

TRIBUTE TO FATHER

Our Order teaches many beautiful lessons honoring womanhood and we realize our important duty to our mothers, but we, as young men, also need to recognize the other bond of Filial Love that shapes our growing years, the bond of a son with his father.

Now, my brothers, we dedicate this altar to our fathers, men who desire to guide and mold their sons so as to emulate or make better their manhood years.

It has been said that a son is the best assurance of immortality, and it has also been said that a father wants to leave the best part of himself to someone else, his son. To be able to take the son by the hand when he is little; lead him out into the spring to show him the glories of God, the wonders of nature; to hear his confidences when he is older; to guide the way he will go. To be able to point with pride and say, "See this boy? This boy's my son!" This is passing on a part of himself - his claim to immortality.

Growing up in a confused world, we often find it difficult to really communicate with our fathers. He doesn't seem to understand us, our society, our speech, our fads, our needs, and our desires. We think he and his society wrong and unable to help us with our big problems. But, how foolish we are not to recognize the help our father is. It is this man, our Dad, who is seeking to help us face our problems, as did Dad Land when he saw a young boy groping for the guiding hand of a father. What our Order teaches, our fathers may teach us also.

My Brothers, you received the Crown of Youth in the East the station symbolic of the start of the day, or the human life, emblematic of that dark night on which you were born. The journey you take as a wearer of the Crown of Youth is one that your father has taken already. Now, as your father, he is trying to leave his most valuable gift, the best part of himself, to you - the knowledge of the lessons he received as a wearer of that same crown.

Your journey began with your entrance into this world. Your first impressions were those of your parents. It was their love you first felt. It was your father who worked long and hard so that you, his son, might have the opportunities he never had a symbol of his love to be repeated own.

It was your father who sat down with you, took a penny out of his pocket and gave it to you to look at. There, stamped above the head of Lincoln, he pointed out the words, "In God We Trust", explaining to you the importance of a commitment to live and work in harmony with God. It was your father who helped you form your own spiritual beliefs and the courage to live them every day.

As you grew and entered school, he taught you the importance of being a gentleman. That to be a real man, you must show courtesy to your parents, all women, toward your friends, toward the stranger, and toward all with whom you come in contact.

It was also your father who was never happier than when he was your pal. It was he who told you that to be a friend means to be tried and true and that no man, young or old, can enjoy a higher honor than to be valued as a friend and trusted as a brother.

He too pointed the way, saying that the best man is he “whose word is as good as his bond” and by his actions, you have seen that it is the man who can be absolutely relied upon to fulfill his promises, who enjoys the esteem and confidence of his fellow man.

He stands by your side as you wage the struggle of all young men that of keeping your body free from all the dissipations which degrade your manhood. By his example you have seen that there is more to cleanness than a clean body and that the mark of a true man is cleanness of thought, word, and deed.

He too has sought to prepare you to accept and carry out the responsibilities of the citizenship that awaits you. It was your father who fought to preserve this right for you. May you too know the meaning of loyalty as your father has endeavored to teach you to be faithful under all circumstances.

Soon your journey will come to an end and your filial bonds will lessen. You, too, some day will be a father and then, to your mind will come the words that have served as a guide for your father.

“If we work upon marble, it will perish.
If we work upon brass, time will efface it.
If we erect temples, they will crumble to dust.
But, if we work upon immortal souls,
if we imbue them with principles,
with a just fear of the Creator,
of Love of his fellow man,
we engrave upon these tablets something that will brighten
all eternity.”

We have no tokens for you to take home as a symbol of your father’s love. This altar is token enough. As you stand before it, you should recall the vows you took to become a member of our Order.

This is the best token you could possibly give to your father, to show him your love and appreciation to strive so as to live worthy of the vows you have taken upon yourself promises to put into practice what your father has endeavored to teach you.

But, when you go home tonight, take a moment, go to your father and show him your appreciation for all the love and care he has given you. Take his hand firmly in yours and say:

Thanks, Dad, for all the help you have given me
Help me further to be a better man

Light my way as best you can.
May I, with your help, and the lessons of DeMolay
Grow up to be worthy of your name.
For when I was but a child of three
You Held me up so I could see the world
Your world of tall building and all
Made mine seem small
Of football, baseball, and toy trucks,
But time quickly slips
Through outstretched fingertips
And soon, your world was mine.
But who drew the line?
How soon moves the time!