

Early Saturday Morning,  
April 19, 1941.

My very dear friend,

Do not mind this extra word from me today. I have just been reading from "Streams in the Desert" for this day, and wonder if you have. I am afraid you are too troubled to read, but I want to beg you to force yourself, if necessary to do this little bit every day. For I have yet to find a person who does this, who does not receive a blessing. When I first received my book, it seemed almost every page had a lesson just for me, and now, so many things seem to me to be for you. Read that for today, and for Sunday, too, oh, and Monday, too. Perhaps they may give you a bit of uplift. Do you mind that you are so continually in my thoughts that every thing suggests you, that my prayers are centering very much in your need?

I do not want to distress you with questions, but there are a few things you should let me know. Is Dr. Williamson with you, or in a hospital? Is he seriously ill? I can not understand your insistence that no one, not even my children, should know that he is not preaching now. My dear, when a man has given a life time to serving God and man, is it any shame that he should have to give up, and take a needed rest? Surely not! Many of us knew, of course, that he needed this rest, and with all my heart I believe that he will be restored to health, and be able to preach again. The ability and the power are there, the need in the world is too great for it to be wasted. When the rest is ended, we are going to see what the Lord has done, and can do.

You said you could not see one step ahead. Do not struggle to see. Take this lesson to heart, stand still, and see what the Lord is going to do for you. I have been thinking of your faith in the story you told us of that summer when you were waiting for His guidance about going to Training School, and how the answer came just in time. Do not lose that faith now. You know that He loves you, and that He is able to be to you what you need in every trying hour.

Let me remind you of what George Mueller once wrote: "The beginning of anxiety is the end of faith, and the beginning of true faith is the end of anxiety." Your faith has been an inspiration to me through many long months of weariness, and you are not going to fail now. I love you both, trust you both, and would give anything in my power to make life easier for you. If my writing has made it harder, forgive me, and know it is just because I love you.

*Florence*

