dreams,” signifies our lives.

What kind of quest is he on, and what he is looking for?

Well, to quote Billy Joel’s song “All About Soul,” he sings: “It’s all about soul... It’s all about faith and a deeper devotion.” This song is on the same album, and is only two tracks before the “River of Dreams.”

The quest he is on, and the “thing” that he is looking for, was taken out of his soul He knows that something more exists, but he doesn’t know what it is exactly. However, he is sure that he needs it. He needs to feel connected to it.

What part is missing? What is needed to complete the quest? Is it the Word? Is it the Keystone? Is it the Ark? Is it the Holy Grail? Is it something that has been substituted?

## *What is the soul?*

The etymology of “soul” comes from Old German, and means originally “coming from or belonging to the sea,” because that was supposed to be the stopping place of the soul before birth or after death. This is indicative of the idea within this song.

Now the big question. Do you see the parallels to Masonry?

The Mountains of Faith are the beginning. Before beginning on any spiritual journey, you must have faith in a higher power. We shouldn't embark on any great and important undertaking without first invoking the blessings of deity. Whatever that higher power is, faith is the prime requisite. Without faith, you have no belief that what you are looking for is even there to begin with. This is why no man can be made a Mason without first professing a belief in God (higher power.)

Secondly, valley of fear. Fear doesn't always mean “being afraid” of something. Fear is an acknowledgement and respect of power, as used in “fear of God.” Another example is having a fear of something like a table-saw. You know what it can do to you, so you need to respect the safety precautions when using it. A healthy fear of the unknown is something that we have lost with the concept of mass membership. There is no “fear of the unknown” when we talk to prospective candidates about becoming a Mason.

Third, is the Jungle of Doubt. Not really sure if you made the right choice. Especially after you are given your cipher, and have to learn and memorize things. It's confusing at first. Doubt though, is not always a bad thing. Its normal to have doubts about choices you have made. When the Hebrews left Egypt, they were not really sure if the wilderness was a better place for them. Yes, they were in slavery... but they also had food on their tables, and places to live.

I personally thin that Jesus even had doubts when meeting his end. Matthew 27:46, and Mark 15:34 both note, “My God, why have you forsaken me?” he cried out from the



*The River Bourne is a small river in Dorset, England. It flows into the English Channel at Bournemouth, taking its name simply from Middle English bourn or burn, a small stream, and giving it to the town at its mouth.*



cross. Our grand hailing sign of distress is a doubt. Think of how it is phrased. This is supposed to be a last ditch effort, only used in case of the most imminent danger.

Finally is the place that we are supposed to end up at. The Desert of Truth. The ultimate goal of our spiritual journey, whether Masonic or not, is to finally reveal the truth. It's what we search for. It's what we strive for. It's what Bible studies are about. It's our ultimate goal, but cannot be completed until we arrive at that undiscovered country, from whos "bourne," no traveler returns.

### *And what is a "bourne?"*

A "bourne" as we know it, is a border. But if you look closely at the origins of the word, you will find that it was used by Shakespeare in Hamlet's soliloquy (1602) and elsewhere, from which it entered into English poetic speech. The definition of "bourne" as a border, comes from Shakespeare, and our sad, modern translation. Because it was used in a soliloquy as a "destination" or "goal," we assume it's meaning is "border." However, Shakespeare knew the word "bourne" to mean something else.

The etymology of "bourne" is: "small stream," especially of the winter torrents of the chalk downs, from the Old English brunna, burna "brook, stream." Bournes are made by winter snow and rains, that fill up riverbed areas. They are full in the spring, when the snow melts, and drain away by the end of autumn.

In other words, when Shakespeare writes "...from who's bourne, no traveller returns," he isn't stating "once you cross the border." He is making a distinction. He is saying once you wash away, you can not come back. If you step over a border, it's reasonably simple to step back over and consequently "return."

If you are carried away by the bourne, the river will dry up, and it will be gone. There will be no chance of return.

Does that mean Shakespeare's "bourne" is Billy Joel's "River of Dreams?"



V.W. Nicholas Adair  
Matanuska Lodge No. 7



# Building the Craft

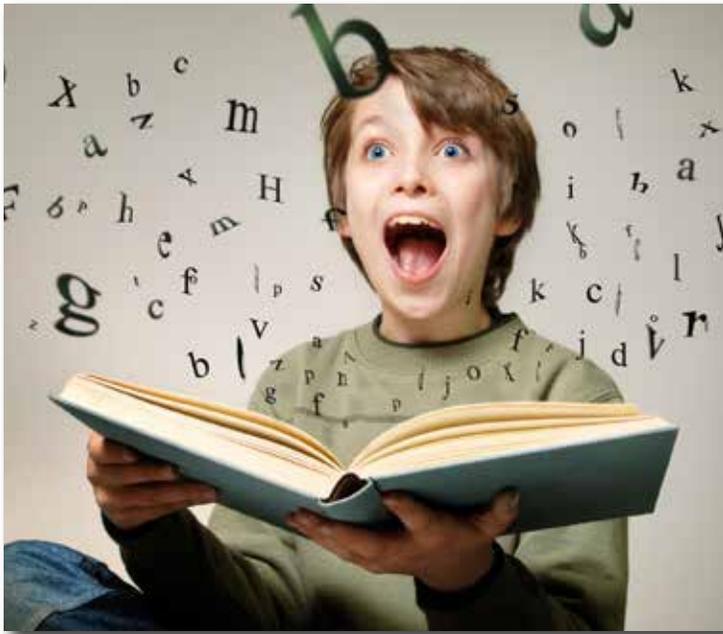
## Part 2

**Ritual Work** — that heavy load of memory work and timing of the spoken word with precise movement — can just get to be a heavy load, particularly when a small lodge seldom has the need or opportunity to do the work. Remember always, the ritual presentation the candidate experiences when going through the degrees is the basis of his first impressions of the lodge and his new brothers. First impressions often form the basis of long-standing interpersonal relations. If those impressions are negative, the odds are great the candidate was lost to Masonry during the degree work, if he even completes it.

Here are some ideas to ensure a positive experience for the candidate during degree work:

*(Editor's note: The following is the second article in a four-part series based on R.W. Bro. Norman Gutcher's presentation "Building the Craft" to the 2019 Western Conference of Grand Masters. Read the Spring 2019 edition of "Light From the Great Land" for the first article.)*

by R.W. Norman Gutcher



- As individuals become familiar with the work, and their respective parts in particular, they are, in fact, taking a role in a drama of sorts.
- Memorize the work if possible.
- Read the part if you must, but if you do, make a point of reading through the work a few times so that you can read it well. In either case, present the work with appropriate emphasis and presentation.
- Be familiar with floor work. Walk through the floor work a few times so that you are comfortable with it.
- If you memorize the work, practice it enough that you present it with feeling as if it was your own words.
- Have a single designated prompter to avoid confusing a brother who has had a momentary lapse in memory.
- Show the candidate you are proud of your status in the lodge through excellent work and that you prize his joining the lodge enough to put the effort into doing the work well. Who knows? That new candidate may be the next ritualist, maybe even one that takes on one or more of the lectures and delivers them with feeling.

Each jurisdiction has its own ways of doing ritual. In larger communities, a lodge may have sufficient depth to have members who know certain parts of the work

well and can step in as needed. Often, the policy is lodge officers do the conferral. Not every person does well with memory work and not all lodge officers can, or will, take the time to learn the work, particularly in a small lodge when they may not have need to confer a degree during a given year.

Rather than do a poor performance on the degree, would it be better to work with other lodges, perhaps on the district level, to form degree teams? In Alaska it is common for the word to go out that a lodge plans to confer a particular degree, asking the nearby lodges for help. We have a very limited number of brothers that are willing to make the effort to learn the lectures well enough to deliver them effectively. The degree team concept can work. The Players Unit of El Korah Shrine in Boise, Idaho is a prime example of this.

The message here is to find a way to do the conferral of the degrees in the best possible way to make the best possible impression on the candidate. Each lodge must work through this in their own way. Creativity is encouraged, but the work must be done, and done well.

## What Comes Next:

Now that the new brother is seated in the Northeast corner as the “youngest” member of the lodge, what do you do with him? The quickest way to lose him at this point is to let him sit there with nothing to do.

Assuming the vetting process has been effective, and he is acquainted with a number of the brethren, you may already have some thoughts as to how to get him involved.





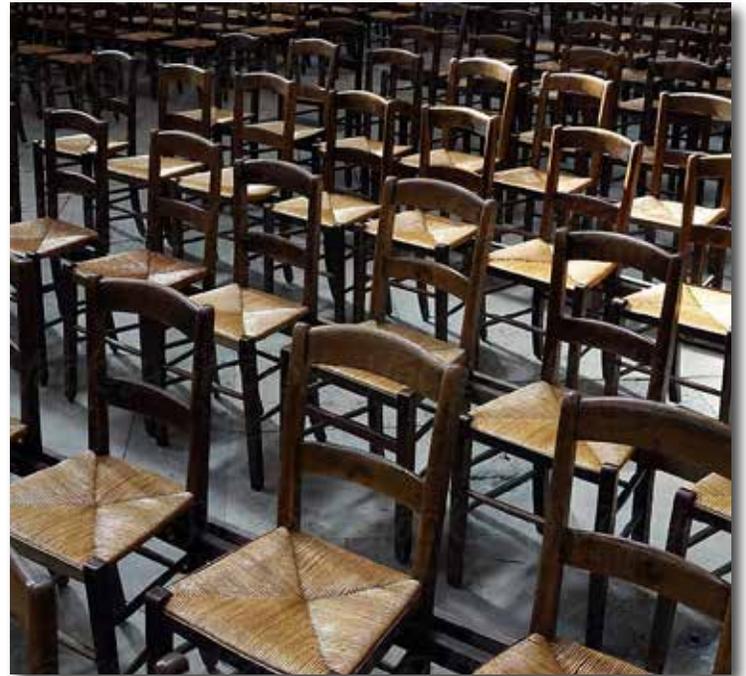
## Maintaining the Interest:

The reality is today, more often than not, lodges are experiencing a net loss in membership. Typically, the largest single factor in this loss is brothers dropped for non-payment of dues (NPD). Some, because of retirement, or change in employment, relocate and then, because they get out of the habit, ultimately decide there is no value in continuing to pay dues. The group that each lodge has to work with to maintain viability is that group of brothers who still live in reasonable proximity to the lodge but who no longer attend lodge or participate in the social or community service activities of the lodge. In general, these are brothers who, for whatever reason, have lost interest in the fraternity and/or don't feel the fraternity offers them enough to keep their interest. Basically, they deem other demands on their time more relevant to their circumstances and they have gotten out of the habit of attending lodge functions.

If not, here are some ideas for his involvement. Find some that will work for your lodge's situation, as getting and keeping a man involved in its efforts is crucial:

- Is there a committee that he may have an interest in or that you need someone with his background for?
- Is there a fund raiser or a community service project that he could help with?
- Make it clear the first-line signer or another active member that he may have a connection with is to act as his mentor for at least the first year. His coach may be the right person for this role, or maybe not. The important thing is to have a mentoring program practiced in the lodge and that someone be assigned to the new brother to help him develop the habit of lodge attendance and participation.
- Ask if he would like to learn and present a simple part, such as the Working Tools of an Entered Apprentice or Fellowcraft as a start. This is quite effective at Matanuska Lodge No. 7.
- If he has an interest in Masonic Education, then perhaps he could work with the education committee.

The real issue here is ensuring the new brother is actively drawn into regular lodge activities. This includes attendance at stated meetings, surely, but it's even more important to get him involved in social and service activities. Regular participation, slotted into an already busy schedule, forms a habit so his involvement in lodge activities happens without a great deal of thought.



When you're next in lodge, look around. What do you see? Is there a good number of brothers in attendance with the officers in their stations and places with a number of sideliners; or is there barely enough members present to fill most of the officers' stations and places with no one on the side? Why don't the brothers come to lodge? We have no way of coming up with a comprehensive list of reasons but consider the following:

- The officers do not know the work and struggle with opening and closing. This in turn makes older members are unhappy and drives them away.



- Newer members seeing the same thing decide this is not for them.
- New members come a few times and are pretty much ignored. They don't come back because they don't feel welcome or needed.
- Lodge officers don't control the meeting and there is a good deal of bickering and arguing over seemingly nothing. Sideliners just get disgusted and don't return.
- Hard feelings and / or harsh words between brothers before, after or even during the meetings. Many brothers don't want to be around such unwelcome displays.
- Unkind comments and tearing down a brother behind his back. This stands in direct contrast to the tenets of the fraternity stated to and learned by our new members.

We have all seen these types of things and we have all been active in lodge long enough to have seen or experienced the results of negative or unmasonic activities.

The challenge to all of us is to avoid participating in the negative activities and hard feelings that result from

such behavior. We all need to work in any way we can to prevent or counter such negativism and do it in a positive Masonic manner.

At the same time the message back to the respective lodges should be proactivity in defining and encouraging positive involvement in the community, fostering a mix of fellowship and family-oriented social activities, being out front and visible doing good work in the community, in religious institutions and in charities, which may prompt others to want to be part of the organization.

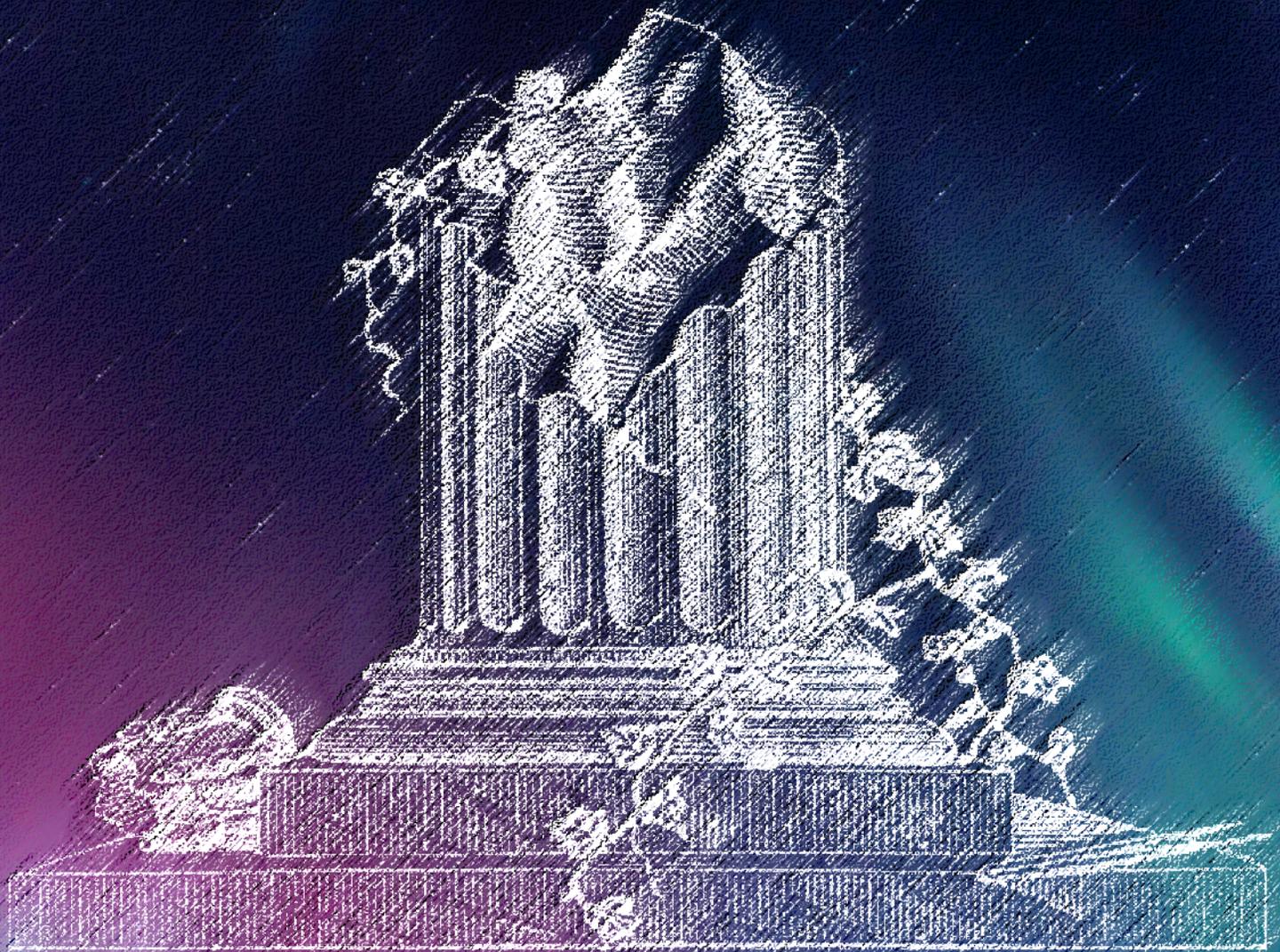
Recognize the activities that interest the newer and younger brothers are often activities that the older generation may not have knowledge or interest in. Encourage the younger and newer members to bring suggestions to the lodge for activities they would like to undertake and then let them run with the ideas, remaining involved only to the extent necessary to help them remain within due bounds. The new members, particularly the younger members, are the ones that need to stay active in order to keep the fraternity vital and effective.

*Part 2 of 4*

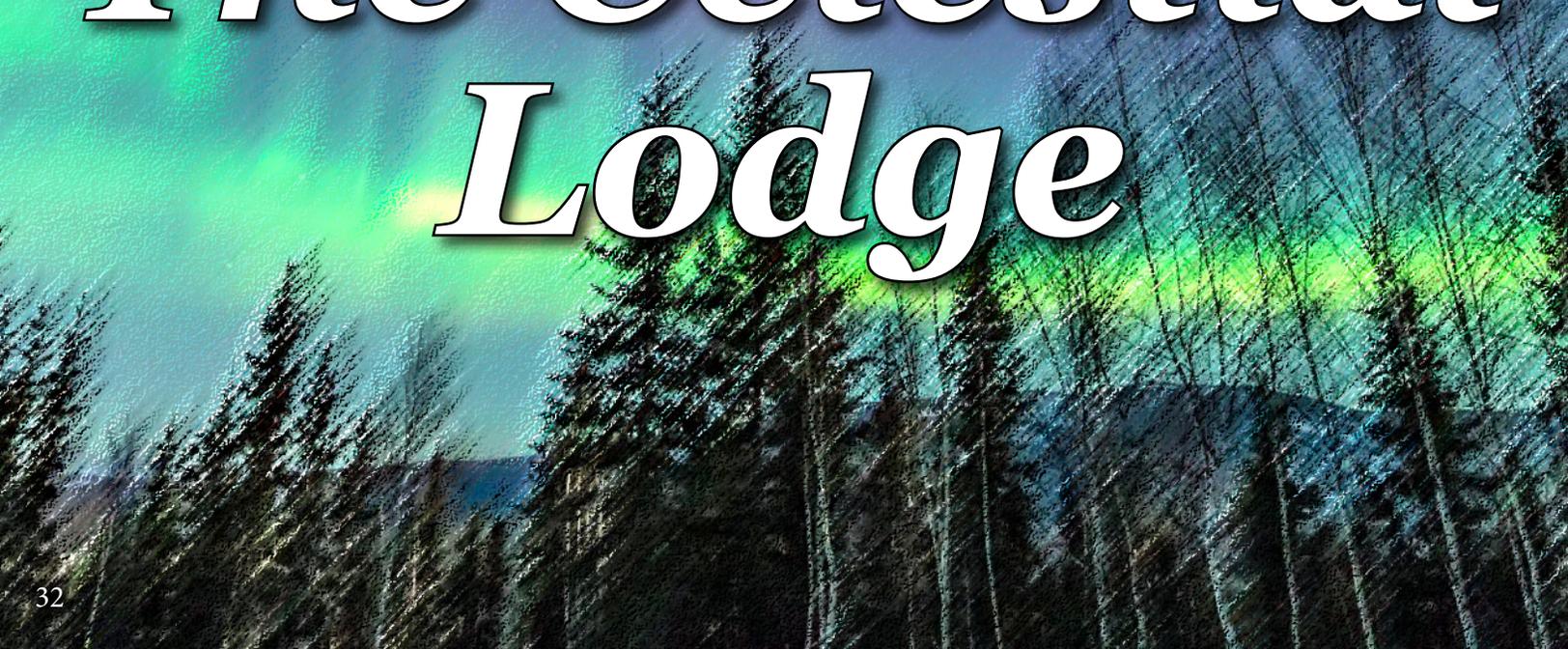


**R.W. Norman Gutcher**  
*Deputy Grand Master*





# *The Celestial Lodge*





## **Martin H. Bayer**

*April 13, 1931 - May 13, 2019*

Martin H. Bayer of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania died Monday, May 13, 2019. He was 88 years old. Martin was born April 13, 1931, the son of the late Hermann Bayer and the late Marie Bayer (nee Jahn). He is the beloved husband of Gabriele Bayer (nee Thierfelder); father of Thomas Bayer and his wife Dorothy, and Karin Bayer. He is also survived by his six grandchildren.

Martin was born, raised, and educated in Esslingen-Rüdern, in Baden-Württemberg, Germany, where he learned his trade as an electrician. He immigrated to the United States in 1957. There he met his future wife, Gabriele Thierfelder, at a social event at the Cannstatter Volksfest Verein in Philadelphia. They were married by a justice of the peace in the United States and then had a church wedding in Germany in 1959. Martin was a

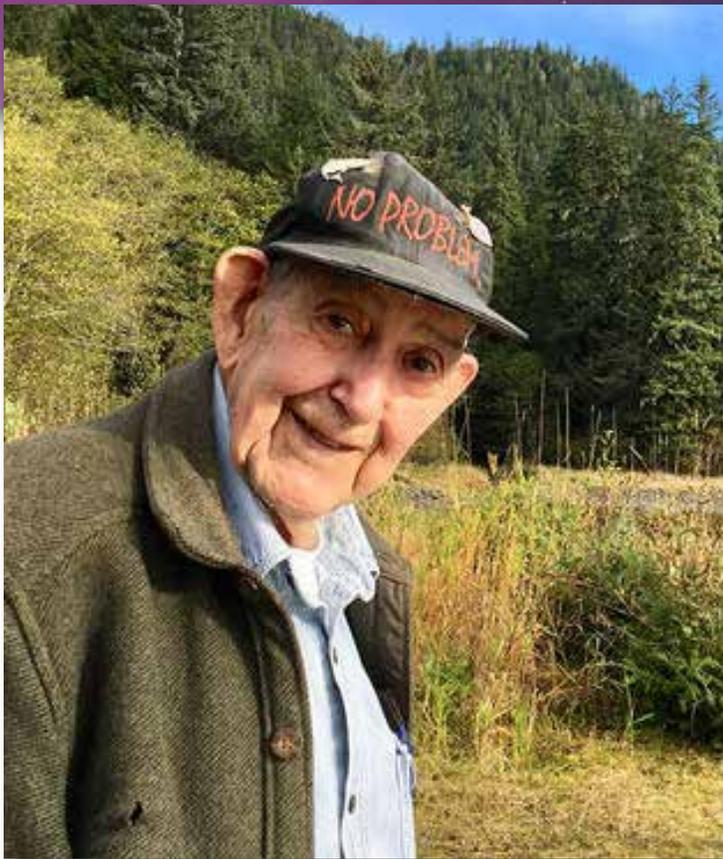
long time member of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Union Local 98 and was employed as an electrician during his working career. He had lived in the Philadelphia area until his retirement and has been a resident of the Masonic Village at Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania since 2014. Martin was very involved with Masonic organizations during his lifetime and was a member of the following Masonic Lodges: Hermann-Humboldt Lodge No. 125 F.& A.M. in Warminster, PA; Le Ray Lodge No. 471 F.& A.M. in Le Raysville, PA; Virginia City Lodge No. 1 in Virginia City, Montana; Bannack Historic Lodge No. 3-7-77 in Bannack, Montana; Eagle River Lodge No. 13 in Eagle River, and Pacific Rim Lodge No. 12 in Vladivostok, Russia. He was also a member of the Irem Shrine in Dallas, PA, the Pennsylvania Lodge of Research, the Sullivan Forest Tall Cedars No. 210, the Scottish Rite Valley of Williamsport Consistory, and the Bradford County Shrine Club in Towanda, PA. In addition to his activities with the Masonic organizations Martin enjoyed hunting, fishing, and taking walks.

Relatives and friends were invited to his viewing on Friday, May 17, 2019, and to his Masonic service.

Relatives and friends were also invited to his visitation Saturday, June 8, 2019 and memorial service at Rushville Presbyterian Church. His graveside service followed in the church cemetery.

Religious services were conducted by Rev. Sharon Rockefeller from Rushville Presbyterian Church,

In lieu of flowers donations may be made in his memory to the Masonic Compassionate Care Fund, Masonic Villages of Pennsylvania, 1 Masonic Drive, Elizabethtown, PA 17022.



## Thomas William Lewis

*October 26, 1921 - March 2, 2019*

Thomas William Lewis, 97, passed away peacefully in Petersburg. Tom was born in Foster, Oregon, the son of Thomas Leroy Lewis and Bessie Olive Clark, and the oldest of four children. His two sisters, Myrtle and Irene, preceded him. His younger half-brother, Denny, lives in Sweet Home, Oregon.

He graduated from the eighth grade in Sweet Home and went to work in the logging industry. He had a cousin, Glenn, whom he used to hang out with that introduced him to his ever-ready pendulum. He believed in its helpfulness in matters of life up to the time of his death.

When World War II he and 16 other Sweet Home youths joined the Navy in January, 1942. Tom is the last of those local heroes to pass. He volunteered for patrol torpedo boat duty and was stationed in Guadalcanal in the South Pacific. He served principally as a motor machinist on a 78' Higgins PT 268, but PT boat crews were trained to proficiently man each and every position on their boat. He mustered out in October, 1945. In 2014, he accompanied

other Alaskan veterans on a sponsored Honor Flight to Washington, D.C. to visit the war memorials. These deserving veterans were honored for their service and Tom was humbled and proud of that recognition.

In 1945 he returned to the logging industry and firefighting on the Oregon Coast. His marriage ended, and leaving his two children, Leroy and Sharon, he headed to Petersburg, in 1953 to pursue new logging opportunities. His son, Leroy passed in 1981 from cancer. His daughter, Sharon, lives in Bend, Oregon, and thoroughly enjoyed regular visits to Petersburg during the past 11 years.

He met Mildred Sandvik and they married in 1955. She had 3 sons, Bob, Steve and Ted, who now live in Alaska and Washington. Together, they had one son, Tommy. He passed in 2008. He also leaves behind 11 grandchildren and 12 (soon to be 13) great-grandchildren. When his health would not let him continue in logging, he began trapping, commercial fishing and panning for gold. In 1966, he started working for the Alaska Marine Highway system as an engineer and retired 20 years later in 1986.

He and Mildred then enjoyed traveling to California, Oregon and throughout Alaska, visiting his daughter, his sons and his grand and great-grandchildren. They loved hunting, camping up in the interior, fishing for grayling and visiting longtime friends in the Tok area.

He collected a lot of diamond willow and enjoyed making coffee mug trees, carving names, fans and balls with chains out of solid pieces of wood, and could whittle flowers out of sticks. He continued this hobby until this past year when he got "trigger finger" and could no longer manipulate the carving knife. He would scout the area for blueberries and cranberries, which he loved to pick and add to his baking recipes. He has shared several of his favorite spots with friends in Petersburg.

In 2007, Mildred's health required she enter the local long-term care facility. Tom became a daily regular there, visiting Mildred and developing very strong feelings for the staff and the "inmates" as he lovingly called them. Even after Mildred passed in 2009, Tom continued to bake and deliver desserts every Monday until January of this year.

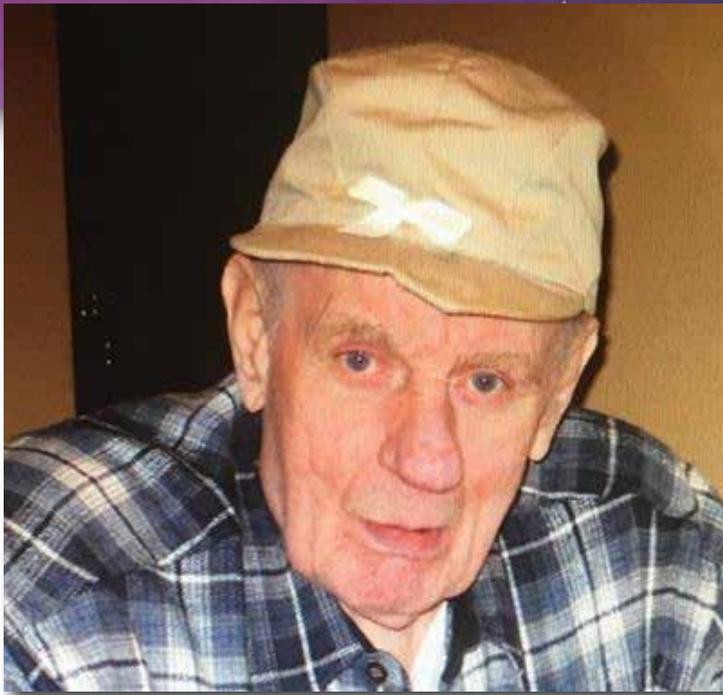
Tom's presence will be missed by many of the town residents. His stories were endless, his memory of events was appreciated by many, his humor and sayings will be remembered for years to come.

When asked how he was feeling, he would reply, "better than a dead horse." He affectionately referred to the wonderful physical therapists at the hospital as "the terrorists". He wondered why people would say "you're looking good, rather than saying "you're good looking!" He would sing his "ditty" songs learned in the Navy, and he was quite a dancer. Not only his humor, but his apple pies will truly be missed. When taking them to the Alaska Pioneers meetings, many would get a piece of pie with their meal, fearing there wouldn't be any left at dessert time. His kelp relish was the secret ingredient in his delicious potato salad.

His stamina was amazing. He would be invited out to dinner and he would more than likely be one of the last people to leave; he never tired of chatting and sharing stories with the guests. Tom Lewis, with his cap cocked on his head, with his red suspenders and his diamond willow cane, was a "tough old bird," as Old Doc Smith wrote on his chart one time. He will be sorely missed by his many close friends and by his loving daughter and his family. But he will always be with us, just lacking his hugs, his memory will live on.

And if you listen, you might continue hearing him say, "no problem," in his quiet easy manner.





## **Bill M. Wilcox**

*May 3, 1928 - May 2, 2018*

Long time Alaskan Bill M. Wilcox left this life and “vanished on the swift wings of eventide,” at home, in his favorite chair, in the moments before midnight, May 2, 2018. Bill was 90 years old in Wisconsin time, where he was born.

William Martin Wilcox II was born on May 3, 1928, in Chippewa Falls, Wis., to Allan and Constance Wilcox. Bill spent his early years in Wisconsin before moving to Chicago, to be with his mother at age 11. Bill finished elementary school at The Lincoln School in Chicago and went back to Wisconsin to finish high school.

In 1948, Bill enlisted in the Engineers Mechanical Branch of “U.S. Army” and spent three years at Fort Whittier. After his honorable discharge, Bill returned to Alaska, in 1952, and made Alaska his home. Bill was a master mechanic for MG Gilbrough in Seward and helped build large docks there and in Anchorage. Like his father, Bill worked construction and helped build many large projects all around the state working on docks, roads and bridges. He was a 65-year member of the Operating Engineers Union Local 302. When he retired from SKW Eskimo, they gave him his company truck. Bill and his employers were always very proud of his work ethic. A union man through and through, Bill retired when the company he worked for was sold to a non-union company. They called him back

a couple of times, but he wouldn’t work for them unless he received union wages and payment to his pension fund. He worked a lot of remote sites, but made his home in Anchorage. Bill was married to Sue Padgett in 1956. They became the parents to Allan and Lisa Wilcox and raised their family in Anchorage.

A giant among men, Bill stood more than 6’3” tall and was most often seen in his bowtie cap and iconic plaid flannel shirt. He had twinkling blue eyes and an amazing sense of humor. Bill’s ability to recite from memory the perfect quote at the perfect time was legendary. He was able to recite several Robert Service poems from memory and was the proud speaker of many Bill-isms (quotes that were uniquely his). Bill was a lifelong learner, self-educated man and an avid reader. He loved telling of life back in the “old country” (Wisconsin) and reminiscing about his many adventures in Alaska. He claimed to be a sourdough. Bill was a member of “The Real Alaskans” and is credited with giving the group its name. He was also a member of the Pioneers of Alaska, The American Legion and a 50-year member of the Masons.

Single for most of his life with no family nearby, Bill socialized in the public houses with “The Little Saloon” in the Inlet Tower being his favorite. His chair in the saloon even has his name on it. He had many lively conversations and arguments there with his pals, especially on Tuesday nights. Some of his best sayings were “It’s time to vanish on the swift wings of eventide” and “It’s time to think about some solid food” and many others. He especially loved coming into the saloon on the music nights, when Albie Silva and friends would have their jam sessions. Sometimes Bill even burst into song to sing along. People would come to the little bar from all over the state to seek out Bill just to say “Hi” or pick his brain about a project they were working on. Bill lived his life to the fullest and left nothing on the table.

He was preceded in death by his parents; sister, Doris; son, Allan; and many other relatives. He is survived by his daughter, Lisa; daughter-in-law, Kristi Wilcox; and cousins, Cynthia Blunt and John Wilcox.

His ashes have been transported to Wisconsin for interment in the family plot.



## Howard Clark Luther, Jr.

*April 26, 1929 - December 18, 2016*

Howard Clark Luther Jr., 87, passed away on Dec. 18, 2016, at his Campbell Creek House residence after a short illness.

Born April 26, 1929, in Oelwein, Iowa, to Mr. Howard C. Luther, Sr. and Betty M. Luther, Howard came to his permanent home in Alaska with his family in 1944.

Howard worked for the Alaska Railroad, Alaska Sales and Service and as a realtor at his father's real estate office, Pioneer Realty, in his younger life. He then joined the Territorial Police force in 1959 and became a state trooper when Alaska became a state. He became a corporal in October 1968, a Sergeant in March 1974, a First Sergeant in May 1976 and in May 1978 Howard became a Lieutenant and headed up a team within the Troopers to build and run Alaska's first state crime lab, he retired from the Troopers on April 30, 1980, with the rank of Lieutenant.

He was also an entrepreneur who embarked on many businesses. He owned and operated a small restaurant with his wife, Joyce; Pioneer Sand and Gravel; and Rainbow Acres Laundry and RV Park as well as business real-estate buildings that he leased.

He enjoyed flying and received his pilot's license prior to being old enough to acquire his driver's license and flew several missions for both the Civil Air Patrol and the Alaska State Troopers. He was a member of the Freemason's and was a charitable and community-minded individual. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, camping, boating, motorcycling as a member of the Blue Knights of Alaska and spending time with family and friends.

His family said: "Howard was a wonderful person and a great dad and grandfather; he was very family oriented and took great pride in providing for his family in the Alaska subsistence life style supplying moose, salmon, crab, halibut and all of the other Alaskan bounty available during the span of his life. He especially enjoyed spending time with his children and grandchildren as well as volunteering at the State Trooper Museum in downtown Anchorage reliving stories of his past with all of the tourists and visitors who visited the Museum."

Howard was preceded in death by his wives, Joyce, Jan and Deena; his parents, Howard C. Luther, Sr. and Betty M. Luther; as well as his sons, Ted and Greg Luther; and grandchildren, Jamie Luther, Kate Lynn Luther and Kannon Saling. He is survived by his children, Fredrick Luther of New York; Stephen Luther of Wasilla; Cheryl Howdyshell, James Luther and Kathryn Sathers of Anchorage; Robert Luther of California; grandchildren, Darcy Burner of Washington; Toby, Todd and Travis Luther of Oregon; Nicole Sheldon of Eagle River; Christina Saling, Christopher Luther, Kaylee Sathers and Brent Howdyshell of Anchorage; Shawn David, Cory Sathers and Daniel Luther of Wasilla; Logan Ann Vanderpool of Pennsylvania; and Mathew and Megan Luther of New York; and great-grandchildren, Henry Burner of Washington; Alexandria, Jacob, Josh, Kayla, Kaden and Samantha Luther of Oregon; Camden and Kiara Saling of Anchorage; Cotter Sheldon of Eagle River; Kamaliah and Lucian Sathers of Wasilla; and Jordan Vanderpool of Pennsylvania.

Always in our hearts and minds, an amazing and loving man, a page turned, a life well lived, a rest well earned. God bless you always.



## Harry S. Sundberg

*June 27, 1922 - September 16, 2017*

Longtime Wrangell resident Harry S. Sundberg died September 16, 2017 in Bellingham, WA, as a result of a fall at his assisted living facility. He was 95.

Harry was born June 27, 1922 in Hemnesberg, Norway. He was the second child of Jens and Hanna Sundberg. The family immigrated to the U.S. in 1925 and in 1928 settled in Wrangell; where Jens had procured a job building gillnet boats for the Stikine River fishery. Harry helped his father build the family home on Case Avenue in which he resided for the rest of his life. During his youth, he transported milk from Knorr's dairy herd on Sergieff Island to Wrangell for bottling at their dairy, and delivered it around town by truck in the evening. At age 15 he began fishing his own gillnetter.

After graduating from Wrangell High School in 1941 as valedictorian of his senior class, Harry joined the US Navy and served in the South Pacific during World War II. Upon his return to Wrangell he resumed commercial fishing. In 1949, he staked a site on Limb Island on the Stikine River and built later built a cabin with salvaged lumber from the old Point Highfield Cannery. Also in 1949, he and partner Ben Engdal built Harbor Seafoods,

Inc. in Wrangell to process and can shrimp, salmon and crab. Until the Wrangell lumber mill went into operation, they were Wrangell's largest employer. They sold Harbor Seafoods in 1974.

Following his father's death, Harry took care of his mother in the family home until her death in 1978. Every five years he accompanied her back to the old country to maintain connections with the rest of the family; later, he continued the practice with other family members. Over the years, his house provided a stable home to younger relatives and others in need. He also quietly helped many people with housing, employment or financial problems. After the sale of Harbor Seafoods, Harry devoted his time to serving in many ways. He was active in the Fraternal Order of Elks, ascending to the rank of District Deputy, overseeing all Elk activities in Alaska. He was a member of the Masons, and a member and past president of Pioneers of Alaska, Igloo 21.

He was a strong supporter of the Salvation Army and donated the property on which their Wrangell church is built. He served on the State Board of Fisheries during the Hammond administration. He was instrumental in constructing the senior housing apartments in Wrangell. Harry was also a founding board member of the Thomas Bay Hydroelectric Association, which was formed to bring low cost electricity to Wrangell and Petersburg, and ultimately resulted in the Tye Lake Hydro project.

In 1994, Harry married Rose Shilts. With the marriage, Harry also acquired five step-children, their children and grandchildren. Harry and Rose were devoted to each other and enjoyed many years together fishing, hunting at the Stikine cabin, gardening, travelling and playing table games. Signs of Alzheimer's disease began appearing about 10 years ago, but thanks to the efforts of Rose, Harry was able to continue living productively at home until 2015, when he moved to The Order at Bellingham, an assisted living facility. His ready smile, vigor and helpfulness quickly made him a staff favorite there.

Harry was preceded in death by his parents, his sister Irene and his brother Odd. He is survived his wife Rose and her children and families, by his nieces and nephews and their families, and by many cousins and their families in Norway and Canada.



Chip is survived by his three sons: Ronald (Laurilee) Bork of Willamina, Oregon; Eddie (Dow) Bork of Oklahoma City; and Douglas (Bonnie) Bork of San Antonio, Texas. Brothers: Gerret Bork of Shawano, Wisconsin; Armin Bork of Antigo, Wisconsin; and Hubert "Gus" Bork of Bowler, Wisconsin; his sister: Bernice Bork Begrow of Tigerton, Wisconsin; 13 grandchildren, 20 great-grandchildren, and his little canine companion Trixie.

He was preceded in death by his wife, Marjorie, his parents Edward and Laura, and his brothers Lawrence, Melvin, Burton, Edward and Vernon. Interment was held at Fort Logan National Cemetery in Denver, Colorado.

## Ruben Gerhardt Bork

*November 12, 1921 - June 24, 2017*

Ruben Gerhardt "Chip" Bork was called home to be with his Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, June 24, 2017. He passed on peacefully and quietly in his sleep at his home in Security, Colorado, as he often stated was his desire when his time has come.

Chip was born November 12, 1921 in Big Falls, Wisconsin, the eldest of 10 children born to Edward J. Bork and Laura Mundt. He married Marjorie Lorene Lalumandier Schafer on March 27, 1944 at Harding Army Air Field, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

He was a P-47 Fighter Pilot in Europe during World War II. He was shot down and lost his left arm near St. Lo, France, and became a prisoner of war. He received the Purple Heart, World War II Victory Medal, European Theater of Operations Medal with two bronze stars, Air Medal with 1 one oak leaf cluster, Prisoner of War Medal and the French Jubilee of Liberty Medal.

After the war, he worked many different jobs, but eventually ended up serving more than 23 years in civil service for the Air Force.





## Gerald Justin Lind

*June 26, 1925 - September 28, 2019*

Gerald Justin Lind was born on June 26, 1925 in Everett, Washington to Swedish immigrants Magda and Justin Lind. He died peacefully in Juneau. Gerald moved with his parents at the age of four to Petersburg, AK. He attended his school years in Petersburg with some lengthy absences due to eye surgeries in Seattle. Gerald graduated from Petersburg High School.

He fished in the summers and was drafted to World War II after high school graduation. He served in the 10th Army Air Forces Emergency Rescue Boat Squadron "crash boats" in the Aleutian Islands.

Gerald was discharged in 1946 and married his one and only sweetheart Ethel Jean Lampmann. (They were married for 50 years.) The couple had a son in 1947, Gerald Franklin, who died after one day of life. In 1948 their daughter Sharol (Shari) Annette Lind was born. After her arrival, the family of three moved to Seattle, for a short time where Gerald attended University of Washington and worked as a shoe salesman.

Back in Petersburg, they settled and built their own home on the corner of sixth and Haugen. Gerald seined and longlined with Leonard (Baldy) Martens. Ethel and Gerald also had a Ben Franklin franchise store "Linds." They eventually expanded and started Petersburg's first children's store called "The Jr. Shop". In their later years they sold their stores and had the gillnetter "Sunny" built. Gerald and Ethel fished together, often taking their granddaughter Kari Jean Otness with them.

Gerald was an avid photographer and woodworker. He was also a fantastic dancer and tortured his granddaughter with ballroom dancing lessons when she was a teen. He was very creative and often frustrated by his perfectionism. Gerald was passionate about service to his community. He was a lifetime member of Petersburg Lutheran Church, at times serving on the board or as maintenance man. He was a member of the Freemasons and particularly enjoyed giving scholarships to Petersburg High graduates. He was a life member of Rotary International, Petersburg Chapter. Gerald was well known for being a tenacious Rotary Rose and Duck Race ticket salesman.

He loved going to pioneers of Alaska and to the "Sons of Norway" for potlucks and volunteering at his local radio station KFSK. As Gerald advanced in age he required more help, which precipitated his move to the Juneau Pioneer Home in Juneau. He had many family and friends visit him in his 1 1/2 year residence. Gerald also formed some strong bonds with the very caring and professional staff at the Pioneer Home.

He is preceded in death by his son Gerald Franklin Lind, wife Ethel Jean Lind, and daughter Shari Lind Otness.

He is survived by son-in-law Alan D. Otness, granddaughter Kari Otness Baekkelund and husband Peter O. Baekkelund, great-grandchildren Jonas Otness Baekkelund and Anna Tova Baekkelund of Petersburg, cousins Wally Swanson of Petersburg, AK and Norris Swanson of Shelton, Washington.

He had many friends in the community and will be fondly remembered.



## **Faye Christine Alvord**

*December 1, 1925 - March 10, 2019*

She was born in Lima, Washington on December 1st, 1925, Chris, Bob, and four children moved to Alaska in 1956. They lived in Ketchikan, Cordova, Hitchinbrook Island, Anchorage, Bristol Bay, Palmer, and Barrow.

She is survived by her children, Dennis Alvord (Alice), Anita Gifford (Rick), Dean Alvord (Etta), and Lou Alvord (Tina); daughter-in-law, Sandy Alvord; 14 grandchildren; 19 great-grandchildren; numerous nieces and nephews; her sister, Jan, and brother, Jack. She is preceded in death by her husband of 60 years, Robert Alvord; and her stepson Steve Alvord.

Chris raised money for diabetic research as part of her involvement in Amaranth, and helped with the local food bank and clothing closet. she was called "The Old Lady of the Lake."



## **Zenas Edward Zeine**

*September 6, 1930 - March 1, 2019*

Zenas Edward (Ed) Zeine Zenas Edward Zeine was born in Chillicothe, Illinois. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy after graduating from high school and served as a hospital corpsman. He settled in Cordova, in 1979 to serve as their hospital administrator and retired in 1990.

Ed gave back to his community of Cordova in many ways, serving as mayor, acting city manager and on many local boards. He was active in the American Legion, Masonic Lodge and the Fraternal Orders of Moose, Elks and Eagles. He was an avid hunter, trapper and sport fisherman. He was an amazing cook and his barbecued salmon was legendary.

He organized a popular kids' fishing derby and enjoyed it for 20 years. Ed and Elaine married in August of 1974, and together they had a blended family of seven children: Carolyn Zeine of Arlington, Washington, Daniel Zeine of Auburn, Washington, and Patrick Zeine of Langley, Washington; Eric Blanco of Los Angeles, Michael Blanco of Federal Way, Washington, Scott Blanco of Federal Way, and Bradley Blanco of Lake Tapps, Washington. Ed leaves behind his children; sister, Helen Pinkston; five grandchildren and three great grand-children. Ed was laid to rest at Tahoma National Cemetery on March 18, 2019.

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