Sisters and Brothers each year a portion of our time is dedicated to honor in loving memory those of our members who have been called to their eternal home. To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under heaven. Now is the time for us to pause to observe our memorial service. Let it not be only a time of sorrow but also a time for meditation and rededication to the principles which should adorn our lives. We remember with pleasure the beautiful lives of our departed loved ones. We remember their faithful devotion to our chapter and their faith in God. In seeking consolation and hope we turn to the scriptures, a never failing source of comfort. In John 19, Verse 41 we find the words "In the place where he was crucified there was a garden. John was the only one of the Gospel writers who recorded the fact that there was a garden near the cross. John, who was always alert to the spiritual significance of things, considered it important enough to mention. Today as we view Gethsemane, that garden is symbolic that where there is a cross, there may always be a garden. Where death seems to be, a rebirth--be it seed, tree, or soul, follows. We have seen that things which are laid away in the earth live again and often produce lovely bloom and fruit. So let us visit our own Gethsemane; and be cheered by the knowledge that every near is a garden, a place of freshness, beauty and hope. Our faith is real--it is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, and may we walk by faith, not by sight.

Let us drape our altar gently - For our loved ones who have gone
Let us bow in supplication - As we say, Thy will be done.

Choir: In The Garden

Light candles. Lights dimmed. Officers leave stations and form lighted cross between altar and vest.

Chaplain: Drape altar with wreath.

Hour by hour, day by day - Just as the river flows
The stream of life is passing by - Silently nearing its close.
None may foresee when the glimmering light - From a loved ones eyes will fade.
But we cherish a faith that beyond our ken - A welcoming voice will say: --
"Come Thou up higher and be at rest, For such is the Master's way."

Marshall: In my house are many mansions, If it were not so, saith the Lord, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there you may be also.

Worthy Patron: Reads names, etc. of departed members.

Secretary: To a beautiful garden our members have gone
To a land of perfect rest.
Their work is done, and the setting sun
Has sealed their life's long quest.
They have left this earthly garden
For a land beyond the sea.
Though they are gone, they shall live
In the garden of memory.

Choir: When I Survey The Wondrous Cross
Star Points place flower in wreath on altar after giving message.

Adah: I represent the blue expanse beyond which lies the happy homes of our departed.

Ruth: I represent the golden tints of sunset, emblematical of the peace of those who sweetly sleep in the Lord.

Esther: I represent the light of purity. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Marthe: I represent Faith in God, who promised "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom."

Electa: I represent the rosy tints of sunrise, promising a blissful resurrection to those who believe in the Lord.

Associate Conductress: Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Conductress: But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound and foam
When that which crew from out the boundless deep
Turns, again, home!

Associate Matron: Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

Worthy Matron: For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Choir: The Old Rugged Cross

Lights extinguished, chapter lights raised. Officers return to stations.