

Letter written by Jacques Ebenier, 112th infantry regiment, fallen on the field of honor, 19 January 1917

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

My dear mother,

The day that you read these words, I will no longer be in this world. Aunt Marie, who has always been so warm to me, has been asked to let you know.

As so, that which I had told you about [has happened] and now that I have disappeared, fallen gloriously for my country, I am asking you something, don't cry over my death, it is the most beautiful of all, and under your black veil, you have the right to proudly raise your head, and then, what is life? In a few years, your sufferings will be over and you will come and rejoin me in the sky where evil does not exist. There we will be reunited, I am sure because I love you so much that we would not be reunited one day forever in some kind of essence that will live in an eternal beatitude. I tell you this, my dear mother, and this will aid you, during the time that you remain in existence on earth to support your grief as the Spartan and Roman mothers endured. To give your son to the country, when that country is France, could there be anything better for a mother?