



Germania Lodge No. 46, F. & A. M.

4415 Bienville Street New Orleans, Louisiana 70119

NEWSLETTER



Klaus "Joe" Kueck P.M. editor - 504-737-6767

MARCH/APRIL/MAY - 2014

OUR CUSTODIAN "KENNY"

Looking back in our history I read that our first custodian was named Hildebrand, since then I know that my grandfather was custodian twice, my father once (our family lived there from 1955 to 1962), the Millers were sandwiched in between and more recently W. Tom Mixon and Bro. Clayton Money but out of all of them none gave the attention to our lodge that Kenny did. My father might disagree with me because he too loved the building and put many hours of labor into it but he also had a family, a job and a social life. For Kenny the lodge is his job, his social life, his home and we are his family. He is the mother hen of Germania Hall.

I'm sad to report that early in March Kenny was headed to the West Bank to visit his mother, on his bicycle, via the ferry and had one of his seizures, he made it to the railing to balance himself but instead went over the side where he plunged into the water and was there for 10 minutes before being pulled out by the captain. He was on life support at University Hospital for four days and we were notified a funeral was eminent but when he was disconnected he kept breathing! Everyone forgot how strong and determined he is. He has since responded to visits with thumbs up, smiles and he tries to talk. It was looking like a double miracle. First that he lived through it and 2nd that he might one day return to being the best custodian ever but... It is looking more and more like a long recovery; he has been moved to West Jefferson Hospital and will be recovering there.

Kenny became our custodian after Brother Clayton Money moved away in 2003, W. Bro. Ray Steele's year as Master. They are lifelong friends. He stayed at the lodge during Katrina and after four days waded out - he had to. No electricity and his food ran out all the while surrounded by fetid water. He literally waded from the lodge to high ground where he was finally able to evacuate to the West Bank. He saw some horrible sights along the way. This might have discouraged others from returning... but not Kenny. After returning, he stayed in the ruined apartment (upstairs) until FEMA got him a trailer which was parked next to the apartment and that became his home for about two years. We may still be under repairs if it wasn't for him. He did a lot of the work no one wanted to do. Cleaning, pressure washing, much of the trim work, painting and on and on. He also caulked and painted the entire building next door also known as The Bowling Alley or Allied Music. Kenny also loved to tend the bar and was recognized by everyone that ever came to Germania Hall. The neighbors of our lodge have expressed much distress at Kenny's accident.

His daughters are in town, as they have been since first notified, and they want him to move to Alexandria with them where they can take better care of him. This is where this reports ends for now until we hear further. Please keep Kenny and his family (his real family) in your thoughts and prayers. Miracles do happen; we've already been a witness to that.

In other relief matters W. Bro. Billy Ohler (1992) is in ICU at Oschner Kenner Regional. His repaired knee is causing a blood infection and it looks like he may have to go under the knife again. I visited him on 4/11 and he is in a lot of discomfort but extremely enjoys visits. His sister was there and told me how much he loved his lodge and his brothers there. If you are in Kenner please stop by and visit W. Bro. Bill.

kkueck

MASONIC BIRTHDAYS

Klaus "Joe" Kueck P.M.	03/13/1974 - 40 yrs.
Ted Kurz D.C.	03/26/1980 - 34 yrs.
Tom Mason	03/12/1986 - 28 yrs.
Bobby Barth P.M.	03/25/1992 - 24 yrs.
Bobby Brandstetter P.M.	03/10/1994 - 20 yrs.
Lynn Seymore P.M.	03/25/1998 - 16 yrs.
Wilson Revelle P.M.	03/16/2005 - 9 yrs.
Jeff Alloway	03/16/2005 - 9 yrs.
Louis Odenwald	03/11/2009 - 5 yr.
Ritchie Parker	03/11/2009 - 5 yr.
Matt Reid	03/27/2013 - 1 yr.
Joe Monaghan P.M.	04/28/1966 - 48 yrs.
Larry Sauer P.M.	04/08/1982 - 32 yrs.
Troy Tomlinson	04/14/1993 - 21 yrs.
Louis Robinson	04/23/1997 - 17 yrs.
Jerry Embree	04/26/2000 - 14 yrs.
Rob Barrios P.M.	04/03/2003 - 14 yrs.
Joe Rybczyk	04/01/2004 - 10 yrs.
David Brassieur	04/25/2007 - 07 yrs.
Aaron Ronskley	04/25/2007 - 07 yrs.
Eric Zollinger	04/17/2008 - 05 yrs.
Bill Axtman	04/22/2009 - 05 yrs.
Elie Dancour	04/22/2009 - 05 yrs.
Ken Bell	04/14/2010 - 05 yrs.
Jason Jankowski	04/25/2012 - 1 yr.
Adolfo Bello P.M.	5/10/1966 - 48 yrs.
Greg Kantak	5/06/1987 - 27 yrs.
Elmo Barnes P.M.	5/29/1992 - 22 yrs.
Michael Williams	5/25/2002 - 12 yrs.
Curtis Leon Rawlins	5/26/2004 - 10 yrs.
Chris Blanchard	5/11/2011 - 3 yrs.

TRESTLE BOARD

Wednesday, April 23 - Regular meeting, 7:30 p.m. -

Business meeting and balloting. Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.

Saturday, May 10 - Crawfish boil - noon till - \$12.00 per person.

Wednesday, May 14 - Regular meeting, 7:30 p.m. - Fellowcraft Degree. Refreshments at 6:30 p.m.

Sunday, May 18 - Multi Lodge picnic - Metairie Playground - noon till.

Wednesday, May 28 - Regular meeting - degree night - refreshments at 6:30 p.m.

W.M. Krasner said that we have received many petitions and for all to be ready to introduce these new men to our fraternity. Let's call it the "Degree Season"

I don't have to advertise the crawfish boil because I know that it will, as it always is, well attended but please note that is no longer the last Saturday in May. We moved it to May 10 because Bro. Robert Rapp has that date available and we all know what an excellent job he does, especially for his lodge, boiling dem bugs!

Something that has grown every year is the multi lodge picnic and you will get some of the finest bar-be-que anywhere along with some secret jambalaya recipes, deserts, games and great fellowship anywhere! HORSESHOES ANYONE?

We will be taking applications for lodge custodian. Of course we prefer a live in one who is there all the time but all options are on the table. Duties include grass cutting, cleaning, dusting and general handyman. If you are interested give W. M. Krasner or myself a call.

kkueck

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4415 Bienville Street New Orleans, Louisiana 70119

Chartered: April 18, 1844

web page www.germania46.org

Lodge Phone 504-482-4080

Meets: 2nd & 4th Wednesdays 7:30 P.M.

Worshipful Master

Dave Krasner

504-444-2682

Senior Warden

Zeke Lombard

504-393-0583

Junior Warden

Curtis "Bear" Rawlins

504-570-3805

Treasurer

Ken Bell

504-305-4866

Secretary

Mark Grouchy

504-669-3337

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New Orleans, LA 70119

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

EDUCATION... WELL, MAYBE

Despite never having adopted the metric system for day-to-day use, Americans are familiar with the basic units, like grams, kilograms, meters and such.

But when it comes to lesser known units we're clueless. To help the educational process along a bit ...

- * 1 millionth of a mouthwash = 1 microscope
- * Ratio of an igloo's circumference to its diameter = Eskimo Pi
- * 2,000 pounds of Chinese soup = Won ton
- * Time between slipping on a peel and smacking the pavement = 1 bananosecond
- * 16.5 feet in the Twilight Zone = 1 Rod Serling
- * Half of a large intestine = 1 semicolon
- * 1,000,000 aches = 1 megahurtz
- * Basic unit of laryngitis = 1 hoarsepower
- * Shortest distance between two jokes = 1 straightline
- * 453.6 graham crackers = 1 pound cake
- * 1 million-million microphones = 1 megaphone
- * 2 million bicycles = 2 megacycles
- * 2000 mockingbirds = 2 kilomockingbirds
- * 52 cards = 1 decacards
- * 1 kilogram of falling figs = 1 FigNewton
- * 1,000 milliliters of wet socks = 1 literhosen
- * 1 millionth of a fish = 1 microfiche
- * 10 rations = 1 decoration
- * 100 rations = 1 C-ration
- * 4 nickels = 2 paradigms
- * 2.4 statute miles of intravenous surgical tubing at Yale University Hospital = 1 IV League

This was sent in by W. Bro. Glen Cupit and I am very happy to report that his cancer is in remission, he is back at work and feeling good. He has had a few side effects from radiation but you wouldn't know it to look at him. He is fit and trim. We hope to see him soon at a function or meeting.

Sometimes I don't have a lot for the newsletter and don't get much help from the officers or members so I rely on old emails that I have received. If I like them I put them in a file for well... newsletters like this one. I found one from W. Brother Sidney Agnelly who died last year at 92 years young. He was one of my favorite Masons ever. He had a zest for life and a twinkle in his eye. This is one he sent me before he died.

\$5.37! - It could happen to any of us. This is so funny; I hope you enjoy it.

\$5.37! That's what the kid behind the counter at Taco Bell said to me. I dug into my pocket and pulled out some lint and two dimes and something that used to be a Jolly Rancher. Having already handed the kid a five-spot, I started to head back out to the truck to grab some change when the kid with the Elmo hairdo said the hardest thing anyone has ever said to me. He said, "It's OK. I'll just give you the senior citizen discount."

I turned to see who he was talking to and then heard the sound of change hitting the counter in front of me. "Only \$4.68" he said cheerfully.

I stood there stupefied. I am 56, not even 60 yet? A mere child! Senior citizen?

I took my burrito and walked out to the truck wondering what was wrong with Elmo. Was he blind? As I sat in the truck, my blood began to boil. Old? Me?

I'll show him, I thought. I opened the door and headed back inside. I strode to the counter, and there he was waiting with a smile. Before I could say a word, he held up something and jingled it in front of me, like I could be that easily distracted! What am I now? A toddler?

"Dude! Can't get too far without your car keys, eh?" I stared with utter disdain at the keys. I began to rationalize in my mind.

"Leaving keys behind hardly makes a man elderly! It could happen to anyone!" I turned and headed back to the truck. I slipped the key into the ignition, but it wouldn't turn. What now? I checked my keys and tried another. Still nothing.

That's when I noticed the purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror. I had no purple beads hanging from my rear view mirror.

Then, a few other objects came into focus. The car seat in the back seat. Happy Meal toys spread all over the floorboard. A partially eaten doughnut on the dashboard.

Faster than you can say ginkgo biloba, I flew out of the alien vehicle.

Moments later I was speeding out of the parking lot, relieved to finally be leaving this nightmarish stop in my life. That is when I felt it, deep in the bowels of my stomach: hunger! My stomach growled and churned, and I reached to grab my burrito, only it was nowhere to be found.

I swung the truck around, gathered my courage, and strode back into the restaurant one final time. There Elmo stood, draped in youth and black nail polish. All I could think was, "What is the world coming to?"

All I could say was, "Did I leave my food and drink in here"? At this point I was ready to ask a Boy Scout to help me back to my vehicle, and then go straight home and apply for Social Security benefits.

Elmo had no clue. I walked back out to the truck, and suddenly a young lad came up and tugged on my jeans to get my attention. He was holding up a drink and a bag. His mother explained, "I think you left this in my truck by mistake."

I took the food and drink from the little boy and sheepishly apologized. She offered these kind words: "It's OK. My grandfather does stuff like this all the time."

All of this is to explain how I got a ticket doing 85 in a 40. Yes, I was racing some punk kid in a Toyota Prius. And no, I told the officer, I'm not too old to be driving this fast.

As I walked in the front door, my wife met me halfway down the hall. I handed her a bag of cold food and a \$300 speeding ticket. I promptly sat in my rocking chair and covered up my legs with a blanket.

The good news was I had successfully found my way home..

kkueck