

9, Holmview,

Omagh

Thursday 4.15.

My own darling, just another day and I shall be with you again. Don't it wonderful! Each day away has been like an eternity. This has been a cruel sacrifice to make in duty's cause but it will soon be over and I will never, never leave you again. The nuns do appreciate what I have done and the children too, though they cannot say it in so many words.

Did I my Tuesday letter upset you? I did not mean that you had disappointed me - only that I felt so lonely & when Auntie said you weren't at Broadway I felt a choking lump in my throat.

This morning I wended my way to mass and Holy Communion, to make our second "Thursday" in the Novena to Our Mother of Perpetual Success. I thought of your thoughts as I received



our dear, good and kind Lord into  
my heart. I tried to tell Him how  
happy, how grateful I was. I asked  
Him too to bless our love, our  
home and our marriage. Before all  
lectures at the Kiltkeel past pupils  
Retreat Fr Prendergast said this  
prayer. I loved it & say it many  
times daily, especially when in doubt.  
"I tried we beseech Thee, Oh Lord,  
all our actions by Thy Holy  
Inspiration and carry them along  
by Thy gracious <sup>Assistance</sup> Providence, that

every prayer and work of ours  
may truly begin from Thee and  
by Thee be happily ended, through  
Christ Our Lord, Amen." Can we  
make a mistake about our practice  
when we say this constantly? It  
has guided my footsteps all these  
years and yours too, my darling.

To-day's short letter received when  
I returned from school was more  
wonderful than all the others. I  
couldn't live without you darling either



I know that some folk lived in  
hope during the past 3½ years that I  
should change my mind and marry  
them. But darling one, I also promised  
myself that I would marry you  
and no one else — and this long  
before you sent your Christmas  
card from Rawalpindi (without any  
love on it) I hate speaking to you  
of other boys — it sounds boastful  
but believe me it is not. I just  
want you to know <sup>that</sup> the whole bang  
lot put together would not equal  
in value for me, your little finger.  
I love you and you alone of all the men  
I have ever met. Should it have been  
God's will that you did not return  
to me (whether in heart or body)  
then I should never have married.

you must be so proud of those  
beautiful letters of gratitude. I am,  
darling. Do keep them all as souvenirs.  
Wait until I show you my box of  
souvenirs. They are all your dear  
letters written in far off Malaya



and treacherous Japan. We must read  
them over together by our air fire  
side."

I slept last night solidly - the  
first since November 16<sup>th</sup> and furthermore  
I ate a hefty lunch to-day. You vexed  
you, to get up at 2 am & write to  
me. I bet you just wanted to hand  
your new dressing gown!

I renovated my blue shirt last  
night & found the entire back to be  
a full inch below the front. Joe is  
small, so I always got the job of  
turning up his new trousers. Thank  
God you are tall darling, that job  
will not arise. Don't imagine I have not  
put a stitch in your chambray gloves  
yet? Oh when am I going to settle &  
get things done! I never want to feel  
different from how I feel to-day.  
Thank you darling for all your  
lovely presents but above all for  
yourself. Without you I have nothing,  
with you I have Heaven. It shall  
always be you,  
always your loving  
Eileen.