The Worthy Matron (having come to the place in her meeting for her Memorial Service) will say:

W.M. Sisters and Brothers, we have now reached an appropriate time in our Eastern Star Year, for paying loving tribute to the memory of our beloved members who this year have traced with their footsteps, the path that follows the Star over the hilltops into the distance where we cannot follow just yet except with our love and faith.
Sister Secretary, you will read the first name on the list.

Sister Secretary reads --------------

Conductress: A beautiful life has gone from us to find happiness, peace and rest,
But there is comfort in the thought that a loving God knows best...
For in God's plan are many things man cannot understand,
And we must trust God's judgement and be guided by His hand.

W.M. Sister Secretary, you will read the second name on the list.

W.P. He was a faithful, loyal worker for the good of our Order, ever eager to aid in its advancement.
Brother, Nielsen, genial companionship and high ideals ever paid big dividends in the confidence and love of all who knew him.
He was always helpful and broadminded in our Eastern Star relations.
His goodness of heart and strong personality endeared him to us.
He gave of himself unsparingly whenever and wherever he found opportunity to serve the Order.
He achieved marked recognition because his sterling qualities and cheerful devotion have been invaluable in furthering and maintaining the dignity of our Order.
He was regarded as an example and an inspiration for the higher ideals of citizenship and this community sustained an irreparable loss in his passing.

Chaplain: In the Garden of Remembrance
There's a little sheltered spot,
Fragrant with the bloom of beauty
Of the sweet For-get-me-not.
No other flowers in the garden
Fairer, brighter ever grew,
Than the little flower that whispers,
Always we'll remember you.
Conductress: We walk life's pathway together with those, who for many a day,
Have been our close friends and leaders, along the Onward Way.
Then comes the clear call to service
In a higher and better shrine.
And we miss these faithful comrades
Whose friendship we hold so dear,
And yet we feel their sweet presence,
As we travel along the Road,
Which some day will bring us to them
In the paradise of God.

W.M. They have whispered their last farewell,
Passed on to the Master above,
And there 'neath the smile of the Savior,
They will finish their labor of love.