



THE CARPENTARIA NEWS

The official bulletin of the District Grand Lodge of Carpentaria

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Brethren

I wish you a prosperous 2026 and hope you enjoyed a happy time with your families over our break. Most lodges have degree work in the new year, helping to build the numbers in the district. The brethren who wish to become D.G.L. team members, please fill out the paperwork so the team can be announced

The NQ Installation was an excellent one and was well represented by Carpentaria.

Thank you to all brethren who are helping with the sale of Art Union tickets.

Please enjoy the rest of your break, and we will all catch up as the year progresses.

Regards

R.W Dave Scott

D.G.M.

Not much is happening at this time of the year, so I thought that you may enjoy a couple of poems.

What then is poetry? It is said that Poetry is an art form using rhythmic and aesthetic language to evoke emotions, ideas, or stories, differing from ordinary prose through its condensed, often musical qualities, focusing on sound, imagery, and structure like lines and stanzas to create deeper meaning beyond literal sense, using devices like metaphor, rhyme, and meter. It's a craft ("poiesis") * that explores perspectives and feelings, existing in many forms from structured sonnets to free verse.

*Poiesis is the process of the emergence of something that did not previously exist.

It is a fact that we lose a brother far too frequently to the great Lodge above. I did, in fact, lose my true brother, and his daughter, my niece, penned this. I think it says a lot about how we all have to handle the death of a loved one.

My Dad, by Sharon Whitecross

Please don't stand today and weep

I don't spend my days in sleep,

Nor did I leave you alone to pray

I am still here, not too far away

For I've found my heaven as I hoped I would

And it's still right here, just where a father should.

Because now that I really have finally expired

I'm no longer too weak, nor too tired

My hands don't ache and I'm able to hear

Without a hearing aid, stuffed in each ear!

I can visit my loved ones, I can see you each day,

As I'm still around, just in a different way.

I no longer need my old glasses to see

And I don't get up every hour to pee!

My legs are strong, my knees are set,
And I'm happy to say, in the best shape I can get.
I can ditch the walking stick, I don't need to lean
My senses are strong and my wit's still keen
So I want you to know that I'm still very near
I'm with you each day because my heaven's right here.
So don't look up to the sky and wonder
I'm not in an urn, nor 6 feet under
But I'm right by your side or along for each ride
I'm watching you as always, with love and with pride.
So please don't feel too lonely or sad
For I'm still here, I'm still your dad
It may not be in the way you can see
But believe, me I still carry your heart with me,
And even though I'm not in your view
My heart is still full of my love for you
So, have some laughs and enjoy my last shout
I haven't left you, I'm still hanging about!

By the time you read this, Australia Day will have come and gone, but the following poem says it all.

Australia Day poem written by Warren Dakin

January 26, 2012

Australians are a funny lot, you'll often hear one curse,
How things have started badly, and they'll probably get worse,
The weathers dry, the sun's so hot it's stolen all the water,
The Government has never done the things we think they oughta'.

But if we hear a tourist say his home is much more grand,
They had better be prepared to make a very solid stand.
For although we Aussies may complain at what's become our lot,
When someone knocks this country, we defend with all we've got.

When the cricket bats are swinging or when someone scores a try,
When a home grown horse has won the cup and made the owner cry,
When some paralympic athlete hits the front and sets the pace,
You'll hear "Aussie Aussie Aussie" as the crowd goes off their face.

And although we like to take a break in overseas locations,
 If you take the time to question this nomadic population,
 They will tell you without blinking that wherever they may roam,
 The best part of the journey was the last bit,coming home.

If you venture to the outback where grass is scarce as snow,
 As you swelter you may wonder what it was that made you go,
 But just look at the locals who have lived there since their birth,
 And I know you will not find a better class of folk on earth.

All across this wide brown country from the Cape to Hobart town,
 There are people who will help you when you find the chips are down,
 And if someone should abuse you, and does it just because,
 Then that person's not Australian, and that person never was.

So when you feel disgruntled, just remember this rendition,
 And never blame the country for the acts of politicians,
 Look up and count your blessings when you see our flag unfurled,
 And be grateful that you live in the best country in the world.

The table below is correct as far as I know. If there is a discrepancy, please advise me ED

LODGE	DATE	TIME	WHERE	WORK
Carpentaria District	28 March	10 am	Gordonvale	Quarterly Communication
B of GP	11 Feb	4:30 pm	Freshwater	
Bentley Park	14 Feb	2:00 pm	Edmonton	
Endeavour	21 Feb	1:00 pm	TBA	
Freshwater	20 Feb	7:00 pm	Freshwater	Initiation
Gregory Allan	16 Feb	7:30 pm	Freshwater	
Carpentaria	5 Feb	7;00 pm	Freshwater	
Pyramid Highleigh	4 Feb	7:30 pm	Gordonvale	
Herberton Corrie	7 Feb	1:30 pm	Herberton	
Johnson River Her	3 Feb	7:30 pm	Innisfail	
Granite	14 th Feb	10:30	Atherton	
Port Douglas Moss	12 Feb	7:00 pm	Mossman	
Ravenshoe	20 Feb	6:00 pm	Ravenshoe	
Tully Tyson	4 Feb	7 :00 pm	Tully	Ballot
Trinity Daylight	2 Feb	9:30 am	Whitfield	
Milla	10 Feb	7:00 pm	Yungaburra	
Barrine	14 Feb	3:00 pm	Yungaburra	