

A letter during the war, written from the perspective of a wife and mother:

November, 1942:

Dear Harry,

My heart aches for your return. A dam of tears welled up in my eyes and a burning pain filled my heart when I heard about William's death. I am so sorry. I feared for you and your life, but thank the lord you are ok. I feared for the news that you had fallen, that you had been wounded. I cannot bear, in fact, I dread the prospect of a yellow letter being sent. A life without you, is a life, worthless.

Everything has changed- the sun never seems to shine anymore. The birds never seem to sing. It is as if the whole world has fallen into eternal grief. No one cherishes the sun's radiant blessings anymore: we just feebly follow darkness' commands. Willpower has been conquered by self-doubt. Not only has he sent his curse, but we have seen a glimpse of his power; his wrath. We huddle meekly in a corner, praying for this living hell to end. There is no such thing as aspiration.

When I read your letter, I thought your soul had completely disappeared and eventually diminished. This was not the Harry I know. You fight for what's right. You are a just, fair person: fight the corrupt and show them the light. Show the Nazis what Britain really is, what it can do. They may have tanks, they may have more artillery; they fight with anger and hatred. But we have the greatest weapon of all: we have one thing they don't have... Hope.

Harry, you carved us. You made us. We have gone this far because of you. Your blood. Your sweat, your tears. I tell you this from the bottom of my heart, the only reason we have survived this grueling war is because of you. Because one day, we hope to see your face again. Your laugh has dragged me this far. I won't let you stop. You taught us passion: now I will teach you. There is one word you must remember. Hope.

When you wrote about being a headache, being grumpy, not being the best father and husband, well you were completely wrong. Everyone becomes grumpy - you can't just take it out on yourself! Not only are you the best

husband; you are the greatest and most loving father that children could only ever wish for. Despite the pain, despite the horrors, you are Harry. You are our most prized possession. You are the best thing that ever happened to me. My dear husband, you must not give in to death. You must keep on fighting. Let the river of fate carry you back home, to me, to us. Across stormy seas, across tidal waves of tears, you must never give in.

Harry, my dear, I cannot tell you how much I love you. If the seas were to be ink, it would still not be enough to express my love on paper. Show them. Show them who we really are and what we can do. Remember, they have hoards of weapons, but we have the greatest of all: hope. Hope to see a better day. Hope to see the sun shine once again. Keep fighting my love. Have faith. Have hope to see a better day.