A GLIMPSE INTO HEAVEN

A memorial service, describing death. Each Star point tells in verse the things in Heaven that have the color corresponding to the color of her point, as the blue sky, the golden streets, the white robes, the emerald rainbow (Rev. 4:3) and the red blood of youth in their veins, closing with a prayer.

To be very effective a huge star whose points are colored may be hung in the East. The room may be darkened and as the Star points mention their respective colors the spotlight is thrown on that point. At the end the whole star would be lit.

WORTHY MATRON:

Let us pause to pay tribute to our members who have passed away during this year.

(The Secretary reads the names.)

WORTHY MATRON:

There is an ancient poem which describes death as the end of a long pilgrimage. It tells of a pilgrim, old, worn and spent, who, as his life is drawing to a close wanders down into a valley. On all sides of him are high bleak mountains and the sky is black overhead. He does not know which way to go. He is confused and unutterably weary. As his eyes become accustomed to the shadows of the valley he looks about and sees a gate in the rock. He wends his way up the rugged path to the gate and finds above it the words, "The Gate of Death." It yields to his touch and he passes through to find his journey has ended, for as the gate swings closed behind him he looks up and finds above it the words, "The Gate of Life."

So our Sisters and Brothers have gone down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death and passed through the gate of death into Life Eternal. They loved the Order of the Eastern Star and will find these same colors represented in their new life.

ADAH:

For looking about they see all is fair,
There are no clouds of doubt and care.
All these have vanished, the sky is BLUE
With all of life's sorrows and troubles they're through.

RUTH:

All glittering and GOLDEN are the streets
And restful to their weary feet.
Patient industry is rewarded now,
They'll labor no more by the sweat of their brow.

ESTHER:

Their robes no longer are tattered and torn
But angels minister and will them adorn
In garment WHITE so shining and fair,
Ah, what a joy to imagine them there!
MARTHA:

And plainly around God's throne can be seen,
A huge rainbow of emerald GREEN.
All who come beneath its verdant rays.
Remain to live with God and sing His praise.

ELECTA:

And in their veins RED blood will run,
And Love, reflected from God, the Son
For drawing them upward to the throne,
He says: "My Children, Welcome Home.

Worthy Matron calls up the chapter:

CHAPLAIN:

Oh, Who would live forever,
Away from God above
And never know His Smile
Nor the blessing of His Love?

Help us to thirst and hunger
And live from day to day,
That we may join this happy band
And worship Him for aye.

Amen.