

My Dear Husband,

I hope you are faring well and the 2nd Canadian Infantry Division is making good time. Not a day goes by that I don't think of you. My heart grows weary with everyday that goes by without a word from you while you fight bravely on. Day after day I hear good news about the Liberation of the Netherlands. My heart swells with pride. Last I heard from you, you were by the Scheldt river and making good time.

I am writing to you on November 22, 1944 and the snow is starting to cover Nova Scotia in a cold, thick blanket. I am doing as well as can be expected. Our son is doing wonderfully, his smile seems to light up these long, dark winter days. He took his first strides on ice last week. I deeply wish you could have been there to see it. Now he is saying he wants to be an NHL player. Today he asked if you would be home for Christmas. A silent tear crept down my face for I had no idea what to tell him. There is so much hope in his bright blue eyes and I know you would have hated to let him down. With every day that passes he grows to look more and more like you.

Today for dinner we had liver again since all the good meat has been sent overseas. I know it is not much but at least it is a warm meal. I can't imagine what kind of food you have in those "composite ration packs." I look forward to cooking up your favorite meal upon your return.

I have poured over your last letter time and time again and it makes me smile every time. I thank God every day for the country that we live in and the freedom that we have. My mind knows that you did what had to be done, and what you're doing is very honorable but my heart has trouble facing the fact that you are not here with us. I know you're fighting for us, your family, your country and freedom for all. I just hope you make it back. I still remember that look in your eyes when I last saw you. Not the look of fear or hatred but the look of someone who has seen the bigger picture. The look of someone who puts other lives before his own, the look of someone who will fight for justice no matter the cost. I can't be more proud of you, my love.

I have heard from another that the last phase of the plan started with heavy German opposition near Walcheren Island. It sounded horrible. I dread to think about the obstacles Canada had to overcome to win the day. My heart goes out to you and all the good you are doing. Please stay safe. I love you so much and we miss you dearly.

Sincerely,

*Your Loving Wife*