Our President

MARCH 4, 1933  APRIL 12, 1945

HE LIVED FOR HIS IDEALS.
LET US LIVE FOR OURS.
The rose that lived but yesterday
Has gone, we know not where;
Its leaves and fragrant petals blown;
Its stock is cold and bare.

But the beauty of that tender rose
Lives in our hearts today;
Its loveliness will never die,
Though its form has passed away.

The man we knew but yesterday
Has gone on with the rose;
His eyes are closed; his lips are still,
But his spirit onward goes.

The heart that throbbed for others' pain
Is stilled, but not the soul
That marches on to greater heights,
And guides us toward the goal.

The One above gave both to us,
That we poor mortals might
Share Heaven's beauty for a time,
And glimpse Eternal light.

We cannot see or understand
The realm they grace today,
But we know that earth is nearer God,
For their having passed this way.

Lord, grant us wisdom that we may
From the life of our dear leader gain
A vision of a better world,
Where truth and justice reign;

Where greed and hatred are unknown
And war has ceased to be,
And Thy love for man reflected in
The love of man for Thee!
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Please find enclosed a copy of some verses written at the time of the passing of a man I personally consider as one of the greatest and best leaders the world has ever known.

Much has been written about your husband, and much more will be written, but no one man adequately express the admiration he feels for the man who having wealth beyond all possible needs, could see the world through the eyes of the less fortunate. Therein lies his true greatness.

In my humble opinion, the one thing America needs is that which our late President had; all problems can be solved if faced in the Christian spirit of consideration for the welfare of all classes in our society. His actual accomplishments were little compared to the feeling engendered in the common people that he felt himself one with them in the solution of their problems.

His loss is felt keenly in the international field. He did not share the smug attitude so apparent since his passing, that America and America alone must be pleased. He did not deal with foreign nations with a prejudiced mind; he granted that they too are human beings who can be swayed by reason. God grant that many others besides Mr. Wallace and yourself will raise their voices lest selfishness and bigotry ruin our civilization.

You are entitled to share any compliment expressed in regard to the late President. In the pursuit of your duties, you have ignored the bitter criticism of those who hate your ideals, and have conducted yourself always in a manner above reproach. You and your family have contributed much to the real welfare of our country and the entire world.

May God grant that we may have another leader of the caliber of our late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Respectfully yours,

[Signature]

Madge Cooper Huff
Modul Cofer Dean
To the Memory of our Beloved President,
  Franklin Delano Roosevelt.
  April 12, 1945.

The rose that bloomed but yesterday
Has gone we know not where,
Its leaves and fragrant petals blown,
Its stock is cold and bare.

But the beauty of that tender rose
Is in our hearts today;
Its loveliness will never die,
Though is form has passed away.

The man who lived but yesterday
Has gone to join the rose;
His eyes are closed, his lips are still,
But his spirit onward goes.

The heart that throbbed for others' pain
Is stilled, but not the soul
That leads us on in freedom's cause
That we might reach the goal.

The One above gave both to us,
That we poor mortals might
Share Heaven's beauty for a time,
And glimpse Eternal light.

We cannot see or understand
The sphere they grace today;
But we know that earth is nearer God
For their having passed this way.

Lord, grant us wisdom, that we may
From the life of our dead leader gain
The vision of a better world,
Where truth and justice reign.

Where greed and hatred are unknown,
And war has ceased to be,
And Thy love for man reflected in
The love of man for Thee!

H.F.H.
Dear Mrs Roosevelt

I am taking the liberty, which I trust may not be out of place, to write to you and send some verses I have at times written respecting your late husband, The President of the United States—a man whose death was a sad blow to all the Nations.

By all Australians he was venerated and valued, and he will be held so in memory. I may add with affection.

I also enclose some of my verses in booklet form, which contain some verses regarding a visit by your American boy, to a town, I lived in years ago.

With my respectful good wishes for your welfare and approving your good material and unmaterial work,

I remain
Yours sincerely,

Elizabeth
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am taking the liberty, which I trust may not be out of place, to write to you and send some verses I have at times written respecting your late husband - the President of the United States - a man whose death was a sad blow to all the nations.

By all Australians he was venerated and valued, and he will be held so in memory. I may add with affection.

I also enclose some of my verses in booklet form, which contains some verses respecting a visit, by your American ship, to a have, I lived in years ago.

With my respectful good wishes for you welfare and appreciation for your ambassadorial work.

I remain yours sincerely,

Pennington

[Signature]