

My Masonic Membership Card

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I hold in my hand a little scrap of paper, 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches in size. It is of no intrinsic worth, not a bond, not a check or receipt for valuables, yet it is my most prized possession. It is my membership in a Masonic Lodge.

It tells me that I have entered into a spiritual kinship with my fellow Masons to practice charity in word and deed; to forgive and forget the faults of my brethren; to hush the tongues of scandal and innuendo; to care for the crippled, the hungry, and the sick, and to be fair and just to all mankind.

It tells me that no matter where I may travel in the world, I am welcome to visit a place where good fellowship prevails among brothers and friends.

It tells me that my loved ones, my home and my household are under the protection of every member of this great Fraternity, who have sworn to protect and defend mine, as I have sworn to protect and defend theirs.

It tells me that should I ever be overtaken by adversity or misfortune, through no fault of my own, the hands of every Mason on the face of the earth will be stretched forth to assist me in my necessities.

And finally it tells me that when my final exit from the stage of life has been made, there will be gathered around my lifeless body friends and brothers who will recall to mind my virtues, though they be but few, and will forget my faults, though they be many.

It tells me that and a great deal more, this little card, and makes me proud, yet humble, that I can possess this passport into a society of friends and brothers that are numbered in the millions.