

Daw-Day

Danson, C
Detroit 2, Mich.
August 20th, 1946

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park, New York.

Madame:

Some time ago, I mailed to you, via
air mail special delivery, a letter
with a copy of a poem, which I com-
posed, about your late husband.

I don't know whether or not you
received the letter and poem as I
did not hear from you so I am
sending to you another one to be sure.

I am not a professional poet
but rather a beginner, however I
hope with all my heart that you like
this poem as it is written right
out of my heart and portrays my
sincere feelings.

To tell you a few things about
myself — I am a young colored
man, thirty years of age. I was born

in a small town (Goodwater, Ala.)
I am a true Christian and serve
at the "Church of God" Church & Jay St.
here in Detroit. For a number of
years now I have been deprived of
normal health being a constant
sufferer of nervous and stomach
complications however, allowing God
to use me, I have carried on the best
that my health would allow.

Recently I finished my first book
but immediately after doing so I had
to go to the hospital and spend a
long while and of course my little
savings and since may I have just
had to take it easy here at home.

I desire greatly to finish my task
and publish my book in which this
poem is included. I will appreciate
any help that you may be pleased to lend
in this effort & assure you.

While writing this letter I decided to also send you a copy of another poem I also composed, for your collection. It is a religious poem "It's Good to Be Born Again" I hope you like both of them.

Please convey my regards to your children also.

Oh yes - "Memories of a Great Man" is dedicated to you in my new book.

My God's blessings ever follow you and may he ever keep you safe and healthy is my prayer.

I would treasure a short reply from you so much, won't you please oblige.

A Christian Friend,
 Chas. L. Dawson
 358 - Westminster Ave.,
 Detroit 2, Mich.

Library ✓

IT'S GOOD TO BE BORN AGAIN

....Now folks I don't profess to know
All of the hows, the wheres and the whens
But this one thing how well I know
It's good to be born again

Its good to feel the care of God
And His power working within,
To walk in the straight and narrow path
Yes, it's good to be born again.

It's good my friends to realize
That though you're forsaken by men
My God will never forsake his own
Yes, it's good ot be born again.

It's good to love your enemy
Just as you love your friend
To do good to those that treat you wrong
Oh! It's good to be born again.

I notice each day how people go
On contented, it seems, in sin
Giving no thought to their wayward soul
That needs to be born again.

Then I think of the boys that are over seas
Some we will never see again
Many of them will lose their lives
Without being born again.

It's a shame that such a fate should befall
Those healthy, robust young men
Who should be teaching the weaker ones
That they should be born again.

If their mothers and fathers their duties had done
At home and at the church, my friends
Probably a long, long time ago
They would have been born again.

Ever since I was nine years old
In this Christian path I've been
And Christian friends I really know
That I have been born again.

Now if you're not walking in the path
It's time for you to begin
Then you can also witness that
It's good to be born again.



MEMORIES OF A GREAT MAN

At three thirty five on April the twelfth
Died Franklin Delano Roosevelt
America's greatest president
Leaving millions to lament.

He was a soldier brave and true
He bore the brunt for me, for you
And amid dark hours of distress
Seemingly unperturbed, he led his best.

Fearless, efficient and duly prepared
Every menace he unflinchingly dared
He possessed immovable faith in God
And like Moses, in trouble, stretched out his rod.

He was a friend to the common man
In fact, to everyone in the land
Even I, felt, on that gloomy day,
As if my kin had passed away.

The smile that was ever upon his face
Was one that only death could erase
The inspiring things that he often said
Will ever live though he be dead.

With impaired health, and crippled too
He kept on plugging for me and you
Courageous, undaunted, he waged his fight
For lasting peace, for good and right.

Thank God that he lived long enough
To carry the ball while the going was tough
May the substitute who will him replace
Be fair to all regardless of race.

Instead of wondering what next to do
Let's "carry on!" as he'd wish us to
Let us no longer halt in dismay
For the Lord that giveth taketh away.

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