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Autor Roland Nordhoff
Korrespondenz Oberfrohna
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Herausgeber Laura Fahnenbruck et al.
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Tuesday December 10th 40.

My dear, dear heart! Lover! My dear [Hilde]!

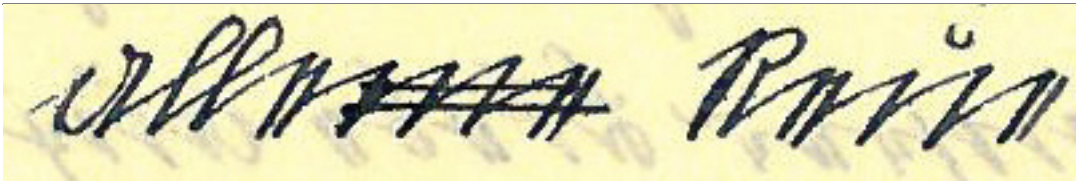
Which soldier will get the nicest and most faithful letters? Oh beloved! Shall I praise you? It would go wrong after all, and I don't like it ʔ. Shall I tell you how happy I am and how I love you and want to win even more? I can't say it, words can't. If I can hold you in my arms, then you would like to feel it much better. How I long to tell you and to show you how close you are—you! one with you! So close, beloved! My [Hilde], you!!! On Saturday you asked so much for me! I felt it, you! The little key was rebellious again for the first time. I also slept badly on Sunday night.

Favorite! You! The way you describe it to me that you [h]ave asked for me: it worries me a little. What can I advise you for consolation? Certainly the restlessness sounds oursdays after in it. You will become calmer. And you have to do a little yourself so that you don't get excited unnecessarily. May you invoke everything that is happy, proud and beautiful and that points to the future of our love, and may you banish everything that torments and hurts. It doesn't always work. I want to ask God to help you through the difficult hours. beloved, you! I know, no matter how much it hurt you, you would n't betray our love for it. But she should make you so happy, dearest, you!!

And when I come on vacation, you! then we both want to be happy again! Do you think we will be? You!! You!!! Even more than last time? Yes, yes, you!! Because I want it! Lover!! Make you happy and redeem!! And you! - because I can do it better then - yes? — You!! Favorite! Lover! My sweet, dear wife!! You know, your fat man has a good sense of place! Where he once was, he will surely find his way again - and then always better and safer and more effortless - you!! You!!! You! Will I be allowed into the little garden then? You! - Lover! My dear, dear [Hilde]!!

I'll send you back the cute little bundle from the Lichtlabend so that you can keep it. I sent you back the greetings from the choir, because I thought you might not have seen the painting on the sheet, the one that is rich in associations. Favorite! Don't oracle! I also have my thoughts on everything, I keep myself inwardly ready - but above all hopes and worries I place the request and confidence: What my God wants, always happens; because his ~~w~~ will is the best! Beloved, please! Make yourself very familiar with this attitude.

From her alone comes the strength to overcome all worries and weaknesses - and you! The most important! That in one case we all ~~mæ~~[crossed out twice; see excerpt from the letter] Put remorse far from us - that we joyfully say yes and take everything upon ourselves.



You! This is as important as it is difficult. And now , beloved! I ask God to arrange it in such a way that we can bear it together, I and you, that we can prepare ourselves in many dear hours; that I can be around you, the one who understands you best, in whom you can pour out your heart, in whom you trust yourself completely, who can offer you the best consolation in weak hours, and who wants to envelop you in the protection of his love. Lover! Are you angry with me for this prayer? I know it's not you, you understand me, and you probably ^{even agree with the request} [^] .

Your dear messenger from Monday is already in my hands. He made it so clear to me once again: In the difficult hours of the birth of a child, and even the first to be at the mercy of strangers, not knowing a safe home and no solid, own, domestic order behind one — it's so heavy and hard. And you're not the one who wouldn't feel that. I am not writing this to scare you, but so that you understand my prayer. You know that I would do everything I could to stand by you — and [[^]] ^{by} I knew your dear mother was in the best of hands, and you would then have to put up with my dear mother being around you as my representative—and when the time comes, then I can only be in the room next door, can't I true? - but in the hours before, beloved!, and when you then open your eyes happily from the pain for the first time - you! - Lover! — do you think that I would then be jealous of every supporter, no matter how dear? You! Do you understand? What if I want to be all alone with you? Say you!! Dearest! do you understand my prayer — I wanted to write to you about our pictures.

See your big boy, your Hubo? And that he is happy? You! It really was me, beloved !!! The fact that I see you standing in front of Frau Holle's house and that you, my dear, who is closest to my heart, sitting here on the strange bench in front of the strange city, that is the best proof for me that you came to see me here, Dearest!

The other pictures evoke this thought: if we have been around each other for a long time, then the miraculous happens: that we become alike. This speaks to me most clearly from the picture with Pappsch and Mutsch. - Because we had to do without each other for three months, ~~hate~~st you made yourself independent again for the [Laube], even more for the F.. Yes, you! just wait, wait! I want to straighten you out and straighten you out — [Nordhoff] is your name now! — Can you be straightened out by your fat man, you?!! You! He will look you in the eyes for a long, long time — will hug and hug you! You!! What I say here is by no means meant to be malicious. I like you very much in all the pictures and I'm so glad that I own them. — [Arbor].

[*] That reminds me of something. Today I read the curriculum vitae of a soldier whose mother, who came from the Rhineland, was called geb.["Arbor" with e]. That's exactly your maiden name. "[be]" is the old form of ["be" with e]. ["Laube"] is therefore ["be"] in [leaves], in [lukewarm]ness. This discovery would be further evidence that the entire Glauchau area was settled from the Rhineland, which a teacher has already proved quite convincingly using place names and family names. "A Rhenish girl — — —" You! I think we have to make a trip there, maybe oursHoneymoon? — heart love! You were alone with your father on Sunday. Thank him for the special greeting. When the needle became restless in your fingers, your Hubo also sat behind the writing paper, oh, so long, so long! You! Do you think that I would like to come and stay with you, because of your parents? The parents whom you, my dear, thank for your life - you, it's so strange. Not that I then vigilantly tensed, observed and

noted like a detective - I'm not like that - no, I then let myself be ensnared in a certain way by your domesticity, your house spirit - and without words I then feel something of their nature, that yes it rose in you. Did they love each other like we did when you were born? Certainly not as conscious as we are. Did they want it? Oh, curious questions these are to which we never get an answer. You could also ask me back. Whether it is of influence and importance, whether parents want their child with all their might and love - or whether they just take chance into account? - But it's right if we think about it - and it's only natural that we want to anticipate our parents. —

You, I forgot to write you: You don't borrow any more money from your parents! And you pay back the 50M as soon as possible! you dandruff! How are you doing! —

At the same time I finished a letter to the school board, it had been burning at my seams for a long time. I'll send you the concept. Will that help? — What is behind it when you write: "I want to write to Ms. P. for all sorts of reasons." I'm not curious you!

You don't want to go back into the mouse hole! But in my uniform? Your Hubo will actually get a new one soon, a 1st set, for the holidays. Then the 2nd would be free! In my little bed? You?! And very good? You can assure everyone else that, just not your Hubo! And if you really wanted to be good, your fat boy — you couldn't. But we'd have a good night's sleep now. The Englishman hasn't been back since you left [sic]. - But you! I'll save the washing of my back in case your memory doesn't quite keep up on this point. Your Hubo is now sitting at the table freshly bathed. He has spread out, has a table all to himself, the treasure chest is in front of him - he can't see left or right, he can't see and hear what's going on around him - he's all with you! Lover! My love, dear [Hilde]!! Who still thinks so diligently about home here? Lover! I would be jealous of him too.

I think I've gotten all my lovely slaps and slaps back.

My dear, dear [Hilde]! God bless you! He give us strength and patience!

Don't worry about me, not even about Christmas! You! With the glad tidings of God's inexhaustible love, our hearts should be filled with gratitude and joy in our abundant happiness, with the glad assurance that we both stand together, beloved, in love and unshakable fidelity, with the confidence that God sees us and protects and is gracious, and from the joyful belief that we will see each other again soon!

My dear, dear [Hilde]! Let yourself be hearted! Let me kiss you! Let me tell you: that I love you, that I love you from the bottom of my heart!! you alone!!! You!!! I am your [Roland]!!!

My dear, dear [Hilde]! [**]

[*= The following discussion of Hilde's maiden name makes no sense with the pseudonym "Laube", but in the original it does.]

[** = written along the side]

