

A little Knight Templar news does you good

In future issues

- Appointments and Promotions
- The Draper's Tale
- A fresh look at the History of the Hospitallers and the Templars



E Kt Mark Bevan (pictured above) of Lord Swansea Preceptory



E Kt David Elsley (left) of Menevia Preceptory

And E Kt Andrew, Clark who is acting as EP of Gwent Preceptory.

Staying in touch

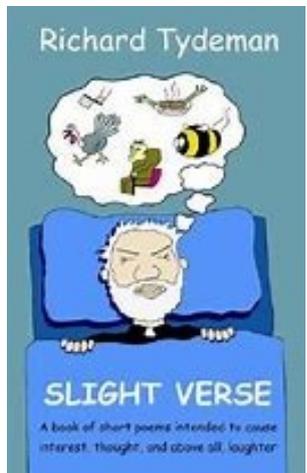
Dear Brother Knight

Since it has not been possible to hold any Installation meetings during the past 8 weeks many members will be called upon to stay in office for all—or part—of a second year.

It is one of the many ways in which the present restrictions have altered plans for all of us.

I would like to thank those Brother Knights who are being called upon to serve in this way.

The process has already begun and I am sure you would like to join me in congratulating the following Preceptors and their Officers whose intended meetings did not take place this month and who are therefore “soldiering on”.



A strong sense of humour was one of the many gifts granted to the late RE Kt Canon Richard Tydeman.

He wrote the following verse almost 30 years agoand it is still bringing a smile to the faces of Brother Knights to this very day.

I am grateful to our own RE Kt Dr Viv Thomas who kindly sent me a copy for publication in your newsletter.

I hope that you enjoy it.

Photo Caption

PROVINCIAL SUB-PRIORS' MESS



The other day, behind a secret panel in the wall
I came across a manuscript in medieval scrawl
Purporting to be written by a man who was alive
In England, Anno Domini Eleven Twenty-five.

I rescued it and managed to translate it - more or less,
So here it is : THE BALLAD OF THE FIRST SUB-PRIORS MESS.

The day the first Crusade broke out, my missus said to me
'You'd better go to Palestine and see what you can see'.
I didn't really want to go; it looked a bit to far;
But when the missus tells you, -well, you know what women are.

"I'll bring you back a brooch" I said, "or one of those enamels;
And p'raps you'd like a necklace, or a string of wooden camels?".
"When you get to Jerusalem you'll just behave" she answers,
"And keep away from fancy goods - and all those belly -dancers".

So dressed in pilgrim's cloak and hat, I took my staff and scrip.
And trotted down to Portsmouth, begged a passage on a ship
And sailed away in company of doughty knights and squires,
An Abbot and an Almoner and half a dozen friars,



And Lords of high nobility with coats of Arms
to show it
Who'd brought their horses with them,- and,
by golly, did we know it!
The ship was not exactly fast, but not bad for
a freighter;
We sailed on Thursday morning and arrived
just three years later.

We landed in the evening at the little port of Joppa.
From there I set off cheerfully - but quickly came a cropper;
I travelled with an Arab guide who ,said that it would pay us
To stay the night in lodgings that he knew of, near Emmaus.

We had a drink at bedtime, but next morning I felt funny,
The Arab boy had disappeared,- and so had all my money.
I had to travel on un-fed, my hunger was intense;
Financially I'd reached the stage of helpless indigence.

And then at last my fortune changed, for there, before my eyes
A great Crusader Castle stood, with gates of monstrous size.
I knocked. There came a mighty voice, and "Who comes here?" it roared. .
Then through the gate a guard appeared and poked me with his sword.

"Give me the Word" he loudly cried, as on my foot he trod.
He asked in vain, but in my pain I called upon my God.
And thereupon, to my surprise, the gates he opened wide
I must have said the proper thing, for now I was inside.

The knights within all welcomed me - I think they were intrigued
To see a pilgrim genuinely weary and fatigued.
They let me have some water and some rather tasteless bread;
That's all they had to offer at the moment so they said.

They dressed me in a tunic that came just below my knees,
With belt and spurs - and then a great big breastplate if you please,
A shield, a helmet and a sword. "Now go to war" they said,
"And don't come back for seven years, and mind you guard your head".

I only had to do three years; they let me off the rest.
And then they gave me wine to drink, to show I'd passed the test.

They put a mantle on me and said "Now you are a knight,
And just in time; the Saracens are spoiling for a fight".

The battle started off next day, and when the whistle blew
The Saracens had won the match by ninety-six to two.
Most of our men had perished, and so as far as I could see
The only two still living were the Em'nent Prior and me.

"Well, well," he said, "I reckon you deserve a medal, squire;
I do hereby promote you to the status of Sub-Prior."
To cut a lengthy story short; I kept that rank for life,
And after twenty-seven years I came home to the wife.

"You really took your time" she said, "But I shall not reproach
Let's see that string of camels and the necklace and the brooch".

At this a mist came over me. I said, "We've had a lot
Of trouble and, with one thing and another, I forgot."

She has a nasty temper and she made a frightful din
By throwing plates and dishes; then she seized a rolling-pin
And came at me; and ever since, as you can surely guess,
I've been in w'hat might well be called a real SUB-PRIOR'S MESS.

R_Em.Kt. Revd. Canon Richard Tydeman K.C.T. November 1991.



Time for Welsh Masonic Heritage ?



If you get tired of painting the house or mowing the lawn, here is an idea to put all this extra time to good use .

Temporary volunteers (working from home) are needed to help record and preserve for future generations a recently discovered mass of Welsh Masonic documents that have been found.

It is something that you could do in odd moments and it might well prove to be the perfect cure for “lockdown boredom”.

For more information please visit:

<http://www.wwmason.com/latest-news/unlawful-societies-act-1799/>

Another Masonic Secret disclosed

After lifting the lid last week on some of the secrets of a Masonic Organist, VE Kt Naunton Liles has sent me another revelation.

If you look carefully at this photo you will notice a white spot on the top of the organ.

That is how Masonic Organists get their refreshing mints when a meeting is underway—because as he pointed out :

generally no one is close enough to pass along a roll of those sweets made famous by Llantrisant.

