

Rainbow Hi Light Degree

The Assembly should always be closed and all equipment put away before this degree.

Worthy Advisor: Sister Recorder,
If I ask thee
Would thou tell me;
What's for tonight?

Recorder: Worthy Advisor,
We have conferring of degrees
Well ----- on these!
(Points toward door disdainfully)

Worthy Advisor: Sister Drill Leader,
You will take heed and go to the door.
And what you see there may amaze you more.

(Drill Leader goes to the door and Confidential Observer speaks)

Confidential Observer: Now comes the time I must perform my task
Are they sure they want to come in, I ask.
Who dares to stand outside our door?
For all they know, they'll see light no more.

(Drill Leader returns to her station.)

Drill Leader: Worthy Advisor, I'd like to report;
Knights of Masons want to enter our court.
Poor trusting souls, I almost laugh in their faces
They may have a few tricks, but we hold the aces.

Worthy Advisor: Sister Drill Leader,
Sally forth and grab your spear
They may need prodding, but never fear;
A few well placed jabs, I know,
Will quickly put them on the go.

(Drill Leader grabs her spear and charges toward door and candidates. She then makes an alarm at the preparation room door. She may use her spear for the alarm.)

Faith: Worthy Advisor, if I hear right
Someone beats on our door tonight.

Worthy Advisor: Go see who hammers on the door of our den
And I bid you grab them and drag them in.

(Faith goes to the door of the preparation room)

Faith: Who is so brave as to dare to intrude Upon our Rainbow solitude?

Drill Leader: Some men seek the fountain of youth
But these men would never be so uncouth.
Instead- pardon me while I laugh (loud laugh)
They want to be girls as do all who are daft.

Faith: Enter our castle and domain
But remember, you'll have to remain.

(candidates enter assembly room- Drill Leader walking behind them as if herding cattle with her spear in the air.)

Faith: (Waves wand over men and says:)
Backward, turn backward
Oh, time in your flight
And make-up these gents, gals,
Just for tonight.
(Takes candidates to the East)

Faith: Worthy Advisor,
May I by way of introduction
Present these sisters for instruction?

Worthy Advisor: Girls, before you can proceed,
I'll advise you to take heed.
If you promise to obey
All of the rules of this day,
Raise your hand, and say right now:
☒ "I WILL" ☒ in order to seal your vow.

(Drill Leader marches up and down with spear to see that everyone obeys command)

Worthy Advisor: From out of those days of yore,
Comes this song from grandma's lore
A chorus line softly singing
Still one hears those words ringing:

Everyone: (Loudly) ☒ TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF! TAKE IT OFF!!

☒

Worthy Advisor: So gals, as you did agree
In front of these other girls - and me
Remove your coat and tie
And roll up your pants legs, without a sigh.

Chaplain: Worthy Advisor, if I may state
 Shoes are old fashioned in this late date
 There is no freedom such as that
 Of hearing stocking feet going pitter pat.

Worthy Advisor: Then kindly remove those shoes
 Before your heads you'll quickly lose.
 We Pity poor people that may have flat feet:
 But never enough to give them a seat.

Worthy Advisor: Sister of Faith,
 Now take our sisters a-strolling around
 So they'll get the feeling of our background.

(Faith goes to the station of the W.A.A.)

Worthy Assoc. Adv. When a girl is a baby, her chief desire is a bottle
 But as she grows up, it's of becoming a model.
 And to you rare beauties, we could never say no
 (Put on aprons then say)
 So now you may stage a fashion show.
 Shop the avenue for a formal, dress, or suit
 But you'll never find any skirts so cute.

Faith: Step lively girls, as you must now go
 It's impolite to hold up the show.

(Faith goes to station of Hope)

Sister of Hope, charms are many not few,
In view of this fact, can you add something new?

Hope: Some wear bells on their fingers and bells on their toes
 And the tiny tinkles are charming, we know.
(garters with As girls are different, and desire to please
bells) Here we would add a father's warning to daughter:
 Don't ever say, "WELL, POP MY GARTER!"

Faith: Let's be gone before we're sent:
 Charity may have some ideas to be lent.
 (Faith goes to Charity)
 Sister of Charity,
 Her I bring some fashion fans,
 Do with them what you can!

Charity: Long curly locks are a girls crowning glory
From ages back this has been a true story.
bows with clips If for your appearance you really care
or tape A little bow we'll pin in your hair-
To those of you whose hair seems thin
We'll use a piece of tape instead of a pin.

(Faith takes candidates to W.A.)

Worthy Advisor: Sister of Faith, always so gay,
Conduct our sisters on their way,
To the next seven stations to meet their fate
For with these sisters they have a date ---

Faith: Sister of Love, I have been sent,
To you these candidates we present.

Love: A yearn to be beautiful is a tradition old,
And for gals of all ages this is a goal,
(powder puff) If you're to resemble an American Rose,
Then don't forget to powder your nose.

Faith: Sister of Religion, I have been sent
To you these candidates we present.

Religion: Pink - rose - green or blue
Simply, girls, there is a color for you -
(rouge) Now we must choose one
For without color you don't have any fun.

Faith: Sister of Nature, I have been sent.
To you these candidates we present.

Nature: Say all the females in the know:
"Lovely lips must be just so."
(lipstick) If lips are to be a laughing red
Lipstick can never be a dread.

Faith: Sister of Immortality, I have been sent.
To you these candidates we present.

Immortality: A sly wink, an arch of the brow
These are the tricks I'll show you now
(Eye shadow) If into our clan you'll fit
You must admit, the eyes have it!

Faith: Sister of Fidelity, I have been sent.
To you these candidates we present.

"AFTER THE WAY OF RAINBOW GIRLS IT WILL FOLLAH,
ILL GO TO THE DESK AND PAY MY DOLLAH."

(Drill Leader prods anyone who is unwilling to pay)

Choir Director: You're lovely just the way you look tonight
 I know I've never seen such a sight.
 A song for you is now in store
 Come on let's all sing the score.

Everyone: sing "Ain't She Sweet?"

Musician: We have considered you both short and tall
 And now have decided you are the fairest of all
 The applause has ended, your song slowly dies,
 Sister, let's award them all with a prize.

(point to Worthy Advisor who will pin on a badge, ribbon, or
 something)