

# Letter From Hayes, John T. written Friday, April 1st, 1864

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Kind Father and Mother,

I write you a few lines to let you know that I have not forgot you yet and yo let you know that I am well at this time and I hope this will find you enjoying good health. I was glad to hear from you and to hear that you was all well but I would like to see all of you once more. It seems so long time since I was at home but still I hope to get to come home one more before my term of service expires and see all of you. Then the time will not seem so long, the rest of my time ten or twelve months as the case may be. I think I will get to come home next month any how unless I am fooled out of it by someone that wants to lie about something make --- whether they have or not sense. I seen the Captain this morning about coming home. He said that I would stand a good chance when the other boys got back and he told me to remind him of it then. So that is as good as a promise but he told me at Camp Gambel that he would give me one after a while and I told him that he did and I told him that I did not know how long after a while would be but I thought it has passed but there has been some one after him all the time or when there was any chance for a furlough and the one that had the gift of continuance as the one that got the furlough. But still I think I will come out alright yet if nothing happends to me and I will get to come next trip if I should not I will wait the next time and that is all.

Well Father and Mother, Father particular; if in the other letter I wrote to you which you will get I reckon if I said anything that I had ought not of said forgive me and tell me where in I did. I would not hurt your fellings if I know it for you have been a kind and a good father to me and I love you. You are near and dear to me but I have been wicked and ungrateful son to you and I ask pardon. Oh that I could but repay the debt of love that I owe to a kind father but all that I ask you is receive mu ungrateful thanks and all that I said was because I love you and want to meet you where we will part no more to that heaven of eternal rest where I am determined by the grace of God to make my home and meet them that gone before and them that are on their way to the better land and to rest. You may think that I write and say a good deal about religion. I don't say half as much to you as I think and would like to say to you but I love to talk of heaven. I love to sing of heaven, sweet heaven, where my blessed savior dwells and I hope my eternal home and resting place when done with these low ---- of service and I God that it may be my happy lot to meet you and my mother there and all the rest of my loved ones and friends where we will sing our suffering and where we will rest forever more, where the wicked will cease to trouble, where storms no more disturb our repose than the summer that shuts the rose. Now I will stop for fear you can't read what I have written. Write soon. Farewell for the present. Hoping soon to see you.

John T Hayes