



**Internet Lodge 9659**  
**United Grand Lodge of England**  
**Province of East Lancashire**  
<http://internet.lodge.org.uk>

**Short Papers Competition 2007**

*The opinions reflected by the author are not necessarily those of Internet Lodge, The Province of East Lancashire or the United Grand Lodge of England.*

**Paper 47/2007**

**Title**

**A Masonic Tale**

**Author**

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*(Bombastic narration as of an old traditional story-teller; Bold= emphasis)*

My noble Lords.

This is the story of the Craft as I have heard it told nights in long forgotten inns on my long travels.

Many years have gone by since an Egyptian Pharaoh yielded to the entreaties of his humble subjects who worked hard to earn their living. They beseeched their King to allow them to do something to secure their children's' future after their own demise.

Wise Euclid undertook the task to find a way. He, who knew the mysteries of the most secret geometry, revealed them to the children in form of a Craft he called Masonry. **If they loved each other like brothers and kept its secrets, the Craft would never deceive them.**

Centuries later, the good King Athelstan brought the Craft to the British Isles and was so fond of it that he designated his only son to be its first patron.

In South Europe they say the Craft came from the East thanks to the officious Naymous Grecus. Alchemists and mathematicians consider him their forefather and know him as Marcus Graecus. **But I am telling you that he was the very one who organized the lodges of the Craft at the time of Charles Martel**, forbear of Charlemagne.

And later, when the Crusaders were fighting the Saracens in the Holy Land, Templars met Euclid's descendants there living in solitude. They brought them back to Europe and, together with the other adepts of the Art, **united them in a fraternity designating them to be free and belonging to no master.** The only obligation of the Free Masons was to practice their Art wherever they were called. And thus, the prominent cities were filled with wonderful temples, those that were called Gothic Cathedrals.

**But again the winds of time have brought waves of changes.** Mighty ones were now staring at the ruins of their past glory; renowned and important ones have been forgotten and drifted like stray dogs at night at some village square. And like on a theatre stage that opens again, new lords, new great ones, new countries and peoples shone in turn, before taking the final bow to return to the backstage of history.

**Our Craft alone remains constant.**

It is a vessel that goes from port to port and from era to era, offering freely to anyone drawing close whatever his heart desires. It is rumored that its accumulated riches are great, but due to an insoluble spell, a visitor can take only what is his actual quota. If he is disappointed, he must search within more thoroughly; he may have not been ready yet, not dared when he should have or even maybe the disappointing picture that scared him reflects his real self.

**The Craft will continue its course, always open to those who want to meet with it.**

My noble Lords, my story ends here. And if it seemed to you that not all my words were true please forgive me...When truth is incomplete, fantasy comes to the rescue.

**Suggested Bibliography**

"The Regius Poem" Published by the Masonic Book Club  
Gould R.F., "The Concise History of Freemasonry"  
Mackey A., "The History of Freemasonry"  
Icher Fr., "Building the Great Cathedrals"  
Craftson J.P., "The Ancient Masonic Manuscripts"

*Short papers are intended to be read aloud in lodge meetings as a form of Masonic Education.*

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