

I am Freemasonry

By Ray V. Denslow

I was born in antiquity, in the ancient days when men first dreamed of God. I have been tried through the ages, and found true.

The Crossroads of the world bear the imprint of my feet, and the cathedrals of all nations mark the skill of my hands.

I strive for beauty and for symmetry.

In my heart is wisdom and strength and courage for those who ask.

Upon my alters is the Book of Holy Writ, and my prayers are to the One Omnipotent God.

My sons work and pray together, without rank or discord, in the public mart and in the inner chamber. By signs and symbols I teach the lessons of life and of death and the relationship of man with God and of man with man.

My arms are widespread to receive those of lawful age and good report who seek me of their own free will.

I accept them and teach them to use my tools in the building of men, and thereafter, find direction in their own quest for perfection so much desired and so difficult to attain.

I lift up the fallen and shelter the sick.

I hark to the orphan's cry, the widow's tears, the pain of the old and destitute.

I am not church, nor party, nor school, yet my sons bear a full share of responsibility to God, to country, to neighbor and themselves. They are freemen, tenacious of their liberties and alert to lurking danger.

At the end I commit them as each one undertakes the journey beyond the vale into the glory of everlasting life.

I ponder the sand within the glass and think how small is a single life in the eternal universe.

Always have I taught immortality, and even as I raise men from darkness into light, I am a way of life.

I am Freemasonry.