LONDON 29 April 83

My dear friend,

Your last letter needs an answer from my heart. I knew you would have conflicts and storms – but I knew you would come through them. God is wise. He is good. He will not lay the burden too heavy. I wish I could help you in some way.

Perhaps I could, if you would tell me all. Can you not trust God to make me read your letters as you want me to read them, or can you not trust me to keep in my own heart what is best to keep or tell only <u>Him</u>. I think you ought. I <u>feel</u> there are some things trouble you which you do not write about. Sometimes I know as much from a letter by the things which are <u>not</u> in it, as by the words which <u>are</u>. I beg you let me help you in all I can. I am not able to do much for any one, let me do what I <u>can</u>.

Those letters which you wrote you ought to have sent. I grieve if I think I have guided you (as I have in some measure) to take the responsibilities of the work you now have and then do nothing to help or counsel you in them. Dear friend I want to do all I can for you, let me. I know I cannot make darkness, light, or bitter, sweet – that is the master's work but perhaps I may be able to comfort or cheer or strengthen you for the battle. I have been in deep waters when winds and storms have nearly overwhelmed me – many, many times and God has let me see how wonderfully he can and does work and save and keep and <u>use</u>.

I am thankful about Jennie. God bless her and you. She will not die. Do not be anxious about her or about Garside. Satan will not be allowed to kill them, while they can be of use to you. I am very sorry about Garside's health. My impression was he would get stronger as he grew older. I hope I am not going to prove to have been wrong. But you must trust in God. The Master loves the lad better than you or I do, <u>He</u> will do what is well – we will say amen Lord. I will write a little advice to Garside about his health.

What question would you ask me? <u>Ask it directly</u>. I pray for you. My heart jumps for joy when I read the reports. I feel I am half belonging to Sweden! God has answered my prayers, and will do more and more.

God is yours. God is yours. God is yours. He is joy and riches and heaven, all, - He is yours. In Him is all you need. Remember his disappointments in the people. You are called to go a strange way. But it is his plan for you. You are not going on your own road – but on his. Hold Him to His promise to you.

Ever yours with love in our blessed Lord and Master King

W. Bramwell Booth

fondon. 29. april 83. What question would y ack me? ask it distill by. My dear friend, your last atter muds an ausworn from my heart. I know you worked have Veonfliets and Horms - but I know you would come shrough there. God is wise. I pray for you. Muy heart and the sports. The I am half belongileg to Ar is pool. He will not lay the burton too heavy. I wich I could help you in some would tall me all. Can some mot trust God & make me surdan! God has auswornd they prayns, + will do com more god is God is yours. God is yours. God is yours. It to joy & rich is & heaven, all, the is yours. In Him is all you need. Remember his disappoint nad your letters as you want me to mad them, o montoin the prople. you an called to a strange way. can you not trust are to Kup in my own heart what is bust to keep a ten only g Him. I think you ought. g ful this and some things But it is his place for you. The are not going on your own road - but on his. Hoed trouble you which you do not write about. Tomsteinso Him to His promise to you. herryours with los in our I know as much from a letter by the things which an not in it, as by the words which are. I big you let me help you in Hectio Tord + martin King N: Maunvillow the wonderfully he can a au Ican. Jan not a don't wark & save a keep + to do much for augore, let me do what I dan. " Jam thankful about Junis. God bliss her & gon. The will not die. Do not be auxious about her or about Garside. Patan will not be Those letters which you work you ought to theor aut. I give of I think Thave quided you (as ) have in some measure ) to take he responsibilities of he work you now have and then I do nothing to help or counsel you in them. Dear press Iwant to do all I call for you, let mr. Ikuw Pelumot uake darkness light or allow to kill theme, while they care to fire to your garsed sorry about Garsed's hear the m upproseion was hearth. My auproseion was he word gut stronges as he grus older. Shope I alw not goines to prove to have boun wrong. But now must trust in God. The Maeta wake darkness, light or bitter, swist - that is the you or I do, the will do what masters work but puckaps I may be able to comfort or dher or strongthing you is well - we will say amon for the battle. I have born dovice & garsid about Istormo have mark overwhelmes me - many many his health. Tunes & Too has bet me su