

July 28, 1951

Dearest Betty,

I've just come back from a pastoral call. One of my junior girls is a Christian, and wants to join the church, but her parents want her to wait a while, till she is older. The girl asked me to visit her parents, so they might be influenced to let her go ahead. It was a great feeling to make the visit like that. Now I know why pastors stay on a church field. It takes visits like that to make a preacher feel the hearts of the people, and know how to fill the spiritual needs of each one. I hope God lets me be a pastor soon, now. I want to be near a group of people. I'd even like to find some old dumbbards to work on. I need to be a man. I want to be.

Boy, was I sleepy last night. Bob came to the bus station at 11:00 last night. He had been to a party at the church, and when he got home his told him I was at the bus station, and had called. He said they had 2 conversions at

the jail service Sunday in Ohio. He's
hungry to preach in a church. He's
such a wonderful guy. We'll never know
how much help he gives to his big
brother.

The attendance was up a bit today.
I hope or we had, 32 Juniors. We should
be back to normal by Thursday. I hope
so.

Pray much for the evangelistic ser-
vice Thursday. I don't know whether
Bob or I will conduct it, but it
makes no difference. I'd like to.

Al is in the living room, jumping
to strengthen his legs. I want to start
that now. I need to get into the gym
and stay there. That is to be my first
step toward what God has for me.

Prayer is to be all in it, but physical
condition is next and first on a list of
many things to straighten out. I'd like
to play a good game of basketball this winter.

I believe I can do it, at least for the X.S.B.
Let's see about it.

I'm speaking at Miriam's tomorrow. Pray
for that service.

I've started another book "I Love You."
It is supposed to have helped many men
to become better ones, so I'm going to put it
to a good test. I've got to be bigger and
better.

I'd better sign off. I have to get home.
We're going to eat her tonight, so I have to
bring her to the garage.

Bye, honey. I love you.

Your boy, in Jesus
David

Dear Mother
No. 119
Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Betty Nelson
Watts, Texas

