

WHEATON COLLEGE  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS

May 22, 1948

My little Darling,

Tonight I have just piles and piles of work to do. But I would rather have a little chat with you. So, will you lay your work aside and sit down along side of me for a while. That's right, real close. Now, let me put my arm tightly around you. Ah, wonderful, isn't it?

In the room next to mine at Bartlette Hall is another ex-marine. His name is Chuck Ham. Chuck is a marine all the way through and a fine Christian. He and I just returned from a long walk. I wish that you could have seen the big, bright moon. It was absolutely beautiful. How I wished you were here to enjoy it with me. The sight of the moon rising over the trees and houses of the town almost made us speechless. Although I was watching the moon and walking with Chuck, my thoughts were far, far away. Do you know whom I was thinking of? Doris, my dear, you have two and a half years left of training. How can we stand to be separated so long?

Doris, I am all mixed up. Really, I don't know what to say about our getting together. Sometimes I think that you should stay in Sweden until you finish. Other times I want you to come to the States as soon as possible. Do you have to finish training in the same hospital? Isn't it possible for you to move around a bit? Surely, if we come together at all, we cannot wait for two years. And yet, when I graduate, I will have to enroll in another school; and that will mean that you will have to transfer hospitals. If we wait until I finish my education, it seems highly unlikely that we will ever get together. In other words, Doris, we will never have an ideal situation. So, although there may be difficulties, why not get situated in an American hospital as soon as possible? Then we can face and solve the difficulties together. Doesn't this sound reasonable? Of course, I suppose I still have to get to Sweden to see you, don't I? Ah, nuts; why did I ever have to fall for such a dizzy blonde anyway. America is full of beautiful girls and I have to pick one in Sweden. I must be crazy (in love, which is the same thing).

(over)



WHEATON COLLEGE  
WHEATON, ILLINOIS

May 23, 1948

My Darling, I just returned from a little walk. And for once I was glad that you were not along. This sounds strange, coming from me, doesn't it? I am sure you will understand. But I do wish that you could have seen how beautiful it was outside. The streets of Wheaton are lined with gigantic and stately trees and each house is adorned with many different types of bushes and flowers. As I walked along tonight, the sun was slowly sinking behind the horizon and there seemed to be a hush that shrouded all nature. The only thing that could be heard was the gentle chirping of the many birds. It was the kind of evening when one likes to do a lot of thinking and when it is so easy to have communion with God. That is why I was glad that you were not along. As much as I love you, there is One that I adore far more. He is closer to me than my fondest friend. Darling, no one and nothing must ever come between me and the wonderful fellowship I have with the Lord. I know that you understand and I know that you will never separate us. But rather, knowing the swell Christian girl that you are, I am sure you will bring me into closer relation with our Lord. It certainly is wonderful to be the child of the King, isn't it? And it is wonderful that our hearts are one in Him. It is not you and me; it is the Lord and you and me. Praise His wonderful name! You know, when we have our own home, the very first thing we must do is to enthrone Him in that home. It certainly will be just short of heaven having our daily family devotions together - our family altar. How can a marriage be a failure when He is the Lord of the union? You know:

With hand in hand and heart in tune,

Just God and you and me.

Oh, may He find our hearts and minds and wills always trusting and waiting on Him, never moving without His leading. Doris, I believe I love you, and He shall give me the power to love you more each day; but I can never learn to love you more than I love Him. And more than life itself I want you to love me; but I want you to adore Him far more than you can ever love me. And by our loving and obeying Him, he will help us to love each other all the more.

You know, so often we are apt to complain about

almost anything. Tonight, I was considering the blessing in trouble, heartache, and the cares of life. Because we are creatures of sin and our hearts are normally far from God, the troubles, heartaches, and cares have become a blessing for us. And death itself is something to be thankful for. God has made us utterly helpless. And if we were not helpless, do you think we would ever approach Him in prayer? No, I'm afraid we would be arrogant and proud and self-sufficient. Sweetheart, it is because we are helpless and fearful that we bow before His feet. If man was permitted to live forever in his sin, he would rebel against God. Even now, though we are children of God, we so often stray from His will and seek our own pleasures. Then trouble comes and where do we go. Of course we run to our heavenly Father. And there we find comfort and help. There is absolutely nothing on earth that compares with the fellowship a helpless, defeated child has with his heavenly Father, is there? So, we can thank the good Lord for all the cares of life. And we can thank Him even for the valley of death. Contrary to what most folk think, death is no longer an enemy. Remember when Saint Paul said, "O' death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory?" Death for the child of God is only the time when his earthly toils are terminated and he is ushered into the presence of his Lord. Truly, "Living is Christ, but dying is gain." In Romans 8:37 we read, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

Sweetheart, the boys around here are quite interested in my getting to see you this summer. One fellow told me today that he would buy me a pair of water-wings. Should I take him up on it? Another suggested that I go see Jonah and ask him about the "whale service." I guess the Lord will have to provide some sort of a modern whale if I am to get to Sweden. And if I do get there let me warn you that I'll try all in my power to take you back with me.

My room-mate just came in; with him wise-cracks I'll get little writing done.

I still think I need your medical attention. When I returned to school on Monday, I still was running a little temperature. The folks wouldn't have let me go except I assured them that I was alright. I guess this was sort of stupid of me. After the fever I guess one should stay in bed a couple of days after the temperature leaves. Anyway this is easy to say; but for a fellow going to school, it is not so

WHEATON COLLEGE

WHEATON, ILLINOIS

*weakest part of my body!!!*

easy to do.) So, about Tuesday a dandy cold settled in my head. This is pretty well gone now, but the cold has moved to my chest. Man, what a pill I am getting to be! Last night and all day I have been caughing like a fiend. Tonight I am running a little temperature again. Hope I'll be o.k. tomorrow. The moral of the story is that I need you to care for me, huh?

'Nuff for now. Write soon.

All my love,

your

*Bernie*

*John 14:27*