

TO MY SON-"MISSING IN ACTION"

My darling boy,

The three most ominous words in the entire English language are to me "Missing In Action". They run thru my head and my heart and over my body like the wheels of a locomotive gathering speed each day of my stunned bewilderment and utter confusion.

In my grief and anxiety I find myself praying for the same sort of courage I know you displayed and would want your mother to have in order that I may be the "good soldier" I must be for your sake.

I find myself praying for a new strength to be born within you wherever you may be, for this mothers heart of mine is weary with anxiety, not merely for your safety but for your own young heart which is bowed down with the worries you are causing your loved ones.

While it is poor consolation to me and many other mothers to have your superior officers admit our first defeat was caused in Tunisia by errors of poor judgment, it will serve as a lesson for the battles to come soon which our fine Americans will fight so very

gallantly to bring real victory to The Allies.

My one consolation in these dark hours of uncertainty is that for twenty three years I have been privileged to call you "Son" and in these years you have given me nothing but complete joy and happiness and never a real heart-ache.

"Missing In Action" has come to mean that the ones whom I knew as acquaintances are now classed as friends for messages of comfort have poured in from all corners of this war-fettered country of ours. These messages were sent to me, not merely because I am your mother but because you are my son.

My supply of V mail is tucked away in a dark corner of my desk for the duration. The pages on which I can no longer write you my loving thoughts, hopes and other words which only a mother can express to her only son.

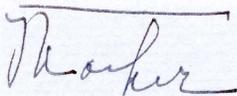
In the meantime, I am living from day to day carrying within this tired heart of mine the knowledge that our Red Cross is ever alert and serving and that soon I hope to have those words "Missing In Action" erased from my heart and mind forever.

As Frederick G. Budlong wrote;

"God needs you. He would use you as an instrument to make known His heart to men. The moment you recognize this, you unleash a new ability to carry your load of sorrow with courage and good cheer. You ask Him to use you in helping others. You offer yourself to Him with and unselfishness which brings a blessed happiness to ease your pain. Life becomes a dignified service rather than a painful period of endurance."

This I shall live by until you come back to your

Proudly devoted and adoring,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Thacker". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The first letter "T" is large and prominent, with a horizontal line extending from its top. The rest of the name is written in a fluid, connected cursive style.

March, 14th, 1943.