

By Pearle Seitter, Past Matron,
Hamilton Chapter, No. 275,
Hamilton, Missouri.

After instructing the Marshal to prepare the Star points for initiation, the Worthy Matron addresses her as follows:

Our garden is filled with the flowers
That speak with a message of love,
And they have been given the sunshine,
And the gentle rains from above;
They are now all ready to gather,
The violets and the jessamine too;
The lily so fair and the fern leaves,
And the roses are waiting for you.

Soloist sings one verse of "In the Garden" as Marshal passes to position between dais and Altar, bows, and Star points rise.

Marshal: Dear Star points, the words of our Matron,
Sent me to that garden so fair,
To gather for you the bright flowers
That I found were all blooming there;
So I bring them to you that their message,
May cheer you on life's rugged way,
Bringing peace and comfort at night time,
And joy with the coming of day.

The Marshal may pass to each Star point in turn as she presents the flowers, or they may step within labyrinth to receive them.

To Adah: For you, dear Adah, the violet
Was growing so close to the ground,
And after much faithful searching
All their lovely blossoms were found;
We know that each one will remind you
Of fidelity to each spoken vow,
This will keep you true to it's teachings,
As we give them with love to you now.

To Ruth: We found there, dear Ruth, the sweet jessamine,
Blooming for you with bright golden hue,
And it will teach each day your lesson,
To be constant in all that we do;
These flowers fill each humble corner,
And give cheer to our garden so fair,
So we picked them for you and we bring them
That they may all your constancy share.

To Esther: For you dear Esther, we found lilies,
And we bring them because you were true
To kindred and friends and were loyal,
As you journeyed with them your life through;
We found all these flowers were growing
In our garden so lovely to see,
And we brought them to you that their beauty
Could share in your great loyalty.

To Martha: To you, dear Martha, the fern leaves,
Are forever a lesson of faith,
Teaching us to believe and find comfort
In the words which to you Jesus saith;
The green of the fern is immortal,
Teaching to us the hope that He gave,
That we will find rest from our labors,
In that life which lies beyond the grave.

To Electa: And now dear Electa, we bring you,
The very last flower of them all,
Because of it's beauty we found it
In our garden so close to the wall;
It's color of crimson is lovely,
Teaching to us your lesson of love,
And love brings peace and contentment,
With blessings that come from above.

Marshal passes back of Star points after presenting flowers, and takes former position between dais and Altar, and speaks:

Dear Star points, the flowers we gave you,
Will not grow without your watchful care,
For the flowers of life always teach us
To have beauty, we must learn to share;
The daughter we know was so loyal,
And was faithful to each spoken vow;
The widow so sweet and so humble,
Did bravely to each duty bow;
The wife who was so true and loyal,
And was so brave a danger to face;
The sister in sorrow found comfort,
In a faith that did her grief erase;
The mother so lovely and patient,
We know with her none can compare;
They were all the fairest of thousands,
And to us the fairest of the fair.

Marshal bows and Star points are seated.

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