B Middag

Culemborg Nov. 1862

Esteemed friend Martinus van Doorne,

The reason for my writing is this:

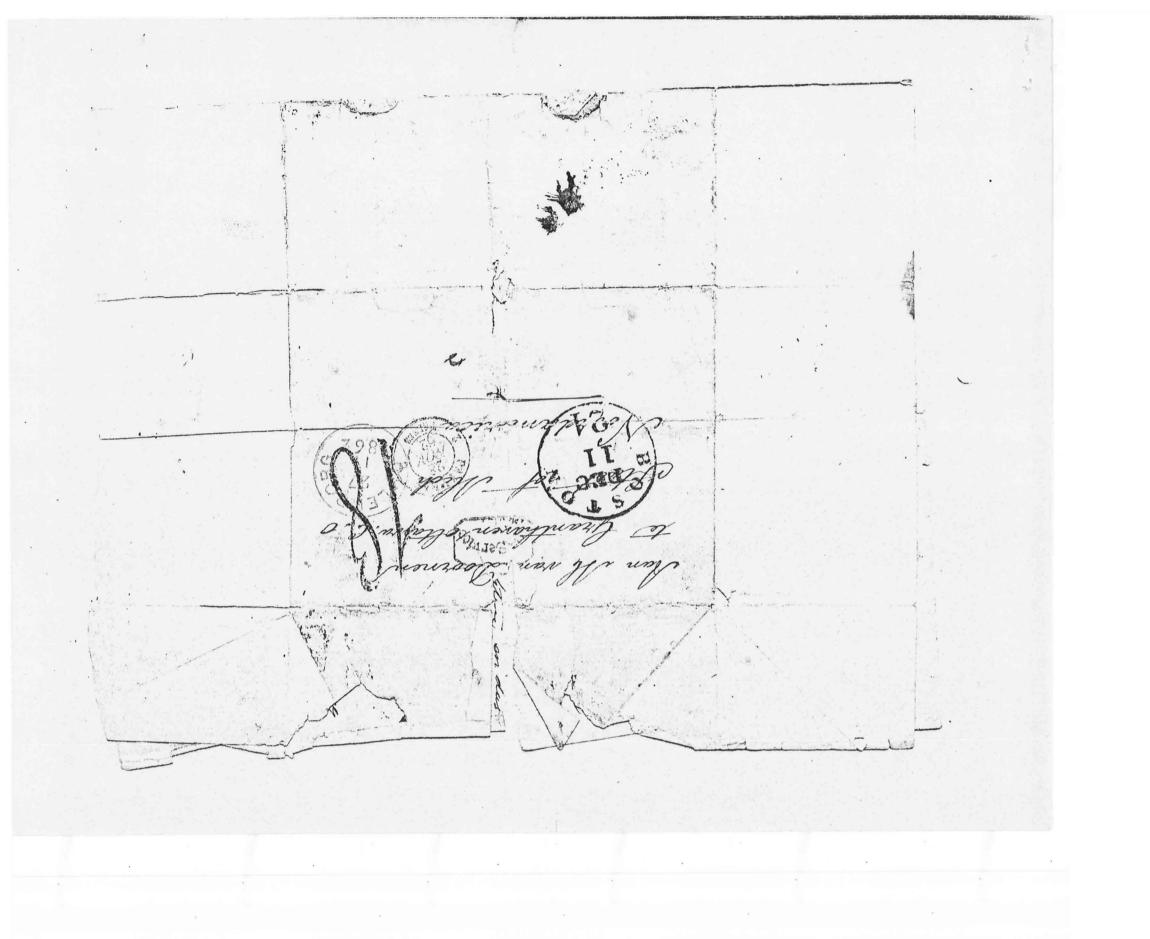
I, the undersigned, Barend Middag, am planning, with your consent, to marry your daughter Geertruida, and since she has not reached the age of 30 yet, this is impossible for me to do without your permission. Be so kind and send a notarized certificate as soon as possible, because circumstances are such, that I cannot wait long, and so I hope you will grant my request soon.

I have a house with 200 roeden arable land, close to Culemborg. I am Barend Middag, age 24, son of Jan Joost Middag.

Geertruida sends you her greetings, and all your other children too, who all are hale and healthy, and I hope to hear that of you too.

Greetings from me, B. Middag.

Address: B. Middag at Culemborg.



middag

Culemborg Apiril 1876,

Esteemed father and mother, sister and brother,

I cannot put it off any longer to write you some letters. I read your letter. which you sent to Peeter van Doorne, and learned, that thanks to the Lord you are still in good health. If it would be different it would really grieve us. I can inform you, that we also through Gods goodness may enjoy the same. For good health is a great treasure in everyday life, which can be testified best by people, who have known both times of illness and of health. And so it is to the contrary with the sighing of our souls, in case we may see it. What a difference there will be between life and death. For I could never have believed it, if the Lord had not halted me on my way: Stop your evil doings, you worker of iniquity! Then for the first time I felt"the cords of death held me in deep despair ", where for more than 7 months I stayed. You know, that I must say it:" the cords of death held me in deep despair". My My way is hidden for the Lord, and my right passes God by. It is like I am lying between two stone walls. The earth is made of iron, and the heavens of copper. No prayer can penetrate that. Ach lord, deliver me from my enemies. Then my spirit was relieved, and I started to sing these words (ps.118) :" in my distress I called on God, in grace He answered me, removed my bonds, enlarged my place, from touble set me free. The Lord with me, I will not fear, though human might oppose, the Lord my helper I shall be triumphant o'er my foes". Ach father, I wish with my whole heart, that our needs ..... because that will be the best by far, and I hope, sinds father is old and far in age, that the Lord will give him the opportunity to send us a little note back ..

illegible

I also heard, that you have a mild winter, and that produce is sheap; that is quite different here.

We had a cold winter, and everything is expensive, and we have trouble with water. But we are privileged, compared to other people, who through flooding lost homes and cattle; which happens often in the Netherlands.

 $^{\rm N}{\rm ow}$  we stop with our pen, but not with our heart, and remain respectfully,

your children

B.Middag and

G.van Doorne.

We do like to hear from you too.

breviously filed under C. Box

Ever country filed under C Bois you den dagen ge pour thet best EME 3 yen and whiger maget owaber Joffer from du buden zichen on ge Big wormin 13 Midalag am angrota German Hat boffen mongolyth Big wormen 13 Midalag on achling menen him derende go wieler Maint de go gonalpirt if what out hant we bligwan that good how hat yet boon nog Mogen nu bestranding hat de pon ook Milden dad Wy door des houn yout but dogue it. It have n Need in medicated placet fleeth door beaken encoure y troomingen dan mog my un ge you gen gyn munn wag way m go youd apped undern Ewiter andered chered cherideon gy den door des preason goods hord Hourson Loon prise way you had delibered Elyd Johap down wit Im moo men dat headen Nin Torga hard an allet if then delien en Ny hab bon gall aldig vent Notes ge y har ran helt in that grober du gfg own preten dans demen ge! wasohie hat then My habben son strange in the solvent of the solvent of the solvent of the solvent to the solvent of the solven year ge acteators Nachen on Mouden Bor en it floor dans Rades old in New york an Enelling don to April 18 36 Warn dat yak year himan het besten Wer

Meeron New box gen in Myn Lahout En ughn mag om den Too de dood myn Mag if woon den wan herton dat hat was one fan it ligged noted in bandon Dan My down och reader it Wary go Wash dat it wast you Mad yal sen milling Mily th Main day other gettouden thet. Johned age haby and wayen Ede dood Wang it wwin y Bufin de heer yak in May ge-trouin be hoon daan god Myn it go knoted lag in de banden Dan de fourts by My if yal net Loon Nool descrit hat sought dat en deed My in de un im to goon gy das feer deronge reglighed flees Nestrossden mign in Eyden dengereft hat af ran u fill oat nep don flow oot mos dig aan de The Mount door wood of ag be would van allen Fryden en Myn Wig wit Strander hat Met de you Woorden if Mand go boren indien de poran My op walney I map de dine Lessine Hat hat yalf or nearl kun nen Ayanden town Nund My de goeft Jon be won an dood Want it Now loft Myn tock Now Mynon Now yolfer hat agen you but gong go bat eller door och break I you hay hay gon With un Tunel if Nan Roper down fran Loss ook go lugan als with that Herr de aarden if Dan eizer enden go ytelden Met onfor ziel Buk ik Egalf tul for the bolon hoizon han - negt good Norwyod Noog by. an you if het in het togens oo den

middag

Culemborg Dec.12 1878

Very esteemed father and mother, sister and brother;

I wrote you also this spring, but it seems you did not receive it. But we can't help that. But now I hope, that through Gods goodness you may receive this letter in good health, and I wish then, if possible, to enjoy a letter back from you. For often we have been longing for a leter from father, the more so, since I must call out continually: I am troubled because of my sins. David knew, that he belonged to the Lord, and that he had a surety for his soul. And since I have nothing but the mere conviction of my horrible sin, you can imagine, that I sometimes worry.

Now I quit with the pen, but not with my heart.
Respectfully,

your loving children, who call themselves

B. Middag and G. van Doorne.

Med indian hat Masfore Mag ont vangen endan Way if in go youd have gal Moogens - good how de you let tron hoos it dat gy door of hearen My mit & aan doon Maan nu Nangen Maar daar kun nen dat gy ham ned habt out New Maar hat Johnson nell den lente ook som bried ge Jehre to Jehry von ik hat u van It at pan op om u un reagall zuster en broeder preden noom you go Alto Nader an March Wendorg de Jumber 12 18 46

Presionaly filed under C Bon.

youde dan kunt gy Med norman 13 Middag en don ken dat het my med og vande ging Nan wyne gru Will fe, bende kinderzu die zich mittyals som en habe over the gathing whon go liet he Zyn zuch had endaar ik het hart on bly von Med det hearen. Was en son borg roor Met de pene Mass mit Met Med dat hy sen congof lagenen sons bouged un brock that My non zonden darsid Misk Eu de hom ment van Maegen darsit Most wit rosper ik Murdaar it gedune nig Met out vangen en dan nog le Leste van vader te Moogen my mad ver langt sen let Mant Wy habben at mee. sen regalle loung legenston