THE HOUSE THE MATRONS BUILT

(Have each officer, who participates, hold a large colorful storybook.)

WORTHY MATRON: Past Matrons, we could sing you sentimental songs
Or read you poems sweetly;
We could tell your virtues in flowery prose,
And smoother you completely
With repetition of what you've done
To make ______ Chapter grow;
But we don't want to bore you
For all these things you know!
We simply want to let you hear
How much we think of you,
And tell you why your presence here
Means so much all year through.
Tonight we brought our story books
And now we'll turn the pages
To find your likeness in the rhymes
We learned at tender ages.
Associate Matron, in your book
What story do you find
To which we can compare their work
And yet delight the mind?

ASSOCIATE MATRON: "The House That Jack," here I see,
It is a Jingle Jolly.
"This is the farmer who sowed the corn,
He owned the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the preacher all shaven and shorn,
Who married the man all tattered and torn,
And the pretty maiden so forlorn
Who milked the cow with the crumpled horn
That tossed the dog
That worried the cat
That killed the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built."

It teaches us a lesson
So surely it's not folly
To draw comparisons tonight
While we honor and esteem
The ______ Chapter Past Matrons
Who are quite as fine as they seem.

Sister Star Points, now open your books and see
If from our Past Matrons' lives you can draw a simile.

ADAH: You are the farmer who sowed the corn
Long hours at night and often 'til morn.

You sowed the seed from which we grew
You taught us what was right to do.
RUTH: Just like the cat that killed the rat
Because the malt he stole and ate,
You've watched and guarded o'er our house,
You've kept our filth and drove out hate.

ESTHER: And as the cock that crowed in the morn
That waked the preacher all shaven and shorn,
You've stirred us in our unconcern.
To work, to build, from you we learn.

MARTHA: And like the dog that worried the cat
We're kept on our toes, we all know that.
And if there are answers we don't know,
We just ask you. You help us so!

ELECTA: Like the man and maiden all forlorn
Wid by the preacher all shaven and shorn,
You've plighted your troth to work and be
Devoted to truth and charity.

WORTHY MATRON: Though Jack did strongly build his house
And in it he stored food,
The wicked rat stole in and ate,
Doing nobody any good.
He sought but to destroy with greed
What someone else had wrought.
So, like you, we'd be builders
And from the lessons taught
Would learn to work together
With one goal, one common thought,
To think each day of others
And so to build like yours,
A structure firm and lasting
That through all time endures.

(If gifts are to be presented to the Past Matrons, the following stanza may be added by A.M. or Conductress):

Because you were truly worthy
And we recognize your worth
We bring these tokens of our esteem
To the best Past Matrons on earth.)