

Memorial Service

This comes in a blue book and can be ordered from Supreme Assembly.

WORTHY ADVISOR: Sisters and friends, we have assembled today in a sisterhood of sorrow. Some of our members, who were with us one year ago, in all the happiness of youth, have since passed from our earthly vision.

We saw not the lift of the curtain,
Nor heard the invisible door,
As they passed where God's problems uncertain
Will follow and vex them no more.

Yet, occasionally, we are caused to pause, and we stand in awe, as one of our sisters answers the final summons. Then it is that we think of this hour and realize that sooner or later, it must come to us also.

Officers, I bid you rise and together let us gather around our sacred Altar where our departed sisters knelt in taking the obligation that bound them to us in one great sisterhood.

(Pianist plays appropriate music, officers rise, marching to Altar when they encircle.)

WORTHY ADVISOR: Sister Recorder, please read the names of our sisters who have answered the Master's call. *(Recorder reads the names of those who have passed on within the year.)*

WORTHY ADVISOR: Worthy Associate Advisor, what is the hour?

WORTHY ASSOC ADVISOR: The evening of life, when the sun has set at the end of the journey for some of our beloved sisters. The hour when they behold the "Rainbow of Promise" which our Heavenly Father has given to them.

WORTHY ADVISOR: Of what are we reminded at this hour?

WORTHY ASSOC ADVISOR: We are reminded of the fact, that for some, life is much shorter than for others. We are also brought to understand that:

These sisters have traveled the pathway before them,
Have passed through the rainbow and maze
They have labored their last in Assembly
They have heard the clear call of the Master.
Their journey on earth is now done.
Come higher, enter my kingdom,
For these, life and joy have begun.

WORTHY ADVISOR: Sister of Hope, what is the season?

HOPE: It is the beautiful springtime, when the buds burst forth in all their glory. Symbolizing the fact, that these sisters, who have gone on before us, are God's buds of promise. Gone to serve Him in the spring time of life. It is the season when Hope comes and with whisper sweet tells of that land far away where the sun shall never set, in the land of eternal day.

WORTHY ADVISOR: Sister of Charity, what is the task?

CHARITY: To be charitable at all times, in the hope that God's eternal charity shall cover all our faults, whatsoever they may be: God is good and will hear our plea. He will guide our frail barque o'er the trouble sea.

WORTHY ADVISOR: Sister of Faith, what do you know of the voyage .upon which our sisters have entered?

FAITH: Our sisters' barque silently slipped away,
Across the shadowy, unknown sea.
The mists have hidden their snow white sails,
From the sight of their love one - you and me
Their ships will never be seen again
Nor lie at anchor near this fair shore.
We have no charts of their late voyage,
We will watch and wait a little while
We know but this - they will come no more.
Till the harbor master sets us free,
Then with our freight of Hope and Faith
We, too, will sail o'er the unknown sea.

WORTHY ADVISOR: In commemoration of the transition of our sisters from this life to that life beyond the veil, and in memory of their labors among us, Sisters Hope and Charity, will you drape our sacred Altar?

Charity, who has carried the Altar cloth, now steps to North side of the Altar, while Hope steps to the South side, and Chaplain to West side of Altar. Chaplain lifts the open Bible and holds it, while together Hope and Charity drape the Altar. When the cloth has been spread, Chaplain replaces the Bible on the Altar, Faith then steps to the Altar and places the wreath on Altar around the Bible. Then all four step back into the circle of officers.

WORTHY ADVISOR: We pause for a moment with reverent breath to speak of that Angel, whom mortals call Death. Sister Love, Religion, Nature, Immortality, Fidelity, Patriotism and Service, what have you to offer in memory of our sisters, who were with us but yesterday, but have now gone hence - I cannot say, I will not say, that they are dead.

LOVE: There is not death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore.
And bright in heaven's golden crown
They shine forever more.

RELIGION: There is NO death! The dust we tread,
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers:

NATURE: There is NO death! The leaves may fall
And flowers may fade and pass away
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

IMMORTALITY: There - is - no -death! Angel form
Walks o'er the earth, with silent tread;
He bears our best loved ones away
land then WE call them 'dead'.

FIDELITY: And ever near us thou unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe IS LIFE –
There IS no dead.

PATRIOTISM: Some call it death, this slipping of earthly moorings,
And drifting with the ebbing tide away I
But it is only the passing through the shadows
Into a life of endless day.

SERVICE: They shall all bloom in fields of light
Transplanted by God's care.
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.

(Each color steps to the Altar and lays the flower. color of her station, upon the wreath on the Altar, stepping back into the circle.)

CHAPLAIN: Father, beside this sacred Altar, where off' knelt our departed sisters, we dedicate our lives anew to Thee and to Thy service. We pray that only good deeds of our sisters may be recorded with Thee, and that all short comings shall be forgotten. Bless the Assemblies whose ranks are broken. Give us faith anew, and cause us to look to Thee for help and strength to overcome all earthly sorrows. All of these petitions we make in Thy Holy name.

RESPONSE BY ALL: Lord, Help us to keep our Promise.