July 15th 1945

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am unable to proceed with the 40th letter of the day you opened the one but I do want to apologize to you for not having myself more in hand when I was with you. I struggled so hard, but I failed and I could have farked myself so I can't think of anything I did. I hate more in a situation like this.

It was so good to see you. So wonderful to think back to is of how you were. So wonderful to think there are people like you. But its possible to be like you.
I do want to tell you how everybody in the whole Allied world felt when the terrible news reached them. Take Holland. There is no example of one Allied country. In spite of its terrible isolation, it still, everybody felt that the President was one of the few very big, solid pillars on which the world and its future rested. Everybody felt it as a loss as terrible as could be imagined (and before, not imagined).

But when we forget this poor world for a moment, I have a very wonderful feeling. It was the end for himself. Then, when one thinks, it gives a very grateful feeling. For did he not give his physical strength, like any soldier or underground fighter?
So forgive my writing (I write with a fairly clear conscience as at least nobody could think of answering this kind of letter). I'll always remember this, in particular.

Yours, in admiration, friendship and gratitude for ever,

Juliana

Tomorrow we leave Strasbourg, and the next day we sail for New York.
to F. D. Roosevelt
Fiskill Cottages
near Hyde Park
N.Y.