

9, Holmview,
Omagh.

Monday, 4.10 p.m.

My darling one, Here I am back in
Holmview and feeling even more lonely
for you than last week (and then, I
thought that impossible) You could not
possibly have seen the tears in my eyes
as that train laboured its way, away
from you - tears of love, of happiness
and loneliness all combined. The carriage
was packed and all were chatting
familiarly on my return but my heart
was too full to do anything but gaze
at the scene of our first walk. I
remembered every detail of it everything
you said, everything you did.

Do you know darling already I feel
an infinitely better girl - and yet I
know, the more I know you, the better
I will become. You have so much to teach
me and I have so much to learn from you -
you must criticize me. I really want this -
you must scold me about my nails, my
baths, my lack of courage about the
dentist's chair, my ignorance about

per nitire, my bad spelling my often
mistaken ideas of dress. I know you
are doing this because you love me
and I love you more for it. It means
you are interested in me. I want to
aim at perfection in everything. There
must be nothing slipshod about
anything we do. To put my very
best into everything I do, has always
been my motto and now it is our
motto. Since the day commences with
our morning offering, it means we
are really offering our best to God.
Does He deserve one iota less?

Darling, you feel so strongly about
my inheritance you frighten me. I
know you are not marrying me for
money. You know I always had that
fear when men were attentive towards me.
I would always have preferred to be
peniless. That was why I was so happy
when you told me - you loved me at
a cake in Kanast believing me to
come from Dundalk. If you prefer the
property to remain in my name then it
shall be so but I simply cannot promise
to spend it only on myself. There is

an example of your terrible independence
which of which you asked me to cure
you. Darling mine can't you see that if
ever you (who are me) were in financial
straits it would be my privilege as your
wife to help you if I could. & I will, I
will. I will never use that money because
I want to be entirely dependant upon
you. I want to ask you, even to coax
you, for the things I want. Can you
understand this. My grand father built
those houses with his own hands. He
worked with the men & built them brick
by brick. I am proud to own them and
my only desire is to make them worthy
dwellings for the many families who
dwell therein. Being my husband you
must interest yourself in them - because
they are my inheritance. You must not
think the question is sordid, that it will
spoil our love. If I thought that I
should hand them back at once. Nothing
on this earth must spoil the wonderful
love of ours. It is more precious to me
than any thing in the world & least in
importance is a handful of houses.

To-day at 2 am one of our boarders
died at the Fever Hospital. She was taken

there early in November with Jamdice
She was a delicate little girl of about
13 years with a pair of glorious
blue eyes. I was privileged to teach
her for 2 years and she prayed
with all the others and me for
your deliverance my darling Frank.
She is in Heaven I know and I
am happy for her but mourn for
her sorrowing parents.

Frank Read, his wife & baby are
in Belfast. He is staying with
John B. O'Neill & hopes to practice at
the Bar shortly. I know you will
be interested to hear this.

I am enclosing Angus' letter to you.
I received his letter and yours when
I arrived back from school.

Darling, you will receive this
awful letter on your birthday. Since it
will arrive before my phone call I
want you to know that I wish you
the very happiest birthday possible.
Your mass will be said and I will
offer my mass and Holy Communion
for you and all your intentions.
May you have many even happier
returns of the day. Isn't it a shame
I cannot kiss you on such a day. It

will never be so again. You will
always be my sweetheart no matter
how many years we are married.
Our courtship days will just never
end — and even as an old grey
haired man & woman we shall be
Sweethearts to the end. I feel my
love growing stronger and better
each time I see you. I have prayed so
hard for this and the answer has
been fuller than I ever expected.

I intend to have my bath early
and off to bed to dream of you.
To-morrow evening at 8 I am to have
my tooth taken out. The dentist says
it is so badly gone that she will have
to have 3 tries at the roots. I am
scared but I will offer it up for us.
What little courage I have, you have
given me it. I had a dreadful experience
with an extraction at the hands of
Mamie McGuire. Hence my terrible fear.

I hope you have a pleasant day at
Post ferry. So come safely home to me.
I know if anything were to happen to
you darling, I should die

Forever yours very own
Eileen. x.

I forgot to tell you how very much I love you