Mr. Dear Mademoiselle,

Realizing the grief which surely came to you after the death of your husband, the late President Roosevelt, I sought to find in my simple way to offer a consolation.

The wound of the heart is not so deep now, but like that of the nation, it shall never heal. Never has there lived a man of such ability and yet what character filled his soul?

I have enclosed a poem of my own composition which I have tried to make my very best. Long have I dreamed of the day when I would put the wants, desires, and happenings of realistic people into beautiful poetical compositions, called poems.

This is certainly not a masterpiece of any sort, nor what my favorite poets, Longfellow, Shakespeare, and Keats would call a good start. I have attempted, though I have failed, to express the nation's deepest feelings over the departure of so honored and great a man. There are forty-eight lines...
to the poem representing each state.

My greatest ambition is to become a poet. I would sincerely appreciate any suggestions or advice you may wish to offer concerning my vacation.

I am fifteen years of age and a student in the junior class of Mt. St. Mary High School. Please forgive me for awakening sorrows once at slumber.

Respectfully yours,

Audrey Maria Snyder
Ode

Ah! They are gone from this asylum
To a life of far more sweetness than
Ye left us severed and full of pain
Just before the greatest gain
So mind ye this we say to thee
'Twas painful as hard as stern to
To suffer that dreadful painful loss
But each one had to bear the cross
Which the ascended Christ hath sent
To remind us Thy back was bent
By every evil that is staid
And every rain by manly-head
But Christ shed one bright flower
On this earth good needs to showers
She will guide us safe from harm
If we stand beneath her arm!

Yea now! sorrowful we stand
To the tempests of mortal band
They are gone from us after
But linger still in every heart
Of every nation, weak or strong
Which stands for right and never wrong
Both weep for thee, the young and old
They hear the cry, their path sung
They tell the same great, truthful story
Of thy fight for greater glory
Not for self but for this nation
Which to save from all demotion
Sacrificed all pleasure and thyself
Though not as gay as the dancing elf
But for the struggle of thy years
Then sit high amongst the scars!

Summers pass and come and pass
Whilest they lie beneath the grass
Spring up the flowers, will and bloom
To deck their honored solemn tomb
Thus ministered by shall roam on and go
The one that ye had loved so
Your battle cry shall rise and ring
Each time the nation calls to sing!
Thus forever will roll on and on
By the winds they hath been blown
For all four corners of the earth
To some piece-loving gentle heart
And deeds great, ye hath sworn
As springing up to be known
And Captain! we love thee so!
Surely these things thee must know!