

No Tyler at the Door

The Lodge is silent, waiting...

No Tyler at the door.

The lights, they are extinguished,

And Masons meet no more.

For, though ours hearts beat warm, for friendship

And the ritual stirs our souls,

This is the time for distance,

And prudence takes its tolls.

Yet, we know the day will come,

When on the level, we will meet.

The grip of those familiar hands,

Of the Brethren that we greet.

Hold fast to Faith, and Hope,

But most of all, to Love.

Know, that we will meet again,

With Grace, from God, above.

W.Bro. John van Egmond, WM Hiram Lodge #14