

July 30, 1957
8:20 P.M.

Dealing Betty,

I'm propped up on my bed, where I just finished reading the Collins' magazine. I wanted to talk to you, and to hold you close to me, but I can't, so, I'll write.

I worked on sermons this morning, then ~~rested~~ tended to business, and visited the Bains this afternoon. I decided to go to Corpus early in the morning, and come from there to Mathis tomorrow afternoon, and make a day of traveling I want to mail this, and hope you get it Tuesday.

Betty, I love you. Today has been a terribly long day; partially because I didn't have anything cut out definitely to accomplish, partially because I was aching to see you. Honey, I want you for my wife. After Saturday, I know that ours will be a marriage free from the strain that many couples feel for years.

Mrs. Baird and I were talking today

about a couple knowing each other well
before marriage. I felt then that we
knew and understood each other excep-
tionally well for having gone with each
other only eight months. We'll learn
more after marriage, but what we do know
now will help us immensely. Also, we
have another year in which to let our love
and understanding deepen. Dad has helped us
both in this, and I'm so glad that he's helped us
and cared for our relationship as he has.
As much as I hate pains and disagreements,
he knows that, and has helped us to be
patient with each other, and to understand.

Honey, I thank my God for letting
me have you. People are always telling me
that I have one of the best. And if they
don't tell me, I tell them. So, there. Any-
one knows it now. (Pardon the interruption.
I had a phone call from the only other
palester boy in Ohio, Jimmy Baggett. He's
working all night in a service station. Uhh
the poor boy. I'm tired, just thinking about
it.)

Daddy just came in. He's so tired and
dirty, I feel ashamed of myself. I don't
know why. Maybe it's cause my work is

clean work. This is his, and mine is
me.

The church here is in some fix.
Some feel Bro. Max is wonderful, other
don't like him; some feel the church
staff is too social, too worldly, others don't.
So, that leaves me with the conclusion I'm not
to worry about this church, but be concerned
with my own work. I'm practically a
stranger here, anyway. It seems that some
of the people want the Elliott family, with
the three oldest children as they are, and are
attempting to do without them here. I don't
care, but it is not good for Bab & Sis. But,
they feel no resentment, except of being
robbed of privilege to work as they like to.
People are funny, aren't they?

Betty, I need love for people I am hope-
lessly lacking in tenderness and love. This
summer has made me learn that way. But, I
feel, too, that I've learned some things that
will help me to love them, if I can quit
being selfish. I don't want to be like Pa,
and I feel that I'll have to fight his

attitude, to keep from contesting his. I need
much prayer, work, and exercise. Pray for
me, the preacher you love, and who
loves you.

I must close, and go mail this! Make
yes! I'll get it before I come off so, I'll
see you Tuesday evening, God willing.

Bye for now, Sweetheart.

Yours by Dad's pen,
Dad

David Elliott
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Miss Betty Nelson
Mathis, Texas