

Wheaton College

Wheaton, Illinois

June 4, 1948

My little Darling,

I am awfully busy, but feel that I must write a few lines. Last night I was up a good part of the night again, had a test in philosophy this morning, and am again in my room at Bartlette. I think (and hope) that I did rather well in the exam, praise the Lord. This afternoon Dad is coming out to school to take me into the city till Monday evening. My next exam is on Tuesday morning. You will be interested in hearing what we are doing this evening. Dad and I are going to the Swedish centennial celebration in the Chicago stadium. The prince of Sweden will be there and the President of the United States. Governor Green of Illinois (a friend of my uncle Dave) will be there too with the mayor of Chicago. Its too bad that Miss Doris Rinell can't be there too. I know you would like to be with me, and I would give most anything to be with you.

You know, Sweetheart, I must confess that I am guilty of something. You know I like you a lot. And because of this I do get impatient. I am sure that you feel much as I do. We would like to get together so badly that we are unwilling to wait on the Lord. Perhaps you are a little afraid that I might fall for some slick chick in the States. And perhaps I kind of wonder if you will change your mind again. You will understand. In other words, we are too anxious. Have you ever thought that

maybe even yet we are wrong and it is not the Lord's will that we marry. Kind of scares one to think of such a thing, doesn't it? But are we willing <sup>NOT</sup> to not marry if that is the Lord's will. To our finite vision, we could not think of such a thing, could we? But, let us pray that we will be willing to do the Lord's will, whatever it is. Doris dear, with all that I have within me I love you; but there is One that I love more. And I am willing to follow Him even though it means we must part. But the more I think about it, the more I feel that we are for each other. Yet, we must not make plans without considering Him. We have been planning and trying to devise methods of coming together and have been very impatient. Sweetheart, listen, we have committed ourselves into His care, haven't we? Now, let's not worry any more about when we will get together or become one. The Lord has it all figured out already. Let's just trust Him. How about it. Don't be anxious, just trust. This is easy to say, but hard to do. But if we ask Him, He will give us faith to trust. Yes, we can still talk about our coming together, but we will not come together until it is His will. And if it is not His will, we will continue to be good friends and the Lord will provide another for each of us. Do I really love you? I have often wondered. But like you, I don't know. I must see you first. It took a lot for me to go back to you. If I did not think it was the Lord's will, I never would have done. I am very stubborn. Sometimes if I ask a girl for a date once or twice and she refuses me (and for good reason), I just won't bother going back to her. Not boasting, but I have always been very active in young peoples work and rather popular. I usually could date when I wanted and whom I wanted. And I have always been rather independent. Some girls have turned down dates with me and have often tried to get a date later. It is not hard

to tell when a girl wants a date. Yet something in me would not let me take them out again. I have never gone with a girl extensively and been turned down by her, that is, until you turned me down. True, I was very nervous and not well, but it hurt very deeply and my pride was hurt too. I loved you as I never before loved and never since and my best friend took you away (though he did not and could not have loved as I did). He wanted a girl, I wanted none but you. Yet, I have returned. Why I don't know. Jeanne I liked a lot and once thought myself to be in love with her. She was not true to me although she always claimed that she liked me (and more). She tried to be popular with all the fellows and I just didn't like it. When I had her out (which was two, three, or four times a week), I wanted her to be my girl alone. And she would glide around, showing off to all the fellows. She did the same thing to all the fellows she went with. I knew almost all the fellows she went with well. When I got tired of her fooling around, a friend took over; he got tired of her and another friend took over and so on. She was very pretty and had an excellent personality (and now is a wonderful Christian). But she was fickle. I knew she liked me. I was the first and one of the very few to ever kiss her (and I must say that I enjoyed it). After returning from the service, Jeanne tried her best to go with me. This was very evident and everyone noticed it. She is smart, talented musically, a good leader and speaker and would make an excellent preacher's wife. And I wondered if I was not in love with her after returning. I tried to love Jeanne. She had about everything. Yet, something in me would not let me love her again. I just couldn't! Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that I wanted to love her, but was afraid to. I don't know. Originally

I thought maybe you felt the same way. Oh well! Again, your slightest wish is my command. If you should change your mind just let me know.

Should I try to see about education in Sweden. Or would you rather not. Or would you rather come to Wheaton (if we get to meet each other).

Sweetheart, one other thing. Always be honest with me and I will be honest with you. If anyone else should come between us, let me know and I will do the same. As for me, I cannot see such ever happening. Will I give you a chance again? I don't know. Something inside of me won't let me love Jeanne again. Maybe the same thing will happen to you. Somehow I am a one-girl man. You are the only one. I am not fickle. I can only love one, only want one, and only care to be true to one. Do you know who that one is now?

I am not sure I really want to go into the U. S. foreign service. I am thinking that I only long to be an ordinary missionary to the Chinese people, wherever the Lord leads. I hope it will be Shantung.

No you won't have to chase me; but sometimes it helps. A fellow sometimes don't know where he stands with his girl. He needs to be encouraged.

About my birthday, I keep forgetting to tell you. I was born on May 27, 1923, making me twenty-five. Alright, you satisfied? I believe five years is a good difference, don't you? I don't think it should be much more than that, nor much less (and never a girl much older than a fellow). Hope you're happy now!

You dope. When I see you, I want to run too, to you. I think those pictures are swell. I know, you are just fishing for a compliment. O. K., then, I think they are terrible (that is the

I broke up with her. It was very hard to do this. And I was blue for a long time (before the service). I smothered my love for her and cannot let it arise again. I just won't. With you it was different. I wanted to love you again and it seems so easy to do so. Why, I don't know! But I think I love you. I am stubborn; yet the one time a girl drops me and I do return. Figure it out yourself, I can't.

Sweetheart, let's wait on the Lord. I want to marry you. But I want more to do His will.

Something entered my mind. Forgive me if I am doubting you. But I am seeking the truth. Doris, I understand human nature pretty well and it is hard to fool me. Yet I can be wrong and I hope I am wrong this time. First of all you have mentioned a couple of times that some people don't know that you and Van have broken up. Why didn't you tell them. You know, it is not something to be ashamed of when a fellow breaks up with you. I have broken up with many girls (though never engaged). This was not because I did not like them. Some of these girls had all my admiration (though none of my love). Here is what I am wondering: perhaps you are getting serious with me because you ~~you~~ want those friends of yours to think you are still going with the original fellow. This sounds harsh, doesn't it? I don't mind if that is true; but there **MUST** be a better reason for your going with me.

About our going steady; whatever you say is alright with me. In fact, it is better for me in college if I can go out with others. I'll have a good time and I hope you will. But I thought that it would be nice if we could go steady for a while before I come at Christmas. I would be willing to deny myself those dates if you felt the same way. I have been dating and wishing they were you. Sometimes I would just as soon not go out because it was not you.

reason I look at them all the time, I guess). I don't know where my pictures are at. So help me, I did put stamps on them. Maybe its just as well if they did get lost.

So your name is "Hellen." That's awful! How could such a sweet little girl have a name like that. Guess I'll just have to learn to like the name "Hellen." Mom never liked the name John until she married Pop. So, it will be your moral duty to marry me so that I can learn to like the name "Hellen." A farmer next to Dad's farm had a daughter by that name. When I was a little feller, she would never leave me alone and I always tried to get away from her. You know, little boys never seem to appreciate little girls until they get grownup and foolish (how I like to be foolish). Hellen was a little red head too. But after I did grow up I always complimented myself on my choice because I can't stand Hellen to this day. Therefore I have never liked the name "Hellen." I think we'll stick to "Dodo," huh?

Bill is about my height, and is rather good looking I think (like me you know!).

Hon, I guess I've been studying too hard lately. I am very, very tired and a little moody. I know I should tear up this letter. If I read it over, I know I will; so I won't read. If I have said anything that I shouldn't have, please over-look it and remember that I believe I love you very, very much. I'd give most anything to have you in my arms just now. So long, and be good (as if you could; ;ha, ha!).

Your loving husband,

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Bernie  
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