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|  C:\Lodge\poppy.jpg  |  **City of London** **Rifles’ Lodge** **No. 5606** (Consecrated 1936) |
| Part of the ‘ For the Fallen ’ Poem by [Laurence Binyon](https://www.google.co.uk/search?q=Laurence+Binyon&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAOPgE-LUz9U3SC4vq8pQ4gAx4w2qKrVkspOt9JPy87P1y4syS0pS8-LL84uyrRJLSzLyixax8vsklhal5iWnKjhl5lXm5wEAmq5L4kcAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwin-8uFvfTlAhVQQUEAHXU4C4cQmxMoATAkegQIDxAK)They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.At the going down of the sun and in the morning**We will remember them.**Psalm 23The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.Poem by John Mcrea In Flanders fields the poppies blowBetween the crosses, row on row,That mark our place; and in the skyThe larks, still bravely singing, flyScarce heard amid the guns below.We are the Dead. Short days agoWe lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,Loved and were loved, and now we lie,In Flanders fields.Take up our quarrel with the foe:To you from failing hands we throwThe torch; be yours to hold it high.If ye break faith with us who dieWe shall not sleep, though poppies growIn Flanders fields. |  C:\Lodge\poppy.jpg **Empty Chair Ceremony** **4 November 2021** C:\Lodge\poppy.jpgDeacons collect the symbolic representation of fallen Masons  Brethren come to Order with sign of ReverenceDeacons with the Entered Apprentice Apron perambulate to the Empty ChairBrethren are seated.Senior Warden Approaches the Empty Chair and places Entered Apprentice ApronPsalm 23Poem by John McreaBrethren come to AttentionTwo Minute SilenceLast Post‘ For the Fallen ’ Poem by [Laurence Binyon](https://www.google.co.uk/search?q=Laurence+Binyon&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAOPgE-LUz9U3SC4vq8pQ4gAx4w2qKrVkspOt9JPy87P1y4syS0pS8-LL84uyrRJLSzLyixax8vsklhal5iWnKjhl5lXm5wEAmq5L4kcAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwin-8uFvfTlAhVQQUEAHXU4C4cQmxMoATAkegQIDxAK) |