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April 12 - 1945

While awaiting joyous news
Our hopes of victory held high
We heard instead the crushing words
'Our President has died'
Oh hand of Death why did you strike
At such a critical time
And take the one, whose hand on helm
Could help us ride the tide?

A cloud now hangs o'er our land
Our hearts are sad and heavy
Tought we cannot understand
Why death should take him now
When other things were planned.
We need our Commander in Chief
To help us win the battle
There is unfinished business
We need him to settle
We are winning the War
We must win the Peace
Or all our loss in lives, our grief
And all our pain shall have been in vain
May those in power humbly try
To follow all his plans
Without his genius to lead them
Our fate lies in their hands.
"Well done our faithful servant"

T. Winstra

Well be the way we must express
Appreciation, heartfelt sorrow
and distress
"Well done, our beloved President"
You have earned your rest.

Copy of what I wrote two years ago just after hearing of your husbands death. Thought you might like to know that one of the common people you and your husband did so much for, has not forgotten nor never will.

Sincerely yours

Jessie Turnstra
Route 1
Whitewater
Wisconsin

(Mrs John S Turnstra)