

No. 67.

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My darling little Princes,

Sweetheart, tonight I have the blues and am very worried. It has been two days that have passed without my hearing from you. I know that you were not feeling good when you last wrote and I am afraid that you are not able to write to me. My Darling, oh how I hope that I shall hear from you tomorrow. I know that you would write me even before you would do anything else. Sweetheart, are you alright? If you were not always faithful, I would not worry so. Please write me real soon again and tell me the trouble.

I am sorry that I didn't sent you a letter today myself. The last couple of days I have been very busy. Yesterday my cousin, Dick Chapin, came to the city. He and his young wife have been living with his father in a small town in central Illinois. Actually Dick is my second cousin, but we have been closer than even first cousins usually are. The Chapins are fine people and always have been real good to us. Usually we go to visit them at least once and often two or threetimes a summer. They own a butter and cheese factory in Tampico, Illinois. So, as you can guess, they are rather well to do. Dick and his wife decided to set up house-keeping; so they were in Chicago buying their furniture. Rusty was able to get them a discount. Then Dick and his wife (Leon) were returning to Tampico last night, returning to Chicago today with one of their trucks to pick up the furniture. Because they were returning, Dick asked me to take the trip with them to Tampico last night. Of course I was glad to do this. We arrived at Tampico

last night at about eleven o'clock. After talking with the family until the wee hours, I hit the sack. This morning at about eight Dick stuck his head into the door and yelled for me to get up. So up I got and had a hardy breakfast. Then we visited the factory, where I saw Dick's brother Harry. Harry is a fine man (good looking too - one of my relatives, you know!). He is married and has a couple of beautiful children, Sammie and Sallie. Then at about ten o'clock this morning we left for Chicago again, arriving back at about three o'clock. After driving around the city, getting Dick's furniture, we finally ended up in another store where Dick was trying to find a radio. Because it then was getting late, I decided to let him look for it alone and I came home. So, here I am writing to you.

Last night as I was talking to the Chapins, they were wondering about my love life. It seems that everytime I see them I have something more to tell them along this line. Last night I proudly told them about a certain Dodo Rinell. They were real pleased to hear about you, honey, and Mr. Chapin said he would give us his blessing. He really is a awfully fine man and I respect him a lot. He asked if we were going to get married; and I said that I hope so, but that it was up to my girl. Darling, answer me, are we going to get married? When I don't receive letters for two days, I cannot help but wonder. By the way, I have counted the letters received from you since you started numbering them. Your last letter was 58 and actually you have sent 64 letters. So on your next letter, if you want them to be more accurate, add six. Alright?

Darling, we have our own poem and our own "theme." I suppose it can be called a theme; I mean those words, "I love you." Don't you think we also should have our own Bible verse and our own love song and our own hymn? Let's not be hasty in our decisions of these things,

though. But I would like to hear of any ideas you have. I don't have a favorite love song. Perhaps after you get here, we will find one that we like. Nor do I have a favorite Bible verse. This is something else that will take a long time to find. As far as a hymn is concerned, there are two songs that I have learned to love. One has been my favorite for a long time and the other I am getting to love more and more as time passes. The one that I have liked for a long time is "The Wonderous Cross" by Isaac Watts:

When I survey the wonderous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count byt loss,
And purr contempt on all my pride.

Forbit it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them in His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e're such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The other song I like so much is an old Swedish hymn that has been translated into the English. We often sing it out at Wheaton. It is "If I Gain the World and Loose the Saviours," and goes something like this: "If I gain the world and loose the Saviours, would my life be worth living For a day." Well, here it is:

If I gain the world, but lost the Saviour,
Were my life worth living for a day?
Could my yearning heart find rest and comfort
In the things that soon must pass away?
If I gained the world, but lost the Saviour, ^{soul}
Would my gain be worth the life-long strife?
Are all earthly pleasures worth comparing
For a moment with a Christ-filled life?

Had I wealth and love in fullest measure,
And a name revered both far and near,
Yet no hope beyond, no harbor waiting,
Where my storm-tossed vessel I could steer;
If I gained the world, but lost the Saviour
Who endured the cross and died for me,
Could then all the world afford a refuge,
Whether, in my anguish, I might flee?

O what emptiness!-without the Saviour
'Mid the sins and sorrows here below!
And eternity, how dark without Him!-
Only night and tears and endless woe!
What, tho' I might live without the Saviour,
When I come to die, how would it be?
O to face the valley's gloom without Him!
And without Him all eternity!

O the joy of having all in Jesus!
What a balm the broken heart to heal!
He's a sin so great, but He'll forgive it,
Nor a sorrow that He does not feel!
If I have but Jesus, only Jesus,-
Nothing else in all the world besides
O then everything is mine in Jesus;
For my needs and more He will provide.

I love both of these hymns and perhaps eventually we can use one for
"our" hymn. What do you say.

Darling, I do love you so very much, really I do. This is not
new for me. I have loved you for a long, long time. Do you remember
that little poem I wrote you in China? I like to write poetry occasional
But I never can write a poem unless I am stirred emotionally. I can
remember so well the night I wrote "our" poem. I loved you deeply
then too. Somehow my heart burned within me and I had to express it
in words. I prayed about it and asked the Lord to give me a little
message to sent to you. And rather easily the words just flowed and

I wrote them down. Do you remember them? Really Darling, you should memorize those words:

Within my heart there dwells a joy
That has its source above;
But God did make this incomplete
So I would need your love.

Our faith in Christ has brought us near,
In Him we both abide;
But we each apart do tread,
And should be side by side.

Are we not made to be just one,
To serve in unity,
With hand in hand and heart in tune,
Just God and you and me?

So ask do I and praying thus,
In all sincerity,
Will you accept my life and love,
My (darling wife to be)?

I meant what I said then, Darling; and I mean it now. The day after I wrote the above lines,,I tried to print the words real carefully on one of the pages of your autograph book. Actually I worked on this printing for about six hours and then decided my printing job was not good enough for my gal. So the next day I took another sheet from your autograph book and did the job over. That second copy is the one you have now (or at least I hope you still have it). I had done quite a bit of printing in technical school, but no fancy printing before. That is the reason it took so long. Maybe I shouldn't ask, but do you still have the poem I printed for you. You had better have it, you little dope! I'm sure you kept it.

Darling, your Bernie must hit the sack; he's very tired. So, remember our words, "I love you."

Your loving hubba,
Bernie XX