

Feb 3

My own Dearest

I am feeling brighter this morning than I did at all yesterday. In fact yesterday was a bad day and was very sick. The lying in bed process does not seem to be doing much good yet. I must go for the Doctor a bit I suppose. However I feel quite jolly this morning. I have just had Clave in and she has been sitting beside me in bed covered up as much as possible because its so cold in here. I have had the window open all night and the fire has not been lit yet. I like it cold best for the breathing. I remember I was like that last time. Dearest love I tell you I am stupid and cant think

and write you nice letters.  
But dont ever think for one  
moment dear that I dont think  
about you.

I love you so much. I think of the  
thrilling touch of you, of the joy  
of hearing you come and of  
lying in bed close to you  
talking of many things. I think  
of your fullness of life and of  
the things you are doing out  
there in France. And I pray  
a lot that you may be  
kept safe. I must do that  
I cant help it.

Its cold but a beautifully sunny  
morning and it seems rather  
a pity to be in bed instead  
of going out in it. Now  
this is the first time since  
I have been in bed that I

have wanted to get up so I  
hope I am a bit better this  
morning. And that I shall  
stay better this evening.

This is the worst part of  
having a baby & it makes  
me wonder if I shall ever  
want another, but I know I  
shall forget it and only  
remember the joy of having  
the little baby.

They have just told us in the  
paper today how much meat  
bread & sugar we should each  
use per week. So I rather think  
it looks as though they think  
the Germans words are not  
altogether an empty threat.

Oh how will it all end. I can't  
see any hope of a good ending  
except through you on the  
Western front. I wonder what  
you will be able to do.

I am sure any way that the best possible will be toyed for for all every one is worth.

# I hope we shant make mistakes The French dont seem to much now do they?

Well dearest if I've got to be like this I'm jolly glad I'm getting it over now while you are away. Think what a boar if the baby had begun as soon as the war was over & just as you came home and I wanted to enjoy being with you and you with me. I was everlastingly sick.

My darling love I send you so much love. Be not too distressed about me I shall live it through.

Your very loving  
Ruth.