Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Your lovely foreword came this morning and makes this a very happy day for me! Jeanne is just back from the honeymoon and tells me how moved everyone was by your beautiful speech—a few words that carried so far—and by the thrilling Idlocovic sight. Oh! how much we all need to work and pray and spread the true words that peace may come at last and fill our understanding follow! How much you stand.
for all that is great and truly American. We—and fortunately many—know to-day, and the generations to come will bless you in their hearts for it...

I am at work on the book, and with the help of Miss Hayden who comes to me evenings to take dictation, I hope to get the last chapter in shape before long. Then will come a little more revision and then, I hope I may yet see it personally in the hands of a publisher... if not my children will have to attend to it... but I am of an optimistic nature!

Thank you again from my heart, dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Devotedly yours,

J. Marie de Mora
Dearest Mrs. Roosevelt,

While you are always very much in our thoughts these days, these days that seem particularly family days make us feel more vividly still how sad for you is the empty chair. We all feel the material absence keenly and I can only realize what it means.
to you and your remarkable children. I say "material absence" for his spiritual presence. Thank Heaven, it still with us all, with the whole country he served so well and the whole world he tried to make "a better world."...

How often we long for his leadership—and how thankful we are that you are here to carry the torch and encourage those who might forget, as now we've seen the
light must continue to shine of America to fulfill her destiny of world freedom and duty...

I spent most of the night reading Helen Peckins’ “The Roosevelt I Knew” and re-lived with her, with you, those marvelous years that must remain a miracle — the greatest constructive era in the face of almost inevitable annihilation... We are privileged indeed who could watch closely the miracle accomplished —
and in my own year and a half of Black Angel with an account of my darling Agnes, I have always felt that her closeness to you, the superb influence you had for years on her truly lovely nature have helped to save her and give her back to her children. The two very lively darling boys are well with us; having worn my sister and me to a frazzle, we like to have them dotting and prance in their play. And now Agnes is staying...
Here too (looking on the Easter story to the left) in the things described, there is no subject that the author could add. As if by chance, it is impossible to do any more of this.

The author has managed to feel the thought of the place where all the other parts of the story have a little bit of faith. They are all too small for a little boy's wishes.
freedom the craving...
Next week I shall start working again with Mr. Hay for whom I can give me a few evening hours, so that I can dictate them whatever I shall have prepared during the day. It was impossible while the children required all our strength and time.
but I feel strongly the urgency of finishing the book now. And as it is never clear out of my mind, it may be that this apparently idle period still has allowed some growth... At least I hope it! All our love, dearest Mr. Roosevelt, and May the year 1947
bring to you much comfort and the fruition of most of your magnificent work. Happy New Year to you and yours, from us all. Admiringly and affectionately yours always.

Marco de Marco