

The Letter

One day in the early 1900s, a young girl named Mary was tired of working. Her job was to make clothing for women. On her first day at work, she was energetic and excited. Mama made it sound fun, but she knew that it wasn't. She knew that she had to work through. She was determined to make enough money for supper. Her mother had to pay a debt so Mary had to make money for food. She had to make at least \$10 so that the family was supplied with water and food for the day.

"One more hour," Mary said as she was counting the seconds. She knew that her family was depending on her, even baby Katie. "Mrs. Ross?" Mary called for her boss. "Is my hour up yet?"

"Yes, you may go home now. Please take care of your family for me."

Mary loves Mrs. Ross but not her work hours. "I'm off!" exclaimed Mary as she was walking in the direction of her house. She walked past the first skyscraper ever built! She was amazed. After walking past the skyscraper she saw the carriages drawn by horses. She wished that her family owned one, that way she wouldn't have to walk to her house.

Finally, she reached her house. It wasn't fancy or anything, but it was nice. Mary took a seat on her chair at the dinner table. Mama was at the market with the money Mary had given her yesterday. She was very grateful that she got to relax. She thought about how she had to go to work tomorrow.

"It's not fair," she thought. She thought that she should write a letter to President Theodore Roosevelt. "I can do it after dinner."

"I'm hungry!" cried baby Katie.

“Well lucky you, Mama’s here!” Mama was at the door carrying bags from the market.

“I’ll help,” uttered Mary.

“Wow, you are being very helpful today,” complemented Mama.

“That is because I am going to... uh never mind,” commented Mary. She didn’t want Mama to know her plan. If Mama knew about the letter, she would think that they wouldn’t have dinner every day, but Mary knew that God would provide everything that they needed.

“Sit down for supper, Dear,” Mama stated.

Mary ate quickly so that she could write her letter. Usually, Mama would make Mary come back to the dinner table and sit down with her so that she could talk about her day and all that, but Mama was tired that day, so she excused it. Mary ran to her room . She went to the little corner with her desk for reading and writing. There she wrote a letter that read:

Dear Mr. Theodore Roosevelt,

My name is Mary Lopez and I would like to tell you that I have a request. I would like you to make a law that says that kids can't work anymore and that all kids can go to school. Education can help us have jobs, but later on when we are old enough. Please can you help? My Mom is poor and she doesn’t have enough money. I think that God will provide for me and my family. PLEASE consider this.

Love, Mary Lopez

“Please, please, please let him answer my letter,” Mary whispered.

Two weeks later Mama was going through the mail. Mama saw a letter that said:
"To Mary Lopez".

"Mary honey, come down. Someone wrote you a letter."

"Really?" shouted Mary excitedly. "Thank you for telling me. I think that this letter might be really important," declared Mary. Mary ran to her room so that she could read it. It read:

Dear, Mary

I would be very happy to make a law that clarifies that children can't work and that all children can go to school. And I will send money for your mother's debt and money for water and food.

Your dear friend, Theodore Roosevelt

"Mama, Mama!" Mary exclaimed. "Guess what! Well, Theodore Roosevelt is going to send us money for your debt and food and water!"

"That's awesome, honey!"

"Wait, I'm not done," Mary stated. "Theodore Roosevelt is making a law that says that all children aren't allowed to work."

"That's amazing!" Mama shouted as she was hugging Mary.

Mary and Mama folded their hands and prayed. "Thank you, Lord, for providing us with all we need," they prayed.

"See Mary, always believe that God will provide, even at the hard times."

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