

4. Be like catching moonshine - or
star-shine in your hands —
and perhaps just as useless in
the world. But, oh, the shine of it
in my hands & my heart - To night,
[Somehow I feel surrounded - protected -
loved. And I want to surround, protect
and love. When these things flow in to
you - they must flow out again -
I pour them over you my dearest -
I anoint your head with the
baptism of the spirit. This is not
dreaming - this is real - the realst kind
of caring. 20 times like these then I know
beyond all doubting - beyond words even -
how much our lives are intertwined. Bless
be the Tie that binds - forever and ever. Amen

My Blessed-

To-day, for the first time this Summer, I
have had a real swim! We packed
a picnic basket and our bathing
suits - three small boys - their boats -
their mamma and Dorney. Packed in
the shining Buick and filled the
gas tank full of gas — and
drove forty odd miles to Newfound Lake.
We found a lovely spot where we
could look down the Lake and to
the mountains ^{beyond} and there we luxuriated
for hours in the sun and water.
It was glorious!

Coming home the small
boys fell asleep from sheer exhaustion

3. God's world - some do it one way, some
and this. But I have been in His presence all
day. I did so wish you were there. It re-
minded me of the day you and I went
swimming (in Canada) and the Abercrombie
& Fitch fishermen appeared over the
edge of the Dam. On the trip Phyllis and
I swam "an natural" around the Islands.
Some days have an eternal value to them -
and this was one. Instead of having five
fifteen minute "quiet times" - I had
the day with Him. [Strange to me it
always is - yet very familiar - how
clear, delightful, bright, simple life truly
is. To-night I know } I know it for you
as well as myself. [If I could keep
this feeling. Oh John it would

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and content - and we sang softly
to ourselves for the same reason.

To-night, after a nursery supper,
with pleasantly glowing sunburn, I
will write a happy but sleepy letter and
then good-night. I wished so for you
to-day, dearest. With all our holiday
at Mackinac, we never had this
private and selfish, personal
pleasure. I think we could do with more
of it! Somehow all my sins were
washed away in the beauty of God's
world - and I could laugh aloud for
thinking of my terrible "confessional"
and the weight of my sin. The
whole world needs to get closer to