
TO LIGHT!



Bringing Masonic Education To Light

A Publication of the Grand Lodge AF & AM of Nebraska

Poem Month

Just a Little Lodge-Room

Just a quiet little lodge-room,
But a might force for good;
With its loyal band of members
Learning more of brotherhood;
Striving, stumbling, but progressing
Down a pathway toward the right;
Just a humble bunch of plain folks,
Reaching, seeking for the light,

Just a quiet little lodge-room,
How it stirs the heart and soul;
With the thrill of great endeavor
Toward a high and common goal;
With each pledge of faith and courage
To maintain the forward fight,
On the road that leads them onward
Even onward to the light.

George B Staff

The Little Lodge of Long Ago

The little Lodge of long ago-
It wasn't very much for show:
Men met above the village store,
And cotton more than satin wore,
And sometimes stumbled on a word,
But no one cared, or no one heard,
Then tin reflectors threw the light
Of Kerosene across the night
And down the highway served to call
The faithful to Masonic Hall.
It wasn't very much, I know,
The little Lodge of long ago.

I wasn't very much - and yet
And, if a handful or a host,
This made it great: There Masons met-
That always matters, matters most,
The beauty of the meeting hour
Is not a thing of robe or flow'r,
However beautiful they seem:
The greatest beauty is the gleam
Of sympathy in honest eyes.
A Lodge is not a thing of size,
It is a thing of Brotherhood,
And that alone can make it good!

But, men who meet in finer halls,
Forgive me if the mind recalls
With love, not laughter, doors of pine,
And smoky lamps that dimly shine,
Regalia tarnished, garments frayed,
Or cheaply bought or simply made,
And floors uncarpeted, and men
Whose grammar falters now and then-
For Craft, or Creed, or God Himself,
Is not a book upon a shelf:
They have a splendor that will touch
A Lodge that isn't very much.

Douglas Malloch