



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Beechwood,  
Sunday.

Eileen, my own darling,

It is Sunday morning (8 am.) and I am sitting up in bed writing to someone I have been dreaming about. I want you to have this wee note on Monday if possible, because I know how I shall be feeling then with you so far away.

My darling, what a wonderful, wonderful week we have just had together. It has been the happiest time of my life and if you have had the same happiness then you must be in the seventh heaven of joy. It's just no use trying to tell you, Eileen, how I feel about you - you will have to read it in my eyes in future. You can have some idea of how much I loved you in the prison camp (from the diary), but since Tuesday last my love for you has become really frightening. I awake in the night at times and think I am in prison still and begin longing over again to see you; and then I suddenly realise that I am really back home, that I saw you a few hours ago and kissed you good night.





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After that it's hopeless trying to sleep again!

My darling, I have felt so proud of you, during the past week, no matter where we went together. I am proud to love you as I do and now I do not wish to love you more and more - I know that will happen just as sure as day follows night. Each day I find something more lovable about you. You know that there never was a love like ours, Lileen; there was never such happiness - so how could we ever thank God enough for such favours. God has been so good to us, darling, even to the point of embarrassment, because we are hopelessly incapable of ever repaying Him for it all.

You have guessed that I am in love with your family too - and that not just to please you, Lileen. I feel so much at home with them all and ever at my ease with them, as though I had always known them and loved them.

You know that I haven't much time to write to you while my Lileen is still in Belfast, but when she goes back to Droagh I shall have more time for writing to you!

God bless you, Lileen, and may He keep you always as you are today.

All my love,  
Frank.