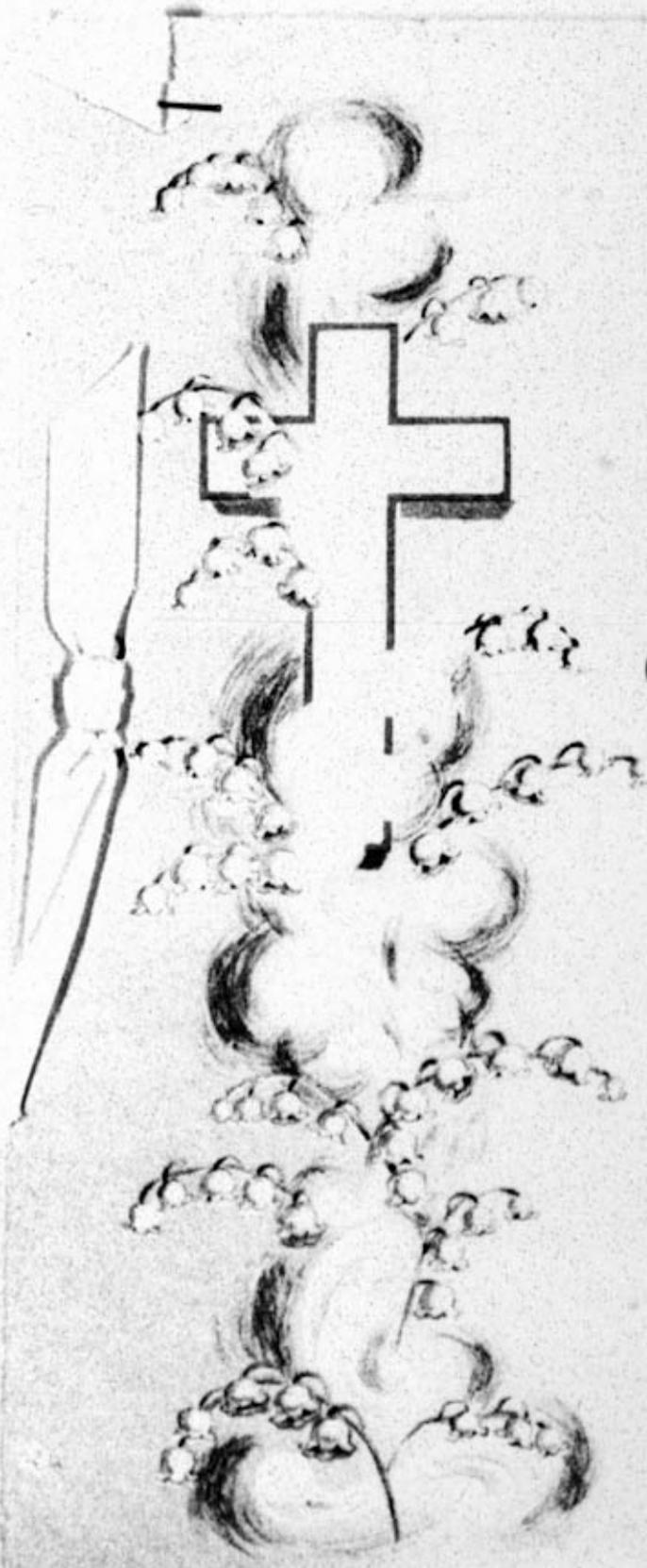


Roosevelt, Franklin D.,
Material about 1945-52



With
Deepest
Sympathy



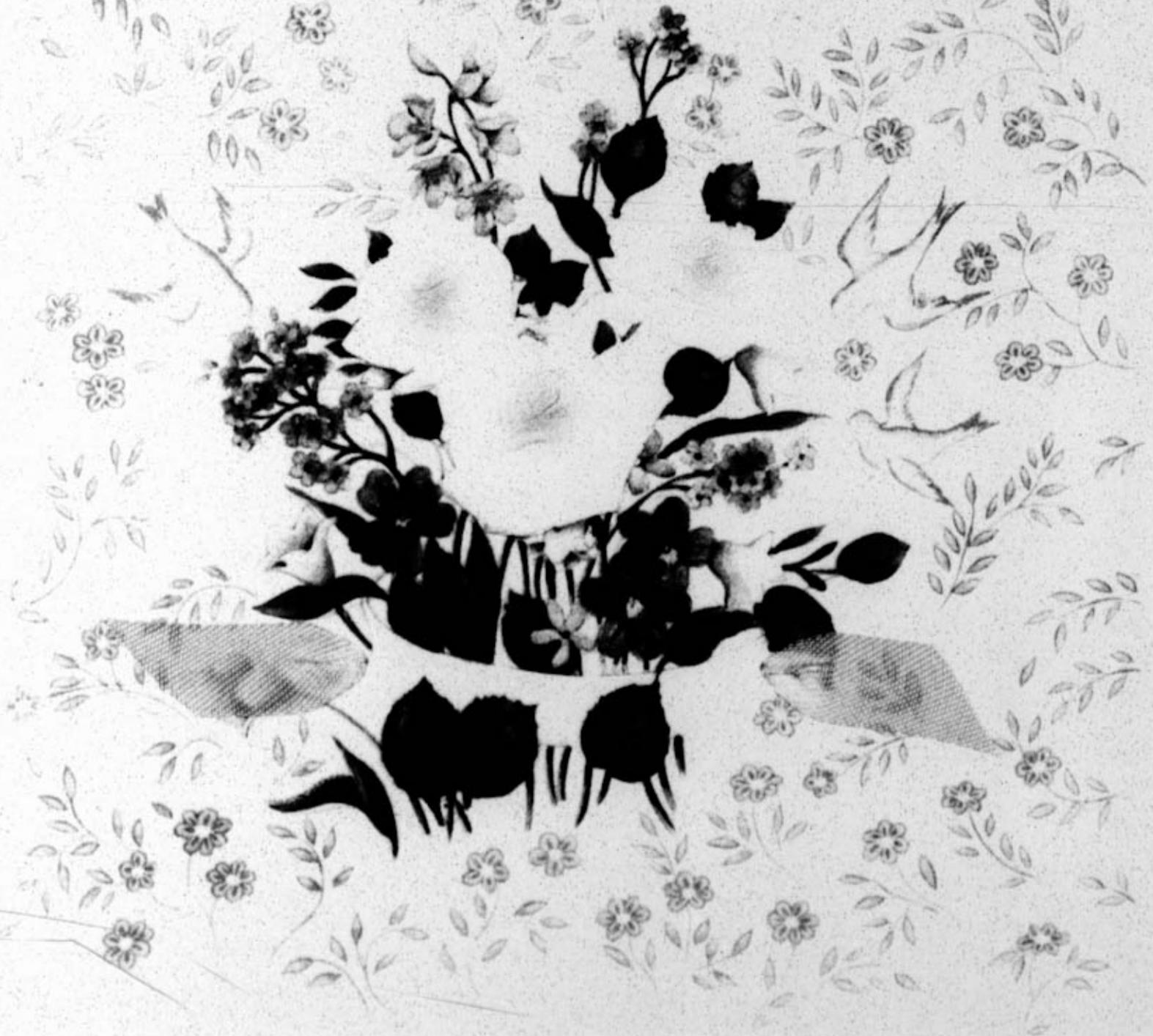


Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me"

PS. 23: 4

Like the lily of the valley
Blooming in some shaded lane,
May the sweetness of God's promise
Bring you hope and peace again;
May He lead you through the valley
Guide and bless you all the way,
Till you glimpse the sunlit hilltops
Of a brighter, fairer day.

In Your Bereavement



Thinking of you constantly,
Wishing I could say
Some little word of sympathy
To comfort you today;
Knowing that you feel a loss
No one else can share
But hoping it may help a bit
To let you know I care.



*He Is
Just Away*





I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead - He is just away!
With a cheery smile,
and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be,
since he lingers there.

And you -

O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old time step and glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There
as the love of Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead - He is just away!
James Whitcomb Riley

When Death Overtakes the Great

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Preached in Zion United Church, Brantford, Ontario

April 15th, 1945, 11.00 a.m.

By WALTER B. CRAW, B.A., B.D.

Text: "And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? And I am this day weak, though annointed king; and these men the sons of Zeruah be too hard for me: the Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness. II Samuel 3: 38 - 39.

SO David mourned the death of Abner. So to-day we mourn the passing of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The words, "and I am weak this day, though annointed king" might be applied with little change to President Truman, the man who is called upon to assume the high and responsible duties of President of the United States and to take his place at the council tables not only of his own great nation but also of the Allied Nations and indeed of the world at this critical time in the history of mankind. We all share this feeling. The sons of Zeruah are still abroad in the world and free men and peacemakers everywhere have real reason to wonder now if they be too hard for us. And yet that final statement of David's—"The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness" brings us back to our final Source of comfort and hope and strength; the moral law of God and the ultimate confidence that although God buries his workman He carries on His work and works His purpose out to its appointed end.

But when we lose one of our very greatest leaders in a time when we can so ill afford so great a loss, it is only natural that our immediate reaction should be a sense of deep dismay. It is natural to echo in our hearts the question of the American soldiers in the field, "Why did it have to be now?" His helpmeet and partner, without any warning, rose to the occasion in a marvellous way and uttered what will probably become an ultimate declaration of nobility in grief—"I feel more sorry for the people of America and for the world than I do for us." Because of the complex nature of the tremendous problems involved in setting up the conditions and machinery through which the allied nations hope to bring about an era of peace and freedom and because of the necessity for secrecy in so much of the preparatory work, it was inevitable that too much should be placed in the hands of too few. For great as are the master minds of our day and the spheres of personal influence they exercise, they are only human like the rest of us. They are living under still greater burdens and tensions than those which have shortened the lives of so many outstanding men and women in these war years. There is a limit beyond which human endurance and human bodies cannot go.

But while we realize all this, it does not alter the fact that if anyone could have told us in Church or State that we should have to face into the post-war period without the tremendous powers of influence and leadership of Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, our hearts would have completely failed within us for fear of the future. And yet, such is the case. Truly we are brought back by inexorable circumstances, to the place where we must realize anew that, as on the field of battle, it is God that giveth us the victory and who canst save by many or by few, so in the time of the building of peace, "unless the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." Blessed are the peacemakers, but only if they can be truly called the children of God.

So when death overtakes the great in such a time as this, we do well to pause and ask ourselves concerning human greatness, especially in the democratic way of life.

In the memorial service for the late Archbishop of Canterbury, I referred to a statement made by John Buchan in his book "The King's Grace". He said, "Leadership does not consist only in a strong man imposing his will upon others, the true task of leadership is not to put greatness into humanity, but to elicit it, since the greatness is already there. That truth is the basis of all religion, it is the only justification for democracy, it is the chart and compass of our mortal life."

The greatness of the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt consisted in the fact that he was able to appeal to and call forth the inherent greatness of all those with whom he came in contact. For most of us in this country the secret of this power could only be surmised from the peculiar charm and appeal of his radio addresses and "Fireside Talks". To sit quietly in our homes and listen to that appealing voice call us, "My Friends", was to believe that we were just that. This accounts for the fact that millions in other lands than his own felt as they heard the news on Thursday evening that they had lost a friend, and, as Prime Minister King put it, "It is as if one of our own has passed away." It helps us to understand how in the clash of opposing interests and conflicting personalities in the conference rooms on the Atlantic, at Casablanca, at Quebec, at Terheran, at Yalta, it must have so often been the personal friendly challenge of this great leader that caused the conference to move up a storey higher and reach a more exalted position of unanimous agreement for the welfare of the world. Involuntarily we felt that although we did not know much about the complex problems in the government of his own great country, all would somehow be well if Franklin Roosevelt were at the helm. Similarly we all had the ingrained conviction that at San Francisco, where the problems would be still more complex and the decisions of world wide importance, there would always be in the last analysis the persuasive power of this great leader to call forth the inherent greatness of all the leaders assembled and to help them to cope with temptations to adhere to policies that were fraught with possible special advantages for sections of the world but probable disaster for mankind as a whole. And now it gives us greatest concern and a sense of deep frustration to realize that that voice is forever stilled except that it will call across the great divide and still be echoing in the hearts and minds of all who responded to its appeal in his life time.

But this may be a very real and telling experience. "He being dead, yet speaketh." He was called during his lifetime "the most effective transmitting instrument possible for the coming of the new world order". Let us not forget in this dark hour that, by the grace of God, death can actually add rather than detract from the power of a great leader to influence and determine events in line with the ideals for which he stood. Just how that is done we cannot fully comprehend. It is one of the mysteries of God. When Jesus said to his followers on the eve of His death, "The works that I have done shall ye do also, and greater works than these shall ye do because I go to my father", he was speaking a sober truth. And the marvellous thing for us to contemplate at a time like this is that it was true not only of the Master, but that in a lesser but very important sense it may become true of all who have given themselves unstintingly as instruments through which God brings in the kingdom of God on earth. Death puts an end to the immediate human personal influence, but it also adds to the power of a transcendent influence which every martyr, to a cause greater than himself, inevitably wields.

If it was true that "the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church", it is also true that the death of great world leaders becomes the seed of the new world order. If, as was truly claimed on Friday, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was American Casualty No. 854,352 in the cause of freedom and justice and world peace, we can rest assured that his soul goes marching on. "Marching on" not only in the sense of the new tasks in other worlds to which, God willing, he has been called, but "marching on" no less surely in the cause to which he gave himself here, the cause of "freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want, freedom from fear." Death may overtake the truly great, but it cannot stop them. He had something of that character which Goethe has so beautifully described, "My belief in immortality springs from my concept of activity. For if I have gone on labouring without rest until the end, nature is in duty bound to provide me with another place when my body is no longer capable of carrying on here." Yes, and God will provide another kind of influence for his mind and spirit to carry on here.

Just how dauntless that spirit was can be illustrated by an incident away back in 1920. It gives the lie to any contention that Roosevelt was an opportunist or one who would make compromise of the truth and the right as he saw it. He had to be a practical politician. That is the fate of any man who enters public life. That is the only way democracy can be worked. But in and through it all he was a statesman. A man who is merely a politician thinks only of the next election. A man who is a statesman thinks also of the next generation. Sometimes these two things come into absolute, unresolvable conflict. Then it is that the testing time comes. It came for Roosevelt in 1920. He was named Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He and his running mate, James M. Cox of Ohio, knew as practical politicians that the League of Nations was an unpopular issue which would have to be sidetracked for other issues if they were to have any hope of victory. They hesitated over their campaign plans, but one day they paid a courtesy call on President Wilson, the father of the League. It was a painful episode. Wilson, who but yesterday was the greatest man in the world, sat there in a wheel chair, old, broken, helpless. As they were about to leave, Cox said deferentially to the emaciated shawled figure, "Mr. President, I have always admired your fight for the League of Nations." The effect was startling. The bent head rose, the dull eyes flashed, age and illness momentarily fell away and Wilson's voice rang out: "Mr. Cox, the fight can still be won." Roosevelt told afterwards that Cox's eyes were filled with tears. As they left, the candidates looked at each other. Each read his own thoughts in his companion's eyes. They made their fight on the League issue and they lost. From the standpoint of practical politics it was a bad decision. In 1921 his gallant fight against infantile paralysis began. Twenty-one years later the man who risked political suicide to fight for the League of Nations could lead his nations to war in the inner knowledge that he had done what he could to prevent World War II and had won an almost impossible victory in his own personal life. That was the dauntless spirit of the Happy Warrior. That was the spirit that shall go marching on. Bernard Shaw wrote of Roosevelt, "As the President thinks and conceives, so forthwith he acts. Both he and his wife have the simplicity that says, 'But if it is right we ought to do it.'" In the Church we call that Seeking first the kingdom of God and leaving to God to add all these things unto it. That is human greatness in Church or State or anywhere. That is the chart and compass of our mortal life. It is the basis of all religion. It is the only justification of Democracy. It gives a man in this life the strength of ten, because his heart is pure, and it gives him when life is done the influence of the immortals who have seen and done and died for what they knew to be right. If God shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness, it also follows that God shall reward the doer of righteousness according to his rightness.

Just a very personal word in closing. We are ordinary folk, and our spheres of influence may seem to be very limited. But we count in the scheme of things, and it matters eternally to our souls whether we achieve greatness, even if we were not both great, nor shall ever have greatness thrust upon us. It also matters in the kingdom of God and in the new world into which we are faring that we should take heart and take example from the lives of the great. Whence did this man, who called us "Friends" and who took the world of men of good will into his heart, come by his greatness?

At the very heart of it, it came from God. A statesman in a day of irreligion, Franklin Roosevelt not only walked with kings and never lost a common touch, but he also walked with God and learned anew from Him to walk with common men. He was not ashamed to be known as a believer. He was an officer of the Church. He implored divine aid before every great undertaking. His favourite hymns and scripture lessons have been included in this service. He always took the oath of office with his hand on an old Dutch Bible, rich with the traditions which bound the Church and the Bible with his home. He always gave a courteous attentive audience to delegations from the Church and the Synagogue. He publicly declared the world's greatest need to be a revival of true religion. He numbered sincere and devout men among his friends. He passed through the valley of great physical suffering, and like Jacob he halted upon his feet for the rest of his days. But he did justly, he loved mercy and he walked humbly before his God, even on the dizzy heights of human authority and power and pre-eminence. He became "the Happy Warrior" and the champion not only of the poor and the persecuted and of those who had no helper, but of all who had suffered severe handicaps in the battle of life. He helped the lame to walk or to

know that by God's grace the battle could be waged on crutches, in a wheel chair or even from a bed of pain and apparent uselessness.

And this morning they are laying that crippled body away in the ancestral home in Hyde Park. His spirit goes marching on till that glad day when the kingdom shall come on earth as it is in heaven and no man anywhere shall be without a place to lay his head in freedom, and after prayer, and from the hazards of fear and want. Almost we can hear him say —

* Under the wide and starry sky dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die, and I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me, here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill.

* Epitaph written for himself by Robert Louis Stevenson, and inscribed in St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh.



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**THE PASSING of the
GREATEST**

A Radio Broadcast and Sermon

BY

DR. CLEM DAVIES

April 12 and 15, 1945



Timely Topics Series

Dr. Clem Davies' Ministry

Incorporated

P. O. Box 333 - Hollywood (28), California

Radio Message by Dr. Clem Davies, Noted Commentator on World Events in the Light of Bible Prophecy, KMTR Hollywood April 12, 1945, 7:30 P. M.

DEATH OF MR. ROOSEVELT

By this time you will all have heard of the death of our President. You will hear eulogies of this great and well-loved man from all quarters. From the pens of columnists and from the lips of commentators over the radio you will hear eulogies of and tributes to Mr. Roosevelt—from friend and foe alike.

From the human standpoint, everything has been said or will be said before they lay him to rest amongst America's hallowed dead.

To begin with, this is the war's greatest casualty. That will readily be admitted by every "gold star" mother—by every parent mourning the loss of a loved one who made the supreme sacrifice. Mr. Roosevelt represented us all. He has vicariously borne for us the wounds of this war—which now have laid him low. In his passing, every one of us has sustained a personal loss. Truly it can be said that his death coming at this time is more shocking to the nation and fraught with graver implications than even when President Lincoln passed on—for America is larger now in population—has more contacts, greater responsibilities, greater burdens and greater world-influences—all of which is expressed through her Chief Executive, her President.

Although democracy is admittedly the best political system which man has been able to devise thus far, it is clearly not a perfect system. The perfect system is yet to come. Indeed its establishment is nearer than most people were willing to admit—up until today. Those of us who sit around this Program every evening and have for some time been considering the deep prophetic significance of the events of our time—see in the death of our President another “sign of the times” that the kingdom of God is nearer today than we would have admitted as little as twenty-four hours ago.

To be sure, democracy is not a perfect system; but God works through individuals, and every great crisis in the history of the Anglo-Israel nations has seen raised up a righteous, God-fearing man capable of leading the Israel people along the path which God has so clearly marked for her for that particular time. From Moses in the days of Israel of old to Winston Churchill in **modern Israel**—and to Franklin D. Roosevelt in modern Manasseh-America, the guiding hand of God has been unmistakably in evidence.

Capable leadership of Manasseh-America is vital—not merely for the future of the United States, but of all mankind. Is it surprising, then, that the United States should have been headed during all this war crisis—which actually began in 1932 when Mr. Roosevelt was elected—by this magnificent personality?

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born on the

30th day of January 1882, and had been President of the United States of America continuously since 1933. He has been elected for four consecutive terms—a record for **any** President. Posterity will give him his proper place in world-history—the little bit of history that remains still to run. There is no doubt that he will rank with George Washington and Abraham Lincoln as one of the greatest men this country has produced. Certainly Manasseh could have found no more suitable colleague for the chosen leader of Ephraim (Britain)—Mr. Churchill. Like Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt comes of worthy stock. His uncle, the late Theodore Roosevelt, was President from 1901 till 1909. He was intended for the profession of law, being admitted to the Bar in 1907; but the political arena called him early, and three years later he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, and was re-elected in 1912. The year following Franklin D. Roosevelt resigned his seat to become Assistant-Secretary of the U. S. Navy. Thus at beginning of the First World War, when Mr. Churchill was in political control of the British Royal Navy, Mr. Roosevelt on the other side of the Atlantic occupied a position almost as responsible in relation to the United States Fleet. From that time on, Mr. Roosevelt was marked by destiny for high office. He was swept into authority as a result of the disastrous break-down of the “Babylonian” system. Immediately he stood for the rights and welfare of the common man—his “New Deal” being the greatest economic experi-

ment in American history, lifting millions of hearts from the "Slough of Despond" and filling them with new hope and something of his own lion-like courage. It was **no accident** that he came from a "Lion" family—that is to say "Delano" or "the Lion."

Mr. Roosevelt's great power and strength were drawn from an inspired concept of humanity. One of his favorite books in the Bible was the prophecy of Isaiah—from which he frequently quoted in his public addresses. He could foresee the time when "nation should not lift up sword against nation" and when "men should learn war no more." He foresaw that day so clearly that he could rise above the sordid partisanship which besmirches democratic politics, and was able to cooperate successfully with all men of goodwill for the ideal of human brotherhood. The fact that he has not been spared to complete the work to which he put his hand is perhaps one of the most significant things of our day.

Let us consider the fact that Mr. Roosevelt led this nation through a depression of unparalleled magnitude—through the threat of "dictatorships"—through the Second World War which broke out—and almost to the point of final victory in Europe—which is only **hours** away; but before he could pilot the world into the harbour or haven of peace, the Lord removed his hand from the tiller. What is the significance of this? It may have a significance all its own and one which we have been stressing for some time on this Program and

in our addresses at the Shrine. God does not intend that men shall make peace—nor does He intend that one man—or three men—shall be the focal point of the world's endeavor towards peace. Peace can only come to the world through "the Prince of Peace"—the Lord Jesus Christ—"Who maketh wars to cease to the ends of the earth." It is only when He comes and "speaks peace to the people" of the world that they "turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks."

It is still true that "the heavens are telling." The signs of the times are not only apparent on the earth but in the heavens. Some evenings ago you will recall that the moon was in conjunction with Saturn—Mr. Roosevelt's astrological Sign. Moreover, the Gt. Pyramid of Gizeh (which has been called "the Bible in Stone" as fulfilling Isaiah 19; 19, 20) has not only witnessed to all the greatest events of the past five thousand years but also witnesses to the events of our own day. March 4th—the last significant date in that Pyramid—was a portentous sign for the whole world that we had reached the focal point of tremendous happenings shortly to occur, following that day.

Again, what we called "the Third Alarm in the heavens" namely the conjunction of five major planets and later on of seven major planets—which occurred February 1940—was a presage that four years after that climactic event, things of world magnitude might be expected to occur.

The events that have since ensued have shown these to be "true witnesses."

The death of our President is no ordinary event—it is not just the death of a **man**, but an event which marks the end of **an era**. Nothing happens "by accident" or by chance—especially these days when God has actively taken over. Evidently God intends to prevent us from fastening our attention exclusively upon individuals—no matter how great. He will cause us to be so bereft of great men and our hearts so heavy that we shall say "Lord, how long?" So long as we could "carry on" with a certain degree of human efficiency and good statesmanship we would be content. We speak of how **we** are going to plan this, that or the other, absolutely disregarding **GOD**, and we certainly fail to look into His Word (the Bible) to find out the divine purpose.

God has not struck down this man just before he achieved the victory—no, not that. He said, "Servant of God, well done! Thy glorious warfare is past—your battles are fought—your race is run—and you are crowned at last."

God knows what is in man, and He knew what was in Mr. Roosevelt. He knew of his tired heart—his weary frame. God knew better than Mr. Roosevelt's nearest and dearest the dreadful "Gethsemane" strain under which he had been laboring for more than a decade. Evidently the burden was too heavy, and God said "You have done your share—come up higher."

We do not grieve for Mr. Roosevelt—but for

ourselves. The whole of Anglo-Saxondom grieves for him. Perhaps the saddest and loneliest heart outside of Mr. Roosevelt's immediate family is that of Prime Minister Churchill. And the people of Britain, not one iota less keenly than the people of America, will feel the burden and the loneliness settling more heavily upon their shoulders as another stalwart—another champion of the **RIGHT**—has been called out of the arena.

Frequently it has been said during this crisis among the Anglo-Saxon peoples, "What **ever** would we do without Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill?" There is still no answer, humanly speaking, to that question; but is there an answer of any **o'her** kind? Yes, there is a **divine** answer. When Moses was suddenly called by death from the leadership of the children of Israel, the shock was similar to that under which America—indeed the **world**—are staggering tonight—there did not seem to be any one fit to take his place. However, fortunately, there was found a man named "Joshua," and with God's help he "carried on" for Israel in a wonderful way. Did you know that "Joshua" is the Hebrew equivalent of "Jesus," meaning "Saviour and Leader"? There is no doubt that the people of the United States must begin to look for **THE JOSHUA** Who is to save them—**JESUS CHRIST; THE KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS**—for by no stretch of the imagination can any man now alive fill the place of Mr. Roosevelt—much less continue his work.

How many today are thankful for the life and

work of Mr. Roosevelt! Never once did he forget the common people, who "heard him gladly," and loved him. He stood as a shield against those who had hurt or sought to hurt the "little men" who had been "thrown to the wolves" by the "Babylonian" "Goliaths" who would have stepped upon their bodies and crushed them—using them as steps to power. Now he keeps company with another gallant defender of the weary and heavy-laden, one who tried to give them rest—David Lloyd George, whose "barque" "put out to sea" just a week ahead of that of Mr. Roosevelt. What a wonderful thing it was that when Mr. Lloyd George passed on they could not say any other than that he fed the hungry, clothed the naked, gave sustenance to the mother bringing her child into the world, put some money in the pocket of the man out of work to give him courage until he could get another job—hospitalized the sick—and while David Lloyd George championed Ephraim-Britain, Franklin D. Roosevelt fought the "dragons" of greed and the "money-changers in the temple" for Manasseh-America—and each of these men slipped away in his sleep. Surely we can thank God for the fact that in their last hours God put them to sleep, and said "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

This night is so sad that one almost refrains from asking you to look up from your sense of grief and loss and realize that the world is hastening on to the great "climax." Perhaps we needed this "lesson" for America has been so gay

—so "detached"—so nonchalant—so conscious of her own strength—it is so hard to get at the heart of America. The Lord said "My people will not consider." Oh how much we "take for granted" here in America! How greatly we trust in human power, national strength—abundant resources—a gallant and strong people. Out of these we have said we would make a brave new world—and now, lo, one of our very greatest has suddenly been struck down, taken from our midst when we needed him the most—when the war is at its fiercest point—history at its most critical stage—with "V-E" Day looming in Europe—with the Conference at San Francisco approaching,—whose deliberations Mr. Roosevelt was to have opened. There is one thing of which we may be sure—that this yawning gap in the ranks of the great will presage more losses to come. We have been talking so much about "the big three." Now it is only "the big two," and who are we to say that it will even be "the big two" for very long? We must look for the COMING of the **BIG ONE**, "The Alpha and Omega," "the Beginning and the end."

"Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is **ONE LORD**."—and "THE ONE" would be a better translation, a more exact rendering—and He is the **One** to Whom we must look for help.

The prophet Daniel tells us that when Jesus Christ sets up his kingdom, "it shall not be left to another."

Mr. Roosevelt has had to lay down his burden, and now Mr. Truman takes it up. Why? Because

death has come to Mr. Roosevelt—as it must to all—it is only Jesus Christ—the Lord of death—the **One** Who is “the Resurrection and the Life”—Who will rule in the Millennium—in the NEW ERA so rapidly approaching.

We must steel ourselves, I fear, for more changes to come—perhaps a better word could be used—I leave that to you. We must cultivate an attitude of expectancy of events such as the one which has occurred today, for we are now in an era of change and transition, leaving one great age and entering into another “cycle.”

In our loss and grief, at least let us thank God for the many years we had Mr. Roosevelt with us. Without him, the burdens would have been so much heavier, the road so much rougher. He gave himself to us unstintedly. He gave everything he had to the American people—nay to the world—for the making of the right kind of a world.

For our closing thought, let us turn to the inspiring words of the well-known and greatly-loved hymn of Henry F. Lyte:

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless.
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies!
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee,
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

**"The Passing of the Greatest."
MEMORIAL TO THE LATE
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT**

We can no more evaluate what has happened to us in the passing of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt than the people of the United States could evaluate what had happened to them when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. We are only aware of the tragedy in a sort of dumb, unconscious way because the blow which has been dealt to us has left us paralyzed. There is no doubt but what this is the greatest loss that the people of America have ever ever sustained. We know that we have not only lost the greatest American—we have lost the worlds greatest man—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Personal Appraisal

For many years I have been a great admirer of Mr. Roosevelt. That is partly because I have not always resided in the United States. I have lived in Britain, in Canada and in the United States. I have received most of my education here in the United States, and I think that I am in a better position to judge our late President than those who have lived here all their lives. We get so used to the stream that when it dries up we do not know what has happened. It is possible to live so close to the Alps or to the Canadian Rockies that you never see their grandeur. You never realize the love of a good mother or a true friend

until you have left them or they have left you. A mountain needs to be seen in a perspective to be appreciated.

You can only understand a man like Mr. Roosevelt if you are away from him for a time. America is particularly hard upon its public servants. That is one fault of a Democracy. It is a wicked sinner against those whom it pushes up to positions of pre-eminence. We vote a man into office and then we spend the rest of the time in criticizing him. We have "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," and when that government which is **ourselves** does not suit us, instead of criticizing ourselves we criticize the man or men that we have put into public office. Not that any American has any reason to apologize for the form of government under which he lives and of which he is a part. William Ewart Gladstone, one of the great Prime Ministers of Britain, once said that the Constitution of the United States was the greatest document ever struck off by the pen of man. The trouble is not with the Constitution, but with the people who live under it. A man may have a good constitution, a good physique, but he may be a "brute" in the way he treats his stomach and heart and nerves.

Greatest Of Men

I shall present to you the thesis that the greatest living man has died. No doubt you will feel that that is rather an extravagant statement, particularly those of you

who feel just a little bit upset on recalling that perhaps you have been inordinately critical. It is very hard to see a great man lying cold in death and witness a whole nation in mourning and realize that perhaps **you** had a little bit to do with the death of the man lying there, because just as truly as I am standing here today delivering this address the American people and the world slew President Roosevelt. There are some things a man cannot do. He cannot carry **more** than the weight that he is able to carry. The human frame and the human mind, no matter how great they may be, no matter how vast their potentialities, have a load line. On ships there is a marking called the "Plimsoll Line," and woe to the mariner who loads his ship with freight so heavy that that Plimsoll line disappears underneath the water. There is no insurance available for that ship. We weighted Franklin Roosevelt below the Plimsoll line. We put upon him such burdens as no man has carried since the time of Jesus Christ. My Secretary was reading to me the other day that wonderful prophecy concerning Jesus Christ in the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and I thought how in a sense it seemed to fit Mr. Roosevelt. "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows . . . and with His stripes we are healed." (Isaiah 53; 4, 5.)

What an inspiration this man's photograph has been as we so eagerly watched for it each time he came back from a trip, the handsome, dashing,

good-looking, brilliant, dynamic, electrical young Roosevelt—an old man at sixty-three! America and the world carved those deep furrows in his face. The shafts of criticism and the barbed wire of bitter comment and caustic unkindness marred that handsome visage. Yet, the extraordinary thing about it all was that he never complained, never once was he bitter. Time and time again he could have used his flaming eloquence in caustic recrimination, but he never **did**. Today you and I are very proud that we had such a man, a man that every nation in the world envied us for having as our great leader.

In order to deal properly with our subject I shall set forth for your consideration the political situation, the general set-up of events, the social and political setting of the hour. The sky-line of every nation in the world has become almost obliterated. One very clever lady once said that to think in world terms was "globaloney," but that sweet, brilliant young lady must have changed her mind because she has traveled and has talked a little "globaloney" herself since then.

Great Changes

We know that we can no longer live to ourselves,—not since December 7th, 1941, when we received that foul stab in the back at Pearl Harbor—because the world will not allow us to live to ourselves, to live our own lives. The sky-line of this nation is not Maine to California and the

Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico—our skyline today is the whole world. Secondly, we cannot fail to be impressed by the rapidity and celerity of social and political changes. Everything is moving. As Daniel the prophet said, in effect, "In the latter days things will be speeded up." Everything is moving very rapidly. We are condensing the events of a decade into a day. The world has been revolutionized by electrical power, by steam power. It is the "machine age." Only God knows where we are going. We are moving, we do not know where.

Modern Legislation

The next thing in connection with our subject is this, the revolutionary effect of modern legislation. Every democracy or representative government manifests a tendency to over-legislate. Each of our States is passing laws by the hundreds of thousands. On this platform today you will find an ordinance of the city of Los Angeles and the number is 99,000—and that is just for one city! Today nothing is "sacred" to a legislature. There is nothing which may not be touched—your boy, the baby in the crib, the money in your pocket, your very life, your very mind is ruled by legislation. We legislate on everything from a drinking cup on a railroad train to the sending of a representative to a foreign country. In the face of all this, we note the absolute indifference the American people to past civilizations. We are disposed, as Americans, to ignore the facts of

history, to sneer at the accumulated wisdom of past generations. We think that our greatness is of ourselves. It is very much like a young father who is proud of his boy, but he forgets that his ancestors had something to do with that boy. We forget that true greatness always has roots. We are profoundly impressed with our own importance and we are disposed to think that past civilizations must be brought before the bar of judgment of American success and American achievement.

Experimentation

Then, too, there is a disposition on our part to experiment with every human relationship, law, marriage, and even religion. Nature has already decided these things for us, but we must "tinker" with them. Such is the spirit of restlessness which dominates the mind, a strange indifference to past institutions and past civilizations and the lessons to be learned from these. We think we are big enough and prosperous enough to disregard customs and institutions that have been made sacred by time and memory. We seem to be just about as indifferent to the future—or at least we were until this war broke out—as we have been to the past. We fail to appreciate the marvellous contributions which other civilizations have made to our national life, and by thus ignoring the wonderful achievements of the past we are guilty of a strange and almost studied indifference towards the future. You may remember one British Labor

Member of Parliament. He was a Union Labor man, and in this case (although not generally is this so) he was an uneducated man. One of the polished members of Parliament made the observation to the other members, "We must think of posterity"—and this Labor Member said: "Well, what has posterity ever done for us?" We are living for the present day, for the present moment. We are thinking of benefits which may accrue to us now and we say "What have future generations done for us?"

Political Parties

Then perhaps the most striking characteristic of modern thought is this: Somehow or other we believe that every evil that exists under the sun can be remedied by the success of a particular political party or by the passing of some law. Peril may be yawning at our feet, the world may be "reeling like a drunkard," but in our smug stupidity we think that "politics" can save us. I am not suggesting to you that this is what really happened, but I do say to you that the passing of our President will at least have the very salutary effect of welding together the divided sectionalisms of this country into one.

Important Definitions

It may be well to give some definitions. What is a nation? A nation is a number of people, large or small, directed or controlled by the same government. What is a civilization? A civilization is

a chain of nations dominated by the same ideologies—as for example the Anglo-Saxon nations—United States of America, Britain, South Africa, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Tasmania, Newfoundland, and so on. What is history? A history of the world is a record of the ideas and ideals which have dominated the world. Remember that in dealing with Mr. Roosevelt you are dealing with his ideals and accomplishments. What is a statesman? A statesman is a public servant of large vision who will sacrifice the constituency which voted for him rather than lose his conscience. What is a politician? A politician is a public servant of narrow vision who will sacrifice his conscience rather than lose the constituency which voted for him. A statesman is a man who is always trying to do something for the people. A politician is a man who is always trying to do the people for something! What is the main problem of a statesman? The main problem of a statesman is to discover how we may inherit the past and improve the future without losing our grip on the present. What is progress? Progress consists in retaining the gains of the past in nations and in civilization, but in enlarging those gains we may move so rapidly as to miss the past and fail to connect the present with the future.

We think that because we are living at a rapid pace we are getting somewhere. I wonder if we are. The characteristic of our age is speed, rapidity—in the western world rapidity is our "forte". It might be well to remember that if we grow

we grow rapidly, if we rise we rise rapidly, if we increase we increase rapidly, if we decrease we decrease rapidly, if we think we think rapidly, and if we die we die prematurely. You see, the quicker you are going somewhere the sooner you will get there, whether it is to death, or whether it is to life.

Rapid Growth

We boast of a republic which has grown numerically to the large proportions of 138 millions of people in just a little over 153 years. But that which has risen to such strength and prominence in a century and a half may change in form and character within the next decade. A point of **opportunity** is always a point of **danger**. All progress must be measured by the standard of history. You may say "I don't believe in this. or that." My friend, your belief or unbelief does not settle or unsettle any question or problem which comes floating down to us along the stream of time. The question is, "What does history say?" You say "I do not believe in this." What does history say? You cannot be indifferent to the past. The best things we possess today we have inherited from the past. The things which we possess will remain with us only if we have men of the type of Franklin Roosevelt, who can carry us forward steadily, smilingly, in a gallant way toward the gains that we reach for in the future, and by maintaining some of the things of the past. Let us take a look at the past.

Influence Of Bible Times

We exist today because of the legislative God-given foundations of Moses. We exist today because of the spiritual influence of the God-man called Jesus Christ. We exist today because of the stabilizing effect upon the world of early Christianity. We exist today because of the ring-ing, vitalizing force of the Protestant Reformation which came down from Martin Luther. One preacher in a nation sometimes is better than 200,000 legislative enactments. We exist today because of the political changes wrought by the English Revolution of the seventeenth century. We exist today to a certain extent because of the influence of the French Revolution—we did not go that way. We exist today because of the mechanical and delectrical contrivances and inventions of the 19th century. We exist today because Britain had a great woman as Queen, Queen Victoria, and we had as President a great man, Abraham Lincoln. We exist today because of the dawn-ing consciousness of internationalism which is the first step to the universalism which will obtain when the Lord Jesus Christ rules upon this earth. We exist today because the crowning glory of all history is going to be this century in which we are now living.

Lessons Of The Past

We cannot ignore the past. Why not measure things by the standard of history? Don't be like the lad in school who said he "liked history but

he couldn't remember dates, names and places!" Read history. There is in it a logical relationship to the present. What happened in the lives of the patriarchs back in Bible times is liable to re-happen, and become wider, and each historical event is antetypical of something to come later. Why not look back? Every great nation has registered some kind of failure. England stands forth as an illustration of the failure of old-time secret diplomacy. Germany stands forth as an illustration of old-time militarism—the absolute rule of the army and navy. God save us from that! Russia today stands forth as an illustration of the failure of the wrong kind of aristocracy, and all they have done, I think, is to turn the thing upside-down; they still have class rule. China stands forth as an illustration of the failure of national exclusiveness. The Chinese Wall is symbolical of the failure of the character of China. Tomorrow her actual geographical walls will be torn down. China for centuries has achieved that which seems to be a dream, Isolationism, in fulfillment of the mission and ambition of certain reactionary people there. Italy is an illustration of the failure of the unity of the Church and the State, resulting in the domination of the organized church. Italy becomes rich and its body lives in beautiful palaces, but its soul lives in a basement. Spain stands forth as an illustration of religious thought expressed in political form, resulting in spiritual blindness, intolerance and the persecutor's rack. Spain slew 80,000,000 in 1200 years

on the rack of persecution. William Jennings Bryan affirmed in his attack on evolution that science is unreliable, but science is NOT unreliable. It is all that we have. Voliva of Zion City informed us that Astronomy is unscriptural, that the world is flat, but inasmuch as we have swept the vast stretches of the sky with our modern telescopes, astronomy is all that we have. It is modern astronomy or no astronomy. It is the Bible or no Bible. Mr. Henry Ford in a very classical phrase said "history is all bunk." History may be "all bunk" as you put it, dear Henry, but history is all we have. It is history—or nothing. We cannot ignore facts, we cannot ignore history. History brings us the splendid record of ten thousand years of human experience. Science brings us the story of millions of years of development before there was a sun. History and science may both be reliable or unreliable to a certain extent, for there is nothing certain beneath the stars, but history and science are all we have. Even some Scripture is history.

Debt To The Past

It might be well for us to remember that we owe much to the past. We are not so modern as we think we are. We are probably more ancient in our thinking than the pyramid. Solomon was probably wiser in many respects than we are. Have you ever read Wendell Phillips' lecture entitled "The Lost Art"? The great New England orator in that famous lecture reminds us that we

have scarcely a phrase, a thought, or a popular invention of which we cannot get glimpse or suggestion in ancient history. I was greatly amazed in visiting Pompeii to find a regular water system with copper wires and conduits throughout the city. I walked through that "city of the dead," and found forums and theatres, and even evidence of a **hat-checking** system just as modern and convenient as the Ambassador Hotel has today!

The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is an illustration of the installation of a perfect system of ventilation. If we should follow that system we could build a house which would remain intact for six thousand years. Rome had a Senate just as we have, as well as a House of Representatives. The only difference was that they did not pay their men \$20,000 a year. On one side of the ancient city of Rome you will find a rostrum just like the one in Pershing Square in this city today. That was where the reactionaries held sway. On the other side, 400 feet away, you will find another rostrum where the Progressives held sway—just the same as in Hyde Park, London, or Pershing Square here. No doubt Joseph used a safety razor, for we read in Holy Writ that he shaved himself! Thus we are not very far in advance of the men and women of ancient days.

Let us be practical. Don't deny history. We are making history. We cannot deny development. We are evolving. We cannot deny the right of internationalism. We are by blood related to—

how many? Twenty or thirty or forty races. In a hundred years 30 million immigrants have come to this country.

God Is Supreme

What is the use of denying the soul when the universe has been built up of soul forces? We cannot ignore the sunset; we cannot eliminate sentiment from our philosophy; we cannot exclude the spiritual from our calculations. We cannot lock God out of our thoughts. We cannot block history out of the realm of memory, and history teaches a good many things which I cannot stop to dwell upon just now.

Remember this—that no organization is stronger than the strength of its average member. I say to you, you do yourselves an honor when you honor President Roosevelt. In honoring him we honor ourselves. You cannot evolve a perfect government unless you look after the "links" in the "chain." If you have disease-breeding slums even your President can be struck down by infantile paralysis. You cannot have filth side by side with cleanliness and not make clean folks suffer. Lincoln said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." After this war is all over, you are not going to have some of the conditions you now have, and that is what Mr. Roosevelt was trying to tell you. He was trying to make us realize that nothing would be good for anybody until it was good for everybody. You are not going to have a group of only 10 per cent of the people getting

45 billion dollars of income and 90 per cent of the people getting the other 45 billion.

Voice Of History

History tells us that every nation has been directed by an aristocracy. When we think of the nations of the past we think of their Plato, their Euripides, their Sophocles, their Demosthenes, of their great men. We do not think of their "rotters," and history indicates that actual government is always from the top and never from the bottom. Most people in America knew that President Roosevelt would not live out his term, but they put him back in office just to honor themselves. They thought that they wanted to have somebody there who represented them and who thought the way they thought and wanted to do the things that they wanted done. History teaches us that it is the great men who save us. It is the great men and the great women of the world that lift us up to the mountain-top. We always like to see the snow upon the mountain-top. When a nation begins to die, it dies from the top, because it has no great men, no great women, no great philosophers, no great leaders. So long as a nation is sound and wholesome in its governing class, it may exist despite many weaknesses and threatening evils. Somebody who had not seen him before said to Lloyd George, "Oh, I thought you were a bigger man." He replied, "My friend, where I come from we measure a man from the eyebrows up." So long as you have your teachers sound, your politicians

sound, your statesmen and your governors sound, you are all right. Watch the teacher in the high-school and in the college. He will change America over-night. You had better wring his neck before he wrings yours! History teaches that the poorest sort of aristocracy is the gilt-edged, silver-lined, government-guaranteed, bejewelled aristocracy. God save us from an aristocracy of "green-backs" and "gold-bags"; from an aristocracy of mere money. There is nothing filthier than "filthy lucre." The poorest kind of aristocracy is the aristocracy of wealth. The wretched people who have only money are the most poverty-stricken of all. They have nothing in their heads, no character behind them, but sometimes these people have been called "great." However, in the past week the sheep and the goats have been divided. In the death of our President we have automatically divided ourselves to the left and to the right. The "sheep" realize what true aristocracy is.

History teaches us a good many things. It shows that we are willing to fight and die for political rights, and then neglect using them when they have been obtained. Millions of people failed to vote in the last election. Four times an American President was elected on a **minority** vote of the people. A State church or any form of union between church and state produces a political parasite which threatens the life of the State. Watch out when a church erects a building opposite the capitol in Washington for "lobbying" purposes. The church that is seeking to dominate govern-

ment is the church that cannot be trusted. Personally I would not allow any church to dominate my political life, I don't care **what** church it was. Remember why the Pilgrim Fathers left the old country. They said "We will have a country free from a king and a religion free from a despot." Today they do it in another way. They put up a fine building in the midst of government buildings, and **that** is something to think about.

The Greatest Passes On

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was not only the greatest American but the greatest citizen of the world. The greatest qualifying term in the dictionary of an American is "Great." We call everything "Great." I once listened to an announcer who used the word "great" eighteen times in one announcement—so I bought a book of synonyms for him! (And it wasn't Al Warner either!) We say "Great Heavens!" "Great Guns!" "Great Scott!" "Great Caesar!" "Great Jehoshaphat!" Everything is "Great"—especially in Hollywood. It is "Gr-Gr-Great!" Everything in our country is "Great" or "colossal," or "stupendous," "magnificent," "super-gigantic," "super-human," **exceedingly** "Great!"

A Great Age

We are living in a great age. There never were so many great men before. There was an English statesman who arrived in New York. He was spoken to by a reporter who said "I understand

there are no great men in England right now?" The statesman replied:—"I don't know—I only left there about four days ago myself!" We are living in a great age—we have great statesmen, great politicians, great doctors, great surgeons, great orators, great editors, great novelists, great columnists and great commentators. Strange as it may seem, most of the great people of the world live here in the United States. Take our great banks, great buildings, great railroads, great institutions, great corporations, great monopolies and great universities. Everything is "Great." Great bargains, great sales, great reductions, great opportunities, great inducements, great advantages, great improvements, great privileges—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians," they used to say in New Testament days. That was the "Hollywood" of ancient times; "Diana" was the "star" of that day. We have not changed so very much. That was the battle-cry of paganism—"Great is Diana!"

"Great" Personages

"Peter the Great", "Edward the Great", "Constantine the Great", "Louis the Fourteenth, the "Great", "Alexander the Great." I wonder **why** they were great. God grant that some kinds of greatness are ended for ever! Let us put a new meaning into that term "Great" and when we say "Roosevelt the Great," let us not think of military might, of the dominating force of a Bismarck, of the regal splendor of a Louis the 14th, of the

mighty conquering armies of Alexander the Great or of "Peter the Great" who "willed" the people of Russia to dominate the world. Let us think of "Roosevelt the Great"—the man who wanted to help "the under-dog," the "common man," all over the world—ROOSEVELT, THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN.

"Socrates the Great," "Frances Bacon the Great," "Emanuel Kant the Great," "Sir Isaac Newton the Great," "Emerson the Great," "Einstein the Great," "Millikan the Great." Who ever heard these men called "Great"—and yet they **are** great, as were Luther, Cromwell, Lincoln, Washington and Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

What Is Greatness?

Greatness may mean any one of five things. (1) The possession of vast wealth, (2) A reputation for the achievement of large success, (3) Being crowned with universal fame or notoriety—(You can become **noted** without being notable),—(4) Occupying a high political position, (5) The fame and glamour which come to one as the result of organized propaganda by a chain of newspapers stretching from ocean to ocean. In any of these circumstances, in all human probability you will be regarded as "Great." "Some men have been born great, some have achieved greatness, and some have had greatness, thrust upon them"—and some have been made "great" by scientific advertising over the radio. The standard of "greatness" for the present age is very largely a financial

one, but, thank God, Franklin D. Roosevelt changed that. A certain publisher whose privilege it was to inspect books, inspected the books of the poet Byron. When he turned over the pages of his cash-book he discovered that in three generations Lord Byron's establishment had paid him a sum equal to \$75 000. "Gracious!" said the man; "Byron must have been a **great** poet." How much did Homer get for his "Iliad"? How much did Dante get for his "Inferno"? Nothing. There are degrees of greatness.

"Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." (Matthew 11:11).

That is a remarkable statement. Our Lord was the exponent of a new and higher realm, the kingdom of God; and we are now in the age just before the establishment of that kingdom. We are having our minds lifted up to a higher plane. God Almighty is not going to take us dull and dumb into that kingdom. Everything that is happening in the world today is getting our minds ready, preparing us for the great things to come—dictators for the "Great Dictator,"—a global world for the "one world" that is to be governed by ONE MAN, the Lord Jesus Christ—for Kingdom-of-God conditions, when "the rich shall be sent away empty and the poor shall be loaded down with

good things." Mr. Roosevelt was used by Almighty God to prepare our minds for that condition. Some people didn't want it; so they hated Roosevelt. There are people today who are called "Roosevelt-haters"—at least there were up until last Thursday. I do not think there are any now; for we are beginning to do what we have always done in the past. On the morning when Abraham Lincoln was lying dead, the newspapers of America did not yet know it, and they were pouring out, 90 per cent of them, vitriolic vituperation and contumely upon that great man. When they heard that he was dead, how quickly they changed! I get a certain newspaper in my home every day which has been vilifying the President ever since I have been here, but how beautifully it changed on Friday morning! I am glad. I do not criticise the paper. We are such children of emotion. When we have lost anything we realize the value of what we have lost. All great men are not equally great. A great prize-fighter is not so great as a great politician. A great politician is not so great as a great statesman. A great architect is not so great as a great artist. A great actor is not so great as a great orator. A great speaker is not so great as a great poet. A great warrior is not so great as a great king. A great preacher is not so great as a great prophet. John L. Sullivan, the famous pugilist in former days, tightened his bejewelled belt around his bulky form, and calling the attention of his friends to the fact that that belt symbolized the championship of the world, for which he had

successfully struggled, he remarked with emphasis that that championship belt was greater than Victoria's crown because Queen Victoria had inherited her crown, but he had secured the championship by battling for it. It had come to him as a result of a great struggle. He, therefore, regarded his champion's belt as of greater value than the diamond-bejeweled diadem of Queen Victoria. But John L. Sullivan forgot one thing—that pugilism is not to be classed in the same category as Victorian royalty. It is easier to knock a man out in the seventh round than it is to rule as Queen Victoria did over the British Empire. Queenship is higher than prize-ringship and the quality of your "greatness" depends upon the realm in which it is achieved. There is a standard of greatness in every realm. The greatness of a writer is in his style. The greatness of a politician is in his tact. The greatness of a statesman is in his foresight. The greatness of a singer is in his (or her) tone and "timbre." The greatness of an artist is in the "atmosphere" of his production. The greatness of an architect is in the perfection of form; the greatness of a lawyer is in his rare common sense and powers of logical deduction. The greatness of a preacher, other things being equal, is the quality of absolute sincerity. Every form of greatness produces a great name. Architecture produced Bramante. Art produced Michael Angelo; royalty produced Queen Victoria; sainthood produced St. Francis of Assisi; martyrdom produced Savona rola; theology produced John Calvin; poetry pro-

duced William Shakespeare; law and legislation produced Moses; and Sonship with God produced, born of a virgin, Jesus Christ. Every great man develops a sixth sense. A great ruler develops a sense of fatherhood. Whether he sits in the White House or in Buckingham Palace, he is a great "father." A great politician develops a sense of balance and compromise. A great leader develops a sense of the whole relationship. A great philosopher develops the sense of logical sequence. A great scientist develops a sense of finding certain facts which may be formulated into a great law. A great artist develops a sense of the universe. A great poet develops a sense of appropriate expression. A great inventor develops a sense of the eternal fitness of things. A great editor develops a sense of proportion. A great diplomat develops a sense of happy approach. A great orator, a sense of words appropriate to the occasion. A great orator sometimes glorifies God more by what he does not say than by what he does say.

Greatness May Be Lost

There are forms of greatness which can be lost. On the Stock Exchange a man may lose his greatness. A politician may lose an election. An actor may lose his greatness by the results of one night of dissipation. A great orator may lose his greatness in popular esteem by advocating an unpopular cause. Why do I say that Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest? According to the logic of my discourse I have to give you a reason. America has

been blessed with great men. Most of the great men are in the past. Abraham Lincoln seems more lovely in countenance every year. He was a "homely" man and yet he was a home-like man. Have we ever had a man so great as Washington? I think we did in Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It is surprising what "prejudiced" history will do to a nation. Somebody said that July the 4th Declaration of Independence should have been written by an Englishman so that we could really appreciate it.

We take away all the blemishes of the great men of the past—even in their photographs. We hide all the things that we do not want to see when people are dead. Lincoln was greatly hated in his day. He was detested as the lowest form of human protoplasm by hundreds and thousands of people. His very name was hissed like the name of Satan. Not knowing that he was assassinated the newspapers of the great cities (as I have already said) on the morning of his death came out with diatribes and vituperative statements concerning him. They hated Lincoln. To them Lincoln was crude, homely, ugly; he was responsible for the casualties of almost five hundred thousand of America's sons; he divided nations; he was a politician, nothing but a politician; he was an infidel. but the day after Lincoln died they saw his real greatness.

Each Has Some Greatness

Every man has a certain greatness. That is to

say, the great man has a greatness and he has it with a lot of other associated characteristics. I hope that my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth if I should have such bad taste in this hour when Franklin Roosevelt is hardly cold in death to put his human weaknesses beside his greatness. How frequently we have been reminded of the former! These bitter and low political campaigns have certainly made us familiar with the weaknesses of Franklin Roosevelt. Nevertheless, He **WAS GREAT!** In terms of greatness of faith, in terms of public service, in terms of dignity of position, in terms of a lasting memory, in terms of temperament, in terms of a beautiful face, in terms of a lovely soul, in terms of a voice so resonant that no person that ever heard it will ever forget it.

WHO IN YOUR OPINION, WOULD BE THE GREATEST AMERICAN? I say, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT!

You can only say what you know. As Mark Anthony said, "I have only come to speak at the death of Caesar my friend. I am a plain, blunt man. I only say what I think. The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones." We know what Washington did. We know what Lincoln did, and we know what Roosevelt did. We have walked through the fiery furnace of destiny with him. We have walked by his side through fires of adversity such as have come to no other generation in the world's history. He was the most tested man of all the ages.

Of course, he was not beloved by those who would have things to remain as they have always been. It is impossible for any man to be great and at the same time popular with everybody. But in terms of greatness, considering the growth of this country from a few millions at the time of Washington to the 30 or 40 millions in the time of Lincoln, and 138 millions in this day in which we live, no other man in America ever served three presidential terms. We know perfectly well in the light of history that it would not have been possible to re-elect Lincoln because there was so much hatred of him. He lived to serve his country as President only one term and a few months. In terms of greatness, with 153 years since the Constitution was adopted by the Legislature, with 138 millions able to look back, held by the prejudices of men as well as by the facts of history, I ask you is it not a wonderful thing, that one man, struck down by the evil hand of Satan, one man who went through the hell of infantile paralysis—I ask you is it not a wonderful thing, especially considering the fact that below the waist he was a helpless invalid that four times Franklin D. Roosevelt climbed to the highest position in the gift of the American people?

Just think of it, if you can, without emotion. Remember that the people of America put him in that highest position. Ah, it appears to us now who is the greatest. He does not have to worry now about Republicans or Democrats, or about the money changers in the temple, or the C. I. O.,

or Sidney Hillman, or the Political Action Association! Thank God, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is beyond all these things! We do not have to see through the "political glasses darkly" any more. We can see him as he is. One of the loveliest texts in the Bible is,

"For now we see through a glass darkly: but then face to face: now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known." (I Corinthians 13: 12)

My friends, we have been privileged to live in one of the greatest eras of all time. We have been privileged to have at the head of our country, not only a splendid executive but a man whose charm was so great that there was enough of it to fill every American home. Is it not wonderful that you felt better when you had heard him speak? He had enough charm left over so that there was enough for everybody in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—enough for Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. There has been only one man who could stop the traffic in the British Empire—one man—Roosevelt when he spoke on the radio. I told you we had to get three or four thousand miles away to appreciate people. And now the tributes are all coming in, but he is gone. We will never hear that voice any more from those vocal cords. Thank God, we have preserved the cadences of that lovely voice! Every speech he ever made, thanks to the scientific invention of radio we shall be able to hear again, mechanic-

ally reproduced! He will speak to us, perhaps in hours of darkness and doubt and difficulty. They will never have to hold him up any more. We shall never have to whisper any more about the matter of his health. We shall only recall how painstakingly he journeyed to Casa Blanca, to Cairo, to Quebec, to the Crimea. I can see him going there though every step, every movement was agony, because you know, not alone his body, but the weight of that magnificent personality and that brain, how he would feel "hemmed in" all the time. At last he said to the Congress, "Forgive me for sitting down, but I cannot stand these irons any longer." The time came when he had to admit that he could not stand it any longer. He went away and died all by himself. His physician was not there, his wife was not there, his daughter was not there, his sons were on the battlefields. We had quite a time with those sons, remember? We thought we could hit him through his sons. Even his little dog had to "take it." I would like to think that when he died somebody was there to have held him, not just a frightened little Russian artist. What an experience for a woman like that before the greatest man living in the world at that time! What a privilege to be alone with him, preserving for destiny those valleys and mountains and rivers of his face and form! He said: "I have a terrible headache." Then something snapped. His head fell upon his breast. While he was not yet dead the silver cord had almost snapped; it held by just a strand, and yet,

friends, fellow - citizens, fellow - countrymen, Americans, lovers of God and lovers of Roosevelt, mark the dramatic end of that man. Whose arms carried him in? Who lifted him up bodily and gently laid him on the bed? It was a member of the colored race. Perhaps God, knowing the stress and the strain of the 13,000,000 colored people, and the 150 millions of other people, ordained it that way. We should always remember that if we are ever critical of the colored man, if we should ever feel like holding him down and keeping him down, although he is limited and he must not expect to reach the heights that God has carved out for all his children until the Lord comes. If ever difficulties come, and the strain becomes too great, get that picture in your mind. That is the picture I want—of the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the greatest living man, lying helpless in the arms of a colored man. He is gone now. God took him away for a purpose. His death is not just the death of a man—it is a sign of the times. You have seen the last of the greatest human being you will ever see until the Lord comes back to this earth.

His successor, Mr. Truman is a good man, but he is no fool and knows he is not a Roosevelt. He knows that there are twenty or thirty thousand men like him in this country today. So the great men, the good men, the godly men, the Christian women, will have to stand behind him because is is having—not the success of greatness but the hour of trial. Not only does he have the greatest

task that was ever put on a man, but he has to follow the greatest man of all history—so he certainly needs our prayers and our support.

God intends that you and I shall not look to great men any more. We are to look for the coming of the God-man, Jesus Christ. "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." (Acts 17: 30, 31). Just as surely as you and I now breathe, that Man—the God-Man, Jesus Christ—is coming very, very soon to rule and reign upon this earth. The great men are being removed from the stage to make room for Him so that He and He alone will stand out as the greatest—"the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely, the bright and morning star." All the kings shall lay their crowns at His feet. The great men of this and of past generations will vie with one another to do Him honor. No longer will they have limited bodies. No longer will Franklin Roosevelt have to depend upon the support of other men to help him walk; he will be free from the limitations of this earthly life.

They tell a story of a poet who died. They thought he was in the casket, but instead of that, when he died he walked off the bed. He went away with his cane, and his dog (which had previously died) came to meet him. Coming across the green sward—this man was a poet—all the

other poets came to meet him, and said: "There he is. I did not know he was coming over. Well, how are you." Gradually as he walked, this man, who had always depended upon a cane, threw his cane away, and the little dog which had gone on before, started to play with it, bounding gaily over the hills. As the poet walked, strength and youth and beauty and handsomeness came back to him. The other poets looked down on the earth, and said, "Going along the street toward the cemetery is an empty casket."

An "empty casket" went to Hyde Park this morning. The clay house, the body in which that great man dwelt, is now resting at Hyde Park in the rose garden—most appropriate because "Roosevelt" means a field of roses. The fragrance of his life will remain with us as an inspiration forever. We thank God today that we have been privileged to see some of the life and great accomplishments of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, now gone to his reward.



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LOS ANGELES

11 A.M. 2 P.M. 5 P.M.

Roosevelt H, F. D.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 9, 1945. *file*

MEMORANDUM FOR

MALVINA:

Send him a letter saying that the President was born January 30, 1882 probably before any vital records were kept in the country districts in Dutchess County. The only possibility is that he might be able to obtain a copy of the church or baptismal records and he should write to Reverend Mr. Anthony, Hyde Park, Dutchess County, N. Y.

F.D.R.

John Lewis

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Please address reply to -
851 Madison Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

March 28th,
1945

Secretary to President Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D. C.

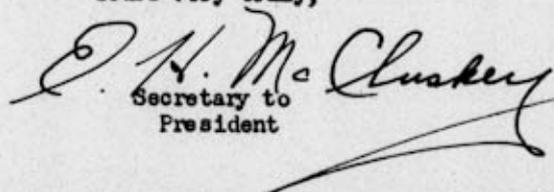
Dear Madam:

We were interested in securing a copy of President Roosevelt's birth certificate to be used in connection with a book which is being written.

I wrote Hyde Park - County Clerk - several weeks ago, but received a terse reply to the effect that their records start April 5, 1882. I believe the President's birth date was January 30, 1882. I am therefore writing you in the hope that you may be helpful to us, in the matter. We would naturally be pleased to remit any charges attendant thereto.

As there is a time factor involved in connection with the above-mentioned book, I am enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, in the hope of receiving an early reply.

Yours very truly,


Secretary to
President

EMcC