

Letter written by sergeant A. Durand, 68th infantry regiment, fallen on the field of honor

Source: **La dernière lettre écrite par des soldats français tombés au champ d'honneur 1914-1918**

My dearest wife,

My dearest children,

In case that God wills that a deadly bullet comes to deprive me of the affection of my dear Marguerite, my cherished children, and my beloved parents, all of you will find consolation in knowing that death surprised me ready to make the great journey to heaven, where I hope to find you one day, my prayers will take the place of everything that I could do for you down here.

For you, my dearest wife, your life is broken. Alas! Your good days are short and few, and you no doubt think it a cruel heartbreak for me to think that possibly I will never see you again.

But I had to act as a Frenchman, a Christian, and as father in doing my duty. So if death takes me, my last kiss, my last thoughts will be for you, my dearest wife, my children and my parents.

My dear Marguerite, you will find a precious consolation and a faithful memory in our charming children, Jeanne and Maurice. Teach them the memory of their father who loved them to madness. Instruct them the love of God, the love of work, give them a good education, in a word, raise a good boy, a good housewife.

Conserve thus my memory, my dear ones, and be persuaded, that if it should happen, that I think always of you and that I don't want my sacrifice to be useless, not forgetting that I have a wife and children but that if God wants it and that if duty calls me, I will conduct myself as a soldier.

Goodby my adored wife, you were endlessly the object of my worries, I welcomed your friendship that has only grown during the long and cruel separation that this war has imposed on us.

I tenderly embrace you all for perhaps a last time.

Goodbye my dear parents. Take my place and support my dear Marguerite.

A. Durand