

# LODGE BULLETIN

SEPTEMBER 2023

[www.AW22.ORG](http://www.AW22.ORG)

# MASTER'S MESSAGE

Brethren—

Labor Day is a significant milestone in our Masonic year. We had many great events and made many memories in the first two thirds of the year, but the last third brings about some of my favorite AW22 traditions: Past Masters Night, Wardens Night, traveling to Fredericksburg, Grand Lodge. In many ways, September is the last “normal” month for us.

To me, one of the main differentiators of 2023 is the excitement I have seen around traveling. It is what distinguished our ancient Masonic ancestors from their peers and I am glad we are continuing that tradition. Our Lodge is uniquely situated to be a Masonic destination. Because of that, I feel we have not always taken advantage of what our wonderful Craft has to offer. So many smiling faces, so many friendships, and so many great memories. But there have also been disappointments. Every chance to sit in Lodge has been a learning experience, make no mistake. I think it is important for our members to see the good and not so good of Masonry. Every interaction this year has been a learning experience. I hope you join us in our travels this month to what I expect to be categorized as the “good”. Spots for the New York trip have been filled, but I hope you join us locally at our visits to Masonic Districts 2 and 4. And of course, I hope you make the quick journey up Shuter’s Hill when your cable tow allows.

So what now? What else? I believe September will start the mad dash to the end of the year. We have six Entered Apprentices that will soon need to be Passed and a Fellowcraft waiting to be Raised. We have many goals to accomplish. I’m am looking forward to a slate of great stated communications to wrap up 2023. Our stated this month will feature Brother John Suit, a Masonic education specialist. Dinner donations this month will help fund the purchase of new textbooks for Brother Thomas Ammazalorso’s AP World History class, so I hope you come to dinner and consider making a donation. Most importantly, we have many memories still to be made. I hope your September schedule allows you to partake in our great Masonic work. See you in the quarries.

Sincerely & Fraternaly,  
David G. Bella  
Worshipful Master  
Master@AW22.org  
228-282-0906





## SEPTEMBER 2023

*September 1st*

19:30 Fraternal Visit  
Manasseh Lodge No. 182

*September 14th*

18:30 Dinner  
19:30 Stated Communication:  
Bro. John Suit

*September 7th*

19:30 Fellowcraft Degree

*September 16th*

09:00 Herndon Lodge No.  
264 at AW22

*September 10th*

15:30 Archives Committee  
Meeting

*September 20th & 21st*

Lodge Trip  
to NYC

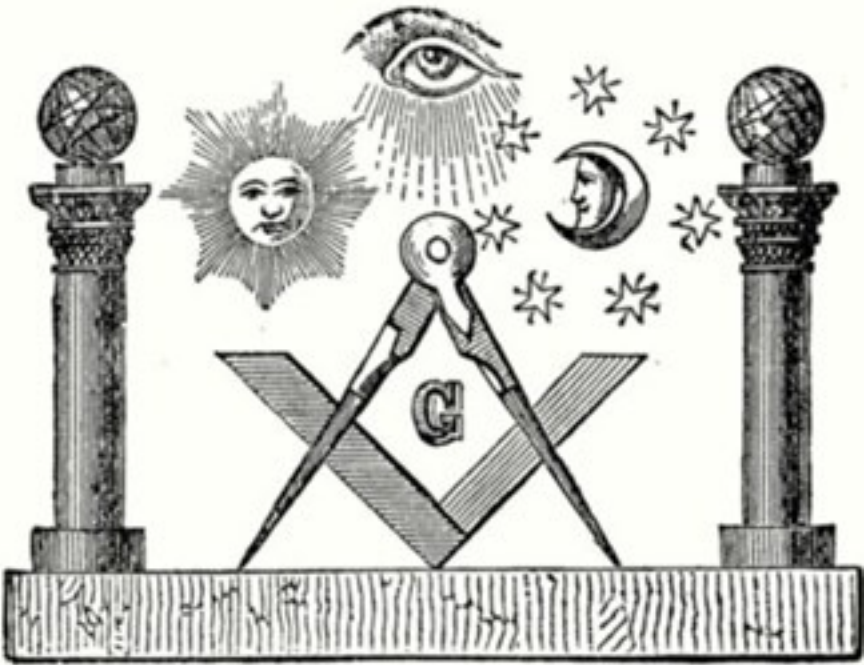
*September 12th*

19:30 Fraternal Visit  
Ashburn Sterling Lodge No.  
288

*September 28th*

19:30 Master Mason  
Catechism Returns

- ∴ Catechism Schools are every Thursday night at 18:30 and Saturday morning at 10:00 unless otherwise noted. Officer Ritual Schools are every Thursday night at 19:30 unless otherwise noted. All Masons are welcome.*
- ∴ To follow the Master's personal Masonic schedule, please view the Master@AW22.org shared [Google Calendar](#).*



# BILL OF FARE

SEPTEMBER 14TH, 2023

PERUVIAN ROAST CHICKEN VERDE

BISTEC ENCEBOLLADO

POBLANO-PIMENTO MAC & CHEESE

*All September dinner donations will go toward funding new textbooks for  
Brother Amazzalorso's AP World History class.*

Please RSVP to [Reservations@AW22.org](mailto:Reservations@AW22.org)

# THERE WAS A TRAVELING MAN

BY JOHN L. COOPER III, PAST GRAND MASTER OF  
THE GRAND LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED  
MASONS OF CALIFORNIA

In addition to the symbolism attached to architectural tools, Freemasonry is built upon stories and legends. And, no story is more intriguing than the one about the “traveling man” – the stonemason who traveled from work site to work site in search of a job. We have little direct evidence of how traveling stonemasons did this, but it remains an important part of the lore of Freemasonry.

According to our traditional history, when a building was completed, and stonemasons were released from their duties, they would scatter in different directions looking for work. Upon their arrival at a new work site, the master stonemason in charge would test them to determine if they were really who they claimed to be. One test asked them to recite part of the legendary history of the craft – the Old Charges. Another required them to give the proper passwords and grips. The final test was to ask them for the “mason word.” The mysterious “mason word” was proof that they were, indeed, members of the guild of stonemasons, for it was the most carefully guarded of all the secrets. It was so secret that it was only given in a way and a manner known to fellow masons, and then only in a whisper – “mouth to ear.” Contemporary Masonic historians have searched for evidence of this colorful story in the old records of the craft, but have come up empty handed. Perhaps these “traveling masons” were so careful with their means of proving who they really were that no evidence has survived to prove the accuracy of this old story. Or, perhaps the evidence has been under our noses all the time, but we have not been looking in the right place.

# THERE WAS A TRAVELING MAN

The “right place” to look may not have been in England, Scotland, or Ireland – the homeland of speculative Freemasonry as we know it – but in France. France has preserved an organization similar to Freemasonry called the “Compagnonnage.” The French title of those who belong to it is “Compagnons du Tour de France.” Today the “Tour de France” is a famous bicycle race, but the race was named for a much older institution, a “Tour de France” associated with stonemasons in the Middle Ages. When a journeyman stonemason (a fellow of the craft, as we would call him) wanted to become a master stonemason, he would leave home and go “on tour.” The tour – the “Tour de France” – would take him to many towns around the country where he would work for different master stonemasons to prove his skill. It was as if he were having his “card punched” by other skilled workmen, who would certify that he, indeed, proved his worth to achieve the rank of “master stonemason.”

When one of these “journeyman stonemasons” arrived at a new work site he would prove himself by “words and signs” that he had learned during his days as an apprentice.

As with our own Masonic stonemason ancestors, these “Compagnons” had their own manuscript legends, which were carefully preserved through the centuries. They were also organized into three separate societies, with names that seem somewhat familiar to Masons today: The Sons of Solomon, the Sons of Master Jacques, and the Sons of Master Soubise. Of these three, the Sons of Solomon were stonemasons, while those who belonged to the other two societies often belonged to other trades, such as carpentry.

So here we have it: In France, an organization called the “Sons of Solomon,” who are stonemasons by trade, travel from one work site to another to prove their skill, and at the end of the “around the country tour,” are eligible to be honored as

# THERE WAS A TRAVELING MAN

“master craftsmen.” The Compagnonnage is still in existence today, and while it is not a direct ancestor of our form of Freemasonry, it is easy to see a practice that is very similar to our own legendary history of “traveling stonemasons.” Coincidence or not? We may never know. But this knowledge does present a compelling theory that a possible answer to our long search for the historical proof of the “traveling man” and his Masonic “proof” may have been right across the English Channel in France all along.



PROVING HIS WORTH  
*to achieve the rank of "Master Stonemason"*

*Thank you to the Grand Lodge F&AM of California for this excellent article in the 2016 June / July edition of the California Freemason.*

# ALBUM OF THE MONTH

*THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH*  
*KEVIN MORBY, 2022*



*Kevin Morby is an exciting talent that captures the zeitgeist of our time. His ominous and ethereal music transports the listener to the balcony to view our world above daily life.*

*∴ David*

Death is a remote, academic concept. when we are young. It seems impossible that it will ever reach us at that age. I remember asking my father when I was young: “Dad, will I die?” “Not for a long time,” he responded. And I believed him.

For the sake of our sanity, our brain isolates and diminishes thoughts of our impending doom— otherwise, we would never think of anything else. To contemplate death is to stand at the edge of the world, before an ocean of infinite blackness with no horizon and no bottom. Most deaths aren’t pleasant. Either it is a protracted affair, and so is a tragedy by way of the agony suffered in the final days (or years, in the case of crueler diseases) of the departed, or is a sudden destruction, which is a tragedy because of the anguish wrought from the unexpected deprivation of a loved one from our lives. There are lots of guesses as to what happens to us after we die (that’s where belief comes in), but there I only one thing we know for sure, and it’s that once you’re gone, you never come back.

*This is a Photograph*, by Kevin Morby, is dedicated to deceased singer Jeff Buckley. Written by Morby during an extended stay at the Peabody in Memphis, this album is an extended sojourn through the land of the dead—it is a reflection, a tribute, and a warning in equal parts. Begins with a slice of life. There is a child talking to her mama. A bird chirps. As the drummer tests his bass, an uncular voices chides the little girl. Just as we begin to inhabit this tableau, the revving of an engine overtakes the scene, and, like the album’s title suggests, we’re left with just a snapshot, a memento, an empty artifact of an ineffable moment. A photograph is like a tombstone for any given moment in time—as Morby says, “a win-



# ALBUM OF THE MONTH

*THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH*

*KEVIN MORBY, 2022*

dow to the past.”

The album’s introduction flows seamlessly into “This is a Photograph,” as though diving through the cellophane of a Polaroid and coming out on the other side, fully immersed in the memory held within. On the album’s title track, Morby demonstrates the funhouse mirror effect that death can have on our memories of people. In this song, Morby conjures the spirit of a deceased father “on the front line/ with no shirt on/ ready to take the world on.” When remembering his father, the singer presents a lionized version of the departed, just as we often idealize the imperfect memories that we have of those that we have lost. Like a kind of Pied Piper, this song has the listener bouncing exhilaratingly headlong into a full existential crisis, as vivacious guitar work and handclaps celebrate the joys of being alive deliver us to a frenzied climax of Morby chanting, “this is what I miss about being alive,” in a climax that feels like walking up to read your own gravestone. By its end, the titular track has become a wounded cry not only for those that we’ve lost, but for the inevitable loss of ourselves, too.

On “Random Act of Kindness,” Morby takes on the evanescence of life and memory, and the ruminations that stalk the elderly on sleepless nights, when they can feel the Reaper’s breath on the back of their necks. “Out of sight, out of nowhere/ out of sorrow, out of thin air/ out of touch, out of spite/ out of loneliness” these memories are resurrected as the narrator reflects on his life and the experiences that have now already passed him by. Now inert and purposeless, the only thing the narrator can do is wave goodbye to the experiences he’s had as the train begins to pull away from the station. In the end, the spell is broken when the “sun comes up,” and the narrator begins the wistful process anew.

The next song, a duet called “Bittersweet, TN,” is a reflection on a lost relationship. In it, the passage of time, the destruction of youth’s health and looks, and the changing of perspective/priorities renders two people who once were in love unrecognizable to one another.

“To free the flame from burning up inside

To thunder like a motorcycle headed down the line

To eat, to weep, to lay me down so sweet

To sow, to reap, or to let our glasses clink

To time, to time” they toast, acknowledging the irreversible momentum of their lives and the uncertain destination they are barreling towards.

On Disappearing, what sounds like the ghost of Neil Young wails on a harmonica, emphasizing the transient nature of our existence with each ghostly blow.

This song is about the impermanence of yourself and the cosmic insignificance of

# ALBUM OF THE MONTH

*THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH*

*KEVIN MORBY, 2022*

even that which we are most passionate about in life. This song is an ode directly to Buckley, a trend that the next song would continue in a more direct fashion. As the song approaches its conclusion, a spectral chorus swirls around us as we symbolically merge with the infinite, before instrumentation ceases entirely, the spirit leaves the body and the song, and the final words become starkly unaccompanied, as would be a body be left without its soul upon death.

Rock Bottom is the perfect lead to a B-side — it repudiates everything on side A, stuffing the butterflies from “A Coat of Butterflies” into a shoebox and shaking them to dust. Far from the reverence observed on side A, Rock Bottom explores the expectations imposed and self-imposed on the narrator because of his father and mother. He is expected to live up to an expectation and not permitted to forge his own identity. This speaks to the conflict the narrator has between revering his father’s memory and feeling that he has to measure up to that memory. Wrapped around death’s finger, a verdant, flowering vine snaking around the bone, is love. In the midst of this meditation on death (death as the inevitable conclusion of life is the only purpose of it intrinsically) which seems purposeless, we find purpose through love and through other people. The album’s closing song, “Goodbye to Good Times,” honors the love we feel for the people and the places and the things that aren’t with us anymore. Morby contemplates the overlapping existences of his parents and their childhood idols (Mickey Mantle and Tina Turner) and suggests that, eventually, everyone’s legacies are smoothed over and erased by the waves of that black ocean. Mickey Mantle and Tina Turner (and the singer’s own fallen idol, Jeff Buckley) were heroes to kids once but have become strangers to the kids of today. Over the course of the song, the singer says goodbye to the things that he himself will miss now that he is departing, just as he contemplated what his own father and mother would miss by viewing their photographs in the title song. However, as we approach the end of the album, Morby seemingly finds peace:

“When I was a little boy  
I wanted to live and breathe inside a song  
Well how about this one.”

It signals that even though those things are insignificant and fleeting, and may already be gone, that the love we feel for them is immortal. Thus death is defeated through the eternity of that love, where each extant moment is immortalized in the non-linear paint splatter of time, and preserved like a photograph.

# HAPPY MASONIC BIRTHDAY

Bro. Jeffrey Worth Corbin Conn, September 27, 11 years

Rt. Wor. Barry Eugene Constant, September 26, 28 years

Mt. Wor. Richard John Elman, September 15, 35 years

Bro. Robert Frank Feldman, September 11, 34 years

Bro. James Henry Ferguson, September 27, 13 years

Bro. Nana Gyesie, September 22, 7 years

Bro. Ronald Kenneth Henry, September 12, 29 years

Bro. Bryan William Hudson, September 15, 5 years

Bro. Jonathan Russell Lynch, September 6, 5 years

Bro. James Earl Mohny, September 22, 5 years

Bro. Dimosthenis Vasilios Pashos, September 6, 5 years

Bro. James Leighton Polley, September 15, 54 years

Bro. Michael Lee Stevenson, September 24, 16 years

Bro. Giles Daemon Dru Strickler, September 17, 16 years

Bro. Charles Samuel Wimberly, September 12, 63 years

## 2023 LODGE OFFICERS

|  |                    |
|--|--------------------|
| Wor. David Gabriel Bella.....  | Worshipful Master  |
| <i>Mobile: 228-282-0906 Email: Master@AW22.org</i>   |                    |
| Bro. Nelo Allen Hamilton, Jr.....  | Senior Warden      |
| Bro. Phillip Adam Smartt.....  | Junior Warden      |
| Wor. Michael Lee Bailey, PM.....   | Treasurer          |
| Wor. Daniel Elias Froggett, PM.....  | Secretary          |
| <i>Phone: 703-549-9234 Email: Secretary@AW22.org 101 Callahan Dr., Alexandria, Va. 22301</i> |                    |
| Rt. Wor. Granville Clayton "Jack" Canard, Jr., PDDGM.....                                    | Secretary Emeritus |
| Bro. Jonathan Joseph Siudmak.....  | Senior Deacon      |
| Bro. Ronald Earl Craft, Jr.....  | Junior Deacon      |
| Wor. Denislav Valeriev Dantev, PM.....   | Chaplain           |
| Bro. Christopher Gared Sterbling.....  | Senior Steward     |
| Bro. Jakob Aonghus Zilinski.....   | Junior Steward     |
| Bro. James Henry Ferguson.....   | Marshal            |
| Wor. Pablo Alejandro Rocha, PM.....  | Tiler              |

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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|--|------|
| Rt. Wor. Mark W. Underwood, PDDGM..... | 2023 |
| Bro. Jeffrey W. C. Conn.....           | 2024 |
| Wor. James Berkely Stone, PM.....      | 2025 |
| Wor. Jesse T. McMahan, V, PM.....      | 2026 |
| Wor. Nikola N. Nikolav, PM.....        | 2027 |

## LIVING PAST MASTERS ON THE ROLLS

|         |                                |      |                          |
|---------|--------------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| 1975    | Donald M. Robey, PGM           | 2005 | Jesse T. McMahan, V      |
| 1976    | James B. Stone                 | 2006 | Thomas G. Little         |
| 1991    | Earl C. Million                | 2007 | Robert G. Watkins, PDDGM |
| 1992    | Granville C. Canard, JR, PDDGM | 2009 | Heber C. Willis, III     |
| 1995    | George D. Seghers, PDDGM       | 2011 | John P. Olson            |
| 1996,18 | Mark W. Underwood, PDDGM       | 2012 | Michael L. Bailey        |
| 1997    | Walter L. Margeson, II         | 2013 | Joshua D. Adler          |
| 1998    | Philip J. Hays                 | 2014 | Robert T. Weston         |
| 1999,17 | Michael P. Bible, PDDGM        | 2016 | Stephen J. Pezzetti      |
| 2000    | Terry L. Gigure                | 2019 | Nikola N. Nikolov        |
| 2001    | Brent N. Campbell              | 2020 | Daniel E. Froggett       |
| 2002    | Daniel M. Clark, PDDGM         | 2021 | Michael T. Huff          |
| 2003    | James M. Stevenson             | 2022 | Denislav V. Dantev       |
| 2004    | Frank S. Skwirut               |      |                          |