

Nº 22

11342 Church St.  
Chicago, Illinois  
June 18, 1948

Hello Sweetheart,

My Darling, I received your letter today and it made me suffer from a bad conscience. Let me explain. In the letter I sent this morning I was scolding you for not sending a letter earlier in the week. Actually, I was half joking and half serious. When I was made to fully realize how busy you are at the hospital, I felt ashamed of myself and thankful that I receive as many letters as I do. True, I was busy last week and did find time to write, but that was just one week in many. You are not busy only once in a while as I am, but all the time. Will you forgive me, Sweetheart, for being so impatient. Actually, tho; you should blame yourself. Can I help it if I have fallen in love with you and long for word from you each day? Sweetheart, I'm so crazy about you that I can think of nothing else but you. In the morning when I wake up, my thoughts are on you; I think about you all day, and in the evening before I retire my last words is a prayer for you. And when I don't receive at least some word, my day is spoiled. Love is wonderful, Dodo; but it is terribly cruel. When one is absent from the person he loves, it seems that his very heart is being torn out! So, Darling, when I say I have missed your letters, it is because I love you.

Why do you work in the hospital when it works such great hardships? I can tell you why. Its for the same reason that I go to college and study my time away. Other people, Darling, have little or no purpose in life. We have a purpose and a goal. And more than

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that, we have the leading of the All-mighty God. We have seen a vision - a vision of men and women, and boys and girls dying without a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. Our pay, Sweetheart, is not in dollars and cents. We are serving for eternal values. Still, we do not lose financially, because the Lord cares for His own. And he gives things that are of far more worth than monetary standards. For instance, He has given me you. There is nothing in all the world that I would want more. Sweetheart, I love you. And having you love for me, I feel that I am the wealthiest and most fortunate man in all the universe. No, Sweetheart, we probably shall never be rich materially; yet there are few people who will have more than we shall have.

Rusty stopped over tonight (and Fran and Jimmy). We just finished having ice-cream and chocolate cake. I'll bet your mouth is watering. Believe me, there is nothing that I would rather have than you here ~~you here~~ to enjoy these things with me. Russ mentioned that he hadn't celebrated my birthday, and guess what? Yep, they celebrated it again; ha, ha! Russ and Fran just went home and Fran said for me to say, "hello." So, "hello!"

Here is a little something that may amuse you. What do you think of it:

#### Chemical Analysis of a Woman

Symbol: WO 0000

Accepted Atomic Weight; 120

Occurrence: Wherever man exists. Seldom found in a free state.

Physical Characteristics: Boils at nothing and may freeze at any time. Melts when properly treated.

Chemical Properties: Very active and varying density. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones. Reacts violently when left alone. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

Uses: Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic in acceleration of low

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spirits. Facilitates equal distribution of wealth and probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent.

Caution: Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

It is now eleven o'clock and I must help Dad load the car. I wish I could go on talking to you all night. But that is impossible. Instead, I'll have to dream about you (and don't think I won't do it!

With ALL my love,

Bernie

P.S. Borrowed Claire's ink!