

May 2, 1955
Long Beach, Calif.

Dearest Mother,

I thought I would write you a "Mother's Day" letter since the gift I am sending isn't a very big one.

We are all on the mend. Tim is able to go out and play awhile today. Eric still has a few measles spots on him but he is feeling fine again. Tim and Eric didn't have the measles so seriously since they had the gamma globulin (sp?) shots. But I feel like I've been "cooped up" considerably now. I did dash out to the store last Friday to spend my birthday money. Here is what I bought: Two cotton blouses, one pair of peddle pushers (these all on sale for \$1.00 each) a nice cotton dress in blue check (\$9.00) one of these stiff stand-out half-slips, one cotton slip, two pair of cotton panties, and a pink purse. I had planned to buy two cotton dresses but Wil and the boys bought me a pretty pink one for my birthday.

Eric's lip is better but it still is pretty ugly looking. He really had a deep burn and I'm fearful of it being a permanent scar. It's been over two weeks now and it still has a bit of swelling in it.

Dale spent all day Sunday with us. I was so surprised to see him. He says he will work out of Long Beach in another two weeks. Right now he is living in a Fraternity house on the USC Campus, but I would like for him to stay with us when he moves into this area. Remember Ray Helms, the navy Lieutenant that visited us that summer you were there when we lived on Molino? He was the tall handsome boy that you thought was so nice. Well, he was here with us all last week and he and Dale got well acquainted Sunday. Ray is with the government in the Guided Missile department --an engineer-- and they fly him all over the country visiting the guided missile factories, etc. and he was on business in the L.A. area so spent the week here. (And us with the measles!) He caught a plane out at 2:00AM this morning. I was glad Dale could meet him because Ray is a fine Christian person. They got along great, Ray really liked Dale and said if he could get a transfer to this coast (he's now in Alabama) he and Dale talked of getting an apartment together.

Dale said Vernon now had another car lot. He must be really doing fine. I'm glad. That church you mentioned that Bernice is going to now --isn't that a Christian Missionary Alliance group? Seems like I remember it being at that address. Does she like it better than our church? You know, Mom, it amazes me the way some can go from the Church of God to another group. I'm sure the Church of God doesn't have a corner on all the truth ---but we've got the basic truth that these other churches are still trying to attain --and not one can gainsay our doctrine on the church being the body of Christ and membership, etc. And how anyone brought up this way can ever change is beyond me. Regardless of personalities and such --the truth is still the truth --and whether you like the people who preach it or the people who attend --how can you forsake the truth once God has revealed it unto you? Ah me.

Mom, this brings me to the main point of my letter. All this week I've tried to think of something nice to send you for Mother's Day--and couldn't. Then I decided I'd just write and tell you what a good Mother you have been to me all these 32 years. I've thought of the many things I'd like to mention. Wil and I have discussed at great length the things we would like to pass on to our children, and I begun to think of the things in my childhood that meant the most to me --the things I'd like my children to inherit.

First of all I am so thankful for my inheritance of christianity from my parents. Being a christian is not something you inherit --you have to make this decision for yourself --but how much easier it is --and more likely you are to do so, if you have been brought up in a Christian home. I've heard people say time and again that they had to go to church so much when they were children that they wouldn't go, now that they could make their own decision. Somehow you caused us to go to church --not by making us go --but by making us want to go. I hope that somehow I can bring my children up to see Christ in my life and want to go to church and serve Him. I'm glad I had a mother who stuck it out thru thick and thin --whether the church was in good condition or bad --whether the preacher was good or poor --whether she was accepted or not. How I've come to appreciate these traits since I've been a ministers wife! I can remember times when the church was split in many factions --the preacher couldn't preach worth anything, and about 40 people bothered to come --and those wrangled and fussed at each other. But instead of you throwing up your hands and trotting off some place else you stuck it out --and prayed. And God answered prayer. Had you been the type to drag your children off here and there because things didn't please you--today I would have no stability whatsoever --I would do the same thing. But because you were not that type person --when problems come up I know the best thing to do is to ride them out --and depend on God.

And another example of something I've always looked back on with appreciation is the way you trusted us. And the advice you gave ~~me~~ when I was baffled. I never will forget how I was so puzzled ~~xxxxxx~~ in my teens --and the Youth at church ~~were~~ such a strange lot about some things --how I used to go to movies and they just knew I would go to hell if I didn't stop. I remember counseling with you and asking what to do and we discussed it at great length then you told me you'd rather have me attend ~~an~~ occasional good movies then to "park on some dark road". Movie attendance is no problem to me now --I know there are many worthwhile pictures --but it's neither here nor there --but ~~xxxx~~ how often your advice has come to my thinking when I've had to advise some young person to whom it is a problem --or to the parent of some person who is having difficulty with various social problems. This helped me to learn tolerance --and to learn that many things are involved in peoples decisions.

And I'm glad you always had family worship. I well remember how I received my knowledge of the bible at an early age. Doyle and I always sat and listened as you read to us from the bible story book. And then we prayed together. And as I grew older, even tho I had girl friends staying overnight with me --we always prayed. I've sure this is one reason that the ~~my~~ friends I still have contact with are always anxious to learn how you are.

I'm glad I learned tithing at an early age. How many people I see become Christians --and seem to be growing, but when they learn that God requires money from them too --they, with the Rich Young Ruler, turn away sadly --and forsake the gospel. Tithing to me has been like eating.--When money comes in you take out Gods part first --then divide the rest as far as it will go.