

May 7, 1945

Dearest Lee:

We have just been through one of the greatest weeks in history, haven't we? And now daddy just called me to say that Eisenhower has announced that this is V-E day. We are still waiting for an nouncement from the President or Churchill, but this surely must be it. Our hearts are full. I suppose at this houerevery mother is tinking of her own son first and then trying to think of the whole picture. As we think of you our hearts swell with pride at the wonderful way you have carried on. I hate to think of what you have had to go through and see at a time when you should have been experiencing the joys of youth; but that cannot be undone now. I am glad that there havw been and will be some weeks of rest and relaxation and peace. We know we still have responsibilities and that many hard years lie ahead. Dr. Stidger has expressed it in his hymn "Rise Up O World".

Rise up, O world, the light is on the hill;
Face valiantly the work that lies ahead;
Thine is the task to do thy Master's will;
To this great day His mighty hand has led;
God's bugles blow, the dawn of light is here;
Stand on thy feet and put away thy fear.
Have zeal, O world, the new dawn rises high
From out the mists of darkness and of war;
The sun of hope is riding in the sky,
The sound of death and weeping is no more.
Stand forth, march on, the far peaks are a gleam.
It is the dawn of an Immortal Dream.
Have hope, O world, 'tis thine to seek and find
The everlasting secret of the skies;
That human hearts can still be good and kind.
The flag of Faith forever bravely flies
Above the cross-crowned hill of Calvary,
Still points the way to man's great Destiny,
Have faith, O world, that all is well and good.
March forward to this brave, new dawn of hope;
Send forth the bugle call of brotherhood,
Where men in terror blindly reach and grope.
It is the Christian Day, let anthems ring;
Let every Christian heart in glory sing!

Your beautiful Mother's Day card came this morning and I appreciate it more than you know. I will celebrate my 50th birthday on Thursday of this week. It frightens me sometimes to see the years come creeping on. There is so much still to be done. But I have three fine children to be thankful for. They will be able to do some of the things which I have not. This will be the third Mother's Day that you have been away from home. I feel sure we will be together when the next one comes around.

Mrs. Inscho called me Friday night. I had written her at the time Leland was reported missing. They have not heard since around Easter time but of course are most hopeful now that so many German prisoners are being released. Of course she was asking all about you. Bob Durnham, the

one who was in Bernice's class at A.I., has been reported killed in action in the Pacific.

Yesterday was Communion Sunday at Grace. The first table is always in memory of those of you who ordinarily would be there with us.

If this is really V-E day there will be no wild celebrations. The churches are to be open for prayer. The business houses are to close, I believe, but not schools. We all realize that while this is a time of thanksgiving and praise there is still much to be done before the war is over and we have to stick to our jobs.

Take care of yourself, dear, and let us hear from you as often as you feel you can write.

With all my love.

Mother