

Beechwood,

Friday 5 P.m.

My own darling,

I arrived back safely from Ludlow at 11 P.m., thank God. I am so much in love with you, Celine, that no matter where I go I find myself taking great care that nothing happens to me because then you would suffer. Will you please do the same thing for me, Celine. I dare not think of you having an accident - it's too terrible to think about. I always prayed so very hard when you were on your cycling tours; it worried me no end. But God has watched over us both and brought us together again in a very miraculous way and we cannot be grateful enough.

Darling, I keep praying and praying to God that you will never be disappointed in

me. I keep on and on telling you that I am human, ~~but~~ but you don't pay any attention, you're a terrible girl to love me so much! You must take off those rose-tinted glasses you have been wearing all these years! It is different in my case. You see, Helen, I came home loving you with everything that I had got; then I found that you were much much more wonderful than I ever dreamed you would be. So my obvious problem was - how to love you even more than before? I have prayed so much harder since coming home for grace to love you more because it is grace in our case. And my prayers are being answered daily.

Oh how I am longing for to-morrow to come. You cannot imagine the store of love that has been accumulating in my

heart during this never-ending week. Darling,
you have promised faithfully never to leave
me again and I must keep you to that
promise. Surely it is a lovely thought that
everything we do and everywhere we go for
the rest of our lives we shall be together
always. Joys are much more wonderful when
shared; and sorrows much lighter. Dear
Successes and failures will be the same.

I will not attempt to tell you of
my day in Nagersfelt; it was rather dull
and I found no thrill in visiting the scene
of some very happy childhood experiences.
Two very special things happened - I had
two 6-minute phone calls with my best
girl. Darling, I know it is expensive but
I cannot do without hearing your voice
every day of my life.

When I reached home today I found your letter waiting for me and oh I could have danced with joy. We had a Christmas greeting air mail letter from Paris in India. I am enclosing it for you.

I am going up to Spring Villa this evening. Father says that Hugo got the butter-milk yesterday! Darling, we are going to have a quiet walk this week-end and nobody will stop us. We have so very much to talk about that it cannot be done in Beechwood or Spring Villa or in tram-cars either!

I shall not ring you to-morrow but you'll find me at the station with hands open arms long before 4 P.M.

All my love, Cateer,
Frank,