

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF SPEECHWRITING

Fax: (202)456-5709
Phone: (202)456-2777

TO: Mrs. Clinton

Fax: 508-627-6444 Phone: _____

FROM: Tune Shih

Comments: FINAL

Date: 9/2/97
Number of pages (including cover): 4

→ Final

**FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
COLUMN FOR RELEASE SEPTEMBER 3, 1997
CREATORS SYNDICATE/TALKING IT OVER**

Before long, Princess Diana will enter into legend. Millions of words will be written about her, but the woman I knew was much more than a fashion plate, icon or even a princess. She was a person who, like so many of us, worked to raise her children, shape her identity and use her own special gifts to make a difference in the world. Since her tragic death last weekend, I've been thinking about what she meant to me and to all of us.

I first met Diana at official ceremonies commemorating the 50th Anniversary of D-Day in June 1994. Shortly afterward, she told a mutual friend that she wanted to talk with me. I was eager to get to know the woman behind the dazzling smile. But, given our busy schedules, it took months to arrange a meeting. We finally got together in October of that year for a luncheon in her honor at the British Embassy in Washington. During the meal, we sat near one another -- and at a table with Colin Powell and Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador. They are both charmers who could take anyone's mind off her troubles. Diana bantered throughout the lunch, and, then after bidding good-bye to the other guests, we met privately.

We talked of the challenges of public life and the struggle to protect our children from the scrutiny of the world. She told me of her new hopes and plans for using her position to focus attention on the needs of suffering people. Although she seemed vulnerable and unsure about the direction her life was taking, I sensed in her a reservoir of resilience and determination that would help her take charge of her own life and help others, despite great obstacles.

Over the next few years, we stayed in touch. I saw Diana for the last time in June of this year, when she was visiting Washington to highlight her campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines. Over tea in the Map Room of the White House, she spoke passionately about her recent trip to Angola and her upcoming one to Bosnia. We shared our thoughts about the progress being made worldwide in the fight against AIDS, and I described my impressions of the efforts to end forced prostitution in Thailand, a place she planned to visit in November. I kidded her that the upcoming auction of her gowns for charity was the smartest closet-cleaning strategy ever devised.

And we talked, as always, about our children. She brought me up to date on her sons William and Harry -- how quickly they were growing and how she was working to provide them with childhoods as normal as possible. She asked me about Chelsea's college plans and wanted to know more about the American university system.

Our time together passed too quickly. We walked out into the ground floor corridor, sometimes called the Hall of First Ladies, where I introduced her to the excited teenage daughter of a family staying with us. A White House photographer took our picture standing in front of the portrait of one of my predecessors from more than a century ago, Frances Cleveland. Like Diana, she was a young bride who quickly found herself drawing on her own reserves of grace and poise as she became the obsession of a national media who tracked her every move. I will always be struck by the poignancy of that photograph.

Diana and I hugged good-bye. I watched her walk away a more outwardly confident and

effective young woman than the one I had met three years before. I was impressed by her courage and persistence in getting up and going on whenever life knocked her to the mat. And I was delighted that she appeared happier and more at peace with herself.

I will miss seeing her, miss hearing the pride in her voice as she talked of her sons, miss listening to her accounts of the people she tried to help, and miss watching her build a life of integrity on her own terms.

I am reminded of what she once said about the “disease” of not being loved. What she meant was that the absence of love could make anyone less than fully human. I hope all who mourn her passing will honor her memory by reaching out and bringing love and comfort to all who suffer. Few, if any of us, will ever look as beautiful on the outside as she did, but all of us can strive to develop that inner beauty of the heart and soul that she valued and understood was more lasting and important.

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I am reminded of what she once said about the “disease” of not being loved. What she meant was that the absence of love could make anyone less than fully human. I hope all who mourn her passing will honor her memory by reaching out and bringing love and comfort to all who suffer. Few, if any of us, will ever look as beautiful on the outside as she did, but all of us can strive to develop that inner beauty of the heart and soul that she valued and understood was more lasting and important.

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Fax: (202)456-5709
Phone: (202)456-2777

TO: Katherine + Anita

Fax: _____ Phone: _____

FROM: June Shil

Comments: _____

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Millions of words will be written about Princess Diana in the days to come. Many will try to explain why she captivated the world during her short life and tragic death. Commentators who knew her well and those who never met her will analyze the impact of her beauty on this appearance-obsessed age; recount her genuine compassion and good works; and explore the role of the media in creating her public image and destroying her privacy.

Over time she will ^{likely} become a historic figure of mythic proportions with a cultlike following. In death, as in life, the story of her struggle to shape her own identity in the midst of coming to terms with the hard life dealt her will be rewritten often.

(2)

by admirer and critic alike to fit someone else's personal, political or commercial agenda.

I first met Diana at official ceremonies commemorating D-Day in ^{early} June of 1994. Shortly after, she told a mutual friend that she wanted to talk with me. At first I hesitated to ~~respond~~ ^{meet} because the request came at a time when I was facing partisan and press intrusions for all kinds of alleged transgressions from bad hairstyles to unworkable health care proposals. I knew the pressure she was under and did not want to ^{to them} add ~~any~~ in any way. I quickly concluded, however, that controversy was apparently a permanent fixture in both our lives and there was no sense in waiting for a calmer time. So we agreed that the next time we were in the same city at the same time we

(3)

Would schedule time to talk. on October 29, 1994

We finally got together for a luncheon in

her honor at the British Embassy in Washington.

During lunch we sat near one another and Colin Powell and the Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador.

They are both well-known charmers who could take anyone's mind off their troubles for a pleasant hour or two. She bantered through the lunch, and, after bidding goodbye to the other guests met privately with me.

We talked of the challenges of public life, of our children and of the hopes she had that she could use her position to focus attention on the needs of suffering people, with whom she identified. Although she seemed unsure and vulnerable about the direction her life

(4)

was talking, I sensed in her a reservoir of resilience and determination that I was to see her draw from time and again over the next few years.

The last time I saw her was in the Map Room of the White House ^{last} ~~on~~ June 18.

She was visiting Washington to highlight ~~the~~ her campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines.

She told me about her recent trip to Angola and her upcoming one to Bosnia. I kidded

her that the sale of her gowns for charity scheduled a few ~~the~~ days hence in New York was the smartest closet-cleaning strategy ever devised.

We discussed the progress being made worldwide in the fight against AIDS, and I

(5)

described my impressions of ~~Thailand~~ the efforts to regulate forced prostitution ~~a~~ underway in Thailand, where she planned to visit in November. We commiserated about the antics of the press.

And we talked, as always, about our children. She brought me up to date about her sons and asked me about Chelsea's college decision and to explain how the American university system worked.

Our time together passed too quickly. We walked out into the ground floor hall where I introduced her to the excited teenage daughter of a family staying with us. A White House photographer took our picture standing in front of the portrait of Frances Cleveland [check]

(6)

young and glamorous was only twenty-one when she married one of my predecessors who ~~had her own difficulties~~ President Cleveland. ~~the~~ with the demands of a public life.

We hugged good bye, and then I watched her walk away, ^a more outwardly confident and effective young woman than the one I had met three years previous. I was impressed by her courage and persistence in getting up and going on whenever life knocked her to the mat. And I was delighted that she appeared happier and more at peace with herself.

I will miss seeing her, hearing the pride in her voice as she talked of her sons, listening to her accounts of the people she tried to help and watching her struggle day-by-day

(7)

to build a life of integrity on her terms.

I hope all who mourn her passing will honor her memory by reaching out with more loving hearts to all who suffer from what she called the "disease" of not being loved. Few, if any of us, will ever look as beautiful on the outside as she did, but all of us can strive to develop that inner beauty of the heart and soul that she valued and understood was more lasting and important.

FIRST LADY HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON
COLUMN FOR RELEASE SEPTEMBER 3, 1997
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Some long the story of Princess Diana & that of a life that ended too soon
Millions of words will be written about Princess ^{her} Diana in the days to come. And before long, ~~she~~ ^{Princess Diana} will enter into legend. But the woman I knew was much more than a fashion plate, icon or even a princess. She was a person who, like so many of us, worked to raise her children, to shape her identity and use her own special gifts to make a difference in the world. Since her tragic death last weekend, I've been thinking about what she ~~is~~ meant to me and to all of us.

the 50th Anniversary of
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and the struggle to protect our children from Saddam's wolf
We talked of the challenges of public life, of our children and of her new hopes and plans ~~for using her position to focus attention on the needs of suffering people with whom she identified. Although she seemed unsure and vulnerable about the direction her life was taking, I sensed in her a reservoir of resilience and determination that would help her -- despite great obstacles -- take charge of her own life and help others.~~
she identified ~~she~~ w/ those who suffered & told me of her hope for using her position to focus attention on them

Over the next few years, we stayed in touch. I saw Diana for the last time in June of this year, when she was visiting Washington to highlight her campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines. Over tea in the Map Room of the White House, she ~~told me~~ ^{talked w/ emotion} about her recent trip to Angola and her upcoming one to Bosnia. We ~~discussed~~ ^{shared our thoughts about} the progress being made worldwide in the fight against AIDS, and I described my impressions of the efforts to ~~regulate~~ ^{end} forced prostitution in Thailand, a place she planned to visit in November. I kidded her that the upcoming auction of her gowns for charity was the smartest closet-cleaning strategy ever devised.

spoke
personally
commitment
to rights

And we talked, as always, about our children. She brought me up to date on her sons William and Harry -- how quickly they were growing and how she was working to provide them with as normal ~~childhoods~~ ^{childhood} as possible. She asked me about Chelsea's college plans and to ~~tell~~ ^{she wanted to} know ^{her} more about the American university system.

Our time together passed too quickly. We walked out into the ground floor corridor, sometimes called the Hall of First Ladies, where I introduced her to the excited teenage daughter of a family staying with us. A White House photographer took our picture standing in front of the portrait of one of my predecessors, ~~Frances Cleveland, who came to the White House as a~~ ^{Late Diana, ~~she~~} ~~from more than a century~~ ^{from more than a century} twenty-one year old bride and quickly found herself drawing on her own reserves of grace and poise as she became the obsession of a national media who tracked her every move ~~more than a~~ ^{more than a} century ago. I will always be struck by the poignancy of that photograph.

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I first met Diana at official ceremonies commemorating D-Day in June 1994. Shortly afterward, she told a mutual friend that she wanted to talk with me. At first I hesitated, because ^{she seemed under subject under enormous press & public pressure} at the time both of us were under much pressure and public scrutiny ~~at the time~~ and I didn't want to create any more hubbub. ^{all the on me to hurt her for her} But I quickly concluded that controversy was apparently a permanent fixture in both our lives and there was no sense in waiting for a calmer time.

We got together in October of that year for a luncheon in her honor at the British Embassy in Washington. During lunch, we sat near one another and Colin Powell and Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador. They are both well-known charmers who could take anyone's mind off her troubles for a pleasant hour or two. She bantered throughout the lunch, and, after bidding good-bye to the other guests, met privately with me.

We talked of the challenges of public life, of our children and of her new hopes and plans

for using her position to focus attention on the needs of the suffering people with whom she identified. Although she seemed unsure and vulnerable about the direction her life was taking, I sensed in her a reservoir of resilience and determination that would help her -- despite great obstacles -- take charge of her own life and help others.

I saw Diana for the last time at the White House in June of this year, when she was visiting Washington to highlight her campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines. Over tea in the Map Room, she told me about her recent trip to Angola and her upcoming one to Bosnia. We discussed the progress being made worldwide in the fight against AIDS, and I described my impressions of the efforts to regulate forced prostitution in Thailand, a place she planned to visit in November. I kidded her that the upcoming auction of her gowns for charity was the smartest closet-cleaning strategy ever devised.

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Sms - — how proud she was
d how they were developing
as normal children as possible.

{ Francis Cleveland - who also
found her way to — —

not being loved as a disease
what she meant how lacking
love leads to lack of caring,
makes us less than fully human
+ that's why she reached out
to them who suffered &
didn't enjoy her privileges

get rid of 1st 2 graphs & compare
with a real one or 2

millions of words scattered
but when I knew not a
myth or a legend but a
person. Since her tragic death,
I've been thinking about what
she's me and all of us.

↓ go to 1st met

born of under pressure -
quickly concluded

She had begun to feel - - -

transit'ion to map Room -

Young woman - despite great
obstacles - to make a contribution
when I meet her for last time

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Over time, she will likely become a historic figure of mythic proportions and develop a cult-like following. In death, as in life, the story of her struggle to shape her own identity in the midst of coming to terms with the hand life dealt her will be rewritten often by admirers and critics alike [to fit someone else's personal, political or commercial agenda].

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*I look forward
to opportunity to
self to know her
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*given how busy
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Embassy in Washington. During lunch, we sat near one another and Colin Powell and Prince Bandar, the Saudi Ambassador. They are both well-known charmers who could take anyone's mind off her troubles for a pleasant hour or two. She bantered throughout the lunch, and, after bidding good-bye to the other guests, met privately with me.

We talked of the challenges of public life, of our children and of the hopes she had that she could use her position to focus attention on the needs of the suffering people with whom she identified. Although she seemed unsure and vulnerable about the direction her life was taking, I sensed in her a reservoir of resilience and determination that I was to see her draw from over the next few years.

The last time I saw her was in the Map Room of the White House on June 18. She was visiting Washington to highlight her campaign to ban anti-personnel land mines. She told me about her recent trip to Angola and her upcoming one to Bosnia. I kidded her that the upcoming auction of her gowns for charity was the smartest closet-cleaning strategy ever devised.

We discussed the progress being made worldwide in the fight against AIDS, and I described my impressions of the efforts to regulate forced prostitution in Thailand, a place she planned to visit in November. ~~We commiserated about the antics of the press.~~

And we talked, as always, about our children. She brought me up to date on her sons and asked me about Chelsea's college plans and to tell her more about the American university system.

Our time together passed too quickly. We walked out into the Hall of First Ladies, where I introduced her to the excited teenage daughter of a family staying with us. A White House photographer took our picture standing in front of the portrait of one of my predecessors, Frances Cleveland, who came to the White House as the young and glamorous twenty-one year old bride of Grover Cleveland and quickly became the focus -- and obsession -- of a national media who tracked her every move more than a century ago; RT . . .

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~~We~~ hugged good-bye and then I watched her walk away a more outwardly confident and effective young woman than the one I had met three years before. I was impressed by her courage and persistence in getting up and going on whenever life knocked her to the mat. And I was delighted that she appeared happier and more at peace with herself.

I will miss seeing her, hearing the pride in her voice as she talked of her sons, listening to her accounts of the people she tried to help and watching her build a life of integrity on her own terms.

I hope all who mourn her passing will honor her memory by reaching out with more loving hearts to all who suffer from what she called the "disease" of not being loved. Few, if any of us, will ever look as beautiful on the outside as she did, but all of us can strive to develop that inner beauty of the heart and soul that she valued and understood was more lasting and important.