

**BLUE HEN COUNCIL No. 388, A.M.D.**

October 18, 2008

Masonic Temple, Newark, Delaware

Blue Hen Council No. 388 was opened in form at 9:40 am with the following officers present:

Sovereign Master	Wayne T. Slack
Senior Warden	Gilbert Greenfield
Junior Warden	G. Thomas Taylor -pt
Secretary-Treasurer	Mark E. Irwin, P.S.M.
Senior Deacon	David Laucius
Junior Deacon	Arthur Loveless
Chaplain	James T. Elliott, PSM - pt
Sentinel	John Peronti

Members present as per register. Pledge of Allegiance to the flag was done. The Sovereign Master welcomed all present.

SM Slack presented a membership certificate and card to PSM Eugene R. Small. PSM Mark Irwin presented SM Slack with his Installed Sovereign Master's card.

A motion was made, seconded and passed to meet the same date as the other bodies, which was determined to be May 2, 2009, at the Masonic Temple, Dover, Delaware at 9:30 am

The Treasurer reported a balance of \$2,527.06 in the checking account. A motion was made, seconded and passed to allow the Secretary/Treasurer to pay the bills that may arise between now and the next meeting.

SM Small recognized PSM's: Elliott, Herrington, Hart and Small.

The following distinguished visitors were recognized:

Most Illustrious Arthur Loveless, Most Illustrious Grand Master of Cryptic Masons in Delaware  
VED Mark E. Irwin, Grand Governor of Delaware, York Rite Sovereign College of North America  
Fratr Mark E. Irwin, Chief Adept, Delaware College, M.S.R.I.C.F.  
Ill. James T. Elliott, Jr., 33°, A.A.S.R. for the N.M.J. and Active Member for Delaware  
RW John Peronti – Senior Grand Warden – Grand Lodge of Delaware

SM Slack presented a paper entitled The Rough Ashlar by Luis Vargas Martin.

A motion was made, seconded, and passed that Gilbert Greenfield be advanced to Sovereign Master, David Laucius be elected Senior Warden, Arthur Loveless be elected Junior Warden, and the Secretary-Treasurer be re-elected.

There were the following nominated as new members: James G. Horn, Jeffrey R. Evans, John R. Evans, David Cassel, Ronald Conaway.

A letter was read from The Grand Master regarding the suspensions of Franklin Townsend and Wayne Mower.

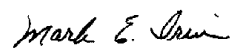
The Council was called at ease and after resuming labors it was reported that the installed Sovereign Master Degree was conferred on Gilbert Greenfield by PSM Mark Irwin with Eugene R. Small as Director of Ceremonies, Wayne T. Slack as Senior Warden and James R. Herrington as Chaplain

P.S.M. Mark Irwin installed the following elected and appointed officers assisted by P.S.M. Eugene R. Small as Marshal and James R. Herrington as Chaplain:

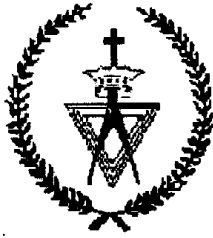
Sovereign Master	Gilbert Greenfield
Senior Warden	David Laucius
Junior Warden	Arthur Loveless
Secretary-Treasurer	Mark E. Irwin, P.S.M.
Senior Deacon	Albert R. Marshall – Wayne Slack - proxy
Junior Deacon	John Peronti
Chaplain	James B. Walsh – Charles Hart - proxy
Sentinel	Richard L. Weaver

The minutes of the meeting were read and approved as read.  
There being no further business, the Council was closed in form at 10:50 am.

Respectfully submitted,



Mark E. Irwin, P.S.M.  
Secretary



## BLUE HEN COUNCIL #388 ALLIED MASONIC DEGREES

**October 18, 2008**

	NAME	OFFICE	COUNCIL IF VISITOR	LOCATION
1	Wayne T. Slack	SH		
2	James D. Williams	PSM		
3	Arthur G. Forester	J.D.		
4	John P. Auto, DGM			
5	Bill King	SW		
6	Ernest R. Hall	PSM		
7	Don Lancia	SD		
8	Wesley W. Smith		Delaware 2008	
9	Walter J. Taylor			
10	Charles J. Hart			
11	Robert L. Wilson			
12	Paul A.			
13	James H. Smith	PSM		
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**THE ROUGH ASHLAR**  
(THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENTERED  
APPRENTICE)

by Luis Vargas Martin

At our last communication, upon entering the Lodge, I inadvertently stumbled over that grotesque and ugly piece of rock which we term the Rough Ashlar, and which decorated my column. In a fanciful mood, I turned around and spoke to it, as follows:

"I beg your pardon, Rough Ashlar!"

To my astonishment I heard it reply:

"Don't mention it, Rough Mason!"

Amazed and slightly annoyed, I returned:

"Ah! so you too can talk!"

"Yes," the Ashlar replied, "not only that, but I think before I speak." "It makes me sad to observe that Brothers such as you under-estimate me. They walk to and fro without giving me a sympathetic look or a friendly gesture. This angers me, although I realize that none of them has heard the story hidden behind my present apparent insignificance. As you see me today, I was not always. I was originally on the summit of a high mountain, and from its lofty heights I could see the sun in the morning and while you were still in darkness, I could enjoy the caress of its soft rays. I breathed fresh and pure air, and when the hurricane roared, and you were frightened, I laughed, and my enormous massiveness, stable and assured, stood out against the infinite blue of the horizon, outlining my rugged profile."

"In the winter, beautiful snowflakes, each of a different geometrical pattern, covered me presenting a white and pure appearance. When my brow had been crowned completely, I felt a certain pride in having received this offering from the heavens above. Later on, the flakes slid down my steep sides, as they were changed into transparent water, as the sun shed its rays in colorful rainbows."

"Only the great condors could ever reach my sublime heights, and it was an undescrivable sensation to see the valley lying at my feet like an immense green carpet embroidered with thousands of colored spangles, as if kneeling down before me, to pay homage to my splendor. The rivers, the flowers, the animals seemed to serve no other purpose than to supplement my own natural beauty. My pride blinded me to such a degree that I came to believe that I was inaccessible, unconquerable, eternal."

"How mistaken I was! One day the elements, as though to point out my delusions, loosed their fury on me, and hurled a thunderbolt at my head. Its light blinded me, and with the force of its impact, I was shattered into a thousand pieces! I tumbled into the abyss below, and as I spun around endlessly, it seemed, I became smaller and smaller, and still rolling and rolling I fell into the bottom of a gorge. I cried out in rage at my impotence, caused by those same elements which had defaced my proud appearance of former days."

"I remained there for a long time, along with some other unfortunate fellow stones, until I was carried away by men. Hope returned and I thought that I might be located in a place worthy of my former high rank and appearance."

"Perhaps I shall be a monument," I mused. Perhaps

I shall fall into the hands of a sculptor, by form will be transformed into a statue of Justice, that blindfold figure, or a hard and inflexible symbol of Reason. Perhaps I shall become part of a monument to the Motherland, and perpetuate by my presence, the honor and glory of my country. I should like to be carved into a laurel, crowning the forehead of some great patriot, or perhaps an integral part of a monument dedicated to Motherhood. In this, future generations could see, with my cooperation, the representative of the purest and greatest of all loved immortalized. With the greatest of happiness and satisfaction, I could wish to become the arms of that statue-mother embracing her stone child, her eyes gazing fondly at that small body, or the tears which a mother sheds only too frequently when she encounters the ingratitude of her thankless children."

"Thus I desired to continue being great in spirit and in essence, even if I could no longer be great in size. How many fallacies did I entertain! I dreamt of loftiness and greatness, but here I lie as rough and as ugly as I had been in the gorge, and so grotesque that I must inspire pity or even contempt. If nobody spits on me in passing, it is only because I do not have even the form for such purposes."

"Is there not an artificer who would be willing to transform me and give me a more meaningful life? My only purpose here seems to be to represent Masons in their rude and untutored state, that you may see your own vices, ignorance and imperfections in those of mine. I am now nothing more or less than an example of what should not be!"

"Even so, there are times when I am ashamed to be compared with, at least, some of you! You have seen me only for a short time, but I have seen so many of you come and go that I have lost count! I often ask

myself: 'Where are all those Masons who came and swore an oath under penalty (even if only symbolical!) to practice Brotherhood, Loyalty and to love this August Institution?' 'Where are all the Masons who were initiated here?' Useless to try to explain this, for I cannot know the answer. I know only that they left and did not return, but still they go walking around saying, 'I am a Master Mason!' This causes me a certain sadness and feeling of pity, not for the Masonic Fraternity itself, but for those who were incapable of seeing beyond their own noses, who, as the fools that they are, thought that Masonry was a sort of Vanity Fair and never made a sincere effort to seek the infinite beauty enclosed in Masonic Light and Truth."

"I have observed the apprentices for a long time now, and, as I believe that you are no different from the others, I want to offer you some advice. I have watched you while you read your essay, trembling with fear of disapproval, with your knees almost collapsing. I now ask you; 'Of what were you afraid? Are you afraid of yourself?' Ah! but when you heard the hoped-for applause of your Brethren, you returned to your place in the Lodge, reassured and full of pride. You became as arrogant as a peacock, and if you could see yourself as I saw you, you would realize that you are really only a poor person, almost bursting with satisfaction as a result of the congratulations showered on you. This is not what is desirable. Never allow your small successes to go to your head, for you can make the mistake of superior when the truth is that you are merely an insignificant apprentice. Be calm: analyze yourself; be discreet in your actions and humble in your assertions. Above all, be true to yourself in order that you may be true to others; and, above all, try to learn to know yourself."

“Practice what you preach. Be honest, kind, loyal and studious. Help your Brothers and your lodge, and do not be a theoretical Mason only or a Mason in name. Virtue, honour and loyalty cannot be achieved simply by reading the pages of your Lodge Monitor.”

Your Brothers congratulate you now in order that you will be encouraged to continue your work, and also because it is fitting and proper that your first imperfect works should be praised, not because they are worthy, but to stimulate you to continue searching, studying and improving yourself. You should understand that if you make sincere efforts you will grow better, day by day, and that, as time goes by, you are more and more required to surpass your previous efforts.”

“Have you noticed the great happiness that is given to a mother when her tender baby speaks his first word? Have not noticed how the mother rejoices and encourages the son of her blood and heart when he says, “By-by,” for the first time? With how much care and affection she treats the fruit of her most painful anxiety when he begins to develop.”

“Likewise, fancy the anxiety that it would cause your mother if, at your present age, you could say only “By-by.” I hope that you understand what I am trying to tell you. Try not to be conceited. Accept applause as stimulation for your own betterment. Listen carefully to what I say: do not hesitate, and never halt your progress when you have visualized the path which you believe you should follow.”

“The Masonic Fraternity is venerable, wide-spread and great for the reason that only selected men come and stay in it, and because mediocrity and slander are soon lost in the dark whirlpool of nothingness.”

“In conclusion, may I ask you a favour? Please do



not call me 'Rough Ashlar' again. I am an 'Ashlar in a Rough State,' which is not quite the same thing."

I was going to reply to the Ashlar but could not do so for the Master's gavel sounded the calling-on to labour. I remained silent, but kept reflecting on the infinite truth symbolized by the crude and misshapen "Ashlar in the Rough."