

Kalamazoo Mich
Nov 8 - 1967

Dear Friend

Mrs Maker - (or Miss)?

Having heard you were
"Night Talk" on W.C.A.-U.
quite some time ago, I
am going to send you a
copy of my "Memorial" to
our late Beloved President.

I know that you loved
him too, as did we all.

As his fourth Anniversary
is drawing near. I thought
that it would be appropriate.

Illness has prevented me
from sending it sooner.

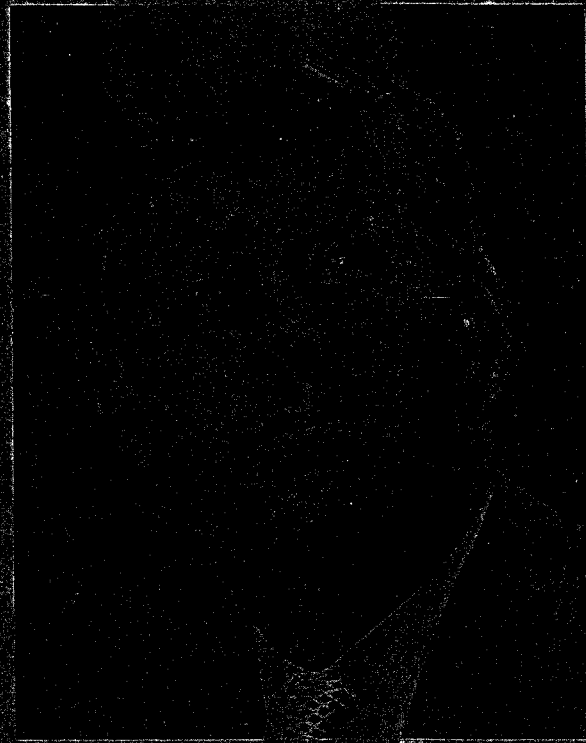
My regards to you
and may God bless
you in your wonderful
undertaking on our Dear
Presidents - Assassination -

Sincerely -

Miss J. Corby - 921 E. Walnut St
Kalamazoo Mich - 49001

IN MEMORIAM

by
JOSEPHINE CORRYN



IN MEMORIAM

1917 "IN MEMORIAM" 1963
JOHN FITZGERALD
KENNEDY

Across the Potomac there
glows a light,
A silent sentinel in the night,
It hovers near a hallowed

place,
Where lies One loved by every
race.

His name will live in history,
For He gave His life for you
and me.

An honored place He held in
life,

Blessed with two lovely
children and a saintly wife.

"A time to laugh, a time to
cry,
A time to live and a time to
die."

These words were spoken by
Him with pride,
A few short hours before He
died.

Some angry bullets sped that
day,
That took His useful life away.

"Oh! why?, we ask with
aching hearts,
Why did we ever have to part,
With One so gifted for His
years,
To keep Our Nation free of
fears.

Greeted by all, where 'ere
He went,
For He was Our Country's
President.

To unite us all, He went His
way,
From state to state, He'd
smile and say,
"It's nice to meet you", and
shake your hand,
What a joy it was to meet
this man.

On a fateful day in mid-
November,
A day we always will
remember.

He went to a town, with His
good wife,
Where a shot was fired that
took His life.

With grieving heart she took
Him home,
And His body lay beneath the
Dome.

With coffin draped in regal
state,
While thousands came to
stand and wait.

Waiting patiently in the rain,
To honor Him, who had been
slain.

For hours this sad procession
went,
past the bier of Our President.
Also, to mourn this wonderful
man,

Came Royalty from other
lands.
Kings and Queens, and
Princes came,
And others too, of Note and
Fame.

The Royal and humble, in
youth and in years,
Tried vainly to stem their
visible tears.

As Honor Guards, their vigil
kept,
His widow came, and with soft
step,

Knelt beneath the drape
light's mist,
And on His coffin, placed a
kiss.

Beside her, knelt their little
girl,
Who's daddy now, had left
this world.

What heart?, unless it be of
stone,
Would weep not at this
saddened throne?

The throne of grief, where
the coffin lay,
To see them rise and walk
away.

His little son had been there
too,
Awed by all, he stood to view.

MISS JOSEPHINE GORRAN

921 E. Main Street
Kalamazoo 20, Michigan
49001

But, shortly he was gently led,
 Into another room, instead.
 Too young to fully realize,
 Why the tears?, in mommy's
 eyes.
 In the care of some fine
 army men,
 He was given a tiny flag, and
 then,
 As he held it tight in his
 baby fist,
 Asked "one for daddy", whom
 he missed.
 And now, there came from
 other sources,
 A caisson, drawn by six white
 horses,
 Waiting outside on this sad
 day.
 To bear the One we loved,
 away.
 With loving hands, the Guards
 did bend,
 To lift the coffin of their-
 friend.
 With mournful hearts and
 tender tread,
 Heard muffled drums, for
 the Honored dead.
 With a final prayer for this
 good man,
 She took their children by
 the hand,
 Then, silently, she walked
 away.
 As others leaving, paused to
 pray.
 As the coffin was borne down
 each stone step,
 The multitude just stood
 and wept.
 Slowly, the sad procession
 went,
 Back to the White House,
 where He spent,
 Those happy days that we
 all know,
 Before an assassin laid Him
 low.
 The cortege slowly, made
 its way,
 Back to where He stood, one
 day.

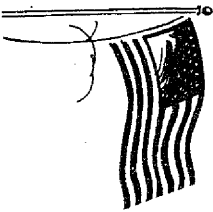
In the bloom of youth, and
 raised His hand,
 And took the vow, to protect
 Our Land.
 The church bells tolled, as
 they entered the gate,
 While bag-pipes droned of
 His sad fate.
 The bells, the pipes, the
 horses feet,
 Were the only sounds heard
 on the street.
 And, now, once more, He had
 come home,
 To those He loved, and were
 His own.
 Alas, the hour had come
 too fast,
 To follow Him to His funeral
 Mass.
 What a touching scene for all
 to see,
 Not riding, but walking,
 Royalty.
 The Kings, the Queens, and
 princes too,
 And just plain folks, like me
 and you.
 Just behind Her Honored
 dead,
 Walked His widow, with
 bowed head.
 His family too, but doubly sad,
 There was one missing, His
 dear Dad.
 Because of illness, He couldn't
 come,
 And be present at Mass, for
 His Martyred Son.
 Now at the church, all sadly
 draped,
 Stood a mournful throng, and
 a sad Prelate.
 Altar boys, Priests, and
 Bishops too,
 Did weep as the caisson came
 into view.
 The grieving mourners, led
 by His wife,
 His devoted companion, to
 the end of His life.



Now paused, outside of St.
 Matthew's door,
 Where He had often come
 before.
 To pray to God, for
 inspiration,
 In helping Him, to lead Our
 Nation.
 How He would kneel, and
 with bowed head,
 Receive HIM, from Whom
 comes our daily bread.
 The Honor Guards, now once
 again,
 Bear the coffin of their
 friend.
 Then, the Cardinal Prelate,
 came to Bless,
 The flag-draped coffin, now
 held at rest.
 This holy man, with hair so
 white,
 Stopped to kiss the Stars and
 Stripes.
 With measured tread, that
 did not falter,
 The coffin was placed before
 the Altar.
 Then, the beautiful voice of
 a family friend,
 Sang "Ave Maria" for Him
 once again.
 Now the Requiem Mass
 began,
 For this great and noble man.
 The beautiful service of the
 Mass,
 Which was to be Our Loved
 One's last.
 Reverently, and all in union,
 His loved ones offered their
 Communion.
 For the soul of Him, who on
 this day,
 Would all too soon, be laid
 away.
 With this Holy service ended,
 The coffin now is blessed.
 With Holy Water, and then
 Incense.
 That His soul be granted rest.
 Then the Bishop mounts the
 pulpit,
 And the crowd assembled,
 hear,
 Not a long and worthy Eulogy,
 But other words as dear.
 Instead, we hear again the
 words
 He penned in His own way,
 The thrilling Inauguration
 speech,
 That He gave to all, that day.
 Never a challenge would
 arise,
 That He would not accept.
 A promise, made in
 earnestness,
 And faithfully He kept.
 He spoke in fervor, with no
 eifronty,
 "Ask not, what your Country
 can do for you,
 Ask what you can do for your
 Country."
 With these fond words, still
 in our souls,
 The bells again begin to toll.
 As tears did moisten each
 mourners face,
 The Guards again, resume
 their place.
 The aged Cardinal, with deep
 devotion,
 Followed the coffin, with sad
 emotion,
 His dear kind face, now lined
 with care,
 As He kissed the little girl
 kneeling there.
 Deep in His heart, He
 remembers the day,
 That He married this couple,
 so young and gay.
 And baptized the children
 with whom they were
 blessed.
 But, now, with sad heart, He
 must lay One to rest.
 Solemnly the church bells
 rang,
 As the choir sweetly sang,
 "Holy God, We Praise Thy
 Name."
 For Him, who now, had
 ceased to reign.

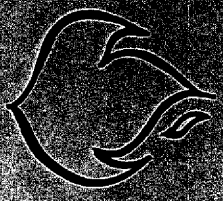
Before the Guards bear Him
 away,
 Once more, the Cardinal
 came to pray.
 And then, in grief He slowly
 bent,
 To kiss the coffin of Our
 President.
 As the caisson moved up to
 the door,
 To bear it's burden as before.
 All eyes were on a tiny boy,
 Who'd been His daddy's 'pride
 and joy,'
 He stood erect, so dear, so
 cute.
 And with tiny hand, gave a
 last Salute.
 How torn this Mother's heart
 must be,
 As the grief on her face, is
 plain to see.
 Her Faith sustained her,
 standing there,
 As every Nation bowed in
 prayer.
 The cortege sad, had now
 begun,
 With tears of sorrow, for
 Arlington.
 In all the Countries, far and
 wide,
 There's hardly one, who
 hasn't cried.
 The street lined with
 mourners, deep on each
 side,
 The beautiful horses even
 stride.
 The riderless horse, named
 "Black Jack,"
 Meant that Our Leader, would
 never come back.
 The Flag that He loved, was
 borne close behind,
 And the "President's Flag,"
 with gold entwined,
 Each branch of the Service,
 represented in part,
 Especially the Navy, which
 was dear to His heart.

Past the Lincoln Memorial,
 another great shrine,
 To another Great Leader, who
 gave His life, so sublime.
 Across the famed bridge, to
 His last resting place,
 A scene to remember, for the
 whole human race.
 As the sun shone in splendor,
 on this hallowed spot,
 The horses paused, and the
 caisson stopped.
 The strains of sad music fell
 on the ear,
 As the Guards gently stepped
 to the side of the bier.
 When tenderly lifting the
 mortal remains,
 The Bag-pipes play softly, in
 tender refrain.
 "Oh! Lord of all, the True
 and Brave,"
 To see Our Loved One's open
 grave.
 And know that now, we'll
 never see,
 Again, Our JOHN F.
 KENNEDY.
 The guards, stand in silence
 at the grave site,
 While over head—Our Air
 Force Might,
 Pass in formation, in one last
 attempt,
 To say "We love you, dear
 President."
 Then, lastly, the plane that
 took Him away,
 And brought Him back, on
 that sad day.
 The Cardinal blesses the
 coffin and grave,
 Of Him whom we loved, but
 could not be saved.
 As the Cardinal, prays aloud,
 Responded to by the gathered
 crowd.
 Away in the distance, the guns
 Salute,
 Then somber "TAPS", as all
 stand mute.
 "Remember Him," Dear God,
 we pray,



Let no one ever forget this
 day,
 The flag that He honored
 so highly in life,
 Snow-cold, and given to
 life's mounding wife.
 Now, silently, she approaches,
 And with a least sweet prayer,
 Lights a Flame in His HOLY
 NAME.
 That will burn forever, there,
 Its own light now, and all its
 still.
 Beside the light, upon the hill
 There's a figure kneeling
 there,
 With head bowed low, in
 fervent prayer.
 It's His wife who, once again,
 Had come to kneel beside the
 Flame.
 Let's promise now, that we
 will be
 An honor to Our Country,
 And survive each day to always
 do
 the things that He would
 want us to
 Extend to all, a helping hand,
 And keep the Peace in Our
 Dear Land.
 What a LIVING
 MEMORY this would be
 for John, Mary, and JOANNE,
 KENNEDY.

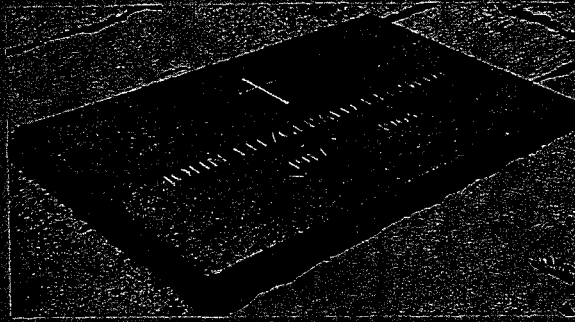
I humbly dedicate this "Ye-
 morial" to the memory of one
 whom we all loved, he held
 ambrosia toward no one, God
 grant that our lives be as
 exemplary as was His.
 Eternal Rest Grant unto
 King O Lord!! and may per-
 petual light ever shine upon
 him as the only let His light
 shine before all men.
 At rest in Arlington, Novem-
 ber 25th 1963- His little sons
 find solace.



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 Josephine Conway

JOHN F. KENNEDY

1917 - 1963



The marker on President John Fitzgerald Kennedy's grave was made from a simple slab of New England gray slate.

Bank of America
pent 11/13/67
no copy made

Miss Josephine Corryn
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Please!
Do not
send
mail

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Dear York City
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