

# GRAND COMMANDERY OF ARIZONA

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Sir Knights,

The following article is excerpted from Templar Keynotes Nos. 1—6, prepared by the Committee on Ritualistic Matters of the Grand Commandery of PA under the authority of SK Errol V Hawksley, REGC. SK Hawksley is a former member of St. Andrew Commandery No. 17 in Sun City, AZ. It is offered here for you to use as an educational reading in your Commandery should the need arise.

In all Knightly Courtesy,  
Roderic Wagoner, Grand Commander

## Grandfather's Sword (Part 1 of 2)

There are many things which may attract our attention and make Templary a unique and worthy goal. These things may take many forms: an item, a symbol, a word, a principle, or even someone's action. Do you remember when you were first called to Templary?

As we look at the following story told by one Sir Knight, put yourself in the place of the teller. View the story through his eyes, and, as the adventure unfolds, in your own mind's eye, make these images your own. Let the experience also be your experience ... “

If I were to take a retrospective view of Freemasonry, I would have to journey back in the memory of time to those recesses of childhood many, many years ago and catch hold of my earliest images of that thing called Templary. The journey would take me up flights of stairs to a place which was forbidden to a child of four or five years. It would take me to a dark corner of an unlit and locked closet in the attic of my home, where grandfather kept some of his special things. Each Sunday, Grandfather would visit and officiate at dinner. He would occasionally visit his closet. Perhaps because it was forbidden, it was all the more interesting to know about. The aura of mystery made examining the contents of that closet all the more necessary. So began the venture ... “

The first opportunity provided just a glimpse, when one afternoon, the closet was open and I was able to peek past Grandpa to begin unraveling the mystery. Beyond the row of winter coats, back in the corner, leaning against the wall, was a package wrapped in newspaper and bound up by string. Having finished his business, the closet was locked and the secret was once more obscured.

I had to know the contents of whatever was wrapped in that newspaper. Perhaps this was to be a preview of future lessons, for are we not taught to ask, to seek the truth, that truth shall carry the victory? In my childish curiosity, I inquired what was kept in the closet. All I was told was it was 'Masonic.' That forbidden closet and its secret were locked away. As time went by, the key to the closet, which hung from a string at the top of the door frame, came within reach—with the help of a chair. One day, I can remember carefully making my way up to the attic, taking down the key, and anxiously opening the closet. I had entered the 'holy of holies' and that sanctum sanctorum was about to yield up the very secrets of Masonry. Carefully, I untied the string and opened the paper wrapping and, finding a leather case, unlatched it and drew from within a shining sword. The handle was a knight's head and upon the blade was a scene of charging knights on horseback. There were tents and a skull and crossed bones and fancy engraving, in the center of which was my grandfather's name. Just as carefully as I had opened it, I returned the sword to its case, wrapped it again in the newspaper and left everything as I had found it. The sword was, for me, a source of mystery and romantic adventure and, one day, I knew I would be a Knight Templar.