

For several years I have written this article from information found in the minutes of Las Palmas Lodge. My articles are now up to the time when I had my first contact with Las Palmas Lodge. Therefore, the remaining articles will talk about my personal experiences with Masonry and Las Palmas Lodge.

As a child my first memory about my father, Jack Frey, being a Mason was when I was about 10 years old. Our family attended a funeral for an elderly man who I called Grandpa Stephenson. While he was not a relative, I was close enough to him to call him Grandpa as I had no living grandfathers. As we walked into the funeral chapel, I noticed my father tying something around his waist. I asked him what it was and he said it was a Masonic Apron and since Grandpa Stephenson was having a Masonic funeral, it was appropriate for him to wear an apron.

We now come forward a decade to March 25, 1967, the day before Easter. My father had gone to Ft. Washington to play golf and I was working on my new Olds 442 at a friend's father's gas station. It was here when our neighbor, Bill Hastie, drove into the gas station and asked for me. He informed me that I had better go home immediately. I did only to find out that my father had died on the golf course.

Claude Lisle came over that afternoon to start making arrangements and asked my mom for my dad's Masonic Apron. My mom knew exactly where it was and gave it to Claude. The next day, I was away from our home and on returning my mother told me that two men from the Lodge came by to offer their condolences and ask if there was anything that they could do for us. Two days later Sam Pavlovich and Charlie Dart performed my father's funeral. That was my introduction to Masonry and Las Palmas Lodge.

[Return to From the Archives Index Page](#)

[Return to LPP Home Page](#)

