



Seventy years ago, our father returned home from WWII. Many of the challenges that he faced at war and that our mom faced at home have been passed down through the years as stories told over the kitchen table, but it was through our parents' letters (1,820 of them in the years he was at war) that their actual experiences—and their feelings about them—were revealed to us. The events, political and very personal, that shaped their beginnings, make the lives we lived with them more transparent, understandable, and complex than they seemed when we lived them.

Susan's been transcribing these letters, as time allows, for several years. (She's the only one who can make out our mom's writing, and can figure out the meaning of the code words they sometimes used to safely communicate important information.) We're glad they often wrote with pencils, not pens, since the letters spent too many years in basements. Although it can be erased, pencil is more permanent.

They met on March 5, 1941, became engaged three weeks later, and married in June, partway through our father's one-year enlistment, which turned into four and a half long years, two of those overseas.

They'd known each other so briefly before deciding to marry, that they had no idea what the other liked to eat, to read, or through what lenses they saw the world. Through their letters, we watch it all revealed.

*Linda & Susan*