

August 1, 1957

4:12 P.M.

Dearest Betty,

I've just finished some more sermon work, and have decided to go to the church to pray for a while. Bob is gone in the car for a few minutes, so I'll write you now.

I'll come tomorrow, right after lunch. I want to spend the morning on some sermon work. Betty, it's a fascinating and exacting thing, to find and learn ~~the~~ truths, and then arrange them to present to people. I'm tired now, from about only one hour of this afternoon, spent in reading of illustrations and editing and rearranging one sermon.

Honey, Mother doesn't seem to think that I can stick to a resolution to study and apply myself. I know I have weakness in that, but I'll be unhappy all my life if I don't apply myself and my mind these next ten years to study, meditation, and prayer. You've got to help me. I want to be with you, almost every minute of the day, except for my private prayer and study on sermons. I love you, and want to marry you. I hate to be away from you. I like to hold you, and to express my affection for you in a full way. But! - I've got to "stir up the gift" of God within me. My mind is stale and empty, my soul is tired, because my body has been mistreated. Darling, let's both

get bigger, better, and stronger for God. The more we apply ourselves, the better my chance for a bigger church, better fields of service, more conversions among hard-to-reach people, and a better standard of living for us as a couple, and for our children. God has it. Let's go get it, for His glory, and not for self.

Next fall and spring I'll be busy as B.S.U. President. That is an excuse only to study harder, to show that religious leaders at school can make good grades. I'll be preaching a lot (I hope, and pray), so that means more study. I'll be going all the time, so that will require a good body and a lot of Jesus in my life. My town, I've set a mental goal of an "A" average next year. I can do it, if I apply this mind to it. That can lead to a doctor's degree. I want it all to make me a better preacher for the people of this world, and for God in Heaven. I need you to help me do that.

I must close, mail this, and go pray. I'll see you about 2:00, or 3:00 O'clock, depending upon whether I rest any after lunch. Bye Darling.

Your boy in God,
David

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Miss Betty Nelson
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