WORTHY MATRON: We have set aside this time to honor the fathers in our Chapter. Will all the fathers please rise.

Sisters Cond. and Assc. Cond.: Present our fathers in the west

WORTHY MATRON: My father's face is brown with sun
   His body is tall and limber
   His hands are gentle with beast and child
   And strong as hardwood timber

My father's eyes are the colors of the sky
Clear blue or gray as rain
They change with the swinging change of days
While he watches the weather vane

That galleon, golden upon our barn
Veers with the world's four winds
My father, his eyes on the vane, knows when
To fill our barley bins

To stack our wood and pile our mows
With redtop and sweet tossed clover
He captains our farm that rides the winds
A keen-eyed brown earth lover

ASSC. MATRON: GOD took the strength of a mountain
   The majesty of a tree
   The warmth of a summer sun
   The calm of a quiet sea
   The generous soul of nature
   The comforting arms of night

   The wisdom of the ages
   The power of the eagle's flight
   The Joy of a morning in spring
   The faith of a mustard seed
   The patience of eternity
   The depth of a family's need

Then GOD combined these qualities
And when there was nothing more to add
He knew his masterpiece was complete
And so HE called it--DAD

ADAH: Sometimes only a father is truly aware
Of his daughter's needs and wants and cares
And what she dreams and how she grows
Sometimes only a father knows

RUTH: No one really understands just how a father knows
   Exactly what a boy will need to guide him as he grows
No one really understands the way a father can
   Exactly what it takes to turn a boy into a man

ESTHER: A Dad is a companion
   Whose loyalty has no end
   For he's more than just a father
   He's the finest kind of friend
MARTHA:  No need to teach a bird to fly
Or teach a tree to touch the sky
Or teach the sun to shine above
Or teach a father to love

ELECTA:  This is the kind of man he is
His children run to meet him
And the eyes of his wife are aglow with love
As she stands at the door to meet him

WORTHY MATRON:  This is a father... strength and gentleness
strong shoulders, comforting eyes
hands that could build a birdhouse
or make a kite or lift a child
high, high higher...
into a world of leaves and sunshine
and a nest of robins
quiet understanding, steady encouragement
unquestioning love
This is a father

Sister Cond. present our Mother Beachers

WORTHY MATRON:  Sister Cond., please present our father
with the gifts at this time.

Assembled by
Joan Schrader
Worthy Matron
Lady Washington
Chapter #1
Jamestown
May 1979