Chapter room darkened as for initiation. Use lights of electric signet for first poem turning on each color as it is named.

The Reader speaks:
- Sisters and brothers, I shall tell you a story of our beautiful Star
- That for ages has shed its bright rays afar.

The Singer speaks:
- And I shall sing you a song of the beauty and love divine,
- That shone in the life of our Savior and still in our Star does shine.

The Singer then sings first verse of "Rock of Ages". When she has finished she says:
- This is my song.

Reader speaks:
- And this is my story.
- A builder builded himself a home,
- So looking about for an appropriate stone,
- He landed upon a sapphire blue,
- And a topaz of golden hue,
- Then a diamond of beauty rare,
- And an emerald he added there.
- And with it he placed a ruby for love,
- Then asked for a blessing from above,
- This foundation he gathered from near and far
- And called it then the Eastern Star.

When the house was finished he was not pleased to have so beautiful a structure vacant so he went out upon his doorstep and sang.

The Singer then sings the first verse of "Oh Come All Ye Faithful". When she has finished she says:
- This is my song.

The Reader speaks:
- And this is my story. When the builder had gathered his friends about him and they had admired his beautiful home he wished to admonish and advise them as to the best way to walk in this world so that their steps might be guided to a beautiful home on high.
- He turned to them and said:
- Let us steer by the light of our Eastern Star,
- That shines over troubled sea,
- Steadfast and light through the shadows of night
- A glorious guide 'twill be.
- No tempest can darken this Star so fair,
- No cloud shall its beauty dim,
- Steer by its rays with hearts of praise,
- The Star will guide to Him.

When he sang-
- The Singer sings one verse of "Guide Me Oh Thou Great Jehovah", then says:
- This is my song.
And this is my story. When the builder's friends had departed he sat himself down and pondered upon the beauty of his home and the meaning of the precious gems with which he had builded it. Sitting on his door step in the peace of eventide he mused on this:

What do I think when I see our Star
I think of a glow in the Heavens afar,
Down the ages—guiding the way,
Where a babe in a humble manger lay,
Then the book of books with its stories old,
Come stealing into my heart now—told,
Sometimes the Star gleams a heavenly blue,
(Here Adah turns on her blue station lamp)
Then I think of a daughter with love so true,
That she gave herself with a kiss to die,
Lest her father a vow to his God deny
Then I pray that conviction of duty and right,
May rule in my life—like the Star pure and bright.
Then pausing in his musing, he began to sing softly:

Singer sings one verse of "Have Thine Own Way Lord".
She then says—
This is my song.

The Reader continues—
And this is my story: The builder continued to muse:

Sometimes the Star seems to glisten pure gold,
(Here Ruth turns on station light)
Then I think of a widow, dependent, old,
Brought back and made glad in the home of her youth,
By the unselfish love of the dutiful Ruth.
Then I wonder—if duty point me away
From home, country, kindred, all—would I obey?
This brought to his mind a song he had sung in his youth so he sang,

Singer sings "Trust and Obey". When she has finished she says: This is my song.

The Reader says:

And this is my story: The builder gazed into the falling darkness and in the distance he saw a bright white light shining forth through the window of a neighbor.

He said—Sometimes the Star has a snow-white sheen
(ESTHER turns on light)
Then I think of a slave, who became a queen,
But forget not her people, was willing to give,
Crown and life—unless they were permitted to live,
Then I long for the love that she knew,
Long to be to my sisters and brothers as true.

And into the builder's heart came a prayer as from the neighbors house he heard a sweet voice singing—

The Singer sings one verse of "Take My Life and Let it Be", then says:
This is my song.

The Reader says—

And this is my story: The builder's heart felt happy and was full of love—and he longed for more faith. The picture of Martha and Jesus
passed before his mind. He spoke softly to himself.

Sometimes from our Star a soft green ray is shed,
(\textit{Martha turns on her station lamp})

Then I think of a sister who wept for her dead,
And knew the sweet comfort to hear Jesus say
Because thou believest - he liveth today.
Then I marvel and grieve that my faith is so small,
Since I have such sure proof He is near if I call.

Then the builder prayed, "Give me faith, Oh Lord" and he sang the song of faith his mother had taught him.

The Singer sings one verse of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee". When she has finished she says--

\textbf{This is my song.}

The Reader continues

And this is my story: The builder's mind was turned to thoughts of his mother and her wonderful love to mankind, her faith and her charity. He was reminded of the red stone in the foundation of his house. He spoke softly into the evening.

Sometimes the Star glows as red as a rose.
(\textit{Electa turns on red light of her station})

Then I think of another who loyally chose,
To die for her faith that had taught her to be
A disciple of truth and sweet charity,
Then I feel that no power in the world can dismay
Those who love one another - are true day by day.

When he had finished his pondering he heard the music again but the song was changed. The sweet voice was singing--

The Singer sings, "Oh Love That Will Not Let Me Go". At the close she says:

\textbf{This is my song.}

The Reader says:

And this is my story: The song was ended and the builder sat quietly in the darkness. For now it was dark and the lights of the Star were no longer visible. He said:

Soon these visions fade, but always I see
(\textit{Star Points turn off lights})

The Master who wandered in old Galiliee,
Who lived pure and spotless in word and in deed,
And taught love and kindness to all who would heed,
Then I know that His love blesses even the least,
One who loves Him and follows the Star in the East.

The builder walked slowly into his beautiful home and closed the door for the night, but still through the silence could be heard his voice in his last song ere sleep o'er took him.

The Singer sings "Jesus Lover of My Soul". When she ends she says,

\textbf{This ends my song.}

And the Reader says:

\textbf{And this ends my story.}