

January 22, 1949

Doctor Frank Jennings
14 Beacon Street
Boston 8, Massachusetts

My dear friend:

It was only about a week ago that I answered your letter of January 12, but it seems to me as if I, perhaps, were a little less resentful than I was when I wrote you.

It seems to me that it is difficult to separate wishful thinking from practical viewpoint of things. I am reading "The Big Fisherman" by Douglas. You may have read it, but if not, it is worth reading.

It is difficult for me, as it must be for anyone, to understand why an omnipotent God permits so much suffering. Why should an all-powerful God permit the continued existence of a counter-acting evil personage which we know as Satan or the Devil? I think we try to make sense out of it but are never quite able to do so; however, to me it is unthinkable that things, including creation, simply just happen. The Scientists know the chemical components of the earth, but they cannot account for where it came from.

The world has been filled with sorrow, sadness, wickedness, and goodness from the start, and the ancient story written by the Jews is probably the best account we have.

Today, my oldest grandson, Owen Maloney, was married at 11 o'clock to a young lady of Philadelphia, Mississippi, and they will make their home in Odessa, Texas. I had intended going but train connections were very poor, and the weather did not permit driving.

Mrs. Simons and I always held you and your wife as warm personal friends, and included in the group, was her excellent mother. Rest assured, should I come to Boston, I would try to see you.

Sincerely yours