

No. 66.

11342 Church Street
Chicago 43, Illinois
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My little Darling,

It is the close of another day and time for a little chat with the gal I love. You mentioned the other day in one of your letters that it is starting to get cool in Sweden. Today I wish that were the case for Chicago. All summer it has been really nice and cool. But the last few days, whew! The perspiration is just rolling off me. The temperature today was no more than 100 (37.7 to you), but the humidity in Chicago is very high. It will continue to be warm here for at least another month.

Today I attended a funeral. No, it wasn't anybody you know. It's really a long story. You see, Sweetheart, Dad and I have many animal and bird friends around the house. Around here there are a lot of squirrels, rabbits and birdies. In the summer time the birds will come right up to us when we are digging in the garden and we will feed them big, fat, juicy worms (mmmmm, sounds good, doesn't it?). Well, last evening as Dad and I were measuring for a new picket fence I'm building, one of our birdie friends came hopping through the old fence and stopped to stare up to us. It was a beautiful robbin. But as we watched Mr. Robbin, we noticed that he wasn't feeling too good. But we didn't think much of it since it had been such a warm day. We didn't feel too good ourselves. But Mr. Robbin didn't leave; he only sat around watching us. So I went in to get it some water. Although we pushed its beak into the water, it would not drink. So Dr. Holmquist and Intern Holmquist diagnosed ^{the} case as being a little tummie ailment brought

on by too much heat. So off I went into the house to get some epsom salts for Mr. Robbin. When I got outside Dad caught the bird again and I put a few drops of eposn salt water down its throat with an eye dropper. Usually, of course, it is not so easy to catch a robbin; but sometimes they become very tame. Mr. Robbin didn't seem to mind the treatment. Then we decided to give him just a couple of more drops. No sooner had he received this than his head dropped - dead. Apparently Mr. Robbin had pneumonia and Doctors Holmquist didn't diagnose the case right. He had been kind of gasping for breath, but we remembered how our chickens (when we had chickens) used to do this when they were too warm. Well, Dad and I felt awfully bad about it. Today I was going to throw the bobbin in the garbage can; but then I remembered he had been one of our birdie friends and so I gave him a buriáll. Now, aren't you proud of me?

Today, as I mentioned, I have been working on a picket fense for our back yard. Actually all I did was to cut the boards on our power-saw in the basement. Tomorrow I'll probably start nailing them up. Also today I wrote a number of letters to various schools, seeking needed information. So, I have been very busy despite the heat.

Did I tell you that I am to stand up (rather be an usher) at Harold Reinbold's wedding next Tuesday? He is to have a big church wedding just like Paul Smith's. And, best of all, there are to be a lot of good looking and wealthy girls there. Hope you're getting jealous. If you don't want to get jealous, all you have to do is come to the good old U.S.A. Will you?

Yep, Elaine is a little goof. And her big brother is pretty proud of her (don't you dare to tell her that!). And I am longing for the time when you will meet the whole gang. We have a pretty nice family if I have to say so myself. But best of them all is a person

whose initials are "B. J. H." At least I hope you think so (and you'd better!!!).

I'm glad that you finally broke down to tell me about yourself. After all, I really should know all about my little wife, don't you think so? I had heard a little about the hard times you had on the mission field and I praise the Lord for raising you all to strength again except for your Grandfather, whom He took to Himself. I'm sure glad that He saw fit to raise you from strept throat. As a matter of fact, I had it once when I was very young too and know what it is. You know, Sweetheart, I wonder how much, actually is the result of answered prayer. I'll bet its a lot more than any of us realize. We certainly have a wonderful and a loving Father, haven't we? Praise his holy name. About those appendix of yours, I'll bet I could have found them Darling. At least I'd sure have like to have looked for them. And all that puss, don't you think I could have been able to squeeze it all out of you! So you see, Sweetheart, you do need your hubbie, don't you?

Yes, Darling, I do remember the Wynkoop. I shall never forget it! On the day it was to leave, I was out on Iltis Hook and one of the fellows finally saw it pull out. It was with tears in my eyes that I watched it go. And there was a big lump in my chest. From the time you left Tsingtao until I left, I just existed; I didn't live. I tried to be brave and face my duties and the Lord's work. But it was so hard without you around. I thought I had lost you and nothing mattered. It seemed like months of strain and work caught up with me and I became too worn out to continue Youth for Christ any longer. I wanted to continue the work, but nothing any longer had any purpose. So, as we had planned all along, I turned the work over to the Chinese. After I had turned it over to the Chinese, I believe I only attended

the meetings once or twice. I wanted to attend, but on Saturday nights I always was too tired. I tried to forget you, but I just couldn't. All I wanted to do was to get some of the rest I so deserved since being in combat. But the fellows kept after me to organize an English-speaking Youth for Christ. Finally this I did, though I didn't want to. I don't know where I got the strength. I guess the Lord was kind to me. I praise Him that many fellows were saved through these meetings also. Then I heard of Earl's passing and felt moved beyond what words can tell. The Chinese asked me to lead a memorial service for Earl. I declined, saying that I wasn't able to do it just then. I did, however, agree to print up some memorial bulletines for the meeting with a picture of Earl drawn on the front page. But after much persuasion, I agreed to lead the memorial service too. I can't remember what I said, but there wasn't a dry eye in the house, I felt choked up and could hardly talk and thought I had done miserably. But many came up to me later and said the service was wonderful. Harold Henry said that he wondered where I was able to get the words. I don't know, but perhaps the Lord put words in my mouth. But then soon I left Tsingtao for the States. Rev. Lindberg said that if ever I decide to return, he would have a place for me (now for US!). Even after I returned to the States, I could not forget you. I thought I could love Jeanne. But when with her, I only thought of another little blonde - you, Sweetheart.

Yes, Darling, I too love the ocean. After all, remember I was a gyrene (a-hem). In the States that is something to be proud of. The only time I ever got sick at sea was on my first trip. But after that I ate regularly and enjoyed it.

One question for you. Do you still have that Scofield Bible I gave you in China. I hope you do because it is about the most expensive

Bible of that size one can buy. I believe they cost about twenty dollars now (although I didn't pay quite that much).

No, Darling, I'll have to sign off station I-L-Y-(I love you).
So, until tomorrow, good night and may the Lord comfort and bless you.

Your loving hubbie,

Bernie
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