

Master's Words on Love

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The Grand Master's Theme is "Friendship, Morality, and Brotherly Love".

Brotherly Love (philia)

OED: We are often reminded that the Greeks had a number of words for the single English word love. There is the eros of lovers, the philia of friends, the agape of self-giving.

Acts between friends – kindness, long-suffering, supporting, nurturing, enduring.

Together, friends who nurture each other with a moral compass – agape love (charity).
And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

What about love, "wuv, twue wuv"? What about St. Valentine's Day?

St. Valentine's Day probably began during the festival of Lupercalia, dating back 6 centuries before Christ.

Romulus and Remus thrown into Tiber River by their uncle

Rescued by she-wolf and nurtured in a cave, later named Lupercal (lupus-wolf)

The subsequent festival – sacrifice a goat and dog Feb 13-15

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Stripped skins and naked men would run around and whip women with thongs

Women's names chosen from a jar for copulation

3rd century – Valentine beheaded for trying to convert Emperor to Christianity

When – Feb 14th

During the medieval world, and then into to the renaissance, love became romanticized and was exemplified by Chaucer, Lord Byron, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Many know her lines "how do I love thee? let me count the ways . . ."

1784, collection of English nursery rhymes:

The rose is red, the violet's blue

The honey's sweet, and so are you.

Thou art my love and I am thine

I drew thee to my Valentine

The lot was cast and then I drew

And Fortune said it shou'd be you.

In 1609 – Sonnet 18 by William Shakespeare:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

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Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Poetry flows from the Trivium, an amalgam of grammar, rhetoric, and logic. It is how we speak, how we influence and finally how we reason things out through our language.

Song of Solomon 2:5

Strengthen me with raisins, refresh me with apples, for I am faint with love.

I will always remember the first time I kissed her lips. It is a memory I will never forget. It is forever imprinted in my mind. That kiss. Holding hands while we walked on the beach, or through the grocery store. Rubbing toes together under the blanket. Laughing together. Crying together. Looking deep into her eyes to say, "I love you, and let's spend the rest of our lives together." We walk side by side, and face the worst the world has to offer – not as two people, not even as a couple, but as one soul moving through time together. The rest is raisins, apples and "use your imagination."

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Thank you Susan, for your unwavering love for this imperfect man, your husband.

With this world seemingly on edge and with such great tumult, sometimes we wonder what we, who are indeed so blessed, can do for *peace* on earth, and in our families. It is not in the buying or giving of another present, or the decorations that adorn our homes. It is not in achievements or accomplishing great acts. It is not in promotions, wealth, or success. It is in the little things that we do, and experience, that is important.

I leave you with this final quote from Maya Angelou who well describes my memories and life with mother, and grandmother, with my daughters . . . and my wife: "Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away."

1 Corinthians 13 New King James Version (NKJV)

13 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I have become sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. 2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. 3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body [a]to be burned, but have not love, it profits me nothing.

4 Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not [b]puffed up; 5 does not behave rudely, does not seek its own, is not provoked, [c]thinks no evil; 6 does not rejoice in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; 7 bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

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8 Love never fails. But whether there are prophecies, they will fail; whether there are tongues, they will cease; whether there is knowledge, it will vanish away. 9 For we know in part and we prophesy in part. 10 But when that which is [d]perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. 12 For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known.

13 And now abide faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.