THE CHAPTER BIRTHDAY BOOK

FOREWORD

This book is a compilation of birthday adaptations founded upon the original Twenty-first Birthday Number Two, which will now be discontinued as such.

WORTHY MATRON'S TOAST KEY TO STATED ANNIVERSARY

The final toast given by the Worthy Matron establishes the anniversary in point of years which the chapter is celebrating.

The Worthy Matron's toast as given in the original Twenty-first Birthday Number Two (now discontinued) has been used as the basis of a number of the toasts. Although these do not cover an unbroken succession in line of years, the variety of alternative toasts will supply material, by adaptation, for almost any birthday occasion.

INTRODUCTION OF WORTHY MATRON'S TOAST

The Worthy Matron gives her toast while lighting the tapers on the birthday cake.

Her introductory sentence is practically uniform, as follows: SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—

My toast shall be (stated) Chapter, Number (slated) whose (staled) birthday we celebrate.

If honoring some individual or group this data will be added.

INTRODUCTORY BIRTHDAY ADDRESS

Worthy Matron —

SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—

This is a happy meeting over which I am privileged to preside tonight, for the celebration of our (stated) birthday.

Chapter Name (staled) Chapter Number (stated) is entering upon a new chapter era, hoping we may grow in grace as the years go by, and in emulation of the virtues inculcated by the teachings of the heroines of our order.

As each year in nature we witness the changing seasons, even so in our chapter membership we have representatives of the changing seasons of life, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter and we will now listen to toasts to these changing seasons.

Sister_____________will offer a toast to Springtime;
Sister_____________to Summer;
Sister_____________to Autumn, and
Sister_____________to Winter.

(The toasts may be introduced collectively in this way or the form changed to introduce each in turn.)

ARRANGEMENT

Arrange four tables, one for each season of the year.

At each table assemble the guests whose birthdays occur during that season and if feasible have an officer or Past Matron whose birthday coincides with that season preside and give the toast assigned that table. The Worthy Matron
presides or officiates at whatever point seems desirable according to circumstances.

A fifth table may even be arranged in the center if conditions and space warrant, and at this table seat the Worthy Matron and her husband and Worthy Patron and wife, or if preferred the first four Chapter Officers.

On this table place a birthday cake with tapers equivalent to the number of the years forming the basis for the celebration. The Worthy Matron lights the tapers as she gives her toast. (She may cut the cake or she may ask the Worthy Patron to do this.)

Flowers, natural or artificial, appropriate to the season represented may be placed on each table or if desired placed at the plates as favors.

**TOASTS TO THE SEASONS**

**Toast Number One**

**SPRING**

I toast the beauteous springtime,  
'Tis then that nature wakes,  
Throws off her snow white mantle  
From meadow, stream and lakes.  
When buds to life are bursting  
And 'mong the leafy boughs,  
Birds sing of love and nesting  
And build their tiny house.  
I toast the youth of our Chapter:  
The lives that are gay and bright,  
I know no better symbol —  
So this is my toast tonight.

**Toast Number Two**

**SUMMER**

I toast the joyous summertime,  
When comes our lovely June  
Bedecked with blossoming roses;  
All nature seems in tune.  
The birdlings are beginning  
Their half-Hedged wings to test,  
And brides new loves are winning  
And leave the old home nest.  
So I pledge the good old summertime  
And the hearts that warmer glow.  
May the light of love be ever theirs  
And never colder grow.

**Toast Number Three**

**AUTUMN**

I toast the mellow autumn days;  
What tender memories flock  
"When the frost is on the puukii'  
And the fodder's in the shock."

For as Dame Nature with her brush
Sets the forest all aglow—
So loving hearts grow mellower
As passing seasons go.

So here's to the beautiful autumn,
May every heart respond,
And glow with a warmth that shall be their shield
'Gainst wintry winds beyond.

**Toast Number Four**

**WINTER**

I toast the blessed wintertime.
Who would miss the grateful cheer
Of a warm fireside as the bright hours glide
At the close of a well spent year?
And what tho' locks are hoary—,
If only the heart be young,
There's the memory of oldtime pleasures,
Of old time carols sung.
Youth may have its bright gay hours
Summer its rosy thrall,
Autumn may have its beauty—
But winter has known them all.

**FIRST BIRTHDAY**

*(Worthy Matron lights candle while giving toast.)*

**Worthy Matron's Toast**

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: —

My toast tonight shall be (state Chapter name and number), whose first birthday we celebrate.

We are only a baby chapter,
But we've lots of time to grow;
To grow in stature and grow in grace
And wisdom greater to know.
As we celebrate this, our first birthday,
We find much to be thankful for—
For health and for friendships from day to day,
Pray what could we ask for more?
I breathe a prayer as I give this toast—
A prayer from a heart sincere—
That our Baby Chapter may ever boast
At the closing of each year:—
A purpose as strong to do the right,
To continue the work begun,
Approval seek in The Master's sight
As now when we're only ONE.

**WORTHY PATRON'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS**

Following Worthy Matron in each adaptation

Worthy Patron —

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: —
I desire to add a word of commendation for the manner in which this fine program has been carried out. I believe in the Order of The Eastern Star and its ideals and I believe in (state Name and number of Chapter) and its future.

An article appeared some time ago in The Masonic News which impressed me strongly and I am going to pass it on to you. The title of the article was: —

**HIGHER WOOD PILES**

Those who have traveled in the interior of the Alaskan country tell us of shelters into which the weary wanderer may go at intervals of his journey, to escape the rigors of the northern winter. In these shelters the traveler will find piles of welcome firewood placed there by the thoughtful hand of someone who has gone the way before.

He may burn as much of the wood as he needs but the unwritten law of the North Country obliges him to leave the wood pile a little higher than he found it. This, of course implies cutting and carrying in more wood.

Life also demands higher wood piles of those who travel worthily along her way. Millions have wrought and labored that we might enjoy the comforts we have today. We can better repay them for their efforts and sacrifices by giving our best back again to the world, by heaping the wood piles of life a bit higher for the benefit of those who will later travel this way: and it is my hope that in the coming years our Chapter will have built higher fraternal wood piles to warm, encourage and sustain those who come after us.

**FOURTH BIRTHDAY**

Four short and happy years have passed
   Since first we banded here together,
And in their retrospect is cast
   Some sunshine and some cloudy weather

But shadows only prove anew
   That, just behind, the sunlight lurks,
Waiting to burst upon the view,
   Dissolving all our somber murks.

May we with courage face the light,
   And if perchance the shadows fall,
Despair not, nor give o'er the fight,
   Rememb'ring—God is over all.

This be my toast, my chapter dear—
   God grant us grace—I ask no more—
Each year to keep our record clear
   As now when we are only four.

**TENTH BIRTHDAY**

Honoring Past Matrons and Past Patrons

"'Tis always pleasant weather
   When good friends get together"—
And tonight's not an exception you'll allow,
   For within our circle bright
Welcome friends with us unite—
Honored friends, to whom in deep respect we bow.

Past Matrons and Past Patrons,
    May your shadow ne'er grow less —
And the pleasure you bestow on us tonight
    Deep within our memory rest,
Treasured with our very best:
A jewel in love's casket ever bright.
    Happily, my Chapter dear,
As we meet from year to year,
We have watched each passing season swiftly flit
    Till ten happy years have flown,
Rains have fallen, sun has shone,
While the bonds of love fraternal stronger knit.

My own belov-ed Chapter tonight shall be my toast:
May honor, truth and loyalty be evermore her boast,
    And each succeeding birthday
        Find her record clear as when
    Tonight we celebrate the years
        Which now are only TEN.

TWELFTH BIRTHDAY

Honoring Past Matrons, Past Patrons,
and Retiring Worthy Matron and Patron

Twelve happy years have come and gone
Matrons and Patrons of the past,
Some here beheld our chapter's dawn:
    Faithful and true from first to last.
Tonight our hearts with love expand
    In welcome to our junior pair,
Who come with joy to join the band
    Of graduates, in our plans to share.
Sister and Brother, welcome thou,
    Your term of service, now expired,
Entitles you to make your bow
    And take your place with the retired.
We trust for many and many a year
    Within our group to clasp your hand —
Just as tonight with love sincere
    We bid you welcome to our band.
What better toast could be mine to give
    Than our chapter, and this her twelfth birthday
And may her years be long to live,
    By God's hand guided all the way.

THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY

Honoring Worthy Patron for Twelve Years Service

Brother (Name), for twelve happy years you have represented for us "The Tie That Binds," between (Name) Chapter and the Masonic Fraternity.
It is difficult to express all that you have meant to us during these twelve years, but this small token will remind you that we do appreciate.
(Present flowers or gift.)

TOAST

Some may claim thirteen unlucky
But with hearts both game and plucky
We defy old superstition's vaunted scare;
For we gather here tonight
Strong in our united might
To prove the adage just an empty dare.
For: —
"'Tis always pleasant weather
When good friends get together",
And tonight's not an exception — not a bit;
Thirteen happy years have flown,
Rains have fallen, sun has shone,
While the bonds of love fraternal stronger knit.
We have had our share of pleasure,
Pain and grief not too full measure,
And the years above us passing all too soon;
And tonight is full of gladness
With no room for pain or sadness
While our heart-beats voice a rhythm all a-tune.
Our Chapter dear shall be my toast,
True Fidelity her boast,
God grant we keep her record clean
As now when we are just thirteen.

FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY
(Crystal)

Fifteen years we've spent together,
In all kinds of seasons,
Through all kinds of weather.

A backward glance will bring to mind
Full many happy hours —
Gladdened by hand of friendship kind
And brightened by love's flowers.

And though alternate sun and shade
Follow our path —, one clear design,
Like crystal rivulet through a glade,
Shines fellowship, enduring, fine.

And tonight I pledge my toast —
My own dear Chapter's fifteenth year —
And this be evermore her boast:
A chapter record crystal clear.

Suggest as far as possible the use of crystal accessories or other adaptable features.
TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY
Worthy Matron Lights Candles While Giving Toast.
Worthy Matron's Toast

SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—

My toast shall be (Name) Chapter (number) whose majority we celebrate tonight. There have been in our association together birthdays strewn all along the years. But twenty-one bears a particular significance.

For twenty-one an epoch marks,
Sets forth a period of time;
Upon new seas each sail embarks,
New thoughts evoke, pensive, sublime.

A backward look brings into view—
Through twenty-one years spent together—
Associations fond and true,
Bound in secure fraternal tether.

Sunshine and shadow they have seen,
All interspersed with gentle showers
Serving to bring a brighter sheen
To friendship's as to nature's flowers.

God grant the coming years of ours
Bring all the sunshine that we need,
And just enough of shade and showers
To nurture friendship's golden seed.

Make us submissive to His Will,
Teach us to say "Thy will be done."
And this the toast I offer still:—
"Our Chapter Birthday—TWENTY-ONE."

TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY
Worthy Matron's Address of Welcome on Twenty-fifth Birthday Anniversary

SISTERS AND BROTHERS:—

Today we are twenty-five years old, and bearing in mind the old saying that "Speech is silver but silence golden," we must infer that this is no time for silence.

Not yet arrived at our Golden Jubilee period, let us make the most of the silver of the present.

Today we celebrate our silver anniversary, and it is my proud privilege to voice the welcome of (stated) Chapter to our Grand Visitors and to all who join with us upon this joyous occasion.

Some among us have been associated with our Chapter from the beginning—pioneers and founders. These are entitled to great satisfaction in seeing the Chapter grow from a small beginning to its present prosperous condition.

But all along the way other good friends have joined the circle, and to each and all congratulations are in order tonight.

For:—

Though the friends of days of old
Have been tried and tested and proven gold,
New made friendships, like new wine,
Age doth mellow and refine.
Till on the future's page enrolled,
Silver, transmuted, shall be gold.

And to you, our guests of the evening, and to all assembled with us we extend a hearty welcome.

TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY
(NUMBER TWO)

Twenty-five years since first we met
And banded here together,
Our barque was launched, the sails all set
For sunshine or for stormy weather.
Some heads that then wore locks of brown
And some of shining gold
Are now adorned with silver crown
As fast the years have rolled.
Some from our midst have wandered far,
And some have passed beyond,
Yet still within our Eastern Star
We share fraternal bond.
Tonight within our chapter room
Let joy he unconfined —
Fraternal flowers are still in bloom
And clouds are silver lined.
God grant us grace as years go by
And silver turns to gold,
Upon his arm to still rely
And to his precepts hold.
Bestow on us his grace divine,
Grant that our Chapter grow and thrive;
And this the toast that shall be mine —
Our Chapter birthday — TWENTY-FIVE.

THIRTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY
Honoring Pioneers Who Are to Receive Life Certificates

Thirty-six years as sisters and brothers,
Storms in some seasons, sunshine in others,
Jogging along in relations fraternal,
Keeping the love in our hearts ever vernal.

Grateful tonight that, a jovial band,
Shoulder to shoulder suited we stand —
God grant that our star be kept shining and bright
And his blessing descend on our labors tonight.

Special honors are due to our fine pioneers
Who carried the load in our Chapter's first years;
Old friends and dear friends, thrice welcome tonight,
In the Chapter you founded with mystical rite.

May your years still prolong
And your blessings be many;  
Of friendships a throng,  
Tribulations not any.

And this my toast — "My Chapter dear"  
And each time honored PIONEER.

**FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY**

We have passed through the various strata,  
As birthdays and weddings are classed:  
Of cotton, of paper, of leather,  
Wood, woolen, tin, linen and glass.

From china to silver we graded ....  
When our twenty-fifth birthday came 'round,  
I believe we were fully persuaded  
None other so fine would be found.

The silver rays shone with resplendence, 'tis true,  
And we basked in their radiant light,  
But the glint of the silver when passed in review  
Pales before the rich gold of tonight.

We revel tonight in the wealth of pure gold,  
Not alone in the matter of years,  
But wealth in the record of deeds manifold,  
Fellowship that endures and endears.

My toast for tonight is:— "Our Chapter, so dear,"  
God grant she continue to hold  
On her century birthday a record as clear  
As tonight in her aura of gold.

**A FEBRUARY BIRTHDAY**

**Patriotic**

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: —  
My toast shall be to (Name) Chapter, number (stated), whose birthday we celebrate and to two illustrious presidents, George Washington, the "Father of Our Country," and Abraham Lincoln, the "Great Emancipator," each born in February.

There's something in the atmosphere  
When loyal friends and true  
Assemble, as tonight, and pledge  
Fidelity anew.

That makes the heart grow warmer  
And tightens friendship's tether —  
For the sun of love is shining  
When good friends get together.

Poets sing of mellow autumn  
And the joys around that flock  
"When the frost is on the punkin'
And the fodder's in the shock."
But our birth-month celebration
Is co-incident with one
Which gave to our great nation
LINCOLN and GEORGE WASHINGTON.
To my Chapter, be my toast,
May she ever emulate
The characters of Lincoln
And Washington, THE GREAT.

A MAY BIRTHDAY

When as friends we get together
In any place whatever,
No matter if the fates send sun or rain —
Joy attends the happy date
When as now we celebrate
Our happy chapter birthday once again.
Some may sing of mellow autumn
And the joys around that flock,
"When the frost is on the punkin'
And the fodder's in the shock."
But seasons never matter
When hearts are blithe and gay,
And we've chosen for our Chapter
The merry month of May.
So we'll joy in this glad meeting
And exchange a friendly greeting,
While the gladsome hours are fleeting
On this happy May birthday.
Our chapter birthday — this my toast: —
Truth and loyalty her boast;
May many happy birthdays be her lot;
And our record be as bright
Bach succeeding birthday night —
A record clean, — without a single blot.

A SPRINGTIME BIRTHDAY
Honoring Past Matrons and Past Patrons

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: —
We celebrate tonight our Chapter birthday. In giving my toast I am glad to
pay tribute to our Past Matrons and Past Patrons who have filled all
important place in our Chapter life.
Past Matrons and Past Patrons,
You have served us long and true,
And we fain would do you honor
And our fealty renew.
This toast to you I offer: —
"Long and happy years be yours,
And the love your Chapter proffers
Your reward while life endures."
Some may chant of mellow autumn
And the joys around that flock —
"When the frost is on the punkin'  
    And the fodder's in the shock."
But we've chosen for our birth-month  
    The springtime of the year,  
When the happy birdlings nesting  
    Warble merry notes of cheer.  
Belov-ed Chapter, this my toast —  
    May her shadow ne'er grow less;  
Progression ever be her boast  
    In the cause of righteousness.  
Forward ever, backward never,  
    Seeking the TRUTH to know,  
Earnest in each fine endeavor,  
    As the seasons come and go.

**A JUNE BIRTHDAY**

The poet Lowell expresses the joy and beauty of June when he says:

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!  
    Then if ever come perfect days,  
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune  
    And over it softly her warm ear lays."
"'Tis always pleasant weather  
    When good friends get together."
And today's not an exception, not a bit;  
    For many happy years have flown,  
Rains have fallen, sun has shone,  
While the bonds of love fraternal stronger knit.
Riley sings of mellow autumn  
    And the joys around that flock,  
"When the frost is on the punkin'  
    And the fodder's in the shock."
But we've chosen for our birth-month  
    Airy, leafy, sunny June,  
When the birdlings all a'twitter  
    Sing their merry lilting tune.  
As we revel in June sunshine,  
    Future though we may not see.  
Yet we know it rests securely  
    In God's hand. He holds the key.

**A WINTER-TIME BIRTHDAY**

They are always pleasant places  
    Where the glowing candle light  
Shows such friendly upturned faces  
    As I look upon tonight.

In our chapter life may mingle  
    Much of pleasure, less of pain,  
But tonight the pulses tingle  
    As we gather here again.

Let poets prate of summertime  
    And decry old winter's blast —  
But in this bracing atmosphere
Our birth-mouth has been cast.

Bleak the wintry winds may battle, 'Round our window casements rattle, All undismayed within our cheery chapter room Nothing shall our spirits chill, Loyal hearts beat warmly still, And the flowers of friendship never cease to bloom.

As I toast our Chapter birthday I pray may she e'er be true; And may she evermore be blest With friends as fine as you.

TOASTS TO THE FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE AND CUTTING THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

(Each toast to be given as the reader cuts a slice from the cake.)

NUMBER ONE

I know of no better toast to give As we cut this cake tonight, Than this: "The Youth of our Chapter"— The lives that are gay and bright.

NUMBER Two

The summertime with joys is rife, In woodland, on shore or lake; I offer a toast to "The Summer of Life" As I cut my slice of our cake.

NUMBER THREE

I toast the misty autumn haze In the name of our birthday cake, And the mellowed hearts of the autumn days As my turn with the knife I take.

NUMBER FOUR

The sands in the hour glass are running low; And to cut the last slice is my turn; I toast the hearts that, though looks are snow, With the fervor of youth still burn.

A SUNSET BIRTHDAY

Honoring Members Who Have Reached or Passed Their Seventieth Birthday

WORTHY MATRONS TOAST

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: —
Tonight we are honoring Sisters (names) and Brothers (names) who have reached (or passed) the age of seventy years, and are entitled now to enjoy the sunset years of life.

This is an outstanding event in our chapter life.

For:

Seventy years, an epoch date —
Sets forth man's heaven-allotted time:
Life's sunset gilds the postern gate
And thoughts evolve, pensive, sublime.

Throughout a life of seventy years
Experiences gather fast —
And in their retrospect appears
A varied landscape of the past.

No path is with sweet roses strown
Without the incidental thorn,
But oft-time, grief a seed has sown
That blossomed in a faith new-born.

In God's all-seeing plan of life
A checkered path is man's to tread:
An hour of peace, an hour of strife,
Yet—still the sun shines overhead.

We trust that of our chapter here
None but the happiest memories dwell:
That less of shadow may appear,
And more of joy in what befell.

God lead your lives in pleasant lines,
And if it be his gracious will.
Lengthen the rays as the sun declines
And spare you to be with us still.