TO A WARRIOR GONE

By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J.

O Lord Michael, God's Marshall glorious,
Tell me how he came to thee, where
thy legions are,
From the dark and from the din, the
stark fray uproarious,
Winning up his eager way from star
unto star.
Did he come before his time from
that fight furious,
Leaping up the lanes of light before
he heard a call,
Ere he wearied of the earth, of heaven
curious,
Casting mortal days away ere he
gleaned them all?
How I fain would hear of him in that
new mustering
Where his welcomed spirit shines
midst his holy peers,
Where the gallant hosts of God in
gold glory clustering
Shout for the new recruits coming
through the years!
He will be a noble guard, in white
armor glistening,
Where the Blessed Mary goes with
her gentle train.
He will stand in golden state, to her
voice listening,
While she sings "Magnificat" and
heaven thrills again.
He will touch a mighty harp to great
laya and beautiful;
They will gather there to list as we
came here,
While he sings to every saint fair
songs and dutiful,
Chanting with a new voice, charming heaven’s ear.
He will give to Christ the King his great heart’s loyalty,
Loving to be near to Him, eyes on Him alone.
What will his station be in God’s bright royalty?
He will join the flaming band that stand about the throne;
He will watch the White Throne, his bright lance carrying,
And be Our Lady’s messenger, her little ones to aid;
He will love to come again, in old haunts tarrying,
Bringing Blessed Mary’s help when we cry afraid;
He will walk in heaven’s streets and seek their holy history,
Loving every stone of them worn by human feet;
He will yearn to untwine the stars’ sweet mystery—
Oh, the quest for holy lore, he will find it sweet!
O Lord Michael, God’s Marshall glorious,
Tell me how he came to thee, where thy legions are,
From the dark and from the din, the stark fray uproarious,
Winning up his eager way from star unto star.

The above poem was written in memory of my dear friend Joyce Kilmer. It is now reprinted for all those who see in death for one’s country, not the end but only the beginning of a triumphant career, and is dedicated to the memory of all our glorious dead.
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My dear Lady:

This being the fifth letter I have written to you and our former President. The others having not reached you personally, I'm hoping this one will.

How I wish President Roosevelt could have read the one I sent him a year before his death. I will repeat what I said then. Mrs. Roosevelt, the sweetest, kindest first lady we ever had. You Mrs. Roosevelt will go down in history as the greatest President of all times. I know people will say what about T. Lincoln & George Washington—they had but a handful of men.
In this country to consider—where P. Roosevelt held the destiny of the whole world upon his shoulder.

Please don't think me cold. I really love you and your family. There's a typical American family.

One saw him coming from the Open when he heard the news and his fuddy told him Billy stood on the deck of his ship and cried. That's the way you get to feel about people when you listen to all their broadsides and read "My Day" you just get to be part of them.

We had always kept me might someday shake your hand. Roosevelt's hand, but that will never be, as we are just
ordinary folks, struggling along, trying hard to exist in this world of turmoil.

May God bless you, dear lady. And may I say thanks for all the good thing you have done for our country.

Merry Christmas to you all.

Love

Fred J. Sullivan

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Dec 17 - 1946

Mr. Eleanor Roosevelt

Dear Madam,

Pardon me taking the liberty of writing to you. I just had to
several days ago we received a letter from a friend in England. Part of the
letter was dedicated to your beloved husband and our late President.
The tribute was so sincere: Grandpa I
just had to forward the letter in part to you. It just goes to show how a
person can really be loved outside his
own country and this tribute was paid
by just a lowly British subject
and I hope you will accept the letter
in the spirit it was given.

The sender's name is Mr. Horace Andrews
4 Galley End
Galleywood
Chelmsford
Essex

I remain your
England
Respectfully

Robert Summers
with them, don’t they dear. I am just truly thankful it is all over now. We are going to have a statue of your beloved Roosevelt in London very soon. The fund of £40,000 has been raised and seated in about 3 days, so you may know how he was regarded over here. There is a certain amount of controversy going on now about it, because the proposed statue shows him in full standing position + many think that it should be like we always saw him — seated — + loved him that way. That is how he is fixed in our eyes — kind, sincere + purposeful, + the very soul of honour = truly a great + good man + missed most dreadfully. =

Do you remember the nine field, opposite our houses, well dear, they are now building