

before, but tonight Christmas Eve

Darling sweet.

I'm just back from
a nice lunch (hen party!) and
am feeling very happy after a
sherry or two.

Norqan just came
in having apparently been on
a pub-crawl for the last 3hrs,
& having given us each a
resounding kiss is delivering
a supposedly sober soliloquy
on life. But unfortunately
its seriousness is marred by
the multicoloured lipstick smudges
around his mouth. Naughty man!!

I rang Meriel and wished
her a happy holiday & we had
a long chat about the good
times in the future, and babies
&c &c. Philip apparently fell
down some steps the other day
& sprained his wrist, poor mite,
but it is better now & he is
full of beans.

Darling I wish you could
be home. This Christmas cheer
is all spurious for me, and
I know that once I get into
the train away from this waxy
atmosphere thoughts of you will
steal in on me & I shall
be missing you unbearably.

Still my prayers for the New
Year will be for the end of the
war & my hubby safe home in
my arms, and our dreams come
true. All my love & thoughts
and may you spend a happy
Christmas.

God bless you angel
Love
