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My little Darling,

Sweetheart, it is so good to be able to come to you at the end of the day and tell you all that is on my heart. And it is so good to know that you are ready and willing to listen and to sympathize with me. You cannot possibly know how much I love you and how much I need you these days.

The hour still is early, about eight-thirty. With more exams coming, I really should be studying. But I just can't study any more tonight. Sitting in the library, I could not help but think back on the good times we used to have before Mom went away. Mom was a real pal to us, always laughing and full of fun. Now that she is gone, you can imagine a little how much we miss her. Tonight was one of those nights that I found myself missing her a specially lot. Because I could not hold the tears back, I had to leave the library. They were showing some missionary films in the Chapel. I figured that would cheer me up a bit. But as soon as the film was over, the tears flowed again.

As I walked home, Darling, my eyes and heart turned toward heaven. From the very depth of my being I thanked God for His wonderful love. Darling, if it were not for the love of God, Mom and I never would meet again and there would be no hope for those that leave this life. But not only has the Lord provided a way of salvation, but he has given us the knowledge of the way of His glorious salvation. How fortunate we are.

It is funny with people, especially those that are non-Christians. They try to live today as though they were to ~~given~~ live throughout all eternity without dying. They absolutely refuse to think of death, trying to make themselves believe that it never would strike them. When their loved ones go, they become very confused. Immediately they try to forget the one that has gone, refusing to face the fact that they too must die. What fools people are! The Christian has, or should have, it different. He should realize that death must come and that his stay on earth is only for a short time. And that after death, he continues to exist - exist with the Lord. For we know that living for us is Christ, but dying is gain. I need not forget Mom and I don't want to. I know we shall meet again. Yes, I do sorrow, but I sorrow with hope. My sorrow is mixed with joy. Tonight I ~~only~~ shed a few tears until I considered the great love of God and all the He has done for us and for Mom; then the tears flowed freely. Those tears were tears of hope and of joy.

Darling, on earth, we need not be worried about making great names for ourselves. Some people work on earth and try to exalt themselves, thinking that they must make a reputation for themselves while they are here. For us, we need not be great in the eyes of men. All we need to do is quietly go about our business, doing the Lord's will. And then when it comes our time to go, we shall just move on to a higher place of Christian service, in the presence of our Lord. How fortunate we are to be children of the living God. And so it is with Mom, she still exists. She only went to a higher place of Christian service. She is in the presence of the One she love more than she loved us. She is with the Lord.

As I write this letter, Honey, your beautiful picture is in front of me. I sure am lucky to have as fine and lovely a girl as you are, Sweet-heart. I really mean it with all my heart. I hardly can wait for the day when the Lord shall bring us together. When I leave for Chicago on

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week-ends, your picture comes right along with me. When I return on Sunday night or Monday morning, along comes your picture again. At home it goes on the radio and at school it goes on my desk. But when I write a letter, I place it right in front of me so that I can feel like I am talking to you. A number of people have seen it, Darling, and they say you are very beautiful and look very sweet. I tell them that you ARE very beautiful and very sweet. And I mean it. Darling, we really should have two or three extra copies of that same pose you had enlarged for me. And I'd like to have one that is much bigger than even this one. Do you suppose you could have these made for me? Remember I am the boss now (a-hem!). I also pay the bills. So tell me what it will cost and I will send the money. Or perhaps you will have enough money. Dope, I love you.

No letter today, Sweetheart. But I'm sure I'll hear tomorrow. Hope so anyway. Also hope you are getting your letters. I could not read the writing of the address. So I put a piece of carbon paper under the way you wrote it and traced it. When I receive your address in a way I can read, I'll start typing them again. Dope, why don't you learn to write?

Must take a shower tonight again and get ready for bed. Good-night for now. And hurry and get here.

All my love,

Bernie XXXOOX