



**Internet Lodge 9659**  
**United Grand Lodge of England**  
**Province of East Lancashire**  
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## **Short Papers Competition 2007**

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**Paper 70/2007**

**Title**

**The Bloodline We Protect**

**Author**

**Bro William Hesch – United States of America**

Freemasons are indeed the guardians of an ancient bloodline. And yes, preserving that bloodline is a "conspiracy" to the extent of the word's Latin origin (meaning "to breath together.") At times we have conspired faithfully. At others, we have failed by insisting on material progress at the expense of human dignity. Nevertheless, the bloodline survives.

Whose bloodline? That of a righteous man whose perfect vessel (once upon a time) saved the planet. His name is Noah. Don't miss the point by thinking of mythology as imperfect history. All of our ancestors and all of our descendants simultaneously co-exist in the unifying context of the NOW. Genealogy, then, is a study of the Self across time, and by sharing this recognition of unity through fraternal intimacy, we recognize that our most ancient modes of recognition come from the heart and through the eyes. The others serve only as substitutes.

Why a bloodline? Studying the Self across time helps us understand how closely related we truly are. In fact, there are many Noahs (such as Charlemagne) on humanity's ebbing-and-flowing family tree. New patriarchs always emerge from disasters, as many legends of the Craft soberly remind us. No matter the victor, no matter the language or religion, Masonry's trowel unites men on fundamental principles during humanity's most trying hours.

The legend of the Craft dealt with Noah long before Hiram debuted in the 1700's. Medieval Masonic manuscripts relate that Noah's grandson Nimrod organized the first major building project after the Flood. The Jewish oral tradition tells us the Tower of Babel reached such a high point that building it higher became too dangerous. But the overseers pressed on. They became infuriated if a single stone fell, but mourned no deaths as many builders fell from the turrets. Labor had become joyless and purely mechanized. Providence withdrew from the undertaking as a collective spiritual illness disturbed the harmony of head, heart, and hands working together.

The falling of the Tower began the Masonic exile, transforming us from builders into wanderers. We were traumatized: having forgotten the language of the heart. We started building defensive walls because we feared additional trauma from other sons of the same God. The trauma disconnected mankind from nature and each other. Nagging memories persisted, and though separated, an affinity for "that religion in which all men agree" united the quiet efforts of the Royal Artisans for human progress that continue to this day among resonating hearts, whose *bloodflow* triumphs over *bloodlines* through the deep, honest, nourishing breath of the Master Mason.

When our opponents accuse us of conspiring to preserve an ancient bloodline, concede that they're right. Give them a free lesson in symbology. Discuss how extensive this "bloodline" is and how this "conspiracy" helps us recognize mankind as inter-connected cousins... some of whom have chosen to be brothers.

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