



"We know that all things work together
for good to them that love God."

Rom. 8:28

June 8, 1951

Dearest Betty,

I have just finished
washing and mending some
shirts and underwear. All is
a sleep, and I want to write this
so I can mail it when we go
down to the Post Office. It is
all I can do to wait til we
go.

Today in U. B. S. was fair. The
attendance was off some, but
because of weather. Bro. Spaul-
man has changed his mind again,
so we'll close out at Bannock
Monday. That will give us time
to prepare for Realists.

Betty, I'm learning more about
human nature every day. Some

of my leaving brings disappointment, especially in some persons, but it strengthens me, too, in that I can see what and how not to be. But, somehow my faith in humans has not been shaken, because all people can change.

I'm learning much about Burt. He is a lot of fun to be around but in a way he's strange. He has learned from his daddy that people are all sorry till they're proven good. He would probably have faith in me if he knew I am talking to you about him, because so many people have done what he calls "failing him." He's a great guy, but he has no tolerance for grown humans, only little babies. I wish he weren't that way because he probably won't ever stand me.

His breaking with Lawrence has

giving him some assistance on condition
that one going to be kind for him
to follow if he finds someone he
really can't for. I know that he
has learned some things the hard
way, but so did I. One even just
a kid when he started going with the
man. So went but going and coming
in 1950. When you come along I want
ed to be sure. He is the same
way, now, about anyone who might
be the next one. There are other things
I could tell you, but you just pray
for me that this summer I be
able to help him to understand people.
I'm no little god, nor a psychologist,
but maybe I'm human enough to love
humans, and help him to.

Morey, I've bought me a big
straw hat, South Texas cow-boy
style to wear in this sun. It is the
real thing. I'm going to have my
picture made in it (with me in it)
and send to you. One and I are
quite the country evangelists

Team. All we need is horses
and are not being afraid of them.

Why, I even preached in my
boots Wednesday night. Quite a
thrill.

Betty, I love you. I have to get
you out of my mind some, in order to
have God's work first and only in
my mind. It has to be that way.
But I still love you. As long as
God will, and you want me, I am
your boy - father.

Well, mustn't wait around to father
and get ready to go to the Post-Office.
Bye, now. See you Saturday after-
noon. The train will take me till
around 12 or 1 in the P.M.

As always, your
David