A Dream of ROB MORRIS

By Mrs. J. H. Alexander (N.C.)

A Visitor, "Morris, B tells of his dream for a Fraternal Garden. Each officer comes forward, offering a "plant" to form and make this garden grow, thus realizing his dream in the formation of the first Eastern Star Chapter. Short and effective.

PROGRAM LEADER:
I'd like to present to our Chapter a man
Who wants, with us, to share a great plan;
With our interest, and our helping hand,
His dream, like a rainbow, o'er us will span.

WORTHY MATRON:
My brother, we're glad to welcome you
And eager to hear of your dream, too.

ROB MORRIS:
I am Rob Morris. Year after year,
I've treasured a dream, holy and dear.
I long for a Fraternal Garden, fair,
Where the sad can find comfort there.

WORTHY MATRON:
It sounds worthy. I would like to aid
Where will it be, are your plans made?

ROB MORRIS:
A place where "we meet on the level"
And part always "on the square";
Where the families of true Masons
In fellowship gather there.

WORTHY PATRON:
As a Mason, I'll help this place to be made,
Where wives and daughters can meet, unafraid;
Sisters and Mothers can meet with this Clan,
Taking part in this "Fellowship of Man."

PROGRAM LEADER:
We may each help choose this "Level" plot,
And plant something in this chosen spot.

WORTHY MATRON:
I'll go; take a Smile Plant - it lives all year,
Fills hearts around it with joy and cheer.
   (Comes down and joins Morris and Pro.Chrm.)

WORTHY PATRON:

I'll bring God's own precious Word,
   Eternal, unchanging and true.
In your Garden will His voice be heard
Speaking Truth that will ever endure,
   (Joins others)

TREASURER:

Money, you must spend, but do it with care.
I'll go and work; save expenses there.
And with me I'd surely like to take
My very best plant - a warm handshake.
   (Joins group)

ORGANIST:

A garden's heart is music - in a song of a bird,
   Clearly, sweetly, God's voice is heard.
I'll bring music to play with this song, sweet,
And your Fraternal Garden will be almost complete,
   (Joins group)

CHAPLAIN:

God made the first garden with loving fingers,
   We think of it, and a happy memory lingers.
So that your Garden may be divinely fair,
I'll plant its heart with a "Sweet Hour of Prayer."
   (Joins group)

ASSOCIATE CONDUCTRESS:

My plant of patience in your Garden will live;
To weary, sad ones, it will ease and comfort give.
   (Joins others)

ASSOCIATE PATRON:

The Golden Rule we live by each day
Will make your Garden richer, every way.
   (Joins group)

ASSOCIATE MATRON:

My plant will be that of service, strong,
Helping those we meet as we journey along.
   (Joins group)

WARDER:

In your Fraternal Garden my trumpet vine
Around your gates will softly twine.
It will proclaim from portal to center,
"No unworthy one here may enter."
(Remains at station)

SENTINEL:

I'll bring a sword plant, sturdy and strong
To protect your Garden from evil and wrong.
(Remains at station)

SECRETARY:

May I come, and bring my big pencil along?
It records only good, never mentions the wrong.
(Comes down the side)

MARSHAL:

I'll plant our glorious Colors, so proud and true;
Everything thrives under its Red, White and Blue.
(Marshal comes down side with Secretary)

INSTRUCTRESS:

When planting a Garden, think how it should look -
You need advice and I'll bring my trusty book.
(All three move to Conductress)

CONDUCTRESS:

Through winding Labyrinths I'll walk ahead,
The flaring Torch of Faith held high.
Securely we'll walk, with no doubt or dread,
Under the glow of our starry sky.
(All join group)

MEMBERS ON NORTH (rise and one speaks):

We bring a plant called Everlasting,
And to us it seems to say,
In true Fraternal Love, this Garden Will grow dearer every day.

MEMBERS ON SOUTH (rise and one speaks):

Rosemary for remembrance,
We plant in your Garden, fair;
So the distressed and the needy Will be remembered there.

ROB MORRIS:

This is lovely - makes me glad, indeed,
But there is a lack - something yet we need.
My dream had colors, that shone all around,
Sparkling like jewels in a royal crown.
ADAH (holding blue flowers, moves down):

I've brought Violets; they are really true blue,
For a daughter's fidelity is shining right through.
(places blue flowers on star point)

RUTH:

I've brought Jasmine - a widow's rich gold,
No sweeter story of constancy is told.
(places yellow flowers on star)

ESTHER:

My Lily, the wife's flower, regal and grand,
Tells a truth of loyalty that we understand.
(places white flowers on star)

MARTHA:

A sister's lovely Fern, stays a living green,
Shows faith grows stronger, everywhere it's seen.
(places green ferns on star)

ELECTA:

A mother's Rose, so red, richly gleams,
And "Love One Another" is what it means.
(places red roses on star)

ROB MORRIS (steps up to star and says reverently):

My friends, you've filled my heart with rapture,
For we have here the first Eastern Star Chapter.
May it live in our hearts, ever grow and spread
Long after its Founder is quiet and dead.

You helped me realize my dream, so fair,
And in its honor you should each share.
May we have fellowship, our burdens share,
'Til we meet, in God's Chapter Room, up there.

ALL: (sing appropriate song)