

22 Waitland Street,
Hampshaw Lane,
Stockport.
August 31 1942.

My Dear Doreen,

I trust that without any mishap you arrived home safely last night. It was lovely to have you see the mission and hear me preach and I hope you were not disappointed in either.

Ever since I met you at Whalling Lake I have had a high regard for you but having more opportunities of meeting you since Whalling Lake days my regard has deepened into much more. I want you to know, Doreen, that I love you with all my heart. You are the most beautiful, sweetest girl I have ever met and if I didn't love you I should feel that I was a creature without feeling. Every moment of every day I am thinking about you and when I am with you that is ecstasy for excellence. This is not being said lightly; Doreen, it is deep and sincere. That is why I am expressing it to you first on paper. It is not always easy for me to say in words what we feels in one's heart and although I intended saying this into your ear

yet the right psychological moment didn't seem to present itself.
But I wanted you to know what I felt in my heart
before we see each other again; I could not wait for next
Saturday.

And now I shall await your next letter to find,
I hope, that this feeling of love is reciprocal. What
things you and I, Doreen, can do together! Everything
seems different to me. Do you know the hymn - bowed with
everlasting love - 443? That hymn expresses what I feel.

I find I am living from week-end to week-end
eagerly anticipating each Saturday. And I am so proud to
introduce you to my friends.

Mrs. Bithell, who saw you with Mrs. Branch, is annoyed
because she wasn't introduced. I placated her this morning when
she poured out her grievance by promising her that she would
meet you soon.

Every good wish, Doreen, and all my love,
Yours for ever,

J. M.