



Sovereign Order of Saint John of Jerusalem
* Knights of Malta *

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Chancellor's Update

If

Over the past few decades, the American citizens have justly complained that many public officials made promises they never kept or never intended to keep. For example, they were going to bring the boys back home, keep us out of war, no win wars and endless wars, lower taxes, repeal burdensome regulations, protect our borders, build the wall, create more jobs, bring home lost jobs, reform criminal justice, and strengthen law and order. However, when someone by luck or God's Providence gets elected the people are so fickle. They complain that he tweets too much, isn't presidential, or is embarrassing. Maybe they should remember the poet Rudyard Kipling who may have foreseen these days in his poem: *If*

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,

Or being hated don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream-and not make dreams your master;

If you can think-and not make thoughts your aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster

And treat those two impostors just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings;
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings-nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And-which is more-you'll be a Man, my son!

We hope this will help those who say they are still undecided, who wish *the swamp* to be drained, but remember only a *man* can *do this*, and this is what it looks like to drain the swamp.

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Jerusalem 1048-1291, Cyprus 1291-1310, Rhodes 1311-1523, Malta 1530-1798, Russia 1798-1907, U.S.A. 1908-

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