Areme Memorial Service

Directions

The Matron announces the approaching Ceremony to the Chapter, gives gavel to Worthy Patron and proceeds to her station east of altar. While she is doing this the Five Point Officers rise at their stations, all facing altar, the Cond. passes behind them, giving each one of the several sprays of green, and white flowers. She retraces her steps without crossing the East. Then the Worthy Matron addresses her officers as hereafter follows.

After the prayer, when she tells them to “gather around the altar,” Adah goes there, places her spray on the altar, speaks her words, and then remains close to it. Ruth then, comes forward with her spray, deposits it, and repeats her address; the others following in, their turn. If there be plenty of time for some elaboration an additional effect could be produced by having, after the prayer, one verse of "Nearer my God to Thee" played, not sung, and while this is being played Adah, might pass between W. M. and East around the Star until she reached her own place beside the altar, deposit her spray on the altar, and then helping to form a circle around it. This is not necessary but would be pleasing and emphasize the offering of flowers. But if time is wanting the officers going to altar separately as arranged above will be sufficient. At nearly the close of the W. M.'s words where she speaks of Fidelity. Constancy, etc. Adah, at the word Fidelity looses her hand from the chain and steps back to point: Ruth, at the word Constancy, dues the same; and the others follow when special lesson name is called. At the conclusion a few chords should be played as the W. M. is proceeding to the East. She resumes the gavel and seats the five officers.

Only when used in Grand Chapter the portions in parentheses and marked with an * are used.

Areme Memorial Service

W. M. My sisters of the mystic name; we have paused for a brief period in the important matters of this session, to attend to one far more important. It becomes you (as representatives of the Grand Chapter of——) to speak reverently and tenderly of those who were once numbered among us, but who have now entered into that experience which must one day come to each of earth's children, when this "mortal shall have put on immortality." From your official positions at the points of our Central Star have you no message for us from the emblems traced on its several rays?

ADAH.

Although Death's gleaming sword hath an earthly veil riven;
Like our Martha we'll cling to Christ's promise once given.
For His Star leadeth on! we look upward to Heaven.

RUTH—
Though the grim reaper Death culls our choicest of flowers,
He but takes, to transplant in fair paradise
bowers.
For His Star leadeth on to reunion's glad hours.

**ESTHER.**
There's a robe and a crown which no mortal can measure,
In a kingdom of beauty and angelic pleasure,
For His Star leadeth on, and it guardeth our treasure.

**MARThA.**
Wreathe our rent column sad, with its fern robing vernal:
For the gateway to Death opes to regions supernal.
And His Star leadeth on to the City eternal.

**ELECTA.**
Though Gethsemane’s cup we must taste with its sorrow.
Let "Thy will, not mine" be the words that we borrow.
For His Star leadeth on to God's endless tomorrow.

**WORTHY MATRON.**
Yes, His Star leadeth on! Let us follow its light,
Though the pathway be dreary, or gladsome and bright.
It once led to the manger and first baby breath
Of him, our Redeemer, who has conquered e'en Death.
It will guide our own footsteps, though weary and weak
In the hour of bereavement will sympathy speak.
It will guide if we follow, with light clear and free.
Till the City is reached by the vast "tideless sea."
And, then, starry no longer will merge in the light
Effulgent and splendid of Infinite Might!

**WORTHY PATRON.**
Let us unite in prayer.

*(Calls up chapter, and the Lord's prayer is repeated by the chapter or chanted by the choir. W. P. seats chapter.)*
WORTHY MATRON.

My sisters, even our emblems can be interpreted as message bearers for the hour of bereavement, and now gather close around our sacred altar and voice the chapter's sorrow for, and remembrance of, our fraternal dead.

(Adah steps to altar, places thereon her spray of flowers, repeats her address and remains there: Ruth and the others follow in turn.)

ADAH.

At Judea's sunny land we glance,
And view "with timbrel and with dance,"
Fair Adah pass; but Ah! the mirth
Was changed to sad farewell to earth.
Thus, suddenly the summons come
Which call Earth's choicest spirits home.
We cannot, dare not. question "why?"
We suffer; grieve with heart break sigh.
As Adah, then, I deeply mourn
For those who never may return;
But point to heaven's own deepest blue
Where dwell the souls found—"tried and true."

RUTH.

The golden harvest fields of earth,
The saddened groups by many a hearth
All, all must miss the love and care
And presence sweet which made home fair;
As down the fields we gleaners go
We gather sheaves of joy and woe,
God grant we hear the Master say
"Well done," at close of harvest day.
As Ruth I mourn the chapter's loss,
But point to realms where,—purged from dross.—
The gold of life's imperfect stay
Shall shine in God's own perfect day.

ESTHER.

A blameless life! how grand the thought!
And yet, if lived the teachings taught
By Him, who walked in Galilee,
That might be said of you and me.
Then, when, like those this hour we mourn,
We pass, beyond, to that far bourne,
We'll leave a mem'ry diamond white
To lighten Sorrow's darkest night.
Your Esther mourns with you today
The "loved and lost" who've passed away.
But points to lands of radiance bright
Where walk Redeemed in raiment white.
MARTHA.
All souls who pass life's labyrinth way
Though grave and sad, though glad and gay,
Must reach at last a strong barred gate,
Which stops the way like grim browed fate,
Nay! Nay! not so. For One hath said.
"Believe in. Me though ye were dead,
Yet ye shall rise to mansions fair,
Which I have gone but to prepare."
The Martha of your chapter chain
Believes that we shall live again;
That in those fields of emerald green
Whose beauties fair "no eye hath seen";
We'll meet, and wander on the shore
Of "waters still", to part no more.

ELECTA.
The crimson color, which is mine,
Is but a type of Love Divine.
That Love which gave us earthly friends,
And every other blessing sends.
It lightened Calvary's "lonely hill",
And to life's end is with us still.
Then, let us leave in hands of Love
These dear, dear ones now called above.
Sure some sweet day we'll meet the smile
Of those we've only "lost awhile!"

W. M. (Raising each section of flowers in turn, as she speaks the initial)

A-R-E-M-E—these letters form the name of the circle now representing us.
and these fragrant sections symbolize the broken links of that chain, so
often severed here, but which we earnestly believe will one day be united
(forms wreath as she speaks) where it will never again be separated.
(The officers now join hands including! W. M.)

W. M.
As this fragrant and symbolic wreath stands for the boundless, never
ending years of Eternity so does this circle of living hearts and joined
hands have its meaning. It represents not only our chapter (*the subordinate
Chapters of this great jurisdiction, not only this Grand Chapter now in
session.) but also that wide and ever widening circle of our Order's strength
and beauty; a circle nearly embracing the whole glove. Wherever in that vast
assemblage there is a bereaved heart today may it share the hopeful trust
that is ours in the reunion hour. And, now, in the name of this great
fraternity bound together by Fidelity ; (Adah looses hands and steps back to
place) Constancy (Ruth follows example as do the others) Purity, Faith and
Love, and in the name of Him whose Star in the East we have seen and have
come to worship. I declare the Areme Memorial Service closed. (W. M. returns
to place, receives gavel from W. P. and seats the five officers.)