








HUNTER'S PARADISE LODGE #85



DECEMBER 2019	
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<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; width: fit-content; margin: 0 auto;"> Hunters Paradise Lodge No. 85 P.O. Box 1545 Mesa, AZ 85211-1545 </div>	

Greetings from the East... Worshipful Master Mark Brown, PM

Brothers,
Greetings from the East. Brethren, I have included a fictional story that is sent to me each year by my friend and co-worker, Harry, when I lived in Kansas City. It is his

Christmas gift, taking us back to a simpler time, reflecting when he himself experienced a similar situation. With each reading, I reflect on our Masonic lessons which
(Mark Brown WM continues on page 2)

On the Level... By Gerry Massey PM, Senior Warden

Greetings from the West,
Brothers,
I know the holiday season is upon us and most of us will be getting pulled in a million different directions. I hope each of you enjoys this time with your family. The term "Happy Holidays" is a pet peeve of mine. If you are wishing someone well for a specific holiday, then say the name of that holiday! This year is a little unique as between December 22nd

and January 1st, we will be celebrating Hanukah, Kwanza, Festivus, Christmas, and New Years! So even I may be saying the dreaded "Happy Holidays" to everyone.
I hope each of your homes are filled with Love, Laughter and Memories that will last a lifetime.
Yours in the Faith,
Gerry Massey, PM
Senior Warden, HP85

Upcoming Activities

Watch for emails update from the Worshipful Master

Dec. 14th and 15th - Special Event - Salvation Army Bell Ringing - 10:00 am to 6:00 pm
Dec. 16th - 1st Degree night Dinner - 5:30 pm & Meeting - 6:30 pm
Dec. 23rd - NO STATED MEETING

Jan. 6th - Officer & Planning Mtg - 6:30 pm
Jan. 13th - 1st Degree night Dinner - 5:30 pm & Meeting - 6:30 pm
Jan. 20th - 3rd Degree Practice - 6:30 pm
Jan. 27th - January Stated Meeting Dinner - 5:30 pm & Meeting - 7:00 pm

Feb. 3rd - Officer Mtg - 6:30 pm
Feb. 10th - Practice night - 6:30 pm
Feb. 17th - 2nd Degree night Dinner - 5:30 pm & Meeting - 6:30 pm
Feb. 24th - February Stated Meeting Dinner - 5:30 pm & Meeting - 7:00 pm

(WM Brown's article continued)
I wish everyone the best for a joyous and happy holiday season.
teach us to practice Charity, with Relief being one of our principal tenants. Please accept this as my gift to you this year.

I wish everyone the best for a joyous and happy holiday season.

Fraternally yours,

I hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

Mark Brown
Worshipful Master

A LOAD OF FIREWOOD AT CHRISTMAS

The stock had been fed, the cows milked and we had eaten supper this night before Christmas.

Now Pa was dragging me out in the cold, and for no earthly reason that I could see.

We'd already done all the chores, and I couldn't think of anything else that needed doing, especially not on a night like this. But I knew Pa was not very patient at one dragging one's feet when he'd told them to do something, so I got up, put my boots back on and got my cap, coat and mittens.

Ma gave me a mysterious smile as I opened the door to leave the house. Something was up, but I didn't know what.

Outside, I became even more dismayed. There in front of the house was the work team, already hitched to the big sled. Whatever it was we were going to do wasn't going to be a short, quick, little job. I could tell. We never hitched up this sled unless we were going to haul a big load.

Pa was already up on the seat, reins in hand. I reluctantly climbed up beside him. The cold was already biting at me. I wasn't happy. When I was on, Pa pulled the sled around the house and stopped in front of the woodshed.

He got off and I followed. "I think we'll put on the high sideboards," he said. "Here, help me."

The high sideboards! It had been a bigger job than I wanted to do with just the low sideboards on, but whatever it was we were going to do would be a lot bigger with the high sideboards on. After we had exchanged the sideboards, Pa went into the woodshed and came out with an armload of wood -- the wood I'd spent all summer hauling down from the mountain, and then all Fall sawing into blocks and splitting. What was he doing?

Hunter's Paradise Lodge #85 - 2020 Officers (elected or appointed)

Worshipful Master

Mark L. Brown, PM
480-220-0209

Senior Warden

Gerry Massey, PM
623-229-0545

Junior Warden

Gary F. Dates, Jr.
520-568-6959

Treasurer

Leo R. Balthazor
602-740-5635

Secretary

George S. Mather, PM
480-254-5328

Senior Deacon

Bill Enloe PM
480-861-2440

Junior Deacon

Joe Newby
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Senior Steward

Jeff Klefstad
480-947-3054

Junior Steward

Trent Pittard
480-848-0337

Marshal

James Leppert
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Tyler

David Lowery, PM
602-237-0204

Chaplain

Brian Bednar
602-809-8359

Lodge Education Officer (L.E.O.)

Leo R. Balthazor
602-740-5635

Finally, I said something. "Pa," I asked, "what are you doing?"

"You been by the Widow Jensen's lately?" he asked.

The Widow Jensen lived about two miles down the road. Her husband had died a year or so before and left her with three children, the oldest being eight. Sure, I'd been by, but so what? "Yeah," I said. "Why?"

"I rode by just today," Pa said. "Little Jakey was out digging around in the woodpile trying to find a few chips. "They're out of wood, Matt!"

That was all he said and then he turned and went back into the woodshed for another armload of wood. I followed him. We loaded the sled so high that I began to wonder if the horses would be able to pull it.

Finally, Pa called a halt to our loading, then we went to the smokehouse and Pa took down a big ham and a side of bacon. He handed them to me and told me to put them in the sled and wait. When he returned, he was carrying a sack of flour over his right shoulder and a smaller sack of something in his left hand.

"What's in the little sack?" I asked.

"Shoes. They're out of shoes. Little Jakey just had gunny sacks wrapped around his feet when he was out in the woodpile this morning. I got the children a little candy too. It just wouldn't be Christmas without a little candy."

We rode the two miles to the Widow Jensen's pretty much in silence.

I tried to think through what Pa was doing. We didn't have much by worldly standards. Of course, we did have a big woodpile, though most of what was left now was still in the form of logs that I would have to saw into blocks and split before we could use it. We also had meat and flour, so we could spare that, but I knew we didn't have any money, so why was Pa buying them shoes and candy?

Really, why was he doing any of this!? The Widow Jensen had closer neighbors than us; it shouldn't have been our concern.

We came in from the blind side of the Jensen house and unloaded the wood as quietly as possible. Then we took the meat and flour and shoes to the door.

We knocked. The door opened a crack and a timid voice said, "Who is it?"

"Lucas Miles, Ma'am, and my son, Matt. Could we come in for a bit?"

The Widow Jensen opened the door to let us in.

She had a blanket wrapped around her shoulders. The children were wrapped in another and were sitting in front of the fireplace by a very small fire that hardly gave off any heat at all. She fumbled

with a match and finally lit the lamp.

"We brought you a few things, Ma'am," Pa said and set down the sack of flour. I put the meat on the table. Then Pa handed her the sack that had the shoes in it. She opened it hesitantly and took the shoes out one pair at a time.

There was a pair for her and one for each of the children -- sturdy shoes, the best; shoes that would last.

I watched her carefully. She bit her lower lip to keep it from trembling and then tears filled her eyes and started running down her cheeks.

She looked up at Pa like she wanted to say something, but it wouldn't come out. "We brought a load of wood too, Ma'am," Pa said.

He turned to me and said, "Matt, go bring in enough to last awhile. Let's get that fire up to size and heat this place up."

I wasn't the same person when I went back out to bring in the wood. I had a big lump in my throat, and as much as I hate to admit it, there were tears in my eyes too. In my mind I kept seeing those three kids huddled around the fireplace and their mother standing there with tears running down her cheeks with so much gratitude in her heart that she couldn't speak.

My heart swelled within me and a joy that I'd never known before filled my soul. I had given at Christmas many times before, but never when it had made so much difference. I could see we were literally saving the lives of these people.

I soon had the fire blazing and everyone's spirits soared. The kids started giggling when Pa handed them each a piece of candy and the Widow Jensen looked on with a smile that probably hadn't crossed her face for a long time.

She finally turned to us. "God bless you," she said. "I know the Lord has sent you. The children and I have been praying that he would send one of his angels to spare us."

In spite of myself, the lump returned to my throat and the tears welled up in my eyes again. I'd never thought of Pa in those exact terms before, but after the Widow Jensen mentioned it, I could see that it was probably true.

I was sure that a better man than Pa had never walked the earth. I started remembering all the times he had gone out of his way for Ma and me, and many others. The list seemed endless as I thought on it.

Pa insisted that everyone try on the shoes before we left. I was amazed when they all fit and I wondered how he had known what sizes to get. Then I guessed that if he was on an errand for the Lord that the Lord would make sure he got the right sizes.

Tears were running down the Widow Jensen's face again when we stood up to leave. Pa took each of the kids in his big arms and gave them a hug. They clung to him and didn't want us to go. I

could see that they missed their Pa, and I was glad that I still had mine.

At the door Pa turned to Widow Jensen and said, "The Mrs. wanted me to invite you and the children over for Christmas dinner tomorrow. The turkey will be more than the three of us can eat, and a man can get cantankerous if he has to eat turkey for too many meals. We'll be by to get you about eleven. It'll be nice to have some little ones around again. Matt, here, hasn't been little for quite a spell."

I was the youngest. My two brothers and two sisters had all married and had moved away. Widow Jensen nodded and said, "Thank you, Brother Miles. I don't have to say, 'May the Lord bless you,' I know for certain that He will."

Out on the sled I felt a warmth that came from deep within and I didn't even notice the cold.

When we had gone a ways, Pa turned to me and said, "Matt, I want you to know something. Your ma and me have been tucking a little money away here and there all year so we could buy that rifle for you for Christmas, but we didn't have quite enough. Then yesterday a man who owed me a little money from years back came by to make things square. Your ma and me were real excited, thinking that now we could get you that rifle, and I started into town this morning to do just that. But on the way I saw little Jakey out scratching in the woodpile with his feet wrapped in those gunny sacks and I knew what I had to do. Son, I spent the money for shoes and a little candy for those children. I hope you understand."

I understood, and my eyes became wet with tears again. I understood very well, and I was so glad Pa had done it. Now the rifle seemed very low on my list of priorities. Pa had given me a lot more. He had given me the look on the Widow Jensen's face and the radiant smiles of her three children.

For the rest of my life, whenever I saw any of the Jensen's, or split a block of wood, I remembered. And remembering brought back that same joy I felt riding home beside Pa that night. Pa had given me much more than a rifle that night, he had given me the best Christmas of my life.

Don't be too busy today...Share this inspiring message and the love of God this holiday season. Remember that you were once given the greatest Christmas gift of all many years ago in a small stable.

It's the gift that keeps giving.

Merry Christmas!!

Jack Darrell Fortson
Sheriff (Ret.)

Did You Know... Our website (HP85.org) has a link where you can pay your lodge dues online with your credit card. If you should need help with the process please contact our Treasurer, Leo Balthazor.
