

The Square

Masonic Magazine



Meet our Worshipful Master

R.W. Bro. Peter Irwin



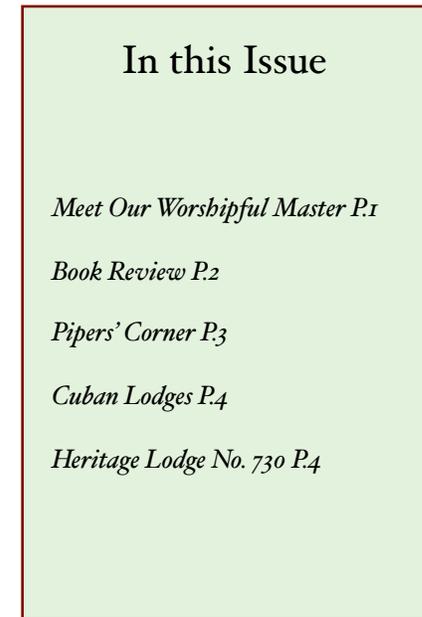
I was born in the exotic south end of Oshawa, on 30 July 1961 to Frank and Claire Irwin. I weighed 13 pounds, a fact that my mother reminds me of every time she sees me.

Before you feel too sorry for her, Mom was born in northern Ontario, with only her 14 year old sister Dorothy in at-

tendance. She was 14 pounds. No doctor, no anaesthetics. Aunt Dorothy was traumatized for life. Not to mention Grandma.

Dad was a native of Killala, Co. Mayo, Connaught, Ireland, a fact he denied his entire life. By the time he passed away in December 2000, he was a 48 year member of Cedar Lodge in Oshawa, the Immediate Past Master, and a frequent visitor to Kilwinning Lodge.

Our family has been involved with various armed forces (all branches in Canadian, British, South African and Indian armed forces) as long as there have been armies. Before the invention of armed forces, we probably hung from the trees by our tails and hit each other. More recently, my maternal grandfather Fred Kalar was a WWI veteran with the Canadian 13th Battalion Black Watch, and was



wounded several times. *cont. on next page*

KILWINNING NO. 565 OFFICERS 2008

W.M. - R.W. Bro. Peter Irwin
 I.P.M. - W. Bro. George Thelwell
 S.W. - Bro. Chris Mason
 J.W. - Bro. Chafik Murad
 D of C - R.W. Bro. Andrew McClelland
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 S.S. - Bro. Alex Thomson
 J.S. - Bro. Gord Goodfellow
 Tyler - W. Bro. Alex Munroe
 Historian - W. Bro. Glenn Dickson

My Great-Grandfather George was a veteran of the British Indian army and was a Regimental Sergeant - Major of both the Bengal Lancers and the 7th Ghurkha Rifles.

My father was a bit too young for WWII, and in fact was trained in demolitions under Churchill's Paladin Plan, where orphans were going to be set upon the Nazis if they overran Britain. After watching a dogfight between a Messerschmitt and a Spitfire over Dublin in which the German plane was shot down and the British plane crashed after running out of fuel during a "victory roll", he and his schoolmates went to visit the prisoners (Ireland was officially neutral, leaning to anti-British, and both pilots were arrested) and found the British pilot was his uncle. Soon thereafter, a jail wall mysteriously exploded and his uncle escaped. Dad wanted to go off to do his duty, so he "borrowed" a boat and rowed across the Irish Sea to Liverpool (at 13 years of age) and joined the Royal Marines as a commando. After a while he was kicked out when they discovered his age, so he signed on with the Merchant Marine fleet, and finished off the war on an oil tanker, because as he said, "they'd take anyone crazy enough to sign on a tanker during war time."

After graduating from the University of Toronto, Department of Electrical Engineering in 1984, I started a civilian career in the automotive industry working in Robotics and Control Systems, and a parallel military career in the Armed Forces reserve.

Another family tradition is Masonry: I am at least the 6th generation Freemason in a direct father - son line, belonging to Grand Lodges in Britain, British Military Lodges, India, Egypt, Ireland, South Africa, and even Canada. At Cedar Lodge I am a third generation member, as my father was sponsored there by my mother's Uncle, Bro. Joe Gibson.

I was initiated into Cedar Lodge 270 in Oshawa in January 1985. After moving to the USA (and commuting to lodge meetings in Oshawa from Detroit!), I continued working in the automotive industry, and at the same time worked on a Masters degree in Engineering in Michigan. After a few years there, I moved back to Canada to my everlasting financial detriment, and moved to the consulting industry in civilian life. I left the armed forces due to time constraints and the fact that I settled in Port Hope and my squadron moved to Borden, near Barrie.

By that time, having minutes and minutes of spare time each week, I began working on an MBA degree and met and married my wonderfully understanding wife Rachael, and forced her to type my thesis.

Once that degree was completed, I had a lot of time available, so I finished off the chairs in Cedar Lodge, becoming the Worshipful Master in 1995. For the next year or two, I

joined several appendant Masonic orders, as well as Kilwinning Lodge 565 in Toronto, and Heritage Lodge 730 - the research Lodge of our jurisdiction. I immersed myself in reading about our Craft and learning as much as I could about it, as the interest really took hold of me.

Working in consulting afforded me the opportunity to visit lodges all over North America, South America, and Asia, and the greeting I always received was so heart warming, that I wanted to immerse myself in the Craft, and give back in service some of the great fraternal benefits I had received. When a friend of mine, R. W. Bro. Barry Gyton suggested that a run at Grand Lodge was in order, I gave it a shot, and in 1999 the brethren of Ontario elected me as their Grand Senior Warden. As an interesting coincidence, the Grand Junior Warden that same year was R. W. Bro. William Bain, also of Kilwinning Lodge, so in 1999 - 2000 Kilwinning Lodge had the unique honour of having both the Grand Wardens as members. Some would suggest that, given the personalities involved, this was a somewhat dubious honour; but, Bill and I had a lot of fun, and spread a lot of cheer and fellowship during our tenure.

On the day after Grand Lodge ended, after my tenure as Grand Senior Warden, I made my way home to reacquaint myself with Rachael, and 9 months later our son George was born, making us both think that Grand Lodge membership should be marketed as the world's greatest prophylactic.

Commuting to Toronto as a daily grind for work continued to wear on me, aging me prematurely (I'm only 29, honest!), and my consulting company was changing strategic direction, so I decided to steer my career in another direction, and go back to my old employers. Since 2003, I have been employed at the Department of National Defence. I am currently splitting my time 2/3 in Trenton and 1/3 in Ottawa (believe me, it's better than commuting through Toronto!), where I am now working with the Special Operations Forces Command. I like to think of myself as a sort of "Q" from James Bond, but I have been accused of having a vivid imagination at times.

At about the same time, a "hole" in the chairs developed when several people had to unfortunately drop out of the Kilwinning Lodge officer progression, and I was offered a chair to fill. As I was a senior officer, and subsequently Worshipful Master of Heritage Lodge, the Grand Lodge Constitution prevented me from officially filling the Kilwinning Lodge positions, but I did my best to fulfill the duties required of the several offices, until I was elected as Worshipful Master of Kilwinning Lodge 565 on 21 December 2007, one of the highest honours and one of the biggest thrills of my life.

Aside from work, lodge and keeping up with our son, I enjoy wilderness canoeing and camping, skiing, designing electric car control systems, animal husbandry (we currently

live with 6 pets including a macaw, royal python, turtle, tortoise, and the requisite dog and cat; they range in size from 3 to 140 pounds, I'll let you guess which is which), and oh yes, and music (bagpipes are music).

I am honoured to serve Kilwinning Lodge with the current officers – all a great bunch of fellows – and after this year, I look forward to a long association with the lodge as a grumpy, old Past Master!

Thank you, brethren!



Pipers' Corner

By R. W. Bro. Peter Irwin
Pipe Major - Kilwinning No. 565



Dress and Department

In this latest instalment in our series of piping and drumming topics, it is about time to address the serious and oft-neglected topic of Scots tune names.

Back in the olden days, tunes (properly pronounced <choons>) were all named after favourite places. Examples include "The Old Rustic Bridge", "Green Hills of Tyrol", "The Dark Island" and of course "Scotland the Brave".

After a couple of millennia of song writing, the Scots ran out of place names. The world is, after all, only so big. So the composers of Scotland of Auld scratched their collective heads and said "hmmm, what can I call this new artistic creation???" Then one canny Scot realised that if he named his new tune after his wife, he'd have a unique name for the tune and maybe get a side benefit too! After all, what is more romantic than naming a tune after one's true love?

Thus came "Mrs. MacPherson of Inveraan", and "Bonny Mary of Argyll"

A new tune-naming trend was born.

In due time, many composers ran out of wives to name tunes after, so being faced with the same dilemma, they were forced to turn to naming tunes after their paramours, and of course it goes without saying that there were more side benefits to be had. Thus emerged the tunes "Jeannie Mauchline", "Lady Loudon", "Granny MacLeod", "Sleepy Maggie", "Three Girls of Portree" and "John Patterson's Mare". This trend came to an abrupt end when the wives found out about it, and the hunt for more subjects to name tunes after was on again.

After a little more massaging of Pipers' collective grey matter, more imaginative names began to emerge. They included the following:

- 🌸 descriptions of the finger movements: "The Conundrum", "Itchy Fingers";
- 🌸 lifestyle choices: "The Streaker", "Fairy Dance", "Gay Gordons", "Farewell to the Greeks";
- 🌸 musical preferences: "Burning of the Piper's Hut";
- 🌸 battles: "Siege of Delhi", "Battle of the Somme";
- 🌸 celebrations: "Highland Wedding";
- 🌸 defeats: "Murdo's Wedding";
- 🌸 mood swings: "Cameronian Rant", "The Merry Making", "Free and Easy", "Fingal's Weeping", "Mairi Celia's Frolics";
- 🌸 and even food: "I laid a Herring in Salt", "Paddy Maguinty's Goat". Out of desperation tunes were even named after other tunes such as the March "Piobaireachd of Donald Dubh" and finally letters of the alphabet picked at random "Caber Feidh gu Brath".

One can only conclude that tunes names will only be limited by the Scots' imagination, and that the Scots' imagination will only be limited by their existence!

Slainte!

R. W. Bro. Peter Irwin, P/M Kilwinning Lodge Pipe Band

P.S. All the tune names in this article are real, but the authors' names have been omitted to protect the guilty.

CUBAN LODGES

A Visit by George Thelwell

R.W. Bro. William Bain and I travelled to Varadero Cuba from January 10, 2008 to January 20, 2008. I had only ever taken the escorted bus tours. This time we rented a car and did some exploring. We stayed at the Corallio Resort about halfway along the peninsula.

After we had been at the resort for a few days, one of the bartenders found out that we were Masons. He was happy to find out, as he had been accepted as a candidate for a Lodge in his home town. We told him that we would be interested in seeing a Cuban Lodge Room and he introduced us to Luis, one of the gardeners at the resort. Luis was a member of a small Lodge in Matanzas, a town of about 500,000 approximately 50 kilometers from Varadero.

Luis guided us to Matanzas and took us to his Lodge. (The one pictured top left) This was the smallest Lodge room I have ever seen. We were shown around by the Master, Secretary and several other brethren who had been playing dominoes when we arrived.

I wasn't sure when we entered how one could actually do any work in this Lodge room because of its size, but I was assured that the 50 or so members managed quite well. There was no banquet room but the courtyard was where the members gathered to have a few drinks and light refreshments after lodge. These refreshments were provided by the members or the newly admitted candidates. There was a kitchen at one end of the courtyard and the washrooms. In the foreground of the picture at the right is the ante room and area for the Secretary and "domino players."

Their regalia is a little different as you can see from the floral border and the lack of tassels or buttons.

From this Lodge the Master took us to see another Lodge, Lodge Sol, just a few kilometers away. This was a much larger Lodge room and it was quite impressive. The first thing that I noticed when I entered this Lodge room was the steps. There are five steps to the S.W. chair and seven steps to the W.M. chair. These steps were made from marble and on the riser for each step was a word. Anyone who has ever had to memorize the S.W. lecture in the second would have had no trouble in identifying the five orders of architecture and the seven liberal arts and sciences. These steps would have made that lecture a piece of cake and would have truly added meaning to "The rest in the West." The most impressive part of this Lodge was the candidates preparation area. The candidate is placed in the area with a bunk and desk then told to write the predominant wish of his heart and why he wants to become a Mason. He is then lead past the adjoining room where he is prepared to be taken upstairs to the Lodge to be initiated. I can tell you that had I been given that start to the initiation, I'm not sure I would have continued. The desk holds a candle and a human skull and is illuminated by no more than a 10 watt bulb. The open grave is littered with human bones and the wall contains what look like 6 tombs.

When we returned to the resort, the other bartender, Alberto, had questioned whether we were Masons. He told us that he wasn't, but a friend of his was. He then invited us to his house to meet him and to share in a lobster dinner.

The next night we went to Cardenas, about 20 kilometers east of Varadero, and had dinner with Alberto Serrano, his family and Jose Luis Trujillo, a Past Master of Logia Masonica Cardenas. Jose, being a Past Master of a





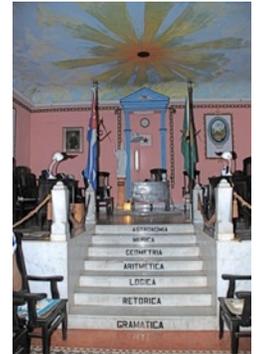
Lodge, was understandably concerned that we might be Cowans. I showed him my tattoo and we went through a board of trial. The board of trial was more difficult than it is here in Ontario, since neither Bill nor I speak Spanish and Jose spoke no English. We managed, however, to come to a meeting of minds through demonstration of some signs tokens and words that are, thankfully, universal.

After a terrific meal we went to visit his Lodge and it was a second floor lodge room with marble steps from the ground floor entrance. The room was spacious and it had the same lettering on the marble steps to the W.M. and S.W. chairs. The pictures on the walls were hand done frescos and done to perfection. Jose also showed us another building further south in Cardenas which was a concordant body.

I have seen similar artwork done as prints in some American Lodges and a few Canadian Lodges, but never done so large and painted by hand. Some brethren may recognize the similarities between the ceiling in Cardenas Lodge and that of the Annette Street temple that we call home.

The floor of this Lodge was fully tiled in black and white and from the east one looks past the altar then between two great pillars towards the W.M. chair. In Cardenas there is a space in the altar that would hold mortal remains. The Great Light, square and compasses are left on the altar. At the base of one of the pillars rest a perfect ashlar in the shape of a pyramid and at the base of the other, a set of wooden working tools. Masonry is alive indeed in Cuba and all of the brethren that we met were enthusiastic about their lodges and the place masonry held in their lives.

I had always thought that Masonry was practiced well here in Canada, but to visit lodges in other parts of the world certainly broadens ones horizons. Every Mason and applicant for Masonry we met greeted us warmly and offered whatever he could to make our visits enjoyable. There was a genuine warmth that transcended polite hospitality. Alberto ensured that we received exemplary service throughout our stay and went out of his way to provide an introduction to Luis. Luis not only guided us through his city and Lodges, but opened his home to us for coffee after our tour. Alberto provided us the opportunity to have a true Cuban feast of lobster with his family and friend. He left the room so that Jose could conduct a board of trial before dinner. Jose invited us to attend Lodge with him and his brethren and was genuinely disappointed when he was told we had to leave the day before his Lodge was meeting. If you get the chance, Visit Cuban Lodges and revel in the beauty and grandeur that is Masonry in Cuba.



HERITAGE LODGE NO. 730 G.R.C.

The Who, What, Where Why, When & How of Heritage Lodge
By W. Bro. Peter Irwin, I.P.M. of Heritage Lodge

Part Three - The Why



Why is a research lodge needed? This is an easy one! Just look at the reaction from the general populace as well as from members of the craft to the Dan Brown books including the "Da Vinci Code", and to movies such as "National Treasure". Our research lodge can build on the popularity and interest brought upon the craft by these movies and books. Luckily enough, these put a positive spin on Freemasonry, as opposed to movies such as the Jack-the-Ripper movie "From Hell" put out a couple of years ago which made the madman out to be a member of the craft. By the way, Jack the Ripper did leave "clues" at one time making himself out to be a Mason, but he also left clues making himself out to be a policeman, Member of the House of Commons, fireman, doctor, member of the House of Lords, etc. He was toying with the media and the police of the time, but the anti-Masonic element has latched onto the Masonic red-herrings. Our research

lodge has a duty to answer questions and concerns, and put our brethren back on the right track when misconceptions arise from adverse publicity.

As I stated as one of the goals of Heritage Lodge, we are here to promote Masons to take an active interest in Masonry. It is such a deep topic, that in our lifetimes we can only barely scratch the surface of what the craft really is. Exhaustive research by very dedicated individuals has been conducted to find out the origins of our craft. Beigent and Leigh have traced it back to ancient Nubia, before Solomon's Temple. Naudon has traced very definite connections from the pre-Christian Roman Empire corporations to present day Freemasonry. The later connections to the Knights Templar are widely known.

ST. ANDREWS 2007

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA , A.F & A.M.
IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO
TORONTO WEST



Grand Master
M.W. Bro. Allan J. Petrisor

Deputy Grand Master
R.W. Bro. Raymond S.J. Daniels

Grand Secretary
M.W. Bro. Terrence Shand



District Deputy Grand Master
R.W. Bro. Andres R. Penaflor

District Secretary
W. Bro. Philip Booker



Dear Brethren,

Thanks to R.W. Bro. Irwin and W. Bro. Thelwell for making this issue of "The Square" possible.

Bro. Alex Thomson

Contributors

- R.W. Bro. Peter Irwin
- W. Bro. George Thelwell
- Bro. Alex Thomson



HOW MUCH BLOOD DOES IT TAKE TO SAVE A LIFE?

Cancer treatment		(up to 8 units/week)
Coronary artery bypass		(1 to 5 units)
Auto accident/gunshot wounds	 x 5	(up to 50 units)
Liver transplant	 x 10	(up to 100 units)
Other organ transplants		(up to 10 units)
Brain surgery		(4 to 10 units)
Fractured hip/joint replacement		(2 to 5 units)

Source: America's Blood Centers