

RED - REED!

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St. Louis, (13) 100

Library July 12, 1946

~~154~~ ~~Hand~~
Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt

(Reece)

Dear Madame:

While enroute to Chicago Illinois shortly after the death of your husband and our "Immortal President," I bought the Chicago Sun newspaper. Upon reading its contents I saw this wonderful drawing of "The Final Voyage" of President Roosevelt as visioned by Mr. Carl Soudal.

The drawing struck me very deeply and I began to think on his well spent life. How "The President" looked to the master in helping him to lead his people onward and upward.

[Reece]

Mr. Roosevelt was highly spiritual in heart and mind and in this he knew nothing else but to be kind and considerate to his fellow-citizens and followers.

Since I have never studied Art Drawing in school, and all of my drawings come directly through spiritual visions, and seeing Mr. Bonde's drawing of our President waving good-bye to the statue of Liberty: there came a sketch upon the canvas of my spiritual mind, drawn as "the hand writing on the wall". I began concentrating very deeply on it as the picture came clearer in my vision. I then proceeded to sketch it as "The President approaching the Heavenly

Portals of Glory, and our Lord Jesus
Christ reaching out His arms of
everlasting Love and Life to welcome
Mr. Roosevelt to His Celestial Home.

And while doing this, I heard a
still small voice softly and
sweetly saying "Just to Behold His
Face." This may have been the
President's secret spiritual ambition
while trying to settle world affairs
and problems of His people. He might
have grown weary in the trying and
said deeply within as did the
Son of God when on the Cross.

"Father, into thy Hands I commend
my Spirit."

Thus, the history of this drawing.

I also think you are a very fine person, had it not been for your love and guidance and your thoughtfulness Mr. Roosevelt might have flattered under the strain. But having you by His side meant much not only to Him but to the entire United States of America.

That is why he could go so easily and it could have been that as the world mourned His passing, in the spirit Mr. Roosevelt looked on the people and said also as did Jesus while dying on the Cross
Weep not for me, but for your sons and daughters, mourn for the state of world affairs to come. Because
"I hope to see my Pilot Face to Face"

when I have crossed the Bar" to
everlasting Life and Peace.

Hoping that when this little
token and memorial reaches you,
it will find you in the best of
Health and Enjoying Gods blessings
to its fullest extent.

My Prayer for your well-being
and wishing you God-Speed in
every thing you do either major or
minor

I am

Prayerfully

Evangelist Virginia T. Reece

My Identity: -

Rev. Virginia O. Reese - Age 31 yrs.

4326th Page Blvd

Newstead 6832

Evangelist from the A.M.E. Zion Conference

Member of the "Brown Temple

A.M.E. Zion Church - Rev. Calvin Cotton

High School Graduate

Pastor

I have a music studio where I
teach voice and piano.

I have had no training whatever
in art Drawing or Painting only from
the Spiritual guidance.

Thank you

Evangelist V. Reese

Library

W. REED

"ELEGY" TO THE MEMORY OF HONORABLE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

By William George Reed, Long Beach, California
June 22, 1946

He spread goodwill to every land,
He proclaimed freedom to every man,
To him all freemen shall always say
We lost a friend, when he passed away.

His courage was a shining light;
Like all good men he loved the right,
He loved the poor, like the Savior had;
He gave his life, to make them glad.

The Worker's rights he always hailed,
He turned to help them while others failed.
The money changers were still on hand
To lie and cheat on the rights of man.

God bless the land that gave him birth;
His fame is known throughout the earth.
The love of mankind was in his breast,
He never failed to do his best.

He faced the storms with a lion's will,
Love for his neighbor was in him still.
He helped the needy, cheered the strong;
He hated conquest, he knew the wrongs.

He prayed for peace to no avail,
The slant-eyed pagans were on his trail.
Today we wish he was here to see
The battle he fought, for you and me.

Let him rest in peace till the trumpet sounds;
He sleeps at Hyde Park in hallowed ground.
Songs of the Ages will praise his name;
As a man of God, he sought no fame.