It is human to pay tribute
To things we love the best,
To acclaim in verse a June night
Or sunset colors in the West.

Some poets sing of a faded love;
Others tell in verse and story
Of great deeds of strength and daring,
Painting battle fields with glory.

We cannot all be poets
And make reason while we rhyme;
But the feeling in our hearts
Is as ardent and genuine.

We feel emotions welling
For one love more than any other.

It's the cherished, time-tried, lovely one,
So dear to us all,—our Mother.

Will the Mothers present please rise.

Sister conductors, you will conduct our honored
mothers into a circle around a labyrinth.

(When circle is complete, W.R. continues)
Sister Chaplain, will you offer a prayer for
our Mothers?

Chaplain goes to altar:

Our Kind Heavenly Father, Who has given us every good and perfect gift, we thank Thee now for that truly precious gift of Mothers. We are grateful for the fine examples of loving kindness and forgiveness they have set for us as children.

Will Thou, in Thy Omnipotence, keep from them all harm, and when earthly travels are through, gather them unto Thyself. Amen

Matron:

The virtues of our heroines,
And the lessons that they tell
Can all be found in Mothers hearts
Where God has bid them dwell.

Our central rays will bring us now
Their tributes,—all sincere,
Exalting the Mothers assembled
Whom we hold very dear.
Adah:
Faithful as Adah to convictions of duty,
Ever striving to live in the light,
Our Mothers are leading us ever onward
In pathways and places of right.

Ruth:
Constant as Ruth, who'er else may forsake us,
She'll never leave us alone,
She'll comfort and guide us, stand patiently by us
And make all our troubles her own.

Esther:
As regal as Esther, Mother's home is her Kingdom,
And there she reigns wisely and well.
Pure in thought, courageous in action,
All her virtues, who can tell?

Martha:
The trustful faith of our Mothers
Like a beacon of light shines out,
Making bright the darkened pathways
And scattering shadows of doubt.

Electa:
Electa, good Mother, loved Christ more than self,
And though Life's persecutions were hard
She steadfastly clasped in her arms the cross
And defied the Roman guard.

Conductress: (Enters from ante-room with gifts for the Mothers) (Optional)
As a symbol of your trustful Faith,
And your hope that never dies,
These potted greens are given you
The songs we lullabies,—
Who banished all our childish fears
And helped us so to grow
That by our guidance we have come,
The right from wrong to know.
We honor you, love you, admire you too,
And cherish you above all others.
To wish you only happiness
And continued blue skies, dear Mothers.

Response from a Mother (Optional)
We are happy to know that in us
All these very fine things you see,
And so we'll strive the harder
To be what you'd have us to be.