

Beechwood,

Thursday 1 a.m.!

(Bed)
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My dear darling,

I have felt so unhappy about that dreadful letter I sent you last night from O'Kelly's, and now I must try to make amends. I love you so much tonight that I could cry and yet I know so well that my love cannot compare with yours, Eileen. I have been re-reading your letters of the Malayan campaign period and am convinced that if I were to spend the remainder of my life on my knees I could never make up to you for the misery you have had on my account. Why, it almost killed you, my precious darling. You love me much, much more than I deserve. My poor love seems so very inadequate and puny when placed beside yours. I have good reason to love

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you with every fibre of my being and I know
that I can never give you enough of that poor
love or of my poor self. And now I want to ask
you the question that you have asked me so
very often - why have you selected me as the
one on whom you shower your affection? Why
am I so fortunate? I do not deserve the love
of a woman so good as you, Celeste; I do not
deserve the happiness which you and your love
have brought to me. Why oh why have I hurt
you so much in the past? What kind of a
stupid, silly fool have I been in those days to
cause you so much unhappiness? I know that
I can never satisfy myself about it at all. I
can but do my best to make you the happiest
of all women on earth. If I can but give to
you a small fraction of the happiness which
you have given to me, then I shall have had

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my reward. I live only for you, Lileen; my life and very very self are yours. You are my inspiration and my pattern. If I am good, it is your doing; if I achieve anything in life, you are responsible for my success. So you still remember this - "you are me, and I am you"? I would cease to have any existence without you - you are my ideal, and the essence of my very life. We have been chosen by God for each other and I sense in my soul that we can rise to great heights and achieve great things together. But, without you, Lileen, I am worse than useless. I can never thank God enough for giving you to me. I have never done anything in my life to deserve you as my life's partner. I know so much better than you how much more fortunate and blessed I am than you. Don't you see the

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the awful discrepancy - I have got you, Helen,
and you have only got me for life. I don't
envy you a bit. I keep on telling you that I
am only very ordinary, but you won't listen to
reason. And now my life's problem is how on
earth am I to span this awful bridge
between us? I can but pray to God for help
and give you all my love, my heart and
myself, my talents, and my all. And now
can you realize how much I love you, my
dearling? No love has ever been tested as ours
has been; no love has ever been purified in
the hot flame of suffering as ours has been.
With God's help our love will become more
perfect in His sight each day of our lives.
You must not worry me little bit about
our marriage - we put it in the hands of
God and His holy Mother and do our best

best at the same time. You will never know a single moment's unhappiness at my hands. You see, darling, I have always had a very special reverence for you that I have never entertained for anyone else on this earth. This being my 5th page of this paragraph, you must be out of breath reading it.

I had a lovely time at O'Kellys and have promised to return soon again. Uncle Eddie, daddy, and I went to a lecture at 8 P.M. in St. Mary's Hall on "Thomas Davis" by Sean McNamee. It was truly wonderful. I then went to Spring Villa to collect my Crossing gown and also had supper. I hope my letter reaches you today even though it is terrible. It was posted at 7 P.M. at Broadway.

Jenny and I are one very happy together and I am in love with Brendan.

He and I had some grand fun on our hands
and knees all over the sitting room! We have
been invited to visit this happy home next
Sunday afternoon about 4 P.M..

Darling, I have millions of things to
tell you at this moment ~~and~~ ^{but} may be when
we meet I shall just look into your eyes and
not say a word. I am off to Washerafelt
in a few hours (it's now 2 a.m.) and I'm
not a bit keen about going, because it might
interfere with letters and phone calls. Darling,
will you promise never to leave me again, once
you leave Omaha at Christmas? I just
could not bear it. Each day you are away
becomes more and more hard to endure.

God bless you, Ellen,

All my love,

Frank + + + + +