



**Kilwinning Lodge No. 565, G.R.C.
A.F. & A.M., Toronto District 1**



The Kilwinning Banner

Volume 1, Issue 3

"Will ye no' come back again, better lo'ed ye canna be, will ye no' come back again."

December 2001

Members Birthdays This Quarter

October

- 5th-Jeff Peters
- 11th-Trevor Charbonneau
- 17th-David Dick
- 23rd-John Mitchell
- 24th-Gordon Cowling
- 24th-Robert McKay
- 24th-Harry Rothenburger
- 30th-Arthur Harvey

November

- 6th-Rick Mowles
- 13th-Paul Johnstone
- 15th-George Rogers
- 16th-George Mitchell
- 24th-Alfredo Jordan

December

- 4th-George Gunn
- 14th-Ronald Cowper
- 22nd-Frank Steadman
- 28th-Charles Weeks

Happy Birthday to all members celebrating birthdays this quarter!

SPECIAL NOTE

I am still missing birth dates for the following brethren:

Robert Bill	Maynard Brown
Craig Carothers	Henry Clark
Robert Clint	Robert Crawford
Alvin Fagan	John Fradenburgh
Fred Gegenschatz	John Hawthorne
Donald Henderson	Fred Hermes
Donald Horsburgh	Russel Kayes
Stanley Kray	Brendan Larrabee
Russell Lunan	Frank MacInnis
James McDermid	Laurence Moore
Ian Muir	Daniel Renwick
Thomas Reilly	William Shipp
Philip Smith	William Stuart
William Yates	

If you are on this list, or know someone who is, please contact me by phone, e-mail or in writing so I can update our records and list these brethren's birthdays in future newsletters.

Membership E-mail Notice

Please note that there has been a major change for anyone that subscribes to Rogers@home Cable Internet Access. Due to the recent financial troubles with Excite, the company that provided the home page for Rogers and the E-mail accounts, Rogers has been forced to set up their own E-mail system. This means that anyone that is using this Cable Internet Access must change their e-mail address from xxxxxxx@home.com to xxxxxxx@rogers.com, including yours truly.

If you have anyone in your address book with the @home.com suffix, you should change this suffix to @rogers.com. You will likely get a notice from these parties anyway but you can safely change them as the @home.com suffix will no longer work as of November 30th.

Pontiac Visit in October

Well, for those of us who made the journey to visit Pontiac Lodge No. 21 in Michigan in October, we had a wonderful time. As usual, we were treated like Royalty from the time we arrived until the time of our departure. The Worshipful Master, officers and members of Pontiac Lodge went out of their way to make our visit a very special event.

On Friday, we arrived to a fantastic spread of food and libation in the Hospitality Room at the Hotel. Friday evening, we witnessed an American E.A. Degree followed by dinner at the Lodge Hall.

On Saturday afternoon, we exemplified a Canadian E.A. Degree then traveled over to the Grotto for a wonderful dinner of prime rib with all the fixin's, as part of an 18th Century Table Degree. On Sunday, we were treated to a huge breakfast at a local restaurant and received a warm and sincere "send-off". I look forward to 2003 when we can return the favour.

Life in Perspective

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but shorter tempers; wider freeways but, narrower viewpoints; we spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy it less. We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, but less solutions; more medicine, but less wellness. We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values; we talk too much, love too seldom and hate too often; we've learned how to make a living, but not a life; we've added years to life, but not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbour. We've conquered outer space, but not inner space; we've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul; we've split the atom, but not our prejudice. We have higher incomes, but lower morals; we've become long on quantity, but short on quality.

Submitted by e-mail.

Kilwinning Website Update

To say it has been frustrating would be an understatement. I am referring to the situation with our Kilwinning No 565 website. It's there...but it's not. Located, but not accessible. There are several reasons.

First, it took some time to get the original design converted to a format that I could use to post it on my Rogers web-space. Once this was done and after visiting the Grand Lodge website, I



"Kilwinning No. 565 goes live!"

realized that the Computer Resource Committee at Grand Lodge must now approve all websites being posted.

Don't get me wrong. This is a good thing. It will ensure that all District and individual lodge websites adhere to certain standards. It has, however, caused another slight delay until our approval is received.

The other hurdle is what I have eluded to at the beginning of this newsletter. The changes at Rogers have dictated that we now change our site

address, and while this is not a major problem, it does create another step in the process.

So, having said this, as soon as we have received approval from Grand Lodge and the Rogers situation has settled down, we should be up and running. I'm hoping it will be in time for Christmas so those who are getting new computers can surf on



World Wide Web...here we come!

A Christmas Poem

Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all alone, in a one bedroom house made of plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney with presents to give, and to see just who in this home did live.

I looked all about, a strange sight did I see, no tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.

No stocking by the mantle, just boots filled with sand, on the wall hung pictures of far away lands.

With medals and badges, awards of all kinds, a sobering though came through my mind.

For this house was different, it was dark and dreary,

I found the home of a soldier, once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping, silent and alone, curled up on the floor in this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle, the room in such disorder, not how I pictured a Canadian soldier.

Was this the hero of whom I'd just read? Curled up on a poncho, the floor for a bed? I realized the families that I saw this night, owed their lives to these soldiers who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world, the children would play, and grownups would celebrate a bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom each month of the year, because of the soldiers like the one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder how many lay alone, on a cold Christmas Eve in a land far from home.

This very thought brought a tear to my eye, I dropped to my knees and I started to cry.

The soldier awakened and I heard a rough voice, "Santa don't cry, this life is my choice."

...continued below

Poem (Con't)

"I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more, my life is my God, my Country, my Corps."

The soldier rolled over and drifted to sleep, I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours, so silent and still and we both shivered from the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave on that cold, dark night, This guardian of honour, so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice soft and

pure, whispered "Carry on Santa, it's Christmas Day and all is secure.

One look at my watch and I knew he was right, Merry Christmas my friend and to all a good night!

This poem was submitted to me by e-mail and was apparently written by a Canadian soldier stationed overseas. His wish was for as many people as possible to read this poem, to think about and give thanks to the many heroes, both living and dead, who sacrificed themselves for our freedom.

Submissions

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