

9, Holmview,

Omagh

Wednesday 5th 43

Darling Mine, you worried me yesterday by allowing yourself to get wet & foolishly enough writing & phoning me instead of changing, having a good warming by the fire & eating in peace a hearty lunch before your no journey to Portaferry. You must never do that again. Good health is too precious a gift from God to jeopardise in that way.

I loved your 2 page letter. It was so good of you to write at all & you in such a hurry. I was only pretending to be disappointed.

To-day I am feeling slightly shaken but thank God my tooth has gone & what a rotten it was. It was really only a shell with a Septic root - my 6th year molar, I believe. You must have prayed for courage because Mrs Donnellan actually complimented me on how brave & good I was. Yes, darling the tooth took a full $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to be extracted. Four different pairs of nippers

were used in the operation. At the first pull the whole thing smashed and
beverishly again & again (7 times in
all) the dentist probed for the roots. I
thought the entire face was coming each
time. She told me afterwards she could give
me no words of encouragement. She
was actually afraid that the force of
the probing would break the thin wall
of my Antrum (is this the correct spelling)
At 8.20 the last root came complete with
abcess & then my face had to be washed
— there was so much blood on it. She did
it, for I was limp. I came straight home
had my bath & went to bed. At midnight
I had another mouthwash & Aileen
brought me my Bournvita. I slept well
& feel so much happier that all is over.
I have to have 2 further fillings but
don't mind these at all.

Any courage I showed during you
gave it to me. I gripped your hand fiercely
and made the pain an offering of
thanksgiving for all we have received.

Before tea yesterday I wrote out my

letter of thanksgiving to the mother of
Perpetual Succours, enclosed it to Fr Rector
with a note asking him to have mass
said in thanksgiving to Our Lady and
to ask her blessing on our forthcoming
marriage. I will be out at mass both
to-morrow morning & Friday (1st Friday)
and of course on Saturday also. Shall I
ever forget December 8th !!

There will be no visit to Smypths for
me to-night. My face is slightly swollen
& painful so bed (after bath) will claim
me at 9.

Hubert came into our sitting room &
chatted for an hour yesterday. He is full
of interesting tales of the war & his present
job in Austria. I did not like the way he
spoke of Rome, the Vatican, Italian Catholics
etc. Did you know that Major Ray - a
French Canadian - was born & baptised a
Catholic?

Teaching has more or less finished at
Loretto and exams are in full swing. They
will continue all next week. So far I feel

no pang of loneliness. It will probably
all descend upon me next week but seeing
you each day will more than make up
for anything I might feel. Are you
sure you won't be bored stiff in Omagh.
Come warmly dad because this place
would skin fairies.

I'm just dying to read the War
offices report on you. What did Fr & Anne
think of our scroll? What have you
planned for our weekend? I'm longing
for Friday to come - this is definitely our
last parting. Nothing & no one shall
ever ever part us again. Did you not
think darling that our reunion last Saturday
after a week's separation was very sweet
indeed. My love for you seems to grow &
grow. What proportions it shall reach I
know not. It is a love which makes me
feel stronger and better in every way.

I must hurry off for my phone call
It seems such a life time since 10 o'clock
yesterday - because I am very much in
love with you my darling.

God bless you.

Forever your loving
Eileen.