

The Moon and the Sun

Or the Moon of the Apprentice

The Moon and the Sun are two symbols that decorate our temple, and probably almost all the temples in the world. Outside, they are stars, visible or not, depending on the time of the day, the month, the seasons or the position of the observer on the Earth.

An event took place recently and still takes place, also very cyclical: the harvest period. Its result, the harvest of the fruit of the vine, and its product, the wine, is particularly prized by the mason. Oh, it goes without saying that the latter is not so fond of it to reach intoxication, far from me this idea, even if notably during the banquet of order, the wine gives heart to the work. I would rather think that the vine has been able to trap in its fruits all sorts of elements coming from the two stars in question in this plate: The Sun gives big fruits, therefore sugar and alcohol, and sometimes late harvests are carried out under the full Moon, to produce the well named “*Moon wine*”. After drinking (in moderation), the Mason works to find the Light.

It seems easier to find the Light by observing a star as bright as the Sun; but so much Light, at least for an apprentice, quickly leads to overdose and dazzlement. This is probably one of the reasons why, personally, I often find inspiration only at night. The Mason works from noon to midnight, so he ends up in the dark (unless he is near one of the Poles) and might need the darkness to cut and polish his stone more serenely.

“*Darkness*” is actually not the correct term, as the Moon reflects and guides in the dark, where the Sun can dazzle in the light.

In the temple, the Moon is found in the North, that is to say near the North column, that of the apprentices; the latter are there so that they are illuminated by it at all times, that is to say when the Sun is not visible. And thanks to it, the apprentices can work even without the sun.

Indeed, the light of the Moon is an indirect light, that of the Sun in reality; perhaps it focuses the essential? A weak point of light, but concentrated, like each of the candles we light during the opening ritual.

I am rarely disoriented, but the times it does happen, it happens when the sky is veiled just enough to mask the Sun, but still spread its light in all directions. I find myself just as dazzled and disoriented as during a well-known phenomenon in the high mountains: *The white day*.

The Moon, during the day, remains “*in the shadow*” of the Sun, responding to the classic pattern since at least the invention of writing, Sun/Moon, active/passive, masculine/feminine; the only special case is eclipses: Indeed, while a lunar eclipse, even a total one, remains an event that can go unnoticed by a good majority of us, a solar eclipse tends to disturb us, just like chickens returning to the henhouse.

I would like to point out to you my dear brothers, that at the very moment I am presenting you this work, a total lunar eclipse is taking place. No need to rush to the temple steps, it is not visible from Europe (for information, total eclipses of the Sun are disappearing, because our Moon is moving away).

We are perhaps too dependent on the Sun, and the Moon tries to remind us sometimes, perhaps to whisper to us that we should be wary of it, of the Sun I mean, and that the Sun is perhaps too heavy a symbol, or at least to be used only as a last resort...

The Moon lets us observe its face, and always shows us the same face, even if it evolves phase by phase, quarter by quarter; the Sun has a changing face, impalpable and not really visible, and just observable thanks to observation satellites.

Does the truth come from the one who puts it in your eyes, or from the one who lets you see it? The mirror of the soul, it is said, and its left eye is called the Sea of Serenity...

However, there is one caveat when I say that the Moon always shows the same face: I have partly drawn this piece of architecture in Mauritius, near the Tropic of Capricorn, and there the Moon's quarters do not move from right to left as they do here below, but almost from bottom to top. The Moon of our temple should be turned a quarter of a turn to fit the Mauritian reality...

Many specialists agree that the Moon is a piece of the Earth; could this explain this fusional relationship with the apprentice, the youngest of the Lodge? We would then find the notion of femininity in the form of maternity, a courageous mother who takes it all in without letting her children see it, as for the craters on her hidden face, scars that she secretly bears, the result of her protective action against the attacks of the cosmos. On the other hand, the Sun radiates and attracts destructive meteors, a kind of creative destruction, like the lion devouring the cubs, in order to paradoxically regain the favor of the lioness.

The Earth, the Sun and the Moon are in perpetual movement and are therefore sometimes in particular positions, sometimes aligned, sometimes in opposition, these two positions being also called “*Syzygy*”, and especially sometimes in quadrature, thus forming a triangle, a delta, like the one formed in the temple by the Sun, the Moon and the W.:M.:.

I think it is clear to everyone that I have a bias for the Moon; what could be more normal, I am an apprentice. Indeed, my Masonic light seems to me to be rather lunar for the moment. When the Sun can produce torment in me, the Moon brings me more serenity, more assurance in my decisions (isn't it said that night brings advice?) It gives me time for my own questioning, a regular return to the mirror of initiation: Man is a wolf to Man, I return to the columns, without howling at the Moon, but among the brothers of my pack.

I have spoken W.:M.:.

Bro.: Jean Paul