



Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Dedicated Members for Change

June 5, 2014

Dear Dedicated Members for Change,

Sarcasm, caricature, and irony are important parts of the American comedic tradition. And no one does sarcasm and irony better than PGM Rick Boyles. You might enjoy this journey down Sarcasm Lane. Below, Rick has created a fictional tale based on Lodge prototypes he has known.

Again, "Blake" and "Ev", below, are fictional characters having a fictional conversation. Or are they?

F - L - T

Dave Rosenberg
Deputy Grand Master

The Continued Adventures of Blake and Ev...

"Where are we?" I said to the other guy sitting with me, feeling a little lonely, waiting for other members to arrive. We sat in a pale walled room, at a large table, with folded tablecloths, and plastic flowers in the middle.

"You can't get there from here," the other guy, Ev, spit into a brass-plated spittoon, crossed himself three times, and grinned idiotically. Behind him glistened a plaque from the 1940s, announcing something important from that time long ago, long since forgotten.

The door slowly opened, and a very old man walked in, using a cane to brace himself as he made his way to our table. He acknowledged us as he pulled up a chair. "I made it here," He murmured, and we congratulated him on his arrival. Jim was a long-serving member.

"Did you hear the one about the fire at the circus?" I said, beside myself. The two other guys, nodded and chuckled, even though the punch-line never came, they had heard it many times.

The guy with the cane, lost his smile for a moment, and sadly said, "Did you hear about Doris?"

We shook our heads.



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"She broke her hip last week." We were silent for a moment. Doris was one of our other members.

"We need two more for a quorum," I remembered suddenly. "Maybe we will just have dinner."

We sat there quietly for a little while, talking sports and current events. Finally, after what seemed a long while, another old guy came in with a case of soda, and a couple six-packs of beer. Bob Smith was our oldest member and Vice Grand this year. It was his job to pick up the refreshments. A little laughter escaped our table, and we realized that legally we were still not a quorum, being only 4. I drank a beer and felt a little more relaxed.

"We need new members," I offered, and though Ev nodded, I could see a little apprehension in his eyes.

"We don't want no outsiders", he remarked, increasing the volume of his speech slightly.

"For God's sake, no more women," Bob S. said smiling. "And no one else with a touchy point of view."

Ev smiled. "That leaves almost everyone out," he said, and we laughed.

I pulled at my beer, and Bob, Jim and Ev pulled at the others. Pretty soon, the time came for our meeting, and we sat there in silence, waiting for a short time beyond the official beginning.

"Time to go", Jim remarked, and he retrieved his cane, and hobbled towards the door. "Maybe next time," he said, as he left our room.

The three of us, sat quietly for a couple more minutes, and almost in unison, we got up to leave. "Get the lights, will you?" Ev said as we made our way to the door.

I turned off the lights we locked the door, and went into the outside world. It was cold out and I could feel a little breeze blowing into my face as I faced into the path of humanity. Those outside knew nothing of our world, and I would be damned if I would be the one to share it with them. The lodge building from the outside looked a little tired, a trifle foreboding and just like us, old and alone.

More to come in the near future from the lodge buddies, "Blake and Ev" (who are quite similar to lodge members I have met) .

In Friendship, Love and Truth, Rick Boyles



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