

UNIVERSITY OF CORPUS CHRISTI

A BAPTIST INSTITUTION

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

Dear Betty,

June 20, 1951

I'm in the room, while Arnold is over in the parsonage practicing his songs for the wedding Sunday. He has been singing "Because" with Beverly Melchior, and "The Lord's Prayer" with John Parker Thomas. By singing with them, I mean that he is singing with their records. One can really hit some high notes when singing with someone who can hit high all the time. I like to hear (and see) him sing.

Last night he opened up to me about his breaking up with Karen. He doesn't love her and didn't like her for a few months of their going together. Of course, he said he was a coward, and would not admit that he didn't still feel the same about her as he had. No, I understand him 100% better.

Betty, I'm still praying on this matter. It hurts like all get-out to say such things, but he don't want to be like Arnold. I just want to be sure I'm right before I make another step, one way or another. It's not just Roberta, either. I felt Saturday that something needed straightening out, and by Sunday night I was positive about it. So, you see, Betty, this is

the first time, really, that I've ever wondered if I want  
you. I know from experience, too, how you will feel as  
you read this. I don't have to remind you of that, so  
I'm doing all I can, and trusting our perfect and loving  
God to do what He will about all this. I'm  
tired of trying to have my way in any and everything,  
and this time I'm trusting, or trying to trust, Him for  
guidance. His way is all perfect and peaceful. I  
hope we can both remember that in all things.

I've written to Mother about all this, so she'll  
know what is happening to her son, and I wish you  
would visit your mother, or tell her about all this  
when you go home this week - and let her know you  
trust and depend on her in all matters. Betty, to me  
this is the most serious problem you and I have  
faced. It is not like some girl making eyes at boys  
into my own feelings too deeply for that. It's too  
sudden, also, for me to understand very well. I'm  
still confused, but I feel it will all work out for  
the ultimate best. So, we have to wait and pray sincerely.

I'll close, and mail this. I have to buy some things,  
and get ready for Prayer Meeting, so I'll close. Bye, for now,  
Betty. You're sweet, and I don't blame you for putting  
up with me after what has happened. You should never  
speak to me again. yours in His service,  
David



"Blessed are the pure in heart for  
they shall see God."      Mat. 23

June 21, 1951

Dear Betty,

Arvid is taking a bath, and they were going to town to buy some things for our Bible school work. We've both been very busy all week, and with the wedding coming up, we're going to be hurried. He's not going fishing, but I am still going, so my mind will be clear for the service Sunday. I'm to preach at Lakota. Besides, I need some time away from here to think and to pray.

Betty, over the radio someone is singing "My Heart Cries for You." It seems that it's coming from you, all of it. I'm

a haunted person, with all this  
facing me. I can turn no way, now  
but to God. This has to be worked  
out, and I'm feeling it is going to take  
time. You know how impatient I  
am, anyway. Let's just be patient, and  
keep praying. I don't want to make  
any mistakes, like I've made in  
the past.

Last night after the service, a girl  
who was visiting here came to me  
after church, and told me she knew  
she was a Christian, but didn't have  
the peace of Jesus I mentioned in the  
sermon. We talked for a long time,  
then she said she felt better. It  
has been so long since someone has  
come to me for help that I felt  
good all over. I want to live from  
now on in such a way that  
young people will have confi-

force in me. That's why God call-  
ed me to preach, and I could help  
others.

I want close. Pray for our work,  
and for me in this Session. We both  
need to seek God's will for us, now.  
since this doubt has come to me. I  
almost hate myself for being this way,  
but I can't help it.

Love,

David



Miss Betty Nelson  
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