

Wheaton College
Wheaton, Illinois
June 8, 1948

My little Princes,

'Tis funny, Sweetheart, what a gal can do to a fellah, especially when he is in love with that gal. Love, I guess, is something like the flew. The symptoms are very much alike. Maybe the flew that I recently had was just a bad case of love-sickness. What do you think? You ought to know about such things. I felt kind of dizzy, my heart pumped like mad, I was hot all over, I got terribly weak, and I didn't feel like doing any work. Sweetheart, I know that I don't have the flew now; but whenever I think of you, I feel exactly like that. And then I feel like I want to grab you in my arms and just never let you go. Tell me, what do these symptoms mean, do you know?

Honey, you can't imagine how important it is for me to have you at this time of the year. We're either having tests or studying for them day and night. Its so easy to become totally fatigued and discouraged. And if we try to take a test under those circumstances, we are defeated before we begin. This morning I had two exams, each two hours long. One was in Bible and the other in Speech. As far as I know I believe I did satisfactorily. We'll hope so anyway. Tomorrow I have another in psychology, which will not be easy. Then on Thursday comes my final exam, one in archaeology, and that will be a "corker." Well, I'll have to study like the dickens and trust the Lord to help. Like they tell us in school, "If we seek the Lord's glory, and study faithfully and trust Him for help, He will

assist us; but we cannot expect Him to remind us of something we have not learned in the first place." Sounds pretty reasonable, doesn't it?

I was supposed to ride out from Chicago this morning with a friend. His name is Joe Weeks and had graduated from Wheaton in 1942. At present he has rented one of the school's chemistry laboratories and is paying for the rent by teaching a few classes. Joe is using the lab to organize a chemical business. I met Joe through his wife, Carol Anderson from our church. At present he drives out to Wheaton daily and whenever I care to go in, I usually go with him. But last night I became so lonely that I couldn't bear waiting another day to look into my mail-box. So I hopped a train and arrived out here about eleven o'clock. The post office door at the school was still open and I was able to get the precious missile that I was seeking (a letter from the sweetest little girl I have ever met). If that letter was not there I would have been the most disappointed man in Wheaton.

As I read over your lines, I was very deeply touched. And I must confess that it was my turn to find a few tears in my eyes. First of all you mentioned that you would have liked to have been with me on the farm. And I would have given anything to have had you there with me. I had a good time; but it just wasn't complete. We would have had such a good time, Darling. But I realize how important it is for you to continue your training at least for the present. And yet, Sweetheart, I'm terribly concerned about you. Doris dearest, tell me, do you think you are working too hard? You know, we must be sensible about how we use the fine bodies the Lord has given us. We like to be so busy doing things that we begin to think the Lord can't get along without us. But,

Sweetheart, if we wear ourselves out, how can we be used in the field for which the Lord is preparing us? My first duty is to prepare myself to be the very best missionary possible; your first duty is to prepare yourself to be the very best nurse possible. I know how you like to be busy in church work and everything. But if you break down in health, we will be delayed for many months if not years from accomplishing the task the Lord has for us. And perhaps we will be forced to not go to China. You know, the mission boards are very particular about the individual's health. I know many people who have been refused entrance into a foreign field for that reason. Darling, I am wondering if you are not trying to do too much. I am very, very proud that my girl is so talented and so willing to serve; but I want her to save her strength so that she and I can serve for long years together. Some time ago a Youth for Christ representative for China (Bob Pierce) asked why we should remain in America where so much means so little when we could go to China where so little means so much. I imagine the same is the circumstances in Sweden. You mentioned that one of your patients has T. B. And there are many other diseases around the hospital. If you are in a weakened condition, you will catch these diseases too easily. And here is something else: I feel that the Lord wants me in China. If He sees that you are incapable of going, He may find it necessary to keep us apart. So, Honey, for the Lord, for yourself, for me, oh please take care of yourself. My heart went out to you as I read the letter. I am a man and am supposed to be tough. I have seen men die and have even killed men. But I realize how hard it would be for me to care for someone who was on the very brink of eternity. I would dread going into his room at night for fear of finding him dead. And the fact that I have

known the person would add to the difficulty. So, I can understand just a little of how you feel. As I read your letter to me, I could not help but lay the letter aside and lift my eyes to the great Comforter, asking Him to give you the needed courage and strength. I felt strangely touched by the needs of your patients. My prayer was that His will might be done concerning them and that they might find Him before leaving this life. Sweetheart, you can't imagine how I covet your position, being able to deal with men before they slip away. Its kind of like giving them a life-preserver as their ship is sinking. It was as I learned of your interest in the souls of dying men that I could not restrain the tears. Dearest, I love you for everything you are, but I love you most for your devotion to our Lord. I want to know all you difficulties. Share them with me. I want to bear both your patients and you, my dear, before the Throne of Grace. Let's bear one another's difficulties up in prayer. If you cannot tell your troubles to me and I to you, who in all the world are we to go to?

Mom received a letter from your Mother yesterday. I guess things are pretty bad in Shantung. I admire the devotion and faithfulness they have to their task and to their God. I like your parents very much, Doris. When they were in Chicago, they gave me a picture of themselves. Ever since then I have had this picture on my desk at home.

Yes, Sweetheart, I'm crazy too, crazy about you. I hope that we won't have to wait too long for that cottage and to see about that bed situation, don't you? The way I talk, I should have my mouth washed out with soap. But then, we both know what marriage consists of, we no longer are children; so why not talk plainly

and frankly. What do you think? Many people of the last generation think the facts of life should be concealed. But God would expect nothing from us that is not honorable. Yes, our tongues (and type writers) must remain clean; but there is nothing unclean in honesty and frankness. Do you think I am right?

Hey, I think you are pulling a fast one on me. First of all we agreed to have twins. That was wonderful. But I wanted twin boys. So you suggested that it should be a boy and a girl. I said that it would be O. K. (as if I could say). Now you are taking advantage of me; you are saying that we should have twin girls. Now, listen here Mrs. Holmquist, do you think that is fair? Gee wizz, I'll have enough trouble handling a wife, without having a set of twins. Without another man in the family, how could I ever hold my own? You just had better be careful or I'll demand twin boys. How would you like that? Seriously tho' Hon', I'm happy that there is such a good chance for our having two youngsters at once. I love children and to have one would be wonderful, but to have two would be "wonderfuller." Just this morning I was noticing some swell kids running about and thought of you and what the Lord might some day give us. My Dad had twin brothers, but I guess that won't help us any, would it? With twins, Hon, we'd be the pride of the relation, both sides. And there would be a pretty proud Mama and Papa too, wouldn't there?

No, don't hope for me to come during the conference. My plans now are for Christmas. In fact, since I can't get to you this summer, I have decided to go to school and get a few more subjects out of the way. But I'll keep trying to book passage, for I want to see you more than I want anything else in the world.

Formerly, Sweetheart, I thought it necessary to rest this summer. Now I feel able to attend summer school. Why do you suppose I am now able to go to school? There is only one reason, Darling. I am able to do what I am doing because of your love and interest in me. I'll try to explain what I mean. Around Christmas time I was discouraged because I was not getting quite the marks I wanted. The marks were not too bad, but I felt that I had more ability than my reports showed. Consciously I wanted to do my very best for the Lord; but subconsciously I was ready to quit. I would sit down to my lessons and want to do them but something inside of me would make me throw the books aside. Finally, in desperation, I went to my friend Dr. Marquart, the head of the psychology department and the school psychiatrist. I told him my difficulty and asked him the solution. I asked, "Am I stupid or am I lazy?" He gave me a series of tests and came across some interesting results. He told me that my difficulty was neither due to intellectual reasons nor due to laziness. Rather I was a pessimist and a fatalist, life had no value nor purpose for me. He found that in the military I had seen so much suffering and sorrow, and so much excitement, that the daily life of college was too uneventful. He told me that the best way to overcome my fatalistic outlook was to acquire some outside interest. , something to live for and to work for. This could be church work or it could be something else. I had a Sunday School class, but that was too simply for me and offered no challenge. He said that he would rate me in intelligence as superior (sounds like a snow job) and that I would have to have something that would completely fascinate me. As you know, I saw the need for organizing a church and knew that I could do it. Such would completely

captivate me. But there was only one difficulty with this. At Wheaton it is practically impossible to retain a average level of work and have a church besides. Some schools are sufficiently easy to permit the students to carry churches. But Wheaton doesn't recomment it. So, in order to organize a church, I was willing to carry less subjects. This would mean that it would take a little longer to graduate. Now, I realize that I can serve the Lord before finishing college; but if the Lord has some specific task for me, it would be benifitial to complete college as soon as possible. Yet, I needed something to capture my interest so that life would have purpose. I tried going out on dates often; but found that the girls were not suitable. None of the girls ever suited me completely. Then, Sweetheart, we started to correspond again. All of a sudden everything seemed to live again. None of the girls around here captured my admiration because I always compared them with you; and of course no one can come up to the standard of the one I had long loved. You alone captured my interest, love, and admnration. I was still in love with you and did not know it. Without you I would have been a failure, because I just did not care anymore. But now I have something - someone- to strive for. So, my little blonde, do you see how important it is for me to love you and be loved by you? If I succeed in life, you will be a very real part of my success. Though we are miles apart, I'll live for the day when we can be in each other's arms. Sweetheart, you are the most important thing I have in life; in fact, you are my reason for living.

Say, in the conference at your church, see if you can find anyone from Chicago? Maybe by chance they will know me. I'm a member of the Englewood Swedish Baptist Church (now called Emerald Avenue

