

Spring Villa

195 Springfield Rd.,

Belfast.

Sunday Dec. 13th

my darling Frank,

Our second Christmas 'together' is fast approaching but there is still no word from you since the postcard which reached here in October. It would be marvellous to have a few lines for the 25th but I must admit I am not banking on it. If this letter ever reaches you, it will be long after Christmas but you know so well darling, how happy I want your 1942 Christmas to be. I shall be praying for you, loving you, thinking of you and wanting you every moment of it. Indeed I wish it were well past because I know I shall miss you more than ever during these holidays. Our two candles shall burn this year again on Christmas Eve as you wish. Surely the good Lord will not allow 1943 to come & go without bringing us together. He understands how we each are suffering - no one here understands, they think only when a tear falls are you lonely - and He shall make it up to us in His own way which is the best way. If we are generous with Him, He will not be outdone in generosity. You must be suffering darling, even more than I am - How I long to soothe your anxious mind and make your captivity a little shorter, to tell you that I have always & shall always love you and only you. I need not tell you that I shall wait for you, no matter how long or how long it may be.

We shall have a housefull for Xmas. Auntie barrie arrives

home from England for a week. She is Nannie's youngest
sister. We expect to have 15-family & relatives combined - for dinner
on the 25th. Why won't you take your place with me, Frank?
You know you promised you would! Felix, Rona & Sheila
will be here & Fr Joe. I should give up the whole day for
only 5 minutes with you. Does that give a little idea of how
much you mean to me? - About father, mother, brothers
sisters & relatives you come. Nothing must happen to you,
dear Frank.

A beautiful Christmas present arrived for us
both on Friday - a picture hand painted in Celtic design
bearing the words of "Bless This House" from Miss McQuigan
my substitute in Omagh. She herself is the artist. It would
thrill you to read those beautiful words. Perhaps you already
know them? Don't it strange that unknown to me two such
pictures were presented to me this Christmas. It only proves
that our home will be a reality, blessed well before we have
entered it.

A little national school friend of mine is being married
on Boxing Day. She was showing me her trousseau & presents
this morning. You remember my telling you about being at her
mother's deathbed and asking her to pray for us both. (R.I.P)

I am going over to Beechwood this afternoon. Did you ever
get your father's letter? Gerry writes every week to you too.
I was at the Christian Brothers Play on Sunday last. Gerry did
his part very well. I was speaking to him afterwards. Josephine's
big dance is coming off on December 18th. Frances Roland & a huge
party are all going & are coaxing me to come too. It is a
year since I danced. Fr Joe was saying that Dr McCaughan was speaking

to him about you recently. Did you ever receive the money he sent you
for some operation in which you assisted him? All my love, darling.