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MacDonald, Charles John F55228
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Charlie John was born in 1909, the son of Duncan H. and Flora (MacDonald) MacDonald, Bay Road Valley. Private MacDonald served overseas with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, Infantry Corps. Weekly, Duncan H. MacDonald wrote to his sons. When he learned that Charlie had been killed in action and Gordon taken prisoner of war, he wrote:



August 1944

Dear Charlie and Gordon,

Again on this fine Sunday afternoon we write you these lines as oft we done in answer to your welcome cheerful and never failing letters which sorry to relate we receive no more and Dear Charlie you have made the Supreme Sacrifice and your body rests far away from your native shores and kindred but we trust and pray that your soul is at rest with God in his Eternal home and Gordon we still have hopes that you are still living and will return to us and if fates prove otherwise we hope your soul is in that happy haven.

Continue reading below.

Tomorrow would be your thirty fifth birthday Charlie and in my mind's eye I can plainly see you as a little lad with your little pail carrying cold water from the old spring, later plodding to Post Office for our mail and telling us tall stories of the Germans you had met on way and destroyed later on but when seven years old travelling miles to school alone, then later in years leaving the parental roof and going to North River lumber woods later on to wheat fields of Alberta then home again on the Rawleigh route with your faithful horse Jumbo. Thence to Gypsum Plant at Dingwall and when I heard our country was at war I well knew by your ideals you would be one of the first loyal boys that would enlist for country and freedom and it takes lots of courage to leave home, loved ones and friends and embark on the great adventure you and all your brothers we well knew would be in ranks only ye did not wish we be left alone and we are proud to be the parents of such a family but we miss the empty chairs. But ye got your Patriotism honestly from your forebears. Well do I remember being thrilled by father with the tales of the exploits of Nelson at Trafalgar, Wellington at Waterloo, Wolfe at the Plains of Abraham and in our countries early days singing the praises of MacDonald, Tupper and Cartier and you Charlie visiting travelling a long way to see the home of your ancestors all goes to prove that your heart was true and you gave your precious manly life fighting to the last for us and the freedom you believed in greater love hath no man than that he gives his life for his friends. You will always live in our memories as one of nature's gentlemen, a friend of all and a son any parents and brothers and relatives may well be proud to own kinship to and its sad to see so many of the cream of our country go under but such is cruel war.

So farewell Dear Son for the Present but we trust and pray we will all meet again over yonder where there will be no more parting and cruel war which parted us from a loving faithful Son and Brother we'll see no more.

From Father, Mother and Brothers

Private MacDonald was killed in action the day after D-Day, June 7, 1944. He was buried in Beny-Sur-Mer Cemetery, France.