



The Sovereign Military Order of the Temple of Jerusalem

Priory of St. James, Toronto,
Canada.

Newsletter
February 2011

Prior:
H.E. the Rev'd Dame Nola Crewe, GOTJ



Greetings to the Dames, Knights, Postulants and Friends of the St James Priory:

We present for your edification and entertainment, our February Newsletter.

nnDnn

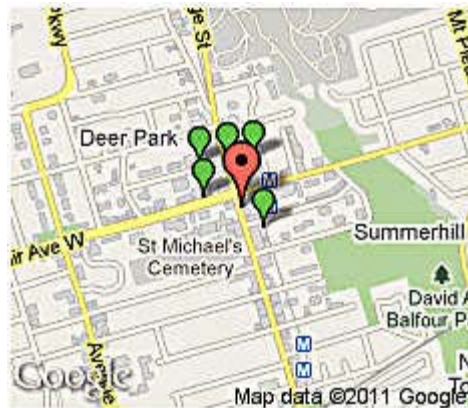
Nola, Alastair, William & Harold

Your Scribes

Dates

Tuesday 22 February 2011 7:00 p.m.

Annual General Meeting at La Passione, 1423 Yonge Street (at St Clair Avenue East),
Toronto: just around the corner from the St Clair Subway stop.



Green P parking locations are denoted with **green** markers

22 February - 4 March 2011

55th Session of the UN's Status of Women. H.E. Dame Nola will represent our Priory in New York as a member of the Knights Templar NGO delegation.

1 March 2011

St David's Day for our Welsh Members

17 March 2011

St Patrick's Day for the Irish

18 March (1314)

Martyrdom of Jacques de Molay, 23rd and last Grand Master of the Original Order Details of Memorial Service to follow



6 April 2011

Tartan Day in Canada and the USA for the Scots in our midst.

23 April 2011

St George's Day for the English in our midst.

28 April - 1 May

Spring Business Meeting, Mechelen (near Brussels) Belgium

28 May

Simon Peter Investiture (Ottawa) at Our Lady of the Airways, "*Our Lady of the Airways*" on the Uplands Military Base.

19-28 September

Knights Templar Castle Tour in France (See end of newsletter for a brochure of the tour)

24 September 2011

St James Investiture, at St James Cathedral and followed by our Banquet - details will follow

26 September 2011

The Feast of the Canadian Martyrs



5 November 2011

Ascension Investiture (Windsor) at the Church of the Ascension of Our Lord, 1385 University Avenue West, Windsor.

Knights Templar Hid the Shroud of Turin, Vatican Says

Medieval knights hid and secretly venerated The Holy Shroud of Turin for more than 100 years after the Crusades, the Vatican said Sunday in an announcement that appeared to solve the mystery of the relic's missing years.

The Knights Templar, an order which was suppressed and disbanded for alleged heresy, took care of the linen cloth, which bears the image of a man with a beard, long hair and the wounds of crucifixion, according to Vatican researchers.

The Shroud, which is kept in the royal chapel of Turin Cathedral, has long been revered as the shroud in which Jesus was buried, although the image only appeared clearly in 1898 when a photographer developed a negative.

Barbara Frale, a researcher in the Vatican Secret Archives, said the Shroud had disappeared in the sack of Constantinople in 1204 during the Fourth Crusade, and did not surface again until the middle of the fourteenth century.

Writing in L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican newspaper, Frale said its fate in those years had always puzzled historians.

However her study of the trial of the Knights Templar had brought to light a document in which Arnaut Sabbatier, a young Frenchman who entered the order in 1287, testified that as part of his initiation he was taken to "a secret place to which only the brothers of the Temple had access."

There he was shown "a long linen cloth on which was impressed the figure of a man" and instructed to venerate the image by kissing its feet three times.

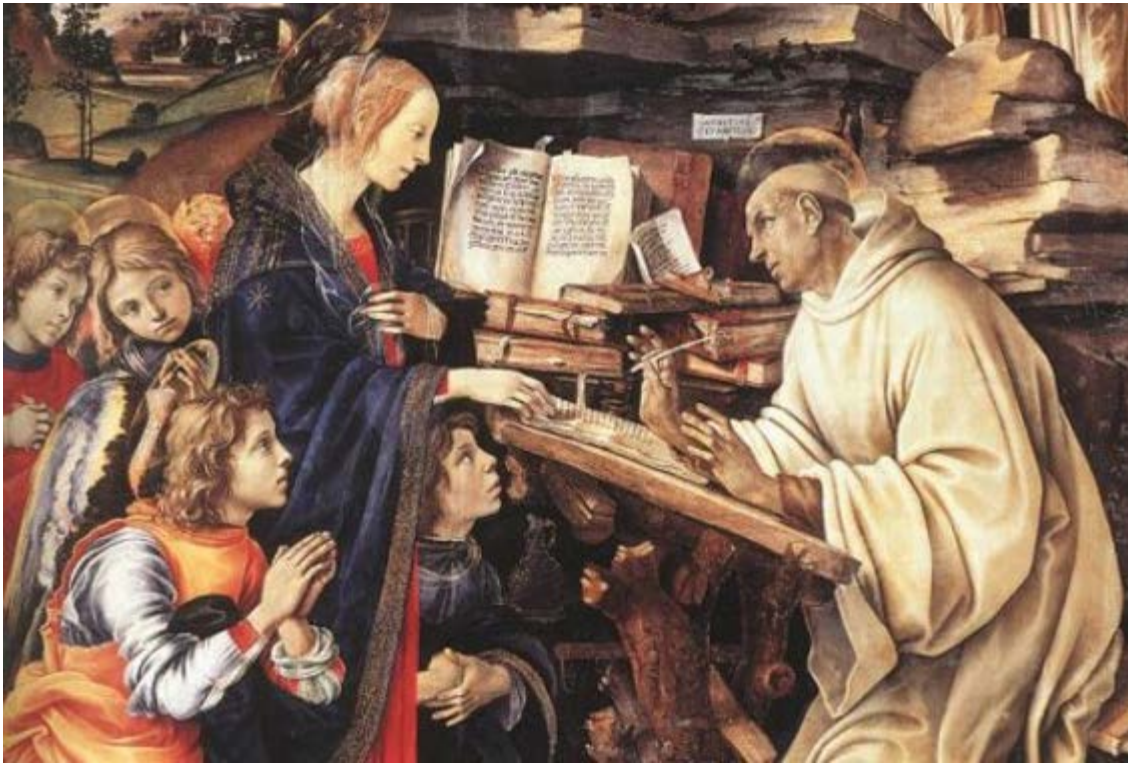
Membership Request

The Membership Committee is putting together a list of films, internet sites and books for acolytes and postulants to explore. If you have seen something that really helped you get to know more about the Knights Templar, or just a fun novel that you enjoyed of the period, please forward it to redonda@sympatico.ca.

Milestones in Christian history

January 1174: A mystic thinker is elevated to sainthood

By: Diana Swift, staff writer



St. Bernard of Clairvaux was a monastic reformer and homilist, who served as preacher to the unsuccessful second crusade.

Taken from Milestones, a feature of the Anglican Journal, a short feature that explores historical and intellectual events in the evolution of Christendom and the Alan Butlers article <http://www.templarhistory.com/stbernard2.html>

How and why St Bernard became involved in the formation of the Knights Templar may never be fully understood. There is no doubt that he was blood-tied to some of the first Templar Knights, in particular Andre de Montbard, who was his maternal uncle. He may also have been related to the Counts of Champagne, who themselves appear to have been pivotal in the formation of the Templar Order.

For whatever reason St Bernard wrote the first 'rules' of the Templar Order. He may have undertaken this task personally and they were based, almost entirely, on the Order adopted by the Cistercians themselves. The Templars were officially declared to be a monastic order under the protection of Church in Troyes in 1139. Bernard went further and insisted that Pope Innocent II recognised this infant order as being solely under the authority of the Pope and no other temporal or ecclesiastical authority. . . . St Bernard's influence on the Templars is therefore pivotal to the whole of the movement's aims and objectives.

A 21st Century Templar's Crusade: MMI Project – Bulembu – Swaziland

By Dame Barbara Boles-Davies

Personally speaking, Christmas, the end of a year, and the beginning of a New Year is always a time of reflection. I have always loved Christmas and the spirit it symbolizes, its traditions and songs, and the special family time. It is a time of gratitude, a time of love, peace and sharing.....but not for everyone.

As I reflect on this past year, I am most grateful for my family.....including an 11th

grandchild born in June. I think of all those that have lost loved ones due to illness, accident or war. Yes, there is no peace for some.

I am grateful for our healthcare system. This year my husband has had two Total Knee Replacements, hospital care and physio, and we do not even see a bill.

As the John Lennon song goes, " So this is Christmas, and what have you done???? Another year over, another just begun....."

How do I give back for so very many blessings.....it seems impossible. My little way of saying "thank-you" is to help in developing world situations, to those that do not have family or healthcare systems, educational opportunities, equal rights or social benefits, as we have here in Canada.

This past year I spent seven weeks in Africa on two very different Medical Ministry International projects: Swaziland and Malawi. <http://www.mmint.org/>

Swaziland:

Swaziland is a small land-locked country, slightly smaller than New Jersey. It is surrounded on three sides by South Africa, and on the East by Mozambique. Its capital city is Mbabane.

Swaziland is an absolute monarchy. King Mswati III is known as the Ngwenyama or "lion" of the country, and his mother, the Queen, as the Ndlovukazi or "she elephant", the matriarch of the country. The language of the country is SiSwati and its economy is based on sugar, timber and tourism.

The people of Swaziland are comprised of a single ethnic group, but are divided into clans (not tribes) similar to Scotland. Their culture and ancient traditions are upheld and very important to them.

This is the land of the "flatdogs", otherwise known to us as "crocodiles". and cattle are the recognized "traffic lights" of the country.



Declining Population:

Swaziland has a declining population of approximately one million people.

Why is the population declining? Swaziland has the highest percentage of Aids (HIV) in the world (39%), and has the highest number of orphans due to HIV. It is a country of grandparents and children, with much of the working age adults succumbing to HIV. "Canadian infant mortality rate of 5.3 / 1,000 births (according to the World Bank) compared to the Swaziland rate of 66.71 / 1,000 births."

Our project was a medical/dental one, concentrating mainly on the orphans in a place called Bulembu.

Bulembu



Bulembu is a lovely little town situated on the South African-Swaziland border, not far from Barberton, South Africa. It lies at the foot of the slopes of Emlembe, the highest mountain in Swaziland and its nearest shopping area is in Pigg's Peak, a town, about a 40 min. drive through a forest and rough mountain roads. It is mainly comprised of colourful miners' homes, nestled into the hillsides. The streets are winding and steep, and as we had to walk a little over two kilometers to work everyday, we did get our exercise. Due to the altitude

the climate was quite cool during the night, early morning and evening.



Bulembu Orphans at Canadian Tenors concert



Bulembu was once an asbestos mining town of about 10,000 people.

"In 2001, the mining company that had built and operated Bulembu for more than 60 years, closed its doors and walked away. With no jobs the town was soon abandoned, even as Swaziland continues to be ravaged by the HIV/AIDS pandemic and the resulting orphan crisis.

Today, Bulembu has a clear vision to become a vibrant, self-sustaining community by 2020. This vision for sustainability includes fostering the development of a new generation of emerging leaders through orphan care, education, health services and commerce." (quoted from website) <http://www.bulembu.org/>

Bulembu Orphans



As previously mentioned, our purpose in Bulembu, was the orphans. At the time of our arrival, there were 286 orphans being housed in miners homes, with a full time "Auntie" . On average, there are approximately six orphans per house, with a full time (24/7) "Auntie". In this way, "family" bonds are made. The "aunties" are paid about \$100 U.S. per month.

Orphans have been admitted as babies, as early as seven hours old, or/and up to the teenage years. Most come with a horrific personal history: some from mothers as young as 12 years of age. The older ones usually arrive from very traumatic and abusive circumstances.



The orphans are received at a “welcome center” where they learn to adapt to more modern ways. Most come from absolute squalor and are not familiar with things we take for granted everyday. e.g. beds, showers, non-dirt floors, choice of clothes and closets to put them in. Flushing a toilet can invoke terror, while sleeping under a bed may feel more secure than sleeping on the bed. Indeed, even food is a big adjustment. Proper and varied diets are unknown to these children. They have never seen or heard of such simple things such as spaghetti or other types of pasta and in the beginning, are not very eager to sample it. Now, if you were presented with a bowlful of spaghetti and had come from their environment, might you not think that you had been presented with a bowlful of worms?

However, they soon adjust to their new “families”, the food, the beds, the clothes and , of course, the toys and books.

These children also fall into the routine of school, uniforms, and homework. The Bulembu Christian Academy has excellent programs, with its goal of raising future leaders. Despite their past devastating lives, these orphans are the lucky ones of Swaziland. Opportunity is theirs.

The Project:



Our team consisted of 14 participants: 12 Canadian and two from the U.S. A. Our Project Director (from South Africa), also a physiotherapist, brought our number up to fifteen.

The team consisted of one dentist, one dental assistant, three general helpers, two physicians, one physiotherapist and seven nurses. We worked in the Bulembu Clinic whose young, 24 year old trauma nurse from Johannesburg. He was extremely mature and capable. Bulembu is very

fortunate to have him. There were no local doctors, but the local staff was most helpful and accommodating, and I was very impressed with their HIV program and their maternal and baby programs.

During the first week, our work centered almost entirely on the Bulembu orphans. Two nurses worked in an admitting area where vital statistics and information was taken on each patient. Here eyes were also examined, in case a referral was required for an ophthalmologist.



Three nurses (myself included) were assigned to do triage. Each child was given a physical exam, and referred to one of the physicians, if necessary. Each child was also given an oral exam by the dentist, and any dental work that needed doing, was done.

During the second week, we completed our goal of seeing every Bulembu orphan, and then we accepted children and adults from the surrounding villages.

What impressed me most about Bulembu was its goal of self-sustainability. They are well on the way with a water processing and bottling plant, a dairy farm, a bakery, a lumber yard, women's craft center, and a fantastic honey producing program. They have 100,500 hives. These hives produced an amazing 130,000 tons of honey! All proceeds go back into the town, specifically to support the orphans, be it in rebuilding more homes, hiring more aunts, buying more school uniforms, etc. The goal by 2020 is to be supporting and educating 2,000 orphans.

Project statistics:

- 422 children (all of the Bulembu orphans plus children from nearby communities)
- 384 adults were treated
- Our dentist from British Columbia treated 304 children and 106 adults. He did 336 extractions and 83 restorations.
- 699 prescriptions for antibiotics, analgesics, etc. were filled
- Eighteen patients received physiotherapy

Working with the orphans and hearing some of their personal stories, was at times, extremely difficult emotionally. There were times when I had to concentrate on fighting tears.....children, no matter where, should not have to suffer the abuse that many of these orphans had. Many of these orphans also have contracted HIV either through birth or rape. Some had siblings who had already died due to HIV. Love and security was a total "unknown" to them, and it takes some months for them to adjust to a loving situation. These are the "fortunate" victims of Swaziland and HIV, for they are given a home with a loving "auntie", healthcare, education and security



We worked hard, but we also enjoyed some quiet moments holding some of the younger orphans that craved for affection, and did not want to leave our arms.

On our one day off, we also had the opportunity, fun and excitement of doing a walking safari in Hlane National Park, tracking rhinos. What an experience!

A big surprise, was to meet the Canadian Tenors.....what handsome, talented and friendly young men. They are staunch supporters of Bulembu, and performed, along with the children of the Christian Academy, in a free concert for the community. What an unexpected, delightful evening.

If you type in "Canadian Tenors – Bulembu – Swaziland" on your search engine, you will see many videos of Bulembu.

As always, I had opportunity to teach, but I learned so much more. I worked hard and gave of myself, but received so much more. The people were warm and friendly. We shared laughter, hugs, and yes even some tears.

It was an amazing work experience in a beautiful, far away country. I do hope to return to Bulembu, both to work and to see its progress.

A GODLY Anthem

There was recent discussion and debate about changing the words of the National Anthem: yet again. So, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation ran a poll on the question "Do you believe we should keep "God keep our land".

CBC reported they received the highest number of responses ever sent in on a poll, and the result:

86% to keep it as is.
14% to do away with the word "God"

But one wit wrote a poem in response that I couldn't resist sharing with you . . .

O Canada!
Why the "O" is Canada IRISH

Our home and native land!
Don't you mean ABORIGINAL

True patriot love in all thy sons command.
COMMAND! COMMAND!
You do not COMMAND! me, you ask me politely.

With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
What about the people with HEART TROUBLE
What about the people with ARTIFICIAL HEARTS
What about BANKERS, CONSERVATIVES, TV EVANGELISTS.

The True North strong and free!
EAST, WEST and SOUTH,
WEAK and CAPTIVE?

From far and wide,
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
WHO says THEE?

God keep our land glorious and free!
GOD? OH OH!

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
There's that THEE again.

O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
need I mention the lame?)
And the THEE again.

[By the way, the Prime Minister's office has issued a statement that they will not be changing the Anthem.]

Persecuted Christians = Egypt

By Chev. Harold Nelson

The media has been dominated by Egyptian news recently as President Mubarak is challenged.

But we have heard or seen virtually nothing about the Christians in Egypt since the brief flurry of news when one of the bombing of Saints Church in Alexandria on New Year's Day 2011, killing 30 persons and wounding 80.

Christianity was brought to Egypt by Saint Mark and Alexandria became one of the four main centers for Christianity. By the third century, a majority of Egyptians were Christian but after the spread of Islam they became a minority, now making up about 10 per cent of the 80 million population or approximately 8 million.

The Copts consider themselves to be the original Egyptians. It was not until the last century that other Egyptians began calling themselves Arab. Modern Egypt has had a secular government largely run by the army (the eighth largest in the world). However the Muslim Brotherhood, which until now has been kept officially out of politics (since religiously identified groups could not register as parties), could become that largest party because of its grass root programs. It has a solid reputation because of its schools and medical centers in rural areas ignored by the government. And in the last election a large number of its supporters were elected as independents.

Many of the Coptic churches are in bad condition lacking the money for new roofs and other repairs. But the Copts are experts at surviving and continue to have a moral voice that cannot be silenced and deserve the sympathy and support of their fellow Christians.

Perhaps the St James Priory could consider the plight of the Coptic Churches when decisions are made as to where to direct our Churches of the Holy Lands charitable monies this year.

For those who love, but are bemused by the English language, we present...

Asylum for the Verbally Insane

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,
Yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine: she, shis and shim!

Let's face it - English is a crazy language.

There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple.
English muffins weren't invented in England.
We take English for granted, but if we explore its paradoxes,
we find that quicksand can work slowly,
boxing rings are square, and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing,
grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?
Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend.
If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?
If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?
Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up speaking English should be committed to an
asylum for the verbally insane.

In what other language do people recite at a play and play at a recital?

We ship by truck but send cargo by ship.

We have noses that run and feet that smell.

We park in a driveway and drive in a parkway.

And how can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out, and in which an alarm goes off by going on.

And, in closing, if Father is Pop, how come Mother is not Mop?

Book Review

By Chev. Keith Leslie Leonard, KCTJ



The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail

Arrow Books, Random House, ISBN 0-09-950309-3, ISBN 9780099503095 (from Jan. 2007)

Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, and Henry Lincoln.

The authors of *The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail* accused Dan Brown of Da Vinci Code fame of plagiarism and breach of copyright, for stealing the ideas contained in their book. They didn't win the lawsuit, and Brown claimed he'd only glanced at *Holy Blood*, but keep their claim in mind while reading the book.

First published 1982. Revised and updated 1996. Knight's Templar, Cathars, Merovingians, the Priory of Sion... Facts or Fiction?

The book appears to be well researched, with a number of illustrations of Templar interest. The book also connects a number of influential people over the years with The Templars, and the Priory of Sion. There is an extensive bibliography, references, and index. The subject matter is often controversial, with perhaps a legacy of information waiting to be unearthed in the Vatican archives.

I found *The Holy Blood and The Holy Grail* to be thought provoking, and overall a good read. A great addition to anyone's Templar library.

Gratitude

If you woke up this morning with more health than illness...you are more blessed than the million who will not survive this week.

If you have never experienced the danger of battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture, or the pangs of starvation ...you are ahead of 500 million people in the world.

If you can attend a church meeting without fear of harassment, arrest, torture, or death...you are more blessed than three billion people in the world.

If you have food in the refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof overhead and a place to sleep...you are richer than 75% of this world.

If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish someplace ... you are among the top 8% of the world's wealthy.

If you can read this message, you are more blessed than over two billion people in the world who cannot read at all.

Sack Lunches

From Chev. Frank Chen

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. 'I'm glad I have a good book to read and perhaps I will get a short nap,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me. I decided to start a conversation. 'Where are you headed?' I asked the soldier seated nearest to me.

'Petawawa. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan.'

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time....

As I reached for my wallet, I overheard soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five bucks. I'll wait till we get to base '

His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.' She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. 'My son was a soldier in Iraq; it's almost like you are doing it for him.'

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, 'Which do you like best - beef or chicken?'

'Chicken,' I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class. 'This is yours with thanks.'

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. A man stopped me. 'I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this.' He handed me twenty-five dollars.

Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Aircraft Pilot coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand, and said, 'I want to shake your hand.'

Quickly unfastening my seat-belt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, 'I was a soldier and I was a military pilot. Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot.' I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A man who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm.

When we landed I gathered my belongings and started to deplane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. 'It will take you some time to reach the base. It will be about time for a sandwich. God Bless You.'

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers. As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return. These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals.

It seemed so little...

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to his country for an amount of 'up to and including my life.'

That is Honor, and there are way too many people who no longer understand it.

Shepherd's Monument 'code' was 19th century graffiti

By Nick Britten



The eight-letter inscription on the Shepherd's Monument in Shugborough, Staffordshire

Explanations for the eight-letter inscription on the 18th century Shepherd's Monument, at Shugborough Hall in Staffordshire, have ranged from a coded love letter to Biblical verse.

Some have even suggested that the letters OUOSVAVV – framed at either end by DM – were a sign left by the Knights Templar pointing to where the Holy Grail was buried.

Their true meaning, however, could prove a disappointment to lovers of Da Vinci Code-style mysteries.

According to the historian AJ Morton, the inscription is little more than graffiti left in the early 19th century by the former Shugborough residents George Adams and his wife, Mary Vernon-Venables.

Mr Morton, an expert in graves and monuments, explained that the letters could be matched to the couple, relations of Thomas Anson, who built the monument in the mid-1700s. "There doesn't appear to be any reference to the curious letters until the 19th century. This suggests, quite strongly, that they were added later," said Mr Morton. Nothing in Thomas Anson's life fits the letters in the inscription ... except the family of his nephew, George Adams."

Toronto Templars on Line

There has been a makeover of our Order's web site which you can see at <http://www.osmth.org/> where you can now see who all the officers are and lots of news going up as well.

And for Toronto Templars, your pictures are now up in the Private Members Only section of the website. If you don't like your picture (or we don't have one), please forward a good picture by email to Chev Stephen at lautens@torontotemplars.org

A Dance in the Rain



It was a busy morning, about 8:30, when an elderly gentleman in his 80's arrived to have stitches removed from his thumb.

He said he was in a hurry as he had an appointment at 9:00 am.

I took his vital signs and had him take a seat, knowing it would be over an hour before someone would be able to see him.

I saw him looking at his watch and decided, since I was not busy with another patient, I would evaluate his wound.

On exam, it was well healed, so I talked to one of the doctors, got the needed supplies to remove his sutures and redress his wound.

While taking care of his wound, I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment this morning, as he was in such a hurry.

The gentleman told me no, that he needed to go to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I inquired as to her health.



He told me that she had been there for a while and that she was a victim of Alzheimer's Disease.

As we talked, I asked if she would be upset if he was a bit late.

He replied that she no longer knew who he was, that she had not recognized him in five years now.



I was surprised, and asked him,
'And you still go every morning, even though she
doesn't know who you are?'

He smiled as he patted my hand and said,
'She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is.'



I had to hold back tears as he left,
I had goose bumps on my arm, and thought,

'That is the kind of love I want in my life.'

True love is neither physical, nor romantic.



True love is an acceptance of all that is,
has been, will be, and will not be.

The happiest people don't necessarily have the best of everything;
they just make the best of everything they have.



'Life isn't about how to survive the storm, But how to dance in the rain
We are getting older but only one day at a time

Knights Templar's in France

Information for this article obtained from

<http://www.beyond.fr/history/templars.html>

Legacy and Remnants

The Templars brought back craft and custom from the East and left a legacy of fortresses and shrines. Their architecture is well noted for its skilled stonework, and their masonry expertise later helped Europeans build the great castles and churches of the Middle Ages. [Offered by Peter Sheppard]

Here are some of the places in Provence and France where the Knights Templars were established:

[Biot](#) - the Counts of Provence gave Biot to the Templars in 1209.

[Cairanne](#) - Templars ruled here, before passing it to the Hospitalers.

[Le Fugeret](#) - the Templars cleared the land here for farming.

[Greoux-les-Bains](#) - the Templars' castle dominates the town.

[Lapalud](#) - Co-ruled by the Templars until the 11th century.

[Lorgues](#) - the Templars Commanderie du Riou built here in 1156.

[Le Monétier-Les-Bains](#) - a Templars chateau just south of the village.

[Richerenches](#) - the Templars first Commanderie here.

[Senez](#) - once a Templars establishment in this tiny village.

[Trigance](#) - Legends of a Templars treasure hidden in the castle.

[Vacqueyras](#) - Templars rule.

Elancourt - a Templars Commanderie here, between Maurepas and Trapes [[map](#)]

In the Alpes-Maritimes, the Templars were installed in the old Roman emplacements, including [Vence](#), Broc, Gattières, La Gaude, [Tourettes-sur-Loup](#) and Saint-Laurent-de-Var [[map](#), northwest of Nice].

The Vence location was Templars Commanderie at Saint-Martin-de-Vence, just north of the town. (Today the site is a classy hotel-restaurant). The Commandeur of Saint-Martin-de-Vence was arrested at 5 on Friday 13 October 1307 by the vigan of Saint Paul. There's a legend that Saint-Martin-de-Vence contains a lost treasure of the Templars, and the German chancellor Adenauer was a frequent visitor searching for the treasure.

Saint-Martin-de-Vence controlled the route north of Vence, and was itself protected by the camp at the top of the Baou des Blancs, the tall cliff overlooking the town. The Baou des Blancs was an oval wall at the top of the cliff, re-occupied by the "Pénitents Blancs" (hence the name of the baou) and then fortified by the Templars.

The La Gaude site was the old Castro de Gauda, also called "Puget Treize Dames", and more recently the great Templar Chateau de La Gaude. La Gaude, between Saint Jeannet and Gattières, was at a strategic location overlooking the Var and controlling an important route to the sea. At the fall of the Templars, it became the property of the Villeneuves.

A Wee Bit of Humour

Puzzled

One winter morning a couple is listening to the radio over breakfast. They hear the announcer say, "We are going to have 8 to 10 inches of snow today. We are asking everyone to park their car on the even-numbered side of the street, so there is room for the snow ploughs to get through."

The wife goes out and moves her car.

A week later while they are eating breakfast again, the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 10 to 12 inches of snow. So today you must park your car on the odd-numbered side of the street, so that the snow ploughs can get through."

The wife goes out and moves her car to the odd- numbered side.

The next week they are again having breakfast, when the radio announcer says, "We are expecting 12 to 14 inches of snow today. You must park".

Then the power goes out.

The wife is very upset, and with a worried look on her face she says to her husband, "Honey, I don't know what to do! Which side of the street do I need to park on so the snow ploughs can get through today?"

With the love and understanding in his voice, that all married men exhibit, the husband says...

"Why don't you just leave it in the garage this morning?"

And that's all for now and hope you are enjoying our Canadian Winter!