

Westerhill, O. Aug. 9. '97.

My Darling Joe:- While I rest-
a little while I will talk
with you. How is my Joe today?
I am well and somewhat tired,
and I know you must get-
very weary these warm days.
Yesterday was such a still
sublime Sabbath. Carrie, Elsie
and I spent the day together;
we attended the regular services
and spent the afternoon at-
home. It seemed that we
could not help breaking the-
silence with our longings
and thoughts of by-gone days
and far-away friends. But-
we said, although it seemed
lonely, what a privilege for
us to be together.

How could I live without
my dear sisters? and brothers
too? They are such a help and
comfort. Life would not be real
to me without them. At one
time I thought I could simply
not exist without them but
strange to say I have found
a friend that sticks closer
than any brother or sister. He has
more influence on my
life every day helps me
in every little difficulty
and the thoughts of his noble
life help me to overcome
the ~~difficulties~~ trials and
disappointments which a sister
or brother can not fathom.
Life seems so much more
to me than ^{it} ~~and~~ did a few
years ago and ^{you} have made it
what it is to me.

I Think Carrie struck the keynote - yesterday when she said, "I suppose if Joe does not come back to school you'll settle down like an old grandmother, as you did two years ago."

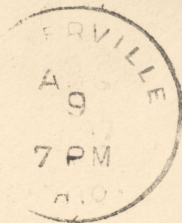
I truly hope I will not - and yet - we can hardly be ourselves when alone. I fear I would be worse than some old grandmother if I had no claim on you at all. I am so thankful that our lives are so truly united - as they are for I know it is a stay and help & - look - of us, and I think we can accomplish so much more than alone. God said it was not good for man to live alone and I think that would apply to women also.

Last Sat. Otto started for Morgan Co.
He thought he had stored it
just as long as he could.
He said he had not seen
her for one year and a half.
Dra told him he was not going
to see his girl until Fall
but that did not suit his case.
I do not know but my
brothers will get ahead of
me yet. The letters just
fly between here and Massillon
(Miss Swavely's home), and Dra
keeps asking me what I
think of Millie. I tell him
she is a fine girl and then
ask him how his philosophy
is getting along. We need word
from Mother this morning that
she would be at home one
week from today.

We will indeed be glad to see her and it will seem like home again. We are accustomed to Father being away but it does not seem like home when Mother is gone. Now may God keep and bless us both - and may we be permitted to live together and work for Him.

Your true Sweetheart
Bertha E. Lambert.

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