

She that,
Tuesday.

Sweetheart

I haven't been able to
get you out of my mind today.
What have you been up to?
Somehow everything I touched or
read, reminded me of something
you had done or said, & I
found myself continually stopping
for a little inward dream or
chuckle. You have quite an
influence over this life, honey,
may you be near so far away.

I wonder what news
you will have for me on Sunday.
Any more buzzes? or confirmation
of the latest?

The world here is still white
and your baby continues to pad
around in her inelegant footwear.
Oh how the snow has frozen quite
hard, with an innocent covering
of fresh white snow on top -
manys the yard that I zipped
along more quickly than I intended
this evening.

And what of my hardy
husband? Are you still swimming
in the evenings? Now. Do you
have to break the ice before plung-
ing in? Or is it somewhere
near 70°? Whatever the temp!
I'd rather it were you than I
this weather. Maybe when summer
arrives, I will do the bathing

costume again & brave the water.

last weekend was really lovely. honey. I enjoyed every moment of it, and wish it could have lasted a week, such happiness is all too short. Still I guess we've been awfully lucky to have seen so much of one another for the last few months. It wouldn't be possible if you were farther away & I guess many boys in that draft are not so fortunate.

I hope the journey back was without mishap. Though I guess you must have been cold & tired, and glad to turn into your bed for the night.

This evening is Saint's Feast.

So if you are sitting by the fire
this evening & are tuned into
that programme we'll listen
together.

I intend to try to finish off
the stuff I am making for Vera
as I'd like to post it off
this week.

Russians are still going strong,
dodging, and we may have next
Christmas at home together in
peace yet.

Get my fingers crossed and
a prayer in my heart.

All my love & thoughts, dearest,

Clare

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