JAR - JEB

BEATRICE K. JARVIS
1028 WESTOVER AVENUE
GERVAISE-YORKE
NORFOLK 7, VIRGINIA

Library

Trinity - A.P.

Sept 5 - 46 -

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

I have long had a desire to write you & indeed on the passing of your dear husband did, however knowing you were receiving so many tributes, it was not posted, yet this morning when the daily reading of a little book I love, you may also, as the foreword is by that fine Sent Bishop Mrs Laurence one of that noble family of Massachusetts, entitled Daily Strength for Daily Living - I found it on my desk (procured for me by my beloved husband who passed on St. Andrews day four years ago) It was a St. Valentine remembrance, many years ago, on my return from Washington. Pardon the digression, it is one of my weaknesses. The reading was from Psalm 24 - 9 - I recall so vividly (I was again visiting in Washington,) The choir singing in exultation. This wonderful Psalm as your beloved husband, our President

Passed through the portal & proceeded down
The nave at St. Thomas, It was the Sun-
day following the election for a second
Term of Service. Little did we think
of all it would bring to him. - - - - -
I have long had in mind a letter to you,
did write your Son Franklyn Jr. while a
student at our University, on the occasion
of his wife accident & she was a patient in the
University hospital, where my Son had so
recently been with a severe illness.
Slow much my daughter & I admired that
wonderful spirit of yours. I trust he forwarded
it to you, as I requested? You doubtless
contributed much to your husbands
achievement not only of health, yet countless
other ways. We have a portrait of him in
the lower corridor & many times as I
descended the stairway, I would pause to say
this little prayer; "You are a soul of mighty
power; You are triumphant every hour."
When I first met you, I was the guest of
lady Lister-Kaye & Miss Kathleen Courtenay
was your guest attending a
conference. You
know the name

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You were the speaker of our banquet that evening. I saw you again the following afternoon when you were the gracious hostess at a delightful White House tea. My son had tickets for the young democrats ball the next evening. I wrote my daughter you were not at all like the newspaper photos. You had a fresh lovely skin charming manner. A sincere expression of enthusiasm & I like the greek meaning of the word the God in us. The interpretation applies. I admired you so very much this spring on the occasion of the presentation of your home Hyde Park, as I sat by my radio, I prayed I might be able to give my home up with the same fine spirit. I have lived in only two homes the one where I was born & the one in which all my children were. (I have five, two sons born on Christmas we nine year apart) It appears I shall not be able to keep my home much longer

as it is quite large & only my two daughters
and myself at home. I am most reluctant
to write of my trouble, however when I read
last spring of your appointment to the
Mental Hygiene Foundation, meeting in Phila-
delphia. I hoped to be able I am only now
equal to it, as I have been oscilating
between hope & despair for quite a period
now hope is once again in the ascendancy
after a long winter when food turned to
ashes as to taste & sleep only intermittent.
My son had a recurrence of his illness
last October, we returned from the
University hospital a year ago today he was
there only a short while had been in St. Albans
during July & August. St. Albans is a small
private hospital near Christiansburg Virginia.
We arrived to find it understaffed Mr King
whose father founded it & lived on the grounds
had gone into the Medical Corps, his father had
a paralytic stroke while I was there the first
week, The Psychiatrist we corresponded with
had arthritis & left for Hot Springs the week
after I returned home, leaving only
Mr Kings daughter as Mr. H. & an elderly
doctor - The usual lack of
nurses yet
the same

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Cc Cc
C.S.G.P.
United
Nations
Ethical
Society
Cultural
Agency

exorbitant rates he had paid at the University hospital over a hundred per week from May until October, Son became ill in the midst of his May exams. He had taken his firsts in Philosophy & hoped to major in Some. His illness appeared to be the aftermath of a bilateral mastoid operation. This being a recurrence, he could not obtain student rates however it is the policy of the Psychiatrist in chief to keep his patients for a brief time only. - - - - - - - - - -

I can't bring myself to write of the period spent in a State hospital. Our grand old State of Virginia is fourth from the bottom. It was with much gratification I read of Justice Owen J. Roberts criticism. I would not harrow your feeling to tell you how dreadful. Our former Governor was able to make a larger appropriation and new buildings are being considered nothing as to their construction as yet. The one redeeming feature was the Conscientious objectors as attendants. They have all left unit by unit & there is no one to take their place at least with any qualification whatever.

I will say no more.

[illegible]

the response to our many letters to other
hospitals; "no room at the Inn" always
a waiting list. I hoped that you might
intercede in some way or some Founda-
tion might present itself to your mind.
My father brother left ten thousand dollars
to the Meriden General Hospital in Connecticut
an equal amount to his church. One of
my family left a small bequest to the
University of Toronto. Last summer
Dr Owen a friend supplying as rector
at St Pauls at the University told me of
a Rest Home or hospital at Senox, Mass.
I think Canon Phelps, who I recall was
at the National Cathedral would you see
what might be required Dr Owen thought
one might obtain admission at a very
reasonable rate my small estate has
been depleted however I would be willing
to part with my home if no other way
although I have lived in the hope of
no spending one more Christmas here
together. I will not longer encroach
on your hospitality of mind or
time - with prayer & wishes
for your continued work
with United Nations
& Mexico - W. N. G. S. 86

We seem to give him back to.
Thee dear Lord who gavest him to us
And as Thou didst not lose him in giving
So we have not lost him by his return.
For love is immortal & life is Eternal;
Lift us up strong love of God that
we may see further for death is only
a horizon and a horizon is nothing
save the limit of our sight.
Cleanse our eyes dear blessed Christ
That we may see more clearly
That we may know our beloved
is with Thee and where
Thou art he is. We too may be
Amen.

This is a copy from memory of a
prayer I enclosed in my condolence
letter that we were posted.

Maybe you have it I have sent it to a few
friends who were kind enough to
say it helped. It proved a real
consolation as my children & I sat
alone until morning when my
beloved husband passed

Faithfully yours
Beatrice Kaye Jarvis
(Mrs Wm Graham)

JARVIS

Post Scriptum

Son is fond of music & poetry has written a little of both & a very fine essay on World Peace in thirty six Dr Douglas Freeman gave it honorable mention & Dr James Stuart Bryan said it was worthy of publishing-ation.

The home in which he stayed from October until Xmas vacation at the University while convalescing, wrote that; "he was a very superior person & a sweet lovely nature".

Son is
Mr Graham Jarvis III

His father always
called him
"Specially Mr"

The Mayflower
Washington, D.C.

TO

OUR BELOVED

COMMANDER IN CHIEF

The cares of the great office you hold
  You bear and have borne for years
In a spirit triumphant and bold
  That dispells all our doubts and fears.

For we have looked to Thee as our Captain
  Of our grand old Ship-of-State
Who will pilot us o'er the Main
  Till the storms and the wars abate.

And a haven we find at last
  Where moored in peace we shall rest
Forgetting the ills of the past
  With the suns of the East and West.

And we are proud as one of the crew
  That stood by in the teeth of the gale
Defying the foe in our might to do
  That America never shall fail.

Wm. Graham Jarvis

Norfolk, Va.
February 22, 1942