

Mother

Near Gurga.
October 16th 1917.

My dearest Mother,

I came across this sentence in
a book the other day & it caught my
memory.

"No man lives worthy of the mother who
loves him, but to some it is granted to die
worthy of her"

Well, mother dear, if I do that last I shall
be satisfied.

I just want to let you know that I do
realise what an influence all your goodness to
me has had.

If I am spared in this next battle and come
home again when it is all over, I hope I may
be able to repay you in some small way
for it all.

Well, mother dear, this is just "Au-Revoir" because
it is so long since I saw each other.

God bless you, Mother.

Ever your loving son

J. J. Findley