



Brethren,

Tomorrow marks a very important day in the history of New Zealand and Australia. ANZAC day is the only day in our calendar where friends and comrades from across the sea stand together in remembrance of a common cause – to remember those that have fought or served for our freedom.

Most Lodges around New Zealand will acknowledge those Masons that participated in the two world wars. Still today we have members that not only lived during the Second World War but also fought in subsequent conflicts, such as Korea and those that have served in the armed forces more recently. Our four Lodges are no different and each is permitted to commemorate this special event in their own way.

Unfortunately for 348, having its meeting on the first Monday of each month means that this date is rarely acknowledged. Very Worshipful Brother Grenfell's history of the Lodge, 'The Foundation Stone' references the decades of war in a great deal of detail and I am confident that all within the Province will find interest in reading these pages during this time of forced isolation. Interestingly it only references two pages to ANZAC Day: one being the year 1915 and the other in 2008. However, there is an additional reference in 2004 when the Master, Worshipful Brother Tim Bertram, "called off the Lodge and lead the brethren out to the foyer to mark the occasion in front of the brass plaques dedicated to the Brethren that served in the two World Wars.". In 2008, VW Bro Grenfell recalls an initiative proposed by himself "That the Lodge approve the engraving and erection of a brass honour plaque to commemorate the soldiers and sailors who were members of the Lodge during the Maori and Land Wars of the 19th Century, and that the Lodge officially commemorate its servicemen members who gave their lives and /or service in the wars of the 19th and 20th centuries in a short service either associated with Armistice Day or ANZAC Day each year, the day to be part of the Lodge meeting closest to those days."

Sadly, this has rarely been adhered to, however the Master in 2008 recited the poem 'For the Fallen' in its entirety and had copies distributed throughout the Lodge. A copy of this is reproduced below, as I have saved it on my computer since that time.

ANZAC REMEMBRANCE

For the Fallen

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables at home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon (1869-1943)

Each Lodge will have recorded notable brethren that served and I encourage each Lodge to ensure that these brethren are recognised for their service to our country and their freemasonry.

Two of note include W. Bro C. Heaphy and RW. Bro. H. De Burgh Adams.

W. Bro Charles Heaphy was Master of 348 in 1850. After which, he was unable to attend many meetings due to his role as the Gold Commissioner





for the Coromandel Goldfields and his explorations throughout the country. As an accomplished artist, his works are well-known, but it is service to the country during the Land Wars of the 1860 that he is most recognised. It was in 1864 as a Major of a detachment in the Te Awamutu district, he rescued a wounded soldier under intense fire that won him the first ever Victoria Cross awarded to a colonial soldier.



R. W. BRO. H. de BURGH ADAMS
1865 - 1869

Henry De Burgh Adams was Principal Purveyor to the Army when stationed in New Zealand and carried the rank of Major. Born in Canada in 1830, he took part in the Crimean War and was at Sebastopol.

His family moved to Ireland and he was a member of the Victoria Lodge No. IV, Dublin, having been registered a Master Mason in 1852. Coming to New Zealand in 1857 he affiliated to 348 and became Master in 1861.

On the formation of Provincial Grand Lodge of New Zealand, he was appointed Deputy Provincial Grand Master and on the resignation of Brother Cormack Patrick O'Rafferty, took over the ruling of Provincial Grand Lodge.

In 1865, our Lodge in New Plymouth was named in his honour. Although he was the only Freemason to have a Lodge named after him in his lifetime, he never visited the Lodge.



Today we recognise two flowers symbolic with the First World War and the time surrounding the Second World War.

The first is the Poppy – concomitant with the poem 'Flanders Field'.

Story of the Poppy

Unfortunately, because of the passage of time and the diminishing ranks of those who remember first-hand the horrors of war, our future generations may well forget the price we've had to pay to maintain our freedom and democratic way of life.

Consequently, I think it is appropriate to refresh the memory of those who can recall, and to enlighten those who were probably not aware, that you may pass on to the succeeding generation the significance of the Poppy, "The Ode" and Lest We Forget.

This moving story of the Poppy was reprinted in the British Legion Journal in November 1956.

A pencilled verse in a dugout sparked an idea which has grown into, a practical form of Remembrance that has no equal elsewhere in the world.

It was Colonel John McCrae, a well-known professor of medicine at the great Canadian University of McGill who first wrote of the Flanders Poppy as the "Flower of Remembrance".

Colonel McCrae served as a gunner in the South African War and at the outbreak of the Great War, his desire was to join the fighting ranks,



but the Powers that be decided that his great abilities should be used to more advantage, and so he landed in France with the first Canadian contingent as a Medical Officer.

At the second battle of Ypres in 1916 Colonel McCrae was in charge of a small first aid post. During a lull in the battle he wrote in pencil, on a page torn from his despatch book, these verses;

Flower of Remembrance

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
between the crosses. row on row,
that mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived. felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and we loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith us who die
We shall not sleep. though Poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.*

The verses were sent anonymously to PUNCH, who published them in next issue. printing them in the heavy type they only rarely use. The verses were published under the title "In Flanders' Fields".

In May 1918, Colonel McCrae was brought as a stretcher case to one of the big hospitals on the coast of France. On the third evening he was wheeled to the balcony from his room to look over the sea towards the cliffs of Dover. The verses were obviously in his mind, for he said to the Doctor who was in charge of his case;

"Tell them this; If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep".

An American lady, Miss Moina Michael, read the poem "In Flanders' Fields" and wrote a reply:

We Shall Keep The Faith

*Sleep sweet to rise anew;
We caught the torch you threw,
And holding high we kept
The faith with those who died.*

*We cherish too, the Poppy red
That grows on fields where valour led.
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flowers that bloom above the dead
In Flanders' Fields.*

*And now the torch and poppy red
Wear in honour of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught,
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders' Fields.*



The second flower is more masonic recognised Forget-Me-Not. In the years between World War 1 and World War 2 The blue 'Forget Me Not' emblem (Das Vergissmeinnicht) was a standard symbol used by most charitable organizations in Germany, with a very clear meaning: "Do not forget the poor and the destitute".

Many people depended on charity, some of which was Masonic. Distributing the forget-me-not at the Grand Lodge Communication was meant to remind German Brethren of the charitable activities of the Grand Lodge.



In early 1934, it became evident that Freemasonry was in danger. In that same year, the Grand Lodge of the Sun (one of the pre-war German Grand Lodges, located in Bayreuth) realising the grave dangers involved, adopted the little blue Forget Me Not flower as a substitute for the traditional square and compasses.

Freemasonry went undercover, and this delicate flower assumed its role as a symbol of Masonry surviving throughout the reign of darkness.

Finally, Brethren, a poem which epitomises the true spirit of ANZAC. Who wrote it or when it or when was first published I'm afraid I don't know, However, it certainly Captures the ANZAC spirit.

ANZAC DAY

*I saw a kid a marching with medals on his chest,
He marched alongside Diggers marching six abreast.
He knew that it was ANZAC DAY - he walked along with pride,
He did his best to keep in step with Diggers by his side*

*And when the march was over the kid was rather tired.
A Digger said, "whose medals son"? to which the kid replied:
"They belong to Daddy, but he did not come back,
He died up in New Guinea on a lonely jungle track".*

*The kid looked rather sad just then and a tear came to his eye,
The Digger said, "Don't cry, my son, and I will tell you why.
Your Daddy marched with us today - all the blooming way.
We Diggers know that he was there it's like that on ANZAC DAY"*

*The kid looked rather puzzled and didn't understand.
But the Digger went on talking and started to wave his hands,
"For this great land we live in, there's a price we have to pay,
And for this thing called freedom, the Diggers had to pay.*

*For we all love fun and merriment in this country where we live,
The price was that some soldier his precious life must give;
For you to go to school, my lad, and worship God at will,
Someone had to pay the price so the Diggers paid the bill.*

*There's some folk around today, my lad, who think it's all for free
Even though there's other countries close at hand on bended knee
They walk around with banners like kids with little toys.
While the enemy just waits around clapping his hands with joy.*

*They say it's not correct these days to stand up to the foe.
But the old-time religions knew where they had to go.
They took the bible with them and the padres led the way.
That's reason now, my son., the church is here to stay.*

*The Romans thought they couldn't fail but oh how great they fall
It can happen to all peoples, lad! However great or small,
Your Daddy died for us, my son - for all things good and true.
I wonder if you can understand the things, I've said to you.*

*The kid looked up at the Digger - just for a little while,
And with a changed expression, said, with a lovely smile,
"I know my Dad marched here today - this our ANZAC DAY,
I know he did - I know he did, all the blooming way.*

During this poignant time in our history I am humbled that many of our brethren have taken it upon themselves to phone many of our senior brethren and demonstrate a true act of kindness – to use their own time to see to the welfare of others. Many of these senior members would have served in the armed forces and lived through the Second World War and subsequent wars. They gave their time and, in some cases, the ultimate sacrifice, their lives. It behoves the rest of us to remember these brethren at least once a year and to say “thank you” – on ANZAC day.



Fraternal regards,

Andrew G McGregor
Provincial Grand Master