



Hempstead Masonic Lodge #749 AF & AM

Worshipful Master Kelly Cox Secretary John "Corky" Daut
Hempstead Masonic Lodge Was Chartered December 6, 1893

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In Memory Of Brother And Cousin Ted Wren - - *Corky*

My mom and dad both always felt especially close to her first cousin "Tookie" and her husband T.W. Wren Senior. My Dad and T.W. were good friends and Masonic brothers as were Ted Junior and I in later years. And, we were family. For that reason and due to the fact that he had so many Brothers in Masonry, I especially wanted to remember him in the newsletter for Hempstead Lodge where he and I were officers together. After thinking about what to say, I decided that I couldn't write anything better than what Ted's sister Linda, had written for Ted's children, to be passed out at the funeral service.

"We Called Him Daddy

Daddy was born in Houston, Texas and spent most of his growing up years there but his heart was always deep in the heart of Waller Co. where his roots are and where, today, will become his final resting place.

For him, for us, and for you - we need to write some things down today because there is more to this story than that he was born one day and died one day. This

may not be the last thing we can do for Daddy — but it seems like it right now.

He told us stories about his early growing-up days here - living on Becker Ranch - fun at his Aunt Thelma's and Uncle Sonny's house in Field's Store and at his Grandpa & Grandma Taylor's in Pine Island. His storytelling always made us laugh, but when a sympathetic 'aaaah' would have been more to his liking - he gave us *that* look.

When Daddy was just a little blonde-headed boy probably about 2 years old, World War II started and his daddy was drafted and had to leave Nanny and his two young sons and serve our country. Nanny was from Pine Island and she returned there with her little boys while pa pa was in the Navy.

When pa pa got out he went to work for his younger brother Ed, who owned and operated Wren Electric, the 1950-51 School Year found Daddy's family back in Houston. He was about 10 and had two little sisters who made him shareholder of Uncle Aubrey's "big brother"

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NATIONAL TREASURE

The movie "*National Treasure*", starring Nicolas Cage, opened in theaters across the nation on November 19, 2004.

Most of the movie is entirely fictional. There is no "National Treasure," as defined by the film, nor were Freemasons as a group ever involved in collecting and safeguarding valuable antiquities on behalf of all humanity. Nevertheless, Masonic principles and values are referenced many times in the film, and the audience receives a very favorable impression of the Craft.

It quickly rose to be the number one film for three weeks and has generated an extremely wide public awareness of Freemasonry. Most importantly, it por-

trays Masonry in a positive light and accents the significance of the Founding Fathers to our national identity. Many of these early patriots identified as Masons in the film, like George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, are well known. Only one reference is not correct. Early in the movie, Charles Carroll, identified as the last survivor of the 56 patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, is portrayed as a Freemason. Charles Carroll of Maryland was not a member of the fraternity. (Historically, it is believed the reason he was identified as a Mason is that he was present at the laying of the cornerstone of the B&O Railroad.)

The movie is rated PG because of "mild violence." It really is a family movie, and one all Masons should enjoy.

Brother Ted Wren (Continued From 1)

post. Returning to Houston was largely influenced by the opportunity for pa pa to better provide for his growing family.

When Daddy got out of the Army in 1962 - at age 21, an even larger influence from pa pa's opportunity began to have its effect in Daddy's life as he began "twisting wire" for a living and doing it in the same manner as pa pa. By trade he was an electrician - working for over 30 years through the IBEW local - but it was not unusual to see him at his welding machine or with any other kind of equipment or tools.

We're not sure - but we're thinking that another profound influence in Daddy's life was the stick horses that he and Uncle Aubrey made and road in the yaupon thickets and down the sandy cow trails at their Grandpa and Grandma's. Seriously, whatever the real influence was it caused a real and lasting passion. His love and appreciation of horses - his knowledge of them - his expert horsemanship - will be the mark of remembrance for anyone who knew Daddy well or knew him only slightly.

Our memory of Daddy will be no less marked by this passion that he shared with us and left with us and in us.

He should've been a cowboy — and he was. He should've learned to rope — and he did.

At age 26 Daddy married our mother - Annie Louise Crawford Abbott - on Nov 18, 1966 in Houston. Mama was from Huntsville and she was a cowgirl. She never told us she was. We just knew it. She made her fashion statement with Wranglers and Tony Lama boots and she knew horses and could ride as good as anybody. We knew - Mama's a cowgirl.

Mama and 'Ana' worked together - that's how she and Daddy met. With three young children from her first marriage, she gave Daddy a ready-made family. Cheryl, Debbie, and Wes were his children in those years — and in a very real sense they still are. We lost Mama in 1987. She died of cancer.

Our brother John Wesley was born in Daddy's marriage to Donna. Daddy and Donna divorced when John was little and we didn't get to have a close relationship with him after that. We thank our cousin Lindy for calling him about his Daddy.

In recent years a new interest developed for him that could have threatened his cowboy image - but it didn't. He loved bar-be-que cook-offs. His team won some trophies

so they must have been pretty good. He also loved bar-be-queing for fundraisers and charity events.

Daddy enjoyed his years of membership in the Waller and Hempstead Masonic Lodges where he is a Past Master of both.

And Oh, how he loved to fish and hunt. Deer and quail were his game years back. But the last couple of years hogs became his game of choice and hunting them with his good friends the Mellmans and fishing with Unc and Bud was something he really looked forward to. It kept him going and we're so glad he got to do the things he loved to do with his family and friends and we're especially glad that he got to do them even after his being diagnosed with the pulmonary fibrosis that took his life.

Daddy was born Nov 19, 1940 in Houston, Texas - the son of T.W. & Frankie Wren - the grandson of the late Frank & Mae Taylor and John & Clara Wren - the brother of Aubrey, Linda, and Sue, the brother-in-law of Barbara and of Mark.

He is the uncle of Brenda, Cindy, and Lindy; the great uncle of eight; and the cousin of many - we decided not to count them right now - but we know each one counted very much to him and he wanted us to know them.

He is the father of Trey, Jennifer, and John, the grandfather of Seth and Slade. The father-in-law of Candace and of Stan. From memories we'll share with Seth and Slade and any who come after them, they will remember their grandfather and be influenced by his life as we were. Daddy was preceded in death by his grandparents and his daddy - our pa pa — whose memory we cherish.

In those carefree summer days of stick-horses and no telling what else - he grew into his teens and there was Sally and Midnight - real horses to ride. There was swimming holes and fishing poles, and grasshoppers to swat and critters that were at his and Unc's mercy - and no telling what else.

There was also Vacation Bible School at Pine Island Baptist Church - and one summer - about age 14 - upon hearing the Gospel of Christ, *the power of God for the salvation of everyone who believes* - Daddy realized his need of a Savior and placed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and trusted Him to be his savior and Lord.

We can't describe what Daddy went through the last few weeks of his life and more agonizingly the last days. We only hope that when we're faced with any like trials - we can do it like he did. And we hope we can be to our children like Nanny was to him.

So Daddy, — Happy Trails to you, until we meet again”

From The Editor's Desk

Things were really beginning to look down for the Hempstead Lodge for awhile. During the past year we lost 8 Brothers. Jim Ferguson, Jim L. Faure, L. C. Eakin and Ted Wren Jr. passed away and we lost 4 brothers for non payment of dues. These loses had cut our membership back to 47.

But, I feel more optimistic now. It looks like the tide is turning. Recently we added Brothers Ed Locklear and James Brown to the roster, as plural members by Certificate of good Standing, bringing the membership back up to 49.

Another good man, I know is planning to transfer his membership to Hempstead from a Houston Lodge. Also, we currently have three Entered Apprentices on the rolls, two of them are actively studying, and one of them is almost ready to be passed to the Degree of Fellowcraft.

Now, if we could all start thinking about doing a little "recruiting", things may really begin moving again for Hempstead Lodge. Do you know a man who would be a good Mason? The Grand Master has said that if any Brother knows a good man who would be an asset to the fraternity, there is nothing wrong with talking to him about Masonry. You just can not ask him directly to join a Lodge.

Think about it, your best friend or a good neighbor may have wondered why he wasn't a good enough man or friend to be invited to join. How many times have we heard a new Mason say. "You know, I always wondered why no one ever ask me to join their Lodge."

Masonic Anniversaries

Bridges, Junior W.	2-01-71
Chamberland, Clarence	2-07-61
Clark, Harold Wayne	2-22-57
Smith, Lavohn H	2-28-58
Wallingford, George G.	2-15-47

Happy Birthdays

Crow, John E.	2-07-27
Hamner, T. Finley	2-07-21
Hester, Sidney Joe Jr.	2-28-53
Kluna, Robert Wayne	2-08-42
McWilliams, Robert L.	2-15-41

ARE YOU A REDNECK

I received the following from a friend in New Caney who has been emailing me all kind of goodies since she started reading my columns in the "East Montgomery County Observer" newspaper a few years back.

After reading it I figured if it describes rednecks there must be a whole bunch of rednecks who wear the Square and Compass, so I am reprinting it here.

Corky



"We have enjoyed the redneck jokes for years. It's time to take a reflective look at the core beliefs of a culture that values home, family, country and God.

If I had to stand before a dozen terrorists who threaten my life, I'd choose a half dozen or so rednecks to back me up.

Tire irons, squirrel guns and grit -- that's what rednecks are made of.

You to might be a redneck if. . .

It never occurred to you to be offended by the phrase, "One nation, under God. . ."

You've never protested about seeing the 10 Commandments posted in public places.

You say "Christmas" instead of "The Holidays."

You bow your head when someone prays.

You stand and place your hand over your heart when they play the National Anthem.

You treat Viet Nam vets with great respect, and always have.

You've never burned an American flag.

You know what you believe and you aren't afraid to say so, no matter who is listening.

You respect your elders and expect your kids to do the same.

You pull to the side and wait while a funeral passes by.

You tip your hat and say, "How y'all" when you meet a lady on the sidewalk.

You'd give your last dollar to a friend who needed it."

On The Sick List

John N. Daut Sr. - Still having back problems.
Ed Locklear - Still having back problems
Roy Shields - Many problems but still fighting
Brenda Harvey - Facing a shoulder surgery

An elderly couple who were childhood sweethearts had married and settled down in their old neighborhood and are celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They walk down the street to their old school. There, they hold hands as they find the old desk they had shared and where he had carved "I love you, Sally." On their way back home, a bag of money falls out of an armored car practically at their feet. She quickly picks it up, but they don't know what to do with it so they take it home. There, she counts the money, and it's fifty-thousand dollars.

The husband says, "We've got to give it back." She says, "Finders keepers." And she puts the money back in the bag and hides it up in their attic.

The next day, two FBI men are going door-to-door in the neighborhood looking for the money and show up at their home. They say, "Pardon me, but did either of you find any money that fell out of an armored car yesterday?"

She said, "No."

The husband says, "She's lying. She hid it up in the attic."

She says, "Don't believe him, he's getting senile."

But the agents sit the man down and begin to question him.

One says, "Tell us the story from the beginning." The old man says, "Well, when Sally and I were walking home from school yesterday..."

The FBI guy looks at his partner and says, "Let's get out of here."

*Don't Forget To Visit The
Newly Revised Hempstead
Lodge Web Site*

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