

In the body of a lodge, just, perfect and regular.

Upon entering the Lodge every apprentice feels he has much to learn about the gathering of men he has joined. About the tenets and rules of the lodge, its ceremonies and procedures. He looks at the scene before him and wonders at the roles played by the officers and the responsibilities they carry. He sees other Brethren in white aprons who came before him and espies the backbone of the lodge, the Past Masters, as they subject him to their mild scrutiny. There are others that he will not remember seeing.

Neither can he see or know the apprehension in the mind of every officer as he discharges the duties of his post and plays his part in the ceremony, some with ease and confidence, some less so.

Just like him, most of the lodge are learning, few are perfect.

The configuration of the lodge room and its artifacts can be perfect.

Once occupied it becomes a room for improvement, a place where good men are made better, a place where all must ensure that the pursuit of the perfect does not become the enemy of the good. A place where he will be gently encouraged to develop and to involve himself in the business of the Lodge, be allowed to fly solo and learn from the experience, his failed efforts tolerated and his good intentions applauded.

Perfect!

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Prince Alfred Lodge No 1218 at Mossley