

Dec. 25,1944

Darling,

Christmas occasions thoughts of warmth, of friendship, of giving—It says in all the papers!!—The spirit of the holiday, whether it be Chanukah, Christmas, or what have you is a noble and satisfying one. You and I agree that to give and love but once a year is close to the ridiculous—We, at least know the happiness of Christmas all year 'round. The pleasure of giving is ever present with us. It is not so much with the material creations that we reward each other but each day we give a little of ourselves to each other.—

It would sound inane for me to speak of how "different" our love is— Somehow ours fills all the requirements. Poems, songs, stories of love and eternal devotion were written about everlasting, enduring, powerful affections such as the one which holds us together —

Don't mind the overdose of sentimentalism—Maybe it's the night—the radio which moans "Little Town of Bethlehem"—Perhaps the carols the men sang—or the quiet tropical night with the cool breeze and twinkling stars— or the remoteness of home— the loneliness of the moment—Yes today we had a community of thought. All the men—together—in a community of homesickness —— do not think harshly—or scoff at our childishness—We have so little—so little else but dreams —

It is difficult at present to be the cold, the practical.—Even more is it hard to be humorous or laugh— to joke—I cannot say where we are, what we are doing, what we will do—there's been so much between us unsaid and undone—So much of our lives missed — 'Stelle, for my part in this denial—I beg forgiveness—For my part in being such a fool, such a child —Will you understand? Sweetheart-Would I were with you so that I could tell you of these things. That I have contributed to your unhappiness—again—I humbly request you try and be patient with me—I would like to fill the air with plans, dreams, hopes -- But 'Stelle — all there is, is a choking in the chest—Every once in awhile a guy gets himself overcome by despair; despondency overwhelms him.—it is so-oo long—so very very long —

I love you darling, —whatever happens—be happy—that's my only request—get everything we would have liked—fill your life —(er—only keep my little niche open—so if I ever get home—I'll know there's one place waiting for me— my corner of the world—Let it be a small alcove in your heart—put a comfortable chair there and always keep a warm fire glowing—Because if I come home in any recognizable form I'll head directly for that chair —That's where I belong—that's my home— with you) .

Stelle, it's not weakness, it's not softness—it's a fact—I need you!!—I need you!! I need you!!—

Enough of this—I love you — "extensively"

Your  
Sid