

## **King Solomon's Yacht Club**

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This is the story of a young man who, not unlike many young men today, being fairly new in town and having settled into his new job, was told by a friend about a club, The King Solomon's Yacht Club, and decided to join. He had owned a sailboat as a boy and had always enjoyed sailing. Being the gregarious sort and feeling a need to fill his free hours with worthwhile endeavors, he decided to join.

On the first meeting night he attended, the members assembled with their wives and had a wonderful meal followed by a business meeting. The business got a bit tedious at times, long recitation of minutes, arguing over bills and expenses, etc.

But at length it came time to announce the new members, and he was brought before the assembly and introduced. The "Skipper" of the club rose to his feet and asked him the customary test question. "What do you most desire?" Taken somewhat by surprise, the young man thought for a moment and then answered, "To sail the sea!"

"To sail the sea!" the members echoed as they rose to their feet and raised their glasses in a toast to their newest member. "To sail the deep blue sea!" And they all joined in a rousing chorus of "Anchors Aweigh." He was instructed to come on Saturday ready to work, and this he did. As he boarded the old vessel that the club kept in dry dock, he was handed a bucket and brush and a handful of rags and was set to work polishing the brightwork from stem to stern. He worked hard from sunup to sundown polishing every bit of brass no matter how small. Some of the fixtures no longer served any purpose and might have been better preserved in a nautical museum, leaving the boat more streamlined for sailing, but he didn't complain nor shirk his duty but appeared for work on time every Saturday for a month until the work was finished.

On the fifth Saturday he came early. "Surely today we will go sailing," he thought. The boat was now completely seaworthy and ready for the water. "Sailing?" the skipper asked in surprise. "Sailing? This is no time for play, my boy! There's work to be done." And he was handed the same bucket and brush and was put back to work on the same familiar pieces of brightwork that he had laboured over for the

past month. Well, I don't need to tell you this boat hadn't been on the water for many years, and with the current members probably would not again for many more.

Our young friend soon became disenchanted with a yacht club that did not sail, and he dropped his membership.

But it wasn't too long until another friend told him about another club, the "Blue Skies Flying Club." He had always been fascinated with airplanes and had thought that one day he might earn his pilot's license, and so this seemed to be the perfect opportunity. He accompanied his new friend to the next meeting of the club where the members assembled with their wives and had a wonderful meal followed by a business meeting. The business got a bit tedious at times, long recitation of minutes, arguing over bills and expenses, etc. But a length it came time to announce the new members, and he was brought before the assembly and introduced. The "Commander" of the Club rose to his feet and asked the customary test question, "What do you most desire?" Taken somewhat by surprise, the young man thought for a moment and then answered, "To fly!"

"To fly!" the members echoed and rose to their feet, raising their glasses in a toast to the new member. "To fly the wild blue yonder!" To his surprise he wasn't given any work to do but was encouraged and reminded to attend all the meetings of the club which he did faithfully. Soon he began to ask around and was surprised to learn that the club had no airplane. Many of the members were old Air Forces pilots but no one had a current pilot's license. He made a few suggestions to the older members. He suggested they find an old warhorse and fix it up or take classes and renew their licenses. At the very least they could have some programs at their monthly meetings and have speakers come and talk about airplanes.

The topics would be interesting and informative, airplanes of World War I, the Lafayette escadrille, airplanes of World War II, the Battle of Britain, The Flying Tigers, The Black Sheep Squadron, etc, etc. Finally, the older members tired of his suggestions and took him aside and explained they were not interested in flying or airplanes, that he was just making trouble. They were perfectly happy meeting once a month, eating spaghetti, arguing over bills, and playing dominoes. If he was

interested in flying, he should go somewhere else besides the "Blue Skies Flying Club."

Well, I don't need to tell you that our young friend soon became disenchanted with a flying club that cared nothing about flying or airplanes and he dropped his membership.

But it wasn't too long until he met another new friend who was a very active Mason. The young man was not unfamiliar with the Fraternity. His father, grandfathers and uncles had all been Masons, and he had always been intrigued by what Masonic philosophy and symbolism he had heard and seen. He thought one day he might become a Mason and better himself by gaining Masonic enlightenment.

He asked the right questions, returned his petition, and was elected to membership. On the night of his initiation, he presented himself at the lodge and was brought before the membership.

At one point of the ceremony the Worshipful Master of the lodge asked him the customary question, "What do you most desire?" Not the least bit surprised, the young man forthrightly answered without any prompting, "Light, Masonic Light!"

Now if you have been following along you surely know this is not the end of the story. Either the young man did or did not receive what he came looking for. Who is the young man? He is every member of your lodge, and of my lodge, and of every lodge in the country. Does he receive Masonic Light at your lodge, interesting programs at your monthly stated meetings, or does he receive a plate of spaghetti, a long recitation of minutes and an argument about the utility bill?