

MINNEAPOLIS SUN ROAD CLOSURE NOTICE

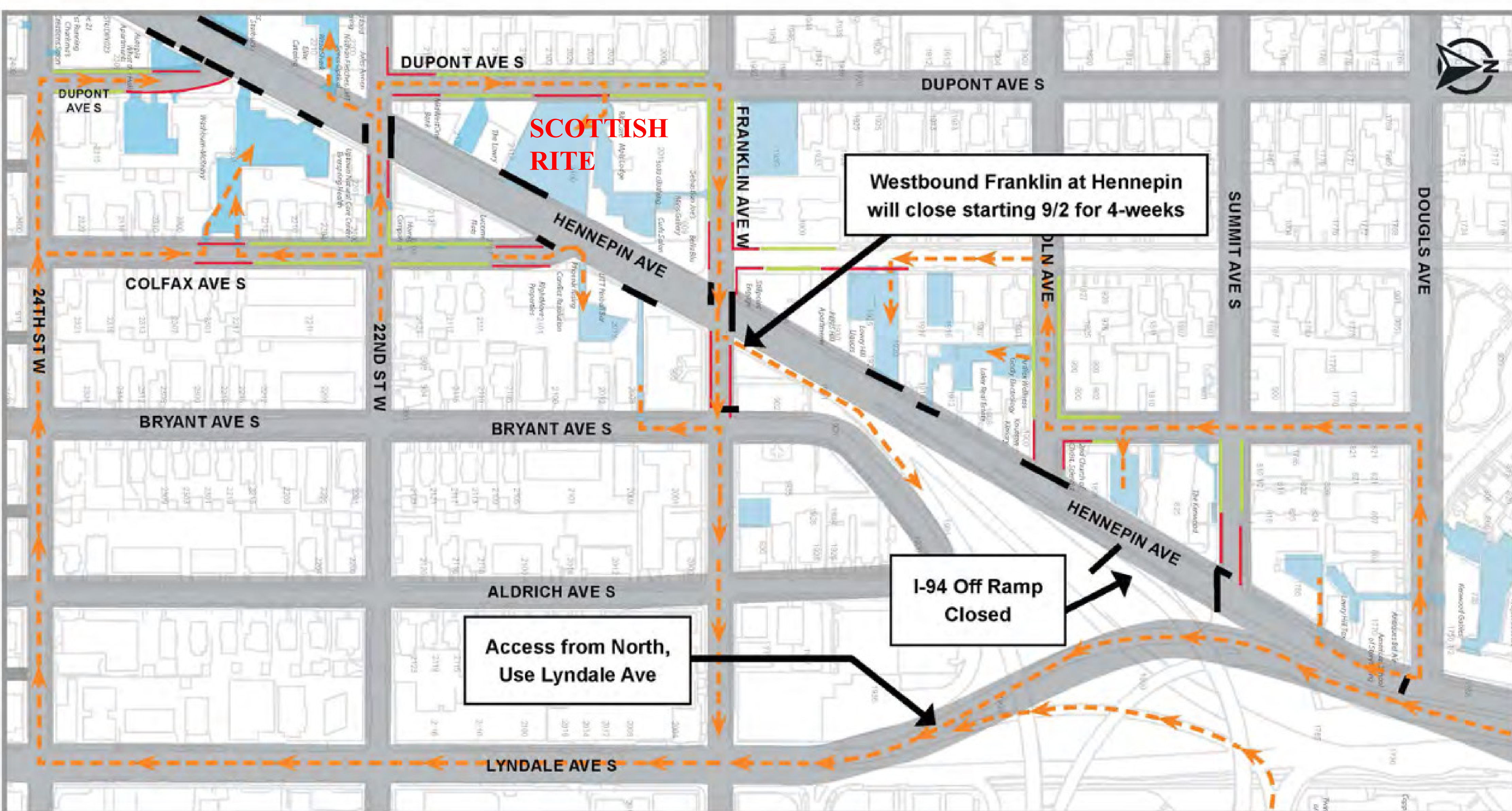
UPDATE SEPTEMBER 21, 2025

Hennepin Avenue will be closed for reconstruction
From I-94, use Lyndale Avenue to Franklin and access the Valley parking lot from Dupont Avenue

NOTE: Franklin Ave W is now a one-way street going Eastbound

Hennepin Ave S Reconstruction Project (W Lake St. to Douglas Ave.)

Business Parking / Access
September 21-27, 2025



Private/Business parking No Parking Onstreet Parking Road or Access Closed Business Access Route

MINNEAPOLIS SUN

DIGITAL EDITION
OCTOBER 2025



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***Every first Tuesday of the month is the Heads of Bodies
and Knights of Saint Andrew meetings**

****Dinners are every Thursday before the degrees. You
can RSVP and pay for your meal by [clicking here](#)**

**[CLICK HERE TO SEE THE
FULL CALENDAR](#)**



Albert Pike

VALLEY OF MINNEAPOLIS
ORIENT OF MINNESOTA

VALUED MEMBER SINCE 1873

2011 Dupont Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55405

MEMBER NO. 00001



2022

COMING TO VISIT?

DON'T FORGET YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD!



Minneapolis Scottish Rite Building & Museum Foundation

Guardian of the Temple

A Monthly Giving Society



\$5



\$25



\$50



\$100



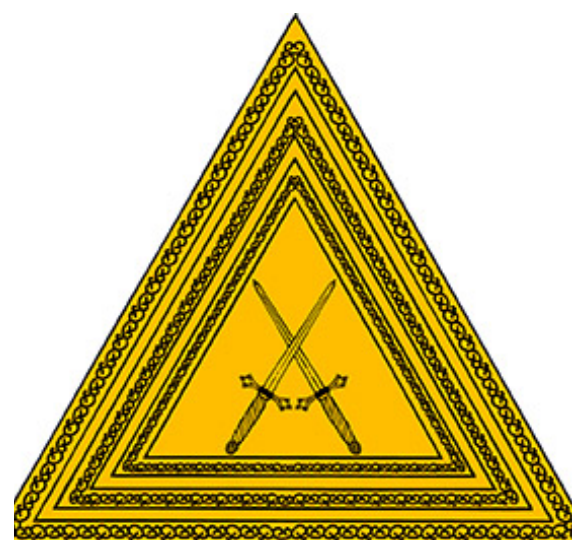
\$250

For more details
Scan the QR Code



Goto <https://www.mplssrbm.org/donate.html>

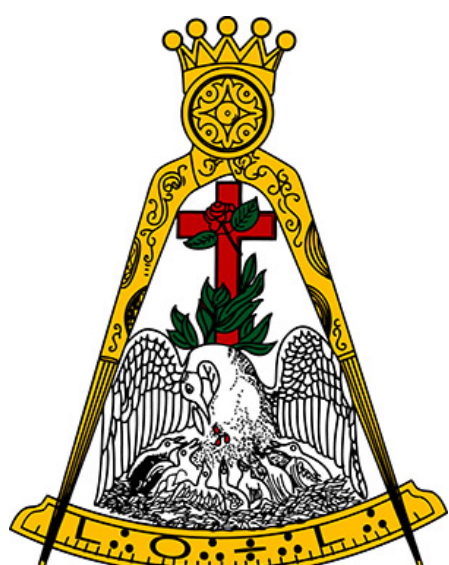
EVENTS THIS MONTH



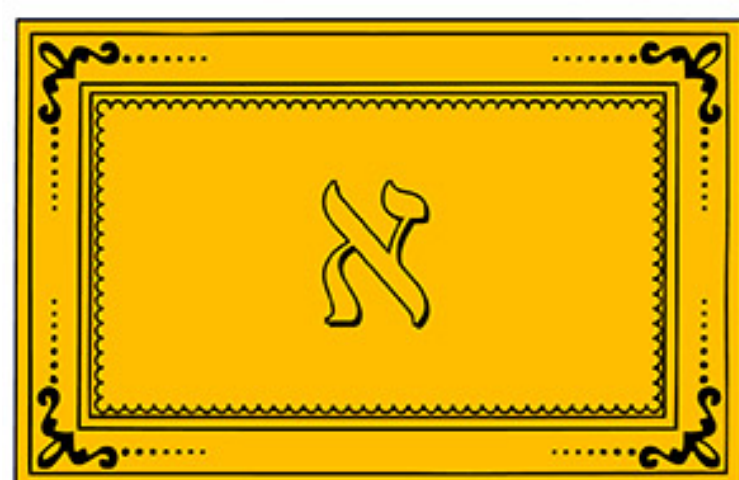
October 2 - 15° & 16°



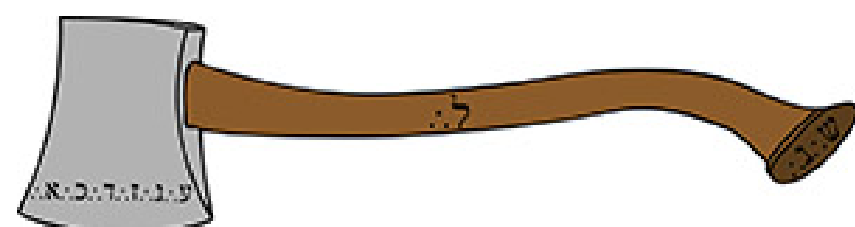
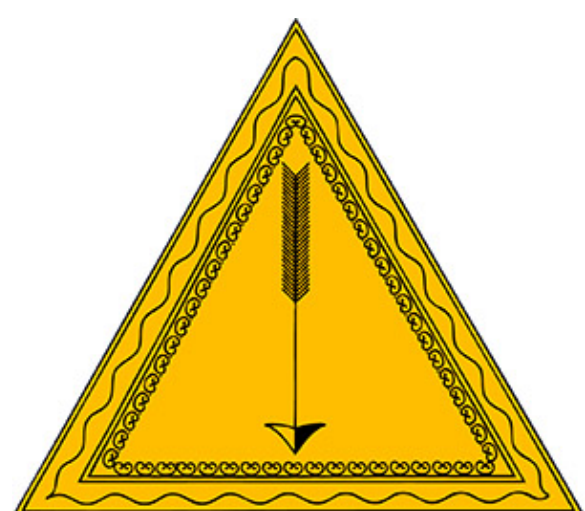
October 7 - Heads of Bodies & Lodge of Perfection Meetings



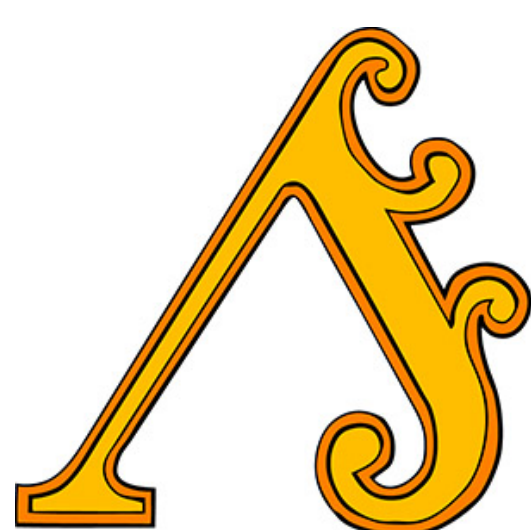
October 9 - 17° & 18°



October 16 - 19° & 20° and 3rd Thursday Social



October 23 - 21° & 22°



October 30 - 23° & 24°



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Greetings Scottish Rite Brethren!

The leaves are changing and we are in full swing with the Fall Cycle. Don't forget to RSVP for dinner and stick around for the 3rd Thursday Socials!

Unfortunately, I was unable to secure articles for Ken Carroll's funeral, the membership event, or the Biennial Session.

I am renewing our request for more writers for the SUN. Please contact me directly at sun@scottish-rite-mpls.org if you would like to contribute to the incredible legacy of our fine periodical.

See you at the Rite!



Mark Evan Prewett, 32° K.:C.:C.:H.:



SEPTEMBER HOB

The monthly meeting of the Heads of the Bodies convened on September 2, 2025, bringing together leaders including Scott Wood, David Graham, Jason Lang, Shane Wendt, Tim Bocce, Dave Kampf, Monte Miller, and Roger Schmidt. The Building Committee reported significant progress on facility improvements, with the arrival of lintels expected by September 15. The auditorium door has been repaired, the boiler is back in working order, and David Graham presented a plan to address ceiling repairs.

Members approved several upcoming events, ensuring a lively autumn at the Valley. These include the Cass Lodge Potluck Fellowship on September 20, the DeMolay event on September 28, the Job's Daughters gathering on October 4, the Sigma Kai event on October 11 (with setup the previous day), and the Cass Lodge MM Degree also on October 11. The Membership Committee, under Brent Reichow's leadership, celebrated recent successes by welcoming seven new members, bringing the total to ten and highlighting the Valley's growth.

A special announcement came from Monte Miller, who shared news of a reunion at the Valley of Chicago set for November 8 and 9, promoting continued fellowship with neighboring Valleys. In communications and ceremonies, Bill Brown confirmed all arrangements for the Knighting Ceremony on November 6 are complete, though more volunteers are needed to help with upcoming banquets.

The meeting also provided an update on the wellbeing of members; Jerry Oliver had a short hospital stay but is now recovering well, and the Valley sends its best wishes for his health. In the public relations report, Dave Kampf expressed appreciation for everyone's participation, celebrated Minnesota's strong representation at DC, and announced that SGIG Tony has been elected Grand Prior—an honor for the community.

THE SCOTTISH RITE VALLEY OF MINNEAPOLIS
LODGE OF PERFECTION + COUNCIL OF KADOSH

Present

**TWO GREAT FEASTS; TISHRI & KADOSH
TOGETHER FOR ONE NIGHT**

Saturday, October 4, 2025

Social Hour, Bar & Entertainment 5 PM

Dinner Program, Toasts and Member Awards 6 PM

Choice of: Prime Rib, Walleye, Fettucine

Full dinner menu & dessert

Come join us for great fellowship

Members and guests invited

Further Details & Reservations @
scottish-rite-mpls.org or Use QRC



Minnesota Masonic Heritage Center
Dan Patch Room
11411 Masonic Home Drive
Bloomington, MN



Knights of Saint Andrew

It's been a steady and rewarding year for our Chapter so far.

In May, our Knights supported the Doors Open Minneapolis event at the Scottish Rite, welcoming guests, guiding tours, and sharing the history and beauty of our building with visitors from all walks of life. It was a chance to connect with the public and showcase the pride we have in our Valley.

June saw the presentation of the Knight of the Year award, honoring a Brother whose commitment and service to both the Valley and the KSA stand as an example to us all.

Looking ahead, we are preparing for a Knighting Ceremony to welcome new Brothers into our ranks. This is one of our most treasured traditions — a moment that blends the dignity of our order with the joy of growing our fellowship. We look forward to seeing our ranks strengthened by new members who are eager to serve the Valley.

The Knights are an organization chartered to provide support and assistance to the Valley organizations and committees.

Any 32nd degree, Master of the Royal Secret, is eligible to join the KSA. It's a great way to get involved in the many aspects of the Scottish Rite. Your participation and support are welcome at as many of our degree nights and events as your schedule permits. And, it's a great way to meet more brothers and have some fun along the way. Petitions are in the office and online via the KSA page on the Valley website.

As a reminder, anyone can contact the KSA to request assistance with a Minneapolis Valley event or other project. To request assistance or get more information about the

organization, email us at ksa@scottish-rite-mpls.org. One of the KSA officers will respond promptly.

Justus Pope, 32° M.:R.:S.:
Excellent Master

Masonry is useful to all men: to the learned, because it affords them the opportunity of exercising their talents upon the subjects eminently worthy of their attention; to the illiterate, because it offers them important instruction; to the young, because it presents them with salutary precepts and good examples, and accustoms them to reflect on the proper mode of living; to the man of the world, whom it furnishes with noble and useful recreation; to the traveler, whom it enables to find friends and brothers in countries where else he would be isolated and solitary; to the worthy man in misfortune, to whom it gives assistance; to the afflicted, on whom it lavishes consolation; to the charitable man, whom it enables to do more good, by uniting with those who are charitable like himself; and to all who have souls capable of appreciating its importance, and of enjoying the charms of a friendship founded on the same principles of religion, morality, and philanthropy.



Minneapolis Scottish Rite Building & Museum Foundation

Online Store Now Open!!

Lodge of Perfection T-Shirts - \$35.00



Valley Polo - \$49.95 - 55.95



Scan the QR Code to purchase and then see the Valley Officer to get your item.

Available sizes are listed in the store.



THE SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Over the course of 1925, Reverend Carlton Books Miller's articles have been republished in the SUN. A quick Google search (and a slower Copilot Deep Research!) Comes up with very little information about this Brother and Reverend. Do you know something? If you have come across this name and have more insight, please contact me at sun@scottish-rite-mpls.org.

It is fascinating to read about Brother Miller's experience at the site of King Solomon's Temple. His careful attention to the details makes for a fascinating read, and the inclusion of the poem *[The City of God](#)* is a nice touch to the end of his publication.

Mark Evan Prewett, 32° K.:C.:C.:H.:

Editor for the SUN

The below article was written by Rev. Carlton Brooks Miller, republished in our October 1925 SUN from *The American Tyler-Keystone*.

THE SITE OF KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE
SCOTTISH RITE SUN
OCTOBER 1925

The morning sun came filtering through the latticed window of my room in the Hotel Allenby. There was a noise in the street below of donkeys and pedestrians moving in toward the city of Jerusalem, which lies within a high wall.

I remembered that this was my day to visit the site of King Solomon's temple.

Two hours before our guide was to meet us and long before the other guests in the hotel began to stir I was out on the muddy street making my way toward a great cubical tower at the end of the wall.

When I came to it I saw it had an opening so small that only foot passengers could enter. Even this small gateway goes through at an angle with a sharp turn to the left. I joined the stream, pushed through and was standing by David's Tower, inside the Jaffa Gate. The Jaffa Gate is the Forty-second Street at Fifth Avenue of Jerusalem. Outside the gate loaded camels and donkeys gather in the morning, awaiting the beginning of the day's markets. Inside, the crowds of all nations go in and out of the city. Between the Jaffa Gate and David's Tower is a large clean-cut hole in the wall made by the Kaiser for his entrance when he visited the Holy City in 1898. What a difference between the spirit of arrogance and boastfulness of William and the humble, democratic spirit of General Allenby, in 1917, when coming to the opening, he dismounted and walked through the Jaffa Gate as had the truly great before him, thereby winning the loyalty of all parties and religious sects.

Later our guide met us and we left the light of day for the dim, wet, smelly, crowded David Street, where the whole world is represented in language, color, dress and type. The one-room stores are filled with native foods and goods. Very little light comes through the arches overhead and since every few feet there is a step down, it pays to be careful, especially when an occasional donkey bumps his nose against your watch charm. Everybody seemed to be going everywhere, with the result that no one was getting anywhere. Everybody got in everybody's way and yet nobody got in anybody's way. When we were well down the street, we turned to the left down a quieter street and we followed to right and left until we stood on the edge of a sixty-foot square surrounded by three high walls. On each side was a monastery; ahead was the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There was nothing impressive in its appearance. The great doors had been

walled up, leaving a very small entrance.

The whole front of the church seemed battered and neglected. Yet countless millions have come as pilgrims to stand beneath its dome at the Tomb of Christ. The present edifice has stood since the days of the Crusaders, and the Knights Templar crosses can be seen cut in its pillars, while a grave of one of their number must be walked over as you go through the door. The Turks have held the site from the twelfth century until the twentieth, which may account for its neglected condition, although one is more apt to believe the guide, who intimates that the seven or more Christian creeds beneath its roof cannot agree to go ahead with the work of repair and redecoration. At the door we took lighted tapers and went along the dark, dingy, musty passages, visiting the chapels; a total of forty-six sacred spots connected with the crucifixion are marked here. The myriads of hanging lamps, candelabra, crucifixes, pictures and the like completely overlay altars and walls. You are shown the rock into which the cross was set and the Stone of Unction upon which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have laid the body of Christ preparatory for burial. The worn-away slab, which is kissed daily by pilgrims, is not the real one. That lies safely tucked away beneath the pavement to protect it from this same wearing-away process. The main object to be seen is the Tomb of Christ, a reddish marble chapel of two rooms, containing the grave of Jesus. There are tombs in Palestine which are cut in the rock and stones are rolled in a groove before their mouths to seal them, but the one in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is of the flat variety. The top of the tomb is only partly visible, due to the elaborateness of the altar. “Ornately overdone” is the phrase which strikes the mind of the Western pilgrim.

To me the Tomb of Christ should be the most sacred place in the world to the Christian. I came to pray, but went away rebellious and protestant forever. On the uncovered flat of marble upon which Christ’s body is said to have laid was a money plate, carefully arranged by the priest, with the large five and ten piaster pieces of the Egyptian currency used in Palestine and an American one-dollar bill. I had traveled with many different religious creeds from the Western Hemisphere, and found each ready to give to the churches and to religion. But to commercialize the most sacred place in the world was the last straw. I could overlook all the debates and controversies surrounding the genuineness of the spot (there was no church on the site until three hundred years after the crucifixion, when Constantine’s mother had a vision of the true cross while workmen were excavating at this spot); I could tolerate the paganism which the Easterner has associated with his Christianity, but the money tray on the Tomb of Christ was eloquent of the long, long way Christianity has gotten from the simple, natural religion of Jesus, who said so appropriately, “My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations.”

Outside we marked the stations of the cross on the Vit Dolorosa. There were no tourists about and the natives passed by without notice or regard. The Jerusalem of Jesus' day was at least twenty feet below the level of the present street, as a visit to the Russian monastery on "the Way" will show. Excavations have brought to light the pavement and the walls which existed before its stones were thrown down one upon another. The monk of the White Fathers at the Pool of Bethesda told me that the rubbish of destruction filled up the old city and the new city was built upon the ruins of the former without clearing away the rubbish. Diggers do not have to go very deep to find traces of the former city. At Bethesda, the water is forty feet below the street level and the pool still filled. This and other depths prove that the sacred spots on the Sorrowful Way are made such through the devotions of pilgrims rather than from any actual associations with the person of Jesus. The real wonder of Jerusalem comes by walking through the streets and seeing the life. Habits and ways of centuries persist, and resist modern civilization. The British brought clear water across the desert from the Nile. In March, 1924, the water-skin carrier was back in the streets, peddling water beside deserted hydrants. Things go on as they were in the beginning, not helpful to the happiness of the living generation there, but helpful to this generation which goes to see the land where Jesus lived. To think that out of this came Christ with his ideals and ideas, giving the world His wonderful way of living! This, more than burning lamps and sacred spots, is proof of His Divinity. He wept over the city when He saw how little He had impressed its people. He would be heartbroken to return again in the flesh and see how little His influence had meant to them after two thousand years.

And now we had come to Mount Moriah and the great temple enclosure, Haran es Sherif or the Dome of the Rock. This is certainly the site of King Solomon's temple, where, about 1017 B. C., the Jewish people were at their zenith in power and glory.

To visit the site of Solomon's temple, the traveler must go in the morning from nine to eleven thirty. Today this is a Mohammedan shrine. There is one gate only by which outsiders may enter and then only by being vouched for and the payment of fifteen piastres.

Solomon's temple must have been both beautiful and magnificent. If its pillars were like the one in St. Peter's Church at Rome, which is said to have come from Jerusalem, its marble was strength and beauty combined. If its many supports were of the cedars which I saw on the mountains of Lebanon in Syria then they were capable of carrying the great load. If the best part of the temple was of the milk-white stone quarried beneath the Holy City, then no wonder the Jews lament at the wailing wall for the splendor of the past to return.

Abraham was the first to use Mount Moriah as an altar for worship. He came prepared to sacrifice his only son Isaac for whom the ram appeared caught in the thicket as a substitute. Years later on the return from Egypt, David placed the temple over the great yellow-gray rock when he decided to make Jerusalem his capital. His son, Solomon, left at peace with the world by the successful battles of his father and having both money and plans before him, could do no other thing than begin to build a temple unto Jehovah. The story of the building of this temple is familiar to all Master Masons. My business is to tell you what the temple is like which stands there today and the temple area which surrounds it.

The Mosque of Omar or Dome of the Rock, which stands where Solomon's temple stood is truly a wonder of the world for beauty.

Above its marble walls are tiles of pattern and color unlike. The art of their manufacture has long since been lost and no money can buy one single square out of its place. The great gray dome can be seen for miles around. How much more impressive was the golden roof over the Holy of Holies in Solomon's day!

To enter, the Christian must cover his shoes with large yellow slippers, either to keep the temple free from infidel touch or the beautiful rugs from street dirt contamination. Within, the semi-darkness is at first most disconcerting but as the eyes grow accustomed to the subdued light, the great beauty of the structure begins to reveal itself.

With walls and pillars of marble, there are mosaics of the rarest kind in gold and black beneath the dome of lapis lazuli. Writings from the Koran, written in gold mosaic, run along the walls. They tell the worshipper that Jesus and Mohammed are both prophets but that no one is to confuse Jesus as the Son of God and that Mohammed is the last and greatest prophet of all.

The glass in the upper windows is unequalled. Artists have come to learn the secret and have spent futile hours trying to discover how the colors were made, only to go away baffled by the secret which the makers took with them to their graves. Any person who has the slightest feeling for wonderful things would be lost in enraptured enthusiasm in this temple which stands where Solomon's temple was builded.

In the very center of this mosque, directly under the dome rises the head of Mount Moriah uncovered and unchanged by the centuries. I could see the steps of the altar cut in its sides where the Knights Templar came during the Crusades and laid down their swords to worship God and proclaim the Christian religion. My reaction in being in so sacred a

place, especially because of its background and associations, is too difficult to express on paper.

Outside again in the growing sun, I spent the balance of the morning walking about the temple area. King Solomon's temple must have been huge to have covered so much ground. The present temple is no mean structure but Solomon's house of God would have completely enveloped it.

I walked over to the edge of the temple wall with Solomon's Stables below me where the rings and pillars to which the Knights Templar hitched their horses can be plainly seen and took a picture of the temple with the olive trees growing in the foreground. Solomon's temple covered even the space where these trees are now growing.

Following along the top of the wall we could look down into the Valley of Jehosaphat and see the tombs of Absalom, Zacharias, James and host of Mohammedan graves. Halfway around the temple area I came to the ruins of the once Golden Gate and here I stood and took a picture of the Mount of Olives from the Golden Gate with the Garden of Gethsemane in full view.

The Brook Kidron which flows through the valley was already dry and this was only March. A few Arab boys tramped at my heels and showed me how expert they were in throwing stones with their home-made sling-shots, perhaps as David had done as a boy watching his father's sheep. Here and there was a great stone flag, perhaps part of the temple pavement in the days of Solomon.

I was dreaming the dreams of the founding, the building and the completion of the temple when my loyal guide and conductor said we must vacate the area as the hour of prayer was approaching. My experience in visiting the site of King Solomon's temple was ideal. The morning had been beautiful in weather and all things had conspired to my advantage. How I wished for every Master Mason the same opportunity.

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord." Here I found visible evidence of the Christian religion, but something was not to be found in any temple or church. I have worshipped in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in London, in the Church of the Magdalene in Paris, in the Belem Cathedral in Lisbon and the greater one in Seville. I have stood beneath the great dome in St. Peter's at Rome and the former Christian Church of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople, and now had completed my pilgrimage to the great temple of Jerusalem. All "bear witness," it is true, but there was something more to be desired. We had fulfilled the words of the Psalmist,

“Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem,” “that are builded as a city that is compact together,” but it was a city like most cities-dirty, crowded, with rich and poor, joyful and sorrowful, the well and the sick. The city on Zion bore one kind of witness, but where was the place Jesus meant when He said, “Ye shall be My witnesses both in Jerusalem, . . and unto the uttermost parts of the earth?” I think, Master Masons, the place of witness is in the city of the mind and in the temple of the heart. It is in human minds and hearts that we will find the Great Grand Architect and His religion. Here He must forever build!

“Oh Thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor wall'd with shining walls, Nor framed with stones of price.
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!
“Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love.
Where faith bids fear depart.
City of God! thou art.
“Thou art wher'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.”

[\[See Palgrave, Francis Turner \(1824-1897\) \(1917\). The City of God. In Nicholson & Lee, eds., The Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse \(p. 140\). - Editor\]](#)