Sunday —
July 15th —

Dearest Pudgie — .

This is a rainy Sunday afternoon - everything quiet except the pattering of the rain. Somehow, I always did like the rain - it seems to be cleansing and is accompanied by a fresh, clean smell - everything perks up. I like thunder and lightning - hearing the rumble, seeing the flashes in the sky - and watching the rain as it forms puddles, and little trickles of water that grow larger as the rain continues. I like rainy nights - not only for the patter of the rain on the roof - but before bedtime - to be well protected from it and walk in its silence. Golly, from my 'discovered' you'd think I like only the rain - but I like bright, sunny, American days just as much as I do the rainy ones - (the rainy days above are also American days!) the sun brings forth everything in all of its colors - and to walk - not through the cities - but out in the country - through woods and meadows - seeing Nature —. Pudgie, I like both sunny and rainy days, and I want - most of all - to spend them with you —.

Sunday is a day of routine moments - but it is the grandest day in the week - and the routine is only the order of events - 'cause it has none of the bad points that are allied with routines —. Up at seven - breakfast at seven-thirty - and then Church at 10:30. This morning between 7:30 and 10:00 I had housecleaning. I have a duffel bag and a barracks bag full of clothes (a duffel bag is half again as big as a barracks bag - more clothes now than I know what to do with - but not half enough for civilian life!) Pudgie - again you knew just what I needed - 'cause the one article I have least of is stockings - eight pair - and I can hardly wait for my Pudgie - made ones to arrive! After breakfast I dumped all of my clothes on my bunk - and packed them up again - packing my duffel bag permanently (clothes that I won't need for quite a while - extras) and putting all the things I need in my barracks bag. So now my clothes are all put away in my bags and my 'desk' neatly holds my writing equipment - and the most wonderful letters - from you, Pudgie - my wife. In a little box beside my desk are nine bars of Ivory (we give our boys the soap necessary for laundering 'cause he can't get it) and four bars of Lux (trying to secure a mate of beauty into that complexion of mine) Now everything has a place - and everything is in its place (all but me - 'cause my

place is by your side - and I want to be there - oh, so very much -)

This is the grandest part of the day - when we're having our chat - Budgie, I like to write to you so very much; and to receive your letters - Darling, I can hardly wait for them to arrive - they mean so very much to me - and they're just full of you -.

Ruth - even though you're in York and I'm in India, we're living our life together - and I like your idea very much because it will bring us even closer. Each evening we will read the same chapter of the Bible - and it will be just as it is going to be for the rest of our lives - reading our Bible together. This evening I will read the fourteenth chapter of the book of St. Mark. Last evening, when I read the thirteenth chapter, as so many times before, the feeling was impressed upon me that the Bible may speak of times long gone - but that is not the purpose for which it is to be read - not that purpose alone - but to be read for its teaching and guidance for our life today. It tells us that in days such as these, of war and destruction, God's word must be our guide. Look how it can be applied to modern times: In the twenty-second verse, the false prophets may be likened to the dictators and war lords -. The twelfth verse - one meaning could be that of Germany - where the children, raised in the new Hitlerism, turned against their parents who offered resistance to the New Order. Ruth - a sermon could be built around each verse in the Bible - its teaching - its lessons - and how we can apply that lesson to our own lives. I'm so thankful that God has given me you for my wife. Now so many people have forgotten God - He is not a part of their lives -. Darling, He will always guide and teach us - He will be with us always -. Now - as we are - living our life with Him makes these days apart so much easier - all doubts are dispelled - worries, that would otherwise be ours, are not with us. Ruth, because you are a Christian - I know that you will wait - patiently - for Our Day - I need never worry that there will be anybody, or anything else - who will ever come between us -, that your love is mine. And I pray that the day may soon be here - when we can again be together - Our Day -. Should you receive this letter the 31st of July - that evening I will read the fourteenth chapter of Luke - so you will be able to know where I am reading.

There was about a twenty minute break between this paragraph and the last one. A guy came roaring into the area with the news that ice cream just came in up the road where we eat. So I grabbed my spoon and cup and went down to have some ice cream -. Vanilla - delicious - and nice and cold! We're going to have it

every day when I come home - plain, in sundaes, milkshakes, frosts, floats - and home made, too! (We'll both lick the paddle!)

In the letter I didn't say say anything about my enclosure, (July 12th - a letter) and I hope that it was delivered to you. I waited for a long time before I sent it - but that day, you told me that every letter I had written had been delivered - so, since I had waited for one reason of wanting to be certain that it reached you - another reason being for the right time - I decided to send it then. I'll tell you all about it when I come home (anything more I would say now would be censored!) But it tells you a lot of things in itself - and I've already described the procedure which preceded its award. Now I will be waiting for your letter telling me that you got it - oh, I hope it doesn't get lost!

Mrs. Jan Brattle! Your husband informs you that only men wear pants! No matter what you say - pants are only synonymous with trousers! So - when you came downstairs that evening (the one I other mentioned when you talked about her with her pj's rolled up) you were in panties and bra, and your writing costume is the same! Panties! Your hubby wears the pants in our family (but that is only literally speaking!) Incidentally - if our month's vacation is in the summertime - add swimming suits to our list - 'cause even though there may be no swimming, we'll want to be comfy - so you can also include lounging clothes and hiking clothes!

And now (with thoughts of panties and bras floating through my head!) but but! Your hubby! Budgie, I must stop teasing ('till I come home!-). Now it's almost bedtime. This afternoon - right after the ice cream paragraph - came a second interruption (and after Our Day there will be no more of them!) A short field wire line had to be strung and a phone put on the end of it - so that Jock Anderson 'till supper time. Then after supper, a shower. (We learned that where we eat they also have showers - so now we'll be taking them nearly every evening!) a shave, teeth brushed and I crawled into our little mosquito bar-bounded world! I'm stretched out here in shorts, glasses - and my sparkling wedding ring. I rubbed it with a soft cloth and it really sparkles (and it wasn't removed to be polished - nothing will ever cause it to be removed.-)

Each evening after I've closed my letter - my chat with you - that is when I read my chapter from the Bible. Several times the lights are turned off while I'm reading - sometimes even before we have finished our chat - so my flashlight is under

the blanket at the head of my bed, and I finish by its light. This evening I'm going to read the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark - and soon we'll be reading our chapters together.

And then we'll put the Bible on the lower shelf of your bookcase - and cuddle up on our floor bed (I've added the pillow at the bottom to make it a sup-porter!) Tonight there will be no cover-stealing!

All My Love is Just For You, Ruth, My Lovely Wife

I love you so very much

Hubby Jerry