

April 3, 1957

Dear Betty,

Hi, Sweetheart. Let me start off by saying "I love you," and I sure wish I could see you, and at least hold your hand. This week is making me appreciate you more. I surely can't take you for granted, or get used to having you around, if this happens very often, which it will.

I'm enclosing a petal of a rose a girl gave me last night. (It's about 10, Honey.) It says "A symbol of love."

Saturday I'm going to the zoo with Tommy. I believe I'm to eat with him, too. Last night, just before the sunrise he gave me a pair of dog cuff links. The dog is a Pointer, a type of Bird dog. For the special, Tommy sang "The Dawn of Love." He

has a good voice. After the service he opened up to me. He's been backslidden, but today, he's happy. He called me while I was eating breakfast, and was bubbling over with joy. Friday night he's going to sing, "I'd rather have Jesus." He means it, too.

Honey, the people here are wonderful. They have the ordinary faults of ordinary people, and that makes them wonderful. Bro. Sybert and his wife are good, and are good parents. Bro. Sybert is little, but he has a big heart and a big voice.

Betty, I'd like to be able to put my thoughts and feelings into words, but I can't in a letter. But, I can say this: My heart is at peace with God, and I do love you.

Both are much sweeter than when I left
Casper. You see, it grows, or they
both grow. Keep praying for me.

Well, dear one of mine, I must close
and drop a line to Mother. Bye, sweet
heart, and tell the kids I love them
all. Also, tell the people at Anvik that
I love them, and want their prayers.
And say a word to the Council meeting
Thursday. I'll be glad to get back,
but don't worry, I'm not being
impatient.

Well, see you, I remain, as always,
Yours
David

Phil. pp. 1:3

Eph 1:16

Romans 1:9-12