



*M.W. Bro. Allan Petrisor outside the home of John Knox on the Royal Mile.*

famous picture of Burns in the same room, one of our group remarked in awe and wonder “That is the room we were just in.” A pint in a local pub on the Royal Mile rounded out the visit.

Later, after a bit of shopping on the High Street, we repaired to Deacon Brodie’s Tavern where I introduced the group to a peculiar Scottish delicacy – Cullin Skink. Sounds terrible, but it is merely a cream soup whose main ingredient is smoked Haddock. The boys were in raptures about it, enough to say, we had to go to the same pub the next day to have it again.

Tuesday was the day of our first Masonic visitation. But to start the day it was off to Newhaven where I showed the gang the home in which I was born; the school I attended and the pier where I played as a boy. Then a short walk to Leith to visit the Royal Yacht Britannia. It was a very interesting experience that we really enjoyed.

We again went to Edinburgh’s High Street for our second dose of Skink before taking an underground tour of Mary King’s Close, a part of Edinburgh’s underground city. This was followed by a tour of St. Giles Cathedral, home of the Church of Scotland. We then stood on the Castle Esplanade for a picture. No time left to visit inside the Castle.

Later in the evening we had a drink in the Edinburgh Masonic Club, had fish and chips at a local restaurant and it was off to Lodge Scotia Regia No. 1345. This was my brother’s Mother Lodge before he went off to England to live. We were very warmly received and after the Lodge concluded its business, our group pro-

ceeded to exemplify certain portions of the three Ontario Craft Degrees. This was followed by the General Charge from the Ceremony of Installation, most admirably delivered by W.Bro. Peter Scarr. The method of registering appreciation in Scotland is by stamping the feet rapidly on the floor. Peter in particular was thoroughly “stamped” upon.

Wednesday we went in mid-morning to Roslyn Chapel, just outside Edinburgh. In Edinburgh you can purchase an all-day, unlimited travel, ticket on the local buses for the small sum of £2.50. The Chapel is in the late stages of its renovations and, because of some bad publicity it received after the release of the Da Vinci Code, no photography is now allowed inside. We did, however, partake in a couple of interesting events. The first was a short ten-minute prayer meeting led by a lay minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church, the denomination that now holds regular services in the Chapel. The second was our guide, a lady, who probably knew more about freemasonry than most masons I know and who pointed out various Masonic symbolism to us, including depictions of the fist and third degrees. Yes! She knew all about them. After our visit, we took a short walk into the town where we had a very nice lunch in a local hotel. Included in our group was Mrs. Mary Petrisor, an extremely nice lady.

On Wednesday evening we were off to visit Lodge Roman Eagle CLX. One interesting note on this Lodge. For the first four years of its existence, its ritual was performed in Latin. The meeting was to celebrate the 225th anniversary of the Lodge’s founding. It was a rededication ceremony conducted by a number of Officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Edinburgh, led by Provincial Grand Master Maurice E. Wilson MBE. Immediately on entering the Lodge Rooms I was introduced to the R.W.M. Bro. Roderick Henretty. Bro. Henretty’s uncle was my journeyman when I served my six-year apprenticeship in the typesetting industry. Quite a co-incidence.

Thursday was a full and interesting day. At 2:00 p.m., we attended the Quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. Our PGM had the honour of sitting to the right of the Immediate Past Grand Master of Scotland during the ceremonies. We met both the Grand Master of Scotland, Bro. Charles Iain Robert Wolrige of Esslemont, and the Grand Master of Greece, Bro. Dimitrios Kontesis. At 4:00 p.m. we went a short walk to Hill Street to the Lodge Rooms of the Lodge

of Edinburgh (Mary’s Chapel) No. 1. There we attended the meeting of Robert Moray Lodge No. 1641. This is a Lodge of research and instruction. It does no work. There we heard a paper on Sir Robert Moray. We then adjourned to The New Club of Edinburgh where we had a very nice dinner. Made all the more beautiful with a full view of Edinburgh Castle from the dining room.

A couple of members of Sir Robert Moray then invited us to join them for a drink in the Royal Scots Club, a military club just north of Princes Street which boasts a magnificent dining facility as well as 25 bedrooms. We had a drink and had a look around the beautiful building. Then a few of our group went out to a local club for some live entertainment. The older ones (David and I went home to bed).

Friday saw a change of pace. We vacated our apartment in Edinburgh. Our PGM went back to England with his wife Mary. John Little returned by bus to his home in Paisley. Three of our group; Bros. Scarr, Mainprize and Cobanov took a train to London for a short visit to relatives and friends, while David Lyle and I took a train ride to Glenrothes, Fife to stay with my family cousin Wallace and his wife Pat. The London group made a visit to the Grand Lodge of England building while in London. The first day, David and I visited the town of Falkland in Fife, which is the home of one of Mary Queen of Scots’ palaces. We had a lovely lunch in a restaurant whose building dates from the 1600s.

The second day we went back into Edinburgh by train to have lunch with my wife’s 94-year-old Uncle Steve. Senior citizens in Scotland get free bus travel and highly subsidized train travel. The round-trip train fare to Edinburgh was a huge £1 each for my cousin and his wife. The next day we went first to Lower Largo in Fife to see the home of Alexander Selkirk, on whose life the novel Robinson Crusoe was based. From there it was on to the fishing village of Anstruther, home to some of my ancestors. We had a nice cup of tea in the fisheries museum before heading to the famous university town of St. Andrew’s.

Monday saw David and I head out by train to Glasgow via Edinburgh. This time I checked into a hotel near the centre of Glasgow. David left his suitcase in the room and then took a train to visit some cousins in Larkhall, near Motherwell.

I met a friend in the morning named Ian Elliott. Ian had been the Deacon Convener or head of the Trades House in