

"Beechwood,"

Friday 9.45 P.M.

Lileen, my very own darling,

I have never spent a more miserable day in all my life. I know it is very wrong to feel so low at a time like this when we are on the crest of our wave of happiness - and yet I know that we have not really reached the peak of our joy. Oh, my Lileen, how I do love you this night above all the nights of my life. I am in such pain that I have wept myself silly this evening. Darling, I cannot live without seeing you every day - you are my life and I know to night that I would go crazy without you for another day. Surely in the future we can arrange things that we must never be separated again. Darling, it seems awful that we should be parted like this, especially as Fr. Kennedy is no particular friend of mine; but I did invite him to stay at Beechwood when he would come to Belfast for his medical examination and so I had to keep my promise and entertain him. And now I haven't even seen him! If you hadn't told me that

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You would be going to bed early this evening I would have gone to Omagh on the 7.35 train and come back here to morrow morning. Father would have thought me crazy but I know you would have understood my apperent craziness. You know that there is nothing I would not do to make you happy. That is the only aim of my life - you and your happiness. I want to tell you so much, Eileen, but tonight my heart is too full. Thank God you are having a rest this evening. You were tired at Mollie's last night - maybe you think I did not notice you.

Father and I have just finished the Rosary. Every single prayer was for you my darling one. I am a bit happier now that I have been doing something for you. I want to always do things for you. How can I ever love you enough, or do enough for you or bring you enough happiness. You, who have suffered so much on my account, how can I give you more and more love. Darling, I shall always love you with a tenderness and a gentleness which nobody but you will understand. We are so privileged to have such a precious love, Eileen, and the glory of it is that only we two know about it. I must tell you again that people do not make love nowadays as

we are now doing. I shall always have that veneration and respect for you and your person, Eileen, that began so many years ago. We shall have untold happiness together. We shall thank God for the rest of our lives for all he has done for us. I think He has been very biased on our behalf, and has not been fair to others more worthy than us. Did you know that I owe a lot of my idealism to two people - Jane Austen and Schubert? When I was very young these two just gripped my heart in a vice and left their mark on me ever since then. So when you came along, Eileen, I made you the Queen of my heart - you were my ideal. You will always maintain that place in my heart; you will always be my ideal because there is no other woman on this earth like you. It is long for me to love you forever and ever - and that is not long enough.

It is nearing midnight, Darling, as father has been talking a lot - poor man. I should mention that I have met Fergus and love him dearly. There was a flu epidemic starting in the college and they were all suddenly packed off home on 2 hours' notice!

Darling, I shall ring you at 6 P.M. and then run for the 6.50 train (due at Omagh at 9.23) I cannot be happy till we meet.

God bless you, Eileen,
 all my love,
 Frank X