

# The Passing of Odd Fellows ---- Tales From the IV

*by* Linda Seccaspina

Smiley glanced at the morning sun that was slowly being covered by passing clouds. Time was fleeting and he must pass on his special gift before it was too late. A knock on the door interrupted his train of thought, and slowly he walked towards the front door in his size 12 furry slippers. He knew who was on the other side without even looking. Young Ethan had been visiting him for weeks in preparation. Ethan flashed a grin upon seeing Smiley and said,

“Are we ready?”

Smiley roared at the top of his voice,

“I don't know who you are Sir, but this is my house, and that is my stool you are sitting on.”

Ethan laughed and then grew silent as Smiley fondly placed his bluish hand upon his head. Their friendship had bloomed after 10 year-old Ethan had asked his father what he did each week at the Masonic Lodge. He was mesmerized by the eye and the pyramid in the Mason Bible that graced his Dad's night table. After many requests his father had said quite firmly,

“Mysteries, like the Masonic rites, are ones parents and elders are sworn not to reveal to the uninitiated, which include all children.”

He always followed his father when he went to his meetings hoping

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to find out some little thing that would give him some insight. One night he met old Smiley sitting on the steps of the old brick Masonic Lodge who said he might be able to offer some clues. Smiley, in turn, thought that the boy was perfect for his project.

The relationship grew into a kindred friendship and the weeks were filled with stories, magic and penny candy. Life was what it was supposed to be thought Smiley. No aches, pains, and his mind was getting clearer. He was ready to trade his life for the secrets of the Lodge.

The appointed day came without much fanfare. The day was gloomy, but it would do. They climbed to the roof of the house to a small landing where Smiley placed the tiny piano stool smack dab in the middle. As soon as Ethan sat down Smiley rotated the chair quickly until it just became a whirl.

"Please release me!" he screamed to the overhead skies.

Lightening began to rain on the landing, but each bolt seemed to miss their target. Finally, what looked like a lightening bolt grabbed the stool by its legs creating a loud bang. When the smoke cleared there stood Ethan—but was it really him?

NBC reported a mysterious object fell from the sky November 21 in a busy airline corridor along Long Island. Imaginations reported the object left a white trail as it plummeted to the ground. Immediately it generated 911 calls and Suffolk County police looked into whether a small plane had crashed, but found nothing.

Marc Rubin is among those who witnessed the object when it fell between Patchogue and Sayville, New York.

"It had this little curlicue tail at the top and was coming straight down at a 90-degree angle," Rubin said.

Police said later they planned to send investigators to talk to Rubin and look at the photos he took. To this day they have not, and believe the object had less mysterious origins.

No one will ever know what fell from the sky that day, but whatever did gave new life to someone. Was it Smiley or Ethan that survived -- and was anyone reported missing? One thing is for certain, whatever happened had to remain a secret, as a secret between two is a secret, but a secret between three is everybody's secret. After all, it is always better to pass on your work to those that will do a better job than yourself.

