

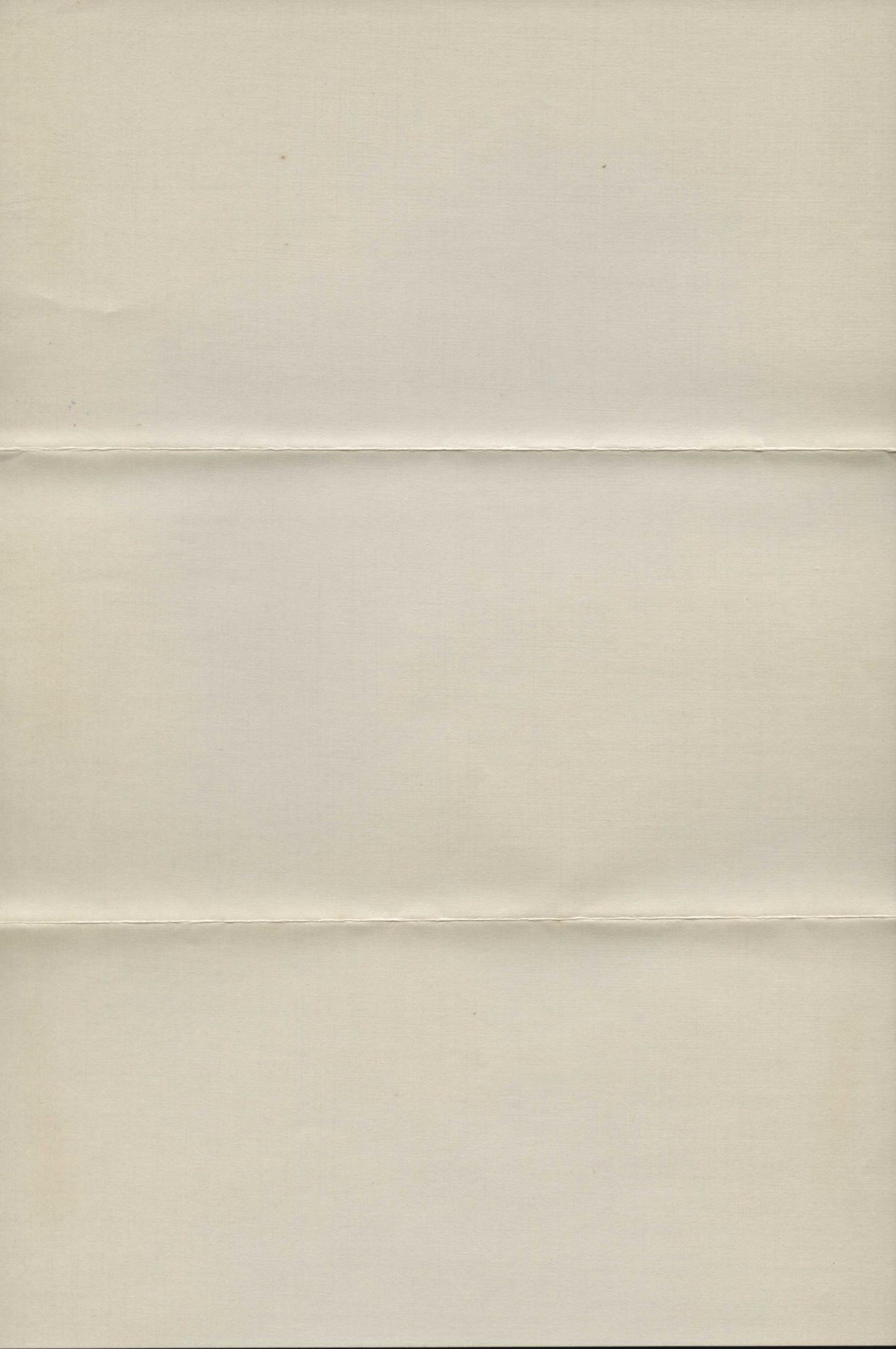
Concord, Ga.,
Apr. 17, 1941.

My dear Fannie Lee,

As I was walking to town for my mail, I was thinking of you, and wishing I could share even a part of my gladness with you. And I found a letter from you, I could not wait to walk home before reading, so read it at the Post Office. Don't worry, no one knows. Miriam was out, and Eugene was paying me no attention. My friend, I am still happy, for you trusted me. You know that I share your sorrow, and would give anything I have to make it less. I am praying for you both. You asked me to "not do anything or say anything." I am not sure I understand what you mean. Certainly I will not talk of your private affairs here or elsewhere. Did you mean for me not to write to you? I must.

If I heard Dr. Williamson quote one passage of Scripture more than any other, it was Romans 8:28. It is as true now as it ever was, and you and he will find it so. The way looks dark and hopeless now, but I remember he told me you had more faith than anyone he had ever known. Perhaps you will have to go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God, but when you do, you will find the way light again, and beautiful. Please, both of you read now from the book I sent you, the passage for last Sunday, Apr. 13, especially the poem. Also read the one for today, the 17th. The passage for December I said explained you, is that for Dec. 10. I still think it applies to you both. More than you know, you have been "the physicians, the priests of men." And you will be again, of that I am sure.

No, I will say nothing to the children. They love you, as do my mother and sisters. I suspect you do not know this. Just before Sammy and Carol went back to school, in Sept. 1939, leaving me alone for the first time, Dr. Williamson wrote each of them a beautiful letter, on your lovely Japanese stationery, from "pastor and friend." Bessie



was here recently, and I let her read those letters. She said she wished others might read them, so full were they of sweetness, understanding sympathy and encouragement. Just another of the thoughtful things he did that drew people to him.

I have been praying much for you since the letter came. But I must ^{do} more than that, though I know you don't want me to. You need not worry over it being any sacrifice, it is not, it is just joy that I can do it, little as it is in comparison to your need. So far as I am concerned it is just as much a gift to the Lord as if I had sent it to you in Japan. And since I can spare it, do you think I could rest if I withheld it? You need not write me about it, don't write to me at all until you feel like it.

But please do keep in touch with me. Don't let me lose you. That is what I have been afraid of, I think. Do keep me informed as to where you are, and how you both are. Is Norman with you? Tell me only that you wish me to know. But never say again that you must not burden me with your troubles. What are friends for, if not to share sorrow as well as joy?

I will have to send the little offering from Griffin, that there may be no comment here. Will go tomorrow. Please, dear friend, accept it, little as it must be, as lovingly as I send it.

Don't forget to read what I told you to. If you prefer that I do not write, just say so. Love to you both. Florence.

