THESE MOTHERS OF Ours.
(A SERVICE IN HONOR OF LIVING MOTHERS)

by
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O. E. S. GRAND
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This is written in honor of our living Mothers: to show love for Mothers and to bring to them a degree of happiness in recognition of their being "Good Sports" who really enjoy and "can take" a little "hiding." There will be other services which you will attend in honor of Mothers' Day, in which tribute is paid to Mothers who have passed on. These services, it seems to me, make us feel sad. Let's be glad for our LIVING MOTHERS; and if we, ourselves, are mothers, let's be "good sports" and laugh with our children by whom we wish to be loved and respected - not because we are parents who should be respected and obeyed, but because we have earned their love and respect. This is written with the hope that you may have some laughs together - on the night it is presented.

This service may be given under the "Good of the Order" or after a regular meeting of the chapter.

The Worthy Matron will begin this degree by arising and saying:

WORTHY MATRON. Sisters and brothers:

To a small boy a "Mother" may be a person who digs deep into his ears when washing them, and who says, "don't" to his most inspired ideas - which he feels certain would result in quite useful inventions - if she would just let him continue his experiments. He may wonder why she should be so stingy with her old vacuum cleaner, and its parts; with the wheels of the lawn-mower; with her electric sewing machine; electric mixer; the big scissors - which cut wire so nicely, and the hammer which can always be found in the nice, convenient place where he last used it.

Although a small boy loves his mother, of course - still she is, to him, a mixture of sugar and spice, something rather good, and even quite nice, but - a restraint, a restrainer, a "don't do that" container, but still she is "Mother" to him.

So - let us to-night, decide to agree
On what the word "Mother" means to you and me.
(Worthy Matron calls on the Worthy Patron, and then sits.)

WORTHY PATRON arises and says:

When I was just a little lad -
And I was good - was never bad,
I thought my mother was "just it,"
Ev'n though she worried me a bit
At times - because she didn't see
How fine a "thing-me-jiggy" would be,
If she would only let me take
Her this or that - with which to make
The "thing-me-jiggy," I wanted to
Construct as boys alone can do.

So with you, to-night, I'm glad to agree
The word "Mother" means ev'ry thing to me. (He sits.)

WORTHY MATRON: Let us hear from the West.

ASSOCIATE MATRON arises and speaks:

When I was just a little lass,
And looked into the looking glass -
I used to pucker up my brow

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And wonder if I'd look by now
As she did then. Now I am grown,
And have (no, e, or u) daughter(s) of my own:
Nevertheless, I'm wonder-ing
If all small girls do the same thing:
Well, here's to Mothers ev'rywhere
Who have small daughters who compare
Themselves to them - when they'll be grown,
And have some daughters of their own.  (She sits.)

ASSOCIATE PATRON arises and says:

When boys grow bigger than they were,
They change their minds, sometimes, 'bout her:
They like her lots, yet they're not sure
Their cause, with her, is quite sure -
For sometimes she, firm as a rock,
Stands for his rights, yet she may not
Stand always so - since she may fear
That this or that will harm her dear.
So bigger boys all feel she may
Grow up, and see their point some day.

Well, here's to Mothers, everywhere,
Of teen-age boys with whom to share
The hopes, and plans, for future years -
While youth is gay - disdaining tears! (Sits)

WORTHY MATRON: Let us hear from our Central Star. (The Star Points arise simultaneously and stand by their chairs.)

ADAH speaks:

To mother-love, because it's true,
These words come from our Point of Blue;
We honor it, and ev'rywhere
Appreciate its tender care.
A DAUGHTER like our Adah fine
Must have been like her Maw - and Mine!

RUTH speaks:

To mothers who've worked night and day,
I bring this - from our yellow Ray:
For sleepless nights and toil-filled days,
I bring you love and endless praise,
Because you washed, and baked, and sowed,
The garden made - the taters hoed,
And taught us patient industry,
A debt of love we owe to thee.

ESTHERR speaks:

For mothers who have always been
Loyal to all their kith and kin,
And have asserted that all good -
How easily it's understood -
Come to her children - hence her pride -
From persons on their mother's side,
We give our thanks; for we own she
The reason why she's thought that we
So perfect were.
Yes, Bobby's curls, and Bessie's nose,
And Beulah's talent
Have been passed down to all those here
From persons, to our Maws, most dear;
Well, bless her heart. We much prefer -
Had we our choice - to be like her!

MARTHA speaks:

I'm glad because I now can say
A diff'rent thing - 'bout Mothers' day.
'Tis this; I feel that all the year
Belongs to Mothers, far and near;
Yes, all the days - not only one
In which to bring her joy or fun;
Sure ev'ry day - the whole year through,
Because she gave all days to you.
All days - and sometimes all nights, when
You seemed quite ill - till well again.
Her FAITH and HOPE turned out to be
A healing a-gen-cy for thee!

ELECTA speaks:

We know that love's supposed to be
A very special quali-ty
Belonging to all mothers who
Belong right here, with me and you.
This is my happy chance to say
Something I'd like to - if I may?
Although we honor "Mom" to-night,
I must say, "Dad's," you are all right!
And many of the things we say,
We'd say to you - were it your Day!
Since this is Love's Point, in our Star,
And Love has made you what you are,
Our Central Star here sheds its light
On both our "Nawa" and "Powa" to-night!
And may I say, since Love's your host,
We can't say which we love the most! (All the Points sit.)

WORTHY MATRON addresses the Conductresses:

Sisters Conductress and Associate Conductress,
What message will you bring to-night,
To her who led your steps aright?

ASSOCIATE CONDUCTRESS:

In the NORTH, where "the Big dipper"
Rhymes, of course, with "mother's slipper,"
May I say I'm glad that she
Never used her shoe on me?

CONDUCTRESS:

From the SOUTH, I'd like to pay
Off the debt, we owe today
To the gentle hands which led
Baby footsteps, and which fed
Baby mouths - while con-duct-ing
Tender care 'bout ev'ry thing.

When I lead a cam-di-date,
I'm not worried 'bout her fate;
For I know that she'll have here
Guiding hands of Mother near,
For Our Star just seems to me
Like a Mother dear to be;
And its hands conduct each one
Through Life's labyrinth - 'til done!

WORTHY MATRON: Let us unite in prayer.

Music while the Chaplain leaves her station and goes to the altar.

CHAPLAIN:

Dear God and Father of us all,
Our thanks to Thee we give,
Since from Thy bounty, we are fed
And in Thy Love, we live,
We thank Thee for all good received
Within the years now flown;
We thank Thee for the loving care
Of Parents we have known.

We ask Thee now to bless all those
Who to us are most dear:
Our Mothers- Fathers- and all those
Who are good members here.

Bless Thou, the homes of all who live
Within this land so free;
Oh, by Thy wisdom and Thy Might
So may it ever be!
For freedom is Thy gift divine
To all men here below;
Thou wilt preserve it for us all
As on our way we go.

We thank Thee, God, for everything;
For Life; for health; for peace;
And pray that never any time
Shall all these blessings cease. Amen.

Music while the Chaplain returns to her station.

You may close this service by singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee" for which a third verse is included. The Marshal may pass out this verse, or may place it at the stations, before the beginning of this Mother's Day service. Sing this verse instead of the regular third verse of the song.

Tune : My Country, 'tis of Thee.
Dear Mothers, 'tis for Thee,
We'll sing this mel-o-dy,
So may you know:
For you must not forget-
We've lov'd you, love you yet,
And we are glad you met
Dad- Long ago.

--- The End ---