poem

20 SUNNINGDALE
OMAGH CO. TYRONE
NORTHERN IRELAND

FEB 13 1987

11/2/87

DEAR SIR,

I WROTE THIS POEM ABOUT A YEAR AGO BUT NEVER QUITE KNEW WHERE OR TO WHOM I SHOULD SENT IT.

RECENTLY I READ IN A 'PAPER THAT CHRISTA McAULIFFE WAS FROM CONCORDE AND THAT YOU ARE THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL.

I AM SURE IT IS JUST ONE OF THE MANY TRIBUTES TO HER AND I SINCERELY HOPE THAT IT IS FITTING AND WORTHY OF HER NAME.

YOURS
JACK McGALE

CHRISTA

Heading towards the heavens,
Heading towards the sky,
Heading towards eternity
went a dream that'll never die.

Planning to teach the children
From far away in outer space,
Loved by all who knew her,
Admired by the human race.

She never feared the danger,
For her soul was but a slave,
Her heart beat for America,
Home of the free and the brave.

And the children of tomorrow,
Will learn of that January 28
of how a local teacher
Had kept her final date.

And the spirit of her country,
Rock of those who do aspire
Will carry on for Christa
And for Concorde, New Hampshire.

1/4/86 *by: Jack McGale.*

By air mail
Par avion

MR CHARLES FOLEY
(PRINCIPAL)
CONCORDE HIGH SCHOOL
CONCORDE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
U.S.A.

11 FEB 1987
CO. TYRONE

