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FOREWORD

Freemasonry, *sincerely* entered into, is a search for light. Any knowledgeable Mason can tell you this. Yet, beneath the surface of this search for light, there is much more. This truth is seldom realized by the Masonic candidate. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of Masonic seekers are never aware that there *is* anything more available to them in Masonry, beyond what they see and hear in their Blue Lodge experience. Quite naturally, they settle for that.

Yet the very richness of meaning in the word "light" should tell us that in the light they seek there should be truth — answers to deep questions. There should come revelations of the meaning of life, death and eternal things.

Very few Masons realize this and press on through the degrees and offices of Masonry and the writings of the Masonic philosophers in an unending search for enlightenment — for intellectual and spiritual fulfillment.

Only a small number make that extra commitment that goes far beyond social and business motivations. They continue to work, study, seek and learn, climbing the mountain of Masonic knowledge, searching for that light in all its fullness.

Jim Shaw was such a man. He was not satisfied with social fulfillment or surface knowledge; he sensed the deeper, true meaning of that promised light and he sought it with all his heart, mind and strength. His ardent quest carried him through all the chairs of leadership in the Blue Lodge and the Scottish Rite, all the way to the House of the Temple in Washington, D.C. to the "Thirty-Third and Last Degree" and the position of Sovereign Grand Inspector General, Knight Commander of the House of the Temple of Solomon. There, at the top of the Masonic mountain, he broke through the clouds at last and found the full revelation, the true meaning of light and life. This is his story. Come and make that pilgrimage to Truth with him.

Tom C. McKenney
Marion, Kentucky

ON MY OWN

My mother married for the second time when I was two years old. I was, of course, too young to understand that my father had deserted us when I was only a few months old. I have never seen him.

As time passed, my stepfather developed a growing dislike for me that I accepted as normal, having no knowledge or experience against which to judge life. He really loved my mother, I think, in his own imperfect way. But his resentment of me created problems for her almost from the start.

My Christian grandmother was a beloved and powerful influence in my life. She loved me. Our mutual love and her obvious dislike of my stepfather contributed to his ever-increasing hatred and rejection of me.

However my origin, my grandmother and our love for one another impacted on my problems at home, these took a giant leap for the worse with the birth of my little half-sister. It was only natural that my stepfather would favor her, which he definitely and obviously did. If there was anything remaining of our father-son relationship, it vanished with her coming.

After my little sister, three boys were born. With the coming of each one, my stepfather's life was increasingly fulfilled with his own babies. Simultaneously, I grew older, losing any "little boy" advantage with which I may have begun our relationship. I just became, obviously and completely, an unwanted, adolescent ugly duckling, an entirely unwelcome complication in his home.