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Letter, 1969 September 9, from Sra Amir to Mrs. Meyer

Sara Amir

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Sara Amir
3, Maaleh Henesher
Ramat-Gan, Israel

9th September 1969

Dear Mrs. Meyer,

Please forgive me if this my letter is just another "bother" to you, but believe me that I am not in the habit of writing letters to actors and authors ... and this is actually the first time that I am doing it.

I have had the urge to do it several times before (not many) - but have always bridled this need, and the main reason for doing it was "He or she do not need my approval or appreciation or admiration ..." - (by the way - one of the few people I have been wanting to write to is your compatriot, Sydney Poitier. I have spoken to him in my thoughts many times. In my mind I told him that he is one of the noblest human beings I have encountered. I do not think that he is acting - he presents himself in each film I have seen and illuminates it by his personality. I feel that he fulfills a mission ...).

However-, dear Mrs. Meyers, I did not intend to speak of S.P. - I want to speak to you

Yesterday I saw you in "Zawta" - I heard the words you uttered - I felt your being ... (I am groping for words to express what I felt and am still feeling ... and despite the strong compulsion to speak to you, - to tell you, - I cannot find them ... words are too "poor" to say it

English is not my tongue but I do understand it well in each of its nuances and the problem of your people is one I have taken much interest in It may be because I am Jewish or because I am human - but I have read much about it (and even though I have never lived near to this specific problem - I feel I know it). I feel with the little boy who wants to ride the "Merry-go-round" - and I cried with him..., and I was proud and happy with the girl from Little Rock before she went to school and knew her expectations - and afraid and disappointed with her. Her disappointment in the people in the crowd... "not one to speak up for her? - yes! - there was one, thanks god - ... All your characters are alive and will stay with me.... Each of them a fighter in his own way - each a symbol of some sort of pain, suffering and despite this - there is deep pride in humanity. Each of them represents a Ray of Hope and Faith -

The Repertoire chosen by you is not accidental and it was definitely not composed for you by someone else. Each word was chosen by you - for it speaks for you

When I went yesterday to hear you, - I was sure that I shall enjoy it very much. - I did not anticipate THIS UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE - I did not suspect that I shall be moved to tears - I did not know that I shall inhale each breath of yours and that each word spoken by you will permeate my being and become my own. I did not know that had I missed getting a ticket for your performance - I would have remained much poorer -

I do not know if I have succeeded in telling you a particle of what I feel - but - I want to thank you for being you -. I know that when you said "I am home, - You are my people ..." you meant it with all your heart and sincerity.

You are home, dear Mrs. Meyers - ... and thank you for coming home....

I only hope to have at least one more opportunity to hear and see you and, in the meantime,

May God always bless,

Shalom to you,

P.S. My handwriting is very bad, thus I chose the machine - forgive !