



Internet Lodge 9659
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Short Papers Competition 2007

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Paper 49/2007

Title

Singing in the First Degree

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Alas! Entered Apprentice...I am and I shall remain...

The darkness of unconscious, the coldness of matter shall encompass my existence forever.

For so long, I travelled in foreign lands until my journey led me before the derelict fences of that undiscovered country to behold the fragile weathered wooden winding stairs that I needed to climb... **To Pass...**(sighing)!

Only few Zealots ever dared before! To ascend the perilous steps of The Conscious is no ordinary task!

Seventeen years ago, I was initiated! I have been told **to seek** and **ask**.

Over the years, the rusty pellet of the first degree unraveled before me golden strings of ancient parables whispering tales about my Original Belonging, weeping over my blindfolded slavery tied with ropes of needs, drives and preconceptions of an **Earthly Fabric**, buoying me up to **sing for the FREEDOM of The Self** in me alias the **Junior Warden** from the domination of the **Id** alias **the Outer Guard** and the **Ego** alias the **Inner Guard**.

After due revelation, the tedious practice of opening and closing the Lodge slowly transcended into a vivid scene from the human drama with the **SELF** commanding the **EGO** to attend to **ALARMS** communicated by the **Id** at the outer door only to allow those sensations and pleasures that are worthy of entering the Temple of the Human Psyche...and much more.

Alas! I was but **normal**! My **Id** overwhelming, my **Ego** dominating, my **SELF-Superego** overshadowed...

I shall set a plumb line and herald the **SELF** in me **KING** of my dominion!

I shall use my working tools; the **Gavel**, an instrument of **power**, to cut my imperfections; the **Ruler** an instrument of **patience** and **ingenious management of Time**; the **Chisel** an instrument of **precision**.

When **Power** and **Patience** are operated with **Precision**, **Wisdom** shall emerge undoubtedly.

Now, the **FIRST** of three Officers guarding my Psyche, **The SELF** is awake...**Geometrizing** and **measuring** my psychological dimensions, craving for that time when duly qualified...**to pass**. (sighing)

That time, when my Mind will be **FREE** to hazard into a solitary climbing adventure, for the true recognition of the stewards who serve the Temple of the Conscious, finally to rest in the safety of the **Inner Chamber** guarded by the **SOUL** alias the Senior Warden, waiting that time when duly qualified to be **Raised**. Hereafter **SELF** and **SOUL** shall become **two Brothers** dwelling together in harmony.

And that Sublime Time shall come, when the two Brothers, tiresome of their earthly journey, shall jointly glimpse the breathtaking light of the **SPIRIT** oozing out from the East...and they shall surrender emulating the allegorical Death of their Flesh!

From the relics of **TWO**; **the Third Brother, the Son of Light** shall rise!

Hereafter when **TWO** or **THREE** are gathered in **HIS NAME**, **HE** will be in their midst forevermore...

Did you suffer such agony before you **passed**...? (*Anxiously hyperventilating*)

Come, my distressed brother! Let's hold hands and join the Masonic Chorus to sing for our own **FREEDOM** in the First Degree...

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