



MOTHERS ARE IMPORTANT

Mothers are important especially to young Honored Queens. They are needed to calm you down when nerves try to intervene.

Mothers always seem to be there when you need a few words of cheer, or they're always around at voting time to dry away a tear.

Mothers are always in the kitchen when baking the cake you forgot, or helping with the dishes when there seems to be a lot.

Mothers are always sitting proud on the sidelines watching your first meeting, or helping you with memory work for official visit and greeting.

Mothers are always there for you when you forget your cape and crown, and drive all the way back home from Burnaby without even a frown.

Mothers need to be appreciated especially at home when they're having a bad time. So tell your mother you appreciate her, I know I appreciate mine!

*Past Honored Queen
Carolyn Kennedy
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JOB'S EDITOR

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JOB'S DAUGHTERS

A PARENTS VIEWPOINT

Pat Whalley, Jobie Mum. Bethel #63

Our family was first introduced to the Job's Daughters organization eight years ago, when our twin daughters, then age twelve, came home from school with some promotional literature. There had been a presentation in the school that day by several adults from the local Job's Daughter group. Having lived in England until several years previously, we had never heard of "Jobies", as England does not acknowledge the organization.

The Masonic Lodges in England had always been surrounded in mystery, and although my husband's family and my own both had several Masons, neither of us knew much about Masonry. So it was with a little reluctance that we filled in the application forms and agreed that our girls join the Bethel. The first meeting I attended was our Daughter's initiation, and although I was bemused by the rituals, I was very impressed by the memory work done by the young girls. However,

I could not see my own daughters being able to sit still and act with such decorum throughout the meetings. The behaviour of the girls changed dramatically once out of the Bethel room, and it was apparent that this, indeed, was just an average group of noisy, boisterous girls.

One of our daughters became bored and lost interest, but the other girl found her niche in the Bethel, and very soon we had been swept up into the busy life of Jobie parents. We found a tremendous group of hard working people supporting the girls by driving, baking, washing dishes, cooking at pancake breakfasts, washing cars and hosting sleepovers. Most of these people had daughters of their own involved with the Bethel, but several had stayed on to help long after their own girls had turned twenty and had to leave the group.

As my own daughter worked her way through the various positions in the Bethel, I was amazed to watch my shy little girl quite determindly master whatever memory work her station in the Bethel required. It has been a pleasure, over the past eight years, to watch these awkward, giggly teenagers evolve into beautiful, mature young ladies. It is also very interesting to watch girls, who's ages range from eleven years to twenty, enjoying one another's company. When they are having a sleepover or other fun event, it is difficult to differentiate between the various age groups, as they seem to have so much fun together.

Every time a new girl joins the group, her parents are warmly welcomed, and it is good to see how many of the newer parents enjoy the organization and are willing to devote

so much time to the girls. But perhaps the girls who most need Jobies, are the ones who's parents are not willing to participate, due to heavy work load, other young children at home, or just disinterest. These girls will find willing adults to lend a hand by giving rides, helping with projects or maybe just giving a much-needed hug.

Many of the adults who were involved before our family joined the group are still very actively involved, and are usually to be seen washing dishes, frying sausages and pancakes, pouring coffee or working on Bethel account books. The most usual place for a Jobie parent is behind the wheel of a car, so if you ever notice a car filled with noisy laughing girls, and the driver has a bewildered, vacant look on his face, be kind to him. He is most likely a Jobie Dad!!! His car radio will have been cranked up to the loudest volume, and the girls will be yelling to each other, over the noise. There is usually much complaining during the work parties that Jobie parents attend, about all the other things we could be doing with our time. So, how come we keep coming back for more? Because we love it, of course!



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He Did Not Sin

There was a man whose name was Job,
He lived in the land of Uz,
A very pious man he was.
He did not sin.

He had possessions great and strong,
Among the best; his family.
Seven sons and three daughters to give him love
A group to teach the fear of God,
This he did regularly.
He did not sin.

Feasting and pleasure was their lives,
Until Job, one day met the Adversary.
A test of faith was to be,
He did not sin.

The Adversary struck Job with disaster,
All the wealth was taken away,
The pride of Job; his family,
This too, the Evil One did fray.
He did not sin.

Job looked for help, but none was given,
He remained faithful, and steadfast too.
He prayed for answers, but all God gave him
were three friends, what good to do?
He did not sin.

The friends said nothing for they had pity,
Job wondered out loud what God had done
He did not sin.

Finally Job was called upon,
To take the sword into his hand.
He kept his faith,
Won the battle,
AND...
He did not sin.

Written and submitted by
Andrea Senff, Marshall
Bethel #52, Langley.



This poem was written and submitted by an interested and committed Jobie from Bethel #52, who thought it would be a nice thing to share with the other Masonic Bodies... and I agree.

Andrea says that '... it is a lesson to all, that whatever happens, don't loose your faith, because that is what will keep you going'.

Andrea also adds, 'As a Job's Daughter, I am proud of the things we represent, and the story of Job is a lesson in life, "to be handed down from generation to generation".'

Bro. David E. Varcoe
Job's Editor.

calm

① Overheard in Washington, D.C.: "I'm getting so accustomed to being tense that when I'm calm I get nervous."
—Bill Gold

candor

② We all want our friends to tell us of our bad qualities; it is only the particular ass that does so that we can't tolerate.
—William James

③ The value of the average conversation could be enormously improved by the constant use of four simple words: "I do not know."
—André Maurois

④ I don't like yes men. I want you to tell me what you really think—even if it costs you your job.
—Sam Goldwyn