

# The Rainbow Story

Noah unsealed and opened the huge doors of the ark. The eight people and the small herd of tame animals had to stand aside, (pause) as the wild animals rushed forth in a tremendous, thundering, stampeding herd. Above the wild animals came the birds (pause) with a great beating and flapping of wings.

Finally, the eight people and the small herd of tame animals came forth out of the ark, and Noah led them down from the steep mountain. At last they reached the flatness of the fertile plain. There they camped in the little valley under the mountain. It was a great, good day, and in the distances, in the mountains, the wild animals called to each other in triumph (pause) as they scattered and sought new homes for themselves in the earth-----the earth and its promise before them.

But, before starting anything else, Noah built an Altar on the spot where he and his sons planned a new farm, at the foot of the mountain in the fertile valley. Before sowing seeds, raising crops, or establishing a vineyard, they built then an altar to the greatness of God and the mercy of God. Above the wet silt left by the water, they built them an altar of smooth, flat stones---- so an altar to God rose up out of the emptiness of the drowned washed earth.

They slaughtered one of the sheep. And the smoke rose up from the altar and plumed upward toward the heavens. Suddenly, the smoke did not spiral upward anymore. It did not rise up in a thin straight column to the heights of the mountains, the heights of the Heavens, and the glory of God. It feathered flat over the earth. The people looked fearfully at the feathering flatness of the smoke over the wet earth. Then they looked up at the mountains. Over the mountains great rain clouds came rolling---cloud upon thundering cloud threatening more rain. The people cringed at the thought of more rain. "Please, not more rain! ((softer and angelic) Not rain again!", they prayed. (Lower lights)

(While ritualist is saying the following, bow stations attach colors to Pot of Gold, but do not back up)

Suddenly over the tops of the mountains came the sun. It rose over the ridge of the mountain as if to peer over to see what the only eight people on the earth were doing. But the rain clouds rolled down into the valley and the people bowed their heads with the coming of more rain---rain, even though the sun shown. For the sunshine was in the mountains. And in the mountains, in the sunshine, came the great voice of God, uttering His promise to those frightened, kneeling eight, to all coming humanity and to all life. (as ritualist says following, the bow stations back up, forming the Rainbow and

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raising the colors over their herds. The ritualist kneels while holding the Pot of Gold with ribbons attached) As the voice of God came from the mountains, the rain clouds LIFTED---And there, arching over the valley in a majesty of Heavenly color was a RAINBOW--- a beautiful rainbow in the sky! The voice of God seemed to come from over the arch of the Rainbow.

And the voice of God said,

"This is the rainbow  
And this is my promise--  
I do set my bow in the clouds  
As an everlasting sign  
That the water shall no more become a flood  
To destroy all flesh.

While the earth remaineth  
Seedtime and harvest,  
Winter and summer,  
Heat and cold,  
And day and night.  
Shall not cease!" (Pause)

(Softer voice)

Then the voice of God was gone from the mountains, but the sun and the rainbow stayed. And the smoke rose up once more from the altar in a thin straight column toward the mountain as if reaching out to touch the rainbow and the everlasting promise of God.

And the only eight people that were on the earth (pause) looked at the rainbow (pause) and worshiped God. (pause) And the world began once more.

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