Maye-Maz

META MAYER
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NEW YORK, N. Y. 1/27/47.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt, I am going to send you a little poem which I wrote in memory of your husband, the late great President of the United States of America. I am almost sure that you won't mind when I as a Stranger write this letter to you.
About 6 years ago I came to this country from Germany, where I had to leave because of my Jewish faith. I was heart-broken because I had to leave behind my old parents 85 and 82 years of age. The first comfort came to me when I listened to a broadcast of the Late President. His gentle and encouraging voice gave me back the faith in mankind.
The years went by and I learned to love this country which gave us refuge

in days of oppression. I am proud that I became an American citizen lately.
As far as I learned and read about your wonderful way of life I hope you will understand that I had to express once my admiration for your late husband and for yourself.
I did some poemwriting over there but it is not very easy for me to do it in a foreign language now.
With my sincerest wishes that God may bless you and your family,

Truly yours,

Meta Mayer

In memory of the Late President:

I think of you, dear President,
Your greatness and your helpful hand
You were so gentle, wise and good
Admirable your pleasant mood.
When world was forced in war and tears
You lent your heart, you lent your ears
You fought for freedom, justice, right
Your faith was Like a star so bright.
You gave all mankind hope again
That it would suffer not in vain
That after hardship, terror, fear
A better world would once appear...
Two years ago you past away
We all remember still the day
When death closed suddenly your eyes
Ending a Life of sacrifice.
I think of you, dear President,
Your greatness and your helpful hand
You rest in peace, you rest in God
We have to thank you quite a lot.

Meta Mayer.