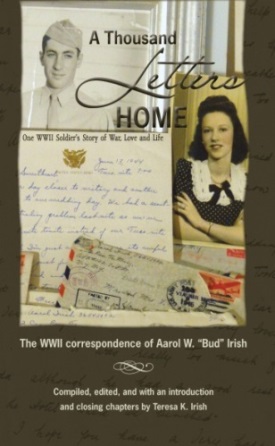
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PRESS RELEASE

**ATLH Book Cover**

**Author Teresa K. Irish**

**[Organization Name] Hosts**

**“*A Thousand Letters Home, the Journey of the Letters”***

**A Thousand Letters Home** author, Teresa Irish, will present the inspirational and life-affirming story of *“The Journey of the Letters”* at [Location Name] on [Date] at [Time]. Following the 2006 death of her father, Aarol W. “Bud” Irish, of Saginaw, MI, Teresa opened the Army trunk that had resided in the family home her entire life. There, nestled in row after row, were her dad’s nearly 1,000 letters from WWII. Visited only by him over the course of six decades, the letters were postmarked from Nov. 1942 to Dec. 1945. The fragile and yellowed pages were written to Bud’s parents back in Hemlock, MI, and to the sweetheart who would later become his wife. From lonesome, moonlit nights listening to the Hit Parade, to the foxholes and front lines in Germany where Bud would receive the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, and the Purple Heart, to correspondence with the heartbroken mothers whose sons died by his side, this is a moving and historic story of life and loss, hope and perseverance, unwavering faith, and true love. **A Thousand Letters Home** is comprised of 320 of these poignant letters and 104 corresponding photographs.

The firsthand account through the eyes, heart and words of one soldier mirrors the journeys of many who served in WWII. From training camps across the U.S.A., to Ports of Embarkation where they boarded ships and crossed the ocean to fight on foreign soil, millions of young Americans were abruptly pulled from civilian life and thrust into the unfamiliar world of a military at war. At every opportunity, Bud poured his thoughts and feelings into his letters, all amidst reassuring words to loved ones a world away. Unable or perhaps reluctant to recount what they had experienced, many veterans chose to spare their loved ones the detailed atrocities of war – these would be their own personal burdens to bear for the remainder of their lives. Bud foreshadowed this in a letter to his parents written from Europe on February 4, 1945, *“…Heaven knows they [soldiers] don't want anything more on earth than to get it over and go back to their loved ones…We don't want anything extra when we get home, but just want to find everything as we left it and forget everything that's happened or we've seen over here…”*

**A Thousand Letters Home** was named *Reviewer’s Choice* by Midwest Book Review Small Press Bookwatch, and was recognized by Writer’s Digest Self Published Book Awards. In addition to selecting **ATLH** for their *Recommended Reading List*, The Military Writers Society of America called it “*a fascinating book…a treasure trove,*” and concluded “*highly recommend*.” Ms. Irish has been the featured speaker/author at over 200 venues, and has appeared on **ABC News**, **NPR**, **Veterans Radio**, **Frontlines of Freedom**, **Military Author Radio**, and the nationally syndicated **National Defense** show. The story of *“The Journey of the Letters”* has been reported in newspapers throughout the country. The book’s introduction, letter excerpts, speaker/reader reviews, and photo gallery may be viewed at [www.AThousandLettersHome.com](http://www.AThousandLettersHome.com).

Born in Saginaw, MI, Irish is a 1984 graduate of Michigan State University. She has worked in higher education administration, the staffing industry, and most recently as a vice-president for a national home healthcare and hospice company. Five-and-a-half years after finding the letters, Irish brought **A Thousand Letters Home** to print. As the book’s author, publisher and distributor, this has truly been a labor of love. The book is available in hardcover, softcover and e-book formats. Irish retired in April, 2012 to devote her time to sharing the story through speaking engagements and book events. Irish lives Northville, MI and is married to COL Brad Foster, United States Army Reserve.

Irish’s program reaches across generations with a little something for everyone. Her skillful, entertaining, and engaging storytelling, accompanied by 1940’s photographs and songs from Waltz Time and Hit Parade, blends humor and history to leave audiences laughing, crying, reminiscing and introspective. A heartfelt tribute to America’s history, freedoms and family values, as well as a call to citizenship in today’s world, this program is for the children, grandchildren, and future descendants of all veterans. This is for all Americans…***Lest we forget.***

Hardcover and softcover books will be available for sale and signing following the program. For additional information on ATLH, go to [www.AThousandLettersHome.com](http://www.AThousandLettersHome.com). This event is free and open to the public. [Location Name] is located at [Address]. For more details regarding this program, call [Telephone #] or visit [Website Address].

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**Contact Information for Media Inquiries**

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**A Thousand Letters Home** and the presentation of *“The Journey of the Letters”*

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Sponsoring organizations and media are permitted to use photographs & letter excerpts contained in this release, or posted at [www.AThousandLettersHome.com](http://www.AThousandLettersHome.com), to publicize an upcoming ATLH event.

**“A Thousand Letters Home”**

***Letter Excerpts***

***December 12, 1942***

“I’m saving all of your letters…Do you suppose you could keep them for me when I get 20 or 25 if I wrap them carefully in a package and send them to you? I’d like to keep every one and you do the same then we’ll pull them out and read them over every so often for the next 50 years, okay?”

***− written to Elaine from Camp Maxey, Texas***

***September 23, 1943***

“I used to get lonesome back in camp but it seems I miss you so much more now. Maybe it’s ‘cause we’re out in the open where you look up any time when the sky's clear at nite and see stars shining or the moon getting low and it brings back all those memories…keep praying and always remember that I’ll be faithful forever and that I’ll be coming back to you when this war is over.”

***– written to Elaine from Louisiana field maneuvers***

***August 23, 1944***

“If somebody hadn’t started arming the U.S. and drafting soldiers when they did all I can say is that God would be the only one to save us today and that would probably be without our help. It’s plain to see now that Germany and Japan were well set to keep rolling all the way if someone hadn’t stopped them. Well, they’re stopped now and will keep sinking from now on.”

***– written to Bud’s parents from Fort Dix, New Jersey, before leaving for Europe***

***October 10, 1944***

“…Suppose you think I’ve been forgetting about you since I haven’t written for so long, but this isn’t such a good place to write. We try to get a little sleep in the daytime by taking turns lying down…It’s been pretty cool here and my hands get a little cold when I write too long. We’ve been in this foxhole for several days now, and Honey, don’t think I haven’t thought of you for hours at nite and during the day.” ***– written to Elaine from Europe***

***November 5, 1944***

“…Well, here is a letter you’ve probably been looking for as it’s my first written inside ‘der Fuehrer’s’ country. May it not be his much longer. By the calm that lays over the villages and fields, with the exception of a little mortar and artillery fire, one would hardly realize that only a few hundred yards in front of us the enemy was facing us with waiting guns while our guns are trained towards him. But as soon as darkness falls again, every nerve tightens and things begin popping…” ***– written to Bud’s parents from Germany***

***November 26, 1944***

“…As we knelt there in the room of a partially wrecked building our planes were roaring overhead to bomb deeper into Germany…One thing that helps a fellow feel good is to know that the folks at home are safe and their homes and cities aren’t a mass of destruction such as is here in Germany. They’re paying and paying dearly for their four years of tyranny… There’s no doubt about it that it’s at a high cost in men for each side.” ***− written to Bud’s parents from Germany***

***December 27, 1944***

“...Christmas Eve and Day were spent in a foxhole on the banks of the Roer River…off in the distance the Germans had a loud speaker playing Christmas carols and putting out propaganda…At 12 o’clock, a church bell was ringing deeper into Germany and our mortars were throwing a few shells across the river, then another church bell rang…Here we are, Germans and Americans, facing each other across a little river thinking of “peace on earth”, and just watching in tense silence for an enemy to move so we could riddle him with bullets…” – ***written to Bud’s parents from Germany***

***April 12, 1945***

“…their German S.S. troopers came down the road and there were so many we didn’t have a chance…My buddy was between him and me and was lying so close that I could feel the bullets hit him…I dropped on my face and laid there to make them think I was dead and one of them jerked the rifle from my hands and hit us both over the head. …About a half hour later I heard them coming back and my heart was beating so hard it seemed like they should have heard it…”

– ***written to Bud’s parents from Germany***

***July 11, 1945***

“The radio has been blaring all day about the great, successful raids against Japan, but there’s never a word about the Americans who are dying trying to put it across. I remember when we were in foxholes waiting to cross the Roer and then Rhine Rivers. The papers and radio would say everything is peaceful with action limited to scattered nite patrols. They didn’t stop to think that every day takes the lives of men and results in wounds for others. One nite the unit next to us sent 29 men over on a patrol and not one came back…” ***– written to Bud’s dad from Germany***

***December 10, 1945***

“I hope this will be my last letter from the ETO though I’ve wished that so much lately that it doesn’t seem like that last letter will ever be written. I wasn’t going to write anymore but thought perhaps if I didn’t you folks would be looking for me to walk in the door each day…I went to Mass Saturday, and Mass and Holy Communion Sunday, and asked that if it were God’s will that I be home for midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. I thought my prayers were answered when at noon yesterday the orders came through that we were leaving Tuesday morning for Camp Philip Morris in Le Harve. We had duffle bags packed and piled outside waiting for trucks at 4:30 tonite when word came down that it was cancelled for 48 hours. Boy, talk about a bunch of heartbroken fellows. We were certainly them.” ***– written to Bud’s parents from Camp Boston Reims***