



Merry Christmas 1944

My Dear, since I can't send you a Christmas package, I'll use the wrapping paper to write a letter.

When I met you, it never occurred to me that some holiday season I would be writing across the ocean to you. Yes, it is true; we are an ocean apart. But to me you are as much a part of my Christmas spirit as if you were here. You were with me when I bought our gifts. In my mind I asked you about each one. If you didn't approve, we got something else. Perhaps it was easier to do your Christmas shopping that way - no back talk.

This year you will spend your holiday season sacrificing everything that makes a Merry Christmas - no, not everything, you still have your God, - sacrificing that we may celebrate, not only this Christmas, but the many yet to come.

Next year you and I are going to celebrate for the three Christmases we have missed already. Can you plan to get three days living in 24 hours?

After we have our plans, we will most likely spend the day washing our dinner dishes. You see, we may have guests.

I hope you sat your Christmas dinner with a nice French family who have an attractive daughter.

Of course you are to forget her immediately after the 25th of December 1944.

Honey, I love you for every day since we first met. Can you count that far?

All My Love Always,

Alice