

17th September, 1953

My dear boy,

I am desperately waiting for you every day to come back home to me. Where are you? Haven't the woods protected you? Haven't your friends guided you back? Why don't you come home to me?

My sweet partisan, I haven't heard from you for so many years now. How are you? Shouldn't you come back? Aren't the good men supposed to win the war against the bad?

Oh... I hope you still remember me and the short time we spent together as vivid as I do now, when all I can do is wait and think about the beautiful things we left in the past together with our youth. Every single morning, as soon as I wake up, I think of your face, your voice and how they never change in my memory.

I wish for you to win, to survive this ugly war and return home, together with our brothers and fathers who left to fight against the occupiers, hoping to free Lithuania.

My strong boy, when will this horrible war end? When will the Soviets be beaten and we will be free? When will our motherland rise again? When can we reunite and welcome eternity hand-in-hand together?

To spend every day unknowing how you are is making me go insane. The sun is not as warm as I remember it to be, the days are dull and no song can cheer me up – everything lost its beauty since I saw you for the last time.

My sweet summer child, how brave you are. So fearless of you and your brothers to leave home, hide in the woods and fight for justice against the evil men who harm us.

My love, I and the sisters and mothers are waiting for you. Every time I see mother gently stroke a picture of you and shed silent tears of sadness and pain, I feel more helpless than before. I am secretly praying for the well-being of all of you and I won't stop until you and our precious brothers safely return home.

I will wait for you! Even if it takes forever! I am certain that our souls will meet in heaven and we can make up for all the lost time, possibilities and dreams that we couldn't fulfill because of this cruel world and the sacrifices we made in order to change it.

Forever yours,

Rūta

Rūta Tamulionytė IIIa

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