

# A Masonic Christmas Story

Posted December, 1997

By Wor Bro C.S.L. (Laurie) Lund & V W.Bro. R.G (Ron) Dixon

*(With Apologies to Clement C. Moore)*

'Twas nigh afore Christmas at the Freemason's Hall  
(Civil Services' regular), the order was tall,  
Reams from Grand Lodge, a notice of motion,  
A ballot or two and a pause for devotion  
To brethren departed of the year '94,  
Plus a candidate who would soon walk the floor.

Our own Junior Warden, when faced with the crunch  
Said, "Let's all call off and go upstairs for lunch."  
The Master replied, as Masters all do,  
Intoned in a voice reserved for the few,  
"Before we partake of the fellowship there  
Is the summons to read and a ballot to clear  
Not to mention the candidate, he's quaking with dread  
At the stories of whether the goat has been fed "

The Master, exhorting the brethren to work,  
A firm grip on the gavel, he turned with a jerk  
To the Secretary, putting a shine to each lens,  
Polished both to a lustre and reached for his pens.

"It's half past the hour," the Master then winced  
At the stuff left to do and remained unconvinced  
That the evening would go as smooth as he'd hoped  
Since he'd gone to the trouble of feeding the goat  
"Though the ballot's behind us, the notice is gone,  
Grand Lodge is finished, the work still goes on."

The Inner Guard knew as the Tyler did too  
That knock, knock and knock was the right thing to do.  
Sidebenchers slept soundly and were only stirred  
When the crack of the candidate's knuckles was heard  
The slight groan that penetrated lips that were pursed  
Appeared to the Deacon as just a light curse.

Onward they travel, the guide and the man  
Seeking truth and enlightenment wherever they can  
The secrets were given, the grip and the token,  
Obligation was offered, the words then were spoken



Though never, not once, was one heard to gloat  
As the Entered Apprentice never did meet the goat.

The evening now ended, the candidate clear  
Junior Warden entreats from the South us to hear  
The oath we look forward to right from the start,  
"Happy to meet and sorry to part."

Christmas had come to Civil Service that night  
As men came together under the light  
Giving freely of time as a labour of love  
As we bent to the task of the Most High above.

To Stewards, to Deacons, the Tyler, the 'Guard  
The Wardens, the Master, who all work so hard,  
To Past Masters steady, Sidebenchers too  
To Treasurer, Chaplain, the D. of C. who  
Help carry the Lodge, year in and year out  
To your family extended, a warm Christmas time.  
Thank the G.A.O.T.U. we've run out of rhyme!

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*I received the following note from V. W. Bro. Dixon as we requested permission to use this piece. It is included for its interesting background information.*

Dear Bro. LeMay,

We are most flattered that you have added our poem to your library. We have received considerable coorespondence concerning our humble little offering since 1994. (not all of which, I might add, has been positive - some have objected to the reference of the goat - 'in poor taste', 'negative impressions', etc. - really silly, I think, as the reference is purely and quite clearly made in mockery)

When the poem first appeared in our Lodge Newsletter, The D. of C. in 1994, I envisioned the universal response that eventually followed. Initially I posted the poem on a newsgoup or two (alt.freemasonry or the like) and the response was moderate. But when I established our lodge's website in early 1996, the inclusion of the poem produced a world-wide flood of requests to use it. Every year at this time [email written in December - ed] it resurfaces along with a pleasant batch of email announcing its use. It has been annually included in the December issue of The Oregon Scottish Rite Magazine. I have, over the past 3 years, received email from Alaska to Australia, Tokyo, France, South Africa and on to the Grand Lodge of England itself.

In closing, I thank you once again for your courtesy and I fully extend to you the hand of kindness and best wishes. May my family to yours, may the Spirit of Christmas shed its' comforting light upon you and see you safely and happily into the New Year.

V. W. Bro. Ronald C. Dixon, Grand Steward  
Secretary, Civil Service Lodge No. 148  
The Grand Lodge of Canada in Ontario

*To keep the spirit of this piece alive, we have included the requested "reuse" information here for the*  
<http://www.zoe1ask1.com/norary/masxmas.html>

5/11/99



*convenience of all. Bro. Warren*

Please feel free to copy and redistribute if you wish. I ask only that you let me know if you do (just for my own interest). Hope you like it! [Ronald G. Dixon](#)

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