

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
55 EAST 74TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY 21, N. Y.

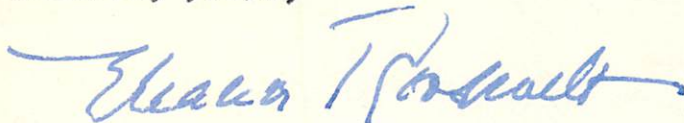
April 20, 1960

Dear Mr. Turnbull,

May I thank you most cordially for your kind letter and your poem. I was very moved reading it and deeply appreciate your warm tribute to my husband's memory.

With every good wish,

very sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to read "Eleanor Roosevelt". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

What can be said? What use are words
Mouthings and mumblings from that past
That reaching back afar, dims our vision;
It were not wise to gaze too long
Nor prudent now to prophesy.
Thus from among us one has gone,
A friend, whom all men knew as such,
E'en those who ^{demanded} hated policy and reviled
His efforts to adjust a world gone mad,
Will turn a longing look on that cold tomb
And wish the words they uttered, back,
The hearts of nations crushed beneath the tyrant heel
Have bled afresh at such a loss as this;
Yet in his passing see more clearly their own end,
Can raise the battered head and move the bruised limb,
Know that on the torturous upward climb
Man if he so desires can point a way:
Can clear a path from out the slimy mire,
If he have but faith, and that faith lodged in God,
So God calls each one, and beckoning
His servants, brings them to His side
To rest awhile ^{unwearied} and fresh knowledge gain
That in God's world their work may better be
So man in his vain desire and desperate urge
May not utterly destroy himself
Nor those with whom close contact, ^{has borne the better fruit}
Has evolved principles not true nor just.
Slowly humanity builds its mighty home,
Blind, blundering and yet marching ever on,
Led at times by false gods and yet returning
By devious paths to that great plan
Bespoke of old, when God first made man,
A veritable god-like being who fell so low
That since on that long climb to highest eminence
Man has often slipped and fallen back,
But ever rises, bruised and bleeding
To toil among the rocks of chance ^{strong of great endeavours}
Turning aside the scattered boulders? here and there
That perchance some fortunate movement would ^{and how}
The pattern of the plan, enable man to go
At faster speed toward that longed for goal,
And so achieve man's destiny:
The forming of a better world
Wherein all men as brothers could upward look to God
And see such vision that with partly blinded eyes
The great surge of human hope would onward roll
And the great ocean of human destiny
In ever gathering waves rush on that shore
When ^{the} shifting ~~all the~~ sands ^{shall not deter} of time
The world emerges warless, washed and new
And human slavery and ~~all~~ are known no more,

Kate

These minutes
yet quick living pulses & thoughts renewed.

To this end worked our friend, his only tools,
Those who would listen and shoulder to the wheel
Would help, spoke by spoke, those toiling millions
Upward on the path he clearly saw;
Yet conscious of man's littleness and dread
Knew the goal far off but not unobtainable
Counted the cost and deemed the toil worthwhile;
That in his time one slow sure step
Be taken toward that great plan
Which is man's chief end in his short life;
That God in man shall rule and reign
Not in war and hate and murderous lust, Transpire
But as a dear loved Comrade gentle Father
To whom all nations, and all men, shall
In their infinity of time, turn in loving simple trust.
Thus then we take his leave of this our friend
Counsellor and guide along our human way;
His like has trod the earth before,
Will do so yet again in still another age,
Yet in our hearts is felt the loss
To this our generation who knew him well.
We can but say good-bye, God Speed!
And heavy hearted pick up the thread
Of all our effort and strive on,
Building anew the structure of which he laid one
to build Corner stone.

N. L. Turnbull,
April, 1945

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. -1963.

The hand that wrote these words, is still
Prolonged the fight for life, but ah 'tis fading fast
This life that spent itself so much for men and women
Of strange and distant lands.
Slowly the candle burns and lower still the light,
Till with one last feeble flickering feeble flame
It sinks and wavers out with naught but darkness left.
Now thro' the peace of death comes ringing clear,
The voice of angels from another land
Calling, "Welcome, lov'd one, come take your place
With all the world's illustrious great,
Come, learn your life was not in vain,
The courage you so freely gave comes back again,
In those you left behind, nor dream'd you touched
Come valiant heart who trod a valliant road
Come valiant heart, come home to God !"

Norman Turnbull
Oct .30th 1964.

Anne Eliza Turnbull
FREE

Mr. N.L. Turnbull
Binscarth, Manitoba

Canada

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