

22 Haitland Street,
Hempshaw Lane,
Stockport.

Sept. 2nd 1942.

My Dearest Doreen,

You remember my telling you about receiving official notification about being accepted for the ministry and my reaction to it - my joy - my effervescence - well, that was nothing compared to the way in which I reacted to the reading of your letter. It's absolutely great, Doreen. No words can explain the ecstasy or the delightful feel in my heart. I love you and you love me - two folks feeling alike and having in common our love for our Lord Jesus Christ. All love comes from God; it's Divine and I can hardly wait for Saturday because then, when we're together, our love can be communicated in a way that pen and ink can never communicate it. You are the grandest, finest, sweetest girl in the world, Doreen; and I can hardly believe my good fortune to be true. But it is, and as you say there must be some Divine purpose behind it all.

Just before going to Shalving where my work was getting on top of me; I had worked hard and I was tired; but I was rather unhappy, too. I can't explain it properly but

it seemed as though I were struggling alone. People so often didn't understand; they let me down badly on occasion. All that is altered now. I shall always think Whalling Lakes a blessed spot and I shall always remember the first Sunday morning at breakfast when I asked (goodness knows why!) if there were any folks at the table from Manchester. Remember?

I am so glad you enjoyed your swim. Thanks for calling for the book. And thanks awfully for bothering about the cape and leggings. It's so good of your Dad to let me have his coupons (your mother and father have been wonderfully kind to me). I've tried to measure my leg - not very successfully, I'm afraid - and I think I had better have the 30".

One thing that I think might go down well at your party, Doreen, is a little play for two people supposed to be broadcasting. It's done in the dark and the two folks stand from behind a screen or curtain. I've done it once and we found it very good. I'll get hold of the book for Saturday and then you can see it. I might sing - then again, I might not - If you want a bit of Manchester

we know where it is". Joking aside; I'll ransack my
brains and try and dig up some other ideas. What about a
beetle drive? I'll bring my papers and dice if you decide on
it. Beetle always makes good entertainment.

I have had a letter from Mr. Bransby today in which
he says among other things, "I also hear from Home that you are
going there for tea tonight. Well I shall be thinking of you
and wishing I were with you. I hope you all have a jolly good
tea, and I suppose you will exult yourself tonight at preaching".
Everything is all right for a week next Sunday, I hope, Doreen.
We'll have a good day then but a better the day
before.

This afternoon I have had a funeral and my
ladies' class at Offerton and tonight I am attending an interviewing
committee in connection with the Youth Movement. This beginning
of the commercial year is always a busy time but I love it.
I revel in circuit meetings; in talking to folks from different
churches; in having fellowship with the ministers of the staff; and
I know you love it, too. On Friday we have a staff
meeting at five; tea at six; and a stewards' meeting
after tea. The circuit stewards are always welcomed into the

staff meeting for a moment when they hand out little
envelopes containing quarterly cheques. Methodism is wonderful
and I am very proud to be able to serve her as a
minister. There can be nothing higher in life.

Every little bit of me says, "I love you".

God bless you, Doreen,

Jim.

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