



## Thank You

### To The Brethren Of The Province Of Devonshire

Dear Brethren,

Now that I am finally adjusting to "retirement" I would like to express my grateful thanks and appreciation to each and everyone one of you for the great kindness, courtesy and hospitality I have always experienced during the years that I have served as a member of the Executive of this Province, and for the wonderful Retirement Gifts with which I was presented both at our Provincial Grand Lodge Meeting and at the Retirement Luncheon, they were wonderful - thank you.

It has been an honour and privilege to have been able to serve this lovely Order of ours and you, as the members of this great Province of ours, in the various offices I have held over the years and I consider myself most fortunate to have been able to do so. I would like to wish our Provincial Grand Master together with my successor and all the Assistant Provincial Grand Masters every continuing happiness and success and pledge to them my unwavering support in the years that lie ahead.

Finally Brethren, whilst I intend to take life a little easier now, I have no intention of vanishing from sight and hope that I will be able, from time to time, to visit you in your respective Lodges, and renew and once again enjoy the pleasure of your company and the fun we always had together.

May T.G.A.O.T.U. bless you and I wish you all every continued happiness and joy.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

Peter  
V.W. Bro. Peter R. Galt

## Closing Hymn

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy Thorne,  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To Endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last  
And our eternal home!