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Monday, May 18, 1942

Little treasures of the heart, beloved! My dear, dearest [Hilde]!

I just got a sheet on which I tried our birthday hearts. Doesn't hurt, right? Our hearts are so lovingly united and intimately connected, not just on birthdays and holidays - they they always are – beloved! Forever and ever!

Sweetheart! The little man is once again sitting in the guard room - and the time doesn't take long for him, even less than before when he was standing guard - because he can think home - about you! to you!!! During the day I wrote a letter to the school council today - again for over a year. There is diplomacy involved, but within the limits of decency and without me forgiving myself anything. I didn't rush in straight away, I first gave a short report, mentioned the transfer to Königstein and expressed our thanks, including yours. So I'm free of this obligation for a while. Now I can get to my little treasure. But now it's slumbering sweetly and gently - I want to wish it - I want to hope so! – You!!! What else would it do? The night is for sleeping - but you don't always sleep on vacation, right?! When the hours are so precious - you! You!!! Oh – I would just take my little heart to bed! Whether it is properly covered. You know! The little man couldn't watch patiently for too long. It would be so irresistible to take a bite out of your sweet little nose or cheek. But that wouldn't happen at all - my dear little woman would have woken up long ago - and would have quarreled and - put the little man straight into his bed, no matter how he resisted it - and - oh, I don't need to go on - the little man has always right - that it loves you so much, loves you soooooooooooooo much and longs for you, little heart, little heart of gold, beloved! I belong to you! Very close to you! To your heart! Lover! And that is my deepest desire - only the evil war prevents it! You! You!!!

Lover! I want to go to you, only to you! And you know that I'll come, very quickly, when I'm free! That I am always ready - oh dear! that I always focus on you and my most secret thoughts and desires - your Cupid, your Mannerli, your [Roland] - you, your little boy!

Oh little heart! Everything was a man feels for a beloved woman, what lives in him from the days of his first life, childhood in the protection of his mother, what trembles and trembles in him with the impulses of love - it revolves around you, around you alone! You have drawn them all onto yourself - you are my fulfillment, beloved! I surrender to your love with faith! Oh you! How I love you!!!! How I have sheltered in your love! Oh little heart! How happy I am that I can come to you to give you gifts - to let you give gifts to me! Lover! Men should not believe in people - but lovers, if they love each other from the heart, can and must believe in each other with God's help!

Oh little heart! I do believe you! I trust you completely! And you believe and trust me! This is where all love culminates! That's the most delicious thing about it! The strongest!

And destroyed faith is the terrible thing of broken love! Oh little heart! Lover! Do you feel how tightly I hold you? How my heart, my soul urges to join yours, to never leave you?

And that's how you love me! You loved me first, you!!!!

Sweetheart! I think two people can never love each other like that. Two hearts are so inflamed with love for each other - you! You!!!! !!!!! !!!

Next to me lie your lovely messengers from Saturday and Sunday, which I haven't had time to answer yet. Tell me about the encounter with teacher O. and his wife! With his talk about the wanted poster, this Filou is already taking precautions. [T]his being able to make the best of himself [sic] is still his most endearing side, but otherwise he is a rascal and will remain so for the rest of his life [sic] - rascal in the bad sense, a person without principles and support, not a man. His wife probably tries to raise him from time to time. Man can show a satanic laugh. I don't think he's entirely Aryan either .

Oh dear! If there is dirt in the nest, is it any wonder that the little birds are dirty too? As much good as love can stimulate and bring to light, there must be so much unpleasantness, so much discontent and indifference where love falls asleep and is disturbed; Where the stream of love no longer has a gradient, ^{murky} pools and pools with all sorts of rubbish form.

And the next day gave you a glimpse of a better place to celebrate your golden wedding anniversary. You! The man would have to be 83 years old, 71 my dear, if we, if we wanted to experience this festival. Oh, our desires and thoughts don't go that far - and we feel that it would be wrong if we wanted to get so carried away with such desires. It's all in God's hands. And I would only like to say one thing: that the time until then doesn't seem long enough for me to really love you. Oh beloved! When I think of you, I would like to ask the Lord God to let me walk by your side for a long, long time, oh, always - I would like to ask him so fervently that he would let us walk together through this life! You! You!!!!!!!!!!!! !!! Oh little heart! I surrender with you to God's will, faithfully and humbly. God will do it! "Life is rough and uneven for those who live it truly, who do not avoid and avoid unpleasant things." [420509-2-1] Sweetheart! That's so true. And to many, our path and fate may seem particularly happy and merciful. And we recognize it as such – with a deeply grateful heart! And our path also has rocks and bumps - but we want to overcome them happily together - and we will never let our love be stolen from us and will therefore always be happy! A person's life is as sunny as that person has sun in his heart. Love, the good love of the heart, has brought so much sunshine into our lives - oh dear little ones, we can't even think that its shine will diminish! And we fervently pray to God, who gave it to us, to keep it in grace! Oh beloved! May he be with you on all paths! May he keep you happy and healthy! May He make it happen that we can live together very soon!

I'm about to wake up my replacement. The hands move to 3 o'clock. Then the man quickly wants to lie down for another two hours. Don't want to be bothered by anyone! At most from my little heart! If only it wants to come to me – in a dream – oh, that would be great! – then I'll be very alert and have to admit it! You! You!!! My [Hilde]! My [Hilde]! My dear wife! You are my life, my everything!

I love you! Sooo much, soooooooooooooo with all my heart! I kiss you, so sweetly! And always think yours! And get well again soon! You! My! My! My!!!

I am completely yours! Forever Yours! Your happy husband!

Your [Roland]!