MEMORIAL
Arranged by Mrs. Nettie Ransford

Worthy Grand Matron:

Another page within the Book of Time
By the recording angel has been turned
And the story of the year is told.

Associate Grand Matron:

Every year the Father calleth
Some loved ones to endless rest;
And our hearts, though filled with anguish.
Can but say, "He knoweth best."

Grand Conductress:

Place a wreath upon the altar,
It may fade and be no more;
But the loved ones have only wandered
To the bright celestial shore.

Associate Grand Conductress:

Yes, let us drape the altar gently
For the loved ones who have gone,
Let us kneel in supplication
As we say. "Thy will be done."

Chant—Thy will be done.

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from home on life's rough way.
0 teach me from my heart to say.
Thy will be done! Amen.

What though in lonely grief I sigh,
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

Grand Chaplain—Prayer:

Our Father. Friend and Helper, we look to Thee; unto whom but Thee shall the sad heart turn when the sunshine fades, when the shadows fall, and when the darkness of night encompasseth? Thou only art our refuge and strength, upon Thee do we now call; not as in the days when "Thy waves and Thy billows" engulphed us, but in the calm steadfastness of unaltering trust, believing in Thy boundless love and Thine all-protecting care; sure that our dear ones whom we so deplore have passed through death to a grander life—unto whose fullness we may each attain as one by one we answer to the call which shall bring us face to face, and heart to heart. Guide us, keep us, lead us, oh! lead us all the way. Unto Thee, as children, oh! our Father, do we call; and if it seemeth good in Thy sight, oh, bear thou the breath of our love unto them. Amen.
Response—So may it ever be.

Vocal Solo

Grand Adah:

The mists of death hang low upon life's sea,
    The unseen shore
Beyond the darkness rises silently
    Forever more;
The golden city flashes from the strand
But naked eye sees not the distant land.
    In memory of our loved ones who have entered into rest, I place on this emblem of unending love this toke of fidelity the violet.

Grand Ruth:

But there are voices in that unseen land
    Which we have heard,
Of loved ones standing with us hand in hand
    With smile and word
That kindled here our hearts with friendship's glow,
And breathed on us their music, soft and low.
    In memory of our loved ones who have been gathered into the heavenly garner I place on this emblem of unending love this token of constancy—the yellow jasmine.

Grand Esther:

We knew them here, and with them wept and smiled.
    Our life was one;
We met and parted, still of each beguiled;
    Their work was done.
And they are resting in the morning land
And we are toiling yet with heart and hand.
    In memory of our loved ones who are waiting in paradise. I place on this emblem of unending love this token of purity—the white lily.

Grand Martha:

Weep not that their toils are over,
    Weep not that their race is run,
God grant we may rest as calmly
    When our work, like theirs is done.
Till then we yield with gladness
    Our treasures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the glad assurance,
    He giveth His loved ones sleep.
In memory of our loved ones gone before who wait to welcome us to our eternal home I place on this emblem of unending love this token of faith in immortality—the fern.

Grand Electa:

Speed on my bark, life's stormy sea across,
The mist will rise;
And every pain and tear and earthly loss
   In strange surprise
Shall vanish when the unseen shore shall greet
Thine eye, and thou shall touch the golden street.
In memory of our loved ones who have received the cross, precious emblem of our Saviour's death, and entered the joys of that home not made with hands I place on this emblem of unending love this token of love and fervency—the red rose.

**Worthy Grand Matron:**

Somewhere dear hands shall clasp our own once more
And hearts that touched our hearts long years before
Shall come to meet us in that morning land.
And there at last, our souls shall understand.
How, though He hid His meaning from our sight
Yet God was always true and always right,
And how, though smiles are often changed to tears,
Along this tangled pathway of the years,
Yet, only so these lives of yours and mine,
Have caught the likeness of the life divine.

**Vocal Solo**

This memorial has been used extensively in subordinate chapters by omitting the word "Grand" preceding the titles of the officers.