

Saint Joseph Convent,
Maple Mount, Kentucky.
January 4, 1943

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Peak and Family,

"There is no death what seems so is transition," so wrote the poet and this alone gives us great consolation. Fred, though we will never see him again in this life is not lost to us, for through the merits of Christ he will be changed into another life, one that has no wars, sorrows, pains but life eternal with Christ. A life where love and happiness are the portion of those that loved and suffered in this life for Christ.

Mother failed to get the name and put up the notice that a brother of Sister Thomas James' was killed in action. The moment I looked at that little notice I felt as if Fred were with me wherever I went. I felt as though I could have spoken to him. I just could not get him off my mind. I had no need to be given the name, I was certain that the boy who sat in my classroom for two years and became very near and dear to me was with me in spirit.

I wish to assure you of my prayers for the repose of his soul. "No greater love has a man than to lay down his life for his friends." He did this and in a foreign land among strangers and at a price of suffering we do not know. Yet, let us not mourn for him; he is safe with God, his

sufferings are past and ours lay ahead of us. Let us pray for courage to lay down our life for Christ if He asks us to do so. God's holy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

I have often heard that a sign of salvation is a love for Our Blessed Mother; he had this. Many times the years that I taught at New Haven have I seen the boys slip into the church late at night, when only the sanctuary light gave us light and kneel lovingly and reverently to give a word of comfort to our Sacramental Lord and a greeting to His Mother. That edified me then and I often encouraged them to keep up this practice through life and I feel all was not lost even in army training, and on the waters of the ocean.

I would rather say to you rejoice, you have another intercessor in heaven and I another friend and pupil to welcome me when I have finished my work and turn my steps homeward. I do believe Fred will give me a great welcome for he was one of the boys that did not forget me after I left New Haven.

Be of good heart, soon you will be going home. When so many of our friends go before us into eternity our heart just naturally gets tired of earth and we long to quit this vale of tears and be with those beyond.

God bless you, God keep you! My prayers will be with "our boy."

In the Sacred Heart,

Sister M. Josephine