

I'll be doing a whole lot more traveling than I have done before, a lot of it by bicycle. Probably will cover some four or five hundred miles that way before the end of September. However, I expect to do considerable traveling with the pickup truck also and to use the truck to put our bicycles nearer the destination whenever such kind of traveling can be done. For instance, the third week in June I'm going out to inspect sites for the centers to be set up by the new pastors. We can go about twenty-five miles by car, but will travel an equal distance and perhaps somewhat more by bicycle from where we leave the car.

By the way, Kenny has learned to ride the bicycle he got for a birthday present. He has only had the bike since our return from Dondi. Didn't get it on his birthday because we had to find a smaller size for him than the one we had sent out from America. When I opened the one we had asked to be sent out, I found it too large and heavy for our six year old, so ordered an English bike sent up from the coast. Last Saturday he learned how to balance himself. This week he's learned how to get on and off by himself. Gets off at a run. Slides one leg back over the seat and hops off. Doesn't touch the brakes. It's harder for him to use the brake than to light running. Daddy puts on the brakes and falls to one ~~wide~~ side. Daddy's short legs make it impossible for him to reach the ground without tipping the bike. But Kenneth just hops off, and that's that. Tommy will learn very soon, too, but we've shut down on Tommy's activity until he's gotten back some of his strength. He was in bed eleven days at Dondi and has been in bed three since coming home. Has now been up all this week, but we're being quite hard on him, making him take naps and so on.

We've now got quite a menagerie on the place, lots of hens with several roosters, two little goats, the black kitten, now growing long and with little fat on its bones as yet, although with one mouse already to its credit. Uncle Sam bought some ducks the other day and is giving Tommy one. We have three dogs around now, but two ours only. The other is one that Uncle Sam got when a missionary family from one of the other stations went home on furlough recently. One of ours, by name Puck, will have puppies soon. I suppose Tommy and Kenny and Susan, too, will have fun with them. Susan has not begun to walk outside her play pen yet but gets around in her playpen and could travel on hands and knees pretty far if permitted.

Oh we must tell you about the grace that Tommy said yesterday. "Thank you God for the night birds and the day birds! Bless God for making food. Thank you for the night and for the pleasant morning light." He included quite a bit more before the last sentence, but I cannot tell exactly what it was. The gist of the blessing I've written for you. Tommy, who isn't given to repetition, repeated himself a number of times during the process of saying this particular grace. When he finished he looked at me and said, "wasn't that a good grace, Daddy?" I replied that it was, but it wasn't always necessary to go on quite so long. He came right back at me with, "Oh I was saying a long one for three days." I must say that both K and T are doing better saying graces, sometimes now with good clear thought

We want to get this letter off tomorrow morning with one of our people here who is going to the rail line. It's a good opportunity to send mail. Otherwise you would get this letter about four weeks from now.

Happy birthday, Mother, though this is a late greeting, and we'll try to get off something soon.

Love and God be with you all. Greetings from everybody, children and grandchildren, brother, sister and nephews and nieces.

me, too, Betty

Grace

PS Clothes for Susan arrived in time for us to make good use of them at the annual meeting, April.