

AN ADAH NIGHT

Ten sisters, dressed as Adahs, in white, wearing blue veils, and carrying flowers, enter the Chapter room and form the letter "A" around the altar as the following solo is sung to the tune of America, The Beautiful:

"Oh, Adah sacrificed her life,
Her father's honor saved;
To her conviction she was true,
And even death she braved.
Fidelity, fidelity, Oh may we not forget
The lessons that she left for us
As she her Maker met."

The Adahs stand with bowed heads during the song.

WORTHY MATRON: Adah, dear maid, with her scarf of blue, Though grievous her task, to her vow was true. Sister Associate Matron, what lesson would you say Adah left for us?

ASSOCIATE MATRON: This lesson, Worthy Matron: It is not life that matters, it's the courage that we bring to it.

The Adahs leave the labyrinth, march east and return to form the letter "D".

WORTHY MATRON: Adah was the daughter to whom a vow was true, 'though it meant sacrifice and cost her life too. Sister Conductress, what lesson would you say Adah left for us?

CONDUCTRESS: This lesson, Worthy Matron: True courage is calm and cool.

The Adahs reform the letter "A".

WORTHY MATRON: Adah had the courage to die, lest her father a vow to his God deny. Sister Associate Conductress, what lesson do you say Adah left for us?

ASSOCIATE CONDUCTRESS: This lesson, Worthy Matron: Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Do what you ought, come what may.

The Adahs form the letter "H".

WORTHY MATRON: If we, like faithful Adah, To every pledge will hold, We'll make our lives a story Like 'The Sweetest Ever Told'. Worthy Patron, what lesson do you say Adah left for us?

WORTHY PATRON: This lesson, Worthy Matron: A brave person is not he who bears no fear, but he whose noble soul subdues his fear, and bravely dares the danger from which nature shrinks.

The Adahs leave the labyrinth, giving their flowers to the Marshal, who has risen to receive them. These flowers, she ties with a blue bow and presents them to the Honored Adah as the Worthy Matron says:

WORTHY MATRON:

My Sister,

Adah was a dauntless maid,
So free from fear, so unafraid;
And just because she was so true
These flowers of blue we offer you.
And as you read the Scriptures old,
As stories of her life unfold,
May you be true to every vow;
This is the message to you now.



JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

(From Macoy's 1866 Ritual)

On the hills of Mizpah bloomed the mountain maid,
Blue the skies above her where she strayed;
As the light gazelle she scaled the rocky slope,
Adah, child of love and hope.

Gone from the mountain, lost to her home,
Called in life's beauty to the tomb;
Wake the wild lamenting in lonely glen,
She will never come again.

Glad was her upraising, when, with maiden mirth
And merry timbrel, she came forth;
But, alas, the death march! day of utter gloom!
'Twas the signal of her doom.

O, the grand deliverance of mountain maid!
"Keep the vow, my father," thus she said;
"Shall a Mason's daughter fear for truth to die?
There's a home beyond the sky."

From the hills of Mizpah, let her story rise, —
"Death before dishonor" — to the skies;
While seasons blossom on mountain free,
"Adah, we will weep for thee!