To

The Memory

Of Our Great, Young President

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

who died for his country by the hand of an assassin

on November 22, 1963

his work ~~unfulfilled~~ unfinished, his aspirations unfulfilled

for

his dry-eyed and brave, devoted wife

Jacqueline Kennedy

and for

his deprived, little children

Caroline and John

more space

this token

is sorrowfully dedicated

And so, my fellow Americans:

ask not what your country can do for you -

ask what you can do for your country.

J.F.K.

No man has appeared in America who loved his

fellow-man so well, and who treated him so tenderly.

He lived for him.

He took up his life and laid it down for him. . . .

These men, in teaching us how to die,

have at the same time taught us how to live. . . .

H.D.T.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,

Nor victory, nor defeat - no more time's dark events,

Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing poet in our name,

Sing of the love we bore him - . . .

W.W.

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.
And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

W.W.

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds are gone away,
She's glad her simple worsted grey
Is silver now with clinging mists.

R.F.

But now I see I was not plucked for naught,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year,
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fairer flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

H.D.T.

There are from time to time mornings when especially the world seems to begin anew, beyond which memory need not go, for not behind them is yesterday and our past life. . . . Mornings of creation, I call them. Mornings when men are new-born, men who have the seeds of life in them.

H.D.T.

There was a time when the beauty and the music were all within, and I sat and listened to my thoughts, and there was a song in them. . . . I sat and listened by the hour to a positive though faint and distant music, not sung by any bird, nor vibrating any earthly harp.

H.D.T.

The two old, simple problems ever intertwined,
Close home, elusive, present, baffled, grappled.
By each successive age insoluble, pass'd on,
To ours to-day - and we pass on the same.

W.W.

The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us.
Only that day dawns to which we are awake.

H.D.T.