

Lodge Bulletin

April 2026



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Master's Message

Brethren,

April honors Paul Revere and his themes of Action and Service. Revere was one of us, a Mason raised in St. Andrew's Lodge in Boston who went on to serve as Grand Master of Massachusetts. In America's 250th year, the anniversary of his most famous night falls this very month.

On the evening of April 18, 1775, Paul Revere rode out of Boston toward Lexington and Concord to warn the colonial militia that British regulars were marching to seize their arms. He was not the only rider that night, and he was captured before reaching Concord. But he completed the work that mattered; the warning was delivered, the militia assembled, and by dawn the Revolution had begun in earnest.

The ride is what history remembers, but Revere was defined by decades of steady, humble service. He was a silversmith, an engraver, a bell caster, and later an industrialist who built one of America's first copper rolling mills. He organized intelligence networks for the Sons of Liberty. He served as a lieutenant colonel of artillery. After the war, he helped rebuild Boston's civic institutions and led the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts during a formative period. He was, above all, a man who showed up no matter the task, no matter the hour.

We teach our newest Brothers that the trowel is used by operative masons to spread the cement which unites a building into one common mass. Revere understood this in a way that went beyond symbol. His whole life was trowel work, binding together the people and institutions around him through craft, duty, and quiet reliability.

Most of us will never ride through the night, but all of us are asked to be the man who shows up when it matters.

That is the legacy Paul Revere left us, not just as a patriot, but as a Mason.

Sincerely and Fraternaly,

Jonathan J. Siudmak
Worshipful Master
Master@AW22.org



Quarry Gems





April 2026

April 2

7:30 PM | Entered Apprentice Degree
GWMNM

April 4

12:00 PM | Beehive Discussion Series:
Analysis & Contemplation on the Twelve Fellowcrafts
GWMNM

April 9

6:30 PM | Fellowship Dinner
7:30 PM | Stated Communication
Open Program:
Presentation on Paul Revere
by Research & Adult Program Director of the Paul Revere House,
Tegan Kehoe
GWMNM

April 16

Fraternal Visit to Andrew Jackson Lodge No. 120
6:00 PM | Fellowship Dinner
7:00 PM | Stated Communication
GWMNM

April 25

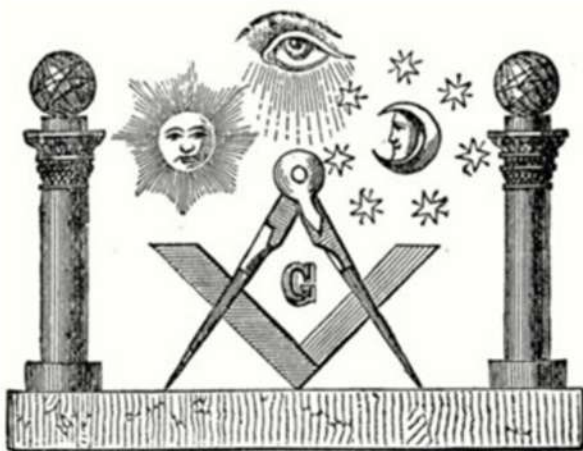
12:00 PM | Beehive Discussion Series:
The Lodge & The Cube of Space
GWMNM

April 27th

6:00 PM | Grand Lodge of Oregon Dinner
GWMNM

- Catechism Schools are every Thursday night at 6:30 PM and Saturday morning at 10:00 AM unless otherwise noted. Ritual Schools are every Thursday night (except on Stated Communication night) at 7:30 PM 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

April 9

Salad

Caesar Salad

Entrée

Roasted Chicken & Blackend Salmon

Sides

Garlic Buttermilk Mashed Potatoes

Dessert

Assorted Cookies

Suggested Donation: \$10

Please RSVP to reservations@AW22.org

Ex Verbis

Paul Revere's Letter to Jeremy Belknap An Account of the Midnight Ride

Paul Revere wrote at least two accounts of the night of April 18, 1775. The first was a deposition given shortly after the event, likely at the request of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress. The second, written around 1798 at the request of Jeremy Belknap, corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is the fuller and more detailed of the two. Longfellow's famous poem would not appear for another sixty years. What follows is drawn from Revere's own words.

Revere opened the letter not with the ride itself but with the intelligence work that preceded it. In the fall of 1774 and winter of 1775, he was one of more than thirty men, mostly mechanics, who formed a committee to watch British troop movements. They met at the Green Dragon Tavern and swore secrecy on the Bible at every meeting. He had already been carrying dispatches between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia since 1773. The ride to Lexington was not an improvisation. It was the product of months of disciplined preparation by an organized network.

When the night came, Revere described it plainly:

"About 10 o'Clock, Dr. Warren Sent in great haste for me, and beged that I would imediately Set off for Lexington, where Messrs. Hancock & Adams were, and acquaint them of the Movement, and that it was thought they were the objets."

He arranged the lantern signal at the North Church, went home for his boots, and was rowed across the Charles River by two friends while the HMS Somerset lay nearby. He borrowed a horse from Deacon Larkin and set out at about eleven o'clock on what he called "a very good Horse" on a "very pleasant" night.

He encountered British officers almost immediately. One pursued him and rode into a clay pond. Revere pushed through Medford and Menotomy, waking the captain of the minute men and alarming nearly every house along the route.

Ex Verbis

He reached Lexington and delivered his warning to Hancock and Adams at the Reverend Mr. Clark's house, then rode on toward Concord with William Dawes and a young doctor named Samuel Prescott. A British patrol stopped them. Prescott jumped a stone wall and escaped to complete the warning to Concord. Revere was captured.

Revere identified himself and told the British their troops had run aground crossing the river and that five hundred Americans would be on them shortly. When militia gunfire rang out near Lexington Meeting-House, the patrol took his horse and fled. Revere walked back to Lexington in the dark, helped carry a trunk of Hancock's papers from a tavern, and from a field near the meetinghouse, watched the first shots of the Revolution fired.

What the letter cannot convey through its narrative alone is how Revere chose to close it. After signing his name, he returned to the page and wrote above his signature: "A Son of Liberty of the year 1775," with the instruction to Belknap, "do not print my name." Belknap crossed both notes out and printed the name anyway.

He wrote it because Belknap asked, and because he believed the facts deserved a record.

That quality is what distinguishes the letter as a primary source and what makes it useful for study. Revere gives us the standard for conviction expressed through action, and then, twenty-three years later, recorded it with the same modesty that defined the action itself.

Study by Wor. Jonathan J. Siudmak



Learn how you can make a tax deductible donation today:



Perspectives of the Craft

Paul Revere: Courage and Communication by Wor. David G. Bella

Silversmith, engraver and midnight rider. Revere was the connective tissue of the Revolution, carrying message and forging networks that held the Sons of Liberty together.

Paul Revere Rode Like God's Own Messenger and His Horse Was Borrowed:

Listen. LISTEN. You want to know what that night tasted like? It tasted like cold river water and horse sweat and the particular flavor of a man who knows - knows in his molars - the entire project of human liberty might hinge on whether he can stay in the saddle for the next three hours.

April 18th. Boston smells like fish and treason, same as always.

Warren finds me. The man's eyes are doing something I've never seen eyes do before. They vibrate like a tuning fork that's been struck against the edge of a history book. He grabs my coat. The British are moving, Paul. Tonight. I get to Lexington and find Hancock. Get to Adams who asks if I'm sure. Warren said so. I don't ask questions. Warren doesn't need me to ask questions. We've been building to this night for ten years in lodge halls and back rooms and taverns where the ale is bad and the sedition is excellent.

First thing I do that evening is find Newman, forget the horse for now. Robert Newman, sexton of Christ Church, is a quiet man, a careful man, the kind of man you'd trust with your life because he's never once in his life sought to impress you. I tell him: two lanterns. TWO. He nods and heads toward the tower. That's it, a nod. Ten years of knowing a man and nothing much else to talk about so he nods. Somewhere across the Charles, the Sons of Liberty are scanning the steeple like it was a blonde girl at the local dive bar who was in your organic chemistry lab last semester. You didn't talk to her, but you thought about it.

Then I need water between me and the Somerset, that British warship squatting in the harbor like a fat king on a throne. Two friends lower a boat into the black water. We don't speak. We row. The Somerset is enormous and silent and I swear I can hear the Red Coats dreaming about their wives back in the slums of London.

Charlestown. There's a horse. Of course there's a horse. Deacon John Larkin lent him to me because when Paul Revere shows up at your house and asks you for a horse at midnight, you give him a horse. This is the economy I spent my entire life investing in. Not silver, not money, but obligation freely given, the most valuable currency in the colonies.

And then I ride.

Now here is what nobody tells you about that ride. It was not heroic in a clean way. It was heroic in the way that a man running through fire to save a child is heroic: all adrenaline and tunnel vision and the only thought in your skull is the next door, the next name, the next man who can carry this further than I can. I'm not a messenger. I'm a match. And I'm trying to light every fuse I can find before the British throw a bucket of soap water on the powder.

Isaac Hall's door. My fist. He starts moving before I'm back on my horse. I get out of Medford.

Here is the thing about a network. It's not about you. The whole night everyone keeps saying Revere, Revere, Revere, but I am merely a stone dropped in the pond. The craft is knowing what ponds to drop the stone in. Dawes is out riding too, good man, Dawes. But Dawes is knocking on doors hoping to find a captain. I am knocking on doors because I already know there's a captain inside. Fifteen years of lodge meetings and committee work and Sons of Liberty banquets where we ate bad bread and plotted gorgeous rebellion. That is my horsepower, not the animal between my legs.

Lexington. After midnight. Hancock himself hollers from inside, he knows my voice. You don't get that from a pamphlet. You get that from showing up and telling John about the new dental kit you made. Nights and small talk that were not important at the time. But in times like these, they were invaluable. The British grab me eventually. Take my horse. Stick a pistol in my face. That helps you concentrate. But by then? We already had forty riders loose in the Massachusetts night. Forty. My network has a network. The whole countryside is awake and armed and waiting. This is it. History is here.

They took Deacon Larkin's horse. But the horse doesn't matter anymore.

Happy Masonic Birthday

WOR. JOSHUA DAVID ADLER APRIL 23, 19 YEARS

BRO. MARKO BOJOVIC, APRIL 29, 3 YEARS

BRO. CHARLES ALEXANDER BRADBURN, APRIL 29, 3 YEAR

BRO. DOUGLAS MICHAEL BRADBURN, APRIL 29, 3 YEARS

WOR. DENISLAV VALERIEV DANTEV APRIL 25, 7 YEARS

BRO. ROBERT ALLEN DUNCAN APRIL 20, 35 YEARS

WOR. WILLIAM VANHARDIN GILBERT APRIL 5, 15 YEARS

BRO. JASON ROSS GOLDSTEIN APRIL 6, 9 YEARS

BRO. DANIEL RYAN GORDON APRIL 20, 3 YEARS

BRO. MATTHEW RICHARD GRIZZARD APRIL 4, 21 YEARS

BRO. HELMUT KARL HENTSCHEL APRIL 12, 18 YEARS

BRO. JOSEPH CHOPLIN JACOBSON APRIL 30, 19 YEARS

BRO. HENLEY KIRK JONES APRIL 20, 35 YEARS

BRO. NAAREN JULOORI APRIL 29, 3 YEARS

BRO. ANTHONY WILLIAM KITZMILLER APRIL 8, 20 YEARS

BRO. ANGUS SLATER LAMOND JR. APRIL 26, 53 YEARS

BRO. ADAM SETON LEGRAND APRIL 17, 16 YEARS

WOR. THOMAS GAYLE LITTLE APRIL 7, 32 YEARS

BRO. VINCENT JOSEPH LOPEZ APRIL 30, 8 YEARS

BRO. THOMAS EDWARD MAULTSBY APRIL 8, 51 YEARS

BRO. JOHN PAUL MIGNONE APRIL 29, 3 YEARS

BRO. ANDREW VINCENT MURPHY APRIL 20, 35 YEARS

WOR. NIKOLA NIKOLOV NIKOLOV APRIL 11, 13 YEARS

BRO. ERIC EUGENE PLANTRICH APRIL 14, 21 YEARS

BRO. MICHAEL JOSEPH QUIGLEY APRIL 20, 3 YEAR

BRO. JOHN CHARLES RASMUS APRIL 12, 55 YEARS

BRO. JACOB ADAM SCHROEDER APRIL 22, 16 YEARS

WOR. MICHAEL TALDO APRIL 8, 11 YEARS

BRO. ARASH H. ZARRABI APRIL 29, 3 YEARS

2026 Lodge Officers

Wor. Jonathan Joseph Siudmak - Worshipful Master

Email: Master@AW22.org

Bro. Ronald Earl Craft Jr. - Senior Warden

Bro. Jakob Aonghus Zilinski - Junior Warden

Wor. Michael Lee Bailey, PM - Treasurer

Wor. David Gabriel Bella, PM - Secretary

Phone: 757-656-1838 Email: Secretary@AW22.org 101 Callahan Dr., Alexandria, VA 22301

Rt. Wor. Granville Clayton "Jack" Canard, Jr, PDDGM - Secretary Emeritus

Bro. Naaren Juloori - Senior Deacon

Bro. Brian Mark Williams - Junior Deacon

Rt. Wor. Michael Jean King, PDDGM - Chaplain

Wor. John Joseph Grace, PM - Senior Steward

Bro. Thomas Lee Ammazalorso - Junior Steward

Bro. Jon Edward Wulfekuehler - Marshal

Wor. Pablo Alejandro Rocha, PM - Tiler

Board of Trustees

Wor. Jesse T. McMahan, V, PM - 2026

Wor. Nikola N. Nikolov, PM - 2027

Bro. Gene Vincent Giordano - 2028

Bro. Paul Edward Kenschak - 2029

Bro. Daniel Ryan Gordon - 2030

Living Past Masters on the Rolls

1976 - James B. Stone

1991 - Earl C. Million

1992 - Granville C. Canard, Jr. PDDGM

1995 - George D. Seghers, PDDGM

1996,18 - Mark W. Underwood, PDDGM

1997 - Walter L. Margeson, II

1998 - Philip J. Hays

1999,17 - Michael P. Bible, PDDGM

2000 - Terry L. Gigure

2001 - Brent N. Campbell

2002 - Daniel M. Clark, PDDGM

2003 - James M. Stevenson

2004 - Frank S. Skwirut

2005 - Jesse T. McMahan, V

2006 - Thomas G. Little

2009 - Heber C. Willis, III

2011 - John P. Olson

2012 - Michael L. Bailey

2013 - Joshua D. Adler

2014 - Robert T. Weston

2016 - Stephen J. Pezzetti

2019 - Nikola N. Nikolov

2021 - Michael T. Huff

2022 - Denislav V. Dantev

2023 - David G. Bella

2024 - Nelo A. Hamilton, Jr.

2025 - Phillip A. Smartt