

9. Holmnew,

Omagh

Wednesday Oct. 17

My own darling, your 3rd cable reached me by telephone (thanks to Mr Jones of cable & wireless who has been a positive gem) on Monday saying you were sailing October 9th. This was the day of the arrival of the Typhoon on Okinawa & I was anxious. Now that mass is being said for your safe journey home I feel happier. I have all the children praying in school & I have the utmost confidence in their prayers. I tell them to put their hearts & souls into the prayers & you should see those earnest little faces!

To-day is the funeral of Cardinal McRory & we have a free day. The weather is glorious so I'm off to the links for 18 holes of golf. I must be able to beat you at this game at Christmas. Words cannot describe how I am longing for your homecoming. I have permit ready to sail to England so give me all the information you can about port of disembarkation & also of embarkation for Ireland. Should the authorities prevent relatives meeting the actual ship then I will meet you elsewhere — wherever you will meet you — wherever you will meet you. Say, I have timed your arrival for early in November. Am I right?

Your letter from Yokohama dated Sept. 13
reached me yesterday - a week after your
air mail cards from Manila & your
wonderful diary. All letters up to now I
have addressed to Melbourne (address on
the Stoll cable) I am sending this to
California in the hope that it will
reach you on your arrival in the States.

Billy McGinty arrived in Belfast
on Saturday morning. Jot was at
mass in Newington & he was on the
steps when she came out. He is only 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
stone. They are being married right
away as his job in Sheffield is
waiting for him.

I feel so excited these days that
I have got to keep reminding myself
who I am, what I'm supposed to be doing,
remind myself to eat & sleep. Can you
believe it? The nurse says this is the
natural reaction after years of waiting.
- I didn't mind the waiting at all - my
only worry was your safety. Waiting was
pleasant. My love like yours darling has
grown & grown. There was a time when I
was timid of marriage but no more.
Hand in hand we can walk down life's
highway with ne'er a fear strengthened
by our love of God and our implicit
faith in each other.

My heart is singing this day — the
sun is shining & the river opposite my
window is gurgling away with delight.
To-night I'm off with friends to a
celebrity concert in the Town Hall. I love
music, my darling. Pictures are so tame
how poor my hilarious mood — so
boring.

Everybody in Omagh wants to
meet you especially the nuns at the
Convent. I have told them snatches from
your diary & they are convinced you
are the finest character they have ever
known. How proud I am & always
shall be of you dearest Frank. Should
you not feel like visiting this metropolis
darling never fail to say so. I just
want you to do as you feel like — that
will please me.

Tommy Cunningham is expected next
week. A Mrs Bradley of Omagh got word
6 months ago that her son died in a Jap
camp. I was wondering who he the Omagh
man you attended. I called with her &
she longs to meet you. My heart bled for her
& I thought how good God was to us.
My Christmas cards & St. Patrick's day card
are positive works of art. You can give
up doctoring anyday! All my love dearest
one & God grant you a safe journey to your
own Gilees