

Calendar for 2008-2009 Scottish Rite Meetings and Dinners

ALL STATED MEETINGS ARE HELD THE THIRD MONDAY NIGHT OF EACH MONTH

September 15, 2008, Stated Meeting 7:00pm

October 20, 2008, Dinner 5:30pm, Stated Meeting and Feast of Tishri

November 17, 2008, Stated Meeting 7:00pm, recognize Veterans

December 6, 2008, St. Mary's & Scottish Rite Christmas Party 8:30am-10:30 am

December 15, 2008, Stated meeting 7:00pm, Election of Officers

January 10, 2009, Dinner 12:00 noon, Installation of Officers after dinner

Need a ride to the meetings?

*Contact Roger Baker to make arrangements
970-245-8441*

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Illustrious Brother Don Hobbs, 33° is Almoner for the Grand Junction Scottish Rite Bodies and may be contacted at:
970-243-9231

VISIT THE GRAND JUNCTION SCOTTISH RITE WEB SITE
READ DR. BING JOHNSON, 32° KCCH ORATIONS
<http://homepage.mac.com/gjaasr/AASR/Welcome/Welcome.htm>

October 20, 2008 Feast of Tishri
Swiss steak, vegetables, salad and dessert.
Mail reservations to:
Robert E. Hatton, 32°
Venerable Master
P. O. Box 1518
Gunnison, CO 81230
\$13.00 per person
Your check will be your reservation and must be received no later than October 10, 2008, in order to purchase the correct amount of food. Call Bob, 970-209-0600 if you have Questions.



GRAND JUNCTION
SCOTTISH RITE BODIES
PO BOX 3000
GRAND JUNCTION CO 81502-3000

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The "Sandy Kinsinger Memorial Class of 2008

Front Row L-R
Joe McEwen, 32°
William Marshall, 32° Orator,
Mark Crossley, 32°
Floyd Keller, 32°
Back Row L-R
Joe Kutzschebauch, 32°
Grady Nicholson, 32° President,
Jesse Martin 32° Secretary/Treasurer
Val Rupp, 32° Vice-President
Ben Williams, 32°
Robert Bryant, 32°

Front row center:
Ill, MW Ben M Crossno, 33° Orient
Personal Representative of the SGIG
in Colorado.





SCOTTISH RITE

NEWS OF COLORADO WEST



Bob Hatton 32° Venerable Master
Lodge of Perfection

Provided this inspiring story.

TRUE AND THOUGHT PROVOKING STORIES BOTH TRUE – WORTH READING

STORY NUMBER ONE

Many years ago, Al Capone virtually owned Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. He was notorious for enmeshing the windy city in everything from booze and prostitution to murder.

Capone had a lawyer nicknamed "Easy Eddie". He was Capone's lawyer for a good reason. Eddie was very good! In fact, Eddie's skill at legal maneuvering kept Big Al out of jail for a long time.

To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the money big, but Eddie got special dividends as well. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced-in mansion with live-in help and all of the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large that it filled an entire Chicago city block.

Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocities that went on around him. Eddie did have one soft spot, however. He had a son that he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object.

And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong. Eddie wanted his son to be a better man than he was.

Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things he couldn't give his son; he couldn't pass on a good name or a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Easy Eddie wanted to rectify wrongs he had done.

He decided he would go to the authorities and tell the truth about Al "Scarface" Capone, clean up his tarnished name, and offer his son some semblance of integrity. To do this, he would have to testify against The Mob, and he knew that the cost would be great.

So he testified.

Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street. But in his eyes, he had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer, at the greatest price he could ever pay. Police removed from his pockets a rosary, a crucifix, a religious medallion, and a poem clipped from a magazine.

The poem read

"The clock of life is wound but once, and no man has the power to tell just when the hands will stop, at late or early hour.

Now is the only time you own. Live, love, toil with a will.

Place no faith in time. For the clock may soon be still.

STORY NUMBER TWO

World War II produced many heroes. One such man was Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare. He was a fighter pilot assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington in the South Pacific.

One day his entire squadron was sent on a mission. After he was airborne, he looked at his fuel gauge and realized that someone had forgotten to top off his fuel tank. He would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and get back to his ship.

His flight leader told him to return to the carrier. Reluctantly, he dropped out of formation and headed back to the fleet.

As he was returning to the mother ship, he saw something that turned his blood cold; a squadron of Japanese aircraft was speeding its way toward the American fleet.

The American fighters were gone on a sortie, and the fleet was all but defenseless. He couldn't reach his squadron and bring them back in time to save the fleet. Nor could he warn the fleet of the approaching danger. There was only one thing he could do. He must somehow divert them from the fleet.

Laying aside all thoughts of personal safety, he dove into the formation of Japanese planes. Wing-mounted 50 caliber's blazed as he charged in, attacking one surprised enemy plane and then another. Butch wove in and out of the now broken formation and fired at as many planes as possible until all his ammunition was finally spent.

Undaunted, he continued the assault. He dove at the planes, trying to clip a wing or tail in hopes of damaging as many planes as possible, rendering them unfit to fly. Finally, the exasperated Japanese squadron took off in another direction.

Deeply relieved, Butch O'Hare and his tattered fighter limped back to the carrier.

Upon arrival, he reported in and related the event surrounding his return. The film from the gun-camera mounted on his plane told the tale. It showed the extent of Butch's daring attempt to protect his fleet. He had, in fact, destroyed five enemy aircraft.

This took place on February 20, 1942, and for that action, Butch became the Navy's first Ace of W.W.II, and the first Naval Aviator to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

A year later Butch was killed in aerial combat at the age of 29. His home town would not allow the memory of this WW II hero to fade, and today, O'Hare Airport in Chicago is named in tribute to the courage of this great man.

So, the next time you find yourself at O'Hare International, give some thought to visiting Butch's memorial displaying his statue and his Medal of Honor. It's located between Terminal 1 and 2.

So What do these two stories have to do with each other? Butch O'Hare was Easy Eddie's son