SAIR--SALL

Sala

Thank Library

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Please except this poem that I have written the day your dear husband passed away. I was so touched by his passing, these words came to me, as if he pute the words into my very mouth. You will have to excuse the English in the poem, but I am more than sure you will understand the mening clearly.

I would have sent it to you sooner, but I thought you may think me rather silly in doing so. A friend happened to read this poem, and re remakked, she thought it would make you very happy to know how he felt, which I am sure he felt just as the poem describes he did.

So Mrs. Roosevelt, hoping you will except this poem for me and my little dhildren. It will make us happy just inknowing you will keep it, will be our reward.

Thanking you,

Mrs. Maria Rita Sala.

289 Meacham Ave
Elmont, N.Y.

OUR PRESIDENT

By, Maria Sala.

April 12, 1945

I'm gazing at a distant star,
That has fallen very far.

It's light shall shine, tho it's not there,
It's strengh shall go on over there.

It's held it's part, for hard long years,
To push away our frighting fears.

This quiding star that tried so hard,
To fullfill it's word to God.

To bring to us victorious peace.
Our President, Whose now Deceased.

No need for tears, no need for grief.
No need for flowers, nor a wreath.

He knows and sees what we all feel,
Our broken hearts shall slowly heal.

Oh how candwe express our pain,
with just cold words that hold his name.

That smile, that lighted all our hearts,
And gave us strengh in all our parts.

Our soldiers wives, and all our babes,
would gladly trade for silent graves.

To this man that we all love,
And God has taken up Above.

His sleepless nights his tired day's,
His ever lasting pleasant ways.

He saw what we have yet to learn,
A victory we well have earned

So please all people, can't you see?
he's pute these words right unto me.

Fight on for all that we fought for,
Fight on for peace and evermore.

Fight on my people tho I'm not here,
My love shall quide you through this year.

I'v tried to live to see you through,
But God has plans that carry thru.

He gave me life, to lead you straight,
Away from those who teach to Hate.

Don't let my passing turn you down,
For I have won a higher crown.

And tho I know, your hearts shall burst,
With the passing of my hearst.

Just lift your heads, and smile for me,
I promise you "A Victory"

And now I know that I may rest,
And so I pute you to a test.

To show your love, just carry through,
The plans that I have left to you.

So Bless you all, and God shall see,
A Peaceful Land Of Liberty.