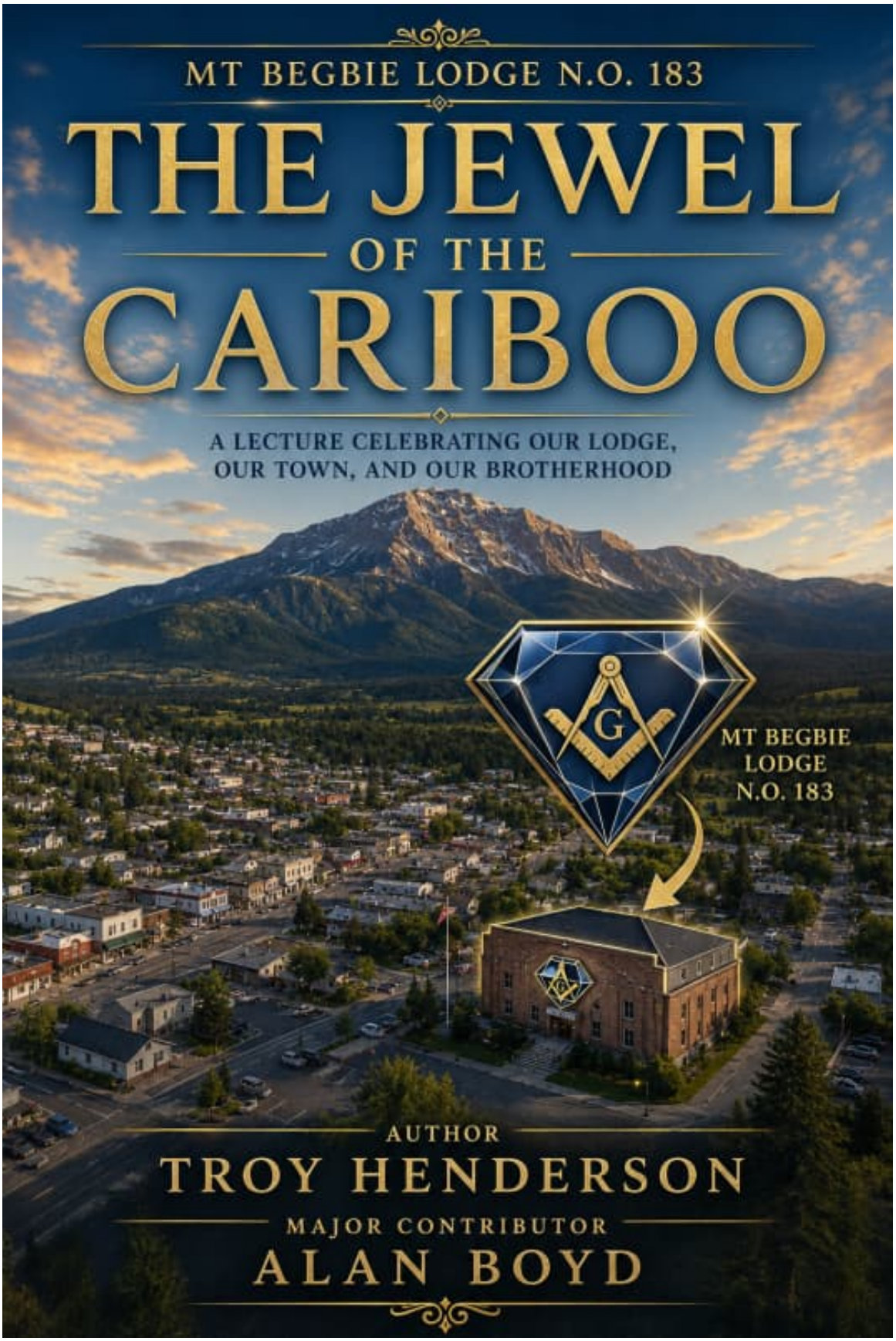

MT BEGBIE LODGE N.O. 183
THE JEWEL
OF THE
CARIBOO
A LECTURE CELEBRATING OUR LODGE,
OUR TOWN, AND OUR BROTHERHOOD
G
MT BEGBIE
LODGE
N.O. 183
AUTHOR
TROY HENDERSON
MAJOR CONTRIBUTOR
ALAN BOYD

THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO

A History of Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183

Prepared by

W. Bro. Troy Henderson

Major Historical Contributor

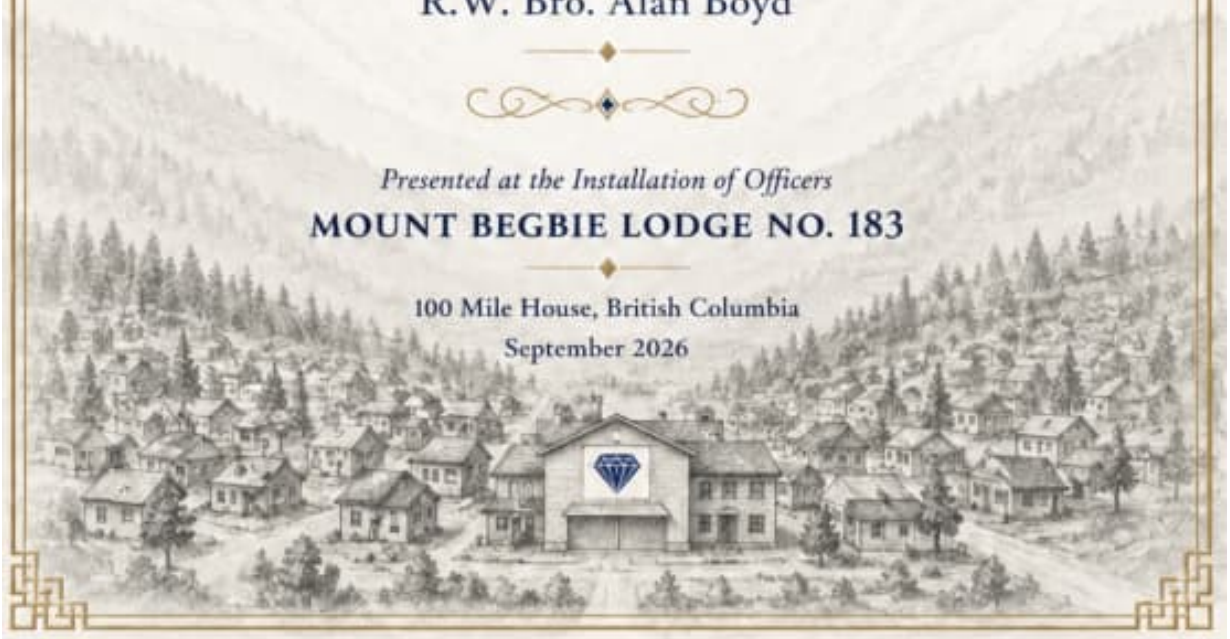
R.W. Bro. Alan Boyd

Presented at the Installation of Officers

MOUNT BEGBIE LODGE NO. 183

100 Mile House, British Columbia

September 2026



Dedication

This booklet is lovingly dedicated to the men who dreamed before there was a lodge.

***To the Founders** who saw possibility where others saw only distance and hardship. They carried Freemasonry into the South Cariboo with faith, determination, and the belief that future generations would one day call this place home.*

***To the Builders** whose hands raised walls, repaired roofs, painted halls, organized fundraisers, sold raffle tickets, hosted yard sales, balanced budgets, and quietly did whatever needed doing. Their labour was never simply about maintaining a building—it was about preserving a place where Brotherhood could flourish.*

***To the countless Brothers** who have walked through the doors of Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183. Some stayed only a few years, others devoted a lifetime, but every one of them left something behind: a lesson taught, a laugh shared, a degree conferred, a hand extended in friendship, or an example worth following. Though many have laid down their working tools, their presence is still felt in every meeting and every tradition we continue today.*

To the Brothers of today, who faithfully open the lodge, care for its future, welcome new members, and ensure that the light entrusted to them never grows dim. You are not merely maintaining a building—you are carrying forward a legacy entrusted to your care by generations who believed this lodge was worth every sacrifice.

May you always remember that we do not inherit Mount Begbie Lodge from those who came before us. Rather, we borrow it from those who will one day follow in our footsteps.

*Finally, this work owes a special debt of gratitude to **R.W. Bro. Alan Boyd**, whose passion for preserving the history of Mount Begbie Lodge has ensured that so many stories were not lost to time. His years of research, careful record keeping, historical insight, and unwavering love for this lodge provided the foundation upon which these pages were built. Future generations of Brethren will know their past because he took the time to preserve it.*

*May this booklet serve as both a tribute to those who came before us and an inspiration to those who will someday add their own chapter to the continuing story of **The Jewel of the Cariboo**.*

Introduction

Every lodge has a story.

Some stories are written in minute books, financial ledgers, and old photographs tucked away in dusty filing cabinets. Others are found in memories shared over coffee after lodge, around the Festive Board, or in the laughter that echoes through the dining hall long after the meeting has closed.

The story of Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183 is found in both.

When I first began researching the history of our lodge, I expected to discover dates, names, and important milestones. Those things are certainly here. But what I found was something far more meaningful. I found ordinary men doing extraordinary things—not because they sought recognition, but because they believed in something larger than themselves.

They built more than a lodge.

They built a home.

Like many Masonic buildings, ours has seen good years and lean years. There were times when money was scarce, repairs seemed endless, and success depended on a handful of dedicated Brothers asking one another, "Now what do we do?" Somehow, the answer was always the same.

"We'll figure it out."

Sometimes that meant organizing fundraisers. Sometimes it meant swinging a hammer. Sometimes it meant writing another cheque when no one really wanted to. And occasionally, it probably meant convincing a Brother that yes, he really did volunteer for that committee.

Every generation has carried a different burden, but each has carried it willingly.

As I listened to the stories and read through decades of records, one thought kept returning to me. We often admire old lodge buildings because they have stood for generations. But the real treasure was never the brick, the timber, or the roof.

The treasure has always been the men.

The Brothers who laughed together.

The Brothers who mourned together.

The Brothers who welcomed nervous candidates, supported widows, helped neighbours, argued over budgets, debated paint colours, and somehow still left the building as friends.

If these walls could speak, I suspect they'd tell stories of remarkable acts of kindness... and they'd probably remind us who forgot to turn off the lights after lodge.

History has a funny way of making everything seem inevitable, as though success was guaranteed. It wasn't. Mount Begbie Lodge exists today because generation after generation refused to let it fade away. Every Brother added something. Some contributions were large and obvious. Others were quiet and unnoticed. Yet every one of them mattered.

This booklet is not intended to be a complete history of every meeting, every decision, or every event. Instead, it is a celebration of the spirit that has carried this lodge through the years—a spirit of service, perseverance, fellowship, and hope.



These pages contain the memories of someone who was there — R.W. Bro. Alan Boyd. Yet Alan was but one of the many remarkable Brothers who dreamed of building something lasting in the South Cariboo.

He was one of those men who dared to dream, then rolled up his sleeves and helped turn that dream into reality. It was my privilege to sit with Alan and take notes as he shared the memories he still holds near and dear to his heart. Through those conversations, many of the people, events, and moments that shaped who we are today have been preserved for future generations.

This booklet is not simply Alan's story. It is the story of the many Brothers who gave their time, talents, and hearts so that Mt. Begbie Lodge could become the jewel it is today. Because Alan took the time to share these memories, their legacy will continue to inspire generations of Masons yet to come.

Whether you have been a Mason for fifty years or fifty days, I hope these pages remind you that you are part of something far greater than yourself. You are not simply attending meetings—you are adding your own chapter to a story that began long before you first knocked upon the lodge door and one that will continue long after we have laid down our working tools.

So settle into your chair, turn the page, and journey with me through the story of a small lodge with a remarkable heart.

Welcome to
The Jewel of the Cariboo.

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THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO

Part 1 – A Name Worth Climbing

Brethren...

Tonight, I'd like to tell you a story.

Not about King Solomon.

Not about the building of the Temple.

Not about ancient Egypt.

And not about the Knights Templar.

Tonight...

I'd like to tell you about **us.**

Because every lodge has a story.

Some stories are written in minute books.

Some are written in old photographs.

Some are written in memories passed from one Brother to another.

And some...

are written in the hearts of the men who lived them.

Tonight is the story of **Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183**—a story of vision, determination, sacrifice, a few setbacks, plenty of laughter, and above all...Brotherhood.

If you were to ask a hundred people driving through 100 Mile House what Mount Begbie Lodge is...

most wouldn't know.

But ask a hundred people what **Mount Begbie** is...

and many would point toward the horizon.

Because long before there was a lodge...

there was a mountain.

A Name Worth Climbing

Before there was a Charter...

before there were officers...

before there were meetings...

there had to be a name.

Now, there were several names suggested.

And I'm quite certain every Brother believed **his** suggestion was the obvious choice.

Because if there's one thing Masons excel at...

it's forming a committee to discuss what another committee has already discussed.

Eventually, a vote was held.

And **Mount Begbie** won.

Now...

before somebody catches me after lodge...

yes...

the mountain itself was named after **Matthew Baillie Begbie**, the famous "Hanging Judge" of British Columbia.

But our lodge wasn't named after the judge.

It was named after the mountain.

Which admittedly...

is splitting hairs.

It's a little like saying...

"I didn't name my son after Elvis...

I named him after the street."

But what a mountain they chose.

Mount Begbie is the highest summit found along the entire length of Highway 97.

Think about that for a moment.

Highway 97 stretches from the United States border, through the heart of British Columbia, and north toward the Yukon.

Thousands upon thousands of people travel that highway every year.

Some notice the mountain.

Many simply drive past.

The mountain doesn't seem to mind.

It simply stands.

Winter after winter.

Storm after storm.

Year after year.

Generation after generation.

Brethren...

if there was ever a symbol for what a Masonic lodge should aspire to be...

I can't think of a better one.

Mountains don't chase recognition.

They don't boast.

They don't complain when life gets difficult.

They simply stand where they've always stood...

giving travellers something solid to guide them.

Isn't that exactly what a lodge should be?

A place of stability.

A place of friendship.

A place where men can always find light, encouragement, and Brotherly Love.

I doubt those founding Brethren realized just how perfect their choice of name would become.

Because over the years...

this lodge would experience bright summers...

long winters...

and a few storms of its own.

Yet through it all...

just like the mountain whose name it proudly bears...

Mount Begbie Lodge has continued to stand.

And that's where our story begins.

THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO

Part 2 – A Lodge Without a Home

Brethren...

Tonight, we sit in a beautiful lodge room.

We have comfortable chairs.

Officer stations.

Pedestals.

An altar.

A Tyler's room.

A preparation room.

A kitchen where many stories have been told over coffee and pie.

It's easy to forget...

none of this existed when Mount Begbie Lodge began.

When the lodge was constituted in **1977**, it didn't have a building.

It had something much more important.

It had **Brethren**.

And sometimes...

that's all you need.

Learning Before Leading

Before Mount Begbie Lodge received its Charter, it spent nearly two years as a **Lodge of Instruction** under the watchful eye of **Centre Lodge No. 113** from Williams Lake.

Think about that for a moment.

Those Brethren didn't have to make that drive.

There was no obligation.

No reward waiting for them.

No medals.

No applause.

They came because they understood something every Mason should know.

When a new lodge is trying to find its footing...

an older lodge reaches out a hand.

That's Brotherly Love.

That's Relief.

That's Masonry.

Without the encouragement and guidance of Centre Lodge...

there might never have been a Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183.

Sometimes the greatest thing one lodge ever builds...

is another lodge.

The Exeter Arms

The first home of Mount Begbie Lodge wasn't a lodge hall at all.

It was the **Exeter Arms Hotel**, owned by Brother **George Mason**.

Now, I don't know about you...

but that's almost too perfect.

A Mason...

owned the hotel...

where the Masons met.

You couldn't script it any better.

Imagine someone asking...

"Where's lodge tonight?"

"At Mason's."

"Which Mason?"

"George Mason."

"Well...that certainly clears things up."

For a while, it served the lodge well.

But like every growing family...

eventually they needed more room.

The Church Years

The lodge eventually moved to the back room of the United Church.

The Brethren even built an extension onto the church that the lodge could use.

Now, if you're picturing this beautiful lodge room...

you'd be mistaken.

Every meeting began with work.

The chairs had to be set up.

The pedestals carried in.

The altar assembled.

The working tools unpacked.

The Charter displayed.

Everything carefully placed where it belonged.

Then, after the meeting...

they did it all again.

Only in reverse.

Everything packed away.

Everything stored.

Every...

single...

meeting.

And today...

some of us think we've had a hard evening because we had to put away the tables after the Festive Board.

Those Brethren weren't looking for convenience.

They were building something.

Not just a lodge.

A legacy.

The Men Who Started It All

History remembers buildings.

Dates.

Charters.

But buildings don't build themselves.

People do.

Tonight I'd like to recognize some of those men who believed Freemasonry belonged here in the South Cariboo.

George Lovett - who served as M.W. the first three years

Jack Hillis – who served as S.W. for the first three years

James McMillan – who served as J.W. for the first three years

Alex Middlemas – put in a Yeoman’s effort in the beginning

Dave Shields.

Alan Boyd.

John Snowball.

Doug Edwards.

Bill Meilke.

Bill Ford.

Burt Gamey.

Jim Forbes.

Leo Vantine.

Art Terrell.

Don Mars.

Jerry Brown.

Jim Dunsmuir.

Roy Scuffi.

Ed Trusler.

Ed Mills.

Walter Zilversmith.

Alex Morrison.

There were other founders whose signatures have become difficult to read over the years. Though we may no longer read every name with certainty, this lodge still bears the mark of every one of their hands.

And if I've unintentionally mispronounced anyone's name...

I sincerely apologize.

I'm sure they're smiling...

although if any of them were Past Masters...

they're probably making notes.

Those men came from different walks of life.

Different occupations. Different backgrounds.

But they shared one common dream.

To establish a Masonic lodge that would serve the men of the South Cariboo.

I wonder...

did they ever imagine that nearly fifty years later...

someone would still be speaking their names in lodge?

I hope they did.

Because they deserve to be remembered.

The Real Foundation

When we think about foundations...

we usually think about concrete.

Steel.

Lumber.

But the real foundation of Mount Begbie Lodge wasn't poured with cement.

It was poured with commitment.

Every time a Brother said...

"I'll help."

"I'll stay a little longer."

"I'll bring my truck."

"I'll donate."

"I'll make the drive."

"I'll do whatever needs doing."

Another stone was added to the foundation.

That's how lodges are really built.

Not by one extraordinary man.

But by many ordinary men...

doing extraordinary things together.

A Lesson for Us

Sometimes we hear people say...

"I wish things were like they used to be."

I'm not sure they remember what "the way they used to be" actually looked like.

It looked like carrying furniture into a church hall.

Packing it all away afterward.

Travelling long distances on Cariboo roads.

Starting with almost nothing except hope.

Those founding Brethren didn't wait for perfect circumstances.

They created them.

They didn't ask,

"When will someone build us a lodge?"

They asked,

"What can I do to help?"

Perhaps that's the first great lesson Mount Begbie Lodge teaches us.

A lodge doesn't begin with a building.

It begins with a handful of good men...

who believe something worth building...

is worth sacrificing for.

And Brethren...

I'm very glad they did. Because if they hadn't...

none of us would be sitting here tonight.

THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO

Part 3 – Finally...A Home of Our Own

Brethren...

Have you ever noticed that when someone buys a house...

they don't immediately call it a home?

A house is made of lumber.

Concrete.

Windows.

Nails.

A home...

is built with memories.

The same is true of a Masonic lodge.

For years...

Mount Begbie Lodge met wherever it could.

The Exeter Arms Hotel.

The back room of the United Church.

The Brethren faithfully unpacked everything before every meeting...

and packed it all away again when the evening was over.

They never complained.

Well...

I'm sure they complained a little.

They were Masons after all.

But they never gave up.

Deep down, every one of them shared the same dream.

One day...

we'll have a place to call our own.

Dreams Need More Than Good Intentions

Dreams are wonderful.

Everyone likes talking about them.

The difficult part is paying for them.

In 1998, the lodge purchased a house on the corner of Cedar and First Avenue.

A stone’s throw from where we’re sitting tonight.

But don’t do that you may hit the courthouse.

The old house was demolished.

Plans were drawn.

Ideas were shared.

Visions were discussed.

I'm sure there were plenty of opinions.

After all...

if you put twenty Masons in a room, you'll probably get twenty-five building ideas.

The dream was finally becoming reality.

Then...

something unexpected happened.

Another property became available.

The Better Opportunity

Just down the road...

at **260 Cedar Avenue**...

stood a building that had once been a photographer's studio.

Most people would have driven past it without giving it a second glance.

A Building That Works for the Lodge

The property consisted of two units.

Unit Two became our lodge room.

Unit One became a rental property.

Now that's not just good planning...

that's good Treasurer thinking.

That rental income continues to help offset taxes and operating expenses.

Sometimes the smartest decisions aren't the most exciting ones.

They're simply practical.

The Brethren saw something different.

They didn't see an old photography studio.

They saw possibility.

That's one of the wonderful things about Freemasonry.

It teaches us to look beyond what something is...

and imagine what it could become.

The asking price for the building was $22,000.

The lodge only had about half that amount after selling the empty lot.

So, the Brethren did something that took both courage and faith—they took out a mortgage for the balance.

Now, borrowing that kind of money may not sound like much today, but to a small lodge in those days, it was a significant commitment.

It wasn't just a financial decision;

it was a vote of confidence in the future of Mount Begbie Lodge.

Then they rolled up their sleeves.

They raised funds through generous donations and a weekly yard sale held at the lodge.

Every Saturday morning, perfectly respectable Masons transformed into used-car salesmen.

Suddenly everything was "a great deal," "hardly used," and "they just don't make them like this anymore."

And when the yard sale ended, many of those same Brethren picked up hammers, saws, paint brushes, and tool belts.

They did much of the renovation work themselves.

Board by board...

Wall by wall...

Dollar by dollar...

They transformed an old photographer's studio into the home we enjoy today.

They weren't simply renovating a building.

They were building a legacy.

A Plaque That Tells a Story

If you've ever walked through our building...

you've probably noticed the plaque hanging on the wall.

At first glance...

it looks like a list of names.

But it isn't.

It's a story.

Every name represents someone who believed this lodge mattered.

Some donated money.

Some donated materials.

Some donated countless hours of labour.

Many donated all three.

Every nail that was driven.

Every wall that was painted.

Every floor that was laid.

Every dollar that was contributed...

was another gift to future generations.

Brethren...

we are those future generations.

Many of the men whose names appear on that plaque have gone to the Grand Lodge Above.

Yet every meeting...

they're still with us.

Their generosity surrounds us.

Their vision shelters us.

Their fingerprints are on these walls.

Every time we open this lodge...

we're sitting inside their legacy.

The Greatest Gift

It's easy to think those men gave us a building.

I don't think they did.

I think they gave us something much greater.

They gave us a home.

A place where candidates would take their first steps in Masonry.

A place where Brothers would laugh together after meetings.

A place where friendships would be formed.

Where disagreements would be settled.

Where Past Masters would tell stories that somehow improve every year they're repeated.

A place where we would celebrate joyful moments.

And a place where we would mourn together when a Brother laid down his working tools.

That's not a building.

That's a home.

What Will Our Legacy Be?

Every generation inherits something.

Our generation inherited this building.

Not because we paid for it.

But because someone before us believed enough to build it.

One day...

another generation will inherit it from us.

What will they receive?

A building that has been cared for?

A lodge filled with laughter?

A lodge known for welcoming visitors?

A lodge full of education?

A lodge full of candidates?

A lodge where harmony lives?

Brethren...

history isn't written every fifty years.

It's written every meeting night.

Every time you volunteer.

Every time you mentor a new Brother.

Every time you choose encouragement instead of criticism.

Every time you decide to leave things just a little better than you found them.

That's how history is written.

One good decision...

at a time.

Preparing for the Next Chapter

The founders gave us a lodge.

Another generation gave us this beautiful home.

Now it is our turn.

Not simply to preserve it...

but to strengthen it.

Because buildings don't create legacies.

People do.

And somewhere...

years from now...

another Brother will stand in this very spot...

telling the story of Mount Begbie Lodge.

When he tells the story of our generation...

I hope he smiles.

Because we honoured the gift we were given.

And we passed it on...

even stronger than we found it.

THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO

Part 4 – The Storm...and the Sunrise

Brethren...

Every mountain has its storms.

We talked about that at the beginning of the evening.

Mount Begbie has stood through blizzards...

driving rain...

howling winds...

and winters that would send most of us reaching for another log for the fire.

Yet when the storm passes...

the mountain is still there.

Standing.

Patient.

Unmoved.

The same is true of lodges.

No lodge reaches fifty years of age without facing difficult times.

No family does.

No business does.

No community does.

And no lodge does.

The question has never been whether storms will come.

The question is... **will we still be standing when they're over?**

The Storm of 2023

In 2023...

Mount Begbie Lodge faced one of the most difficult periods in its history.

What began as disagreements between Brethren...

grew into something much larger than anyone ever expected.

Feelings were hurt.

Tempers flared.

Harmony disappeared.

Eventually, the situation became so serious that the Grand Lodge of British Columbia and Yukon had to step in.

Our Charter...

the very document that gives us the authority to meet as a regular lodge...

was suspended.

For three months...

there were no regular meetings.

No degrees.

No candidates.

No visitors.

No gavels striking.

No opening ceremonies.

No closing ceremonies.

Just...

silence.

I imagine that was heartbreaking for many of the Brethren.

Some had invested decades of their lives in this lodge.

To see the doors closed...

must have been painful.

A Lesson We Never Wanted

No one wanted that chapter.

No one would choose it.

But sometimes...

our greatest lessons are the ones we never asked to learn.

Freemasonry teaches us many things.

It teaches us charity.

Integrity.

Truth.

Relief.

Brotherly Love.

But perhaps the hardest lesson of all...

is learning that no disagreement is ever more important than the Brotherhood itself.

It's easy to love a Brother when he agrees with you.

It's much harder...

when he doesn't.

Real harmony doesn't mean we always think alike.

If it did...

we'd never have needed a ballot box.

Harmony means remembering that our friendship is more valuable than our opinions.

That the lodge is bigger than any one of us.

That one argument should never cost us a lifetime of Brotherhood.

The Mountain Still Stood

Do you remember what we said about Mount Begbie?

The highest summit along the entire length of Highway 97.

Storms don't go around it.

They go right over it.

Snow.

Wind.

Ice.

Rain.

Yet when the clouds clear...

the mountain is still standing.

Brethren...

so was this lodge.

It may have been shaken.

It may have been bruised.

But it was never broken.

The Sunrise

After three months...

Grand Lodge determined that harmony had been restored.

The Charter was returned.

The doors reopened.

The lights came back on.

The altar was opened once again.

The Square and Compasses returned to their place.

The gavels sounded once more.

Mount Begbie Lodge...

was alive again.

Sometimes we don't truly appreciate something...

until we've nearly lost it.

A New Generation

Since those difficult days...

something remarkable has happened.

New men have knocked on our door.

New candidates have begun their Masonic journey.

New Fellowcrafts have advanced.

New Master Masons have been raised.

The laughter has returned.

The optimism has returned.

The fellowship has returned.

The lodge has found new life.

I often think about those founding Brethren.

George Lovett…

Jack Hillis…

James McMillan…

Alex Middlemas…

Alan Boyd…

John Snowball...

Doug Edwards...

Bill Meilke...

Bill Ford...

Burt Gamey...

Dave Shields…

Jim Forbes...

Leo Vantine...

Art Terrell...

Don Mars...

Jerry Brown...

Jim Dunsmuir...

Roy Scuffi...

Ed Trusler...

Ed Mills...

Walter Zilversmith...

Alex Morrison...

If they could quietly walk through that door tonight...

I don't think the first thing they'd notice would be the renovations.

Or the furniture.

Or even the building.

I think they'd notice the new faces.

Young men learning ritual.

Brothers laughing after the meeting.

Candidates excited about what lies ahead.

And I think they'd smile.

Because that's exactly what they built this lodge for.

The Jewel of the Cariboo

At the beginning of this evening...

I called Mount Begbie Lodge...

The Jewel of the Cariboo.

Not because we're the biggest lodge.

Not because we're the oldest.

Not because we have the finest building.

A jewel becomes valuable because it has survived enormous pressure.

It is cut.

Shaped.

Polished.

Refined.

Brethren...

so has this lodge.

It has been shaped by sacrifice.

Refined by hard work.

Polished by generosity.

And strengthened by adversity.

That's why it shines.

Our Chapter

Every one of us is now part of this story.

The founders wrote the first chapter.

Others built this beautiful home.

Another generation protected the Charter.

Now...

it's our turn.

Every meeting you attend...

you're writing another sentence.

Every candidate you mentor...

you're writing another paragraph.

Every visitor you welcome...

you're writing another page.

History isn't something we read.

History is something we create.

Closing

Brethren...

when those founding members voted to name this lodge **Mount Begbie**...

I doubt they realized how fitting that name would become.

Because mountains aren't admired because they've never faced storms.

They're admired because they remain standing after every one of them.

So does a great lodge.

As long as good men continue to walk through these doors...

as long as we continue to forgive...

to mentor...

to laugh...

to learn...

and to call each other Brother...

Mount Begbie Lodge will continue to stand.

Just like the mountain whose name it proudly bears.

And someday...

another Brother will stand where I am standing tonight.

He'll tell the story of Mount Begbie Lodge No. 183.

He'll speak of the founders.

He'll speak of the building.

He'll speak of the storm.

And then...

I hope he'll speak of us.

Not because we were perfect.

But because when our time came...

we chose Brotherhood.

We chose harmony.

We chose to leave the lodge stronger than we found it.

Brethren...

the mountain still stands.

Let's make sure...

the Jewel of the Cariboo continues to shine.

Brethren...

someday...

fifty years from now...

another Brother will stand in this very spot.

He'll be giving a lecture on the history of Mount Begbie Lodge.

He'll talk about Alan Boyd...

John Snowball...

Bill Ford...

and the founders who built this lodge.

He'll talk about the Brethren who found this building.

He'll talk about the difficult days of 2023...

and how harmony returned.

Then...

perhaps...

he'll speak **your** name.

The only question is...

what story will he tell?

Before I close,

I'd like to offer a special thank you to Right Worshipful Brother Alan Boyd.

Every lodge has someone who quietly safeguards its history, and for Mount Begbie Lodge, Alan has been that man.

He wasn't simply researching our past—he was there.

He witnessed many of these events firsthand and generously shared his memories, records, and insights with me.

His guidance transformed what could have been educated guesswork into a faithful telling of our lodge's story.

Without his help, much of what you've heard tonight would have been little more than conjecture.

Alan, thank you for preserving our past so that the rest of us can better appreciate our present and protect our future.

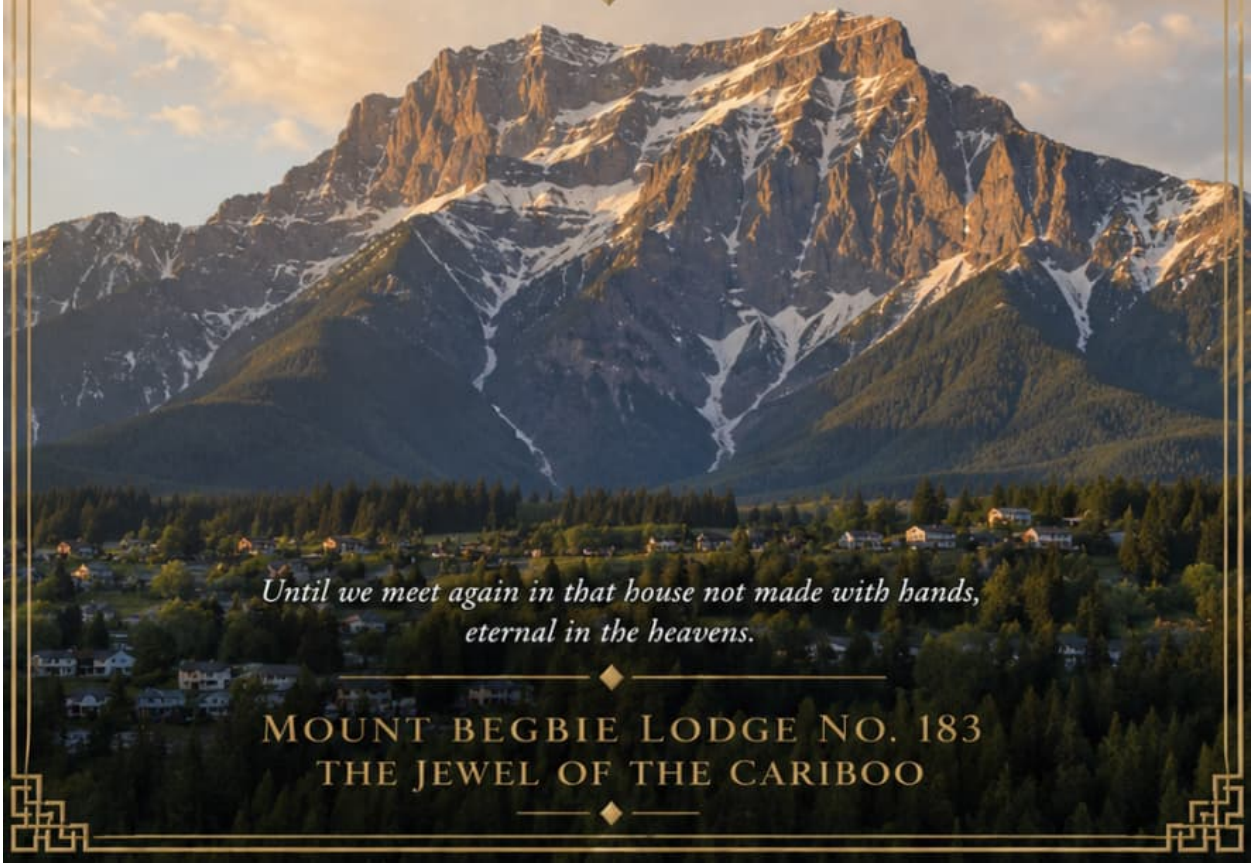
Thank you, Brethren.

IN CLOSING

A jewel is not valuable because it shines.
It shines because generations have polished it.
So it is with Mount Begbie Lodge.
The next polish belongs to us.

Thank you to every Brother who has
shaped our past, strengthened our present,
and safeguarded our future.

The work continues.
The light remains.
The journey goes on.



Until we meet again in that house not made with hands,
eternal in the heavens.

MOUNT BEGBIE LODGE NO. 183
THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBOO