

N: 2

April 24, 1948

Received d. 2/5 N: 2

My dear Doris,

Your most welcome letter was received last Friday. After reading what you had to say, I could not restrain the tears; but was forced to my knees before the Lord. Sometimes His leading is into bitter paths; but other times it is indeed by the "still waters."

In China I trusted that our parting was His will. But it was hard to believe His leading was in the right direction. Today, however, I need not walk wholly by faith, for I can see the working of His infinite love and power.

Doris, just now I cannot help but wonder if the greatest blessing for the Christian is not heart-ache. I can recall how close I was drawn to Himself when I thought I had lost you. The more I prayed, the more I was sure we were made for each other: "Are we not made to be just one, to serve in unity, With hand-in-hand and hearts in tune, Just God and you and me." Our interests and backgrounds were so much alike. And yet, there

was a purpose in our parting. I believe the Lord uses such things to test our faith and to increase our dependence on Him. Then too, you know, we would be unable to sympathize with others unless we have had the privilege of suffering ourselves. So then, Doris, can we not consider our suffering to be for the glory of the Lord? We are still far apart, Doris. Yet, if it is His will that we should be brought together, nothing under the sun can keep us apart. And if it is His will we never should walk hand-in-hand, may no one bring us together. Therefore, Doris, it is not for us to seek our own desires; but it is for us to seek His great and glorious will. Our only responsibility is to trust Him. I cannot blame you for the condition that arose between you and Van. I am sure that was His will too. As the Lord tested my faith in China, so has He tested your faith in Sweden. Because of the experiences, I believe we are both better fitted for each other and for the Lord's service. It is a beautiful day in Chicago. The leaves are almost in full bloom. The other day I penned a few lines of free verse. See what you think of it.

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April 25, 1948
My dear Doris,
Your most welcome letter was received last Friday. After reading what you had to say, I could not restrain the tears; but was forced to my knees before the Lord. Sometimes His leading is into bitter paths; but other times it is indeed by the "still waters."
In China I trusted that our parting was His will. But it was hard to believe His leading was in the right direction. Today, however, I need not walk wholly by faith, for I can see the working of His infinite love and power.
Doris, just now I cannot help but wonder if the greatest blessing for the Christian is not heart-peace. I can recall how close I was drawn to Himself when I thought I had lost you. The more I prayed, the more I was sure we were made for each other: "And we not made to be just one, To serve in unity, with hand-in-hand and hearts in tune, just God and you and me." Our interests and backgrounds were so much alike. And yet, there

Oh why hath God looked down on us -
 Amid the toils and cares of life,
 To bless us with so fine a gift
 As this a morn made bright with spring?

Perhaps He knows our dreary hearts,
 And wills to make us free from care,
 To laugh and sing with word and song,
 A heaven here - for just a morn.

I care no more about the gloom
 Of nights so cold and long and dark;
 I seem no more to sense dispare,
 For with the spring has come new hope.

Oh may this hope for e're endure
 Through winter blasts and life's sore hurt,
 A symbol of a future spring
 When morn and spring for e're shall reign.

You are no doubt wondering about my social
 life. Yes, I go out on dates occasionally - about
 once a week. I would have done it more often if
 time had permitted. There are only about six

exercises on campus. The ladies, you know, are
 much in the minority in the states (unlike China,
 isn't it?). As a result, I guess we are sort of
 in demand. Since returning home I have taken out
 a number of fine girls. But somehow, none have
 interested me. As a matter of fact, Boris, I always
 converse each date with you and find that every one
 falls short. Lately I have been having a little
 red head quite often. I call her Mickey. She is
 half Swedish (half as good as you). In fact, if
 your letter hadn't arrived when it did, I might
 have made some commitments to her. Now I shall
 stall her off until I can see you or until something
 can be decided between you and me. As for Jeanne,
 I haven't had a date with her for about six months.
 Jeanne is very beautiful and very popular. When I
 arrived back, strangely enough, she tried her hardest
 to slip back my love. For a time it seemed that some-
 thing would come of it. But again, Boris, I compared
 her with you also and decided I was not interested.
 Who knows, perhaps the Lord has been keeping my
 heart for a certain sweet little China girl.
 The folks and Elaine (my sis) just left for
 some church visitation. As Mom and Elaine crossed
 the yard, Dad found a little snake and chased them

ex-marines on campus. The matines, you know, are much in the minority in the states (unlike China, isn't it?). As a result, I guess we are sort of in demand. Since returning home I have taken out a number of fine girls. But somehow, none have interested me. As a matter of truth, Doris, I always compare each date with you and find that every one falls short. Lately I have been dating a little red head quite often. I call her Mickey. She is half Swedish (half as good as you). In fact, if your letter hadn't arrived when it did, I might have made some commitments to her. Now I shall stall her off until I can see you or until something can be decided between you and me. As for Jeanne, I haven't had a date with her for about six months. Jeanne is very beautiful and very popular. When I arrived back, strangely enough, she tried her hardest to win back my love. For a time it seemed that something would come of it. But again, Doris, I compared her with you also and decided I was not interested. Who knows, perhaps the Lord has been keeping my heart for a certain sweet little China girl.

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 Amid the toils and cares of life,
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 And will to make us free from care,
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 A heaven here - for just a morn.
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 Oh say this hope for a' to endure
 Through winter blasts and life's sore hurt,
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 When morn and spring for a' shall reign.
 You are no longer wondering about my social
 life. Yes, I go out on dates occasionally - about
 once a week. I would have done it more often if
 time had permitted. There are only about six

my plans so that I can have a longer visit. And
 who knows what will come of such a visit!!!!!!
 Last night I attended a concert at our church.
 I enjoyed it very much. Tonight I expect to
 attend a "sing-a-long" in one of the south side
 churches. Every two or three months all the young
 people of all the fundamental churches on the south
 side get together for a hymn-sing. We use most of the
 choruses that you know and a few more besides. Usually
 there are 1000 to 1500 in attendance. We certainly
 have a good time singing praises to the Lord. These
 "sing-a-longs" started in Chicago just before the
 war and are now held all over the U. S.
 Dear, write and write often. Your letters
 need not be long; but they must be often. Few of
 my letters will be as long as this. But I shall
 write you just as often as you write me. So "do
 unto others as you want others to do unto you."
 And continuously pray for the Lord's will to be done
 in our lives.

With love,

Your affectionate
 Thomas

with it. They ran into the car and locked Dad out.
 This sort of thing goes on around here all the time.
 We have more fun. Yesterday the folks went out to
 the farm. There Dad played with his tractor all
 day. Elaine had an appointment to sing over station
 W.M.B.I. in the morning. This is the same station
 that asked you father to speak. It is a radio
 station wholly dedicated to Christian service, broad-
 casting all day, seven days a week.

You mentioned that Roy would like to come to
 the U. S. Yes I believe Chicago would be an
 excellent place of a Swedish bakery. The Swedes
 are famous around the Chicago area for their ability
 to bake and cook. I would not recommend his starting
 a bakery right away. It would be best for him to
 work for one of the Swedish bakeries first for a
 while. A friend of the family has a number of
 Swedish bakeries in the city. His name is Widen.
 Perhaps he would be willing to hire Roy, I don't
 know. Would you want me to inquire about it? If
 so, please tell me all of Roy's qualifications.

As for my coming to see you, Doris. I shall
 try all in my power to get to Sweden this summer.
 I had planned on going to summer school; but if
 you would really want me to, perhaps I could abandon

my plans so that I can have a longer visit. And
who knows what will come of such a visit!!!!!!!!!!!!

Last night I attended a concert at our church.
Inclosed will be a program. Tonight I expect to
attend a "singspiration" in one of the south side
churches. Every two or three months all the young
people of all the fundamental churches on the south
get together for a hymn-sing. We use most of the
choruses that you know and a few more besides. Usually
there are 1000 to 1500 in attendance. We certainly
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my letters will be as long as this. But I shall
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And continously pray for the Lord's will to be done
in our lives.

With love,

your ~~xxxxxx~~

Bernie
X