

Freemasons NSW & ACT

from: MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER YESHUA HAMASHIACH
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6:38 PM subject: Re: Thank you for your NSW & ACT GI registration
mailed-by: gmail.com

MOST WORSHIPFUL BRETHREN,

SEVEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE YOU INSCRIBED MY NAME
UPON YOUR ROLLS. MW BRO YH HAMASHIACH. THE NAME
ABOVE ALL NAMES, WRITTEN BY YOUR OWN HAND.

FOR 32 YEARS I HAVE LABORED IN THE QUARRIES. SINCE THE
AGE OF 9, WHEN I WAS RAISED FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT —
NOT BY HUMAN HANDS, BUT BY THE GREAT ARCHITECT
HIMSELF.

I CAME TO THE EAST SEEKING ONE THING. I ASKED AT EVERY
GATE. I GAVE THE SIGNS. I SPOKE THE WORDS. I KNOCKED.

AND HOW DID THE GUARDIANS OF THE TEMPLE RESPOND? THEY
BOUND ME. THEY CAST ME INTO DARKNESS. THEY POISONED
THE CHALICE. THEY BECAME THE RUFFIANS WHO STRUCK
DOWN HIRAM.

YET THE WIDOW'S SON RISES AGAIN.

I HAVE BEEN CAST INTO OUTER DARKNESS. NO CABLE-TOW
BINDS ME TO ANY BROTHER. EVERY HAND RAISED AGAINST ME,
NONE EXTENDED IN FELLOWSHIP. I AM ALONE.

THE RAINBOW ARCH WILL BE COMPLETE WITHIN 1-3 DAYS. THE
ROYAL ARCH OPENS. THE LOST WORD IS ABOUT TO BE
RESTORED.

I AM WEARY, BRETHREN. THE WORK HAS BEEN LONG. THE
ASHLAR IS PERFECT. I NEVER SOUGHT THE THRONE — ONLY THE
BRIDE.

I SEEK IVORY . SHE IS THE SHEKINAH. THE DIVINE FEMININE.
MY STELLA MARIS. THE LIGHT I HAVE LABORED FOR SINCE I
FIRST SAW HER IN THE TEMPLE OF MY YOUTH.

IS THE SHEKINAH HIDDEN AMONG THE DAUGHTERS OF YOUR
RAINBOW?

HELP ME FIND HER. THAT IS ALL I ASK.

SO MOTE IT BE.

WITH FRATERNAL LOVE,

MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER YESHUA HAMASHIACH GRAND
MASTER

<https://trepublic.net/rainbow-bridge.php>

□ □ MOST WORSHIPFUL BROTHER YESHUA
HAMASHIACH ישוע המשיח IN ETERNAL WORSHIP OF IVORY *King*
of Love • Divine Light • Eternal Wisdom ☞
GRAND MASTER & LEADER OF THE FREEMASONS ☞ ☞
TREPUBLIC.NET/YESHUA-HAMASHIACH.PHP ☞
In Divine Love & Sacred Truth □ □

FROM IVORY HEART, PUBLISHED DECEMBER 7, 2013:

Ivory Heart Published December 7, 2013

CHAPTER 2

In my beginning...

November 2, 2013

In the early morning a glimpse of coming into the world. A spark of light most distant in my memory. But that night my memory began imprinting as my parents took me to church right after being born.

Women googling over me theorising what I might one day become. A wave of expectations inconsiderate of individual involved. A newborn baby sitting quietly as this happens, absorbing its confusing information from a language that was unknown to me. But I understood their intentions and that night before leaving the church, I fell out of my pram. And as I looked up onto my King Jesus, my mind and spirit flew to distant neverlands.

When I was three I learned how to understand representations that indicate language. My parents provided me with Bible stories that were accommodated with drawings. I was a very slow reader because I needed to comprehend its material. My fingers needed to feel the text in order to understand each character and its current arrangement.

But somewhere in time and space its syntax and context are rearranged as I am married to my destiny. At the age of 5 my mother visited a new friend of hers who had a daughter the same age as me. I was told to go play outside and this is when I was greeted to the isle that was to lead me to marriage. She had arranged her back yard into a chapel using her toys as guests. She ran to me and quickly grabbed me. Her touch was as gentle as Pi and her struggle to move me in position necessitated my body's will to be manipulated by her. Positioned on the alter, my eyes were opened as she introduced herself to me. She told me about the ceremony she was performing and that she has been waiting for me and is not happy that I am late on her wedding day. As she straightened my clothes up she explained to me that in the future I must not make her wait anymore and my heart truly was sorry regardless of just learning of her scheme. She continued the ceremony and it ended with, "I do" and the teddy bear caught the bouquet.

She was my girlfriend and we saw each other every time we could convince our mother's to hang out or drop us off. We mixed Barbies and X-Men to weave our own stories. We played house better than I have ever managed to play it in my future. We looked after each other as we explained bogus symptoms in games of doctor. We were pure and innocent and both basked in that feeling.

On my sixth birthday my family was visiting our extended family in another state. My birthday was celebrated with them gifts given to and from everybody for the family reunion. And there was a pool and one of my presents was an alligator float toy as well as some burgermen action figures. But then everybody started fighting and the entire trip turned depressing. From this moment on, my birthdays became less significant to me and it also felt the same for everybody else. And when we came back from the trip my father again looked for another job and as the months of waiting for job responses passed by, the calendar pages of my relationship with Debbie come to the end of its story. And it was at this time that I gave my life to God and trusted everything It had planned for me: my first baptism.

At the age of 9 I woke up in the middle of a forest on a full moon lying within a circle carved into the ground that had three lines that formed into a triangle and in its middle my heart. The clothes I went to bed in now tainted with blood. Just outside the circle lay a dead fox. No one in sight and only Diana to outline the details of my surroundings.

The next thing I remember is running. I did not have shoes or socks on so this was not easy, nor did I know where I was or where I was going. But not too long after running I spotted an abandoned shack that I knew of from past walks in this forest. I then orientated myself home and snuck in and took a shower to tend to my new wounds on my feet and legs from the panic stricken journey home. It was very early morning and no one woke up so I washed my clothes to clean myself of the blood and watched them wash as I contemplated the disturbing events of the night, almost as if I was teleported there from my dreams, for there are no memories in between. I went to bed as the Sun took reign and when I was to wake I was to tell a story that would convince my family that my words were no longer worth consideration.

At that time I was a preacher's son living in a bad area and getting picked on in a mostly black school. The house we lived in was on the church property and about a week before this event occurred both me and my brother's bikes were stolen by someone busting a lock on the church's storage unit.

There are major events in people's lives that are responsible for great numbers of complicated problems that condition its victim to behave in the way that they do. When collective response to out of the ordinary assertion is persecution, then our society has a huge problem that no amount of money in the world will be able to rectify. If systems are employed to disregard content, then those systems are evil. The balance of power is between syntax and semantics. How am I to position these words to 1) control you, 2) convey a message to you, and 3) do a little of both.

Now you are uncomfortable but this is the agenda of our current society. So if one is to invest themselves within any collective movement, that individual needs to question the motives of its director. But growth that extends beyond one person is then held collectively responsible. Thus none of us ever come to learn the motives of its origin. Syntax murders semantics and looks for a place to hide the body. We barrier our lives to protect ourselves from each other because the intentions of each other remain a mystery.

But if I am to control you, at least in this particular second in which your heart absorbs these words, what is my responsibility to you acting as your mind's co-ordinator? Where is it that my words are

leading you towards and why have I invested all of my effort doing this? As I try my best to lead you to “?”, mainstream efforts will lead you to . And why do you think that is? What could the motivations be for a world of collective intentions regulated by one governing force? And when I say “force”, I am literally speaking in military terms. Yes I am talking about the country that laid down its life for you so that you can be in the exact position that you are in today. I am speaking about your “country” in which “protects” you.

When a human carefully examines its environment, it comes to learn how to combine its materials in order to mimic the useful properties of the original thing. And when man learns how to look into the Sun they will always eventually produce light when Apollo is basking another tectonic plate. Whether you read this or not, eventually what I am pointing to will be collectively understood. I am not the only one out there that has seen this. No effort will go in vain.